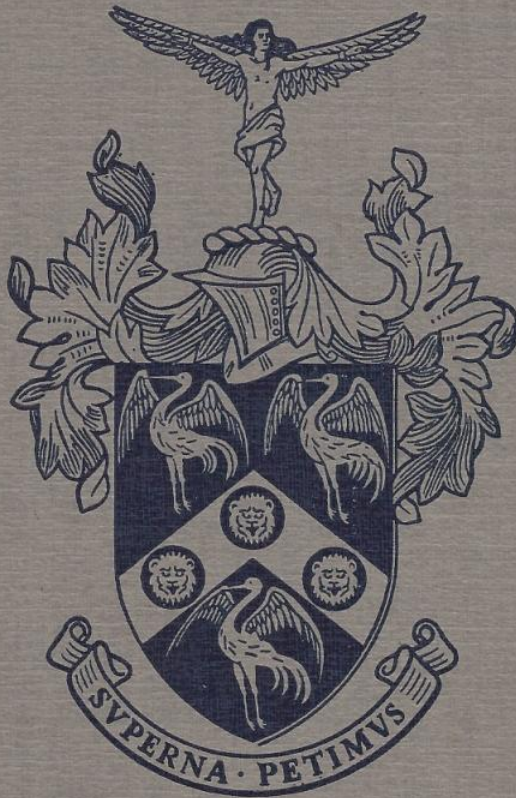


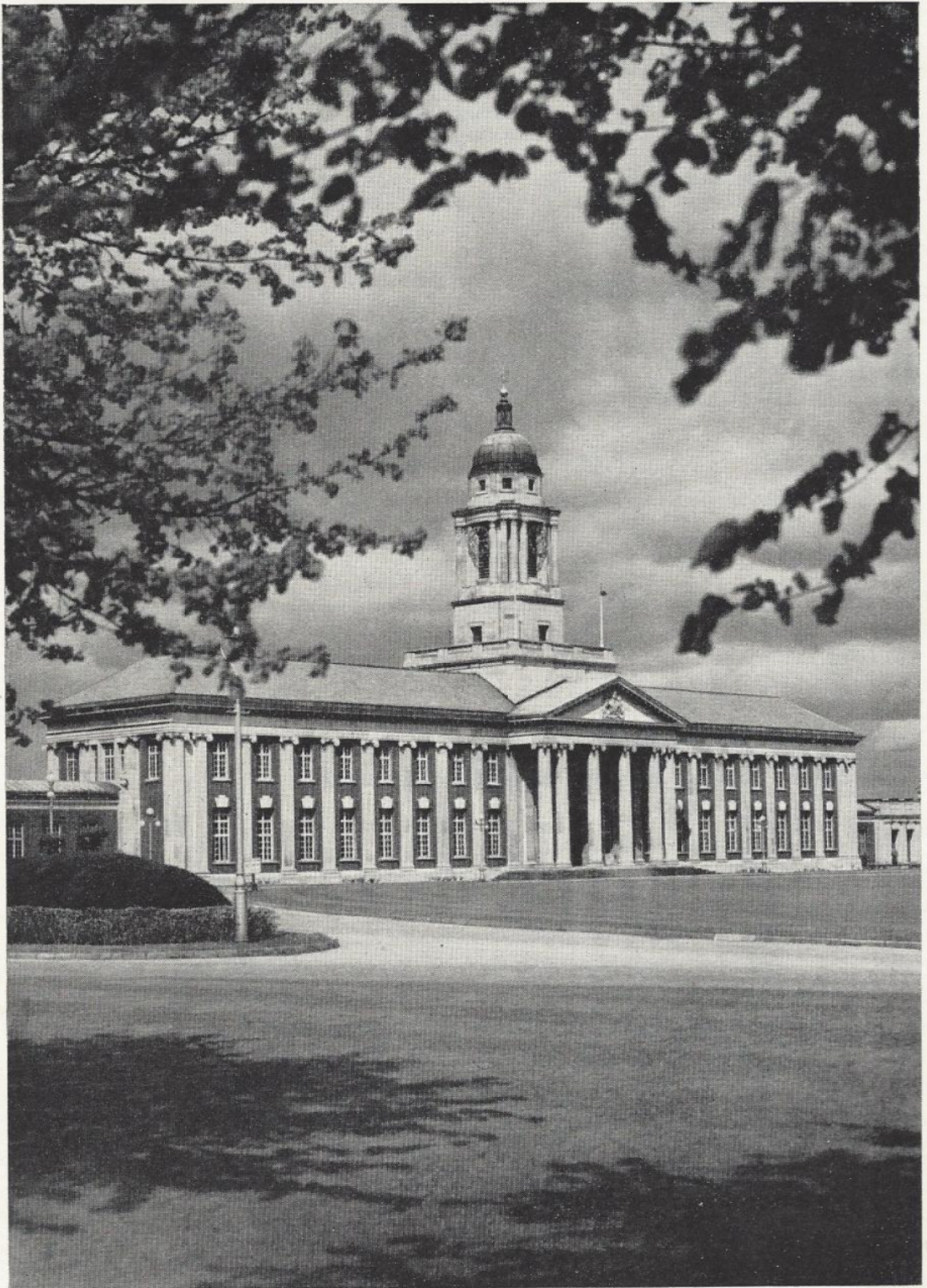
THE
ROYAL AIR FORCE
COLLEGE



JOURNAL

CRANWELL MARCH 1958

VOL. XXX NO. 1



'Clouds over the College'

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THE JOURNAL

The Royal Air Force College Journal is published three times a year, at the end of March, June and November. Contributions are invited of articles, poems, photographs and drawings. These need not be confined to Royal Air Force and flying topics, but should be of general rather than technical interest. They should be addressed to 'The Managing Editor of *The Journal*, Royal Air Force College, Cranwell, Sleaford, Lincolnshire.' Unsuitable material will be returned. The Managing Editor, Editor and staff will be glad to advise intending contributors.



College Notes

THE year 1958 began with a particular inspiration and encouragement for all those at the Royal Air Force College and all who have contributed to its work. On New Year's Day the Chief of the Air Staff was promoted to be a Marshal of the Royal Air Force, the first officer trained at Cranwell to bear the Marshal's baton which traditionally is said to exist *in posse* in every flight cadet's navigation bag. The Commandant made the following signal to Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir Dermot Boyle:

'May I send you the warmest congratulations of us all at the College on your promotion to Marshal of the Royal Air Force. I cannot easily express our feelings of pride and satisfaction which I know will be shared by all Cranwellians both past and present.

'It is a day of fulfilment for the Royal Air Force College and a most inspiring start to a year which we all pray will bring you and the Royal Air Force every success.'

The Chief of the Air Staff replied:

'Thank you for your signal of congratulations which I deeply appreciate. That I should happen to be the first Old Cranwellian to hold this great rank is not only a signal honour but carries with it a unique responsibility. In this I am sustained and encouraged by the loyal support and enthusiasm of Old Cranwellians throughout the world. I send you and the R.A.F. College all good wishes for 1958 and for the great future which always lies ahead of those with courage and ability and who loyally put service before self.'

This issue of *The Journal* gives an account of the events of the Autumn term 1957 at Cranwell. The principal theme of the term lay in the wide range of visits made to us by representatives of other air academies, accounts of which will be found elsewhere, and in the sporting achievements of the College teams.

At the start of the Spring term 1958 the College numbers 321 flight cadets, including 31 navigators and 41 flight cadets under training for the Equipment and Secretarial branches. The new entry, No. 78, numbers 47, including five for training as navigators and five for the ground branches. More officers have now entered the Service from the Royal Air Force College since its reopening after the Second World War, or are now under training, than were entered for training between the founding of the College in 1920 and the outbreak of the war.

'B' Squadron is Sovereign's Squadron for the Spring term 1958, an honour which it last held in the Autumn term of 1956.



The passing-out parade of No. 71 Entry was held on 17th December 1957 when the Reviewing Officer was Air Chief Marshal Sir Ronald Ivelaw-Chapman, G.C.B., K.B.E., D.F.C., A.F.C. In spite of lowering cloud the fair weather parade was successfully completed. Conditions did not allow the fly past but during the inspection a fine gaggle of 16 pink-footed geese (which some held to be swans) flew by in a good formation at about 350 feet almost along the axis of the parade.

In Her Majesty's New Year Honours List the College was proud to see that Group Captain D. H. Lee, D.F.C., the former Assistant Commandant, had been appointed a Commander of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire. A charcoal portrait of Group Captain Lee by Cuthbert Orde has been hung in the lengthening record of post-war Assistant Commandants outside the library. In the same list and within the same Order Flight Lieutenant L. A. Robertson was appointed a Member; out of the many aliases his appointment held during his tour at Cranwell he will probably be best remembered as Officer Commanding Initial Training. Flight Lieutenant Robertson has now retired from the Service and is teaching in the Canadian prairies.

All those who marvel at the rapid transformation of the Orange for the passing-out parade and the even more rapid return to normal after the parade were delighted to see that Warrant Officer T. Solly, the stage manager for these occasions, had been commended by the Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief. The Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief also commended Warrant Officer S. H. Brayley, B.E.M., commanding the Provost A.S.F., and Sergeant D. Williamson of the Vampire A.S.F.



On 6th December a formal parade marked the presentation to the College of a trophy from the Royal New Zealand Air Force. After he had inspected the Cadet Wing bearing the Queen's Colour, Air Commodore R. J. Cohen, C.B.E., A.F.C., Air Officer Commanding Royal New Zealand Air Force Headquarters, London, presented the trophy to the Commandant with these words:

'A career in the Royal Air Force has always had a strong appeal to the young New Zealander and from the early 1920's increasing numbers were finding their way to the United Kingdom to join the Royal Air Force. During the war years thousands more served in the Royal Air Force and indeed many still do. As a result of these personal contacts which have been continued since the war with



Air Cdre Cohen talking, after the presentation, to Sqn Ldr Woods, Gp Capt Brooks, Gp Capt Wheeler and Wg Cdr MacDonald

the exchange of officers between the two Services, we have built up much mutual respect and regard for each other. In planning the post-war R.N.Z.A.F. we could think of no better method of welding our common ideals than by sending potential young officers for training at the Royal Air Force College, Cranwell. Each year since our post-war plan became effective we have sent one or two cadets for training at Cranwell, and they have turned out to our best expectation and at the same time I am sure have justified your confidence and hopes in them.

‘We value highly our association with the Royal Air Force College and as a visible indication of our desire that this should continue, I have today to perform the pleasant duty of presenting to the College a Trophy from the Royal New Zealand Air Force. The figure of this trophy is of a Maori warrior in native dress, posed in traditional “on guard” or challenging position. This symbolizes an attitude which is defiant and challenging, and perhaps above all at immediate readiness.

‘With this brief description of the trophy I have much pleasure in presenting it to the Royal Air Force College as a token of our esteem, goodwill and appreciation.’

The Commandant replied:

‘Air Commodore Cohen: I am greatly honoured and privileged to receive on behalf of the R.A.F. College this magnificent trophy which you have presented to us on behalf of the Royal New Zealand Air Force, and I would ask you to accept our grateful appreciation and warmest thanks.’

‘As you have said, throughout its history this College has been intimately associated with New Zealand. Ever since the College began in 1920, cadets from New Zealand have been trained here, some destined for the R.A.F. and some for the R.N.Z.A.F., and by their presence amongst us have maintained the close personal link which, despite the great distance which separates us, has always

been a feature of the relationship between the two Air Forces. This link has been of profound value but even greater has been the challenge which the New Zealand cadet has presented to his contemporaries at Cranwell. During the last seven years 13 R.N.Z.A.F. cadets have passed through the College and this small company have between them produced three winners of the Sword of Honour, three Queen's Medallists and three winners of the Groves Memorial prize. Between them they have also captured 13 other prizes. One of them, Senior Under Officer Enright of No. 70 Entry, achieved the unique feat of winning the Sword of Honour and Queen's Medal, the Groves Memorial prize and in addition won three other prizes.

'This superb record of achievement by New Zealand cadets is a measure both of their quality and of their standing and prestige in this community, and I can assure you that we are very proud indeed of their achievements and value highly this close and inspiring affiliation.

'This trophy which you have so generously presented will in future be awarded to the cadet in each Entry who is judged to be the most proficient in Commonwealth and War Studies. It seemed to us that in selecting this subject we should best be able to relate the trophy to a sphere of endeavour to which it was most appropriate both by virtue of its origin and by reason of its apt and unique design.

'I would ask you to convey the appreciation of the R.A.F. College for this gift to the Royal New Zealand Air Force and to assure you that we shall always treasure it as a symbol of the affection, understanding and pride we have for the Royal New Zealand Air Force.'



On 17th September the B.B.C. Television Service made an outside broadcast from the College on the occasion of the first Guest Night of the Autumn term. The programme centred round a commentator, Mr Berkeley Smith, who toured the College under the escort of Senior Under Officers P. S. Martin and A. S. Cottingham.

The programme opened on film with Vampires over the College and a camera carried in a helicopter diving on the main doors. A live camera took up the story, moved through the doors and met the Commandant. After a definition of the purpose of the College, the commentator was taken by the flight cadets through the Founders' Gallery, the Gallery of Fame (where viewers met the Assistant Commandant who gave a commentary on a film sequence showing flight cadets under training) and the library (where some trophies such as the Alcock and Brown Log Book were picked upon), photographs of the Chapel were seen and a commentary was given by S.U.O. Cottingham on a film of sports and activities. Mr Berkeley Smith then arrived back at the Guest Room where he was introduced to some distinguished Old Cranwellian guests—in succession Sir Dermot Boyle, Sir Frank Whittle, Sir Thomas Pike and Sir Richard Atcherley. The fanfare sounded, the guests moved in to dinner and the cameras closed in on the Queen's Colour in the dining hall.

The critics took little notice of the programme; perhaps they take time off during outside broadcasts to fill their pens with vitriol and sharpen their long knives. At Cranwell there was much to admire in the programme; the skill with which a guest night ran its normal course without significant interruption from the B.B.C.; the speed with which producers and technicians turned chaos on Tuesday morning into a

programme on Tuesday evening; and the interest taken in the College by those executing the programme. The B.B.C. Northern Region was kind enough to mark the occasion by the presentation of a silver candelabra.



Group Captain C. E. J. Baines, C.B.E., President of the R.A.F. Selection Board, retired in January 1958 from the Service which he had entered from Cranwell 27 years before. Group Captain Baines had been a great friend to the College and showed a keen interest in the future progress of the raw material which he had provided for it.

Squadron Leader T. C. Wood, D.F.C., the Station Administrative Officer, has also retired from the Service. In dining him out the mess saw fit to present him with a (stuffed) tiger. The presentation arose from an entry made early one morning in the Suggestion Book by Squadron Leader Wood. For the benefit of the many generations who have passed under the offending tiger skin which formerly dominated the stairs of the Officers' Mess it is well worth quoting extensively from this entry:

'I suggest the tiger on the stairs be moved to a less prominent position. I am aware that I am tampering with tradition. If, as I suspect, the beast has a purely ornamental value I submit that it has the following disadvantages:

- (a) It is moth-eaten and toothless.
- (b) It is obviously difficult to keep clean, by which I mean it is dirty.
- (c) . . . it is my own view that a beast designed in three dimensions looks less attractive in two.
- (d) It is high time it pulled out of that vertical dive.'

At the end of the year many other officers have left the College staff. Squadron Leader K. Johnson has handed over the command of 'C' Squadron. It is significant that during the nine terms he has held this command 'C' Squadron have been Sovereign's Squadron on no fewer than six occasions. Squadron Leader L. G. Holden, A.F.C., who like Squadron Leader Johnson has gone to the R.A.F. Staff College, Bracknell, has been O.C. Headquarters Squadron during a critical period of change in the life of the Flying Wing. Squadron Leader D. Q. Watson, D.F.C., the Senior Law and Administration Instructor and the comptroller of the Endowment Fund, has gone to the Record Office. Squadron Leader H. R. Hastie, the Senior Weapons Instructor and organizer of the Hunt Club, has been posted to Locking; and Squadron Leader E. Macro, the Senior Instructor Equipment and officer i/c the flight cadets'



Squadron Leader K. Johnson—who commanded the Sovereign's Squadron six terms out of a possible nine

hockey and tennis, has returned to Air Ministry. His bibliography on the Yemen in the January issue of *The Royal Central Asian Journal*, in spite of its modest claims, is perhaps the most scholarly work to have emanated from the College staff since the war. To these, and all the other officers mentioned elsewhere, who have served the College and moved on into retirement or other posts we give our grateful thanks.



On 23rd and 24th September a small party of officers and cadets of the Royal Netherlands Air Force visited the College, saw something of our training, took part in our sports and visited places of interest in the district.

On 3rd and 4th October General Giachino, Commandant of the Italian Aeronautical



Left to right : Lt-Col Meoli ; Lt Cdr Shaw ; Col Pelosi ; the Director of Studies ; Gen Giachino ; the Commandant ; Wg Cdr Barwood ; Maj Gentilini ; the Assistant Commandant ; the Chief Flying Instructor

Academy, and a party of officers visited the College. They attended a guest night and the General presented an Italian cadet's ceremonial dirk to the College.

On 11th November six officers and 37 cadets of the Argentine School of Military Aviation visited Cranwell in the course of an extended tour of Europe. They toured the College, played a game of soccer and attended a guest night at the end of which they presented to the College a most interesting relic in the form of a replica of the sword of General José de San Martín, the Liberator of the River Plate provinces and leader of the epic march over the Andes. Fortunately Senior Flight Cadet J. H. Scullard was in a position to act as interpreter for this visit so efficiently that his translations sometimes ran ahead of the speaker.

Other visitors during the term have included:

On 19th to 21st September Officials and competitors to the Inter-Service Modern Pentathlon.

On 24th September Mr Colin Jackson who gave a lecture on 'India, Pakistan and Kashmir.'

On 8th October Colonel G. L. Pritchard, U.S.A.F. Commandant of the Air Command and Staff School, who gave a lecture on 'The United States Air Force of the Future.'

On 17th October the Commandant, members of the Directing Staff and No. 47 Course, at the R.A.F. Staff College, Bracknell.

On 31st October Wing Commander Kyber Khan of the Pakistan Air Force.

On 11th to 13th November Commander I. J. Lees-Spalding, R.N., of the R.N.E.C. Manadon.

On 28th November Mr Josselyn Hennessy who gave a lecture on the 'European Common Market.'

On 21st November Colonel Dorance and Lieutenant Chevanard of The Ecole de l'Air.

On 23rd and 24th November parties of miners from Newstead and Annesley collieries.



On 31st October the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, invited a party of officers and flight cadets to a guest night. The party toured *Cutty Sark* and the Maritime Museum, and dined in the Painted Hall where unfortunately much of the work of Sir James Thornhill was obscured by the scaffolding of restorers.

Dartmouth were the hosts for the weekend of 16th November to the rugger, soccer, cross-country running and shooting teams, and flight cadets once more had the opportunity of sampling the way of life of the senior Service. The outcome of the sporting contests is reported elsewhere in this issue.

On 29th and 30th November the College was host to teams from the R.M.A.

Flight Lieutenant C. H. Bidie is completing his second season as Master of the Per Ardua (R.A.F.) Beagles. Scenting conditions have generally been poor but the pack has shown fair sport to unusually large fields. The senior flight cadet whip is Flight Cadet M. Perkins, supported by Flight Cadets M. Shaw and C. Starey. Subscribers who have carried whips on occasion include Brigadier Leech, Lieutenant-Colonel Barlow-Poole, Mr A. V. Hirst and Mr Bruxner. We are particularly grateful to the younger generation of whips who have kept things going during the Christmas vacation when the flight cadet whips are not available. These included Peter Richardson, John Leech, Richard Outhwaite, Charles and Christopher Powell.

The founder of the post-war pack at Cranwell, Group Captain L. G. Levis, is returning to the station as President of the Selection Board and will be resuming the duties of Master for the next season.



For many years the walls of the College were graced by paintings loaned from the Tate Gallery, from whence they were obtained largely through the persuasive powers of T. E. Lawrence and C. H. Ede. The passing of the Tate and National Galleries Act, however, deprived the Tate Gallery of its power to lend works, and most reluctantly the Director of the Gallery was forced to recall loans even though it was admitted that the pictures in question would probably never again leave the Tate's basement.

This deprivation left the College with a strange patchwork look, for the few pictures left alternated with large faded areas of wall space that, failing a complete redecoration of the College, of a necessity had to be covered by more pictures.

It was at first expected that these would be easy to acquire, but official representations to likely sources soon revealed that, in fact, those who had pictures were most reluctant to lend them. The Manchester Art Gallery alone responded, with a short loan of six small canvases. It was decided, therefore, that a personal approach might bring further results. This proved to be true, but even on this direct basis only a handful out of the seventy or more people asked to help were willing to lend the College their pictures.

The first person to come to our aid was Lady Duckham, who with great and typical kindness sent a selection of large canvases by her father, A. D. Peppercorn, one of the first and most distinguished of the English impressionists. This fine start was soon to be supplemented by the Curator of the Usher Art Gallery who made available over twenty pictures from his collection including, by courtesy of Squadron Leader Geoffrey Harmsworth, two very fine studies of Lincoln and Boston. Substantial though these loans were they did not suffice, even after augmentation from other private sources, to cover all the gaps and an advertisement was inserted in three national newspapers asking for further help. This produced little in the way of loans until Miss K. Jamieson kindly offered us several works by the late Alexander Jamieson, R.O.I.

Further efforts on a personal basis were made and an offer was received of pictures from the stored collection of the Duke of Newcastle, who had already provided the fine collection of paintings in the Dining Hall. It was understood that the pictures in store were the remnants of the collection, but that a careful examination of what remained might turn up something useful. In the event a round dozen of very fine and decorative canvases were unearthed, including examples by Canaletto, Rubens, Wouwermans, and other great artists.

The College was now in possession of a substantial number of good paintings, the product of two years of hard work, many visits and some hundreds of letters. Not only were the Tate Gallery pictures replaced, but for the first time a selection of works was available for the Junior Mess. It should be emphasized, however, that the search has not ceased and if any reader should hear of a good picture that needs a home the College would be interested to know of it, for every work mentioned above is merely on loan and could be lost to the College at any time.



Visits during term time included one on 10th October to the School of Infantry to see a demonstration of the infantry on the defence under nuclear conditions. A small party attended the *Sunday Times* Atomic Energy Exhibition. No. 78 Entry were the guests of the English Electric Company at their factories at Warton. On 7th November a party visited the Appleby Frodingham Steel Works at Scunthorpe. On 27th November another party visited the works of Ruston and Hornsby Ltd.

We are so accustomed to our good fortune in possessing a swimming bath that we tend to take it for granted. Not only does it serve other R.A.F. stations in the locality but it is also made available to local youth organizations. On 18th November the bath was the venue for a swimming gala for handicapped children in the neighbourhood.

The Blankney Hunt Ball was held at the Officers' Mess on 20th December. The occasion was very well attended as was the meet next day.

Asian flu did not hit the College unduly hard. Though in all 145 flight cadets succumbed, the virus was mild and its incidence spread out from mid-September to mid-November. Only about ten people went down with it each week, though in the peak week at the start of November there were about seventy cases.



The Queen's Colour was carried on parade on Battle of Britain Sunday and on Remembrance Sunday. The Harvest Festival was celebrated on 6th October. The service on the occasion of the last church parade of the Autumn term on 15th December took the form of a Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols. Visiting preachers included:

On 15th September The Lord Bishop of Peterborough.

On 6th October Canon Oswald Jones of St Mark's Church, Lincoln.

On 1st December The Right Reverend the Dean of Lincoln.

In the Autumn term the Knocker Cup competition was based on tests of physical fitness. In outline the tests required each flight cadet to run a 100 yards, to complete the repeated timed climbing of a 15-ft. rope, to run 100 yards carrying a man of his own weight, to jump at least 10 feet in units of 2 ft. 6 in., to run two miles and to swim five lengths. The whole test had to be carried out within 35 minutes. When the complicated system of scoring had been completed the order of squadrons was 'B,' 'C,' 'A.'

The Ferris Drill competition was held on Saturday, 9th November. The set piece was the mounting of a guard of honour with Squadron standard. The winners were 'C' Squadron. The President of the judging panel was Major J. W. Scott, Grenadier Guards, Adjutant of the R.M.A.



The Little Theatre presented *Traveller's Joy* by Arthur Macrae on 4th November. The producer was Squadron Leader J. Sandford, and the principal parts in a well-timed production were borne by Mrs Helliker, Flight Lieutenant P. Blanks and Flying Officer G. Strowbridge.

The College Dramatic Society presented a comedy-thriller *Someone at the Door* by Dorothy and Campbell Christie on 9th-10th December to larger but no less appreciative audiences than usual.

The Per Ardua (R.A.F.) Beagle Ball was held on 11th October. Owing to the raging of the flu epidemic fewer people attended than in the previous year. Those that did had the enjoyable evening that is customary at this ball and a profit of over £200 was made for Beagle funds. During the evening the prize-winning counterfoils in the Autumn Draw were picked out of the drum by the Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, who is President of the R.A.F. Beagling Association. The first two prizes to the value of £60, by an astonishing coincidence, came from the same book which had been sold by Mrs Constant. By a further coincidence the first prize counterfoil had been sold to the Director of Studies, and the second prize counterfoil had been sold to Mrs Constant's mother. It is hoped that all those who buy and sell tickets in the draw year by year will be encouraged by this just reward for Mrs Constant's enduring support of the hunt.

OBITUARY

Air Vice-Marshal

SIR CHARLES LONGCROFT

K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., A.F.C.

First Commandant of the Royal Air Force College

AN inspiring connection with the heroic days of the founding of the College has been broken by the death at the age of 74 of Air Vice-Marshal Sir Charles Longcroft, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., A.F.C., the first Commandant of the Royal Air Force College. Sir Charles Longcroft's continuing interest in the affairs of the College throughout his later service and retirement was exemplified by his work for the Old Cranwellian Association of which he was President from its inception. The College offers its sympathy to Lady Longcroft in her great loss.

After an education at Charterhouse and Sandhurst, Second-Lieutenant Longcroft was commissioned in the Welch Regiment in 1903 at the age of 20. Nine years later he learnt to fly, his Royal Aero Club certificate being No. 192, and joined the Royal Flying Corps. In 1913 he was awarded the Britannia Challenge Trophy for the most outstanding feat of aviation during the year in flying non-stop from Montrose to Farnborough via Portsmouth in a B.E., with a 70 h.p. Renault engine, in seven hours and 20 minutes.

At the outset of the war Major Longcroft went to France with No. 2 Squadron, and one of his early reconnaissances first disclosed German forces on the move near Louvain. He was soon given the command of No. 4 Squadron and took part with other squadrons of No. 3 Wing in the battle of Neuve Chapelle and Aubers Ridge. The serious shortage of pilots led to his recall and gave Lieutenant-Colonel Longcroft his first real experience in the organization of flying training at the Central Flying School. By 1916 he was back in France in command of No. 2 (Corps) Wing and played his part during this period of tough, aggressive fighting in instilling the bold, offensive spirit in the new air service which was to be its hall-mark. By 1918 Major-General Longcroft was in charge of the Training Division and setting another Service tradition by visiting his units in a single-seater Camel. At the end of 1919, as an Air Commodore in the new Royal Air Force, he took over the command of Cranwell.

Selected by Air Marshal Trenchard for the crucial task of building up from scratch the new College, it goes without saying that he was ideally suited for the task and threw himself heart and soul into it. The first Professor of English at the College might not be expected to look back on his short stay at Cranwell with much affection, but in his autobiography Mr S. P. B. Mais speaks of a 'Commandant who appeared to be obsessed by three passions, hunting, flying and Cranwell. He took me over the station with much the same air of eagerness that a motor enthusiast might display when showing you his car.' The College opened on Thursday, 5th February 1920, and in its first year the impress of this great man set the College in a mould which it has never lost. All those—officers, flight cadets, airmen and apprentices—who served at Cranwell with him speak with love more than mere respect of his humanity coupled with strictness, his high personal standards, his fine appearance, his real interest in their welfare, and his drive and enthusiasm. They remember him as a leading figure hunting and beagling, outstanding at tennis and squash, playing cricket with the local farmers and soccer with the n.c.os; but above all they remember the manner in which he did things, the grand manner for the formal occasion, the easy, warm manner for personal meetings.

At the end of its first year the College was inspected by the Secretary of State for War, the Right Honourable Winston Churchill, M.P. The whole station paraded and marched past, and then the Secretary of State saw the flight cadets at work. In his report on the College, given in the gymnasium, the Commandant spoke of the founding of the Squadron system and of the place of flying at



Cranwell. 'While an officer who cannot fly is useless to the Royal Air Force yet the mere ability to fly by no means qualifies an individual to become an officer in the Royal Air Force. In fact it is scarcely too much to say that flying in the Royal Air Force is now and will more and more assume the same relative importance to other branches of technical knowledge as riding does in the cavalry and marching in the infantry.' The principal problems which the Commandant had found also had a familiar ring to them; the wide diversity of subjects, the lack of traditions, and 'the difficulty of fitting flying training into an already overcrowded syllabus.' After 3½ years as Commandant of the College he left for an Air Ministry appointment, followed by command of the Inland Area before his retirement in 1929.

In a long obituary *The Times* said of Air Marshal Longcroft's period at Cranwell that it was one 'of great importance as the College was new and in the process of justifying itself. . . . That Cranwell has proved a brilliant success is due in very great measure to the officer who commanded it during those critical early years.'

Cranwell was fortunate to have an officer of this quality to set it on its road; and it seems that he was satisfied with its progress. On his penultimate visit to the College he was interviewed with the then Commandant, Air Commodore H. Eeles, in a recorded programme for the overseas service of the B.B.C. The idea of the programme was Cranwell in 1920 compared with Cranwell in 1955. After commenting on some of the physical changes he could see while watching a cricket match on the Orange, Sir Charles concluded:

'But none of this matters, what matters is the spirit is still the same.'

Passing-Out Parade of No. 71 Entry

*Speeches by Air Chief Marshal Sir Ronald Ivelaw-Chapman
and by the Commandant*

ON 17th December 1957 the College welcomed Air Chief Marshal Sir Ronald Ivelaw-Chapman, G.C.B., K.B.E., D.F.C., A.F.C., as the Reviewing Officer at the passing-out parade of flight cadets of No. 71 Entry.

Believing in the theory that a good performance always follows a bad rehearsal gave reason for confidence, for the wet weather rehearsal in particular had been a poor one. In fact the theory was thoroughly borne out, as the final parade went off extremely well.

The weather was dull, and a slight breeze kept most cadets wishing they had put on that extra layer of clothing. The big disappointment was the cancellation of the fly-past due to low cloud base. However this was compensated, in some measure, by the appearance from the west of a flock of geese in admirable formation.

The Cadet Wing, commanded by Senior Under Officer P. S. Martin, marched on parade led by 'B' Squadron, with the Sovereign's Squadron following, and 'A' Squadron in the rear. The Squadrons were commanded by Senior Under Officer A. S. Cottingham, Senior Under Officer R. H. B. le Brocq, and Under Officer J. W. Blockey, respectively.

After the advance in Review Order, the Reviewing Officer presented the Sword of Honour to Senior Under Officer P. S. Martin, the Queen's Medal to Senior Flight Cadet T. H. F. Delap and the R. M. Groves Memorial Prize to Under Officer W. I. C. Stoker. Having done this the Air Chief Marshal made the following address:

The Reviewing Officer's Address

'Last weekend I happened to be turning out some old flying maps when my son who was home on leave at the time noticed in the margin of one of them some rather hastily scribbled flight plan figures and these revealed that the ground speed for that particular flight was 126 miles per hour. Now I cannot quote you verbatim what my son's remarks were but what it really amounted to was: "Poor old dad, you might as well have walked it." I should explain that my son is himself a student pilot in the R.A.F. but though he is flying



The Reviewing Officer presents the R. M. Groves Memorial Prize to Under Officer W. I. C. Stoker

nothing faster than a Vampire that was his immediate, and to my mind perfectly natural, reaction.

'Just as speeds have about doubled in that space of time—and the interval was only ten years—so too has everything else connected with military aircraft. The speed and tempo of this progress is a stimulus and indeed a challenge to all of us connected with military aviation, a category which includes all of you passing-out entry.

'It is quite impossible for me or for anybody else for that matter to come here and predict exactly what your precise role in the R.A.F. is going to be in 1977. How dull in fact it would be

for you and the R.A.F. if I could have come up here with any sort of copybook answer to that question which may be foremost in the minds of many of you here on parade: "How do I stand since that issue of the White Paper Defence in April on this year." Frankly, I do not know the answer and it would be unscrupulous of me to pretend that I did, but this much I do know. The R.A.F. was made great by men who did not at every stage of their career work out from slide rules and calculate their prospects of promotion, and rates of pay ten years hence. It was made great by men who were prepared to take a chance on that and on a great many other things as well, and who kept keen through their love of the air and of the problems connected with the air.

'Maybe I can epitomize what I am trying to get at by quoting to you from the Marquis of Montrose who wrote these words: "He either fears his fate too much or his deserts are small who dares not put it to the touch to win or lose them all." Now although I cannot claim to predict the precise shape and size of the R.A.F. 20 years from now I can at any rate assure you of this one thing—the men who command it then, the men who will be the true exercisers of air power will be those who have learnt to master the problems of the air in the air and not those who merely studied them in textbooks or in the laboratories. There are many dismal Jimmies going round with neither knowledge nor experience prophesying that this Service of ours is on its last legs. They do far more harm to the R.A.F. than they either know or intend.

'Now this morning I would like to say a special word of thanks and welcome to those parents, friends and relatives who have taken the trouble and effort to be present with us on this occasion, and in return I think I can assure them that those young men are now entering a Service where the word Cranwell is a hall-mark which is accepted, respected and welcomed by all. Moreover, they will be joining a community where I think I can claim that they will still have a reasonably high standard of ethics to guide them and, moreover, in a short time they will become members of what we are pleased to call the British way of life.

'As to your parade I am going to say very little. I think I have some idea of how much blood, sweat, tears, bad temper and all that sort of thing goes into the rehearsing or producing a parade of the type we have seen this morning. Over the years we in the Service have come to expect perfection or very near perfection, in these Cranwell passing-out parades so if I merely say that this morning's parade was up to standard

which I do, you can take that if you like as a typical piece of British understatement but in point of fact it is the warmest compliment that I can pay to your instructors and through them to you.

'Now mid-December and mid-Lincolnshire are neither the time nor the place for a long open-air harangue and I am only going to keep you one minute more but there is one point that I think may be worth saying. It is conventional on these occasions for the Reviewing Officer to offer some words of advice to the entry passing out and I can think of nothing, or scarcely anything that won't have already been said either by your instructors here or on similar passing-out parades before—the five or six which you may have attended during your three years here, albeit maybe in not quite such an imposing position which you hold today. There is one thing which is so terribly important to the whole of your future: Over-confidence in the air. This bugbear, this gremlin of over-confidence, and here I speak from my own personal experience, is likely to rear its ugly head on about three stages in a chap's flying career. The first, and possibly the most critical, is within the next 50 hours or so of your flying, and frequently shows itself again about the 1,000-hour mark and sometimes again 1,000 hours later than that. The cure for it is a perfectly simple one. First of all to know of its existence, secondly to recognize the symptoms and lastly to nip it in the bud before, if I may put it this way, the bud nips you.

'My final point is this. I personally am convinced that air power has become one of the major factors in international relationships between big powers in the world today. Until that fact is accepted and acted upon by all who shape and control the destinies of this country I think it is unlikely that we as a country will regain the former position that we had in world affairs. The main instrument of that air power is and always will be the R.A.F. and into that Service I now welcome all of you as fully fledged members, and with that go my best wishes for an enjoyable and successful and an adventurous career. If you enjoy your 40 years in it as much or even half as much as I have mine, then you will never regret that choice. Jolly good luck to you all.'

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:

'Once again we are assembled, as many of us as will fit into this rather small hall, to say good-bye to the Senior Entry and I must mark the occasion by first saying a word of welcome to the parents, relatives and friends who have braved the rigours of our Lincolnshire winter to be with us tonight and to join us in wishing success to these young officers who are about to embark on what we all hope will be distinguished careers in the Royal Air Force. This is essentially a family occasion, an occasion for rejoicing, and it is good to have you with us and to celebrate together.

'At this particular ceremony it is always my privilege, and I should add, one that I greatly value, to express our congratulations to the Passing-Out Entry both on their corporate achievements as a team and on their individual achievements—those of you who have just put up your wings which I hope you will always cherish and wear with distinction and those of you in the Equipment Branch whose contribution to our Service will, I am sure, be as great.

'I must extend my congratulations to those of you who have carried off the prizes and honours.

You have done extremely well and I hope that these awards only mark the beginning of many more similar achievements once you apply your talents and enthusiasm in the very much larger sphere you are about to enter. Well done.

'I must also pay a tribute to all the members of 'B' Squadron for their well-directed and successful efforts to become Sovereign Squadron.

'And finally I know the College would not wish me to let the opportunity go by without applauding the achievements of the rugby team, and without paying a tribute to Senior Under Officer Martin the captain, Flight Cadet Jago the leader of the scrum and the members of the team. Nor should we forget Squadron Leader Wood and Squadron Leader Harris who between them run a team which for two years in succession has swept the board.

'Now you have been given so much excellent advice during the past three years that you will have difficulty in remembering, let alone acting upon, much of it. I do not wish to add to this flood but in these last few moments before you take up the duties and responsibilities of officers I would like you to think for a moment about the future.



PRIZE WINNERS, DECEMBER 1957, AFTER THE PARADE

From left to right: Pilot Officers J. A. Tiffen, W. I. C. Stoker, C. P. J. Coulcher, P. S. Martin, D. H. Scott, T. H. F. Delap, J. J. R. Cohu

'You have just completed the first step in what the Supreme Commander of the Allied Air Force recently called the most honourable and responsible of all careers open to young men today.

'You could, of course, have no better grounding than Cranwell for a career in the Royal Air Force, but I want you to remember two things about this course. First, it has cost a lot of the country's money. You represent an investment. It is up to you in common honesty to see that the investment proves to have been a good one. Secondly, that this is only the first step. My staff have equipped you as well as they can for your chosen career; but your real apprenticeship to your calling is only just beginning, and your success will depend on your personal efforts, not your collective past.

'Each successive generation in the Royal Air Force has its own distinctive problems to face. You can learn a lot from the way in which previous generations faced their problems and the solutions they found; we call this tradition. Tradition can act as a spur but it can do no more to help you answer your contemporary problems. At the French Air Academy at Salon they christen their entries in the name of some hero of the past. I have been toying with the idea of christening No. 71 Entry in the name of the principal problems which I think you will have to solve during the course of your careers.

'I might call you something on the lines of "the Entry of Cadets into the Welfare State in the year of the sputnik." An impossible title, of course, but one which outlines the problem because it suggests that we are not only a Service of machines or only a Service of men, but rather a Service of machines and men.

'First, the mechanical aspect. As I have said on a previous occasion there is a tendency to avoid any serious study of the technicalities of our profession, to rely too much on the specialist and thus to lose the initiative and the power of decision based on a thorough understanding of all the issues involved. We are inevitably moving towards a situation where the scientific and technical aspects of our profession take on more and more weight, and it is very necessary that the General Duties officer in whom the command and control of Air Forces is vested should be capable of appreciating the complex problems which will be faced in the Air Force of tomorrow.

'It is clear that you will all have full, and I hope satisfying, flying careers. It is also clear that your generation will be concerned with such toys as the I.C.B.M. The I.C.B.M. will present a great challenge to the G.D. officer and it would be fatal to the national interest if you did not respond to

the challenge; if you copied the proverbial cavalry man reluctant to accept the tank, or the Arab reluctant to say a poetic farewell to his steed in favour of a Cadillac. The right response implies that while you are mastering your flying you will also be devoting more than a passing thought to the changes in technology and considering the particular lines of personal development which will enable you to meet these particular responsibilities.

'Second, the human aspect. In all three Services we hope soon to return to our tradition of purely voluntary forces. National Service will end, it is expected in 1962, and we will return to a regular Air Force composed of volunteers. However, you should not think of this change simply as a happy return to an earlier system. The regulars of tomorrow will come from a very different background from that of their fathers 25 years ago. He will have to be recruited from the field of full employment and from the security of the Welfare State. Everyone must welcome the good in what we now call the Welfare State but it is idle to pretend that it does not present a challenge to the Services. I am not just saying that we must compete in the open market for recruits; the challenge is more fundamental than that. In the old days (before the security of the Welfare State) the ordinary man appreciated the need for a leader—someone to whom he could turn; in the villages and in the towns. Today the State as a whole is taking over more and more. The young recruit now does not turn so readily to the officer and demand a lead; the first step must now come from above. The officer must show the man that the lead he can give is not merely necessary but good. The perfecting of the new technique of leadership in this new environment is a charge on the energy and imagination of your generation. Though the techniques of applying it may change the nature of leadership is immutable. Men will follow you willingly if, amongst other things, they believe in your integrity, in your professional efficiency, and in your interest in them as individuals. To know them as individuals you must have a wide acquaintance with their problems; this in turn means an up-to-date knowledge of our new social order. In four or five years time as flight commanders you will be the officers upon whose quality and understanding will depend the success or failure of this highly desirable end to National Service, and the efficiency and morale of the regular Air Force of the future.

'You have your flying life; make the most of it and enjoy it. You have your unique responsibilities as the holders of the Queen's commission;

live up to them. You have the challenge of the future: prepare yourself intelligently to face it in your own interests and as in duty bound. And now, leaving you with these thoughts, I would like, on behalf of the College and all of us here tonight, to wish you members of No. 71 a life of achievement and a full measure of success in the Royal Air Force.'

Order of Merit

No. 71 ENTRY

General Duties Branch

- T. H. F. DELAP, Senior Flight Cadet: Queen's Medal; Abdy Gerrard Fellowes Memorial Prize; R.N.Z.A.F. Trophy; Air Ministry Prize for Commonwealth and War Studies; Sailing (Captain); Ski-ing; Fine Arts (Secretary); Dramatics; Music.
- R. H. B. LE BROCCQ, Senior Under Officer: Cricket (Full Colours); Soccer (Half Colours); Boxing; Hockey; Squash; Wild-fowling (Secretary); Sub-Aqua; Motor Club.
- M. A. F. RYAN, Senior Flight Cadet: Athletics (Full Colours); Cross-Country (Full Colours); Choral (Secretary); Jazz; Sub-Aqua; Ski-ing; Engineering; Film.
- J. J. R. COHU, Under Officer: Philip Sassoon Memorial Prize; Tennis (Captain, Full Colours); Rugby (Half Colours); Squash (Half Colours); Wild-fowling (Vice-Captain); Motor Club; Film.
- C. P. J. COULCHER, Under Officer: Royal United Services Institution Award; Rugby (Half Colours); Boxing; Tennis; Mountaineering; Canoeing; Pot-holing; Wild-fowling; Gliding.
- A. S. COTTINGHAM, Senior Under Officer: Rugby; Athletics; Ski-ing; Engineering (Secretary); Gliding; Sub-Aqua; Debating (President).
- A. C. R. INGOLDBY, Under Officer: Swimming (Full Colours); Water Polo (Full Colours); Athletics; Rugby; Film.
- P. S. MARTIN, Senior Under Officer: Sword of Honour; J. A. Chance Memorial Prize; Rugby (Captain, Full Colours); Cricket (Captain, Full Colours); Squash (Half Colours); Ski-ing (Captain); Motor Club.
- N. G. STEEL, Senior Flight Cadet: Boxing (Half Colours); Cross-Country; Jazz (Secretary); Canoeing; Archery; Music.
- J. D. HERON, Senior Flight Cadet: Fencing (Full Colours); Golf; Cricket; Photographic; Jazz; Dramatics.

- R. B. NELSON, Under Officer: Arnold Barlow Award; Rugby; Rowing.
- M. V. P. H. HARRINGTON, Under Officer: Athletics (Full Colours); Cross-Country (Captain, Full Colours); Dramatics (President); Pot-holing (Captain); Sub-Aqua; Choir; Film.
- A. J. CHAPLIN, Under Officer: Shooting (Full Colours); Rugby; Wild-fowling; Film.
- P. D. CLIFF, Under Officer: Cricket (Full Colours); Squash (Full Colours); Rugby (Half Colours); Film.
- H. R. PLOSZEK, Senior Flight Cadet: Rowing (Captain, Full Colours); Soccer; Squash; Tennis; Printing (Secretary); Engineering; Sub-Aqua; Motor Club; Film.
- R. G. KERR, Senior Flight Cadet: Tennis (Half Colours); Cross-Country; Soccer; Gliding; Radio; Ski-ing; Film.
- J. W. BLOCKEY, Under Officer: Athletics (Full Colours); Rugby (Full Colours); Hockey (Full Colours); Riding (Captain); Archery (Captain); Motor Club; Film.
- G. C. WILLIAMS, Senior Flight Cadet: Hockey (Full Colours); Swimming (Half Colours); Tennis; Sub-Aqua; Riding; Jazz.
- J. H. SCULLARD, Senior Flight Cadet: Printing; Canoeing; Music; Film; Jazz.
- D. H. SCOTT, Senior Flight Cadet: Dickson Trophy; Michael Hill Memorial Prize; Shooting (Captain, Full Colours); Cricket; Rugby; Motor Club; Film.
- W. I. C. STOKER, Under Officer: R. M. Groves Memorial Prize; Athletics (Half Colours); Rugby; Hockey; Modern Pentathlon; Photography; Dramatics; Motor Club; Film.
- N. B. YOUD, Senior Flight Cadet: Cricket (Half Colours); Hockey; Canoeing (Captain); Sub-Aqua; Motor Club; Film.
- E. J. NANCE, Senior Flight Cadet: Golf (Captain); Soccer; Hockey; Dramatics; Jazz; Motor Club; Film.

Equipment Branch

- D. J. GIBSON, Senior Flight Cadet: Rugby (Secretary, Full Colours); Soccer; Cricket; Tennis; Choral; Dancing; Gliding; Sub-Aqua.
- J. A. TIFFEN, Senior Flight Cadet: Air Ministry Prize for Equipment Studies; Boxing (Captain, Full Colours); Rugby; Cricket; Squash; Canoeing; Gliding; Film.



THE SENIOR ENTRY: DECEMBER 1957

Back Row (left to right): S.F.C. T. H. F. Delap, S.F.C. N. G. Steel, S.F.C. N. B. Youd, U.O. P. D. Cliff, S.F.C. J. D. Heron, S.F.C. E. J. Nance, S.F.C. M. A. F. Ryan.
Centre Row (left to right): S.F.C. J. A. Tiffen, S.F.C. D. H. Scott, S.F.C. D. J. Gibson, S.F.C. J. H. Scullard, U.O. C. P. J. Coulcher, U.O. M. V. P. H. Harrington, S.F.C. G. C. Williams, S.F.C. R. G. Kerr, S.F.C. H. R. Płoszek.
Front Row (left to right): U.O. A. J. Chaplin, U.O. J. W. Blockey, U.O. J. J. R. Cohu, S.U.O. R. H. B. Le Brocq, S.U.O. P. S. Martin, S.U.O. A. S. Cottingham, U.O. W. I. C. Stoker, U.O. A. C. R. Ingoldby, U.O. R. B. Nelson.

FLIGHT SERGEANTS ANONYMOUS

Of all the Flight Sergeants I've met
 'Tis exceedingly rare that you get
 One who says 'Cha-a-arming'
 With voice so disarming,
 In dulcet tones hard to forget.

'On commencing your flying just mention
 'The word and I'll take out my pension.
 'I'll depart on that day
 'To some place far away
 'Until you've incurred your suspension.'

'Before I grow very much older
 'I'll have white hairs down to my shoulder.
 'You could only enhance
 'Our victory chance
 'By becoming an Enemy soldier.'

Sharp is the favourite expression
 Which he uses on every drill session.
 'You are gutless and spineless,
 'Your boots couldn't shine less,
 'You should give a more sparkling impression.'

My mind still retains the sad sight
 Of someone addressing him 'Flight.'
 The fact that he lacked
 As a matter of fact
 Was swiftly and surely put right.

This Flight Sergeant exists on no station
 He belongs to no factual nation.
 I know I'm all right
 He can't get me for slight,
 For he's purely a mental creation.

THE GREAT DETERRENT

by Sir JOHN SLESSOR

The Publishers, Cassell & Co. Ltd., have kindly allowed 'The Journal' to print this extract from 'The Great Deterrent' by Sir John Slessor

A LOGICAL strategic policy for the Atlantic Alliance, which must be the basis of any sound organization of our strength, must surely be based on one of two assumptions. The first is that, in the unlikely event of the great deterrent failing to prevent total war—which we are all agreed must be the primary aim—we must be ready to fight another prolonged global war. In that event there is no case for basing the 'main elements of the Royal Navy upon a small number of carrier groups'; and so far from providing modernized surface and air anti-submarine units 'on a somewhat reduced scale,' they should be provided on a largely *increased* scale in view of the strength of the Russian submarine fleet; and a long-war assumption certainly provides no basis for such a drastic reduction of the Regular Army or for the relegation of its reserves to a purely Home Defence role.

The general impression gained from a careful study of the White Paper is, however, that the British Government incline to the acceptance of the second alternative assumption, which is that in the event of total war the ultimate weapon would inevitably be used—not necessarily immediately, but sooner rather than later—and that therefore such a war could not possibly last more than a matter of weeks, or a few months at most. It must be admitted that the acceptance of such an assumption involves a terrifically heart-searching decision for a nation dependent for its very existence on supply from overseas. And the failure to face it without ambiguity in this White Paper may perhaps be ascribed to a very human inability to forget the background of British history—especially of two World Wars in living experience—and to a dogged survival of the 'broken-backed war' theory in Churchill's last White Paper of 1954.

As it stands at the moment we are having the worst of both worlds; we are certainly not fitting ourselves for a prolonged global war, a sort of modernized version of 1939–45 which I for one find inconceivable in a thermo-nuclear and guided missile age; and we are not taking advantage of the economies which would flow from the acceptance of the short war assumption—economies which would permit us, not to reduce the overall allocation of our resources to

the fighting Services, but to apportion them more in accordance with the real requirements of modern strategy, particularly by the avoidance of such dangerous reductions in the strength of the Army.

Nevertheless, the facts of life must be faced and the decision must be made, not only by Britain but by her Allies, more particularly by the United States. It is not one which can be made alone by one member of the Alliance. The White Paper itself states bluntly the truth which should have been evident for years that 'the Defence of Britain is possible only as part of the collective defence of the free world' (the same, by the way, can and should be said with equal truth and bluntness of the United States). There are many in Britain who share the dissatisfaction widely expressed among our Allies at the lack of adequate prior consultation before the publication of the White Paper (though it must be admitted that the U.S. does not habitually consult us on such matters). That may in part be due to a failure in public relations policy; much misunderstanding might have been avoided by careful explanatory briefing of the Press and other organs of public opinion by our Ambassadors in Allied capitals, which should have been perfectly simple to arrange in spite of the somewhat hurried final stages of the preparation of the paper. It is true that the whole thing was necessarily somewhat hurried by exigencies of the British Parliamentary system; the White Paper had to precede the Budget, which has to be submitted to Parliament early in April, and Mr. Macmillan's Government had by then only been in power for a period so short as to make extended consultation with our Allies very difficult, to say the least of it. It is true that on a number of occasions in the past two years the need for a radical review of the N.A.T.O. defence effort has been urged upon our Allies by the Foreign Secretary as well as by Mr. Macmillan himself as Chancellor; no doubt our intentions were disclosed to the President in Bermuda; and in at least some aspects they were discussed with the Supreme Commander and with our Allies in Western European Union, in connection with the proposed reductions in the British forces in Germany. It is none the less difficult to feel satisfied that the principle of

consultation within the Atlantic Alliance has been observed as it should have been. The Atlantic Council has never been used as it was intended to be used when it was reconstituted at Lisbon in 1952; and we do not yet seem to have taken advantage of the new system of consultation within N.A.T.O. arising out of the Lange-Pearson-Martino Committee. As between Britain and America there has been a deterioration in the arrangements for mutual consultation in recent years, and the valuable habit of informal discussions in the politico-military field established during the Korean war has fallen into disuse since the accession of Mr. Dulles to the State Department—a fact which both our countries have reason to regret in the light of recent experience.

All that having been said, it remains somewhat surprising to anyone at all familiar with the trend of British thinking on strategic policy in recent years that this White Paper should have created such a stir among our Allies. Its basic tenets are nothing new. The emphasis on the importance of N.A.T.O., priority for the prevention of war by an effective deterrent to which Britain must make her contribution, the tendency for expenditure on the Army to decline, the need to be able to undertake limited operations to resist local aggression and protect Allied and British interests in the Middle and Far East, the possibility of the use of tactical atomic weapons in limited war, the importance of the guided missile, the need for a strategic reserve capable of rapid transportation in an emergency—all these have figured in pronouncements on British defence policy since the Statement on Defence in 1954, and even earlier. The general policy in its broad fundamentals is virtually the same as that discussed by the British Chiefs of Staff with their American colleagues in 1952, which had at least a significant influence on the formulation of the so-called New Look in U.S. defence policy in 1953. And the inescapable truth that British military capability is conditioned by the economic factor, particularly by the balance of payments and the strength of our gold and dollar reserves, was stated in no uncertain terms by Mr. Eden to the Atlantic Council at their Lisbon meeting in 1952.

The economic factor was among the reasons for the British Government's committing itself to what is perhaps the most sensational feature of the White Paper—the decision to plan on the basis that compulsory National Service will come to an end in 1962. There are those in Britain who take the somewhat cynical view that this decision

was determined more by electoral than strategic or even economic considerations, and are sceptical of the validity of the claim that Britain cannot afford to be strong. They remember the days when, little over a year before the outbreak of World War II, the material basis of British defence planning was a ruling by the Government of the day that this country could not afford more than £300 million a year for all three Services over the five years 1937 to 1941—this at a time when it was known that the Germans were spending more than three times that amount; and they reflect with some bitterness upon the number of millions a year we had to pay in the ten years after 1939 for the luxury of being weak in 1939. This appeal to economics is a hand that can be overcalled.

The real issue is what should be the function—or in American terms the roles and missions—of the British Army. As far as the forces in Europe are concerned that is to ask what is the role and mission of the forces under S.H.A.P.E.? On this point it seems clear from the White Paper that in the view of the British Government it is *not* to fight another prolonged war in Europe beginning with a modernized version of the 1940 campaign. To some the rather unfortunate word 'tripwire' suggests that the function of General Norstad's forces is to provide a façade, a thin red line, 'there to be overrun' so to speak, thus touching off the nuclear deluge upon Moscow, Stalingrad, and points East. This is a demonstrably fantastic conception. The true function of the N.A.T.O. screen is indeed primarily to avoid just that, to stand between the hydrogen bomb and the frontier policeman, to act as a fire brigade to smother the small local conflagration or frontier coup, to ensure that we do not find ourselves again faced with the treacherous *fait accompli*; finally to ensure that, in the almost inconceivable event of the Kremlin embarking on the desperate gamble of an attack on Western Europe, they have to do so in such massive force as to make it unmistakably clear that this is war to the death and to remove all inhibitions including, it is to be hoped, the fear of suicide. If we are not prepared in the very ultimate resort to accept the possibility of suicide to avert the certainty of annihilation—then we are lost. I for one see no superior attraction in being disembowelled by a Russian bayonet or pounded to death by V.2 missiles deployed along the Channel coast, rather than risk extinction by the hydrogen bomb.

I.R.A.F.A. VISIT

IT was on Friday, 11th October, that the Aer Lingus airliner bearing our eagerly awaited guests arrived at the south airfield. The party of five cadets from the Irish Republican Air Force Academy, accompanied by a thick-set gentleman in plain clothes who was introduced as their commandant, was met by the Assistant Commandant, the C.F.I. and a delegation of cadet-hosts. After cordial introductions the visitors were taken to the College for tea.

The conversation during and after the meal, which our visitors devoured with a refreshing heartiness, dealt largely with the differences between our two nations, and their methods for training an élite core of permanent officers. The whereabouts of their college they were unable to reveal as they were currently at war, and the enemy might be anxious to obtain such a secret. On the subject of suspensions they explained that since none of them had received any formal education and since officer qualities were unnecessary when every last man of them was itching to get one of 'those blanks' in his sights, the suspension rate was zero. They had no aircraft at the time, but were expecting delivery of a consignment of Vampires within a day or two. With this piece of news each of our guests smiled secretly to himself, probably in the knowledge that 'a day or two' meant a year or two where aircraft delivery was concerned.

At the Guest Night that evening our guests were kind enough to produce several cases of their well-known national produce, Irish Whiskey. We were shown how to drink it in true native fashion—by breaking the neck of the bottle cleanly against the edge of the table and swigging therefrom. The evening was high spirited.

A striking impression of the visiting Commandant remains. His appearance in Mess Dress—if it was such—was most impressive. The jacket was loose-fitting in constabulary black and the trousers were a faded tan in colour. (His hat, we saw later, closely resembled a Luftwaffe Lieutenant's headgear.) This uniform, we were told, was difficult to obtain, and highly prized. Towards the end of the meal the Irish Commandant made a short speech, ending with the presentation to the College of an exact replica of a hand grenade in shining silver. It symbolized, he said, the close bonds between our nations and would, he hoped, keep always fresh in our minds the gratitude of our visitors for all they had received from us.

The meal over, the company retired to the ante-room for Guinness and mess games. The

first game was one we know as 'Asdic,' or 'Where are you, Minnie?' (Our guests version of this was 'Is that you, Ulsterman?') Our guests were remarkably proficient at this game. It was only when every sofa was occupied by an unconscious body with a bump on its head that the P.M.C. discovered a shillelagh wrapped inside the *Manchester Guardian*. This was a pity because we had just been invited to participate in an old Irish party game, 'Musical Mills Bomb.' The idea of the game was that when the lights went out, the one who had been holding the bomb was no longer in the game, or something like that.

Unlike most of us, our guests evidently felt that the night was yet young, for they now demanded to be taken on a tour of not only the College, but the whole station. In particular, they wished to see the Armoury because they had just had one built for some rifles they were getting soon. They wanted to see how ours was laid out, and how we dealt with problems of security. Ever anxious to please, we conducted them to the Station Armoury, where we showed them how to obtain entrance by knocking and displaying our identification cards.

What happened next none of us is able to recall. It is true that we were a little tired after such an exacting day, and that we were a little bemused by such liberal sampling of our visitors' native drink; but that is no excuse for our sorry failure to look after our guests. We must all have fallen asleep rather suddenly, in most cases striking the backs of our heads on the floor as we fell. Our guests, alone in a strange country at night, must have borrowed the rifles for self-protection while trying to find their way back to the College. We were unable to open the door, which had blown shut and somehow jammed, and had to wait until the following morning.

We got back to the College just as dawn was breaking, to find the hall porter bound and gagged. Upon being released, he expressed concern for the silver, so we hurried to the safe. It appeared that there had been an explosion inside it, as the sides were split outwards and blackened. All the silver, including the memento presented to us only a few hours before, had gone. As we rushed to the telephone, its bell rang. We raised the receiver, to hear 'This is Air Ministry. . . .' The rest of the message was drowned as six Vampires took off, circled low overhead, and set heading away from the early sun, towards Ireland.

J.R.M.
M.S.

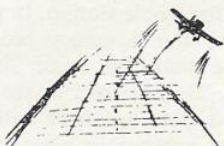
"The Provost is Easy and Pleasant to Fly"



+ 8 BOOST
(OR EVEN +3½ ?)



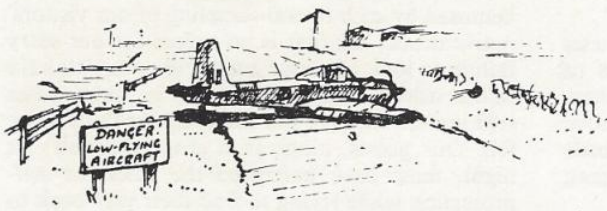
"A SMELL OF PETROL CAN BE EXPECTED FOR A TIME AFTER TAKE-OFF"



"... THERE IS NO TENDENCY TO SWING ON TAKE-OFF."



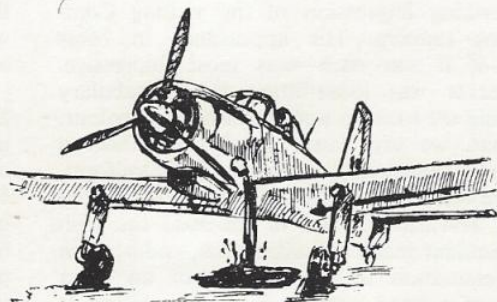
"WHAT WAS THAT YOU SAID ABOUT CONTROL LOCKS, SIR?"



"DOESN'T SHE USUALLY GET TAIL HEAVY IN A DIVE?"

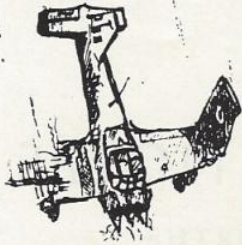


CHECK THE OPERATION OF THE WHEEL BRAKES AS SOON AS POSSIBLE "



"THE MOST LIKELY CAUSE OF FAILURE TO START IS OVERPRIMING"

M.P.S.
1957



... INCREASE SPEED TO 105 kts,
THEN JETTISON CANOPY "



AFTER-CHECKS, LOW FLYING.
1) UNDERCARRIAGE.
2) ...



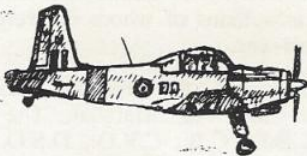
"THE AIRCRAFT IS NOT TO REMAIN INVERTED
FOR PERIODS OF MORE THAN 10 SECS."



9G



ALL THIS, AND PIGS TOO!



"AIR FILTER TO 'RAM' "



MJFS
1/57



OLD CRANWELLIAN NOTES

HONOURS AND AWARDS

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

- K.C.B.*: Air Marshal E. C. Huddleston (1927).
C.B.: Air Vice-Marshal W. E. Oulton (1929).
K.B.E.: Air Marshal H. A. Constantine (1926).
C.B.E.: Air Commodore C. T. Weir (1931);
Group Captain H. J. Hobbs (1932);
Group Captain D. H. Lee (1933).
D.F.C.: Flt Lt D. Harcourt-Smith (1950).
A.F.C.: Wing Commander F. R. Bird (1936);
Flt Lt J. L. Spatcher (1951); Flt Lt R. M. Salt (1950).

APPOINTMENTS

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

- A.V.M. G. L. Worthington (1921) to be Director-General of Equipment at Air Ministry.
A.V.M. W. E. Oulton (1929) to be S.A.S.O. at H.Q. Coastal Command.
Air Cdre W. D. Disbrey (1931) to become Director of R.A.F. Bomber Aircraft Research and Development.
Gp Capt D. S. Kite (1931) to the Ministry of Supply.
Gp Capt D. B. Hatfield (1933) to the Ministry of Supply.
Gp Capt H. E. Bufton (1935) has been appointed an Aide-de-Camp to H.M. The Queen.
Wg Cdr I. R. Campbell (1939) to R.A.F. Brugen to command No. 213 Squadron.
Wg Cdr W. H. Ingle (1934) to R.A.F. Lindholme for administrative duties.
Sqn Ldr R. McA. Furze (1947) to be Training Officer No. 214 Squadron, R.A.F. Marham.
Flt Lt M. J. Armitage (1950) to R.A.F. Linton-on-Ouse.
Fg Off W. A. Edwards (1954) to R.A.F. Church Fenton.
Plt Off D. G. Crichton (1954) to R.A.F. Church Fenton.

BIRTHS

We congratulate the following on recent additions to their families:

- Flt Lt R. E. Webster (1947)—a daughter.
Flt Lt A. B. Stinchcombe (1947)—a son.
Sqn Ldr R. McA. Furze (1947)—a daughter.

RETIREMENTS

Gp Capt C. E. J. Baines (1928) who was, until recently, President of the R.A.F. Selection Board, Cranwell. We wish him and Mrs Baines the best of luck in the future.

DEATHS

We regret to have to record the deaths of:

- Flt Lt A. Wright (1947).
Flt Lt L. G. Hall (1952).
Flt Lt M. J. Withey (1950).
Fg Off F. S. Masterson (1952).
Plt Off C. E. Truman (1954).

Old Cranwellians will also be sad to learn of the deaths of two old College servants, Mr J. J. Jefferies who served the College from 1921 to 1955 and Mr G. R. Copping from 1930 to 1957.

Notes from the Far East

The ninth annual reunion dinner of former Cranwell Cadets was held at the Officers' Mess, Fairy Point, R.A.F. Changi, on Tuesday, 17th December 1957. The dinner was attended by 26 Old Cranwellians of whom six were pre-war and 20 post-war.

The President for the evening was the Commander-in-Chief Air Marshal, The Earl of Bandon, K.B.E., C.B., C.V.O., D.S.O., and the guest of honour was Air Vice-Marshal V. E. Hancock, C.B.E., D.F.C., Royal Australian Air Force, Air Officer Commanding No. 224 Group, Malaya. Our other Air Officer attending was Air Commodore G. N. E. Tindal-Carill-

Worsley, C.B., C.B.E. We were very pleased to have for a second year running four officers of the Royal Ceylon Air Force, namely Flt Lt. Mendis and Fg Offs Ratnayake and Seneviratne and Perera. It is interesting to note that General Duties, Technical, Equipment and Secretarial branches of the Royal Air Force were all represented, thus reflecting the team spirit of the Service.

From distant countries messages of regret to attend were received from former Cranwell cadets of the Royal Air Force, Indian Air Force, Pakistan Air Force, Burmese Air Force, and the Royal Thai Air Force. These included Prince Visishta, Air Marshal Mukerjee, Flt Lt M. N. Butt, Fg Off Feroz Zaffar Khan and Gp Capt R. C. Keary (Tokyo).

The evening was a lively and memorable one. The selections for the F.E.A.F. band had been supplied by the College and gave a real Lincolnshire atmosphere. The popularity of the Post Horn Galop was evidenced by applause and vociferous requests for encores. Secrets of success in the old cadet days were touched on by the Commander-in-Chief in an entertaining speech and Air Vice-Marshal Hancock replied appropriately.

After dinner the film of modern Cranwell 'The Sky Is Ours' was shown in the ante-room, causing much amusement and comment on its merits. The popularity of the reunion was apparent by the reluctant departure of participants in the not so early morning hours.

The value of Cranwell friendships in contributing in some small measure to international goodwill was felt by many attending as something worth fostering and preserving.

The Beginning of the Old Cranwellian Association

In the last issue of *The Journal*, we recorded the retirement of Air Marshal Sir George Beamish. Readers may not know that Sir George was responsible for the beginning of the Old Cranwellian Association, and we are therefore printing the following letter which appeared in the Cadet College magazine of Autumn 1925.

On behalf of all Old Cranwellians we wish Sir George the best of luck in the future and hope that he will continue his frequent visits to the College.

The Editor, 'R.A.F. Cadet College Magazine'

No. 100 'B' Squadron
Royal Air Force
Weston Zoyland
Bridgwater
Somerset

Sir,

May I be permitted through your columns to draw attention to a matter which has been under quiet discussion amongst cadets and ex-cadets for some time. I refer to the question of a formation of an Association of officers who have passed through the Royal Air Force Cadet College.

Opinions have been expressed strongly in favour of some such organization, and as an enthusiastic supporter of this project I should like to give some reasons for this.

- (a) It would encourage *esprit de corps* and serve as a bond between past and present in the growth of the College.
- (b) It would supply an organization to collect teams of the past for all sports and games against the present.
- (c) It would by its organization be able to supply news of all ex-cadets through the pages of the *Royal Air Force Cadet College Magazine*.
- (d) It would gradually accumulate small funds which could be used for College and reunion purposes.

These are some of the more obvious advantages of such an organization; others would undoubtedly be found.

I suggest that the membership of this organization should consist of ex-cadets and officers chosen by invitation who have been connected with the College.

Is it asking too much, Sir, to suggest that you enclose in this copy of the magazine, at the end of the magazine, a red slip which can be signed, stamped and posted to the Secretary Old Cranwellians Association, c/o *The Cadet College Magazine*, Cranwell, Lincs, by all who are willing to signify their interest in some such organization.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

G. R. BEAMISH, *Pilot Officer*.

This letter produced immediate results. In the Spring term a rugby football match was played against the flight cadets. The name Old Cranwellian Association was adopted, and Air Vice-Marshal C. A. H. Longcroft, who was Commandant at the time, was asked, and consented, to become the first President of the Association, a position he held until his death recently.

Ten Years Ago

Shortly after the publication of this *Journal*, the College will have for the last time a passing out parade at Easter. The transitional period is almost complete and, in future, Entries will leave the College at the end of the Christmas and Summer terms only. It was ten years ago that the first post-war entry passed out and the

system of three passing out parades each year began. The *Journal* staff, at that time, reported:—

‘The passing out ceremony for No. 45 Entry was held on 7th April 1948. The inspecting officer was Marshal of the Royal Air Force Lord Newall, G.C.B., O.M., G.C.M.G., C.B.E., A.M., who last acted in this capacity in December 1937, when Chief of the Air Staff.

‘This was the first entry to pass out from the College in the Cranwell Spring. All previous entries passed out in the sun, or sometimes rain, of July or the snows of December. The weather was not as hostile as it might have been; it only looked like raining and the wind, though cold, was at least from the west. The College parade ground, as usual, made the perfect setting from the spectators’ point of view for such a ceremony—and the vestiges of war-time damage to the west end of the main block alone marked the passage of time since the last comparable parade.

‘The parade lived up to its forerunners in the excellence of drill, but differed from them in some particulars. One addition was the lining of the parade ground by cadets of the junior entry and of the Equipment and Secretarial wing. Two departures from tradition were that the Sword of Honour was not presented at the climax of the parade, and that the passing out entry because of its small size paraded in its squadrons and did not leave the parade ground by slow-marching through the ranks of its juniors standing at the present.

‘The Commandant’s report and the inspecting officer’s address were given in the Main Lecture Hall. The hall had to hold as many cadets as before the war, and travel restrictions did not seem to have diminished the number of visitors. Latecomers were unseated, and the fullness of the hall showed that accommodation would be a problem to be faced on future passing-out days.

‘Lord Newall spoke in a happy vein suited to such a revival of a traditionally happy occasion. His advice to the passing out entry and its successors in the hall was none the less impressive for his light touch and easy manner. Then followed the presentation of wings and prizes, Flight Cadet Corporal Hermitage alone breaking into the “closed shop” of prizewinners formed by Flight Cadet Under Officer King and Flight Cadet Corporal Morris, who won the other eight prizes between them.

‘So concluded a parade which an inspecting general described in July 1939 as “a very pretty ceremony, very prettily performed”.’

OBITUARY

Mrs WILL GORDON Chevalier of the Legion of Honour

WE regret to record the death of one of the staunchest benefactors of the College. Mrs Will Gordon died in Lausanne on 6th December 1957 in her ninetieth year. At the funeral on 13th December the Royal Air Force was represented by Group Captain P. R. W. WICKHAM, D.S.O., D.F.C., Her Majesty’s Air Attaché at Berne, and a wreath was sent from the Commandant, staff and flight cadets of the Royal Air Force College.

Mrs Will Gordon was perhaps the last of the great hostesses of the golden age of the literary salons. Her life took her through many lands; from Scotland to Paris, to Vienna, to the London of Queen Victoria’s Drawing Rooms, back to Paris during the First Battle of the Marne, to the Balkans, to Roumania and then all over the post-war world. Many great names feature in her story; our own Royal Family from Queen Victoria to Queen Elizabeth II; and the kings, queens and presidents in many lands; in music—Rubenstein, Liszt, Brahms and Gounod; in literature—Anatole France, Paul Valéry, André Maurois; in the Services—Lord Allenby, Lord Baden-Powell, Captain Scott, and five Marshals of France; in politics—Bonar Law, Clemenceau, Poincaré, Field Marshal Smuts and many others. Her autobiography, with a foreword by Lord Baden-Powell, which she presented to the College library in 1951, takes the story up to 1934 and makes fascinating period reading. During the Second World War at an advanced age she continued to exercise herself in the field of Anglo-French relations to which she had devoted so much of her life, and to many charities near to her heart. In 1942 she presented an aircraft to the Royal Air Force and always delighted that her Auster was first over the Rhine. In later years she gave many precious gifts and interesting relics to museums and institutions.

At Cranwell we think first of Mrs Will Gordon as the donor of the Dickson Trophy and it would be her wish as a final act of piety that a short obituary in this *Journal* should make special mention of her brother whom she loved so dearly and to whom she was the devoted nurse in the last year of his life.

Captain Bertram Dickson, R.H.A., was educated at St Paul’s and the R.M.A. Woolwich. He was commissioned in the Royal Horse Artillery in 1894. After service in South Africa, he commanded the detachment which acted as escort to the Prince of Wales (later King George V) on his visit to Australia. He fought the ‘Mad Mullah’ in Somaliland and served as an arbitrator on the boundary commissions in Chile, Argentina and Persia. On retiring from the army in 1908 he took a keen interest in aviation and won the First Schneider Trophy at Tours in 1910 in his Farman Biplane powered by a 50 h.p. Gnome engine. During the manoeuvres on Salisbury Plain in September 1910 he placed himself at the disposal of the commander of the Redland forces. On 28th September he carried out the first effective reconnaissance patrol by a heavier-than-air machine for the British Army. To quote from the *Daily Telegraph* correspondent:

‘Suddenly it became urgently necessary to know the disposition of the enemy screened behind some hills a mile or so away. An officer galloped across to Captain Dickson. . . . Captain Dickson sprang to the seat of his biplane . . . in 30 seconds he was in the air

battling successfully against a wind that would have made flying impossible a year ago. . . . In less than five minutes the aeroplane came flying back . . . leaning down from the driving seat the airman indicated on a map what he had seen. . . .'

On the next day after a reconnaissance over Stonehenge 'at forty-mile speed' Captain Dickson had the misfortune to land behind the Blue lines, he made the astonishing claim that as an aviator he was neutral and got away with it.

On 28th September 1911 Captain Dickson was in a collision at Milan when, to quote from another contemporary source, he 'suddenly shot upwards—a favourite manœuvre of his—at the very moment that M. Thomas, the French aviator, was volplaning downwards, neither of them being aware of the presence of the other.' He died from the injuries received exactly

one year later at Lochrosque Castle, Ross-shire, in his thirty-fifth year.

Since 1948, thanks to the generosity of Mrs Will Gordon, the trophy presented by M. Jacques Schneider has been in the safe keeping of the College. As the Dickson Memorial Trophy it serves to keep fresh the memory of this pioneer of the air; it is awarded each term (in conjunction with the Michael Hill Memorial Prize) to the flight cadet who is most proficient in instrument flying.

One of her last letters to the Commandant on the subject of a present of books to the library ended:

'It carries my long and constant admiration, affection and fidelity for the Royal Air Force.'

These feelings were fully reciprocated from the Royal Air Force College to this gallant old lady.

STAFF APPOINTMENTS

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

Cadet Wing: O.C. 'C' Squadron: Squadron Leader W. E. Colahan, D.F.C.

Flying Wing: O.C. H.Q. Squadron: Squadron Leader P. G. Hill-Turner. Q.F.Is: Flight Lieutenants J. Davidson, N. C. Emslie, R. Gould, T. A. Hastings, E. A. H. Hines, J. A. Stafford, W. E. Waite, D. A. Ward, K. M. Williamson; Pilot Officer B. Levett.

Tutorial Wing: Senior Commonwealth Studies Instructor: Squadron Leader J. Walsh. Senior Equipment Instructor: Squadron Leader B. G. K. Pemberton-Pigott.

Technical Wing: Flight Lieutenant J. A. Greenaway, Pilot Officer R. J. R. Steer.

Administrative Wing: R.C. Chaplain: The Reverend D. C. Braithwaite-Young. Station Administrative Officer: Squadron Leader R. F. Marshall-Hardy. Medical Officer: Flight Lieutenant W. Kerr. Catering Officer: Flight Lieutenant B. E. Goldstone. Secretarial Officer: Pilot Officer B. G. Hammond.

STAFF DEPARTURES

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

The Reverend P. O'Donoghue.

Squadron Leaders: H. R. Hastie, L. G. Holden, K. Johnson, E. L. Macro, C. C. Organ, C. C. Povey, D. Q. Watson, T. C. Wood.

Flight Lieutenants: J. D. Austin, W. R. Collins, H. R. Clare, D. Davies, D. C. Evers, R. Garland, R. A. Gillam, K. Gilby, M. J. Hemphrey, P. Kennet, J. D. Lambert, J. E. McFetridge, J. Rawlinson, J. F. Turner.

Flying Officer: P. E. Elliott.

CADET WING LISTS

PROMOTIONS

'A' Squadron: Flight Cadet Senior Under Officer C. C. Lane. Flight Cadet Under Officers J. G. McCluney, D. G. G. Waterman, R. B. Gilvary.

'B' Squadron: Flight Cadet Senior Under Officer T. E. Close. Flight Cadet Under Officers D. J. Forster, B. I. Mason, D. L. Bywater.

'C' Squadron: Flight Cadet Senior Under Officer F. G. Marshall. Flight Cadet Under Officers D. A. Noon, A. C. E. Holbourn, S. B. Sujak.

No. 78 ENTRY

'A' Squadron: C. S. M. Anderson, Fettes College, Edinburgh. G. C. Crumbie, Whitgift School, Croydon. T. Cumberland, St Edward's School, Oxford. W. G. Chapman, Royal High School, Edinburgh. R. J. Gates, King's College School, Wimbledon. G. H. Glasgow, Plockton Senior Secondary, Plockton, Ross-shire. I. J. C. Hill, Brighton College, Brighton. A. A. Mackay, St George's College, Salisbury, Rhodesia. P. A. Nelson, Victoria College, Jersey. B. J. Norris, Taunton School, Somerset. J. F. Raeside, North Kelvinside Grammar School, Glasgow. A. J. Ross, Gordonstoun School, Elgin. R. C. Saar, Sheen Grammar School, East Sheen. T. A. Standley, Loughborough Grammar School. I. G. Thomas, George Dixon Grammar School, Birmingham. M. H. Wilson, King Edward's School, Birmingham.

'B' Squadron: R. L. Banks, King Edward's School, Birmingham. P. M. de W. Boulton, Rossall School, Fleetwood. B. J. Bowen, St Benedict's School, Ealing, London. E. R. Cox, Shaftesbury Grammar School, Dorset. R. A. K. Crabtree, The Leys, Cambridge. R. Gibson, Churcher's College, Petersfield. R. H. Gibson, Twickenham Technical College and Halton. C. J. Gordon-Finlayson, Duke of York's School, Nairobi. M. C. V. Ireland, Gresham's School. T. L. J. Keep, Bradford Grammar School. J. H. Laming, Wellingborough School. N. L. Rockett, Truro School, Cornwall. M. A. T. Ross, Canford School, Wimborne. J. M. Simpson, Oundle School, Peterborough. R. F. Whyte, Alexander Grammar School, Singapore. R. W. A. Woodhead, King's School, Rochester.

'C' Squadron: R. M. Bayne, Glasgow Academy. H. C. Bladon, Cranleigh School. C. G. Blomfield, Repton School. P. F. A. Canning, King's School, Bruton. P. J. B. Chinnery, Framlingham College. E. L. Gothard, Uppingham School. D. E. Leppard, St Edmund's School, Canterbury. M. J. Lowing, Trinity School, Croydon. I. E. D. Montgomerie, Dundee High School. A. F. Nixon, Haileybury & I.S.C. P. G. Pinney, Christ's College, Christchurch, New Zealand. K. C. Quinn, Canford School, Wimborne. D. J. W. Taylor, Sevenoaks School, Kent. D. A. Waddingham, Humberstone Foundation School, Cleethorpes. W. J. Watten, Chatham House Grammar School, Thanet.

There are Fairies at the Bottom of My Garden

IN the shadow of the Mountains of Mourne lies a little country town, the home of some thousand Irish folk. They lead an industrious life and their pleasures are few and simple. The occasional poteen, the occasional colleen and a ceili on every possible occasion make for a long, happy life.

To the outsider it seems an ideal form of existence, but nothing could be further from the truth. The poor folk, both Orangemen and Catholic, are troubled by the wee folk. In this age of atomic fusion and orbiting mongrels it seems incredible that such goings on should be allowed. Why every week someone's cousin invariably nine or ten times removed is spirited away by the little folk to perish in some unholy bog! The cynic may ask why a trail of temporal whiskey bottles led to the unfortunate individual but Mickey Flynn from the Belfast Road will tell you that they were left by the good fairies for the R.U.C.

Now Mickey Flynn was the 'foinest livin' autorrity on the subject this soide of the Liffey' though those were his own words, and I might add an opinion not shared by Dev. or any other. He was never lost for a new fairy-tale and he once shocked my grandmother so badly that the physician had to be called. It was of course the tale of the fairies dancing in ever decreasing circles with the inevitable result. Every Hallow-e'en



he would sit round our fire, his big red face flushed with excitement and whiskey as he told his amazing yarns to a credulous household. To this day I can remember his favourite tale. Apparently a large black boot and a brown shoe were in the habit of strolling round the town square every night of the full moon. I, personally, never witnessed this remarkable event, but I'm sure if I had been old enough to visit Timothy O'Flaherty's Bar at the back of Jimmy O'Neill's Funeral Parlour then this tale might have been confirmed to posterity.

At the mature age of six I was informed on the highest authority by an old tinker that there was a crock of gold at the end of every rainbow. It would be guarded by a leprechaun tap-tapping at his cobbler's trade, and if I told him I was a friend of Paddy Maguire from Ballyholland then the gold would be mine. This little gem of information cost my grandmother her shopping money and myself a paternal beating, but one day I'll reap the dividends from that wise investment. The old fellow also told me that he had only found a crock once but had spent it all on beautiful colleens and the whiskey. At that ripe age I can remember thinking what a terrible waste of money, but enlightened as I am today, I can only hope the old boy found another crock before he died.

It was in this fantastic atmosphere that I grew up but, unfortunately, I left the oul' country a good decade ago. I soon forgot the banshee's nightly wail and those ridiculous fairy tales.



You can well imagine my surprise and consternation when I first arrived at this noble establishment. Weird inexplicable noises were heard in the night and fantastic happenings were apparently quite commonplace. Entranced crows pirouetted and cavorted under the cold night skies while all around goblins raced across the sky emitting their banshee-like wail. Hordes of little gnomes could be seen on old Barkston Heath. They regularly appeared and disappeared apparently into thin air. They were there in dozens dancing round in circles following their evil little leader who was so small and wizened that he could only have been the original gnome.

Little gnomes, large gnomes, dim little gnomes, pestering little gnomes, gnomes with hands like Irish navvies and feet like London Policemen, and even colonial gnomes all trembled and quaked in his presence. At his command they would go about their mischievous ways creating havoc throughout the countryside. After two years, however, their numbers are decreasing but their evil revelry continues.

Old Moore assures me peace will descend later this year and I shall be freed from these supernatural tauntings. Then, perhaps, I can settle down to search for that crock of gold and retire to that royal seat at Tara. P.J.E.



Krushchev
Would've
Sweated
In the fetid
Airtight
Satellite
In the sky
Which is why
A dusky
flusky
Had to impress
The U.S.



COURAGE—BY SLIM

We are privileged to print the following classic essay from Field-Marshal Sir William Slim's book 'Courage,' and thank the publishers, Cassell & Co. Ltd., once again for permission to print an extract

I DON'T believe there is any man who, in his heart of hearts, wouldn't rather be called brave than have any other virtue attributed to him. And this elemental, if you like unreasoning, male attitude is a sound one, because courage is not merely a virtue; it is *the* virtue. Without it there are no other virtues. Faith, hope, charity, all the rest don't become virtues until it takes courage to exercise them. Courage is not only the basis of all virtue; it is its expression. True, you may be bad and brave, but you can't be good without being brave.

Courage is a mental state, an affair of the spirit, and so it gets its strength from spiritual and intellectual sources. The way in which these spiritual and intellectual elements are blended, I think, produces roughly two types of courage. The first, an emotional state which urges a man to risk injury or death—physical courage. The second, a more reasoning attitude which enables him coolly to stake career, happiness, his whole future on his judgment of what he thinks either right or worthwhile—moral courage.

Now these two types of courage, physical and moral, are very distinct. I have known many men who had marked physical courage, but lacked moral courage. Some of them were in high places, but they failed to be great in themselves because they lacked it. On the other hand, I have seen men who undoubtedly possessed moral courage very cautious about taking physical risks. But I have never met a man with moral courage who would not, when it was really necessary, face bodily danger. Moral courage is a higher and a rarer virtue than physical courage.

To be really great, a man—or nation—must possess both kinds of courage. In this the Japanese were an interesting study. No other army has ever possessed massed physical courage as the Japanese did; its whole strength lay in the emotional bravery of the individual soldier. The Japanese generals shared their men's physical bravery to the full, but they lacked, almost to a man, moral courage. They had not the moral courage to admit when their plans had failed and ought to have been changed; to tell their superiors that their orders could not be carried out and to retreat while there was still time. We played on this weakness and by it often the Japanese

commanders lost their battles and destroyed their armies.

All men have some degree of physical courage—it is surprising how much. Courage, you know, is like having money in the bank. We start with a certain capital of courage, some large, some small, and we proceed to draw on our balance, for, don't forget, courage is an expendable quality. We can use it up. If there are heavy and, what is more serious, if there are continuous calls on our courage, we begin to overdraw. If we go on overdrawing, we go bankrupt—we break down.

You can see this overdraft mounting clearly in the men who endure the most prolonged strains in war; the submarine complement, the infantry platoon, the bomber crew. First there comes a growing impatience and irritability; then a hint of recklessness, a sort of 'Oh to hell with it, chaps, we'll attack' spirit; next, real foolhardiness, what the soldier calls 'asking for it,' and last, sudden changes of mood from false hilarity to black moroseness. If before that stage is reached the man's commander has spotted what is happening and pulls him out for a rest, he will recover and in a few months be back again as brave and as balanced as ever. The capital in his bank of courage will have built up and he can start spending again.

There are, of course, some people whose capital is so small that it is not worthwhile employing them in peace or war in any job requiring courage—they overdraw too quickly. With us these types are surprisingly few. Complete cowards are almost non-existent. Another matter for astonishment is the large number of men and women in any group who will behave in emergency with extreme gallantry. Who they will be you cannot tell until they are tested. I long ago gave up trying to spot potential V.Cs by their looks, but, from experience, I should say that those who perform individual acts of the highest physical courage are usually drawn from one of two categories. Either those with quick intelligence and vivid imagination or those without imagination and with minds fixed on the practical business of living. You might almost say, I suppose, those who live on their nerves and those who have not got any nerves.

The one suddenly sees the crisis, his imagination flashes the opportunity and he acts. The other meets the situation without finding it so very unusual and deals with it in a matter of fact way.

Long ago, in the first World War, when I was a bit more irresponsible, I served under an officer of vivid imagination. He was always fussing about dangers that usually didn't exist. Once after a day and half a night of his constant alarms, I was so fed up that I disconnected the telephone in the advance post I was holding. I wanted some sleep. I didn't get it. Within half an hour his imagination had painted the most frightful pictures of my position overrun by the enemy. He arrived with the reserve company to retake it. As he was my commanding officer I had some rather difficult explaining to do! I thought he was just windy. A few days later he won the V.C. by a superb example of leadership and courage.

In this last war in Burma a young Gurkha won the V.C. At a critical moment, when Japanese medium tanks had broken through our forward positions, he took his Piat—an anti-tank grenade discharger—and leaving cover moved forward over the open towards the tanks. He was shot in the hand, the shoulder and again badly in the leg, but he got to within thirty yards of the tanks and bumped off two of them. Later, when I saw him in hospital, I asked him why he had walked forward in the open like that. He replied: 'I'd been trained not to fire the Piat until I was certain of hitting. I knew I could hit at thirty yards, so I went to thirty yards'! He had had only one thought in his head—to get to thirty yards. Quite simple if you are not bothered by imagination.

Can courage be taught? I am sure in one sense physical courage can. What in effect you must do is train the man not to draw too heavily on his stock of courage. Teach him what to expect, not to be frightened by bogeys—by the unknown. If you send an untrained British soldier on patrol in the jungle, every time a branch creaks, every time there is a rustle in the undergrowth, when an animal slinks across the track, when a bush moves in the wind, he will draw heavily and unnecessarily on his stock of courage. And he will come back a shaken man with a report of no value. But if you train that man beforehand, let him live in the jungle, teach him its craft, then send him on patrol, he will come back with his balance of courage unimpaired and probably a couple of enemy helmets into the bargain.

To teach moral courage is another matter—and it has to be taught because so few, if any,

have it naturally. The young can learn it from their parents, in their homes, from school and university, from religion, from other early influences, but to inculcate it in a grown-up who lacks it requires not so much teaching as some striking emotional experience—something that suddenly bursts upon him, something in the nature of a vision. That happens rarely, and that is why you will find that most men with moral courage learnt it by precept and example in their youth.

Now, I suppose because I am a soldier, I have talked most of courage in men at war, but the fighting man is the last to claim a monopoly in courage. Many a soldier in this last war steeled himself in battle with the thought of what his civilian fellow countrymen and women were enduring and how they were enduring it. Whether women are braver than men I don't know, but I have always found them, when really tested, at least equally brave.

In the retreat from Burma in 1942, I was deeply proud of the troops who staggered into India, exhausted, ragged, reduced to a remnant, but carrying their weapons and ready to turn again and face the enemy. Yet the outstanding impression of courage I carried away from that desperate campaign was from the Indian women refugees. Day after day, mile after mile, they plodded on, through dust or mud, their babies in their arms, children clinging to their skirts, harried by ruthless enemies, strafed from the air, shelterless, caught between the lines in every battle, yet patient, uncomplaining, devoted, thinking only of their families—so very brave.

Now, without talking any nonsense about Master Races, as the Japanese and Germans did, it is a fact that races do vary in courage. Some are braver than others—and you jolly soon find out which they are when you fight them. At a guess I should say it depends mostly on where they have lived for the past five or six hundred years. If it has been in a land where it did not take much effort to get enough food, clothing and shelter for an easy life, they will not be conspicuously brave. If they have lived where life is so hard that it is a terrible struggle against nature to keep any standard of living at all, then they will be brave in a few things—dangers to which they are inured—but not at all brave in others. It is the lands where nature is neither too easy nor too cruel, where a man must work hard to live but where his efforts and his enterprise can bring him great rewards, that breed courage and where it becomes a natural tradition. Don't run away with the idea that this limits courage to

Northern Europe and North America. Believe me—and I've fought both with and against them—some of the bravest races in the world are not white at all.

While nations vary in the amount of their courage, they vary too in its type. We, the British, have our own special kind of courage, the courage that goes on—and endurance is the very essence of courage. Courage is a long-term virtue. Anyone can be brave for a little while. The British are no braver than the Germans, the French, the Italians or anybody else, but they are brave for a bit longer. This going on being brave when most others would have given up has been the racial characteristic of our courage.

It is interesting to speculate how we have developed this particularly practical and effective kind of courage. I am inclined to think that, like

so much in the world, it has been a matter of geography and history. We draw our racial stock almost wholly from Northern Europe, one of the good areas for natural courage, and our intellectual and cultural heritage almost entirely from the Mediterranean, the great source of enlightened thought and imagination. At any rate, in the great moments of our history, we have based our natural courage on faith, a belief that we worked or fought for the things that mattered—a decent life, the freedom of spirit. That has been our strength.

And it remains our strength, for the same courage which has seen us through the crisis of war is needed now to see us through the hardly less formidable difficulties of peace. How fortunate are we, then, that we come of a race that, whatever its faults, has never failed for want of courage.

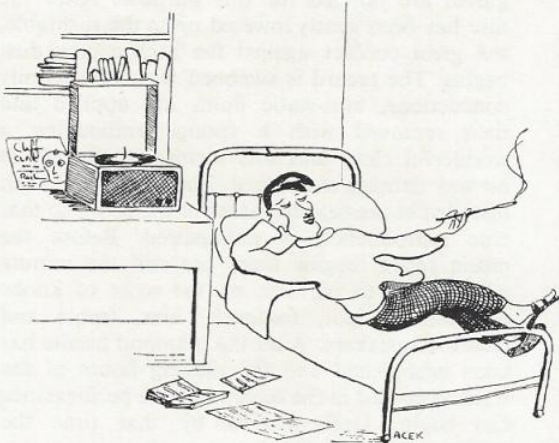
'AS OTHERS SEE US'

The following authentic article was recently extracted from the 'Odessa News' (Odeskiya Novosti). Thus inspired, the War Studies Team beg to announce that they are now in possession of new gloves and scent, opera tickets, and attractive literature for their professional library. Yet more exciting training films have been ordered for the coming term.—W.G.W., P.J.S., J.W.J., A.J.N.

THE English officer is least of all an officer. He is a rich landowner, house-owner, capitalist or merchant, and only an officer incidentally. He knows absolutely nothing about his Service, and his men only see him on parades and reviews. From the professional point of view he is the most ignorant officer in Europe. He does not enter the Armed Forces to serve, but for the uniform and the glitter; and the English uniforms are truly magnificent, cut to fit very tight. The officer has the right to consider himself irresistible to the fair-haired, blue-eyed misses and ladies. The English officer is a beautiful aristocrat, extremely rich and independent, sybarite and epicure. He has a spoilt, capricious and blasé character, loves pornographic literature, suggestive pictures, *recherché* food, strong and strange drinks.

His chief amusements are gambling, racing and sports. He goes to bed at dawn and gets up at midday. He is usually occupied with two mistresses simultaneously, a lady of high society and a girl from the opera or ballet.

His income runs into several thousands, often tens of thousands, a year, of which he keeps no account, being incapable of keeping accounts. The pay he receives from the Government hardly suffices to keep him in scent and gloves. English officers, especially the younger ones, do absolutely no work of any kind. They spend their nights and days in clubs of extraordinary magnificence and opulence. All consider themselves equal in a club and a senior officer has no scruples about borrowing money from a subordinate. Military matters interest no one; training is always left to n.c.os.



Turn Table Topics

AMONG the varied noises which emerge each evening from the cadet's living quarters, the sound of real music plays an insignificant part. The ears of a casual visitor to the College would be so pulverized by the strains of Elvis Presley's latest waxing, or Lonnie Donegan's guttural contortions, that the sweet melody of a well-loved classic, however iridescent with colour and dancing vitality, might easily be lost. This particular visitor is more appreciative of music than most, and decides to investigate further the vaguely familiar classic being played at the bottom of a corridor.

The source of this strange, unreal web of sound is a small, insignificant room, lit by the light of a single lamp. The atmosphere is vaguely reminiscent of a Mongolian sun-worshippers' temple, with pungent incense floating heavenwards from an ash tray cunningly obscured by an alabaster bust of Johann Sebastian Bach. After removing his shoes the observer enters the inner sanctuary from whence cometh the dark mutterings of the bassoon combining with the chattering of the violins in a scene of barbaric oriental splendour. Piercing the gloom the high priest in this musical orgy can be witnessed emanating strange vibrations vaguely connected with the music issuing from the loudspeakers.

The fervent music lover, once roused from his musical trance, will always be ready to introduce a Philistine to the passion of his life, and explain how maximum pleasure may be derived from listening to music. Firstly, the position in which a music fiend reposes on his couch is important. A commission in 1902 discovered that by lying on the back the gravitational effect on the cerebral hemispheres can be somewhat alleviated, and resting the feet on a small box increases the blood flow thereby aiding the

powers of concentration. Both hands are free to assist the orchestra through the difficult passages in the music. Incidentally the female fan should note that this position is excellent for reducing 'tummy tyre' and forming a 'derriere neat.'

One of the most annoying features of classical music is the absence of easily remembered titles. The great composers were so exhausted after completing a concerto or symphony that they could never think of a suitable name for their work. They merely placed it in the Out Tray prior to its conveyance to the scoring pool and the filing cabinet. Hence Beethoven's Concerto No. 5 in E Flat Major, Opus 73, for piano and orchestra (BEET/5/73/CONC.) has always been known as his Concerto No. 5 in E Flat Major, Opus 73, for piano and orchestra.

The music specialist's lot is hard at the College. The steady zonk of the Cumberland Gap from a neighbouring room does not enhance the variegated multiplicity of instrumental interplay within the symphonic framework. Little Richard and Rossini do not agree in their methods of musical expression. However, the hi-fi fan emerges from his cocoon during the leave period. In his own home alterations in the room layout for acoustical reasons may be made without first



obtaining written permission from higher authority. More equipment is available for use, for only the simplest of musical reproduction equipment is small enough for accommodation in the College bedrooms. The music lover can bring into action his frightening battery of tweeters, woofers and loudspeakers designed to match exactly the concert hall atmosphere. The crate in which the loudspeakers are housed is packed with sand and rock for greater resonance, while cardboard egg boxes artistically arranged along the walls of the room are indispensable in the dispersal of sound waves, and cardboard egg boxes.

The true record collector takes great care over the items in his stock. Owing to the expense of high fidelity equipment the collection will usually consist of no more than three records, but the quality compensates for the lack of quantity. Each record must be guaranteed wow-proof, flutter-tested and be manufactured from variable groove vinyl plastic. No one except the owner is permitted to touch the records, but the guests may witness the intricate procedure of playing a record if they so wish. Great care is taken to avoid scratching the playing surface when removing the polythene cover, and white silk

gloves are donned for this purpose. After the disc has been gently lowered on to the turntable, the great conflict against the arch enemy dust begins. The record is swabbed with various oily concoctions, anti-static fluids are applied and then removed with a sponge embodying a wonderful close and soft texture which will in no way damage the record. The audience is then installed in pre-selected areas of the room so that true reproduction is unimpaired. Before the music recital begins there are still the minute adjustments to perform on the score of knobs controlling input, feedback, bias, treble and bass loudspeakers. After the diamond needle has been unsheathed and the playing hours of the stylus recorded in the record log, the performance can begin. Unfortunately by that time the audience has usually disappeared.

It is true that the atmosphere and lack of space at the College severely hampers the music lover, but with perseverance most of the difficulties can be overcome. The term is a time when the hundreds of rock, skiffle, swing and bop perverts can be turned from their paths of musical degradation into shining witnesses to the glory of classical music.

A.C.E.K.

A BREECH OF GOOD SENSE

A constant-speed, three-bladed fan
Keeps Provosts off the ground,
'But only,' said the 'structor man,
'When it is going round.'

A Pilot new and very keen
In Bravo Foxtrot leapt.
His gloves were clean, his visor green
Immaculately kept.

'All clear to start?' the Pilot cried,
'The chocks are there, I know.'
'All clear to start,' the erk replied,
'I bet it doesn't go.'

He pulled the handle, pulled again;
He primed and pulled once more.
The 'structor man, he noticed then,
Was watching from the door.

'That aircraft,' thought the 'structor man,
'Is still upon the ground.'
'It's constant-speed, three-bladed fan
'Refuses to go round.'

Six times he pulled the handle. Not
A single cartridge fired.
'Half a dozen—that's the lot;
'This aircraft must be tired.'

His straps undone, he clambered out
And jumped upon the ground.
He heard the 'structor man call out,
'Why won't your fan go round?'

'I don't know, Sir, I couldn't say—
'In fact, I've not a clue,
'This would occur upon the day
'I have to fly with you.'

And then, at last, the penny fell.
The Pilot's face went red.
He muttered words I mustn't tell,
And wished that he were dead.

He stood beyond the 'structor's reach.
'I'm sorry, Sir,' he blurted.
Then back he ran. The starter breech
Had never been inserted.

J.R.M.

Some Problems Facing the British Aircraft Industry

FOR some years the British Aircraft Industry has been making headlines all over the world. Expensive failures follow phenomenal successes: petty disorders flare up into national crises. The troubles of the industry have become important to our economic stability and this appreciation will try to disclose some of the causes, consequences and possible cures for the difficulties which confront the modern aircraft manufacturer and operator.

Consider the man-hours required to produce an aeroplane. At the end of the First World War a few thousand man-hours could produce an aeroplane; and a few thousand more an engine. The rapidly increasing complexity of the modern aircraft coupled with the requirement for extraordinary performance figures has increased the demand for labour to the stage where there are not enough skilled technicians available in this country. The use of semi-skilled labour under the National policy of full employment demands an army of inspectors for checking and another army to work out and publish the standards of acceptance of every item in the construction of an aircraft.

Standards of engineering normally acceptable on the ground are no longer acceptable in the air. The slight modification to an aircraft (this does not necessarily apply to removable equipment except in so far as it may affect the flying characteristics of an aircraft) demands restressing and testing. For instance, the replacement of a radar dome by one of a new design calculated to be more efficient aerodynamically, demands the stressing and testing of *all* the material used—under the conditions in which it will fly—and may even require the restressing and testing of the whole fuselage. All this involves enormous staffs of draughtsmen, stressmen, aerodynamicists, fitters, testers and so on; not to mention the great cost of test equipment. A good example is the testing of the Comet fuselage after the crashes in the Mediterranean and India. An examination of the 'situations vacant' in our daily papers will give some idea of the unsatisfied demand for draughtsmen in the aircraft industry.

The time required to get an aircraft into the air from the time of its conception is lengthening—a period of from five to seven years can elapse from the time a requirement is stated until the aircraft

flies. Throughout this period development in engines and equipment is taking place. Thus the designer must possess not only engineering skill but a sound knowledge of development in the whole field of aeronautics.

In the past the industry has been able to rely upon the demands of the fighting services to meet expenditure on research and in the development of prototypes. Today things are changing. Civil air transport demands are outpacing the demands of the Services *for a particular type of aircraft*. The demands of commercial operation rarely coincide with the demands of fighting aircraft, except in the transport role, though fundamental research is of value to both. But while commercial aviation is expanding rapidly, military flying is, we are told, given only 10 or 15 years to live in its present form. The failure of one commercial aircraft, measured in money, manpower and prestige, shows how much 'first time' accuracy is now required.

It is common knowledge that the various firms in the industry do not trust each other with information which has resulted from their research, and on the face of it this does not seem unreasonable, although the American film industry, recognizing the value of an united front against television, has pooled all its technological advances. The distrust in the aircraft industry, however, goes further than that. Neither competing firms, nor customers, nor possible customers, and certainly no foreign countries, trust the information concerning an aircraft which a manufacturer produces. The Society of British Aircraft Constructors provides ample information, but frequently the source or proof of that information is not forthcoming. The result is that individual firms spend vast amounts of time and money in original research into problems which might well have been solved already by some other firm. Furthermore, they go to great lengths to check the information which they have gleaned from a variety of sources; indeed, they have a regular technical intelligence organization. A single photograph of a new foreign aircraft will set the intelligence machine off on a new tack. The photograph will be measured up and estimates made of the aircraft's performance—all of which needs skilled men. A remarkable feature of this problem is that the manufacturers of an

aircraft will produce a brochure, together with operating and maintenance instructions, but the customer will waste time and money on doing the very same thing. The firm will carry out exhaustive tests, only to be followed by similar tests carried out by the operator, for the simple reason that the operator does not believe the manufacturer.

Not long ago, a highly respected and very successful manufacturer read a brilliant paper before the Royal Aeronautical Society. It contained a number of formulae and a good lacing of figures. Immediately other firms made a detailed examination of the paper. It soon became apparent that they were wasting their time, for essential facts had been omitted which made nonsense of the figures. From a whole series of calculations on the performance of a new design, the fundamental fact of the thrust available was missing. This, coupled with a few less obvious factors, meant that the whole project was still a 'firm' secret.

All this duplication and multiplication of effort, almost entirely non-productive, runs away with enormous resources—the British taxpayer's money to a large extent. The industry has fattened itself on orders for military aircraft; for prototypes and research, and much of the work done is not only non-productive, it is wasted.

Competition is obviously a most excellent thing to keep a great industry on its toes, but it is apparent that much of the competition is between firms in this country instead of being directed against foreign countries.

The striving for a machine with a better performance than the other fellow's has brought us our high position in the world aircraft industry today. So it has, but at what cost? There can be no doubt that the high degree of skill needed in the industry has inevitably involved high pay, so that in the field of inflation the aircraft industry is a pretty good runner. But what could the industry not do if *all* true information were pooled, research controlled centrally and the information made available to bona fide manufacturers? At present this is perhaps the greatest problem facing the aircraft industry, for it stems from the demand for financial resources, increasing demands for skilled manpower, competition between firms to attract men from other firms and a consequent inflationary spiral within the industry within a national spiral.

There would seem to be some hope for the industry if it could agree to resolve its internecine warfare probably by amalgamation by agreement and concentrate on the design and construction of aeroplanes with joint resources instead of each individual firm ploughing its own furrow. Although firms may not like to share their hard-won 'know-how' with a rival, and whilst mistrust between firms and their work-people is hard to overcome, the only answer is for firms to 'get together' and recognize that if they do not 'hang together they will hang separately,' for this is one of the industries which can price itself out of business.

Modifications are the bugbear of the manufacturer. Each one demanded by the purchaser or operator requires all the paraphernalia of trial installation,

testing, trial and production, together with amendment to all publications. Often modifications are demanded as the price of an airworthiness certificate, especially by foreign countries. It has frequently been alleged that the American Airworthiness Board have deliberately demanded extensive modifications before they are prepared to grant a certificate in order to prevent the introduction of a British aircraft into the country to compete with a native production. The Comet had a good deal of this to contend with—the accidents to the Comet gave the A.A.B. a powerful excuse for this attitude and now the Britannia is meeting the same difficulties.

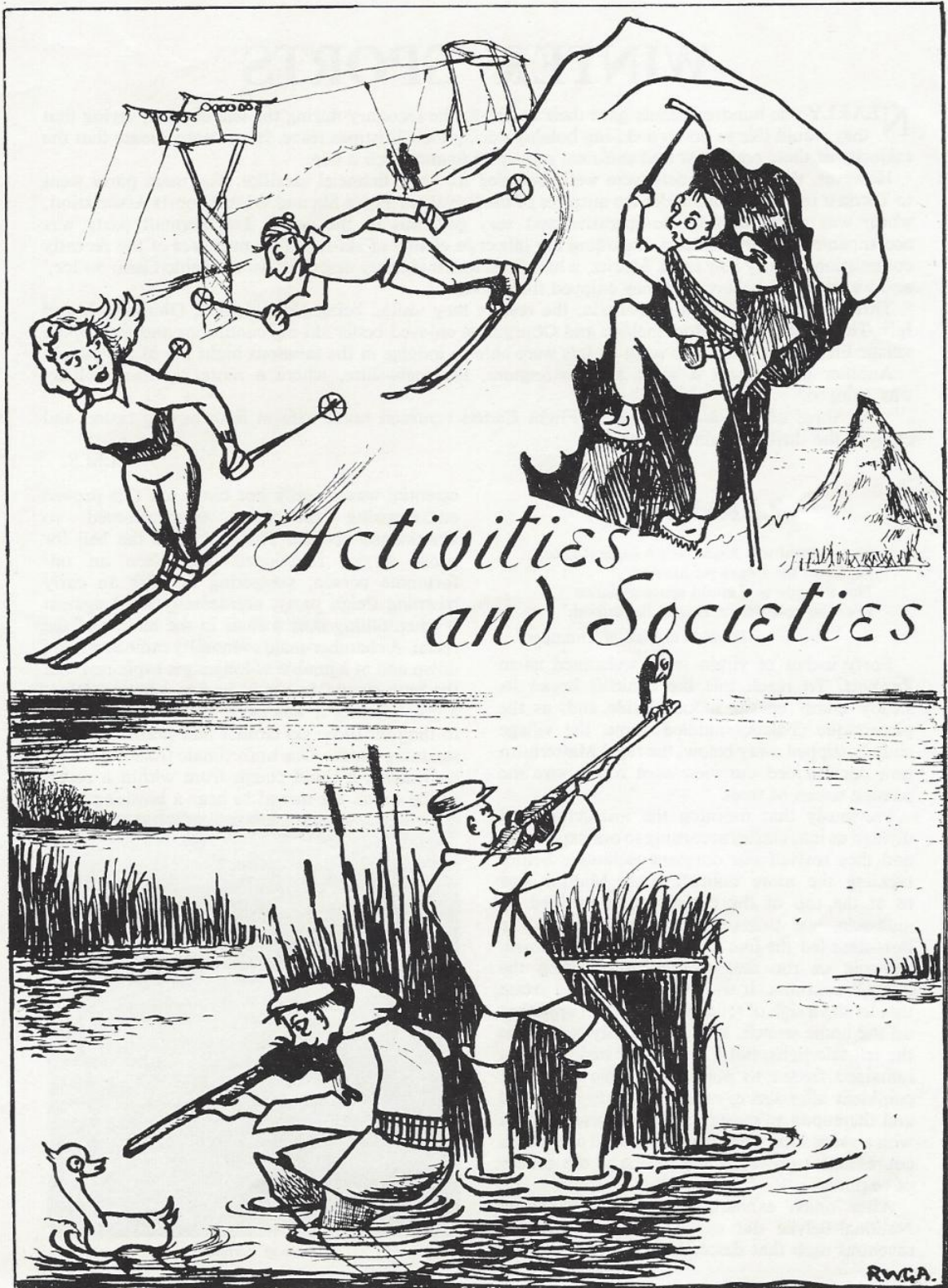
The modification problem appears in the production of equipment as well, but here it is tied up with scientists, inventors and detail designers, all of whom are inclined to see better performance or greater efficiency in just this or that small modification—if only the manufacturer will wait a day or so, or a week or so, maybe a month or so. . . . Some of the most vital decisions of the last war were decisions to go into production, especially in such things as radar, where advancement in design outpaced the manufacturers. It was the operators (the Air Staff) who had to weigh up the relative values of what could be done *now* and what could possibly be done in the near or distant future. The decision to go into immediate production of the Hurricane and Spitfire without waiting for all the modifications was another of these major decisions.

A new specification proposed today will not produce an aeroplane for some years. In the meantime those who made the original specification watch the advances in technology and the ever-changing international situation and decide that the original specification will not be satisfactory! One often hears of private ventures. A manufacturer occasionally throws caution and red tape to the winds and builds an aircraft to his own specification from his own resources. The Folland 'Gnat' is one of these. It seems to be a success, but for every private venture that is a success, there are several on the scrapheap, often because resources have been exhausted and because an official order for a prototype or development series has not been forthcoming. A great deal of money is required to produce a new aeroplane and in the more costly type it is only possible where the firm has a large paying order in production which will provide the means for the development of a private venture.

Another problem is the matching of the engine to the aircraft, both of which may go to the drawing board at the same time. Here again, the closest co-operation of the engine and aircraft manufacturers is vital—the latest problem in this respect was with the Britannia.

The solution to all these problems involves human nature and the inevitable competition between individuals, firms and nations. It is too much to expect anything other than a gradual process but there seems to be no valid reason why this process should not start with a closer co-ordination of effort between firms in this country.

M.J.D.



*Activities
and Societies*

RWGA.

WINTER SPORTS

NEARLY one hundred cadets gave their names to the secretary during the winter term, saying that they would like to go on a ski-ing holiday during the Christmas leave. It was unfortunate that the majority of these could not find sufficient money to finance such a trip.

However, thirty-nine cadets were well rewarded for their financial sacrifice. The main party went to Zermatt in Switzerland under the auspices of the Royal Air Force Ski and Winter Sports Association, which was extraordinarily co-operative and very generous to the party. The Zermatt party was accompanied by three officers, including the officer in charge of ski-ing. Two members of the recently commissioned entry flew to St. Moritz, a luxurious resort recently described as 'A Monte Carlo on Ice,' and we trust and believe that they enjoyed themselves.

Three small parties went to Austria, the resorts they visited being Hochsoelden, Oburgurgel, and Igls. Those who visited Hochsoelden and Oburgurgel enjoyed better ski-ing conditions and the Alpine village life, whilst those who went to Igls were able to indulge in the fabulous night life of Innsbruck.

Another party spent a week at Newtonmore, Inverness-shire, where a more rigorous holiday was enjoyed.

All three officers and thirty-nine Flight Cadets returned home safe in limb having tasted and enjoyed the thrills of winter sporting.

H.M.S.

ZERMATT

'Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As down the slopes we hurried,
Not a single soul could spare a glance
O'er the hole where Thump lay buried.'

From 'The Fall of Thumper.'

Forty inches of virgin snow welcomed us to Zermatt. To reach this the chairlift began its steady climb up the mountainside and, as the picturesque chalets, huddled about the village church, slipped away below, the regal Matterhorn now commanded our view as it rose above the passing screen of trees.

Previously that morning the instructors had divided us into classes according to our experience and they revived our dormant technique before tackling the more difficult runs. Midday saw us at the top of the chairlift, and fortified by glühwein, we prepared for the descent. The instructor led the line of tumbling figures down, showing us the best method of tackling the difficult contours. It was a snow-spattered group that let slip a sigh of relief when Zermatt appeared on the home stretch. We tried guiltily to remove the tell-tale signs, but the snow we had collected remained frozen to our clothes. We felt more confident after seeing others similarly decorated and thereupon swarmed upon the nursery slopes with a vengeance. Very few maintained a dignified course and it proved very amusing to the gallery of beginners.

After much exhilarating activity the Hotel National-Belvue did excellently to satisfy the ravenous mob that descended upon it. The first

essential was a really hot bath, but this proved embarrassing to those unaccustomed to Continental service. The only time the bell for room service functioned was when an unfortunate person, staggering in after an early morning sleigh party, accidentally leant against it when falling over a chair in the middle of the room. A chamber-maid eventually came scurrying down and in a jumble of languages explained that the bath would be ready in five minutes. What a great feeling it was once inside the bathroom to fling off those ski clothes and prance into the steaming water. One unfortunate froze, however, on hearing a timid cough from within a recess of the room. He turned to hear a blushing maid



View of Zermatt

with outstretched hand say 'Two francs mit service.' It was questionable whether there were any services yet to come for two francs, but the maid disappeared with a stifled giggle, leaving him to scrub his own back.

Dinner was first class, and to supplement the delicious food the small, rotund figure of Mr. Coco the waiter, waddling with a drunken gait, appeared with our usual jug of water. The hotel was infested with Royal Air Force personnel; Air Vice-Marshal Warrell surveyed all from one corner; nearby the Henlow table sat humming and the remaining floor space was strewn with our party and several family groups.

When next our party attacked the slopes everyone including those on their first ski-ing holiday made for the top and proceeded to remove further layers of snow from the slope. Next the French swarmed onto the slopes and assisted in taking the exposed layers along with them. When the Italians arrived chaos reigned and apart from rock and ice there were dangerous humans to avoid.

Although the standard of the snow declined there were various routes to choose from and as the sun continued to shine any hazards were forgotten. Judging from the peculiar antics of each member of our party there could well have been many broken legs and here the use of safety bindings proved its worth. The safety binding automatically released the boot from the ski in a fall, but unfortunately had a tendency to spring open merely from severe vibration.

A few days before the end of our stay the slopes at the top of the Gornergrat 'rack and pinion' Railway became ablaze with a trail of forty R.A.F. skiers taking part in a race specially arranged for them by the Ski Club of Great Britain representatives. Both the expert and novice directed his skis straight down the mountainside and hoped—except that the former had better hopes than the others. The finish became a slope of chaos dotted with disorganized heaps as one by one the entrants flashed uncontrolled across the line. All finished inside the five-minute time limit, with Flight Cadet Iain Tite taking second place to Flight Lieutenant Galpin by one second. Of the Flight Cadets not training with the R.A.F. team Carr-White and Chalmers-Watson were the leaders. This very successful holiday combined the excellent ski-ing facilities with a somewhat varied social and night life with the result that by the time the Cranwell party bade farewell to Zermatt we had left many deep impressions on those precipitous slopes.

R.W.G.A. C.I.C.-W.



'Two francs mit service'

SKI-ING AT NEWTONMORE

When, as one-eighth of a party of optimists, I arrived at a Scottish hotel with intent to ski, I had a feeling that the advent of Cranwell Flight Cadets had been well publicized in Newtonmore, for we were regarded with a fine variety of emotions by the other optimists scattered about the lounge. As I suspected, our friend the proprietor, with four years of Cranwell experience, was beginning to regard us as an institution and source of entertainment and had no doubt shot lines in all directions.

Of course there was no snow visible from the hotel on the first morning, so we fitted skis and broke the ice with some dry runs on the hotel golf course. Already one foolish youth was carrying a lady's skis and the rot soon set in. The afternoon found us at the highest point of the road and climbing in search of snow. One optimist had become a pessimist and was telling everyone how it could not possibly snow. It snowed almost at once and we ploughed upward, not without losses among the ladies who would insist on throwing themselves downhill. We found a likely place at last and left our skis, to be used the following day. On the way down to the bus eight little cadets nearly became seven when Dave Goucher verified the accelerating power of a free-falling body down 200 feet of solid ice. He is lucky to be still alive!

It was a long walk in a howling blizzard the next morning with the inevitable casualties—one lady spread-eagled herself in a raging torrent and two people saw the light and retired gracefully. The rest of us had quite an enjoyable time at the top despite occasional blizzards and a howling gale, but some of the ladies were cold and the Norwegian instructor would not let the Cranwell cadets remain when they wanted to stay. So we took our skis down, determining to find a different place the following day.

Next day we went to Glen Feshie, began to climb a footpath towards Ben Mac Dhui and an hour and a half, 2,000 feet and three miles later found a smoothish patch of snow. The Cranwell party—who got there first, of course—rapidly found out that it was a steep patch of ice with a very thin snow coating. When Paul Atkins lost a ski as a sacrifice to Newton we left, climbing higher. Paul went the other way, lamenting.

Everyone finally made the top, and the learners made good progress under the capable Norwegian

instructor. Those of us who had skied before practised on a faster ice slope. By this time the beginners were able to run, snow plough and turn—sometimes. For a few hours' ski-ing these results were very good.

The following day was New Year's Day and as Scotland in general and Newtonmore in particular seem to go mad on Hogmanay, it is not surprising that there was no coach driver in the morning. Nevertheless a few hardy souls scraped a couple of cars together and set off snow-wards. We made a record climb up into the cloud at the top of Cairn Bairn More and tried several runs before we finally returned to the fast ice. To improve our turns we set up a slalom course and had three hours of very good fun in the mist. Paul and another guest at the hotel got lost over the brow of the hill and spent half an hour looking for the rest of the party and were only successful when the cloud lifted for a short time. Paul said he was convinced he would be there for the night and had already taken stock of his food situation. Once again we left our skis and set off for the hotel in a very self-satisfied mood.

Thursday was the best day we spent in Scotland from the ski-ing point of view, for we all turned out and the Cranwell party decided to climb as fast as possible. Soon we lost the rest of the skiers and the brilliant blue sky made a beautiful backcloth for the view of Glen Spey and its mountains. The climb was achieved in 70 minutes and it was quite a thrill to pass a team of mountaineers, toiling upwards, complete with ice-picks. The look on their faces as we trotted past with gay little cries of greeting made it worthwhile.

We did no ski-ing on Friday, unhappily, because there was no snow. The wind was blowing a good 40 knots and taking the snow downhill with it. As we were climbing we caught it in the face and the climb was most arduous but very enjoyable to our Spartan minds (?). At the top—it took us only 72 minutes incidentally—we just picked up a couple of pairs of skis and rushed down again, glad to get away from the wind and extreme cold. Temperatures were down to 10–15°F. The gentlemen of the party took down the ladies' skis and we managed to make the bus without loss of life.

That was the end of the ski-ing in effect and it is difficult to know how to recommend the holiday to successive entries, because I think

the two years I spent at Newtonmore the best I have had. The ski-ing is limited and for every yard one skis down one has to climb a yard. There is no pampering here, yet the atmosphere,

the social life, the evenings after the effort made, really do make this a holiday to be recommended.

P.E.W.

MOUNTAINEERING AT GLENCOE

During the Christmas leave the mountaineering section visited Glencoe, a lovely glacial valley in Argyll, ten miles south of Fort William. The party, consisting of Flight Cadets Andrews, Maunsell-Thomas, Cleaver, Coriat, Lawrence, Baird and Merrett, was to spend six pleasant days amongst some of Scotland's finest scenery. Even as we arrived and crossed Loch Leven by the quaint Ballachulish ferry we could feast our eyes on the white-topped mountains and the green and tawny-coloured slopes below. Almost throughout our stay the weather was wonderful without a cloud in the sky. In spite of the warm sun the air was very cold and became sufficient excuse for at least one of us to avoid washing for days.

The thought of eating and sleeping in tents after returning wet through after a hard day's climb was not pleasing to any member of the party, and so we were very lucky to find a boathouse unused by the owner, who most kindly and unwittingly loaned it to us.

Our enjoyment of the visit was much enhanced by the friendly attitude of the natives. Only one was at all unco-operative, the local barman-cum-hotel owner, who was much offended by our leader's request for a suitable barn, and brusquely berated us for bringing gleaming ice-axes into his dingy bar.

On our first full day we sprinted up Meall Mor, a hill of 2,215 feet. The snow was thigh deep in parts and gave us a taste of what we could expect on later and higher climbs. The descent was much faster. Merrett slid halfway down the steep, snow-covered slope, head first and at a high rate of knots; to everyone's amazement he suffered no injury. On our return we requisitioned the local Glencoe hotel, dried ourselves and our socks and then set off 'home.'

Scotland's happiest night of the year—Hogmanay—was being celebrated that evening. After a few hours at the Glencoe Hotel that night it was indeed a very happy group that meandered its way back to the boathouse.

Merrett, however, was determined to follow the Scottish custom of 'first-footing' and with a piece of coal in one hand and a bottle of whisky in the other, knocked on the door of a large house. Merrett, together with Coriat and Baird, was cordially welcomed in and there they stayed talking for half an hour. Our kind hosts proved to be the only Virginians settled in all Scotland.

The New Year was duly welcomed in at the local youth hostel as well and two of our climbers were last seen singing 'Land of Hope and Glory' surrounded by a sea of Scots faces.

On our second full day we climbed a col between two of the famed Three Sisters—the Three Buttresses of Aonach Dubh. The final hard-frozen ice wall was at an angle of about 70 degrees and we had intensive practice in cutting steps and snow belays. Because of the sudden breaking of an ice-axe Cleaver had to climb without one. That evening huge blisters had risen on his hands, for he had a form of frostbite. During the descent we learnt how to slide down backwards, using our axe as a brake. Unfortunately Maunsell-Thomas had his axe twisted from his hands by a rock and hurtled 50 feet down the almost vertical slope via some jutting rocks, but he was no more than bruised when he finally gained control.

The following day, at the local hospital, we learnt that this particular day had been the coldest in Glencoe for 31 years. For the rest of the stay Cleaver's fingers were heavily bandaged, which, of course, made everything very difficult for him. A chilling thought was that of the very few mountaineers to visit the hospital in the past year, five had died.

On our last full day we had decided to climb the Aonach Eagach ridge, a full day's climb in summer-time. Unfortunately the particular day we chose proved to be the worst as far as weather was concerned. It snowed all day and the wind was very strong. We reached the top of the ridge in very good time, and once there were met by a howling blizzard, our tracks disappearing after

about a minute. In parts the ridge was razor-sharp and at one point only a foot wide; there were drops of 2,000 feet on each side. We took great care in crossing these particular parts of the ridge. At one point Andrews was very amazed to hear a heavenly choir singing softly and sweetly to him. The next moment he slipped and only saved himself from an unpleasant death or serious injury by use of his ice-axe. After 4½ hours' climbing we met three old Scotsmen coming from the opposite direction who seemed delightfully unaware that unless they trebled their slow rate of progress they would never reach the end of the ridge before dark. The following day we heard that there were three men missing from Glencoe. . . . Lunch was taken at two o'clock and consisted of a slice of bread, cheese, sultanas and brandy. At about four o'clock we decided to abseil down a steep, snow-covered scree slope since it was getting even darker. Within 1½ hours we had reached the road and Lawrence quickly hailed a passing bus. The evening was spent working our way through a most delicious six-course meal.

The following day the party set off on their long homeward journey.

S.M.

WILD-FOWLING

The party, under Flight Lieutenant Hunt, gathered at R.A.F. Station Holbeach Range on Thursday, 2nd January 1958. This rather grand title covers a very small number of huts occupied by an officer, one corporal and four airmen.

The first members of the party to arrive immediately went out onto the marsh to be initiated into the apparently hidden charms of mud, water and a biting, icy wind. The lucky ones arrived later that evening.

Shooting proper began the next morning when, although no wild-fowl were seen, everything else that moved was taking its life into its hands, paws or feet, including the less wary members of the party. Flight Cadet Slayter was lucky that he was not actually wearing his somewhat unconventional headgear when it was 'sieved' by a quick-fingered Wandawi. The latter could also add a human foot to his closer than 'almosts' during the visit. The morning was in no way disappointing or without incident and all had plenty of opportunity to fire.

The next morning, following the pattern of the previous day, began rather late, against the best intentions of the party, and those who remained in bed were handsomely fed by the leader and his second-in-command who themselves ate everyone's egg ration for the following week.

The kitchen and the various methods of procuring food from the reluctant corporal provided many light moments. Not the least of these was the memorable day when the cook, after much argument concerning his professional ability, slaved many hours to produce a soup to beat everything we ourselves had produced. Unfortunately he allowed the party to help him and the finished product served to his patient airmen tasted surprisingly of almond essence and



Dyke Warfare

Epsom salts besides a variety of minor tastes giving it extra 'punch.'

The fact that the marsh was a bombing range was brought forward forcibly to two flight cadets who, sheltering in a disused tank in the centre of the marsh, were suddenly shocked into mobility by the unexpected scream of a jet and the sound of exploding bombs. Looking back as they hastened away they saw a Hunter 6 coming in for another run.

A slight brush with the Law, unavoidable with the selected members of the party, caused the kitchen to be searched one afternoon to see what exactly was being cooked for supper. Disgruntled, the police officer crept away only to search Flight Lieutenant Hunt's car the following afternoon. Unfortunately the said officer was returning all the rifles to the armoury and had them all laid out in full view.

The visit was, alas, a failure as far as wild-fowl were concerned, with the notable exception of Flight Lieutenant Hunt who insisted that he and Under Officer Forster had shot a goose and then given it away before returning to the fold to prove it materially. However, the party was not discouraged and many will return to Holbeach at the first opportunity to disprove some of the more cutting remarks concerning their ability.

I.F.B.S.

SAILING SECTION

Winter is traditionally the time for sailors to hibernate, and in the face of Lincolnshire weather the section has proved no exception. This is in spite of scoffing from shellbacks and frost-biters imbued with the spirit of survival camps on Snowdon.

All five of our boats are undergoing the usual trimming up for finer days, although only one boat, *Shambles*, is being taken down to her 'skin.' Having experimented with various brands of varnish remover, a long struggle scraping off old varnish is finally coming to a close. On several occasions shivering wielders of scrapers and sandpaper have risked the danger of fire and had a roaring blaze lit from old spars, while turpentine was liberally applied to the smoothed planking to counteract the effects of paint remover.

After this backbreaking process the pleasure of applying glossy new varnish holds a great satisfaction for those who have seen the blistered boat change under blistering hands to a sleek racer once more. This is, they tell us, the true craftsman's reward which adds spice to next season's sailing, and those who have lent a hand can be sure of extra trips to encourage them in the early stages.

Heron, our 'Provost' of the river, looks smart in her new blue and white paints, and attempts are being made to overcome her vagaries under sail by extending her centreboard and making her steadier. Although nothing has yet been done to *Wilbor* and *Swiss Miss*, the new boat covers prevented serious weathering, and a light rub-down and a quick varnish will be all that is necessary—a couple of afternoons' work. Our last boat, *Tangent*, was not used very much, and a good clean to remove traces of where the club cat made a kill is all that is needed.

An attempt to renew last year's lecture series to help shorten practical training virtually failed in the face of competition from outside. Presumably Lincoln and Retford were booking their seats in the boats for next season. However, Spring term 1958 should give an opportunity for film shows to revive interest.

Modest in our successes, we have naturally left our achievements till last. Autumn 1957 was the close of one of the most successful seasons racing in the history of the section. Fears of breaking

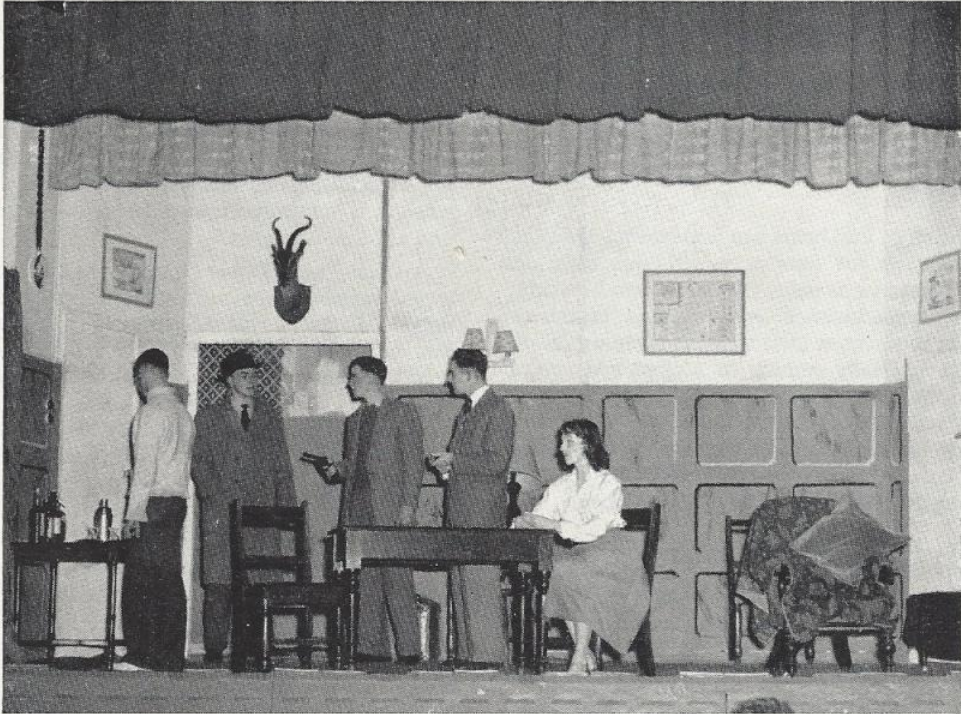
our unbeaten record were largely dispelled by our matches against Dartmouth and Dover College. It was felt that we acquitted ourselves very satisfactorily by losing to the Naval experts by half a point in a very closely fought series. We were leading at the end of the first day and might have won had not one of us taken their cheering for a recall signal. However, we gained a club mascot, a handsome tiger ('Tim') that week-end and cheered up again.

A week-end at Dover College was lightened by moral support from a friend of the team and a dance at the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club. During that function we had a little dissention with the locals about the ownership of the mascot but came off best after a lengthy bout. The following morning was taken up by familiarization sailing, during which the captain and others were seen to cast longing glances at the French coastline and disappear in the direction of Calais. Calm seas prevented desertion, however, and a series, which was virtually drifted round for the greater part, was sailed in the afternoon. After three matches we again emerged the victors on total points, although Dover tried to force a draw by counting the best two of the three. Photographs of the race showed that tactics lectures had at last sunk home, for Flight Cadet Hulland was seen to catch all the opposing team on a right of way rule (starboard tack) on the starting line to let Senior Flight Cadet Delap and Flight Cadet Waterman go ahead. This, we think, should quash the uninitiated's accusations that sailing is a lone wolf's sport. It is in fact exactly the opposite. A great deal depends on the attuning of helmsman and crew, and even more to co-operation between boats.

We also developed a tactic of catching an opposing boat between two of ours as it was overtaking. Like overtaking aircraft, overtaking boats must keep clear, and being squashed between two other nonchalant crews is, to put it mildly, disconcerting. One cannot afford to be gentlemanly in racing—you do not 'play cricket' on water, nor were the rules composed by the Marquess of Queensberry.

These two specialities of ours, backed by the usual ones of forcing others off buoys at the turns and blanketing opposing boats to let the rest of the team slip into the lead, resulted in the winning of the final match of the season. Let us hope that next season will prove even better.

D.G.W.



'What's going on here, Mr Martin?'

'SOMEONE AT THE DOOR'

CAST

(in order of appearance)

<i>Ronnie Martin</i>	Michael Harrington
<i>Sally Martin</i>	Cicely Sandford
<i>Bill Reid</i>	Jeremy Brown
<i>Price</i>	Christopher Taylor
<i>Police-Constable O'Brien</i>	Martin Freeman
<i>Police-Sergeant Spedding</i>	Ian Hutchinson
<i>Harry Kapel, J.P.</i>	Malcolm Fuller
<i>Stage Manager</i>	Peter Wormald
<i>Assistant Stage Manager</i>	John Ticehurst
<i>House Manager</i>	Terry Close
<i>Set Construction</i>	Mr B. V. Carolan
<i>Electricians</i>	Brian Rea and Ian Simpson
<i>Prompter</i>	James Purcell
<i>Make-up</i>	Nicolas Adamson
<i>Publicity Manager</i>	Paul Atkins

The evening started well. Those of the audience who arrived early were soothed by the fruity 'harmonies' of the College Band, and those who did not arrive early did not arrive late. Thus a smugly punctual audience awaited the curtain

with an outward composure troubled in one or two cases by an inner feeling that dinner had been rushed.

The lights were dimmed, breaths were taken and held, and suddenly from the loudspeaker there came forth or escaped some of the most memorable of cacophonies. It might have been a tape recording of Elvis Presley played backwards, or a fight between an octopus and a set of bagpipes, but one suspects that the electricians had the speaker leads crossed.

The play was the kind of lighthearted piece of improbability so beloved of the West End theatre where it is billed as 'a sophisticated comedy-thriller' after having been tried in the North as a 'gripping melodrama.' David Goucher must be congratulated on his choice of play and on his production. The first act began a little stickily but before the end the players were warming to their work. The second and third acts were attacked more briskly than is usual in a College production. Unfortunately the producer's achievement

of pace revealed weakness in voice production of the cast, with the exception of Cicely Sandford. On the whole enunciation was good but too often the best lines did not cross the footlights.

The leading roles were competently filled. Michael Harrington maintained his reputation for ability to sustain a part. Jeremy Brown did not quite achieve the air of a young man about town. He obviously finds it difficult to cast off the preoccupied air of a flight cadet who is pre-occupied. But he did well. Cicely Sandford has had a stimulating effect on the College Dramatic Section and as always she got full dramatic value from her part.

Chris Taylor as Price the handyman cum cook cum butler made this improbable character even more improbable. Dressed as an angry young man without spectacles he outdid Caliban. This was an enjoyable performance.

Malcolm Fuller could not fill the waistcoat of the English Justice of the Peace with the middle-European name. And when he turned tough and Cheyney-ish he was even less credible. This was a difficult if not impossible part for a flight cadet.

Martin Freeman made a fine fresh-faced country bobby and Ian Hutchinson was capable as an ambitious tight-lipped sergeant.

The set constructions, the make-up and the house arrangements were well up to the usual standard. This was a very pleasant evening's entertainment.

T.J.M.

Gliding Section

Gliding this Autumn term has not been particularly eventful. This time of year rarely sees any soarable thermal lift after two o'clock, which is the time that we usually start launching. We had hoped for some thermal activity in September but had no luck and 'circuits only' was the rule. On several occasions we have had strong winds and consequently high launches, with a great deal of aerobatics being performed in the Prefect and Sedbergh. On one of these days Flight Cadet Roberts stayed up for no less than 15 minutes from a 2,100-ft. launch, with no lift about at all. Flight Cadet Holmes distinguished himself by extracting more height than anyone else from launches, mainly due to his lightness. Heavier pilots found it almost impossible to urge the glider higher than 2,200 feet even in the strongest wind.

The main event of the term was the presence of Flight Lieutenant Bridson's Skylark II for two week-ends. This machine gave the more recent members an insight into the potentialities of high-performance types. A few very experienced officers and cadets were allowed to fly the

machine, and those who had not flown high-performance sailplanes before were amazed at its excellent handling qualities. Flight Lieutenant Bridson gave us some magnificent aerobatic displays in the Skylark, and some excellent 'beat-ups' followed by a climb to 500 feet, whereas a Sedbergh will only just 'wallow' to 200 feet after a similar high-speed run. Having had one high-performance type at Cranwell in the Autumn term, we hope to have another in the Spring term, for two members of the section are hoping to purchase a second-hand Kite II, Olympia, or similar type.

Several members of 77 Entry have reached solo standard while they have been here and we hope that by March, when we can expect some sort of lift, that the maximum number of flight cadets from 77 and 78 Entries will be initiated into the art of thermal soaring. Meanwhile we press on with circuits, aerobatics, and converting new members to the Tutors and Prefect. By the time that this report is published we hope to have had several soaring flights, and we look forward to this with keen anticipation.

I.W.S.

Pot-holing Section

During the Autumn term only one meet was held, this being in Derbyshire. No meet was planned for the Christmas period as pot-holing tends to become a rather cold activity around that time of the year.

The Derbyshire meet was held on a Sunday, the members being excused Church Parade. Contrary to normal procedure the party of 24 was split into four smaller groups. The first two of these groups were dropped near Castleton. One group entered Calswulk Cavern and was later joined by the other party who had explored Hillock's Mine. Fifteen miles farther on the remaining two groups attempted to explore Lathkill Hill Cave and Rowtor Mine. The Lathkill Cave could not be found so the party searched around until they found another one. They managed to find another cavern which they entered. Their explorations were cut short, however, when they came across a roof-fall some way inside the cavern.

This was the first time that the section had visited the Rowtor Mine area which had resulted in a successful day's exploration.

I.D.T.

Mountaineering Section

The activities of the Mountaineering Section are mainly confined to the leave periods but a meet was arranged for a party of about 20, one Sunday in November. This was at the Black Rocks in Derbyshire where the short, tricky

pitches on the rough millstone grit provide good practice for the experienced climber and also provide a good training ground for beginners.

The main activity of the section was the Christmas vacation visit to Scotland. The area chosen was one most likely to reproduce conditions similar to those encountered in the Alps. This gave the cadets who had been to Switzerland in the summer an opportunity of imparting some of their snow and ice technique to those not so fortunate.

Plans for the future include a meet in the Lake District during the Easter vacation and a return trip to the school of Rosenlauri, Switzerland, in the summer.

I.G.B.

Engineering Society

Although the section has lost the active support of its members in the Senior Mess many members of the Junior Mess have been along to the workshops and have helped with the land yacht construction.

Work was continued on this project and after a late start in the term due to the night flying programme and other College activities, the frame was finally bolted together. The biggest problem at present is the fitting of a pair of wheels to the frame. The wheels at hand are the rear wheels of a 1938 M.G., and getting the axle and bearings suitably cut up is presenting a formidable problem.

The section was invited to pay a visit to the Ruston and Hornsby manufacturing works in Lincoln. Towards the end of November a party of 25 flight cadets left the College to spend the afternoon going over the turbine engine shops. Here we saw the manufacture of industrial gas turbines from the first turbine to the finished product. It was an extremely interesting visit and the guides were kept busy answering the many questions that were put to them.

It is hoped that the present project may be completed in the Spring term. There are many more members in the section now with the addition of 78 Entry, and with all hands set to a particular job there should be a great increase in activity.

C.R.P.

Fine Arts

The Lincoln School of Art has not yet finished the conversion to its new buildings, whose grey walls of peeling paint and tattered plaster are gradually undergoing a contemporary face-lift. Visits were maintained, however, and the instructor was fully occupied in dealing with the 'cases' that attended. It is difficult to believe the results achieved with pen, paint and paper. New

creations hit the canvas and, it is hoped, will be displayed at a forthcoming exhibition. It is most important that the timing of such an exhibition should not clash with one of the displays of paintings on loan from famous galleries. There has been, of late, a strong movement to channel all painters into their respective 'schools' and the attempts to form titles for the various trends have given rise to numerous 'isms.' It may be revealed that in certain respects one or two of our members have achieved the ultimate goal sought by so many artists. They have, indeed, created an 'ism' for which it is impossible to find a name.

R.W.G.A.

Dramatic Section

Membership of the section is greatly increasing and all our activities were well supported throughout the term. Play readings once again proved popular. The first play to be read was *Someone at the Door*, and was later chosen as the play for this term's production. A reading of Denis Cannan's *Captain Carvalho* proved to be very enjoyable. The third play to be read by the section was Terence Rattigan's *While the Sun Shines*; this play was subsequently chosen for the Spring term production.

At the beginning of October a visit was made to the Playhouse Theatre, Nottingham, to see a production of John Osborne's play *Look Back in Anger*. This is not a comfortable play; it reflects contemporary life and thought through a young man grown up since the war, and in its ferocity and penetration it is a disturbing comment on his own generation. The party numbered 33, the majority of whom thoroughly enjoyed the visit.

This term's production, *Someone at the Door*—a comedy-thriller by Dorothy and Campbell Christie—was produced by Flight Cadet Goucher. The play was shown on two evenings to audiences larger than those of recent terms. The play proved to be most successful and a critique is to be found on page 58.

P.E.M.K.

Gramophone Section

For the Gramophone Section the term passed quietly with a slight, though encouraging, increase in membership. No new records were bought but a brisk turnover of the wide range of long playing records at present held by the library indicated an active interest by all who subscribe.

On one occasion a group of members travelled to Nottingham to attend a symphony concert, and it is hoped that this can be arranged again some time in the future.

It is intended to purchase some new records in the Spring term, these being chosen from a list of

suggestions drawn up by the members themselves. With these additions to the collection it is hoped that the library will indeed contain 'something for everyone' interested in classical music.

J.T.S.L.

Dancing Section

The Autumn term saw the section become more active than in previous terms. Tuition was given by Mr Highton on all but three of the Friday evenings during the term.

Once again there has been an increase in the membership of the section, bringing the numbers up to about 70. The increased membership has given rise to an improved attendance at the classes. The major part of the instruction was again given over to instruction in the more basic steps, although part of each evening was devoted to instruction for the more advanced dancers.

The section is grateful for the patience shown and the help given by the ladies who attended the classes and acted as partners. The presence of these ladies makes it both easier to teach and easier to learn as is shown by the progress made by the members during the term.

D.R.W.D.G.

Jazz Club

During the Autumn term Lincoln Training College was twice visited by the Jazz Club. Both the band and the 'Gorillas'—the skiffle group—were warmly received and gained useful experience of performing in public.

The band has now acquired a clarinettist and a banjo player from 77 Entry, bringing its numbers up to eight. Although the majority of the 'Gorillas' were in the Senior Entry the group still maintained its popularity. The jazz band practised hard throughout the term and towards the end were producing quite reasonable music. The section has attracted a great many members, and it is hoped to arrange more visits to Lincoln and Retford in the Spring term.

J.R.O.

Aeromodelling Club

There was little activity in the club last term. This was partly as a result of the shorter evenings and unfavourable weather which make flying impossible. Nevertheless the club enrolled a substantial number of new members from 77 Entry. It is regrettable, however, that interest seems to be flagging among the older members of the club.

Looking on the brighter side of things, however, there does appear to be a considerable number of keen aeromodellers in 78 Entry. The craze is at present for the plastic solid models which have recently flooded the market and which are

becoming increasingly numerous on dressing tables throughout the College. All the same it would be a good thing if every aeromodeller got at least one model airborne this term.

W.J.H.

Motor Club

Again this term the membership of the club increased and now stands at 80. There has been a continued demand for the club badge and we are pleased to report that a more reliable supply has been arranged.

As usual the main event of the term was the rally which was held on Sunday, 24th November. For the first time a full-scale road rally was organized and considering the limited experience of competitors some very creditable performances were recorded. The event was made up of two sections. The first, of about 30 miles, taxed the ingenuity of navigators in that it required them to select a complicated route over and under a length of railway line between Sleaford and Lincoln. In addition the competitors were required to limit their mileage and to maintain a set average speed. The second section, which unfortunately had to be completed in the dark, was an exercise in swift map reading and co-operation between driver and navigator. The final placings in the event were:

- 1st J. Purcell and J. Pilgrim-Morris (Morris Minor).
- 2nd M. Smith and M. Barringer (Ford 8).
- 3rd J. Geldart and A. Langmead (Austin 10).

A vote of thanks is due to the marshals and other officials whose efficient conduct of their relatively uninteresting tasks ensured the successful conclusion of the rally.

The films *Formula I, 1956*, *Motor Race Marshaling* and *Le Mans, 1955* were shown during the term, but the limited scope of existing catalogues precluded any further showings as many of the available films had been seen before or were of small interest value. It is hoped that the 1957 series will be obtainable during the latter half of next term.

At last the room intended as a workshop for the club is secure and with money available the purchase of tools will now go ahead steadily. A comprehensive range of tools should be available to members by March 1958.

This first year of the club has seen a rapid expansion and an increasing interest in road rallying. As this nucleus of enthusiasts grows, the club rallies should gain in scope, interest and popularity, thus giving members the experience necessary to compete in larger club or national events.

A.E.T. & D.M.W.

LAND OF THE UPSIDE- DOWN

THE traveller arriving at Nairobi's Eastleigh airport is always impressed by the cluster of signposts indicating the distances and directions of cities all over the globe. They are not intended as a hint that the new arrival should immediately reboard his plane but rather as a reminder that Kenya is a long way from the rest of the world and that the Kenyan way of life should therefore be accepted with tolerance.

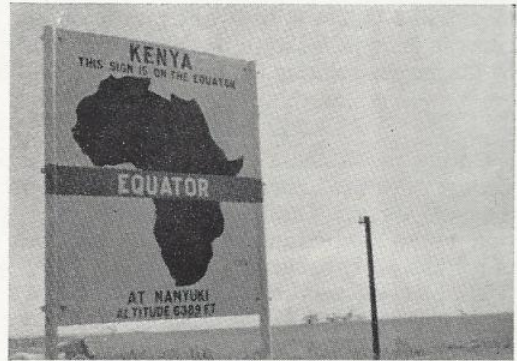
Many settlers send their children abroad at an early age to be educated. This is said to be because the thin air at Nairobi (5,000 feet up) does strange things to a growing child. The girls of East Africa outnumber the boys by two to one. Having in most cases been brought up on 'Daddy's farm' (10,000 acres in the rift valley) they are well accustomed to handling a couple of hundred natives. However, they meet their match in the typical Kenya lad, 'Kenya born, Kenya bred, strong in the back and thick in the head'; in fact the sort who ends up as a rich coffee planter or a happy white hunter.

Many strange stories are told about these white hunters. These men appear to be very attractive to women when in their natural surroundings and have to be very cautious not to be involved in a compromising situation. On one occasion a hunter was on safari with a countess and her servant. Ever mindful of the perils of his occupation he was careful not to be left alone with her. One morning they all had to separate to beat an area of high grass. Hearing a scream he rushed to the countess to find her standing naked and apparently shameless on a heap of earth. Afraid for his reputation, he was about to retire when he realized that the unfortunate woman was covered with red safari ants. Acting quickly he managed to remove the ants just before the servant arrived on the scene. The countess was

returned to her husband with a whole conscience if a slightly pricked skin.

Another story concerns a rotund, middle-aged photographer who was determined to obtain some good shots of hippopotami while on safari. Seeing one cross his path one day he hurriedly took a side view, then took up his position for a shot of the animal's impressive rear. But Mrs Hippo was late and, hurrying after her husband, dealt the stooping photographer a blow which laid him flat in the dust. As the unfortunate man staggered to his feet, still clutching his camera, junior came trotting out of the bush and bowled him over again. It is as well for him that nature had endowed him with such ample protection.

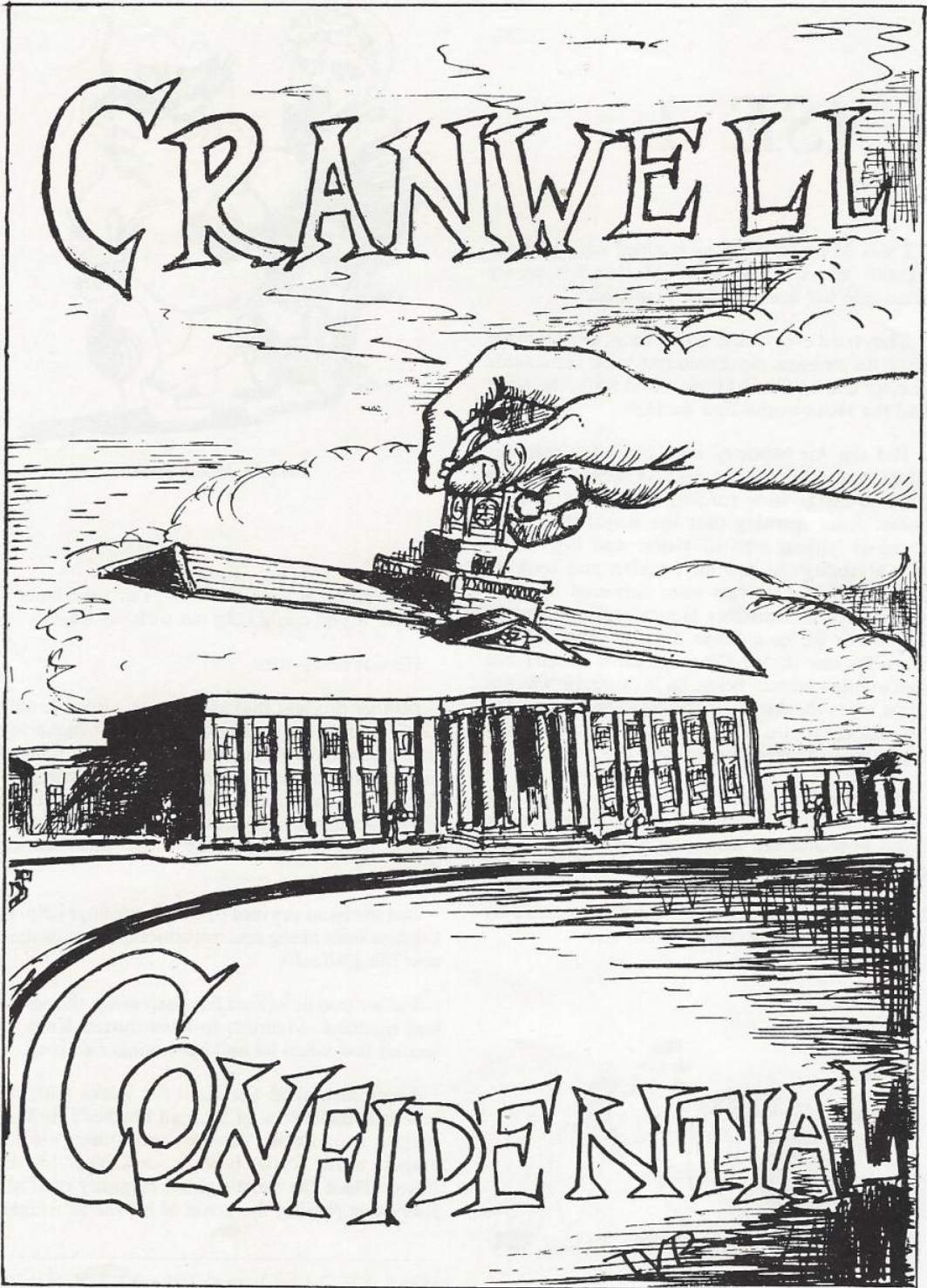
The plains are not the only hunting grounds of Kenya. In the coastal waters are many fish of wonderful shapes and colours waiting to be caught.



Distances here are insignificant. A 60-mile run to a neighbour's farm for tea is nothing, despite the state of the roads. Their condition is not improved by the rain; when it rains, about an inch falls at a time. Every few years all the bridges and roads in Nairobi are washed away. New roads have been built complete with well-planted islands in an attempt to ease the traffic congestion, but the conservative-minded Nairobi drivers do not trouble to go round them.

The true pioneering spirit is far from dead in Kenya. Bureaucracy has no hope of survival in a country where only recently a young man would prove his manhood by wearing a six-shooter low on his hip. How could it live in a city whose square has been moved a mile away from the city centre which was becoming overcrowded? Little wonder that Kenya is known as the land of the upside-down. Whatever is not upside-down is back to front.

M.F.



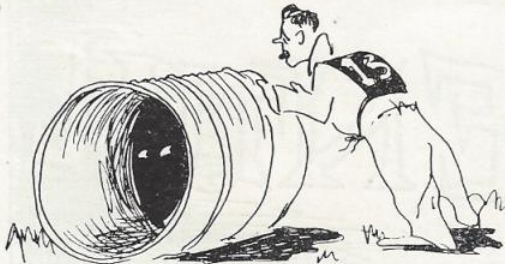
CASE 1

IT was 25 past 4 when he stopped saying 'chuff-chuff' and said 'whoosh.' Mother felt an icy hand grip her heart. Father blanched.

They tried everything, but 12 long, terrible years later an eminent psychoanalyst took them aside gravely and confirmed their worst fears, their son had the Heirs-to-the-Few fixation.

But the Air Ministry were more sympathetic. They sent him several leaflets which were to become his bedside reading for a long time to come. After learning that the Royal Air Force required 'young men of vision and high intellectual ability' he saw an optician and took an I.Q. test. Silent prayers were answered when he was invited to Daedalus House*, adjacent to the Royal Air Force College. His ego was deflated when he saw that a Cranwell cadet looked like just another human being, so his surprise was not great when the Air Council agreed he was worthy 'to belong to the élite chosen from the many aspirants to Cranwell prestige.'

Impatiently he awaited the day he could face 'The challenge—because Cranwell standards are a test of character.' The journey north could not pass fast enough, but finally he arrived. He asked his way to First Year Headquarters. In the office he introduced himself to the head batman, easily recognizable by the crown on his sleeve.



Then they discovered him at Daedalus



Born for the Air Force

'My name is _____, I'm new here. I wonder if you could help me with my bags.'

He was new—then.

Mother thought that as this was, after all, only his first term the authorities wouldn't make too strong demands upon him and she was against him taking part so soon in this Knicker competition, for to her mind it was most unwise for him to go out under the high-pressure hoses now that the nights were so chilly, even if he was wearing Blanco.

But she liked the idea of the bigger boys helping the new ones along and introducing them to their new life gradually.

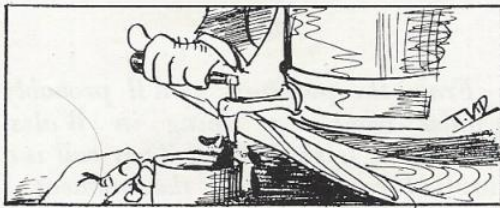
Father said he agreed but deep down thought it was madness. Madness to have moved Kelly to second row when he had been winger so long.

Sister enthralled the Fifth for weeks with her head-stirring stories of intrepid brother's thrill-a-minute exploits in Valettas and other V-force planes whilst little brother explained to the Lower Third the short-sighted stupidity of it all. Kelly was playing the game of his life as winger.

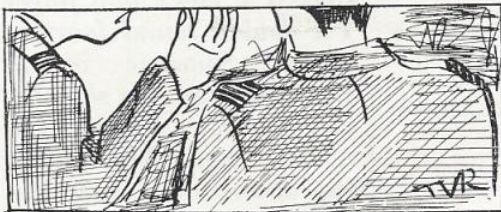
*See R.A.F. College Journal, Volume XXIX, Number 3, Page 267, December 1957, for another inside story.



... a competition called the Knicker Cup. He goes down to the gym twice a week to practise for it. Then he plays football every Wednesday to get fit, and even gets up in the morning to do drill especially for it. I think he'll have a fine chance of winning. I wonder if it's one of those cups he can bring back home and keep. . . .



... I'll have to think up something else pretty soon; my T.A.B.T. injection effects have kept me going for nearly a fortnight now, which is a bit long to be convincing. Cartilage trouble would see me right through till the summer, but I think they take X-rays if you're not careful. Got any ideas? If only I can stretch it out until Thursday week, I won't have to do the ruddy Knocker at all. . . .



... not that punishment parades are any excuse for missing Knocker practices, sir. He was awarded the restrictions for cutting a practice in the first place anyway. . . .

For laughs the Ground Defence Training Course just about beat everything. They learned how to use a rifle the Air Force way from a Regiment Flight Sergeant who knew more about rifles than the Queen's English. (He is now at West Site on a vocabulary course to cover the Sten.) The practical use of the rifle was climaxed by a hit on the College clock by a Secretarial cadet who had misplaced his glasses. The gas warfare lectures finished abruptly with the death of the new instructor, so they went on to atomics. Several films gave a chance to catch up on the old eight hours, and the lack of practical demonstrations made the whole thing rather boring. They soon found that fully amended copies of all restricted pamphlets were sold by a local stationer.



On the Humanities site the newly introduced 'Elementary Psychology' course had some severe setbacks. Too many cadets did private study on the subject, and applied their knowledge to those above them. Some built up files of data on the everyday psychopathology of the officers responsible for their progress, and one even dictated a report on himself while the trembling tutor wrote. The course has now been discontinued.



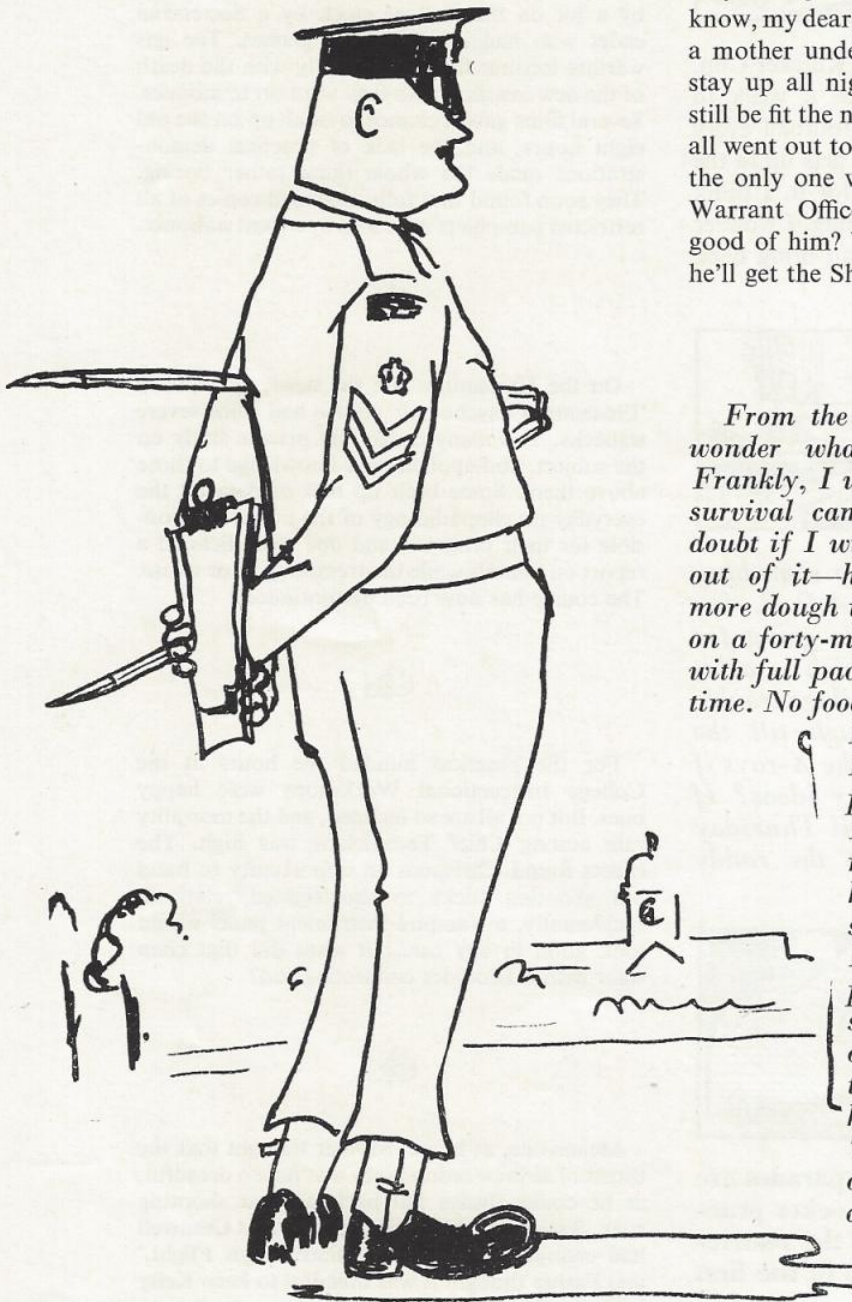
For the practical minded the hours at the College Instructional Workshops were happy ones. But not all are so inclined, and the mortality rate among Chief Technicians was high. The cadets found Christmas an opportunity to hand out shooting sticks to shortsighted relations. Incidentally, a Vampire instrument panel would look good in any car, but what did that chap want with a Leonides connecting rod?



Meanwhile, at home, Mother thought that the threat of aircrew redundancy was not so dreadful, as he could always fall back on that shooting stick. Sister thought it was dreadful that Cranwell had changed so drastically since 'High Flight,' and Father thought it was dreadful to keep Kelly in the pack.

... then he went to Wales for a week's camping in the holidays. I was so proud of him for volunteering—camping never really was his line. I'm sure he did it to please me.

Wasn't it sweet of him? I suppose it's all part of his plan to win the Shield of Honour or whatever it is. He said he didn't enjoy it very much because they made him work at night with only an Oxo cube to eat. It really was very thoughtless of those responsible. You know, my dear, there are some things that only a mother understands. A boy can't possibly stay up all night with hardly any food and still be fit the next day. Then one evening they all went out to the village nearby, and he was the only one who stayed behind to help the Warrant Officer do little jobs. Wasn't that good of him? You know, somehow I'm sure he'll get the Shield of Honour. . . .

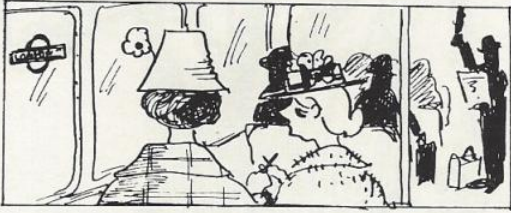


From the postmark you'll probably wonder what I'm doing in Wales. Frankly, I wish I knew. They call it a survival camp, but at the moment I doubt if I will. Of course, I tried to get out of it—helluva sweat, and there's more dough if at home. Yesterday went on a forty-mile run round Mel Siabod with full pack. Waste of good drinking time. No food today except boiled sweet.

No food at all tomorrow as I dropped rations in a cow-pat. Why did I ever join the R.A.F.? No sleep for three nights as tent companion has screaming fits. W.O. says if I don't pull finger I'll double round fourteen peaks. Someone oughta shoot that guy. No skin left on right foot. Left packed in two days ago. Will have to hop up Snowdon tomorrow. They say we'll be fit by end of camp. Doubt if I'll be alive. Must end—

fire picquet calls.

. . . actually saw him offering Carruthers an Oxo cube for a piggy-back up Tryfan. Of course, sir, I shouldn't really have given him the job of quartermaster. He had bedding for three men, the rations for five, and a tent to himself. I suppose one must praise for initiative, but O.Q. . . .



Yes the weather has been bad these last few days. My son, who is at Cranwell, as you know, told us last week that the weather was affecting the animals around there, because the pigs had become u/s—that's Air Force slang for unsatisfactory—and what with the price of bacon as it is now. But he's doing fine though. Only last week he was asked to do some extra drill by the head cadet, so he must be good at that. But the Air Force really is silly. Because he didn't put some flag up properly he had to do it for the rest of the week. I mean, you'd think they would find someone who knew how to do it. After all, he's got so much to learn.

But then one day his Flight Commander had him in especially for a little chat and the

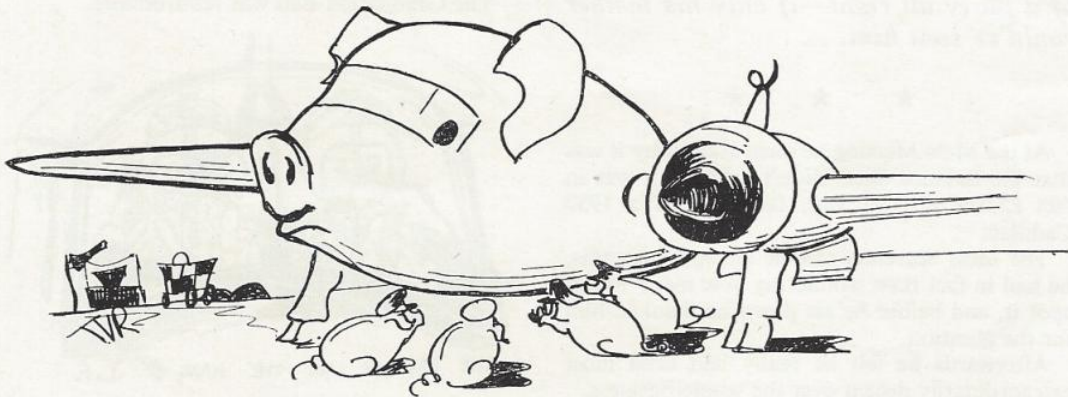
very same day he had to see his Squadron Commander, the pamphlets say that's like a kind of Housemaster, so he must be getting on awfully well socially.

I still can't understand what they do with their spare time, but during private study periods they go to the sack, which must be their nickname for a quiet place where they can work without being disturbed. He also said something about Saturday evenings. What was it now? Oh yes, they all home on the boxroom to jive on the old six-five. That's some sort of code I suppose. I really must ask him to write letters that we can understand. You'd think that they'd teach him how to speak, after all. . . .



'Where is he?'

. . . yes, and he was telling us about the party that his squadron, which is a sort of house, are going to have at the end of term. They're allowed to drink beer, and they play games called Boatracing and Bottles, as well as darts and that. I must say, they are funny names; I'll have to ask him. . . .



Where is he?

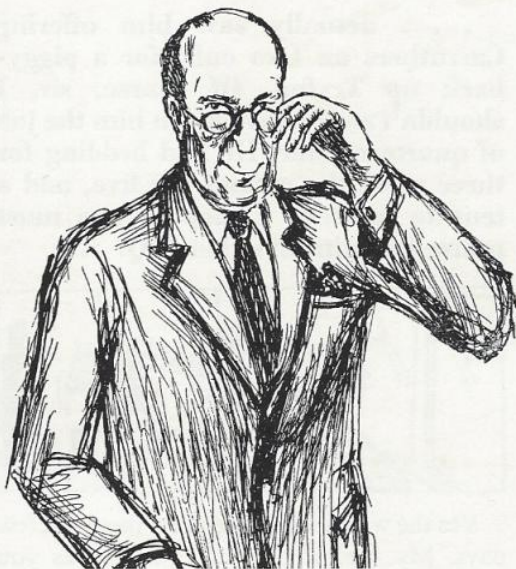
Pit ; puking. Looks like something out of Belsen. You should've seen him last night. He started off on beer, then someone slipped him a loaded one, and did he perform. He was disqualified from the boatrace for spilling it all down his shirt, so he went over to the bottles school. Well, he's set three science anyway, so the count never got past him at any stage. When the Squadron Commander arrived, old — insisted on apologizing to him for causing him so much worry during the term, then promptly turned around and bit the end off the Flight Commander's tie. We managed to get him into the other bar, but he tried to seduce some dear old thing of about seventy, so we moved him on again. At that stage he was drinking gin and green chartreuse, which someone had told him was good for regularity. Well, by that time I was past caring, too, so he wandered off and we didn't see him again till we were coming back to the College. He was sitting in the middle of the road arguing with the driver of a car that was trying to get past. He reckoned his eyes were better than any cat's and he was going to get the boys home regardless. I don't know who brought him back, but we found him flakers in the orderly room, so put him to bed. He had a honey of a party all right—if only his mother could've seen him. . . .

★ ★ ★

At the Mess Meeting he once asked why it was that the Balance Sheet didn't balance, it was in fact £2,039 17s. 3d. out, the price of a 1957 Cadillac.

The Mess Secretary said he already knew this, he had in fact been wondering how many would spot it, and before he sat down he thanked him for the question.

Afterwards he felt he really had been most extraordinarily decent over the whole business.



One term, Graduation Balls were stopped for economy and despondency fell upon the College. It was then that he hit upon the idea of currying favour by starting a branch of the Malthusian League. It met with astonishing success.

Lectures and films were increasingly well attended, certain magazines lay in the Anterooms unread, certain books no longer circulated, indeed the Librarian could not satisfy the demand for tomes on Social Economics and Political Ethnology.

The turning point came when questions were asked in the House, the Minister of Education had not heard of Lysistrata and was at a loss to explain the decline in recruitment figures for the Lincoln and Retford Training Colleges. The Minister of Education made private representations to the Air Council. Dizzy, the prominent hostess, shot herself.

The Graduation Ball was reintroduced.



THE DAY HE GOT THE HANG OF I.F.

As time passed his wealth of experience began to bear fruit. There was the day he got the hang of instrument flying while his contemporaries struggled dimly on. He prepared five-minute bursts of conversation on a multitude of subjects which were duly presented to authority on Guest Nights. Sympathetic listening to the hopes and fears of the mess staff ensured his full one and sixpence worth, and even the Head Steward deliberately misread the dining-hall clock for him. But the termly kit inspection proved his greatest challenge. The drying rooms cleared overnight, and only the suspicious would note the wild discrepancies in laundry lists and laundry bills. His downfall was bound to come, though, and did, when no one warned him of the impending inspection. He gave up smoking soon after, and the clothing store made its highest profit since the winter of '47.



'At the laundry, sir!'

'... the finest flying country in the world'

'Well, black flag to start with, and we'll see if this lot clears up. In the meantime report to your flights. That's all.'

'Who's duty cadet?'

'I am, sir.'

'Well go and fill these buckets, pronto.'

'Anyone in here do shorthand?'

'I've done a bit at school, sir.'

'Fine, come with me, we're short-handed here.'

'Are you doing anything at the moment?'

'Well, not exactly, sir, but...'

'You are now. Empty this.'

'Sir, can I borrow the oil for the fire?'

'After you've washed the cups.'

'Two aces.'

'Not likely.'

'How much can you afford?'

'You want me, sir?'

'I'll have all your dough—yes, organize a party to clean this place out. Borrow everything you want from the other flight.'

'Yes, sir.'

'Beat you, you —.'



'Sir, all the Links are u/s.'

'Are they? Well, you'd better help these chaps on the floor, then.'

'I want you all in here at eleven for a lecture.'

'Do these cups, will you?'

'Get some more coke.'

'Now you can scrub the corridor.'
'The toilets need cleaning.'
'Tidy up the locker-room.'
'All log books up to date.'
'The bus is at the normal time.'
'We're well behind on hours.'

'... more cups ... more coke ... do
it all again ... fill this ... empty this
... clean that ... finish those ...'

'What did you say?'

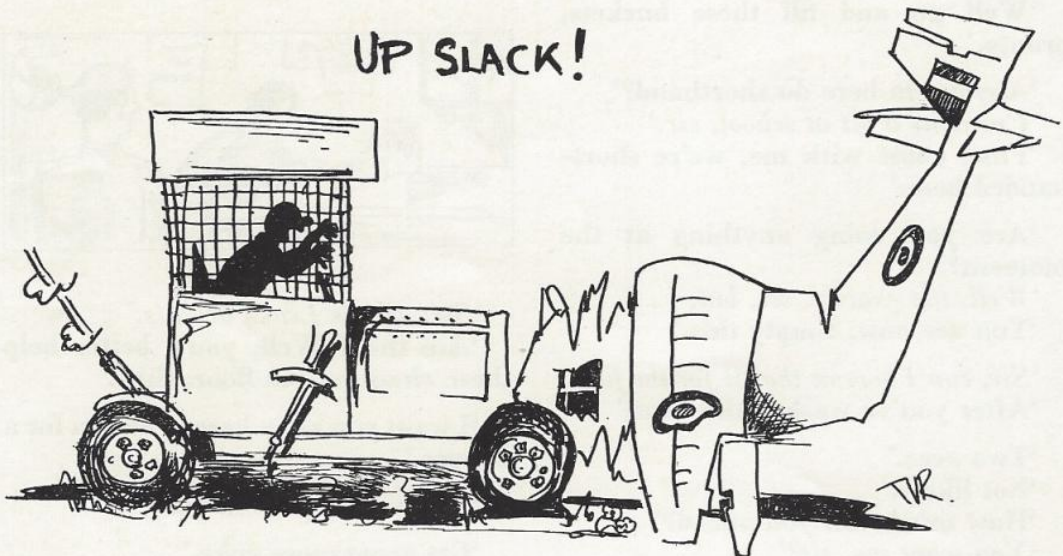
'Look—it's started to snow.'



Towards the end of March 1958, his fingers virtually on the hilt, he made a tragic error. In his over-confidence he ignored the most basic of all the simple principles of swordmanship.

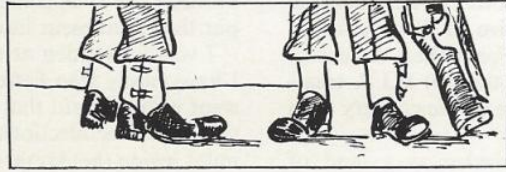
As Under Officer he took his seat as President at the last Mess Meeting of term, an overwhelming sensation of power swept over him as his fingers closed about the gavel, he seized it and with one thunderous blow opened the meeting that began a new era in the life of Cranwell and whose notoriety swept the land, electrifying all who heard of it.

Within minutes it was known that something new was brewing. The College buildings echoed and re-echoed with cheers, shouts and roars of approval. Inside the hall the enthusiasm was infectious. Unanimously the mess had voted itself refrigerators and 21-inch television sets to every room, waitress-service in the dining-hall and was in the throes of discussing whether to halve G.M.F. by making block payments to every cadet or simply throwing a gigantic Mid-Term hooley.

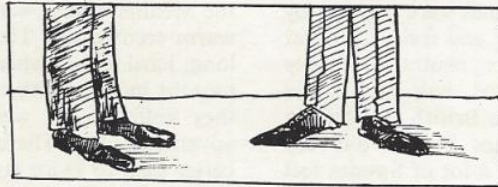




Yes he was, but he's just got a lovely new posting to Innsworth.



I never really liked the guy, but he left me a damn good white belt.



Now had it been one to every officer's room of course. . . .

Through the R.A.F. College, Cranwell, in the heart of some of the finest flying country in Britain, have passed many of the top-ranking officers in the Royal Air Force today. It is to the men who have the benefit of a Cranwell education that the Civil Service will look for officers to fill the highest command posts of tomorrow.



JOURNEY TO SWEDEN

IT is nearly six months since I returned from Sweden and I want now to try to put on paper some of my impressions. After such a lapse of time only the lasting ones stand out and I thus feel able to describe clearly what I saw of the country.

I went to Sweden while a member of the Combined Cadet Force as a guest of the Swedish Air Force. After a couple of uncomfortable days spent in the 'Belsen' conditions of Innsworth we left from Bovington to arrive in Stockholm on the evening of 18th July. From then on everywhere we went we received the full V.I.P. treatment and probably saw more of the country than most Swedes.

Most people think of Sweden as a land of cleanliness, beautiful blonde girls or handsome blond men, midday moons and midnight suns, paper, great mountains and good food. Norway, Sweden and Denmark are all sovereign states, but as Scandinavia they are very much united. The Norwegians and the Danes were overrun by the Germans in the last war and feel very bitter towards the Swedes for staying neutral. Of nearly all the steel Sweden exported, half was in the form of ball-bearings for the British and half in bomb casings for the Germans. Sweden did very well out of the last war and a lot of Swedes feel ashamed of their country's means of obtaining prosperity.

Thus provided and unhindered by war, Sweden was able to develop her big cities in the best possible way. Both Stockholm and Göteborg have wide streets and large parks, no slums and well-planned suburbs. Nearly every Swede, no matter of what rank or status, has a flat in one of the immense blocks in the cities, but he also has a country house, often very primitive, where he lives from the middle of May to the end of September.

Sweden has been a Socialist country for about twenty years. There is practically no private enterprise and it is probably the most highly developed welfare state in the world. It is even forbidden to change the plug on the end of an electrical lead; a qualified electrician must be called in.

The Swedes are afraid of Russia, having only Finland to protect their northern frontier and the narrow Baltic to protect their coast-line. Their armed forces are powerful and well organized, arranged mainly along the north and east of the country. I saw most of their very modern and well-organized Air Force. We were privileged to

see their latest all-weather fighter, the *Lansen*, make a mock attack on an airfield and then fire live rockets on a range; we were impressed by its manoeuvrability, high speed and accuracy.

The Swedes are a very friendly people, even to the Americans whom they do not really like; whenever a Swede greets you he will say 'You are very welcome to —,' and then name the town or area. It is their way of saying 'How do you do,' but they say it as if they really mean it, and then put their sentiment into practice.

I was in Sweden at the height of summer and I have rarely seen better weather; everywhere we went we were told that we had brought it. I have very fond recollections of dining in a hotel 200 miles inside the Arctic circle, with the rays of the sun streaming over the nearby mountains and my watch reading just after midnight, while the thermometer outside showed 60° Fahrenheit. The far south, about as far south as Edinburgh, is the opposite and reminded me very much of the Mediterranean, with a pitch black sky and the warm scented air. The Swedes have to suffer a long, hard winter when they are forced to live for months indoors with continual artificial light, so they welcome fine weather and take the fullest advantage of it. There is nothing that they like better than to swim, sun-bathe and walk about in shorts and a T-shirt.

Swedish girls are distinctly beautiful. They do it partly by natural good looks, but they know how to make themselves up to their best advantage and take great care of their appearance. They are by no means all blonde, but very few are brown-eyed and the dark sultry type is rare.

Swedish food is world renowned, and the way they wine and dine is fabulous. The main meal, and often the only real one, is in the evening and can take anything up to four hours to complete. Fish predominates and the main drink is lager. The famous *Schnapps* is only drunk with the first part of the meal, which resembles an overgrown *hors-d'œuvre*. Beware of *Schnapps*; four of them will put most people flat on their backs. The Swedes modestly admit that the Danes can do the job much better. If this is the case then Denmark must have the highest proportion of gastric ulcers in the world.

The memories that really stick in my mind are of a friendly people, a beautiful country and beautiful girls, excellent food, wonderful weather, and Laplanders charging £7 3s. 9d. to have their photograph taken in national costume.

D.N.W.

Three Hours to Midnight

A SHORT STORY

'WHENEVER you're ready. I've done the drills,' he said.

'Roger, sir.'

A clearance from tower, then I released the brakes, taxied forward to the flarepath, swung left, and progressively opened the throttle. There was a gradual push in the back, the flares rushed past, a concentration on instruments as she eased off the deck, then at 100 feet, undercarriage coming up. The familiar tingle ran down my spine as I settled into the climb. A medium turn right at 500 feet, and we climbed until downwind. New throttle setting, then I raced through the downwind drills. Undercarriage horn, brakes, undercarriage going down, mixture rich, carburettor air checked, revs up to 2,000, fuel checked and flap as required.

'Fife-seven, downwind.'

'Fife-seven, number two.'

I kept the roundel running down the flarepath until the opening reds appeared under trailing edge, then commenced base leg, closing the throttle to check the horn. I dropped 20 degrees of flap, and put on 12 inches of boost. The aircraft ahead was on roundout as I let go full flap on finals. At 200 feet I heard him call clear, and I continued in, checking to drop by number two flare. There was a crash then a rumble. A touch of left rudder, and I applied the brakes.

'Fife-seven, clear.'

Off the flarepath, stop, pull up the flaps, then we started on the long trek back to the marshalling post.

It was around nine o'clock when we overshot for the first time. The breeze was strengthening, and a slight wind gradient had formed over the row of pines that stood 100 yards back from the fence. This did not improve a bad approach so I decided to pull out and try again. Another aircraft had just taken off and was climbing away below, so I widened out my first turn to let him get well downwind. He called as we were coming up to circuit height.

'Four-niner, downwind.'

'Four-niner, number three, call finals.'

So it was Bob who was cutting me out. I levelled and did my drills. With the undercarriage down early it would be a slow leg. The taillight in front gave way to green as he turned in. I held my downwind call to let him get his finals one, but it did not come. Tower called an immediate overshoot, and the reply was only delayed about three seconds. It was a sudden, violent glare that reflected down off the canopy, overpowering the green glow of the instruments, dying away as the burning concentration spread itself through the trees. I can remember how pretty the dancing shadows looked as they flitted on the pasture short of the boundary. We could hear the crash alarm ringing in the background as tower called us to race track at 1,000. My instructor's voice seemed miles away.

'I have control. Undercarriage up, please.'

I was surprised to find I could not reply. I dumbly nodded my head and reached for the lever.

We circled for over an hour while they foamed over the blazing remains of four-nine. I remember little of that hour, only glimpses of a tragedy that was so far away yet so close to me. The headlights racing across the airfield and the huge arc light on the Coles crane that opened up the landscape to let those above see. There was chaos below, but stretching away to the north and east, the fairyland that was Christchurch, aglow and happy. Behind was the twinkling backdrop of the Cashmere Hills. The streets were alive with cars and lights and people, who went about ignorant of what had happened. As if sick at what it had seen, the moon retreated behind the blackness of a cloud, tingeing its edges a dirty white. The two of us were alone in the world, cut off by the metal walls and the dulling roar. Not tired, or ill, or frightened—just alone.

There were only two aircraft still in the circuit, and we were finally cleared to land at 10.15. My instructor brought us in, sweeping over the few square yards of ground that had been host to sudden death, to touchdown. As we taxied back to the hangar the Devons called for joining instructions.

The engine clanked to a standstill. I got out, unbuckled my parachute, and wandered slowly across the tarmac to the locker room. No one was there. The blank-faced lockers ignored my echoing footsteps. I fought back the burning tears, and tried to swallow the lump in my throat, fumbled for a cigarette, then sat down and lighted it. All the hot sweat that prickled my body suddenly turned cold, and I shivered, spilling hot

ash on my glove. I dragged the glowing cigarette a bright red and the warm smoke quietened the aching in my body. I slowly stood up and started to change.

When I got back to the mess the bar was open and crowded. All the boys and some of the instructors were there, with the Squadron Leader behind the counter. They were singing and laughing hollowly, trying to escape from the few seconds of horror they had known. Somebody shoved a glass into my hand. It was whisky. He said, 'Do you want someone to go with you to look after Carol?'

I stared at him, then memory flooded back. Carol was Bob's girl-friend. She and Sue were arriving on the midnight bus from Dunedin. It was to have been a wonderful week-end. I replied without thinking, 'No, I'll manage.'

Then as I reached for another glass I started to think. What the hell was I going to say? What would anyone say? If only she wasn't coming. Perhaps she wasn't. But I knew she was, and I was to meet her and tell her that Bob and love and. . . I lighted another cigarette and tried to think coherently. Drinking and smoking, I stood at the end of the counter, experimenting with words and phrases that would convey to her all I wanted to say, but nothing sounded right, so I gave up.

They closed the bar at about 11.15, and young men who now knew life, and its agony, crossed the road to the barracks. I could not be bothered with changing, so I collected my raincoat and walked round to the back of the mess. The Prefect stood there, bonnet, windows and roof opaque with frost. I wiped my elbow across the wind-screen and coaxed the engine into life.

I recall little of that five-mile drive to the bus terminal, along those fairy streets, now deserted, past shuttered shops and unlighted houses. The traffic lights winked as I passed, the cats-eyes in the centre of the road sparkled as I ran them down. I swung off the main street and parked some distance short of the terminal. As I walked towards the neon sign hanging above the pavement I tried to gather my wits. There was a police car parked on the other side of the road, and I looked back to see if I had turned the car lights off. There was quite a crowd there, huddled in small groups just inside the entrance. They all glanced at me, and I wished I had changed. I crossed to the enquiries office to ask if the coach was on time, but the clerk was talking to a

police-sergeant. I thought of the prowler car outside. I waited till he had finished, then bent down to the hole in the window.

'Is the midnight from Dunedin on time?'

The clerk hesitated, looked at the sergeant, then said slowly, 'I'm sorry, sir, but the bus skidded off the road and overturned just the other side of Ashburton.'

'What! . . . are you sure?' I asked stupidly.

'Yes, sir.'

'Was, was anybody hurt?' I felt a familiar feeling come rushing back.

'I'm sorry, sir, but we can't release any information until next-of-kin have been notified. Are you a near relative of anyone on the bus?'

I felt sick and answered weakly, 'No, not exactly, but two young ladies—one of them my fiancée, and the other a good friend. If you. . .'

At that moment the cop spoke up. 'I think it will be all right to tell the officer, Mr. Corbett.'

'Yes,' and he turned to the window again. 'What were the names, please?'

'Miss Carol Henley and Miss Susan Williams.' I replied hopefully.

He took a list out from a drawer, and I tried to see what was on it.

'Well, Miss Henley was unhurt. . . ' He ran his finger down the list. The thought of having to tell her about Bob on top of all this; what a hell of a night. He said something about Sue.

'What about Miss Williams?'

'She was killed almost instantly. The only fatality. Was she a close friend?'

I tried to say thank you, but my mouth dried up. I turned away from the window and for some reason I started to run. Run away from the talk, the light, and the people. The stupid people who gaped and did not and could not help in this moment of absolute despair. Out of the blinding light I ran, into the semi-darkness of the street. The moon came out and the frosty pavement glistened in the light. I cursed the moon, wrenched open the door of the car, and fell into the seat. I was drowning. I could taste the saltwater on my lips. Then I realised. I was crying—crying out for a love that once was mine, a love I had known and cherished. I sobbed uncontrollably, and collapsed on the steering wheel, its cold touch like death.

Outside the city slept. The haloed streetlights flicked off, leaving the deserted road a pale grey in the moonlight. In the distance a bell tolled midnight. A new day had begun.

W.R.D.



RUGBY

THE season began with an almost completely developed team ready to take the field. In fact the College team played only two days after the beginning of term against Leicester Colts XV. With only four exceptions it was the same team that was to play against Sandhurst two and a half months later. This can, with all due respect to past generations, be called one of the best teams to be produced by the College.

R.A.F. Cranwell were little trouble to the team, already well in its stride. Westleigh, three days later, provided a much closer match. Rosslyn Park fielded a rather weaker team than usual, as the result shows. The Harlequins provided a real trial, fielding a team including two internationals. The team played hard and well and for a time their chances looked good but the score itself reveals the Quins' ultimate superiority. Nottingham High School, Kesteven and Greenwich showed that there was an increasing tendency for the team to become over-confident. Greenwich revealed this danger by nearly winning a hard-fought but scrappy battle.

The team went to Henlow in a very different mood. This determination enabled them to defeat a strong Henlow side quite heavily. Dartmouth provided a most hard-fought game but the team stuck together well and scored heavily in the second half. Stonegate came between the two major matches of the term; it was a fast, lively game which kept the team at its best to meet Sandhurst. The Sandhurst match itself was a welcome finish to an excellent season.

The 1st XV owed much of their success to the captaincy of Martin. He has been captain for two years and in this period the team remained victorious in all the inter-College matches. He has been well supported amongst the backs by Digby the other centre and Mason on the wing, by Lane who always plays an excellent game at full-back and by Spencer and Freeman who have combined very well in the half-back positions. The pack was little changed, Melville being the only player who had not played before, and has developed through the season into an extremely well-drilled scrum, very well led on all occasions by Jago. Some of the line-out play has been remarkable and the number of tries scored by the scrum indicates its value in the loose. The team has combined well and done what it has been asked to do by its captain and pack leader.

The 2nd XV had a fairly successful season, the highlight probably being the defeat of Boston. They proved to be a very able team and produced first-class reserves for the 1st when necessary. P. P. W. Taylor, the captain, has done an excellent job for the team and his knowledge of the Junior Year's rugby players has proved indispensable

in both squadron and college rugby. The 3rd XV had a number of matches but not as many as they would have liked. They did, however, enjoy what rugby they played and came off the field, as did the 2nd XV, with honours fairly even.

R.M.A. Sandhurst

A large crowd including many local supporters, a *Telegraph* sports correspondent and, of course, the Cranwell partisans gathered to watch this most important match on a cold winter's afternoon. Sandhurst were reputed to have won their important matches in the first few minutes. The obvious answer was top pressure right from the whistle with the result that the pack was able to force a line-out near the Sandhurst line. The ball flew back to Spencer, Martin managed to make a sufficiently large opening for Digby to draw the full-back and send Garside over to score quite near the posts. Martin kicked the easy conversion for the additional two points. Again on the Sandhurst line the pack managed a short take and Melville picked up the ball from the loose and threw himself over the line for a second try. Martin was unable to kick the more difficult conversion on this occasion. After this play amongst the forwards became scrappier and the team lost its initial rhythm. Sandhurst fortunately failed to grasp this opportunity and play was indecisive for the rest of the half. As the scrum play fell off the Sandhurst forwards were able to give Freeman, at scrum-half, an uncomfortable time.

Play resumed at much the same tempo as the first half had closed on. Play, although hard and exciting, was very patchy for both packs were spoiling any attempts to open the game. Sandhurst gradually gained a measure of superiority which they held for some time but never seemed able to find the thrust to clinch their attack. Quite suddenly Cranwell were on top again and, pressing hard, were awarded a penalty in front of the Sandhurst posts. Martin's conversion was the signal for a constant attack on the Sandhurst line. After a further five minutes' top-speed rugby Melville again picked up out of a loose scrum and sent Holbourn crashing through the Sandhurst defence for another try, and a third goal set a seal on Martin's kicking during the match. Cranwell attacked continuously for the remaining minutes of the match and it is a tribute to the stout Sandhurst defence that there was no further score.

Cranwell managed to win the match in two all-out periods of attack. During these attacks they appeared the superior side, the three-quarters constantly menacing the Sandhurst defence and the scrum making ground by furious rushes. However, for the rest of the match there

was little to choose between the two teams, the Sandhurst backs, while very sound in defence, never looked really dangerous in attack. In the scrum Cranwell were weakest in the tight but played very well in the line-out and the loose, something which stemmed from the grand work put in by Jago as pack leader. Although this game did not become as close and tense as these matches often do, it was nonetheless a good, hard-fought battle between two first-class teams.

B.R.N.C. Dartmouth

The College team were at full strength with the exception of scrum-half Freeman, for whom Cohu substituted. Conditions fortunately were dry but the pitch looked as though it had been very wet not long before. From the start the game began at a furious pace which both sides maintained throughout. The Dartmouth pack were considerably lighter than Cranwell but made up for this by great speed and determination in the loose. Behind the scrum a good, sound three-quarter line with Melhuish the captain and fly-half outstanding. Martin and Digby, the Cranwell centres, had the greatest difficulty because of the solid tackling of the Dartmouth backs and wing-forwards. Shortly before half-time Spencer did manage to get through following a scrum on the Dartmouth line and scored near the corner flag. Shortly after this McCluney received a blow on the head but was fortunately able to play on despite suffering from concussion for the rest of the game.

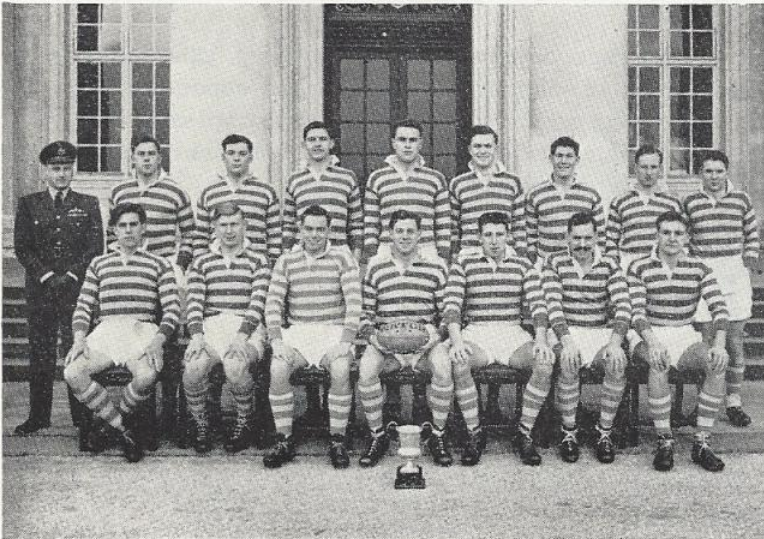
The second half started with the score three points to nil in Cranwell's favour but Dartmouth converted two of a series of penalty kicks awarded to them and thus took the lead. This spurred the Cranwell forwards on to much greater efforts and they got progressively more of the ball as the fast pace tired the Dartmouth pack. This effort was rewarded when McCluney, still concussed, intercepted a pass and ran away from the Dartmouth full-back to score under the posts. Martin converted to put Cranwell in the lead once again. As the result of fine passing movements among the forwards Blockey scored a further try, which when converted took the score to 13-6. This was

the last score in a fast game which had emphasised the fitness of the forwards. Cranwell had a slight advantage here and it resulted in the two tries towards the end of the game. Although Cranwell had the benefit of greater weight in the tight scrums the lighter Dartmouth pack was faster in the loose. The Dartmouth defence regularly stopped any attacks the Cranwell three-quarters attempted. This was a very equal game in which the Cranwell team again found enough energy for a finishing burst which enabled them to win.

R.A.F. Technical Cadets, Henlow

Henlow were confident of their chances of beating Cranwell for the first time since the two colleges started playing against each other. Among the many spectators were the Chief of the Air Staff and the Commanders-in-Chief of Flying Training and Technical Training Commands. Cranwell, aware of the occasion, attacked strongly from the start but the Henlow defence survived these initial trials. Play became very even but the Cranwell pack eventually achieved a measure of superiority, both scrum and line-out, with the result that Henlow's promising three-quarters had little of the ball. In contrast the Cranwell three-quarters who had a constant service from the scrum made too many mistakes to make the best use of the scrum's hard work. Cranwell opened the scoring when Martin kicked a penalty goal shortly before the interval.

The second half started on much the same note with the backs still failing to make the best use of the many passes from the scrum. Suddenly Spencer produced two dazzling swerves which confused the Henlow defence just long enough for him to drop a goal. This served to knit the Cranwell three-quarters together and they were from then on constantly harrying the Henlow defence. Cranwell's next points came from a penalty converted by Martin. He followed this shortly afterwards with a long run from the half-way line to score an unconverted try. By now Cranwell were in control of the game and Digby, following his own kick ahead, was able to score the final goal which brought the score to 17-0. Henlow resisted all further attacks and the game ended with Cranwell still pressing hard.



RUGBY

Back Row: Sqn Ldr W. G. Wood, F.C. A. C. E. Holbourn, U.O. J. Blockey, F.C. C. Green, F.C. J. Laycock, F.C. A. Garside, F.C. B. I. Mason, F.C. T. V. Spencer, F.C. R. E. M. Freeman
Front Row: F.C. C. C. Lane, F.C. J. Digby, S.F.C. D. Gibson, S.U.O. P. S. Martin (capt.), F.C. G. McCluney, F.C. W. P. Jago, F.C. D. R. Kuun

Henlow's hopes of victory ended once the Cranwell scrum asserted its superiority, the threequarters, which were Henlow's strongest weapon, consequently got too little chance to sustain any dangerous attacks. Cullen, who was playing in place of Gibson, hooked well and won many of the tight scrums for Cranwell. For much of the game, however, the three-quarters failed to make full use of this tremendous advantage and the ball went loose much too often. Cranwell won this match largely by keeping possession of the ball for much of the time while Henlow countered by stout defensive play.

Chimay

All three matches were played in dry and fast conditions. On paper 'A' Squadron looked to have the best team. They had the two College centres in Martin and Digby plus some very useful people in the scrum. 'B' Squadron for their first game had an average pack, although lacking a hooker, the College halves, and safe, although not dangerous, three-quarters. 'C' Squadron played Holbourn and Kuun, whose presence, if not always his play, can be terrifying.

The matches started with 'B' v. 'C.' 'C' started off strongly and it looked as though the game would be quite an interesting struggle. But after about 15 minutes 'B' squadron broke through and Spencer scored near the posts. After that 'C,' although not giving up, could not maintain the pressure. The final score was 'B' won 23-0.

The next game, 'A' v. 'C,' proved to be quite a surprise. 'A,' with obviously the strongest side, were supremely confident. But they had quite a struggle and were lucky to win by a goal and a penalty to two tries.

The final decider for the cup, 'A' v. 'B,' proved to be the biggest shock of the season. 'B' squadron lost, for various reasons, no fewer than eight of their regulars, including six 1st XV players. A team was eventually produced with non-experienced players in the majority. The game looked to be a formality. But the 'B' Squadron pack proved that plenty of spirit is more than useful in a squadron game. Glennie, a cross-country runner, played particularly well, as did many others of the Juniors. Coulcher scored a try and Mason kicked a penalty for 'B' to win the match (6-0) and the cup.

RUGBY RESULTS

1st XV

Sept. 14	Leicester Colts...	(a)	11- 9	(w)
18	R.A.F. Cranwell	(h)	27- 0	(w)
21	Westleigh	(a)	5- 0	(w)
28	Rosslyn Park	(a)	22- 6	(w)
Oct. 12	Harlequins	(a)	8-22	(l)
16	Notts H.S.	(a)	16- 0	(w)
19	Kesteven	(h)	16- 3	(w)
30	R.N.C. Greenwich	(h)	8- 6	(w)
Nov. 2	R.A.F. Technical Cadets, Henlow	(a)	17- 0	(w)
13	R.A.F. XV	(h)	9-18	(l)
16	R.N.C. Dartmouth	(a)	13- 6	(w)
23	Stoneygate	(h)	8- 3	(w)
30	R.M.A. Sandhurst	(h)	16- 0	(w)

Played 13, Won 11, Lost 2, Points for 176, Points against 73.

CROSS-COUNTRY

An encouraging one hundred per cent success record for our first five non-league races of the season vindicated our hopes and rewarded early training. Our team had essentially the same members as last season, strengthened by the valuable addition of Glennie of 76. Harrington and Ryan ably led the team in practice and raced in their positions of captain and vice-captain respectively.

Our sixth match, a defeat by the Royal Naval College, was shattering and totally unexpected. They proved that flat fast running cannot be changed to the slower and more powerful stride required by steep hills and were the superior team.

The following weekend was spent in London, in a five-sided match, mainly against Imperial College. They narrowly beat our first team into second place. Sandhurst weekend came next, and a close match ensued, with their team the victors over the home course of six and a half miles.

Defeat came again the following week against Lincoln Wellington Athletic Club, who are one of the best local clubs and always send a strong team against us. Clark of Lincoln Wellington, one of the top Royal Air Force runners, broke his own record for the course in very unpleasant conditions.



CROSS-COUNTRY

Back Row: F.C. P. Atkins, F.C. D. W. Lee, F.C. J. S. Pilgrim-Morris, F.C. W. G. Glennie

Front Row: F.C. P. E. Wormald, U.O. M. V. P. Harrington (capt.), S.F.C. M. A. F. Ryan, F.C. A. A. G. Woodford

Our last home match of the term was against the Technical Cadets, Henlow. Over a shortened course, at their request, we gained the first six places to win by the maximum margin.

At the beginning of the term the College entered the North Midlands Cross-Country League. Because of half-term, we were fourteenth out of fifteen in the first race at Lincoln. In the second race the team was eighth, running at full strength. The third race was used as an experiment as our team was as it would be next term. We again gained eighth position to give an overall position for the races of ninth, with one race to finish the league next term.

Considering the team's running, the most notable and encouraging feature has been the grouping of runners to help each other instead of the common 'I am against everyone' attitude. This has resulted in a better team spirit and has contributed very much to the overall improvements of everybody's times compared with those for corresponding races last season.

The four most consistent runners have been Harrington, Ryan, Wormall, the new captain, and Woodford. Harrington's running takes first place for his wins against Dartmouth and Sandhurst. However, on other occasions Wormall particularly has been first man home. Valuable support has also been rendered by Lee, Glennie, Atkins, the new vice-captain, and Pilgrim-Morris.

The second team have naturally been overshadowed by the first; they should remember that success in running comes from effort.

Last but not least, Squadron Leader Sandford is thanked for his continual support and interest in the Cross-Country Club.

Full Colours were awarded to Woodford. Half Colours were awarded to Glennie and Atkins.

Sandhurst Week-end

Sandhurst beat Dartmouth, Dartmouth beat Cranwell. This was hardly an encouraging background to our match. Set against this was the fact that the home team had won each time on two very different types of cross-country courses. The Cranwell course was, in turn, different to both of these.

Our strength lay in a fit team that was essentially the same in composition but relatively faster than that which beat Dartmouth and drew with Sandhurst last year. The Sandhurst team members were mainly first year cadets and were extremely confident. However, they did not expect an easy win.

After the customary photographs the Commandant started the race at 1130. As briefed, Cranwell made a fast start and bunched in front with three Sandhurst men close behind. This remained the position over the first mile. Then the pace began to take its toll, and Harrington and Wormall with the three Sandhurst leaders forged ahead. The remainder of the field was spread out in a line behind.

At the three-mile mark positions were almost unchanged, with both teams on an equal footing for the second half of the race. From the long road stretch to the Officers' married quarters the positions remained unchanged. However, along the range and edge of the wood, a mile from the finish, Ryan and Woodford closed up and overtook one of the Sandhurst runners. With half a mile to go there were then three Sandhurst and three Cranwell runners within fifteen yards of each other.

All was set for a close and exciting finish, particularly for the Sandhurst supporters as their runners proved the faster. Harrington won the race; thus completing a most creditable record in these inter-College matches.

By superior packing and faster finishing Sandhurst deservedly won this match by the small margin of eight points.

As a footnote, comparison between the College times for this year compared with those of the same runners against Dartmouth over the same course last year, showed an average improvement of two minutes!

A.A.G.W.

CROSS-COUNTRY RESULTS

Oct. 5	1st College 'A'	(a)	37
	2nd Boston A.C.		55
	3rd College 'B'		79
12	1st College 'A'		41
	2nd Boston A.C.		50
	3rd Peterborough H.	(h)	87
19	4th College 'B'		133
	1st College 'A'		23
26	2nd Leicester University	(h)	57
	College 14th of 15 in North Midlands League	(a)	—
30	1st College 'A'		28
	2nd Nottingham University 'A'	(h)	33
	3rd Nottingham University 'B'		59
	4th College 'B'		101
Nov. 9	8th of 15 in North Midlands League...	(a)	—
	1st R.N.C. Dartmouth... ..	(a)	32
23	2nd College		46
	1st Imperial College		63
	2nd College 'A'		75
	3rd Southampton	(a)	76
30	4th Ranelagh H.		94
	5th College 'B'		210
	1st R.M.A. Sandhurst	(h)	36
Dec. 7	2nd College		44
	1st Repton School	(a)	—
	2nd College 'B'		—
11	1st Lincoln Wellington A.C.	(h)	26
	2nd College		54
14	1st College	(h)	15
	2nd R.A.F. Technical Cadets, Henlow		57
	8th of 15 in North Midlands League...	(a)	—

SHOOTING

The Autumn term of 1957 was most encouraging for members of the Shooting Section. Consistent high scores gave both teams confidence. They were able to win all their matches except that at Dartmouth, which was a near miss.

The beginning of the term was devoted to practice. The teams were showing a high average score when we had our first match. This was with Birmingham University, and we won by 16 points with an average of 97.8 out of a possible 100. This average increased later in the term to 98.8 in a match against Cambridge University. This was the first time that the College has beaten the Cambridge team, and this raised our morale and our prestige in the shooting fraternity.

The 'B' team shot two matches during the term. The first was against Oundle School, and the second was with the 'A' team at Cambridge University. Both were won decisively. The 'B' team maintained a very good standard of shooting throughout the term. It came very near to beating the 'A' team in the two Inter-Team competitions that were held.

The club preferred to shoot side-by-side matches this season. The policy was successful. Throughout the last season the maximum target score of 100 was obtained 11 times. During the first half of this season this score has been achieved no less than 48 times. There was one day on which six of these maximum scores were shot.

Some of the success of this term can be attributed to the Mk. 8 rifles and the good ammunition that the club is buying. However, by far the greater part is the result of the effort and enthusiasm that the club members are now putting into their shooting.



SHOOTING

Back Row: F.C. C. Parkin, S.F.C. R. L. Thomas, F.C. P. Ashcroft, F.C. R. Baker, F.C. R. Meredith, F.C. J. North, F.C. S. Meredith, Mr F. G. Collins (coach)
Front Row: F.C. J. R. Morgan, F.C. J. N. Turner, F.C. B. B. Rea, F.C. M. J. Dicken (capt.), S.F.C. D. H. Scott, F.C. I. Sinclair

Turner, Rea, Morgan and Sinclair achieved their full colours this term. Half colours were awarded to North, Parkin and Ashcroft.

The members of the three teams for the Inter-Squadron Competition were chosen from those who shot regularly for the College. All the competitors shot very well, but the trophy was won by 'A' Squadron with the exceptional score of 399 out of a maximum possible score of 400.

B.B.R.

SOCCER

The College 1st XI, captained by Rogers faced the new season with a certain degree of confidence, having six players from the previous season's team. Humphrey forsook cross-country to become a very useful full-back, together with de Garès, who gave up hockey for soccer. The only player of 1st XI standard in the new entry was McDowall who took a regular place at inside-forward.

The opening match was a difficult one, against a very strong R.A.F. Cranwell 1st XI. Though losing 3-0, the College XI showed promise. A planned trip to Guernsey was unfortunately cancelled, and the next match, two weeks later, saw the College defeated one goal to nil by Lincoln City School. This losing trend continued and the College, playing badly, lost successively to Leicester University, Loughborough College and Repton School; in the latter match there were eight players missing, largely because of the ravages of Asian 'flu.

At half-term the record was very poor indeed, the team not having scored one goal, and a rather dispirited side returned to play the Stock Exchange F.C. in the first round of the Argonaut Cup. The College here scored their first goal, but were well and truly beaten by 11 goals to 1.

At Nottingham the first taste of victory was gained, rather more convincingly than the score suggested. Argentine air cadets were our next opponents, and a victory of 8-0 by the College was marred only by the injury to Blewitt, the goalkeeper, who collided with a goal-post, a disturbing occurrence with the Dartmouth match only one week ahead. However, Blewitt was fit in time for the match which is reported at length elsewhere. Before the Dartmouth game, a final try-out was against R.A.F. Cranwell 2nd XI, whom we beat 3-2. This match

was repeated after the match at Dartmouth; the College repeated their victory, this time by four goals to one, all four scored by centre-forward McDowall.

A fixture welcomed this year was that with an Old Cranwellian XI, containing several of last year's team. This match was an even struggle, eventually won by the College by three goals to two. Confidence was held by all for the match with Sandhurst but the outcome was two goals to one in Sandhurst's favour. The final match of the term was against the Lincolnshire Constabulary and last year's narrow home victory for the College was repeated by one goal to nil.

The 2nd XI started their season in rather better form than did the 1st XI, but their first two wins, in the first two games, proved also to be their last, though with a constantly changing side several good displays were given.

Both teams owe thanks to Flight Lieutenant Peters and Flight Lieutenant Porter for the time spent in supervision and organization. Flight Lieutenant Porter especially has been appearing often in training sessions both on the field and in the gymnasium, besides lending the weight of his words to all in tactics talks. Mr Simpson, too, has spent much time and energy on the teams, and we thank him also.

Full colours were awarded to Holpin and Cloke and half colours to Blewitt and Humphrey.

R.C.

R.M.A. Sandhurst

The morning was crisp and cold but bright with a light wind blowing across the pitch. The ground was firm but wet grass soon made the ball heavy and slippery. A game based on accurate low passing suited the conditions, and realising this early in the first half the R.M.A. team was successful in forcing the College on to the defensive. The College did not keep the ball low and long passes went astray. Later the College wingers, Holpin and Barrett, were worked harder but the College side could not produce its usual form.

The College defence was strongly tested in the first half by a strong R.M.A. forward line and de Garis at right-back was tackling with spirit and frequently having to clear our lines with strong clearances. Blewitt, the College goalkeeper, was hurt at one point and shortly afterwards

the R.M.A. scored their first goal which resulted more from a lapse in defence than Sandhurst strategy. The College forward line became more forceful, the cross-passing and interchanging of position between McDowall and Barrett making good openings. After thirty minutes Barrett missed a golden opportunity to level the scores by shooting past the post with the goal virtually at his mercy. Rogers was playing well feeding the centre and wings but Cloke's performance was being marred by bad passing.

Hopes were raised by a lively start to the second half by the College and play was kept in the Sandhurst half. McDowall's head intercepted a good cross from the wing and Pennicott, the R.M.A. goalkeeper, did well to divert the ball for a corner. Later Le Brocq was sandwiched just outside the R.M.A. penalty area and a free kick was awarded, though the advantage rule could well have been applied for Barrett had been left with the ball a very few yards from an unprotected goal-mouth. Many good moves by the College were finished badly in the penalty area and McDowall particularly seemed loath to shoot. A mishap by Pennicott nearly resulted in a goal for the College but Sandhurst cleared, broke away and put the College further in arrears with a headed goal. Immediate retaliation followed and the College was rewarded by a fine goal from McDowall which had resulted from a Holpin centre. The game now degenerated as the tiredness of the teams became increasingly apparent, and it became uninteresting apart from one or two goal-mouth scrambles. One good movement between Holpin, Cloke and Le Brocq, reminiscent of former Cranwellian soccer, nearly produced an equaliser, but in general the soccer had become poor and no more goals were scored.

This was a disappointing game for the College. The inside forwards lacked drive and the forward line as a whole did not shoot nearly enough. Apart from this the wingers played well, Holpin especially. Of the defence, Saye, De Garis and Adams were the soundest, Rogers, the captain, played a fine game in attack as well as defence, and Blewitt controlled the slippery ball well. Two members of the Sandhurst team were outstanding. They were Awalludin, a Malay, at left-half, and Nwajie, a Nigerian, on the left-wing. This pair produced most of the R.M.A. attacks, especially in the second half.

D.H.J.D.

B.R.N.C. Dartmouth

The College faced this match with much confidence, having fully recovered from the disastrous start to the season, and at this point having won their last three matches quite convincingly.

The weather on the day of the match was ideal and it seemed a high standard of play was ensured. Play was fast from the start, and after about ten minutes the College captain, Rogers, playing at centre-forward, was on the spot to score when the Dartmouth goalkeeper failed to hold a cross from the right wing. This lead was short-lived, however, the Dartmouth centre-forward heading a fine goal off a cross from the left wing. Soon after, Dartmouth took the lead when their inside-right scored with a strong, well-placed shot.

After this setback Rogers moved back to his normal position at left-half, Lucas taking over at centre-forward. Within a few minutes, while closing a long through pass, Lucas collided with the goalkeeper and fractured a leg.

The Cranwell team showed remarkable spirit after this setback, and fought hard to equalise. An offer was made allowing Cranwell to play a substitute, but Rogers declined this offer, noting the fight shown by the team. Shortly after this their sterling efforts were rewarded when the left-winger, Holpin, moved into the centre to

net a pass from Rogers. Thus at the interval the score stood at two goals each.

At the beginning of the second half the Cranwell team showed the same speed and determination to such effect that one spectator remarked that he could not believe they were playing one man short. Throughout the second half the game continued fast and even with hard tackling from both sides.

After half an hour, Dartmouth once more took the lead, when a rather speculative shot from the left-half, about 30 yards out, floated over Blewitt's head into the net, Blewitt having been unsuspected by players nearer the goal. Cranwell fought harder still, and with time running out, Le Brocq drove the ball into the net from fifteen yards. The whistle ended the game five minutes later.

Full marks must go to a Cranwell team which, faced with the loss of Lucas after only a quarter of an hour, played the rest of the match with exceptional speed, determination and skill.

R.C.

Chimay

The Chimay Competition, as far as soccer was concerned, provided much the same picture as last year, 'B' Squadron again having six players from the College 1st XI.

In the first match 'B' played 'C', both teams fully aware that the corresponding game last year had produced a shock result, 'C' Squadron winning narrowly.

From the start the comparatively inexperienced 'C' Squadron players combined well, especially in the forward line, and 'B' fell into the same trap as last year and they became rather flustered. Colwell scored from two well-taken chances, and 'C' seemed set to repeat last year's win. However, as 'B' began to settle down results came and Barrett scored twice to level the scores.

In the second half 'B' Squadron played a more worthy brand of soccer and added four goals through Holpin and Cloke, who both scored twice. The final score of 6-2 indicated 'B' Squadron's second half supremacy, but the less experienced 'C' Squadron team must be commended for their first half display, which for a while completely unsteadied the 'B' Squadron XI.

The second match, three weeks later, saw a keenly contested game between 'A' and 'C' Squadrons. Both teams were unfortunate in being short of players, again due to Asian flu. 'A' Squadron were exceptionally unfortunate, having to play without three players of first team experience, including Humphrey, the captain.

The game was not of a high standard but was notable for the spirit shown. 'C' Squadron players were pressing for much of the game, and indeed it was they who scored first, the goal coming from Colwell. 'A' Squadron soon equalised through Andrews, only to see Le Brocq give 'C' Squadron the lead once more.

Again 'A' Squadron equalised, this time the goal being scored by Kennedy from the right wing. 'C' Squadron kept up the pressure, however, and in the closing minutes of the game victory was assured with another goal scored by Le Brocq. 'C' Squadron, though wasting more chances than 'A,' deserved victory, if only for attacking for most of the game.

In the final game 'B' Squadron met 'A,' the former being assured of overall victory by either winning or drawing.

From the beginning 'B' Squadron showed themselves to be the better team, playing fast and accurate soccer, but 'A' Squadron, inspired by the example of the captain, Humphrey, fought extremely well to hold a rather more experienced team. This pattern was kept up throughout the game, goals coming at regular intervals for 'B'

Squadron. Holpin, on the left wing, though out of his more usual position of left-half, scored a hat-trick. The scoring was completed by a long, accurate lob from 'B' Squadron's right-half, Saye.

The final score was 4-0 in 'B' Squadron's favour, 'B' thus winning the soccer section of the Chimay Competition. Rogers, the captain, received the trophy from Mrs Parselle, and a well-satisfied team left the field.

R.C.

BOXING

This season we were able to fight only two matches, against Belsize B.C. and Oxford University. The former was fought in London and was won by four bouts to one. Cranwell started rather badly with M. Johnson losing on a technical knock-out to a coloured Belsize boxer. He was most unlucky in running into a very hard right swing early on and getting up too early he laid himself open to further heavy punishment and the referee intervened to stop the bout. Browne, boxing next, was up against Houghton, a very experienced boxer. It took Browne some time to adjust himself to Houghton's very powerful and accurate straight left, but in the second and third rounds he got his opponent's measure, gained complete mastery and was a well-deserved winner. B. Johnson, another newcomer to the side, put on a very polished performance, punching accurately and strongly with both hands he completely subjugated his opponent and the bout was stopped early in the second round. Goodman, yet another member of the new entry, was next to enter the ring, but not for long. He completely mastered his opponent with strong swings and hooks with both hands and the bout was stopped in his favour before the end of the first round. Melville, our heavyweight, was matched against a very experienced and large naval commander. Although a little shaken in the first round, he soon pulled himself together and spent the rest of the bout driving his opponent around the ring and was given a well-deserved verdict.

We were next visited by the Oxford University B.C. Owing to illness on both sides it was reduced to six bouts, of which Cranwell won four. Kennedy was first to box, and against a vastly more experienced boxer he put up a very plucky performance, but the referee was forced to stop it toward the end of the first round. M. Johnson gave an extremely courageous performance again but he took a fairly heavy blow in the third round and the referee thought it wise to stop the bout. Browne gave another first-class performance and won very comfortably on points against a fairly useful opponent. Goodman also had very little trouble and won decisively on points. B. Johnson was in complete control of his bout but try as he might he was unable to put his opponent, a plucky Scotsman, down for the count. He was an easy winner on points. Cranwell were now leading 3-2 and Cleaver, fighting a larger opponent, brought it up to 4-2. It was a fairly close bout, with Cleaver having trouble with the larger reach of the Oxford man, but he soon started to get inside and score heavily, and was named winner of a closely fought bout.

With only two matches fought, it is difficult to assess next term's chances against Sandhurst. We have two first-class boxers in B. Johnson and Browne who are well supported by Cleaver, M. Johnson, Goodman and Melville, so it might well prove a strong basis for the team against Sandhurst. We are now without the services of Jewell as well as Freeman, so the main burden rests upon the newcomers. In beating Belsize we won the Nutting Trophy, the first time we have done so since its introduction five years ago and this might be a good sign for our chances against Sandhurst.

R.E.M.F.

HOCKEY

On paper both 1st and 2nd XI's seemed to have little chance of success. Admittedly we did not win as many matches as we would have liked but nevertheless both teams never stopped trying. Many results seemed to indicate our opponents' superiority but the matches were never one-sided. The games we won were always against good teams when we seemed to rise to the occasion. Worthy of note is the match against the Gamekeepers who had many county players, past and present, in their side. The College emerged victorious by four goals to nil after a very hard and fast game. We seemed to adopt the necessary co-operation and co-ordination between attack and defence which has not always been prevalent this term.

We were unfortunate in not having the playing services of our captain, Shrimpton, who had slipped a disc during the summer leave. However, once out of Nocton Hall he gave full verbal support to the team, whether umpiring or just hobbling along the touchline. Curtin, Williams and Marshall have acted as captain on various occasions. Shrimpton's substitute, Styles, played well although at times he was not quite quick enough when attack suddenly switched to defence. Walters was the mainstay of the defence, his stick-work being impeccable. The attack was a little erratic; next term we must concentrate on a firmer bond between forwards and backs. We have a full fixture list to look forward to including matches against Sandhurst, Dartmouth and the Royal Air Force Inter-Command Champions.

The 2nd XI, led with considerable enthusiasm by M. G. Simmons, had a similar term to the first XI. On many occasions they were unfortunate but potentially they are a good side.

We ended the Autumn term on a sad note for we learned that Squadron Leader E. L. Macro, who has been officer i/c hockey for some time, was leaving us. We thank him very sincerely for his undaunted support and wish him and his family every success and good fortune in their new home. Flight Lieutenant Martindale succeeds Squadron Leader Macro as officer i/c hockey and to him we extend a welcome.

During the term full colours were awarded to Phillips, Wallis and Williamson.

M.E.W.

HOCKEY

1st XI RESULTS

Sept. 21	(h)	R.A.F.C.	3	Spalding	4	(l)
28	(a)	R.A.F.C.	1	Brigg	1	(d)
Oct. 9	(h)	R.A.F.C.	4	The Gamekeepers	0	(w)
12	(a)	R.A.F.C.	1	Lincoln Imps	3	(l)
19	(h)	R.A.F.C.	2	Brigg	3	(l)
30	(h)	R.A.F.C.	1	Lincolnshire Poachers	4	(l)
Nov. 2	(h)	R.A.F.C.	1	R.A.F. Cranwell	3	(l)
9	(a)	R.A.F.C.	1	Appleby-Frodingham	5	(l)
16	(a)	R.A.F.C.	2	St. John's, Cambridge	3	(l)
20	(h)	R.A.F.C.	2	Leicester University	2	(d)
23	(a)	R.A.F.C.	3	R.N.C. Greenwich	2	(w)
30	(a)	R.A.F.C.	2	R.A.F.T.C. Henlow	1	(w)
Dec. 7	(a)	R.A.F.C.	0	Kingston	6	(l)

SQUASH

We began the season with four of last season's team, Andrews, Cliff, Cohu and Haller, but unfortunately Cohu injured himself early in the term and never came back into the limelight. Besides these four there were several new players from 76 Entry among whom Horsfall, Price and Kingston played regularly for the team with Volkers and Read acting as very sound reserves.

With both the Sandhurst and Dartmouth matches in

the Spring term, the Winter term is almost expressly used for seeking out the best team for these our most important fixtures. A great deal of match experience has been gained in the ten matches played this term and the records are most impressive.

Three matches, those against Abbeydale, Nottingham University and Henlow, were cancelled at the last minute. We will, however, meet Henlow when they bring a team to Cranwell next term.

R.A.F. Waddington and Nottingham S.R.C. provided the toughest opposition and in both cases we just managed to scrape home to win. The match against Waddington was played on our courts, and the first three strings, Andrews, Cliff and Horsfall, won comfortably, but Price, who played Flight Lieutenant Streatfield, an Old Cranwellian, and Haller failed to get the necessary points. Nottingham S.R.C. were played at Nottingham where the hospitality was excellent. Andrews, who did not quite hit his usual form, lost to a more experienced player and Horsfall just failed to win the fifth game in the most closely contested match of the term. Cliff, Price and Haller won in excellent matches.

After our defeat by R.N.C. Greenwich at the beginning of the year, we went to Greenwich this term determined to win. The opposition, however, was not as tough as we anticipated and Andrews, Horsfall, Kingston and Haller

won comfortably with Price losing in the fifth game of his match.

On 2nd December Mr Charles Rupell, a professional coach from Dorset, came to Cranwell. The demand for coaching was encouragingly high, and during the week Mr Rupell was here he was able to give 36 cadets the benefit of his experience.

At the end of this term only Cliff will be leaving, so that with Andrews as a strong number-one string and with Horsfall, Price, Kingston and Haller to back him we hope we can look forward to similar success in the future.

We should like to thank Flight Lieutenant Dawes who succeeded Flight Lieutenant Davies as officer i/c squash for his help and guidance throughout the last term.

J.S.B.P.

SQUASH RESULTS

R.A.F. Waddington	3-2	(w)
Nottingham S.R.C.	3-2	(w)
Leicester University	5-0	(w)
Queens' College, Cambridge	4-1	(w)
Leicester University	2-3	(l)
R.A.F. Upwood	4-1	(w)
Balliol College, Oxford	5-0	(w)
R.N.C. Greenwich	4-1	(w)
R.A.F. Syerston	4-1	(w)

and a 2nd V match against Queens' College, Cambridge, which we won 5-0.

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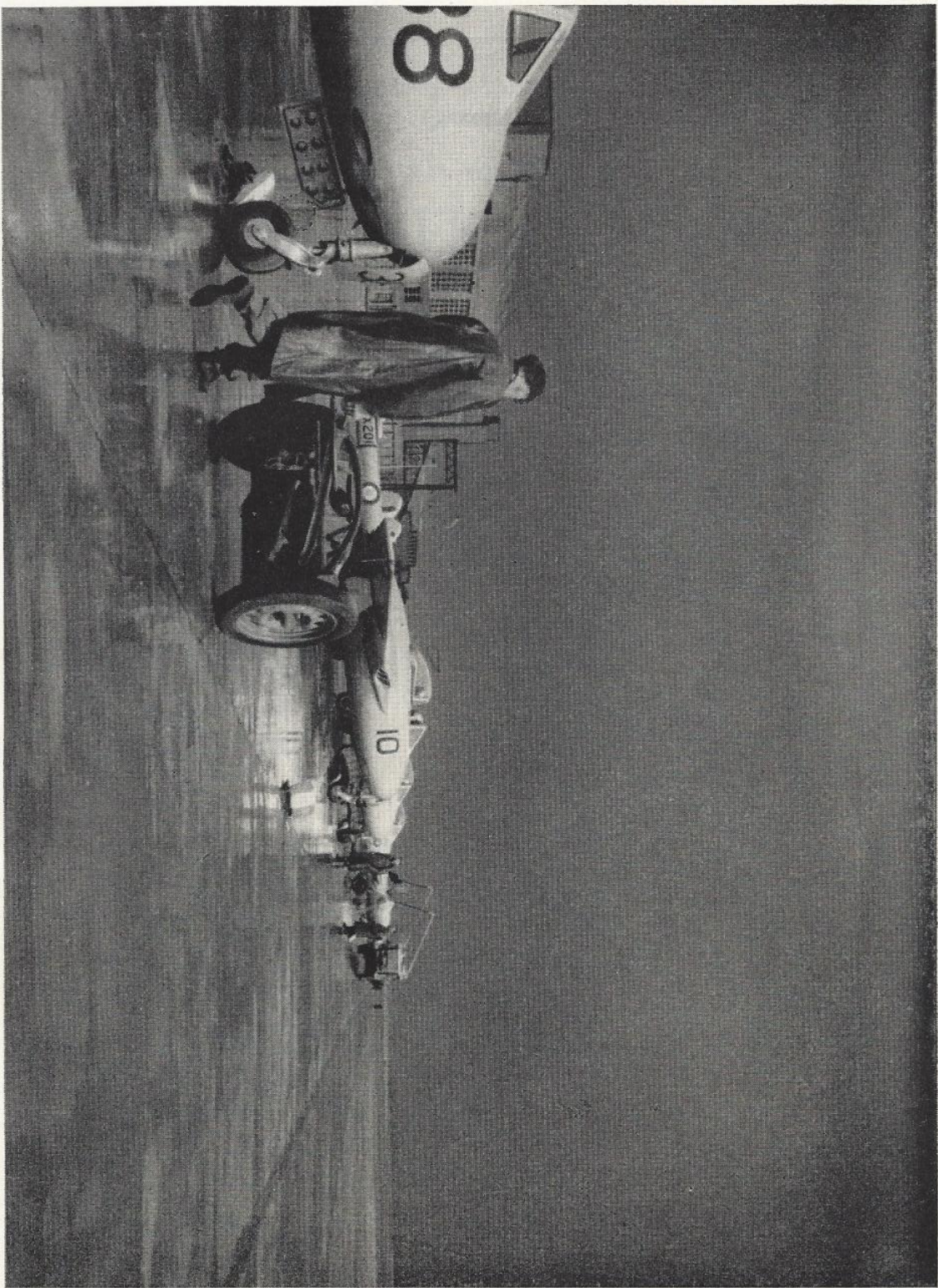
THE
ROYAL AIR FORCE
COLLEGE



JOURNAL

CRANWELL JULY 1958

VOL. XXX NO. 2



SOUTH AIRFIELD

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE COLLEGE JOURNAL

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THE JOURNAL

The Royal Air Force College Journal is published three times a year, at the end of March, July 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 fortieth anniversary of the founding of the Royal Air Force fell within the period recorded in this edition of *The Journal*. We are honoured to reproduce a small section of the speech made by Her Majesty the Queen after the dinner given by the Air Council at Bentley Priory on 1st April, 1958:

‘ . . . All that is proud history but our concern now is for the future. I suppose there has never been a time when new ideas and achievements were coming forward so quickly. The old leather flying coat and helmet of the early days have already given way to the pressure suit; we can be sure that when we celebrate your half century the Service will look different from what it does today. But the task will be the same—to prevent war by being prepared to frustrate any knavish tricks.

‘ . . . I am certain that on your 50th birthday, those who are left of that cheerful band of officers and airmen who remember the Service from its earliest beginnings, will look with admiration upon a new generation of young men and women, flying the aircraft, controlling the missiles and working the magically complex equipment of a Royal Air Force that will still be young in spirit. And it is to that spirit and to your great Service that I now ask you to rise and drink a toast.’

At Cranwell the day was marked by the passing out of No. 72 Entry. The commissioning of this entry brought the total number of officers who have entered the Service from Cranwell up to a total of one short of 2,000. The Reviewing Officer was Air Chief Marshal Sir George Mills, K.C.B., D.F.C., A.D.C., Commander Allied Air Forces Central Europe, who was himself among the first 50 to pass out from the College and who is the second Old Cranwellian to act as Reviewing Officer for this parade. We give an account of the day’s activities elsewhere. It may be of interest to record that the inspecting officer when Sir George Mills passed out (as one of the three prize winners) was Air Vice-Marshal Sir John Salmond, K.C.B., C.M.G., C.V.O., D.S.O. (as he then was). In the course of his address Sir John Salmond read a

message from the then Secretary of State for Air who at the last moment was prevented from attending. In this he said:

‘ . . . for I believe that it would be difficult to exaggerate the influence which these cadets will have in moulding the future of the Royal Air Force. . . . They will become the seniors and therefore the pattern and example for the generations which will follow them through this College.

‘I have no doubt that they fully realize the responsibilities attaching to their positions, and that they are alive to the fact that they cannot avoid being the criterion by which the world will form its judgement of the . . . College. . . . Yet this is not all, for they have an even greater task than this—nothing less than the creation of those standards of life, of service and of thought which will presently become the living traditions of the great Service to which they belong.

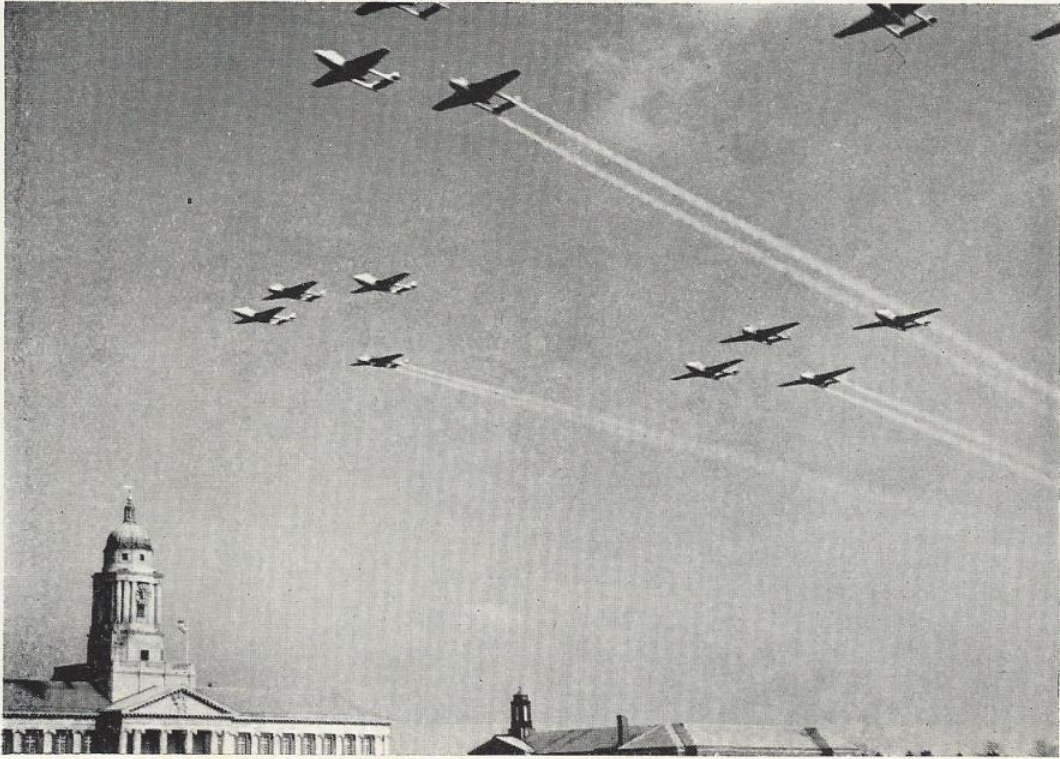
‘Here indeed is a task worthy of the best endeavour of the best among us—yet none can do it in the place of these cadets. It is their own task, their own supreme privilege, and, whether they do it well or ill, they cannot evade this destiny.’

Captain the Right Honourable Sir Frederick Guest, C.B.E., D.S.O., M.P., did not live to see his charge passed on in this quasi-apostolic succession to another generation of flight cadets.

Wings and prizes were presented to members of No. 72 Entry by the Commandant on 31st March. Senior Flight Cadet (within 17 hours Pilot Officer) H. G. Cracroft received his wings from the hands of his father, Air Vice-Marshal P. D. Cracroft, C.B., A.F.C.



During the tree-planting ceremony. From left to right: Wing Commander A. D. Panton, the Commandant, Air Chief Marshal Sir George H. Mills, Flight Lieutenant J. McLeod, Squadron Leader R. F. Marshall-Hardy



The fly-past on the passing-out parade of No. 72 Entry

'C' Squadron is Sovereign's Squadron for the Summer term and took over the custody of the Queen's Colour of the Royal Air Force College before church parade on 4th May.

At the start of the Summer term the College numbers 285 flight cadets, including 31 under training as navigators and 36 for the Equipment and Secretarial branches. Under the system of biannual entries no entry was made to the College at the start of this term. The next new entry will arrive in September.

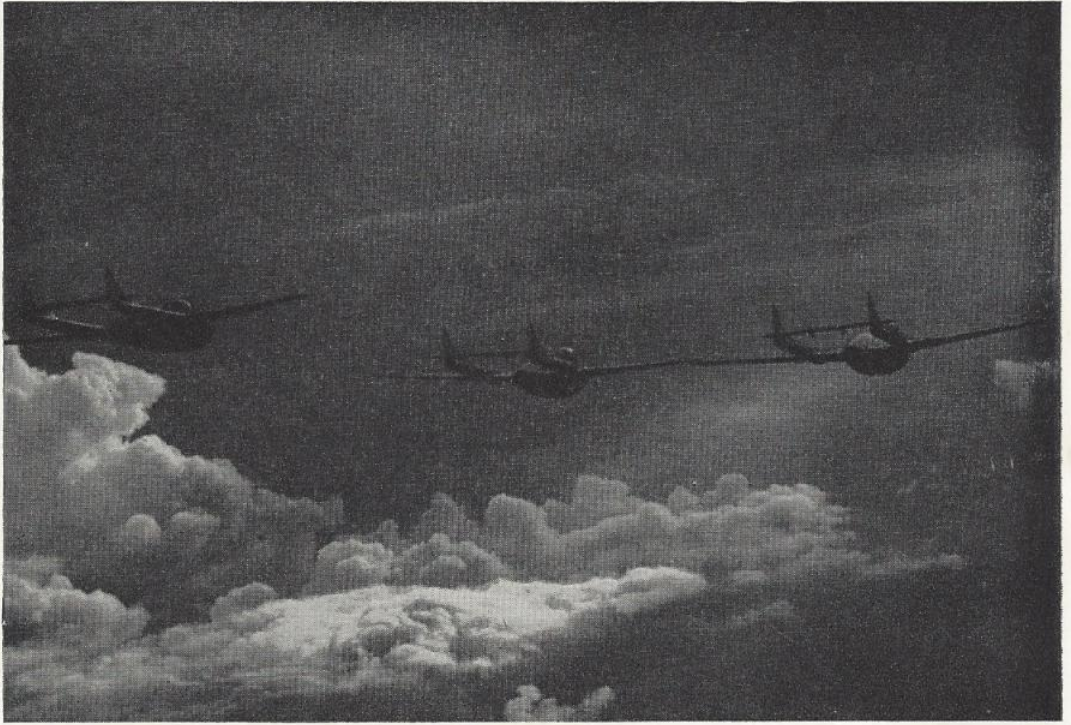


The Spring term of 1958 saw the heaviest blizzard recorded at Cranwell. By the morning of 25th February the College could only be reached on foot, and snow and gales continued during the day. Luckily the snow came later than in the comparable fall of 1947 and was the sooner gone. By 28th February all roads in the camp area were open again thanks to a highly organized system of snow clearance.

The survival camp for No. 77 Entry was held under testing conditions in the Cairngorms from 2nd to 12th April.



An exhibition of Old Masters from the National Loan Collection Trust was displayed in the College for six weeks at the beginning of the Spring term. The collection included works by Hogarth, Van Dyck, Canaletto, Rubens, Cuyper, Teniers,



In their element . . .

Guardi and many others. Mr Alastair Smart, M.A., head of the Department of Fine Arts at the University of Nottingham, gave a lecture in connection with the exhibition.



During the Easter vacation the College was used to house Exercise 'Prospect I.' The greater part of the high command of the Royal Air Force gathered for the occasion together with many distinguished civilians. In his speech of welcome at the guest night on 16th April the Commandant said that probably there had never been an occasion in history when such a galaxy of senior officers of the Royal Air Force had dined together. Later the Chief of the Air Staff made the point that it was appropriate that so forward-looking an exercise should be held in the College designed to produce some who should share in the direction of the Service of the unimaginable future.

The College took on a very unfamiliar aspect during the rehearsal and the exercise itself but many practical advantages have accrued, as well as the immaterial advantage of the presence and interest of the great. The long-projected new Fancy Goods Store at last materialized in what recent generations would know as the Front Navigation Room and earlier generations as the Mechanics' Laboratory. This bar, with its carpeting, panelling and chandeliers would not disgrace the re-formed True Blue Club in the novel by Andrew Graham. The Victoria Cross portraits have been redeployed on its walls. Much redecoration was completed ahead of schedule, and the floor of the main lecture hall was tiered and carpeted.

The inter-squadron Athletics were won by 'B' Squadron on 26th March under singularly unpleasant conditions. They were watched by three holders of College athletics records established in 1921, 1931 and 1953. As we go to press another College record has been broken by Flight Cadet R. P. Hallam of No. 77 Entry, who cleared 12 feet in the pole vault in the second athletics fixture of the Summer term.

The inter-squadron cross-country race had been held earlier in the term in fog on a special course which followed the perimeter track to the Rauceby Lane and returned to the Gymnasium by way of the railway, the rails and sleepers of which have now been lifted by the scrap merchants. 'C' Squadron were the winners.



Visitors during the Spring term have included:

On 19th January Major N. Lombardo of the Italian Air Force.

On 25th January Dr Glyn Daniel who gave a lecture on 'Fakes and Frauds in Archaeology.'

On 30th January the Headmasters of Stamford School, of the Royal Masonic Junior School, of Selwyn House, Broadstairs, and of Chesterton Preparatory School, Seaford.

On 7th February Mr S. Scott Hall, Scientific Adviser to the Air Ministry, who gave a lecture on 'Science and its Application in Air Warfare.'



. . . down to earth

On 20th February Dr St K. Joseph who gave a lecture on 'Aerial Photography and Historical Research.'

On 13th March the Headmasters of Bradfield College, Elizabeth College, Guernsey, Clifton College, Worksop, Downside, Victoria College, Jersey, Shrewsbury School, Rossall School, Douai School, Cranleigh School, and representatives of Oundle School and Rugby School.



On 22nd February a party of four officers and 27 flight cadets visited the Atomic Energy Authority power station at Calder Hall.

On 17th March a party of flight cadets attended question time and a debate in the House of Commons.

On 20th March 27 members of No. 77 Entry completed a geographical field study tour in South Lincolnshire.

On 25th March No. 77 Entry visited the coalmines at Newstead and Annesley.

A party from L'Ecole de l'Air visited Cranwell from 6th to 9th March. The party toured the College, watched the Ferris Drill Competition, played the traditional rucker and fencing matches and then attended a guest night. On the Saturday the party with their hosts visited the University of Cambridge, did a sightseeing tour of ancient and modern Cambridge and took luncheon in the hall of Trinity Hall. The evening was spent in Nottingham where plenty of amusement was found. On Sunday the party returned to Salon by air.



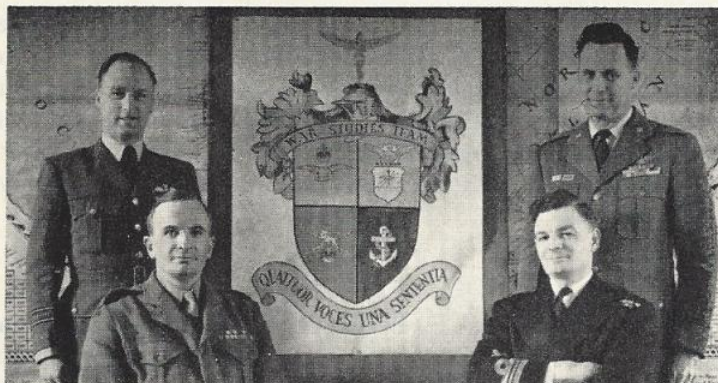
The Caryl Jenner Mobile Theatre gave a performance of *The Heiress*, adapted by Ruth and Augustus Goetz from Henry James' novel *Washington Square*, in the main lecture hall on 2nd February.

In March the Dramatic Society gave a first-rate performance of *While the Sun Shines* by Terence Rattigan.

Watching the Ferris Competition. Front row, from left to right: Colonel Dorance, the Commandant, Flight Lieutenant Meadley, Flight Lieutenant Leary, Squadron Leader Kerby the Assistant Commandant, Lieutenant-Colonel Godde, Wing Commander Warburton



The War Studies team: (seated) Major A. J. Noble, M.C., and Lieutenant-Commander R. N. Shaw; (standing) Squadron Leader W. G. Wood and Major J. W. Jackson, U.S.A.F.



The thirty-eighth anniversary of the founding of the College was marked by a thanksgiving service in the College Chapel on 5th February. The Queen's Colour was carried on the parade service on Sunday, 9th February, as well as on the first Sunday of term.

Visiting preachers during the Spring term included:

On 26th January Canon T. R. Milford, M.A., Chancellor of Lincoln (now Master of the Temple).

On 9th March The Reverend J. A. Jacques, M.A., B.Litt., Rector of North Witham.

On 23rd March The Right Reverend A. Otter, M.A., the Bishop of Grantham.

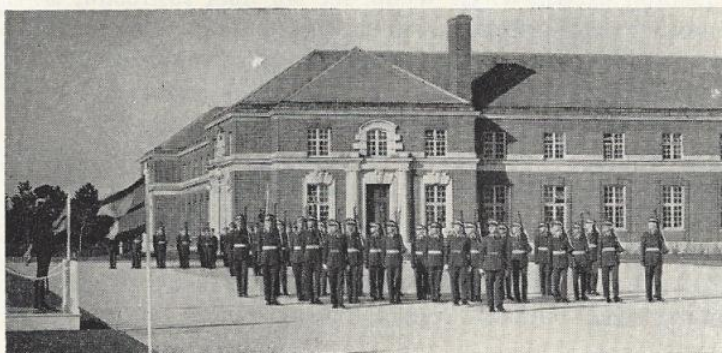


The Ferris Drill Competition took place on 7th March. It took the form of the review of a Squadron with Squadron Standard. The President of the Board of Judges was Major J. W. Scott, Grenadier Guards; it was won by 'C' Squadron.

The Knocker Competition again took account of the efforts of a whole squadron rather than of a team of experts. On this occasion it took the form of a series of standards in gymnastics.



During the Easter vacation No. 75 Entry spent an illuminating week with units of the British Army of the Rhine. They saw all aspects of Army life, equipment and training as well as something of Germany itself. We are most grateful to the host units.



'A' Squadron marching past during the Ferris Competition

The Officers' Mess is in the throes of a considerable redecoration. The former billiards room is now a well-proportioned ante-room. The room which a few old fogies archaically called the library but which to most humans was firmly the Television Room has become a glossy bar. The former card room is now an additional ladies room. The original ladies room is now so heavily used for Scottish Dancing, the bridge club, mess entertaining and so on that it is hardly ever available for its real purpose.



The Per Ardua (R.A.F.) Beagles held their end-of-term season dance in the Officers' Mess on 12th April. During the evening a presentation was made by Dr G. Pimblett on behalf of the subscribers to Flight Lieutenant C. H. Bidie who has been master for the past two seasons. His last season was a highly successful one and more than 1,000 people followed hounds. Ten brace of hares were killed in spite of patches of poor scenting conditions. Group Captain L. G. Levis reassumed the mastership of the pack on 1st April.



On 13th-14th March a Valiant from Wittering was at Cranwell to show flight cadets something of the 'V' force. The captain was Squadron Leader H. A. Caillard who in 1948 was the Ensign who received the Queen's Colour of the Royal Air Force College from the hand of Her Majesty's father. He and his crew attended a guest night in the College.



We record elsewhere the officers who have left the College staff during the period under review. They included Squadron Leader J. A. Wilson, O.B.E., the Senior Commonwealth Studies Instructor, who has been posted to Wyton after a tour of more than five years at Cranwell. During his time at Cranwell his help with the College rugby and cricket have been invaluable, as have been his interest and guidance at squash and tennis.

Another older inhabitant, Wing Commander F. H. Peterson, has left after a five-year tour as Principal Medical Officer. In the War Studies team there has been a complete change-over. Squadron Leader W. G. Wood, the Air Staff Instructor, is still with us as we go to press but will shortly depart to the United States on a course. He looked after the College rugby, helped, and himself performed valiantly, in many other sports and was an outstanding artist. As well as many crests unblest by the College of Heralds, he designed the College Christmas card in 1956—a pen-and-ink drawing of the chapel. All three attached officers have left within a few weeks of each other: Lieutenant-Commander P. G. Shaw, R.N., to whom we are grateful not least for his abilities as an interpreter, to command one of the Dartmouth flotilla; Major A. J. Noble, M.C., after a regrettably short tour to retire from the Service; and Major J. W. Jackson, D.F.C., U.S.A.F., to Strategic Air Command. We thank all these officers for their efforts on our behalf both as a team and as individuals.

(concluded on page 175)

Passing-Out Parade of No. 72 Entry

*Speeches by Air Chief Marshal Sir George H. Mills
and by the Commandant*

ON 1st April 1958 the College welcomed Air Chief Marshal Sir George H. Mills, K.C.B., D.F.C., A.D.C., as the Reviewing Officer at the passing-out parade of the 23 flight cadets of No. 72 Entry. The weather was fine and the sun warm as the Cadet Wing, commanded by Senior Under Officer C. C. Lane, marched on parade. The Squadrons were commanded by Senior Under Officer F. G. Marshall, Senior Under Officer T. E. Close and Under Officer J. G. McCluney respectively. The Reviewing Officer arrived at 1128 and seconds later a formation of 16 Vampires of the Advanced Flying Wing heralded his approach to the dais. After the advance in Review Order the Reviewing Officer presented the Sword of Honour to Senior Under Officer C. C. Lane, the Queen's Medal to Senior Flight Cadet P. R. Adamson and the R. M. Groves Memorial Prize to Senior Flight Cadet R. L. Thomas. He then made the following address:

The Reviewing Officer's Address

'When I was first asked by your Commandant to take this Parade, obviously my first thought was of extreme pride to be asked to do it after having been a cadet here myself. My second was much more practical. I wondered what the duties of a Reviewing Officer could be so I asked my staff. None of them knew—all they could tell me was that I was to wear No. 1 uniform with sword and that was not much help. Eventually I asked my Chief of Staff. He said you have two jobs, one is to be a sort of focus point for the parade, to see whether the chaps look as if they will be useful, and the other is to give some words of advice which will help them afterwards.

'Well, now I have done the first part of my job very well indeed today—I congratulate you on your parade—an excellent parade—I was delighted to see it. I congratulate you and all your instructors on the show that you have put up today.

'Now comes the second part where you cannot do the work for me, I have to do all the work myself, and this I approach with very great misgivings because I have to let you into a small secret, a confidence I have kept for many years, over thirty-six years—I cannot remember who

passed me out, or a single word that he said! I distinctly remember there was a ceremony because we had a prize-giving afterwards and I won a prize, a great prize to me, a pair of binoculars, the prize was worth ten pounds—I had a choice of a pair of binoculars or two tin uniform cases. To my regret I chose the binoculars. Afterwards I thought how wonderful to go up to the dais and be presented with a pair of tin uniform cases!

'Well, I have finished my confession. If you cannot remember me in thirty years you will probably remember the date because this is quite a special day—1st April 1958—the R.A.F. is forty years old today—forty years—when I was here the R.A.F. had yet to celebrate its second birthday. By that time the R.A.F. had a most tremendous reputation as a fighting force. Its reputation as a body that could administer itself had not arrived. But as a fighting force it had an absolutely first-class name. Since then the R.A.F. has not only shown it can look after itself but has maintained its name; it is hard to say improved on it because it had such a name at the end of the first war it would be difficult to make that name greater—but if anything they *have* made it greater—a very difficult thing to do.

'Why has this happened? Well the answer, I think, is very, very simple. It is because the people who made up the R.A.F. at the beginning and since are not a special race of person, they are just ordinary British people with ordinary British courage and guts. Men of vision made the Air Force, gave it its organization, men of vision and courage. Men of science produced its equipment. But none of this would be any good without men who had that courage which never knows that it is beaten, never looks round to find an easy way out—without that the science and the vision would be nothing. I wish people would remember that nowadays—remember the long-standing British reputation for holding on when there is no hope at all and not grumbling and not seeking to find some wonderful new way that is going to let them out. I think we are remembering it in this country now and I hope it will go on.

'Well now, that has been the tradition which has moulded this body of men that I have worked with for the last thirty-eight years—but if I talked

to them of this courage they would only laugh; they would never believe it. We can only talk about it on a day like this when we can talk about solemn things. This courage is a commodity that everyone has in different degrees. We do not all have the same kind. We use it as best we can. The result being that everyone has done his part in these last forty years to build up our Air Force.

'Now when you go out into the R.A.F.—I mention this because I in my task or job see a lot of people—the competition you are going to be up against is high, very high indeed. I go round and I see these young people in squadrons, they may be Americans, French, Belgians, Dutch, Germans, British—sometimes I really forget who I am talking to—there is a great company of very fine men waiting there. It is the most inspiring thing you can think of to be in a headquarters, to ring a bell, and have an American, or a Belgian, or a Dutchman, come to discuss business just as if I were discussing it with one of my own British staff. I have mentioned this because I have found in my experience in dealing with people that the man who makes the best showing at that job is the man who at heart is a sound airman, or a sound soldier, or a sound sailor, and he is a sound British person or he is a sound American or he is a sound any other nationality—he is true to his own Service and he is true to his own nationality. I have learned to trust that man. They are the ones I want who will recognize other people's ability, other people's special needs and requirements but first and foremost are true to themselves—none of this wishy-washy business "everybody is better than me, I am so sorry." I do hope when you go out you will know in your hearts that the R.A.F. is better than any other Air Force, providing you try to be that—and remember you have got to work damned hard to keep it up.



The Reviewing Officer inspects

'Now your patience is running out and my wisdom, I am quite sure, is finished. You who are passing out will be anxious to get on your way. You will be marching off to the tune of Auld Lang Syne—I always look on it as a rather sentimental tune—the rather nostalgic feeling it brings into one's mind—and I think it is played here to remind you that in the profession you have chosen there can be no nostalgic looking back. It is looking forward that will make you happy, looking forward to take hold of opportunities, to think of ways of using the machines you are given, of leading the men you are given.

'Now I wish you good fortune; I cannot wish you any better fortune or happiness than I have had but I wish you at least equal happiness with me. Some people say they would live their lives over again if they really enjoyed them. I would not dare, I have had too good a time, and I am quite sure that the luck could not possibly go that way again. May you, as you get older, look back and be able to say the same. Good fortune to you, God bless you and as the French so well put it, "Bon Courage".'

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 he said:

'Once again we are approaching the great moment which all flight cadets are said to look forward to so eagerly—the day they leave the College as commissioned officers—although I can't help hoping that their eagerness may perhaps be tempered with some regrets that they are leaving this warm and well-appointed home-from-home after such a short time in residence.

'No. 72 Entry, of course, are the *prima donnas* of this occasion—perhaps there can be so many *prima donnas* in one show with such a strong supporting cast of juniors, of staff, of parents, friends and relations. To all of you I would like to extend a very warm welcome to this simple and rather informal ceremony at which we can all join together in congratulating the prize-winners and the successful graduates, and in wishing them every success in what we all hope will be long and distinguished careers in the Royal Air Force.

'It is a happy augury that on the first day of the year in which you receive the Queen's commission as pilot officers, one of your predecessors became the first Cranwell-trained officer to reach the other extremity of the ladder. On 1st January, as you know, Sir Dermot Boyle was promoted to

Marshal of the Royal Air Force. You can regard yourselves, as the astrologers in the Sunday papers might say, as being born into the Service with Sir Dermot Boyle in the ascendant.

'As Commandant I made a signal of congratulation on your behalf to the Chief of the Air Staff on his promotion and I was particularly impressed by the last phrase of his reply. I will repeat it. He wished us all "the great future which always lies ahead of those with courage and ability and who loyally put service before self."

'During your time here you have shown in many ways that you have courage and ability, and those attributes will stand you in very good stead when you join your squadrons. I hope also that your experience here, your instruction and the example set by members of the staff, will have shown you that the man whose ambitions are purely personal is of limited use to the Service. None of us joined the Royal Air Force to make a fortune—or if any of you did, I fear he must prepare himself for a grievous disappointment. I expect that our motives were various but they all contained to a large degree the element of feeling that there was a worthwhile job to be done in the Service and that we wanted to do it, or, in other words, there is or should be a strong element of vocation in the make-up of those who join the Service.

'Now I know very well that you are all fully aware of this but I rather want to emphasize these words of C.A.S.'s partly because it is not always too easy to live up to them and partly in the hope that this occasion will serve to remind you of them from time to time.

'Everybody is always subject to a tension between the claims of the community in which he lives and the claims of self, the claims on him of others and the claims of his own personal interests. In a somewhat limited way here you will have often experienced this clash between what you want to do and what you know you ought to do. You will have also had many opportunities of appreciating that most of our activities here are encouraged and supported by officers, and you will have found that their support and encouragement was sometimes at the expense of some personal interests of their own. Everybody's free time is precious to him in some way and so to renounce it in favour of other people very often demands a conscious and deliberate effort. Nevertheless any officer who has a real sense of vocation will consider it natural, even demanded of him, to show a close interest in the men whom he leads or with whom he is associated by taking part in their activities and by identifying himself positively



The Reviewing Officer presents the Sword of Honour to Senior Under Officer C. C. Lane

with their lives and with the life of the community which he is serving.

'I am sure that you appreciate this and I hope that nothing you find when you get out into the Air Force will shake the good resolutions which you have made here. However, I do not suggest that it is always a simple thing to do and it becomes even more difficult when it is a question not of self versus Service but of family versus Service, because wives and families have become a part of the Service landscape at a much earlier stage than used to be the case.

'The question of marriage is, to say the least, rather contentious and I am not keen to invite the fate of King Canute and make myself ridiculous by rebuking the tide. I could talk about the dangers of too early marriage. Undoubtedly the early marrier misses a lot but undoubtedly you cannot persuade him of this, and equally undoubtedly it would be unchivalrous not to admit that he gains a lot in a different currency. Early marriage is the present social usage and the Service has to live with it.

'However, if our social customs have changed it does not mean that we should throw discretion to the winds and the essential thing is to remember and admit that any dauntless lady who is brave enough to marry an airman is at the same time taking on the Service.

'Marriage to a Royal Air Force officer has advantages and disadvantages. On the one hand your wife will rarely have a settled home; on the other she will see a lot of this country and the world. She will sometimes live in rather dreary flats but she will also preside over nice houses and important formal occasions. She will have to endure your reactions in dull or frustrating appointments; but she will also share the excitements and exhilarations of the crucial days and stimulating posts. Any life has its pros and cons; the Service is no exception. But the officer's wife, like the parson's wife or doctor's wife, is marrying the job as well as the man.

'A wife who can face the drawbacks and make the most of the advantages will be worth her weight in gold. One who is temperamentally unsuited to the life will be unhappy. The family unit may then be a liability to the Service instead of an asset and neither party will be happy.

'My advice, therefore, is not that of the often-quoted tag from *Punch* in his Advice to Those about to Marry—Don't. It is rather that when you marry you should remember the implications for both sides, not the least important one of which is your obligation to the Service.

'Tomorrow when you pass out from the College you will raise the number of Cranwell officers in the Service to 949. There are 22,000 officers in the R.A.F. today and you do not need a slide rule to prove that wherever you are you will find yourselves in the minority. This is nothing to be despondent about. This ratio, more or less, has always existed in the Royal Air Force and we have always regarded it both as a compliment and as a challenge. It is a compliment to be regarded

as a small but *élite* body of officers to whom the Air Force looks for the highest standards of efficiency and conduct both in the air and on the ground, both professionally and personally.

'At the same time it is a challenge because when you get to your squadrons, and indeed throughout your careers, people will be looking to you to raise and maintain the standards amongst your contemporaries, and you yourselves will be judged as individuals by an even higher standard than those who have not had the same background.

'You therefore carry responsibilities which are not limited to the extent of your personal ambitions but are part of your inheritance as Cranwell officers, an inheritance which each successive entry before has shouldered with success and distinction.

'I am confident, from what I know of you, that you will meet the challenge with courage and determination and I am sure that I need say no more other than to wish you, on behalf of us all at the College, every success and a life of achievement and satisfaction and, as an Old Cranwellian, I welcome you into our ranks in the knowledge that though your numbers are small your influence will be large.'

Order of Merit

No. 72 ENTRY

General Duties Branch

- P. R. ADAMSON, Senior Flight Cadet: Queen's Medal; Abdy Gerrard Fellowes Memorial Prize; R.N.Z.A.F. Trophy and Air Ministry Prize for Commonwealth and War Studies; Athletics; Soccer; Riding; Ski-ing; Photographic; Aeromodelling; Film.
- J. G. McCLUNEY, Under Officer: Hicks Trophy; J. A. Chance Memorial Prize; Rugby (Captain, Full Colours); Modern Pentathlon (Captain, Full Colours); Athletics (Half Colours); Fencing (Half Colours); Swimming; Motor; Film; Jazz.
- C. C. LANE, Senior Under Officer: Sword of Honour; Rugby (Full Colours); Tennis (Secretary, Full Colours); Sub-Aqua; Film; Chess; Choral.
- R. L. THOMAS, Senior Flight Cadet: R. M. Groves Memorial Prize; Kinkead Trophy; Dickson Trophy; Michael Hill Memorial Prize; Shooting (Half Colours); Rowing; Motor (Secretary); Music; Film.



The Reviewing Officer presenting the R. M. Groves Memorial Prize to Senior Flight Cadet R. L. Thomas

SULAIMAN BIN SUJAK, Under Officer: Philip Sassoon Memorial Prize; Badminton (Captain); Soccer; Tennis; Gliding (Captain); Mountaineering; Fine Arts; Film.

D. P. MALIN, Senior Flight Cadet: Hockey; Mountaineering; Gliding; Aeromodelling (Secretary); Film.

D. A. NOON, Under Officer: Fencing (Vice-Captain, Full Colours); Cricket; Cruising; Gliding; Film; Choral.

T. E. CLOSE, Senior Under Officer: Rugby (Half Colours); Cricket (Half Colours); Music (Secretary); Choral (Secretary); Dramatic (President); Film.

D. L. BYWATER, Under Officer: Swimming (Vice-Captain, Full Colours); Water Polo (Captain, Full Colours); Soccer; Mountaineering (Secretary); Gliding; Photographic; Jazz.

P. S. ALCOCK, Senior Flight Cadet: Cross-Country; Engineering; Gliding; Photographic; Jazz; Film.

A. C. E. HOLBOURN, Under Officer: Rugby (Full Colours); Film (Secretary); Photographic; Sailing; Cruising.

F. G. MARSHALL, Senior Under Officer: Hockey (Full Colours); Sailing; Cruising; Film.

R. B. GILVARY, Under Officer: Arnold Barlow Award; Royal United Services Institution Award; Fencing; Rugby; Cricket; Riding; Sailing; Fine Arts; Film.

R. L. B. BELL, Senior Flight Cadet: Victoria League Award; Rugby; Sailing; Photographic; Debating; Dramatic.

P. B. CURTIN, Senior Flight Cadet: Cricket; Hockey (Secretary, Full Colours); Mountaineering; Sub-Aqua (Captain); Wild-fowling; Riding; Pot-holing; Motor; Jazz; Film.

L. H. A. NEL, Senior Flight Cadet: Victoria League Award; Swimming (Captain, Full Colours); Water Polo (Full Colours); Modern Pentathlon; Ski-ing; Photographic.

I. HENDERSON, Senior Flight Cadet: Tennis (Half Colours); Hockey (Half Colours); Canoeing; Dramatic.

H. G. CRACROFT, Senior Flight Cadet: Rugby; Tennis; Riding; Film; Jazz.

J. N. TURNER, Senior Flight Cadet: Shooting (Full Colours); Gliding (Secretary); *Journal* Photographer; Motor; Film.

Secretarial Branch

D. J. FORSTER, Under Officer: Rugby; Tennis; *Journal* (Editor); Wild-fowling (Captain); Pot-holing; Mountaineering; Film.



PRIZE WINNERS, APRIL 1958

From left to right: Pilot Officers C. C. Lanc, P. R. Adamson, Sulaiman Bin Sujak, R. L. Thomas, J. G. McCluney, R. B. Giltary, J. F. Forshaw, D. G. G. Waterman



SENIOR ENTRY, APRIL 1958

Back row (left to right): S.F.C. R. L. B. Bell, S.F.C. J. F. Forshaw, S.F.C. I. Henderson, S.F.C. J. N. Turner, S.F.C. P. S. Alcock, S.F.C. D. P. Malin, S.F.C. P. B. Curtin.

Centre row (left to right): S.F.C. L. H. A. Nel, U.O. S. Bin Sujak, U.O. R. B. Gilvary, U.O. D. G. G. Waterman, U.O. D. L. Bywater, S.F.C. H. G. Cracroft, S.F.C. R. L. Thomas, S.F.C. P. R. Adamson.

Front row (left to right): U.O. A. C. E. Holbourn, U.O. D. J. Forster, S.U.O. T. E. Close, S.U.O. C. C. Lane, S.U.O. F. G. Marshall, U.O. J. G. McCluney, U.O. D. A. Noon, U.O. B. I. Mason.

D. G. G. WATERMAN, Under Officer: L'Ecole de l'Air Trophy for French Studies; Sailing (Captain); Gliding; Wild-fowling; Film.

J. F. FORSHAW, Senior Flight Cadet: Arnold Barlow Award; Air Ministry Prize for Secretarial Studies; Athletics (Half Colours); Cross-Country; Fencing; Sailing; Gliding; Dancing; Film.

B. I. MASON, Under Officer: Rugby (Full Colours); Modern Pentathlon (Vice-Captain, Full Colours); Swimming (Full Colours); Water Polo (Full Colours); Riding (Captain); Wild-fowling; Field Shooting; Film.

STAFF APPOINTMENTS

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

Tutorial Wing: Flying Officer C. G. Dodd; Squadron Leader I. D. Bolton; Lieutenant-Commander J. D. McCarthy, R.N.; Major John N. Robinson (U.S.A.F.); Major B. D. H. Clark.

Flying Wing: Flight Lieutenants D. G. Murchie, J. D. Austin, R. A. C. Goldring, H. E. Clements, W. D. Barber, T. S. C. Jones; Flying Officer J. D. Davis.

Technical Wing: Squadron Leader L. S. Denyer.

Administrative Wing: Flight Lieutenants E. W. Coules, W. P. Usherwood, S. D. Geffryes; Flying Officer W. A. J. Pickett.

STAFF DEPARTURES

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

Squadron Leaders: A. Garretts, J. A. Wilson, G. D. Durbridge-Freeman.

Majors: A. J. Noble, J. W. Jackson (U.S.A.F.).

Lieutenant-Commander: P. C. Shaw.

Flight Lieutenants: M. W. Tarrant, J. A. Horrell, M. J. Neil, D. M. A. Samuels, B. W. Dove-Dixon, J. H. Hardaker, J. A. Hinwood, D. E. C. Keeling, K. P. Kelleher, J. Hanus, L. H. Blonstein.

Flying Officers: J. D. Penrose, C. L. McVitie.

Pilot Officer: B. Levett.

CADET WING LISTS

PROMOTIONS

'A' Squadron: Flight Cadet Senior Under Officer G. D. Andrews. Flight Cadet Under Officers J. T. S. Lewis, D. M. Waller, R. Humphrey, J. R. Maunsell-Thomas.

'B' Squadron: Flight Cadet Senior Under Officer A. E. Thomson. Flight Cadet Under Officers P. P. W. Taylor, W. P. Jago, D. Goucher.

'C' Squadron: Flight Cadet Senior Under Officer G. S. Whitley. Flight Cadet Under Officers M. E. Bee, M. J. C. W. Dicken, J. S. Watson.



OLD CRANWELLIAN NOTES

APPOINTMENTS

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

A.V.M. D. W. R. Ryley (1924) to be A.O.A. at Maintenance Command.

Air Cdre P. G. Wykeham (1935) to be Director of Operations (Fighter and Theatre Air Forces) at Air Ministry.

Air Cdre T. B. de la P. Beresford (1933) to be in charge of Operations at H.Q. Fighter Command.

Air Cdre W. P. Sutcliffe (1930) to be Director of Intelligence at Air Ministry.

Air Cdre C. C. Morton (1930) to be Deputy Chief Signals Officer, Signals Division, S.H.A.P.E.

Air Cdre C. Broughton (1930) to be S.A.S.O. at H.Q. Transport Command.

Air Cdre R. A. C. Carter (1930) to be Director of Personal Services (A) at Air Ministry.

Air Cdre D. Finlay (1931) to be Commandant of the Aircrew Selection Committee at R.A.F. Hornchurch.

Air Cdre A. Pyke (1930) to be S.T.S.O. at H.Q. Coastal Command.

Air Cdre E. D. McK. Nelson (1931) to be Commandant of the R.A.F. Staff College, Andover.

Air Cdre T. N. Coslett (1929) to be Commandant of No. 1 School of Technical Training, R.A.F. Halton.

Gp Capt W. S. Reed (1929) to H.Q. Fighter Command for Technical Staff Duties.

Wg Cdr K. F. Mackie (1935) to R.A.F. Gutersloh as officer in charge of Administration.

The following have recently arrived:

Flt Lt D. A. Briggs (1951)—R.A.F. Henlow.

Flt Lt R. Humpherson (1950)—R.A.F. Little Rissington.

Flt Lt P. H. Lewis (1950)—R.A.F. Little Rissington (Staff).

Flt Lt D. M. K. Atherley (1950)—R.A.F. Oakington.

Flt Lt R. G. Perry (1948)—R.A.F. Swinderby.

Flt Lt I. L. Schwaiger (1949)—H.Q. Fighter Command.

Flt Lt K. J. H. Davis (1949)—R.A.F. Gaydon.

Flt Lt J. M. Henderson (1951) to U.S.A.F. for exchange duties.

BIRTHS

We congratulate the following on recent additions to their families:

Gp Capt P. H. Cribb (1936)—a son.

Flt Lt H. E. Clements (1947)—a daughter.

Flt Lt R. C. F. Peirse (1949)—a daughter.

Flt Lt C. F. Pickard (1947)—a daughter.

Flt Lt S. H. R. L. d'Arcy (1948)—a son.

MARRIAGES

Congratulations to the following on their recent marriages:

Flt Lt W. E. Close (1951) to Miss R. R. Daintry.

Flt Lt I. H. F. Walmsley (1948) to Miss V. M. Walmsley.

RETIREMENTS

Air Mshl Sir Richard Jordan (1921).

Air Cdre R. C. Meade (1927).

Air Cdre M. W. S. Robinson (1931).

Air Cdre W. H. Hutton (1926).

Gp Capt K. P. Lewis (1927).

We wish them all the best in the future.

AN ANCIENT PROBLEM

WHENEVER men of different cultures have met their first problem has been to decide on a satisfactory medium in which to converse. The British Serviceman is traditionally an expert at sign language but, although this may be satisfactory for such statements as 'I want two of them,' it is limited in application. I imagine it would be difficult to translate into sign language a sentence like 'Her Majesty's Government has the situation under study and will consider reviewing its policy if it is considered that developments render this necessary.'

Although Latin was the language understood by all Europe's upper classes until recent centuries and French may still be the language of diplomacy, these and all natural languages are difficult to master in all their irregularity and complexity. Although Basic English is a useful and fairly simple guide to our language for foreigners it would be ludicrous to use it as a medium between a Filipino and a Greek.

There have therefore been at least five hundred attempts over the last two centuries to produce an artificial language which will make international intercourse straightforward without attempting to replace any national language. I must repeat that none of these artificial languages is meant to replace national languages. They are intended for international use only.

The criteria for such a language are that it must be international, euphonious, flexible, logical and receptive of new ideas.

Languages put forward to meet these exacting standards have been of two types—the 'a priori' or purely philosophical type and the 'a posteriori' type founded on existing languages.

'A priori' languages have been of many fascinating types. Some are glorified codes which place a great strain on the memory as they follow no other language. Some are composed of simple pictures, whilst one which rejoices in the name of Solresol was founded on the notes of the musical scale.

Ro, founded in 1919, is the best-known language of this type. All its words are built up from simple beginnings, for instance, 'De' means element—this gives a first differentia 'Deb' meaning fire (clearly its inventor was not a scientist!) and a second differentia 'Debx' meaning flame.

It is doubtful whether any 'a priori' language could produce a wide enough vocabulary for everyday and technical use without tremendous complications. Most projected languages have therefore been of the 'a posteriori' type.

The first of the 'a posteriori' languages to achieve much following was Volapuk, which was invented in 1880 by an Austrian priest, Rev. F. Schleyer. It is based vaguely on English (its title is derived as follows—*Vol*—world, *a*—genitive case, *puk*—speak) and has a great profusion of endings and variations. Within nine years it gained the enormous following of one million speakers, which is much more than Esperanto has today, but faded because its founder would not allow any modifications.

An improved form of Volapuk, called Idiom Neutral, which has gone so far as to include irregularities, still has a considerable following today. Professor G. Peano, director of the Idiom Neutral Academy, made a speech in 1903 which he started off in classical Latin. He pointed out that conjugation, gender, irregularity of verbs and adjectival agreement were unnecessary. As he proved each point he removed the offender from his text, finishing up with a language he called Interlingua. This consists of living Latin roots in modern languages with the modern order of words and no grammar.

Undoubtedly the best-known artificial language, Esperanto was founded by a Polish Jew, Dr Lazarus Zamenhof in 1887. Esperanto has an alphabet of 28 letters—no Q, W, X or Y but C, G, H, J, S and U are accented as well as plain. The word roots are derived from five principal European languages, and pronunciation, though not easy, is regular. There are, however, considerable differences in its rendering throughout the world. There are no exceptions in the language.

All nouns and adjectives end in -a and -e respectively, and there are only three tenses and no verbal change with number. Esperanto is criticized for having the accusative case and inflected adjectives. However, if any facet of the language is generally disliked it may be changed by resolution of the Lingua Komitato.

Although Esperanto is not as simple as many of its followers claim, it has proved its value at international congresses for over sixty years. It has more speakers than all other international languages combined. There have been over fifty schemes for improving Esperanto, the best known being Ido. This abolishes accented letters, correlatives, compulsory accusative and adjectival agreement and tightens up word building.

Many other languages unconnected with Esperanto have been invented, rejoicing in such

(continued on page 160)

Changes In Russian Military Thought

IT has long been accepted that the columns of a nation's daily Press provide a fruitful source of intelligence information. It may not be realized, however, that in the case of the Soviet Union this is as true of the correspondence columns as it is of feature articles. That this should be so is hardly surprising, since every word which is published has the stamp of political approval, and it is common to find several pages of a newspaper devoted to officially inspired 'letters to the editor.' In the newspapers published primarily for the armed forces this correspondence can provide a clear guide to contemporary military thinking, and it is hoped that a review of some of the more recent statements may be of interest to readers of *The Journal*.

Before considering contemporary doctrine it is essential to have a clear idea of the policies maintained under Stalin. These are best expressed in an Order of the Day issued by Stalin himself in February 1942, and frequently quoted during his lifetime as the 'Stalinist War Science.' If it is surprising that experienced military leaders should support, and indeed believe, this doctrine, it should be remembered that the purges of the 1930s had replaced the entire officer corps with men who owed everything to Stalin, and who had every reason to support him—apart from fear of the purge!

The 'Stalinist War Science' maintained:

(a) That there are five constant factors which win wars:

- (i) The stability of the Home Front.
- (ii) The morale of the armed forces.
- (iii) The quantity and quality of divisions.
- (iv) The armament of the armed forces.
- (v) The ability of the commanders.

(b) That there are a number of non-constant temporary factors which influence the course of war, and may prolong it through successful operations, but which do not affect the outcome. Of these, the most important is surprise.

(c) That Western military thought, being unable to progress because capitalism cannot develop the five constant factors to a sufficient degree to win a war, relies on adventurist strategy and on temporary factors such as surprise. Therefore, capitalist countries are doomed in advance to defeat in any war with the Soviet Union.

(d) That the defence policy of the Soviet leaders in peace should be to prepare the country, using its vast land space, for active defence; that is, a planned retreat into the interior which would wear down the advancing enemy. Once full mobilization had been achieved, all five constant factors would come into play and the enemy would be destroyed after a massive counter-attack.

These then were the principles on which all Soviet military thinking was based during Stalin's lifetime—unrealistic in the nuclear age perhaps, but very soothing to the Russian public, for no matter how advanced the West might be, it was—by divine dictum—incapable of beating Russia.

Unfortunately for the West, one of the results of Stalin's death has been the introduction of a great deal more realism into the military theories put forward in recent years. The last occasion on which the 'Stalinist War Science' was quoted favourably was in May 1954, and since then it has become clear that the new leadership which formed under Zhukov has decided to educate Soviet officers away from the unreality of the old doctrine. In passing it is perhaps worth noting that this was some 18 months before Krushchev's denunciation of Stalin at the 20th party congress.

In the last four years there has been a steady flow of articles which have attempted to bring about a sensible approach to nuclear warfare. The five constant factors have remained more or less unchanged, but we can trace the increase in importance which has been gradually attributed to other factors such as surprise, preparedness, and organization.

In 1955 Marshal Rotmistrov wrote that surprise aggression with nuclear weapons might be a decisive factor in future war—particularly if the economy of the state attacked was unable to provide for adequate defence. Again, in August 1956, Marshal Biryusov (at that time the Co-ordinator of Air Defence) wrote that jet aircraft carrying thermo-nuclear weapons are capable of striking a blow at a country's administrative, industrial or military centres well in the interior. It is strange that this very obvious conclusion was not mentioned to the ordinary reader until two years after Stalin's death.

Stalin's doctrine has been abandoned on another point—that of the opportunist strategy of the West, and its inability to win wars. Quite recently we were described as being 'a powerful

and well-armed enemy who has mastered completely contemporary war science' and in another article as 'powerful and cunning, well equipped, and the undoubted masters of mobility and manoeuvrability.'

The importance of meeting surprise with preparedness began to be considered about two years ago—gone was the scorched earth policy used so successfully by Kutusov against Napoleon, and indeed one article in *Voenny Vestnik* had this to say about the Russian withdrawal in 1941: 'The basic reason for the dispersed and unco-ordinated actions of our military formations and the heavy losses of 1941 was unpreparedness. The Soviet Army retreated to Leningrad and Moscow, not because this was part of a plan of active defence, but because of failure to take the necessary steps to be prepared.'

What steps do Russian military leaders contemplate taking to be prepared in the nuclear age? This question can best be answered by two quotations which are representative of many statements recently published, and which are surely significant.

First, from Colonel-General Kurochkin (who is commandant of one of the senior staff colleges): 'We must be in a state of constant readiness and know how to strike a preventive blow against the aggressor who is preparing to attack.'

Secondly, an anonymous writer at the end of a long passage writes: '[we must develop] vigilance, awareness of danger, and readiness of such a degree that the armed forces could if necessary

strike first, as soon as the aggressor's intention became clear.'

Finally, on the shape of the forces required in the nuclear age, Lieut.-General Krasilnikov has said that the Soviet Union is convinced that weapons of mass destruction do not lessen the decisive significance of land armies, navies and tactical air forces. Without these, and without co-operation between them, it is impossible to wage war. He goes on: 'Since the appearance of atomic weapons a number of articles has appeared in the bourgeois military press putting forward the theory that the day of armour has passed. There is,' he says, 'no need to expose the obvious error of this theory.'

These few quotations are representative of a great weight of evidence which shows that since Stalin's death there has been a more realistic approach to the problem of war. The five constant factors remain, but to them have been added other factors of equal importance—surprise, preparedness and organization.

The dishonest propaganda elements in Stalin's doctrine have been thrown out, and with them, of course, the legend of his military genius. Gone, too, is the myth that the Soviet Union monopolizes the factors which win wars. Lastly, gone is the theory of active defence, and in its place there is a determination to strike first should the 'Imperialist Aggressors' indicate their clear intention of waging war.

I.D.B.

AIRBORNE

When once in metal-plastic shell enclosed,
From outer world remote,
Along the runway hard and grey we roll
Accompanied by high-pitched note.
All is checked, all correct,
No dial, no lever left unnoticed
By watchful eye and steady hand,
For if one were, the mailed fist
Of Death might strike those leaving land.

The engine screams, the airframe tenses,
As from dull earth our aircraft soars,
Across green fields and tiny fences
To free us from all earthly laws.
But soon the ground is lost to vision'd sight,
Replaced through clouds by ever-growing light
From some new world, as yet unseen.

The brightness grows, and clouds give way
To let us through their veiled door;
The view around is untouched heaven
Of azure sky and pearl-white floor.
We fly on up to greater height
Into a deeper and yet deeper blue;
Below our wings of metal bright—
A haze of unimagined hue.
And over all the hand of God.

D.H.

A WEEK in THE SADDLE



HOW pleasant a V.I.P. Anson can be flying in a cloudless sky on the day after a Graduation Ball! This is how four flight cadets found themselves at the beginning of an exciting though hectic week. Unfortunately, due to a broken neck, one of our members was confined to a ten-hour train journey though it is amazing how little a plaster cast and a 2nd class carriage can hamper one's movements. Both parties were heading for Stonehaven, which is 15 miles south of Aberdeen. The first party arrived at Dyce at midday to be met by a young filly in breeches driving a Daimler. Undaunted we all clambered in and set off, thanks to the directions of an Aberdonian in our party, up a cul-de-sac.

When we arrived at the Carronbank Riding School we were escorted to our room in a rather fine old Regency house. We were at once introduced to our future partners. The horses proved a little more lively than those to which we were accustomed. We showed the large juvenile audience just how not to do a sitting trot (that is, not rising every other step). After our young instructor had got her revenge for the comments and awkward questions asked during the drive from Dyce, she decided we should go for a hack. We all set off through the town, doing our utmost to control our mounts, until we came to the stony beach where we were allowed to 'go for a gallop.' At the far end we had to slow down to ford a stream before returning through the town. It was here that yours truly was soaked to the skin during the first of many soakings to be undergone before the week was out. Throughout the afternoon we learnt that our instructor spoke a language very similar to that of a Cranwell drill sergeant on the square.

The school was quite swamped by young Trinianite characters, but nevertheless horse-

riding can certainly be termed a man's sport. That evening our fifth member arrived and our requirements for training were explained. Since we were all pentathletes, cross-country was our main interest and it was decided a show-jumping technique would best suit our style of competition.

The following day the weather was not so good. A fresh wind brought a few sleet showers but not enough to hinder operations. We started riding at 0900 hours in the school, a cinder-covered area half the size of a hangar. The problem of sitting still was as prevalent as ever. Jumping, of course, is pointless if you cannot stay with your horse, as we found out. Mr Findlater tried to see if he could succeed more quickly than his daughter, the result being uncertain. The next stage was hinging. Here a line is tied to the bit and the horse is cantered round the instructor in the centre while the pupil rides without stirrups and reins. That seat becomes a real necessity then, as our Aberdonian found out to his cost.

That afternoon we went to a field some $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles away known as Five Acre. Unfortunately snow and sleet proved a little irksome though it is surprising how warm one keeps on horseback. We were shown a number of jumps here and allowed to try them. They consisted of a bog pile, a double, a pile of sleepers and a hill jump. In spite of all the derogatory terms used during the morning, a fair amount of success was achieved though of course we lacked many of the points of good jumping. Our friend, who hailed from Paris, France, put up the best display. We were then shown how it is done by Miss Findlater and her show jumping companion, David Craig.

Good Friday brought Easter eggs and rain. We started once again in the school still trying to perfect the collected walk, trot and canter. The aim was to achieve perfect horse control and

co-ordination. What a task to complete in one week! We practised ascending and descending steep gradients and how to stop the horse's invariable tendency to take a diagonal path down the hill.

That evening a fancy-dress parade was scheduled in Stonehaven and we were to attend as a harem. Great fun was had in trying to modify clothes to fit. Fortunately rain cancelled play so we attended the dance in more civilized attire.

Riding five hours a day was beginning to have many effects, not the least being the continual desire to stand at the dinner table. Because of this a hack was the only item on the programme for Saturday, though it could hardly be termed relaxing. The horses thoroughly enjoyed themselves but unfortunately took the bit in the mouth and insisted on remaining in close formation.

On Sunday morning the schooling period was given to newcomers who had arrived the previous day. Watching them was quite educational as well as hilarious. At last we could criticize others. Later on the entire school, excluding the cadets, went for a hack. Flight Cadet Cleaver and I went with Mr Findlater to photograph the ride at various vantage points. That afternoon we hacked four miles into the country to a cross-country course. Here, at last, we were getting down to the sort of riding we required.

The course was quite fair for our standard and after discussing technique to adopt, we all sallied forth. That afternoon certainly renewed our keenness and vigour. The course included a little of everything. Log jumps, doubles, brush jumps, plough, ditches, and a fine quarry with a pile of logs at the bottom. It was tricky without being too hard for us.

That evening we watched some of the family film records, all in colour, and then chatted about collection—how to keep a horse fully under control and ready to go when told to. The following morning, before the rest of the party surfaced, I was allowed to throw a leg over their number one horse, an Arab, for a few minutes; it was more than ample for me.

That afternoon we had a short jumping competition up at Five Acre and were all presented with large lollipops which the horses proceeded to demolish in double-quick time. Glennie showed us some excellent horsemanship here and walked away with first place. For the rest, the horses just walked away with us. Mounts were then changed and the course repeated, but still the Scotsman showed what a difference playing at home can make.

The following morning, in order to brush up complete control, the four cadets did a drill technique whereby the whole school was to turn into line and into single file as ordered, at the trot and canter. In this they had a little success. This was followed by river crossings where, amazingly enough, no one got wet. We then did some sprint tests, having to stop in a certain area at the far end of the field in as short a time as possible.

On Tuesday afternoon we went back to the cross-country course and then had a show-jumping competition. Again we were able to try out our horses at speed and see what they were capable of. Unknown to us most of the jumps had been raised but, apart from the first one, they offered little trouble. This was my turn to show how it should be done, having only one refusal. This success was repeated in the show-jumping arena after a jump-off with Glennie who tied for first place to begin with. Again we were presented with prizes.

Since Wednesday was the last day the training was of a lighter nature. The horses were warmed up and four jumps were erected in the school. They were at right angles to each other and so close that complete control had to be kept for success. If the speed was too great the following jump was overshot; if it was too low and collection was lacking the horse would refuse. Small competitions were arranged with these jumps. The course was finished that afternoon with a small gymkhana up at Five Acre.

That evening, after completing a page in the visitors' book, we raced to Aberdeen in the Land-rover so that Coriat and I could catch a night train south. From here Glennie and Baird were proceeding up to Invergordon the following day, and Cleaver, in spite of a broken neck, was remaining at Carronbank on the invitation of Miss Findlater to do 'business.' So ended a glorious and eventful week which all enjoyed, aches and pains taken into consideration.

I would recommend this type of holiday to anyone with the urge to do something different. The ability to ride is by no means a must, though it naturally depends on what one wishes to learn there. Ponies are available for trekking, which enables one to get off the beaten track and to see the Scottish countryside with no more effort than a prod in the pony's ribs every now and then to keep him going. These holidays are becoming increasingly popular with both young and old, so why not go up there for a week and see what an enjoyable time can be had?

W.M.S.



NOT TRUE

Survey of a



Misunderstood

Sport

'HOUNDS run after hares, flight cadets walk after hounds and girls run after flight cadets'. This description gives a completely unreal impression of life with the 'Per Ardua' Beagles. It implies that sometimes the hounds really do find hares. It would be more reasonable to say that beagling is poor man's hunting, which gives ample scope to those bystanding comedians who unfailingly inquire if the Whips have lost their horses.

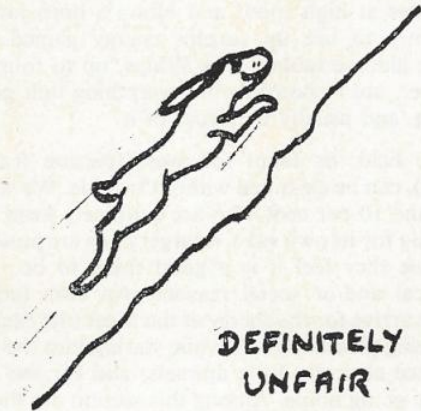
The routine each Wednesday and Saturday is simple. A few flight cadets leave lectures at a quarter to one even more quickly than usual and converge from West and Science sites on the Dining Hall. Ten minutes later they have eaten a four-course lunch, returned to their quarters, changed into well-worn near-white breeches and A.P. No. 1 jackets (which many years ago were dyed a greenish colour) and are on their way to rendezvous with the transport usually provided by the courtesy of other members of the field.

The Meet is anything up to fifteen miles away from Cranwell on a normal day, and on arrival one of two procedures is followed. Either some liquid fortification is provided by the generous hosts, or the crew of the beagles' trailer go into action and release about thirty depressingly lively hounds. This strength would be spoken of as 'fifteen' as the binary system of counting still seems to be used in these remote parts of Eastern England. Each hound has a name but only answers to it if it happens to be within striking range of a whip. Nevertheless it is a wonderful ploy to be able to quote such names as 'Vixen,' 'Gambler' or 'Ensign' when the field is beginning to wonder whether a Whip has even seen any hound before or not. The fact that all three are probably laid-off for that particular afternoon

and are still in the kennels always escapes them. Unfortunately, Whipmanship is wasted on all but the uninitiated.

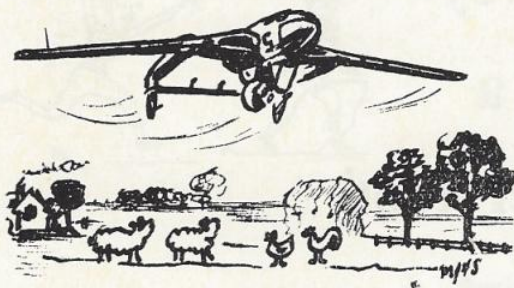
Within a four-mile radius of a Meet there is continuous ploughland. On this a hare can comfortably attain a speed of 30 knots, a hound about 20 knots and a Whip about three knots. The latter discrepancy results in obvious difficulties, but a hare, say the wise men, will always run in circles. It is therefore a matter of simple positioning in the centre of an arc. Few hares know of this circuit theory, or the ones that do delight in a really long crosswind leg. Others have a Rate-of-Turn of about $\frac{1}{100}$ or lack the power to decide if they prefer left- or right-hand turns. The latter may spend three or more hours trying out both, in which time pack and Whip separation has become a noticeable feature of the hunt.

It is not impossible to catch a hare. The hounds may find one asleep, or, and this is supposed to be the correct method, they may remain on the track of one so long that it runs out of fuel or



DEFINITELY
UNFAIR

RECCE



seizes up. The maximum continuous cruising speed of a hare can be maintained for only half an hour, while a hound has an endurance of about three hours. The result is not as inevitable as it first appears, as a tired hare usually hands over the lead to his fresh and energetic brother-in-law after twenty-nine minutes. This causes mild frustration amongst the pursuers. Another unfair advantage a hare has is its ability to move faster uphill than down owing to over-developed hind legs. A Whip soon learns this and commandeers all high ground in the vicinity, only to find the pack has gone the other way after a fox in any case.

Sheep and hens provide hazards, and have the interesting quality of improving their pedigree tenfold when they expire after a hound has casually cast a glance in their direction. The expense involved can be avoided by a careful reconnaissance on the morning of the Meet so that their positions may be known to the Whips beforehand and the necessary precautions taken.

Personnel include the Master who turns up faithfully at every Meet come rain, hail, sleet or T.A.B.T. He is famed for covering phenomenal distances at high speed and blows a horn intermittently to use up surplus energy gained by eating glucose tablets. The Whips, up to four in number, are responsible for everything that goes wrong, and usually the cause of it.

The field, or Hunt followers (picture frame No. 4), can be classified without trouble. We start with the 10 per cent who are genuinely keen on hunting for its own sake. A larger body are present because they feel it is a good thing to do, for physical and/or social reasons. An even larger group arrive for the sherry at the Meet (the excuse for being pleasantly idle while staring into the far distance at pretty little animals) and for the tea before going home. Among this section are those

bevvies of gorgeous females who 'rather like the tall, handsome Whip with a moustache over there.' They are regular attendants, and probably give the weary and frequently abused Whip something to live for when he realizes it is only half-past two and he is virtually dead on his feet already.

Every field seems to be at least half a mile across. All have six-foot drainage ditches round their perimeters and Lincolnshire farmers delight in concealing large quantities of rusty barbed wire in every hedge. The pack is always at least two fields away and has probably split into two or more sections disappearing rapidly in different directions.

The final phase is less colourful. The hounds are packed into their trailer and the search for the inevitable stragglers begins. When the wayward animals are found, the trailer crew may be treated to tea before de-briefing during the journey home. The hounds are unloaded on their return to their overcrowded kennels on the North Airfield, and the ravenous beasts plunge into a meal of stewed sheep.

The day is nearly over. The Master departs. The Whips stagger into their quarters, find there is no hot water and realize they have missed high tea. Spirits correspondingly high, they joyfully pour a packet of Daz into lukewarm water and scrub their breeches for about an hour. Pleasant relaxation. A needlework repair session follows and the hockey boots are hacked out of a solid block of pure Lincolnshire mud. Meanwhile, the healthy, strong and intelligent hares throughout the country go into mild training in preparation for their next opportunity of joining in the fun and games with the 'Per Ardua' Beagles.

M.J.F.S.



FOLLOWERS, MKS. I AND II

AFTER "THE KING AND I"

UP to 1951 Rodgers and Hammerstein had produced four musical plays which had revolutionized the conventional musical. They wrote plays where the plot counted for everything while the musical score and lyrics were the chief exponents of character and continuity of the action. They showed their complete mastery by such instances as killing their hero at the end of the first act and still producing a hit. *The King and I* ended with a death scene, so skilfully handled that no one could accuse it of being sentimental or a failure.

Having written four plays where emotion and drama played a large part, Rodgers and Hammerstein decided to have a change of tempo, and so they wrote a musical comedy, their first, called *Me and Juliet*. This turned out to be an original story of backstage life treated in an entirely different way from any previous story on the same theme. Considerable autobiographical material of Hammerstein's life was used and altogether it was a light-hearted and fresh show. The critics were not really enthralled by it, due to the fact that they expected to see a show similar to one of their previous works with the result that they condemned what they might have praised if it had been written by anyone else. The piece has no hero except the theatre itself, and it seems as if Rodgers and Hammerstein have dedicated it to this hero.

In 1952 Rodgers was invited to write the score for *Victory at Sea*, a saga of the war at sea taken from the American point of view. Rodgers, now supreme in the musical theatre, was loath to waste time on something which was inevitably a risk, but in the end he was persuaded and as a result produced some of the finest music ever written for a film. Although every scene brings a new flood of melody, he maintains a remarkable continuity of the mystic moods of the war at sea. His music adds that 'elusive emotional dimension which neither camera nor words could quite convey.'

Their most recent theatrical piece is an adaptation from that famous American writer John Steinbeck's novel *Sweet Thursday*. This is a sequel to his more well-known novel *Cannery Row*. It deals with a raffish community living on the Californian coast. The main theme suggests that even though the inhabitants are a band of indigent idlers they are just as capable of deep emotion as decent folk. This show was not very well received by the critics who disliked the way the authors had taken what was essentially a

non-romantic theme and given it a romantic treatment.

Their latest work is a short television version of *Cinderella*. Together with the performance of Julie Andrews, the British actress whom the Americans had taken to heart for her talent displayed in *My Fair Lady*, this show was described unanimously by the critics as enchanting.

Some time this summer it is on the cards that Rodgers and Hammerstein will come up with another masterpiece and this article will be out of date.

But enough of the shows themselves. What are these two superbly matched artists like as people and how do they compose? They were both brought up in the same district of New York and have strikingly similar tastes. Both have country houses where Hammerstein farms and Rodgers plays croquet; both have wives who are interior decorators and perhaps because of this neither of them smoke. Rodgers is a stocky man of fifty-six. He is most meticulous in his work and insists on keeping everything well organized and planned to the finest detail.

When actively engaged on a new show he goes to the country, and apart from frequent meetings with Hammerstein might for all the world be a hermit. He composes a song at fantastic speed. Once asked how long it took him to write 'Oh What a Beautiful Morning,' he replied, without trying to be funny: 'How long does it take to play it?' He writes at such a rate that he has a lot of time on his hands which he spends browsing through old scores trying to find instances where an old song could be improved.

Hammerstein is a burly individual, looking more like an engineer than an author. He is a painstaking perfectionist. When he is writing his lyrics he is slow and methodical, taking anything up to three weeks to complete one to his satisfaction. He always writes them in longhand because, as he says, if they were typewritten they would look so perfect he wouldn't have the heart to change them. When writing a song he thinks up a tune to them himself and is often disconcerted to find that Rodgers' tune is quite different and much better. He is also a little bitter over the fact that it takes him three weeks to write a lyric which Rodgers sets to music in three hours.

And what of their art? Their success is based on the fact that the words and music are a perfectly blended unity. The songs want to be
(concluded on page 140)

THE scene is set on the parade square of an institution whose purpose is obvious even to the lay spectator. Here well-spoken young gentlemen are trained in one of the many aspects of their aeronautical profession. A group of these representatives of the backbone of English society (it is rumoured that they are young men of vision and intellectual ability) is in the process of being drilled by a blue and white figure who, a little bird tells us, rejoices in the name of Flight Sergeant 'Miser' Toolittle. But let us observe what transpireth. . . .

MISER: Ep, ep, ep, eye, ep; 'old yer 'eads up you 'orrible 'unks of 'orsemeat. 'ALT. Nah then that was 'orrible, quite 'orrible. I'll want ter see it a lot better than that when you come aht termorrer. Right, squad daaaaaas-MISS! Git orf the squayer smart.

(Miser himself starts to go when we see one of the more senior young gentlemen who has been watching the proceedings come forward to meet him. Our little bird again flutters down to inform us that the newcomer is an S.U.O. What on earth is that?)

SUO STIGGINS: Good morning, Flight Sergeant. I've been watching them. Not so hot, what?

MISER: No, sir, 'orrible, quite 'orrible.

STIGGINS: No, no, please, Flight Sergeant. Horrible.

MISER: That's what I said, sir. 'Orrible.

STIGGINS: No, you don't understand. The word is 'horrible' not 'orrible.'

MISER: Well, what's it matter anyway? Means the same. Still, you know it ain't no use trying ter teach blokes like me ter speak proper.

STIGGINS: Properly.

MISER (*grudgingly*): Properly.

STIGGINS: I don't agree. If you spoke better I'm sure it would lead to more efficiency in the squadron drill.

MISER: Tcha! Never. What do you think ud 'appen if I went aht there talking abaht (*he mimicks Stiggins' Oxford accent*) 'Gentlemen, your belts is beautifully blancoed today. I am indeed pleased with your appearance.' No, sir, in two days them belts wouldn't be blancoed at all no longer. I know exactly 'ow it would be. Slovenly! Just imagine the parades, sir.

MY FAIR FLIGHT



(*He sings.*)

All we'd see would be dirty brass,
Belts as green as the Orange grass,
No shine, no bull, no class,
Oh, wouldn't it be slovenly?

Lots of boots with a dull black shine,
Lots of bods in a crooked line,
They'd no doubt think it fine,
But wouldn't it be slovenly?

Oh, so slovenly standin' abso bloomin'
lutely bent,
They would never budge till I
Got onto me bike and went.

Someone's belt 'angin' rahnd 'is 'ips,
Last week's growth all arahnd 'is lips,
Just givin' racin' tips,
Oh, wouldn't it be slovenly?

And that's my opinion, sir.

STIGGINS: I still don't agree with you, Flight Sergeant. Anyway, I'd like to try it. I tell you what. Come up to my quarters after dinner this evening and I'll give you the first lesson in the joys of our beautiful language.

MISER: Oh, all right, sir. But I still don't think it's right. I'm quite 'appy as it is. The last thing I want is to go arahnd sahnding like 'Arold Macmillan.

STIGGINS: But you don't seem to realize this could be your great chance. Right, well I'll see you this evening at 1945.

(Miser mutters something which we cannot hear—perhaps it is just as well—and after mounting his bicycle, rides down to the Sergeants' Mess. Inside we see him greeted by an aged weather-beaten warrant officer. The Toolittles must be a firmly established Service family for it soon becomes obvious that our new acquaintance is none other than Miser's own father, Fred.)

FRED: 'Ullo, Miser, me lad. 'Ow goes it, eh? 'Ow many d'yer get today?

MISER: Oh, quite a few. Seven, I think. Hey, listen, Dad, you know that Stiggins bloke in 'D' Squadron. Well, 'e's got a funny idea abaht makin' me talk English proper. But it doesn't seem right some'ow. I mean, what do I want ter learn that sort of thing for. I ain't a ruddy haristocrat.

FRED: Nah then, Miser, me lad, don't you go speaking ill of the blood from what you was sprung. We're a very fine famly. And anyway, what's wrong with speakin' proper like? I know it don't come natural at present but it only takes a bit o' courage to overcome your himpediments, just a little bit o' pluck. 'Ere, 'ow can I tell you? It's rather like all them little dodges you learn abaht the camp. Seems wrong at first but after you've done it once it comes easy. Let me try and explain.

(He sings.)

The Commandant, 'e often goes aht drivin',
You're sure ter meet 'im nearly every day,
The Commandant, 'e often goes aht drivin',
But wiv a little bit o' pluck,
Wiv a little bit o' pluck,
You can turn and look the other way.

Wiv a little bit,
Wiv a little bit,
Wiv a little bit o' pluck just turn away,
Wiv a little bit,
Wiv a little bit,
Wiv a little bit o' pluck just turn away.

The same is true for speakin' English proper,
Instead of shoutin' things like 'bloody lice,'
The same is true for speakin' English proper,
Wiv a little bit o' pluck,
Wiv a little bit o' pluck,
You can search arahnd for something nice.

Wiv a little bit,
Wiv a little bit,
Wiv a little bit o' pluck you'll make it nice,
Wiv a little bit,
Wiv a little bit,
Wiv a little bit o' pluck you'll make it nice.

And that's all there is to it really. You take my tip, son, 'ave a bash. After all, there's no 'arm in 'avin' a bash is there?

MISER: Oh, orlight then. I'll go along and see wot it's like. But I still think it's a lot of damned nonsense.

(The next scene we see is in Stiggins' room that evening. It is obvious that he has been experiencing considerable difficulty in his task but nevertheless he is persevering bravely.)

STIGGINS: No, no, no! That's terrible. I think perhaps we'd better leave the brown cow till a later stage in the training. Now try this one and make sure you open your mouth properly. Now then, after me: 'The sleet in Fleet sweeps sweetly down the street.'

MISER (trying hard but being rather unsuccessful): The sleet in Fleet sweeps sweetly dahn the street. 'Ow's that?



STIGGINS: Better, but do try and stop this terrible 'dah.' The word is down. (*Emphasizing it.*) A round-mouthed down.

MISER: The sleet in Fleet sweeps sweetly dah—down the street.

STIGGINS: A bit better but we've a long way to go yet. Anyway, that'll do for this evening. Come again tomorrow, same time.

(But a great deal more than 24 hours have passed when we next see Miser again. He has obviously had a full course from Stiggins for his cockney accent has been replaced by a very respectable Oxford one.)

MISER: How now, brown cow. The sleet in Fleet sweeps sweetly down the street.

STIGGINS: Marvellous! Well, Flight Sergeant, that's it. I can't teach you any more but I'd like to put my efforts into practice. You know

it's the Passing-Out Parade next Tuesday and in the evening there's the Grad Ball. Well, I have procured a partner for you and you will come as my guest. What do you think of that?

MISER: Well, it's very kind of you, sir, but do you think it would work? I mean, I know I speak properly now but—

STIGGINS: Of course it will work. With the training you've had, there's no knowing what vistas are not now opened to you. All the joys of the wonderful English language are at your command. Nothing stands between you and success now. I'll write a note to your partner confirming next Tuesday evening and you can post it. You are walking back past the Post Office, aren't you?

MISER: Not bloody likely! I'm goin' on me bike!

(The following Monday evening there is quite a celebration in the Sergeants' Mess, for not only has Miser finally conquered his old accent but his father, Fred Toolittle, has completed forty years' service to the day. Let us go over and see what Chief Technician Everton is talking to Miser about.)

EVERTON: Well, Miser, me old lad, wot's it feel like ter be able ter talk proper like a real gentleman, eh?

MISER: Rather fine actually. I'm going to the Grad Ball tomorrow evening you know. I'm rather looking forward to seeing what my partner is like. Stiggins assures me she's very beautiful.

EVERTON: I bet she will be. You can't go ter that ball with a woman 'oo looks like the back of a bus. I think I'll learn ter talk proper if that's wot it does for yer. Wot does yer dad think abah't it?

MISER: He's quite happy about it. Tomorrow's a big day for him too you know—parade warrant officer on the Passing-Out Parade.

EVERTON: Yers, it must be. Cor, look at 'im. 'E ain't arf knockin' 'em back. (To Fred.) Hey, Fred. Go steady on that stuff. Remember wot yer got termorrer.

FRED: Yes, I know, Bert, but it doesn't 'ave no after effects on me, yer know. Anyway, I'm celebratin' ternight, so let it flow.

(He sings.)

I'm on a cere in the mornin',
Let's 'ave another gin and lime,
Let's not be arty,
Let's 'ave a party,
But get me to the square on time.

I'm on a cere in the mornin',
That shows the 'ights to what I climb,
Though some would slay me,
You must obey me,
So get me to the square on time.

I'm on a cere in the mornin',
Where dirty brass is thought a crime,
But damn all me brasses,
Refill yer glasses,
Just get me to the square on time.

(The party proceeds in chaos, so let us leave them to their celebrations. The next scene that we see is also a celebration, though a slightly less rowdy one. It is the following evening and the Passing-Out Ball is in full swing. We fade in to the music of a tango—'The Sleet in Fleet.' Miser is dancing enthusiastically with his partner, a beautiful brunette, Miss Hedy Heynsford-Rill and is obviously living up to his new standards. But who is that going out on to the parade square with the shapely blonde? It is Stiggins with his girl friend, Myra. Let us see what is going on.)

MYRA: Well, Stanley, you certainly seem to have made a good job of your Flight Sergeant. But, tell me, aren't you sorry to be leaving this place?

STIGGINS: In a way, yes. It seems funny in a way to see this parade ground like this with all the cars on it. It makes it look quite different somehow. I thought to myself on this morning's parade, 'I've drilled here so many times before but today it's all so different.'

(He sings.)

I have often marched on this square before,
And been often told to 'go and cut yer
'air' before,
But today it seems,
That I'm dreaming dreams
Of the past, on the square where we drill.

There is nothing here that I know so well
As this oblong where we did this morning's
show so well,
And it's strange to feel
That my polished heel
Will no more stamp the square where we drill.

(They move on and another couple come strolling out. The newcomers are Miser and Hedy. He is telling her about his transformation and she is obviously very interested in what he is saying.)

MISER: . . . And so then he invited me to this ball. He said he was sure I could talk well enough

to make people think I was a member of high society circles. And that's how I came to be here.

HEDY: How wonderful! But how did it feel when



you realized how big a change it really was? Did you feel glad or a bit sorry that you weren't what you used to be?

MISER: Oh, glad. I remember it really hit me one evening in my room about a week or two ago. I was polishing my boots at the time and I suddenly thought, 'Miser Toolittle, now you can talk proper English, there's no knowing what may come of it.' I could have gone on polishing my boots all night, I was so happy.

(He sings.)

I could have bulled all night,
I could have bulled all night,
When I saw what it meant,
I knew at last I'd be
In high society,
At last I'd be a 'gent.'
I'll never know what made me feel so happy,
How long I'd been to see the light,
I only know when it
Had made its final hit
I could have bulled, bulled, bulled, all night.

And that's how it all came about. Now I'm applying for a commission and when I get it I'll marry you and end up as Marshal of the Royal Air Force.

(And, you know, he did, too!)

THE GNOME ENGINE

(from the first edition of the "Piloteer" June 1917)

NINE little cylinders turning so sedate,
One lost ignition wire
And then there were eight.

Eight little cylinders in turn facing heaven,
One bent its tappet rod
And then there were seven.

Seven little cylinders used to playing tricks,
One blew its head off
And then there were six.

Six little cylinders working all alive,
One sooted sparking plug
And then there were five.

Five little cylinders working all the more,
One broke a valve stem
And then there were four.

Four little cylinders sailing over Sleá—
One shed a piston ring
And then there were three.

Three little cylinders wondering what to do,
One over-oiled itself
And then there were two.

Two little cylinders very nearly done,
One over-worked itself
And then there was one.

One little cylinder wanting a spell,
Simply gave the ghost up
And descended into——

The First Parade

(Thanks are due to Squadron Leader W. J. Bangay, M.B.E., for this account)

ON a cold, blustery morning in March 1920 an odd-looking bunch of characters could be seen marching independently up and down the road adjacent to the West Camp square. Some were dressed in Dartmouth Naval rig but most were in suits and bowler hats, the like of which had never been seen except on professional comedians. The first entry of the Royal Air Force College was about to tackle its first parade. The state of the bowlers was quite understandable to the inhabitants as on arrival each cadet had been prevailed upon to jump from the highest beam in the ante-room on to his bowler hat—and heaven help him if he missed! As no uniform was to be issued for some weeks, the headgear for parade was to become weird and wonderful, and most cadets soon had only the brim left (to be worn at the correct angle, of course).

At 0750 hours on to the parade ground (now the fire section square) marched Trumpeter Bangay accompanied by a drummer (who is now proprietor of a local pub). They took up position under the station clock (which is still there) and stood smartly at ease, feeling very superior as they were wearing the then new R.A.F. blue. At 0755 on came the first College Warrant Officer, Sergeant Major Gorwood (late of the Royal Lincoln Regiment). In those days the marker drill and marching-on procedure was different, as most of the orders for this part of the parade were given by trumpet and drum. The trumpeter and drummer received their cues from the Sergeant Major by various combinations of the fingers of the right hand.

On a single flam from the drummer at 0758 the cadets halted smartly and turned inwards to face the parade ground. 'Markers' was sounded by the trumpeter and the markers doubled on to their appropriate positions (marked with white dots). Another flam from the drummer, and the whole parade took one pace forward. A drum roll, and they doubled on to their markers, taking up their dressing. One more flam, and they stood at ease.

As nobody concerned had done all this to a trumpet and drum before there was a certain amount of chaos, with high spirits thrown in. In spite of his four years' experience of square bashing, the spectacle was too much for Trumpeter Bangay, who just could not contain a loud cackle of laughter. The Sergeant Major whipped round like lightning, but the trumpeter's face was wooden. After a close inspection he

decided that somebody hadn't shaved cleanly, and it wasn't him. He further suggested that the trumpeter report to the Adjutant at 0900 hours 'for certain adjustments.' The parade continued.

After a few more drum flams to align the various flights, the Adjutant appeared, on horse-back. Unfortunately he did not remain for long as the band was by now on parade and his mount took exception to the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery and dulcimer. As there was more hilarity involved in this episode, Trumpeter Bangay viewed his visit to the Adjutant with much misgiving. Order was restored, and the parade concluded without further mishap.

The trumpeter was marched out from his appointment with 14 days of the best and much sound advice. He was met in the passage outside by the Sergeant Major himself. On being told of the result of the interview he just growled, '... should have been 28 days' cells ... don't know what the service is coming to ... but at least, perhaps you won't look so bloody cocky in the future.' And so ended a most memorable morning.

J.R.M.

AFTER "THE KING AND I"—concluded

sung. The music lets the words through and there is none of the stilted grammar so often found in pre-war songs. The lyrics are written in a language of dialogue which enables the transition from speech to song, a difficulty which was for so long ignored, to flow smoothly. In fact the introductions to many songs are almost spoken. Hammerstein's lyrics show great warmth and sincere emotion and a complete understanding of simple people; perhaps this is the key to his success, his lyrics are above all simple. Rodgers has a style all his own as well as many musical devices which help to lift his music above the popular song. Not the least of these artifices is his gift of being able to create a tune out of a repetition of the same note such as 'Surrey with the Fringe on Top' or 'A Wonderful Guy.' He seldom uses an elaborate harmony but when he does he displays considerable technical skill in the use of counterpoint and other techniques. Cole Porter once described Rodgers' music as holy; another has said it was sad. It is not quite either of these, but they are not far wrong. In fact it can be expected that, as they are as great as Gilbert and Sullivan, their music will still be giving unlimited enjoyment to music lovers of all classes in fifty or a hundred years' time.

M.B.B.

Les Trois Clochards

THE three tramps were, in fact, Alan, Jerry and Mike and, because of the reluctance of any one of us to write the wretched report on our adventures, we decided that the only way to satisfy the raging *Journal* staff was for each of us to write a few words on some aspect of the trip. Here, then, are our impressions of what really happened, with apologies for the lack of continuity in our efforts.



Le Fiacre

Driving on the continent is difficult, they say, but one gets used to it. After starting in Boulogne and gradually working our way through Belgium, Holland and Germany, we were beginning to see some truth in this; that is until we reached Paris. From then on we were just another writhing insect in the Parisian web of traffic. The longer we spent there the harder it became. Our intention of arriving in daylight at a quiet hour gradually and sickeningly developed into trying to find a certain Rue Gervex on the opposite side of the town, first during the rush hour and then, as time passed, during the hubbub of the night. This, we thought, was the ultimate until Francois, our acquaintance and guide, joined the crew. From then on our driver was reduced to a state of body and mind resembling that of a mad London cabby having a nightmare.

One of our short trips was to a new film in the Champs-Elysées featuring 'B.B.' It was only a ten-minute walk but if we took the car we might be in time for the start of the programme. Francois knew the way perfectly and everything *en route*. 'First right and straight on,' was the instruction—and the last correct one for half an hour. Meantime, there was a palace on the right, a gallery on the left, a statue behind, the Seine in front and 'Look out! the lights are red.' Then we were in the Place de la Concorde, the great stock-car race of all time. The second turning off was ours. 'Left?' 'Oui ah! non a gauche!' which, of course, was a one-way street—the other way. This led to a reversing operation, involving

breaking into a main stream of traffic, without the use of a rear window, which was cut off by a cloud of French cigarette smoke. By the time we reached the cinema and parked the car in a space overlapping a pedestrian crossing we had committed every driving offence, had an empty tank and were too late for the start. However, the evening had just begun. There were still two night clubs to visit and our trip back across Paris without a guide.

A.G.

Toilette Technique

Having pitched tent we decided that it would be a good idea to visit the local evening attractions:

'Honest, there's a definite art in remaining suave when you're out camping but if those othah fellahs will take all your stuff, well rahly, what is a man to do?'

(Suave speaking.)

'My deah, theah we were out in the wilds looking just like some farm animals when it was decided to visit town. Well rahly, I mean, one must look one's best mustn't one? I mean, one just can't go to town these days looking like that, can one?'

'So, my deah, I just took my toilette things and removed myself apart from the othahs, of course we're all frightfully bashful about that sort of thing. It was then that I nearly died, my deah. Looking in the mirror thing I have nevah, but nevah, seen such a mess. I was quite distraught, I had no ideah I looked so awful.

'Howevah, I had no soonah recovered when anothah boundah came up and took away pieces of my toilette stuff. Darling, I was livid, I hadn't even started on myself and heah was this fellah taking my kit. I mean, how can a chap get suave when others spoil the game?'

'"Now look heah!" I said as that thieving fellah finished off. Howevah, that othah boundah sprung up and made away with my shaving thing. Darling, rahly, I was furious, I mean it's just not done that sort of thing. Then, when these uttah boundahs had finished, I rounded up my powdah and stuff and was ready to start on myself. Start, my deah! These othah fellahs were ready to go and as the drivah person was tooting his horn I just had to run. I was speechless with fury but whatevah could be done? I mean, one just doesn't go into town without brushing one's hair does one, and heah were these fellahs looking as

(concluded on page 142)

OUR SZCHUM

It takes some time to find your feet
When starting off at Cranwell,
But if you land up there one day
You're bound to meet—
An old-established friend called Szechell.



Have no fears about that ancient car;
It's very easy just to sell.
But if you want it renovated,
And finance is no bar,
The expert on these things is Szechell.



In theory there's no limit to his scope,
You're treated very well.
But still it's money for old rope
When you confide in Szechell.



How fine to save a penny on car fuel,
'Tis but a bagatelle!
Mechanic's bills are something cruel.
For costly details, speak to Szechell.

M.J.P.

LES TROIS CLOCHARDS—concluded

suave as could be? I mean just how vain can you get? I often wondah!

J.G.S.

Eiffel Ascended

The ascent had been carefully planned. Carrying only a compass and a fork for lightness the three intrepid travellers had trudged along the desolate boulevard known as St Michael. After tramping through tourist-infested places and fighting off the postcard sellers with empty wallets—their sole weapons—they displayed courage beyond the realms of duty in reaching the foot of this Colossus unmolested.

Even the best-laid plans go adrift and prompt action was necessary to save the expedition from disaster when it was discovered that funds only permitted the carriage of two and a half persons to the top by elevator. The ensuing election was a foregone conclusion and the least muscular member of the party began clawing his way up the escalator towards the first stage. He was overtaken on the way up by his electorate and received the gestures appropriate to his efforts. Reunited at last the explorers journeyed on.

Eventually they reached 992 feet (without oxygen or protective heating) and stepped out onto the topmost platform into a tornado of some twelve knots or so. And then, from their vantage point, they first cast eyes on to the sea of Paris, like stout Cortez when he first caught sight of the Pacific.

A cursory examination only was made of the panorama at this stage for all knew that one false step would bring about the speedy return of the frogs' legs that had been so unwisely eaten at lunch. However, seeing that the yawning chasm held little terror for the natives, the three moved within as little as four feet of the handrail after a series of dares.

Deciding that no more could be done on this day one member determined within seconds the exact location of the nearest tavern through his spyglass. The team shouldered its sextant, astrolabe and other sunray equipment and began the descent. Thereupon, having reached the ground intact, they entered the said tavern and had a good beer

M.K.

IT'S IN THE BOOK!



AN OFFICER RIDING WITHOUT ARMS IS TO SALUTE WITH THE RIGHT HAND



SEIZE THE BUTT WITH THE RIGHT HAND



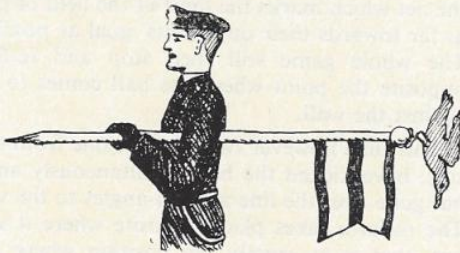
LOOKOUT FOR AGE TO MARCH IN THE FRONT AND REAR TO WARDEN MOTOR VEHICLES BY THE DISPLAY OF A SUITABLE NOTICE



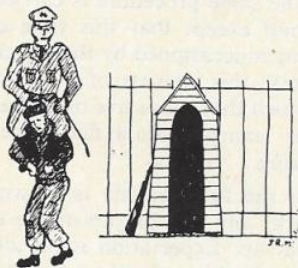
THE LEFT HAND IS TO BE CUT SHARPLY AWAY



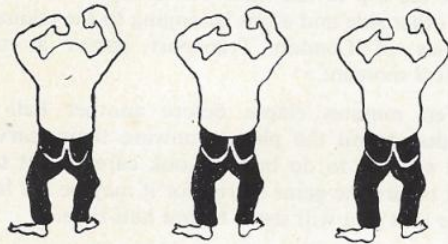
SMALL PARTIES ARE TO PAY COMPLIMENTS TO ALL OFFICERS



SENIOR ENTRY, TAKE YOUR POST!



GUARDS ARE TO BE MOUNTED BY THE ADJUTANT



DRESSING IS TO BE CARRIED OUT RAPIDLY AND CORRECTLY

ETON WALL GAME

HAVE you ever wanted to play a game of football on a pitch eight yards wide and a hundred and thirty long, bounded on one long side by a high wall and on the other by a net? In this game a goal is scored on average every ten years, and in case of such an event crowds through the touchline every time there is a fixture.

The game is, of course, the Eton wall game, a unique game of skill and adventure. Let us go with the excited crowd and watch one of these spectacular events. The game is due to begin at half past two.

At exactly a quarter to three both the sides turn up in force. The largest players are arranged in enormous padded jackets and strong headguards. The others wear normal soccer kit with 12 foot long scarves wrapped around their necks. The ball, made of leather but considerably smaller than a football, is produced and with a burst of surplus energy one of the players kicks it clear



over the top of the wall. The Slough road is on the other side and a bus belonging to the country service of London Transport passes at the critical moment.

Ten minutes elapse before another ball is produced and the players unwind their scarves and prepare to do battle. Look carefully at the ball before the game starts, for it may be the last time that you will see it before half-time.

The players form up in what looks like a rigger scrum against the wall. The referee bends down and places the ball into the middle of the pack, at the same time blowing his whistle to inform the

players too far back to see that the game has at last started.

As this is the fifth match in the season the pitch is a sea of mud, and the game remains static for the first quarter of an hour. That is to say the ball does not move, it is firmly wedged against the wall, and despite the strongest efforts of both sides it cannot be moved. The players are pushing and heaving in order to make headway towards their opponents' goal, clouds of steam rise from their bodies, and the spectators stand well clear. Occasionally a player works his way right through the opponents' scrum, without the ball of course, and is hauled out by his arms so that he can run round behind his team to join in again.

The purists are smacking their lips with approval for this is a perfect exhibition, no progress made by either side and no sight of the ball. To keep himself amused the fly, who stands behind the scrum, either throws lumps of mud against the wall or shouts out where he imagines the ball to be.

By some twist of fate the ball is suddenly dislodged from against the wall and the players on the verges of the scrum begin to take notice. If it should come clear they will try to kick it over the net which marks the limit of the field of play, as far towards their opponents' goal as possible. The whole game will then stop and re-form opposite the point where the ball comes to rest against the wall.

This time however two players, one from each side, have kicked the ball simultaneously and it has gone over the line at right-angles to the wall. The re-form takes place opposite where it went out, that is at exactly the position where play stopped.

No one sees the ball for the remainder of the first half, after which there is a five-minute break. Exactly the same procedure is carried out in the second half except that this time considerable excitement is occasioned by the attacking play of the visitors; this consists of a ten-minute burst during which they move five or six yards towards the home team's goal; a fine piece of tactical manœuvring.

At last the final whistle is blown. It is now fairly dark, and the players move off to clean themselves up. Expectation is on all their faces for they know they will all receive the reward for their efforts, a really large tea.

P.J.D.

WINCHESTER FOOTBALL

IT is autumn when Wykehamists play their own strange brand of football. As the brown leaves fall from the trees and the ground is wet and muddy a peculiar fanaticism grips Wykehamists and drives them to the football field. The scholars lay aside their black gowns and their glasses—some of them leave their glasses on and stick them to their faces with Elastoplast—and emerge from the cloisters clothed in white shorts and blue and white vests. The other men in the school come from ten different houses and, laying aside their straw hats unite in two teams, one playing in brown and white and the other in red and white. (The Editor asked me to emphasize that although the scholars do not wear straw hats and the not so brainy ones do not wear black gowns, when they all lay aside their particular items of clothing, it does not mean that they are naked—they do wear trousers, shirts, coats, etc. The expression 'lay aside' is only a figure of speech to try and give a more realistic picture of the members of the school preparing for the Winchester football season.)

If you imagined the whole school laying aside their straw hats and gowns try and destroy that image and instead conjure up the picture of only 45 out of the 500 laying aside hats and gowns—the reason being that 15 play in a team and there are three teams. Of course everyone in the school tries his hand at the game, but from the standard that is reached in these games it is blatantly obvious that the players never laid aside anything—not even their cigarettes and beer.

Imagine then two teams approaching the pitch, both bulky with thick white sweaters and pussies wrapped several times round their necks (we were not especially animal lovers—a 'pussy' is a white scarf about 12 feet long with one's particular colours at the ends). They inspect the ground, poking their toes into the mud, and test the ropes for tautness. The ropes stand about three feet high on thick wooden posts and about two feet in from the high netting running down each side which protects the spectators from the ball and from players hurled from the scrum (but not from the

mud which accompanies them). Each end of the pitch is open except for worms—the name given to the line over which one tries to get the ball, which incidentally is round. Eight of the 15 players form the 'hot' or scrum, four are 'hot-watches,' whose function is much the same as the scrum half in rugger, and the remaining three are kicks, whose job is, strangely enough, to kick—the ball not the other team.

I will not attempt to explain the rules of the game—they are far too complicated; but even to the spectator who knows nothing except that each team is trying to get the ball over the open end ahead, the game is exciting to watch. He must not be surprised at the shouts which come from the players and the more knowledgeable spectators, such as: 'behind your side,' 'pull his zephyr off,' 'hot on ropes,' 'hot on worms,' 'steps,' 'hands,' 'tag' and, when some poor fellow has received the ball full in the face instead of 'bad luck, old



chap'—'well planted, College.' The more worked up the teams and spectators become, the better the game is going and the layman who is watching can stand back and enjoy himself perhaps feeling at the same time a little sorry for the 30 men, two referees and a ball wrestling in the mud.

M.F.

COMPETITION

Write an account of not more than two hundred and thirteen (213) lines of blank verse in Chaucerian English of Etonians playing the Eton wall game against Wykehamists playing Winchester football and send it to any publication but this one and see if you can win a scholarship for your son to Harrow.

LONDON SHOW GUIDE

MY FAIR LADY

LONDON has seen many American musical shows in the past, but none can have had as large a publicity campaign surrounding it as *My Fair Lady*, the musical adaptation of G. B. Shaw's play *Pygmalion*. On the strength of its publicity campaign alone the box office opened six months before the first night. The general public, many of whom had heard the music from records smuggled into Britain by Americans, waited expectantly to see the reaction of the critics after the opening night. When the show had finished those concerned in the production must have breathed a sigh of relief for the critics unanimously agreed that the play was not overrated. *My Fair Lady* had passed the first night trial with flying colours.

The play is set in London during the early part of the twentieth century. The production opens with a scene outside Covent Garden Opera House where a language expert, Professor Higgins, lays a bet with his friend that in six months he could train a flower girl to speak English so well that she could pass as a lady at any society function. The first act shows his efforts to teach Eliza Doolittle, the flower girl, to speak properly and finishes with her triumphant success at a society ball where she is mistaken for a princess.

After the ball Eliza is very angry that she is being neglected, and realizing that she means nothing to Professor Higgins now that he has won the bet, she leaves him. Higgins finds her at his mother's house seeking advice and sympathy for the insults she had suffered. His attempts to bring her back with him fail, but returning home he realizes that she has affected his life more than any other woman has before. As he sits at home reminiscing while playing his recordings of her voice, she comes back to him.

Julie Andrews has a very difficult role to play, which is not made easier being surrounded by a cast of expert actors. Her portrayal of the cockney Eliza is her weakest part, but as soon as she assumes her normal voice the acting becomes more confident. Julie Andrews' singing voice is admirably suited to the part, and it has noticeably improved since the American recording of the show was made.

Rex Harrison plays the part of Professor Higgins, portraying the arrogant bachelor exactly as Shaw would have wished it to be played. Harrison manages to act his musical numbers; what he lacks in singing ability is compensated for by his stagecraft.

Stanley Holloway's performance as Eliza's dustman father almost steals the show. Whereas Julie Andrews is slightly unhappy in her cockney role, Stanley Holloway is in his element.

The sets and costumes are one of the most important factors contributing to the success of any play. In *My Fair Lady* Oliver Smith and Cecil Beaton have combined brilliantly to produce a very lavish and effective production. The two revolving stages at Drury Lane are kept in constant use, for there are 18 scenes during the three hour duration of the show.

My Fair Lady is the most entertaining musical comedy in London at the moment, and although it is difficult to get seats without booking months ahead, those lucky enough to obtain tickets will not be disappointed.

A.C.E.K.

SALAD DAYS

Two of the most enjoyable and popular musical comedies in London are written by the same team, Dorothy Reynolds and Julian Slade. The older of these two shows is *Salad Days*, at the Vaudeville. Although by comparison with *My Fair Lady* the whole production might appear to lack polish, in its own right it is a very amusing and bright comedy.

There is a flimsy story concerning two undergraduates who purchase a magic piano which starts everybody within earshot dancing. The trouble it causes is the excuse to introduce some brilliant satirical sketches about the organization in a police station and at the Home Office, a beauty salon, a night club and a fashion house. The zest and gaiety of the musical is contagious and only a fervent music hater could fail to respond to the musical atmosphere

FREE AS AIR

The other Reynolds and Slade creation, *Free as Air* at the Savoy Theatre, is a slightly more refined musical comedy than their first.

The action is almost entirely concentrated on a remote island in the Hebrides named Tarhou. To the island comes a rich heiress attempting to escape the publicity surrounding her supposed romance with a popular racing driver. While she falls in love with the heir to the island, the peace is shattered by the arrival of the racing driver with an *entourage* of newspaper reporters who threaten to turn the island into a large holiday camp. As can be expected the danger is averted and a satisfactory happy ending is achieved.

Musically this show is slightly superior to *Salad Days*, and the use of an orchestra instead of two pianos as in the latter emphasizes this. However the comedy in the show does not equal that of *Salad Days*.

Admittance to both of these shows is comparatively easy, and any opportunity to see them should not be missed.

SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD

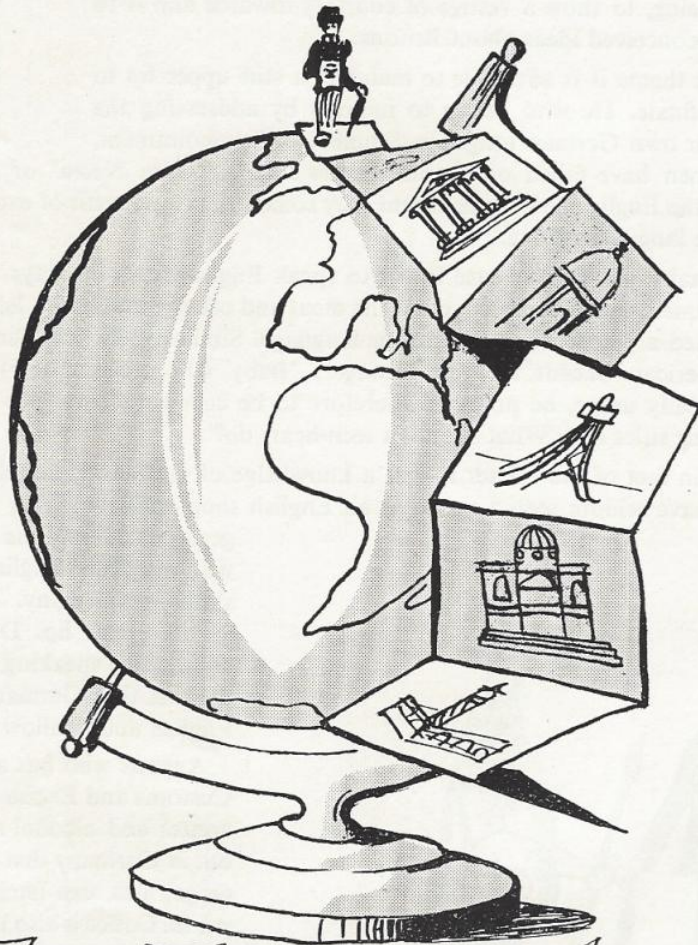
The latest production from the studios of Cinerama is the *Seven Wonders of the World* showing at the London Casino. The film uses the slender excuse of allowing the audience to select its own seven wonders to rove around the world filming unusual natural phenomena.

The production commences with an irritating and egotistical introduction to Cinerama by Lowell Thomas, the American commentator, author and adventurer, who narrates *Seven Wonders of the World*. The commentary is full of American *clichés* which turn the film into a vast travelogue.

The basic fault with the production is the lack of variety. Too many scenes are filmed from the air, and the audience has no time to appreciate any of the 'wonders' before 'the plane wings its way westward in search of further adventures.' The subject matter is very monotonous; waterfalls, volcanoes, dances and architectural ruins follow each other with startling regularity. The cumulative effect of this lack of variety, tedious dialogue, and the vastness and grandeur of the production is to provide a most tiring two hours of cinema entertainment.

(continued on page 160)

THE PLAIN CADETS' GUIDE



TO TOURING TR

Germany

IT is perhaps unnecessary to point out that there is little joy in the eastern sector of Germany and that this section of the traveller's Bible relates to the comparative paradise of Western Germany.

Work on the principle that 'all the wogs begin at Calais' for there is no good reason to exclude the Germans from this category. The passer-by on Kurfurstendamm does not expect civility from an English traveller. He has long thought of the British as the master race and by right the overlords of Europe. To treat the man-on-the-street as a human being, to show a vestige of courtesy towards him is to shatter his preconceived ideas about Britons.

On a similar theme it is advisable to maintain a stiff upper lip to the desperate finale. He who hopes to impress by addressing the natives in their own German tongue is doomed to disappointment. Many good men have failed on simple themes such as 'Gute Nacht' or 'Willst Du etwas?' and although the Englishman's cute accent may sometimes cause a stir of excitement it is better to leave native languages alone.

Many Germans have in any case learnt to speak English from the days when the National Socialist movement was planning to cross the moat and occupy the British Isles. These Germans have maintained a macabre interest in our language. Similarly the younger generation is well versed in American. Words such as 'teenager,' 'Baby' (the older variety), 'Music-box' etc., have current daily usage, be prepared therefore to be called upon to give lucid explanations of burning song titles like 'What should a teen-heart do?'

But the plain fact of the matter is that a knowledge of German is largely uncalled for and unwanted. I have seldom seen a notice in an English shop window saying 'Deutsch wird hier gesprochen' but time out of number you will discover 'English is here spoken' shops in Germany. Maintain therefore a stiff upper lip. Despite the urge to show off by speaking German, recognize the fact that Germans can speak better English and swallow your pride.

Anyone who has an eye to exploiting Customs and Excise will know that cigarettes and alcohol are profitable fields but in Germany that most ordinary beverage, Tea, can fetch up to 30 shillings per lb. Coffee is also lucrative, preferably of the instant variety.

The conditions of immediate post-war days when a packet of Players would guarantee success in anything have now ceased to apply. But the traveller is well



advised to stock up with duty-free English cigarettes during the crossing as German tobacco is singularly foul. Cigars however are not a luxury and they form a pleasant change.

The traditional appearance for an Englishman on holiday is a blue suit with open-necked white shirt, red neck and plimsolls. He is also usually pictured against a background of sea, pier and lowering clouds with perhaps the kids screaming for ice-cream two yards behind. This sort of thing would mark you for life in Germany.

There are many sunshine clubs, though a Puritan might name them otherwise, and the bare-leg appearance in a summer month is essential. Young Germans are very much outdoor types and of a sunny afternoon many take to the woods. The difference between a German wood and an English wood is that in the former the parties actually keep walking.

Chat pleasantly for half an hour or so with a middle-aged German in a 'Gasthaus' and he is bound to broach the subject of war—in particular war from 1939 to 1945.

There is still an almost national inferiority complex about this matter and a German will inevitably declare himself an unwilling victim of National Socialist hysteria. 'Tommys' and 'Ammies' are reasonably popular but a German smiles to himself when he sees the occupying forces 'playing at war.' His philosophy, part of the strong reaction to earlier militant nationalism, is that money is far better spent in developing industry and agriculture. But an Englishman should feel reasonably confident when the last war theme raises its head.

Commerce it would seem overshadows sex in Germany and in the face of the general European trend towards emasculation the male is still dominant in almost all matters in Germany. Nevertheless certain centres exist for the whole benefit of the tourist, the Reeperbahn, the discordantly named centrepiece of Hamburg night-life, is perhaps typical. As you proceed, I hesitate to say progress, along it, every yard becomes worse than the last. Aptly dubbed by *Reveille* 'the most notorious street in Europe' its activities deserve an adjective of their own.

But even in small provincial towns night life is prodigiously brighter than in England. There are no licensing hours, the word licence is almost unknown, Gaststätten remain open until the last customer has literally had enough, and in the early hours of Sunday there is usually some form of dancing. Unrestricted drinking hours are not necessarily the passport to a gay night life but drink normally forms the basis of most types of relaxation and you can't go far wrong on this in Germany. Indeed you can't go far wrong in Germany at all, for when all is said and done the Germans are more horrifyingly like the British than any other European race.



Tibet



WE travelled by express elephant to the border of Tibet where a gay, spontaneous meeting was being organized to bid us welcome.

We were delighted by their quaint traditional custom which demanded that we dip our fingers into a saucer of indelible ink and make prints on little cards on which our photographs were mounted.

'An introduction to the ancient Chinese art of finger painting' explained our guide, himself a Chinese and presumably because he was also a Guest, deeply respected by our hosts the Tibetans.

At one time illiteracy was widespread but since the day that Lhasa suddenly decided to invite the Chinese army into Tibet for a bring-your-own-tanks liaison visit education standards improved out of all recognition. We saw many being volunteered into cattle trucks on their way to improving their minds building the new Inter-continental Ballistic Prayerwheels which they firmly believe will foster fraternal concord between peoples.

It was explained how one day the Dalai Lama suddenly realized that 'Ohmane Padme hwm' was a ludicrous misreading of 'O mighty Mao Tse Tung' and in reward for this service the Great Secretary of Council had magnanimously permitted the Tibetans to name their national animal after that great aeroplane, the Yak, which means 'Dove of Peace.'

Later we watched the march-past of the Young Tibetan Peace Fighters as the authorities had suddenly remembered that May Day had always been the traditional day for parades in Tibet. As we stood there we suddenly remembered that this was the traditional day for us to make a dash for the border. Our Chinese friend shouted after us and seemed to be saying that he had suddenly remembered that this was the traditional day for capitalist guests to visit Siberia, but it was not very clear as of course he was speaking up and down instead of left to right.

The Royal Duchy

To take you on your tour around this tight little corner of the Commonwealth, we have called upon a man well qualified to do so, Mr Garth L. Samuels. We hope that his erudition will delight you as much as his regular readers in Spick, Span and the Little Petherick Stock Breeders' and Pigeon-Fanciers' Annual Quarterly.

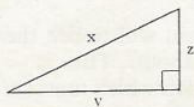


JUST recently I have noticed a tendency to make rash statements about Cornwall, for example:

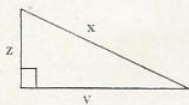
- (a) All Cornish villages are inhabited entirely by oldest inhabitants.
- (b) Cornwall has no roads, railways, political conscience, television, morals, Diana Dors.
- (c) Cornish Youth knows little about transfer functions.

These generalizations are about as true as it is to say that the Texan cow-hand is not addicted to costume jewellery or that too many cooks make light broth but some make Irish Stew.

But revenons aux elephants. Cornwall looks like this:



Or from the Antipodes like this:



If you approach it from the boundary with England, you enter at the blunt end and if you go on long enough, you eventually get squeezed off at the apex, thus proving that the sine of the opposite included angle is proportional to the length of the river Tamar at the vernal equinox.

At the apex you will find a collection of pubs called Land's End because the land ends here. The distance from here to John o'Groats is 3,001 miles as the Cranwell navigator flies, so it is safer and quicker to go by rail, always bearing in mind that there is less remember in June than September.

Statisticians have proved that Cornwall is economically self-supporting. Her chief exports are: artificial piskeys, kaolin poultices, Trelawney, and stories for the gullible English about wreckers, smugglers and King Arthur's seat. Her main imports are petrol fumes, second-hand paper wrappers from picnic lunches and recipes for fish and chips.

A Few Hints

As early as possible get to know the lie of the land as all directions on the peninsula are given as Upalong or Downalong and distances measured in periods of intoxication over flacons of cider.

The true native has several distinguishing marks:

- (a) He incessantly chews straw.
- (b) He can knock his pipe out on his heel without stooping.
- (c) He is invariably pixilated.

The language in most common use is English, which is not surprising when you consider that the native Cornish is all very well for making such statements as 'He was fed with angels' food' (Megys ve gans bos eleth), but not so good for talking about tesseractes or closed-loop systems.

Things to do in Cornwall

This presents a problem. I know that it is customary in this type of travelogue to produce a potted antidote to boredom, but this is difficult in a region where the blasé and disillusioned cit. will find a dearth of the sophisticated trappings of civilization.

When it is sunny you can lie in the sun, but this means that you might get eyestrain from watching television, if only there were any television. Unless you are a poet, maniac, or horticulturalist, it is better by far to stay at home.

Antarctica



TRY Antarctica. At this time of year you will be a bit out of season and all the best people will have left, but if the I.G.Y. is going to last eighteen months, who's going to quibble?

If you take the wrong turning and you meet a polar bear, don't turn back, it's just as quick to keep on going. Moving south you get progressively more upside down, passing through the roaring forties, the frightful fifties, the sexy sixties, senile seventies and at long last the icy eighties.

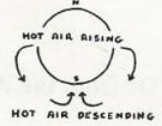
Don't be put off by the welcoming committee at McMurdo, the built-in formality is the penguin's one-up ploy—after one of their all-

night parties it is hardly worth changing anyway. Once ashore find yourself a derelict American base. If they haven't left the television on grab yourself a coke and wait for the aurora (it's non-commercial) and before you go to bed, remember to put the sno-cat out.

You've come a trifle late and all the best things have been done, the diameter route has had quite a pounding already; we suggest the circumference—just go hell bent for where you started off from. The beauty of this is that it only takes a day and

a night and if you go the right way about it you lose a day on the dateline and get back before you start. Who knows, there might be a knighthood in it for you?

Moreover you will notice there is still quite a lot of snow about. This is a ridiculous myth which must be exploded for, as a glance at the accompanying sketch will show, this is clearly impossible.



But it is the other areas of New Zealand that are famous. Three come to mind—Central Otago, the West Coast, and the East Cape. Central Otago, inland from Dunedin, supports a flourishing moonshine industry. The finished product, Hekorwi whisky, deserves its skull and crossbones label. An old goldmining area, Central Otago has many 'ghost towns' that have jumped right out of a Hollywood western. To reminisce, one of these towns had a pub that was considered a heritage in the local area. However, the licence

Contrary to popular belief, there are three islands—there is one a few miles offshore from Invercargill called Stewart Island, but as it is a honeymooner's paradise, the visible population is small. In fact, considering that the Dominion is twice the size of England and supports only 2½ million people, the whole place seems pretty empty. But with 35 million sheep roaming round,

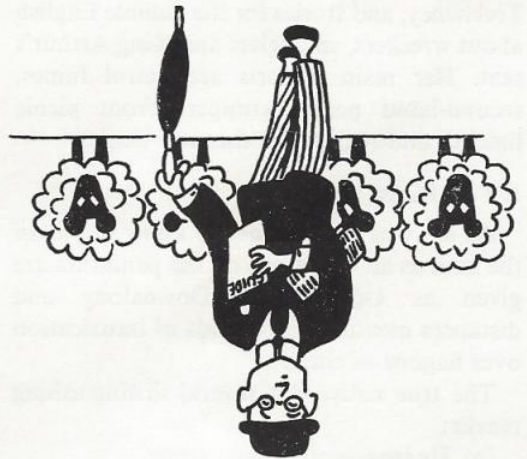
'New Zealand,' according to a London housewife, 'is that place near Canada where the sheep you turned the *journal* upside-down or are you standing on your head?'

ONE question before we start this tour. Have

Of the other towns of interest, and you had better turn to a larger scale map now, Dunedin fascinates. Pioneered by Scots it is a fine tribute to their tenacity under adverse conditions. I was born there. Two monuments in the centre of town are famous. There is one of a pensive Robbie Burns with his back to a church (Anglican), facing a pub (all denominations). The other is of one of the pioneers, Captain Cargill—a grotesque mass which hovers over one of Dunedin's busier streets, and very justifiably is the centre for the local men's convenience.

You can arrive from overseas to any of three cities. Auckland, the largest, in the north, has been likened to a 1910 San Francisco, and if you were in Frisco in 1910 you will know what I mean. Aucklanders think New Zealand ends at the southern suburbs. Travelling from the south, I would, too. Wellington has a charm and a wind all of its own. For firebugs, it has also the largest wooden building in the Southern Hemisphere. Christchurch has been called the most English city outside England. The towering backdrop of the Southern Alps and the absence of TV aerials makes this sound incongruous.

the visitor will never be lacking company, if not conversation.



New Zealand

A real Reader's Digest country this New Zealand—need I say more?

catch the Sydney train.

arrived in Auckland and asked where she could faced reality you're like the American girl who

But I guess ignorance is bliss. Until you have

'Because it kicked me.'

Incidentally, the answer to Waikikimoukou is,

Wokka, Parapram, Wakawye and Piccock.

Paekakariki are respectively and phonetically

Wakakarawera, Paraparamu, Waikaiti and

given up the struggle and the results with

many Maori place names. The pakehas have

no doubt be unsure of the pronunciation of

But before the visitor goes anywhere he will

screen was riddled.

their smoking rifles. The villain's part of the

screams of joy as some Maori stockhands waved

followed by several more. There were triumphant

flash and an explosion from the back of the hall,

6-shooter drawn. At this moment there was a

slowly opening. The villain sid into the room,

sitting with his back to the door, which was

moment in the film had come. The hero was

the movie. It was always a western. The crucial

down from the back country on horseback for

Gisborne. All the shepdrovers and hands came

monthly film show in a tiny village well north of

frontier country, too. I remember attending the

The East Cape of the North Island is almost

replaced.

of the Prime Minister. The commissioner was

week a 50,000 signature petition was in the hands

missioner tried to tighten things up and within a

not to close before midnight. One police com-

the country, it is an unwritten law on the Coast

6 p.m. is strictly observed throughout the rest of

Zealand. Although the legal closing time of

consumption, and lowest working rate in New

nearly 120 inches in places, the highest beer

The West Coast has the heaviest rainfall,

rabbits in the mating season.

did—that's Central. One warning, beware of the

and no one was going to close it up. And nobody

more to those pioneers than a painful of dust,

defenders to surrender, but the saloon meant

their rabbit guns. The law tried to persuade the

locals, chewing their plugs of tobacco, cocked

their objective, and behind the barricade, the

bag emplacements and barbed wire surrounding

were coming to close it down. They found sand-

had expired and was not renewed, so the police

New Zealand—continued

France



HOW TO GET THERE

By Air

FLY by a reputable flying company. Most companies provide a pilot free of charge, however, if out of luck, a few hints may prove useful.

France lies along the bottom of England, separated from us by a stretch of water called by the French The Sleeve, but known to us, with our refreshing candour, as the English Channel. Fly over this stretch of water (marked on most maps) and the chances are that the next sizeable piece of fatherland will be France.

Remember to change seats midway across the Channel. French pilots fly on the right.

Rules of the air are non-existent. The pilot with the strongest nerve has right of way.

By Road

Owing to lack of space in the Channel Tunnel this is not advised.

By Sea

There are two ways of crossing the Channel by water:

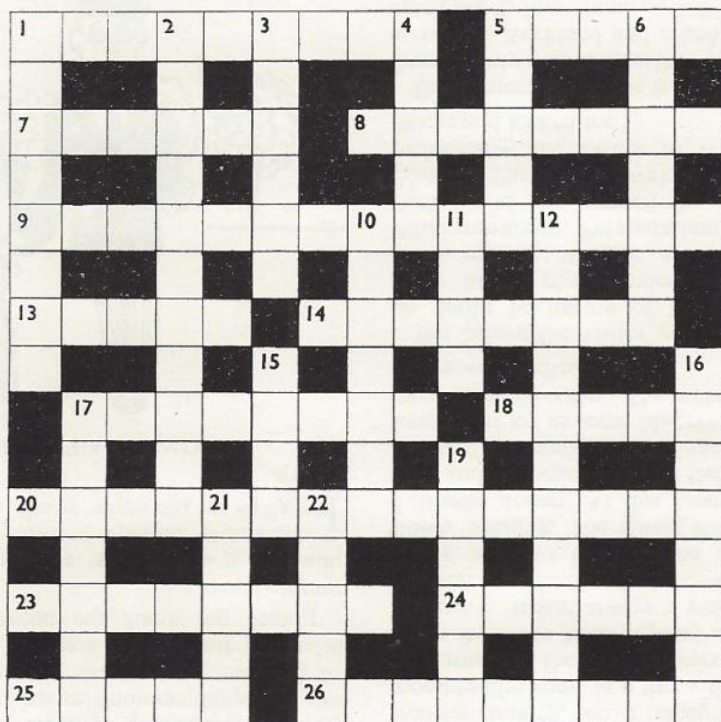
- (a) Swimming.
- (b) Boating.

(a) Swimming will give a greater sense of achievement, but there are restrictions on the amount of baggage that can be carried.

(b) It's drier by boat.



CROSSWORD PUZZLE



ACROSS

1. Boom goes the starter (9).
5. A body is made by breaking sources or origins (5).
7. Wait in Berlin, Germany (6).
8. Tidy life is often high in radio (8).
9. Tailors' bills (9, 6).
13. An Angel almost gets his Friday food (5).
14. Financial dealings are *not* performed by our agriculturalist (5, 3).
17. I scam—it makes a sharp edge (8).
18. A major part of the Tiger Moth could be Hungarian (5).
20. Loyally serenading the Monarch (7, 3, 5).
23. A loading is on the slant (8).
24. Easy to put up (particularly in 2?) (6).
25. Assess the quadruplication and take one away (5).
26. Self-sufficiencies (9).

DOWN

1. Did Sir Walter Scott hammer a nail to the mast? (8).
2. Ginny flight (5, 6).
3. If I abhor Aryans, it happens every hour (6).
4. Pity it can't make a round hole in the squares (5).
5. It's not Paganini's, but the men have it (5).
6. Encouragement for the examiner? (3, 2, 2).
10. An accused insect is nearly very hard (7).
11. We fly with the cupola of a bone head (4).
12. I'm all right (4, 3, 4).
15. A Mohammedan demon that might have something to do with the second clue (4).
16. Shy mints sing praise (8).
17. Could be 15's or what makes the second clue (7).
19. A touch of mad dogs once flourished in the Balkans (6).
21. These false gods are almost lazy (5).
22. Our new member once had a golden edge (5).

(Solution on page 160)

M.F.

WHAT TO TAKE

Clothing

This is useful but by no means essential. The items you take should include:—

Long pair of flannels—to serve as the traditional English shorts.

10-gallon hat and 8 camera cases—

Americans are well received in France and have certain Customs privileges.

Fig leaf—to feed the silkworms.

Miscellaneous Articles

Dark tan boot polish—to prevent sunburn on Riviera.

Several well-labelled suitcases—important morale booster.

Coffin—useful for transporting items through Customs in both directions.

Binoculars—see Night Life.

Items for Profit

Certain goods are well received on the French black market.

Highway Code—you never know it might have effect.

Spare parts for Venus de Milo—certain parts have been missing since Napoleon asked for her hand.

English Government—need is obvious.

Algerian rebels—dead or alive.

Paper clips—France's staple diet.

Money—always appreciated.

WHAT NOT TO TAKE

Wife or girl friend or hot water bottle.

Le Nord

Excellent area for war studies. Finest facilities available for battles, massacres, murder, robbery, etc.

Small or large parties catered for. Regular patrons have included Henry V, Joan of Arc, D'Artagnan and the Kaiser.

Le Ouest

The oueather is ouet and ouindy in the ouinter, but ouarmer in the spring and summer. The earliest horror comic can be seen here at Bayeux. It is essential that all Frenchmen are convinced that the only reason Harold lost, even though

playing at home, was that William used tactics so caddish they would have disgraced even a cricket field.

L'Est

All French mountains are conveniently situated in the East. For the famous exception, see *Le Sud*.

The Vosges is/are contained within a territory of Franco-Germanic no-man's-land called Alsace-Lorraine. This is the scene of the greatest quarrel ever witnessed in earth's history. French and German dog-lovers have yet to settle the argument as to who first invented Alsatians, the dispute is purely academic, these are not the ones with the built-in bar.

The Jura have featured in all Latin best sellers since Caesar's Garlic wars. Birthplace of such celebrated authors as Julia Caesar, Cleopatra, Clo Vadis, Perardua Adastra.

The Alps are world renowned for their Alpenhorn breed of cattle which feed on the sumptuous pastures of paté de foie grass. When the snows come the area is invaded by winter sportsmen. For these there is every modern contrivance to ensure that only the minimum of ski-ing need be attempted. There is the telepherique, telecabin, telebenne, telesea, telesledge, telephone, television, the ski-lift, cog-railway, funiculi and funicular to simplify life even further.

Each day explorers set out in search of that mountain which is not there, named by the few who know the Joke, Mont Blank, the disreputable home of the Abominable Snowman.

Le Sud

The Pyrenees is/are the exception to the rule—a mountainous area in the south. The native Basques are renowned egg-eaters ('You can't put all your eggs in one Basque'—Napoleon) but the local habit of leaving meetings before the National Anthem, or Marshal Aid, is played is a traditional source of annoyance ('You can't put all your Basques in one exit'—Napoleon).

The home of French cricket, Lourdes, is also famous for its do-it-yourself get-well-quick illness cures for all those in sorrow, need, sickness or any other university.

The French Riviera

The national costume of the natives is the bikini. The bluish tinge adopted by the natives when the Mistral blows is known locally as the

'Cote D'Azur.' Famous resorts are Don-Juanles-Pintables (gamblers' paradise), Cannes (film stars' labour exchange), Monte Carlo (a rainier region, famous for Count of Monte Carlo, wife of Yvonne de), Nice (not very), Hyeres (wotcha!), and Antibes (renowned for its honey).

HOW TO GET ABOUT

On Foot

Beware! French drivers have a crush on pedestrians. Even the studded crossings are called 'passages cloutes.' Cross the road by taxi.

By Taxi

One of France's secret weapons. The combined total of tips for stopping, opening of personal insurance policy, starting, arriving at correct destination and unlocking door to get out usually comes to more than the fare itself.

By Car

Out of respect for the French, drive on the right, although it is doubtful whether the safety factor is increased. Courtesy and consideration for other road users is completely unnecessary and probably illegal.

French cars have no brakes, but the hooter serves the purpose admirably. In Paris where hooting is illegal save during the rioting hours, signal your intentions by Very Lights, flags or purely nominal nuclear devices. If in doubt, shoot the other driver.

Pedestrians are fair game, a corpse a day keeps the doctor busy. This is the main method of population control exercised by Roman Catholic countries.

PARIS

There are certain sights you must not miss.

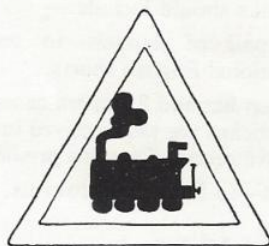
Arc de Triomphe

A copy of Marble Arch, it forms an imposing pigeon cote. An interesting pastime is attempting to extinguish the everlasting flame which burns under the Arch. The Place de L'Etoile forms a Sargasso Sea of automobiles where veteran cars can be observed circling the Arch where they have been stuck for years; 90 per cent of persons missing in Paris are eventually traced driving around the Arc de Triomphe.

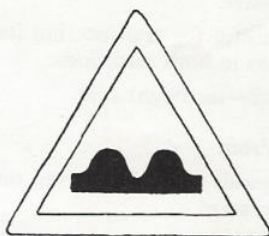
Eiffel Tower

Designed by a mathematician, the result of rotating $\frac{d^2y}{dx^2} - 3\frac{dy}{dx}$ about the x axis after a

ROAD



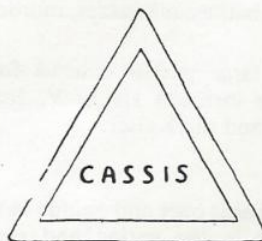
IT'S TIME TO JIVE



MADAM IS THIS YOURS?



BEER IS BEST

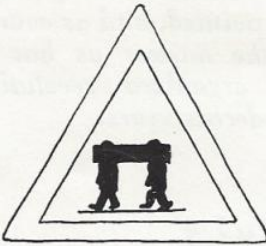


KEEP CLEAR OF BLACKCURRANT BUSHES

SIGNS



DANGER—ENFANTS TERRIBLE



BLACK—BERRYING



CAUTION—STAG PARTY

heavy night's drinking, built as a reading room for *The Times*. Now the permanent residence of the temporary premier of France.

L'Ouvre

Usually shut, but if open, see the 'Nike of Samothrace' (earliest guided missile). Venus de Milo (figurehead off the good ship) and the Mona Lisa (say 'fromage').

Notre Dame

Built by Hollywood as a memorial to Gina Lollobrigida.

Sacre Bleu

Built as a sight of Paris in 1891, the city going through a barren period of sight building at that time. The architect was guillotined—it was said he never smiled again.

WHAT TO DO IN THE EVENING

Dress Shows

The domain of the French fashion dictators who idly snip off an extra inch here and there to see the world-wide effect. Aloof French mannequins (Fr. *petites hommes*) swagger around wearing the most incredible constructions ever devised by man. Latest rumour has it that hemlines are getting shorter and necklines lower, no one quite knows what will happen, but try to be there when it does.

Undress Shows

The legend that the audience at these shows is composed entirely of psychiatrists is not entirely true. Flight Cadets are usually regarded as too young for this kind of entertainment, by the same token you are never too old, so start now before it's too late, if you see what I mean.

Night Clubs

These repose under distinctive names like *Le Nouveau Adam*, *Chez Monue*, *El Ectroplatedniquelsilver*, *A la Beprazed* or *Ciro's Tratus*. There is no entrance fee and female company is provided, but champagne is expensive at 5,000 francs a bottle (with champagne inside—another 5,000 francs, with glasses more).

Music Halls

These shows provide the perfect antidote to Dior and employment for females with bodies, fig-leaf manufacturers and opera glass makers. They form one of the natural sights of Paris, but

those suffering from a weak heart or nervous disposition should not attend unless under a doctor's destructions.

What to Bring Back

Brigitte Bardot.

Liquor—well worth the weight.

Liberté, Fraternité, Egalité.

—new College motto.

HOW TO GET BACK

Even if you have any money left there will be in progress a strike of all transport facilities. Creep up behind a gendarme (Fr. Agent de police) and bellow 'Algeria.' After the riot you will be deported.



THIS peoples of England is a rase offal what is called 'Sange Fredo.' This characteristical is mainly displayed bye an intensal love offal a sport called 'Kriquet.' This sport consists offal severals mens throwing lather projectals at ones another with matching two Judicabs who weare several per-spirers.

Everal year in the hotle season, when it waters, them Englishmens takes off the bowl hatte and visits the shores. There he takes off more and goes to sleep in a pit in them sands. The womens of England have sacks also like we but these are not worne on the pit.

This English combinule phiscal training with dancing called 'Rook and Rule' who is done to the musical offal plucked catsguts. The mens do notle weare their bowl hattes for this but close trousules called gutters on their legs.

By some is said English not to speak at strangers but on the hole I think them most hospital. Is possible to walk down certain streets in the art of the London and from each door is welgoming smile and sherry greeting.

However the peoples are most backwards, many times is same government in power for over two months. 'What kinds of dimocracy is she?' I ask once a man in National Guard called 'Rozzlers' which weare a sort of bowl hatte but pointed, and as course he was without the answer as has not been properly organized revolution since three hundereds years.

Austria

Skimanship

ANY fool can write to a travel agency and ask them to fix a ski-ing holiday for their party and the holiday will indeed be reasonably successful, but there are certain things that no travel agency can ever tell you and ski-ing holidays more than any other can be spoiled by not 'knowing the form.' If this is your predicament let me help you to avoid embarrassment and frustration.

The Journey

The outward-bound journey is of crucial importance in that it alone can make or break your confidence. Right from the word 'go' you must feel perfectly at ease. A lot depends on the way you act and look at Waterloo Station. Here are a few tips.

By all means wear your ski-ing clothes but ensure that they don't look new. If they do it is best to leave them in the bath overnight, hurl them on to the lawn in the morning and kick them about a bit until the heap dries.

This tends to shrink them somewhat but this can be turned to advantage if you can make it appear that you have been ski-ing regularly since the days you were much younger. J. C. McAndrews always claimed he was never so confident as when he stepped along the platform with his trousers calf-length.

Be certain to have a pair of skis slung over your shoulder. Avoid at all costs creating the impression that you intend to hire skis 'over there' and consequently that you are a beginner.

To feel absolutely confident you will need *two* pairs of skis; one pair for travelling and another for using. The first pair should be very long, not quite new, but flashy. The other pair you will, of course, hire on arrival.

One last tip for the platform. Do try to look weather-beaten. There's no need for a week's camping beforehand, you can get quite a convincing effect with burnt cork. This, of course, needs constant reapplication, but it is well worth while—and do remember to leave a mark where your goggles fit.

Once under way avoid showing any attention to the scenery no matter how breathtaking; practise your wince, your pained look and your all-purpose expression of bored-beyond-measure.

The Choice of Hotel

It is worth going to some lengths when choosing your hotel. Above all avoid the English who are intensely Stephen Potter minded and may find you out. If cornered, advance into the midst of the most concentrated group and engage them all in vigorous, animated gibberish. If the worst comes to the worst cut your losses and change hotels.

On the Ski Slope

Next to being one-up (passive mood) the greatest thrill is forcing the adversary one-down (active mood). On the ski slopes competition is cut-throat and you need all your wits about you. At the earliest opportunity, say, whilst waiting for the ski lift, seize the initiative. Approach the man with the very latest in aluminium skis, tap them knowingly, say: 'Yes, these tinny things are quite fun, but even for practices give me laminated balsa wood every time.'

On the ride up discuss the relative advantages of vertical back Christies, reverse slope rotation and one-ski terraplaning (with dogs), and as you reach the top make ostentatious preparations to tape your ears back with sticking plaster; when asked the inevitable question grunt 'Wind resistance.'

Advise the person closest to you to put his ski sticks in the other hands and add 'Pity there isn't time or I'd have re-laced those boots.'

Now be prepared to answer a host of rather complex questions. Speak of ski-ing as a youthful science, avoid all suggestion of sport, and tell of conflicting theories, the difficulty of left turns in the Northern hemisphere, the promising work of the Polish school hampered by lack of amenities.

Drive it home with reference to the long-awaited renaissance of Buys-Ballot and hoot with derision at the eclipse of the out-moded Copernican theory.

Make free with terms of 'skin friction,' Newtonian dynamics and (especially recommended for this season) 'moments of complete and utter inertia.'

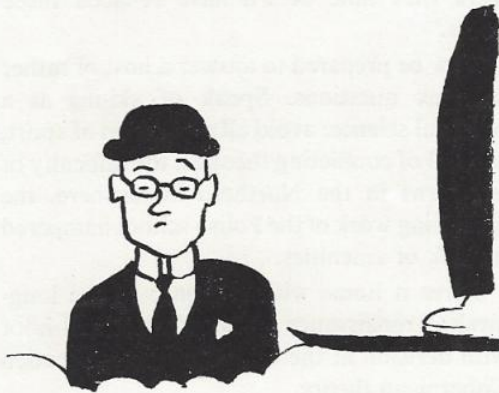
If anyone attempts to counterploit have a stock of plonking but enigmatic rejoinders ('Early 137 technique') or perhaps best of all the wry smile and 'That's what we call the Jungfrau Joke.'

You are now in the area of maximum danger. Steer well clear of those fatal ski schools.

It was touch and go with P. L. Bentham when he rather overplayed his hand and an instructor in all honesty challenged him to race down the big one. Thinking fast he discounted the weak-ankle-after-Olympics line, and in a burst of genius excused himself as he had yet to re-pack his braking parachute.

You should master the basic manœuvres quite easily and would be well advised to spend all your time on just one. For instance, the swing turn to the right.

When you have mastered this you are well placed to carry out a tour of all the slopes, doing nothing but swing turns to the right. You will find that you tend to travel in ever-decreasing circles which is traditionally dangerous, but don't worry about this. When you reach the centre merely take off your skis and proceed to the next slope on foot. It is really quite impressive and will give you immense confidence.



HOW TO GET THERE

- America ... Confess to being Charlie Chaplin.
 Russia ... Anything but S.A.C.—they stop at Fail Safe.
 Egypt ... Take Limited Police Action.
 Brazil ... Go nuts!
 Vatican ... Leg it.
 Innsworth ... One way only.

- China ... Next slow boat.
 Into orbit ... Don't bother, it's a dog's life.
 Jugoslavia ... Go tito-tal.
 Italy ... Volunteer for spaghetti plucking.
 Ireland ... Are you mad?

Solution to crossword puzzle on page 154

ACROSS.—1. Trenchard. 5. Torso. 7. Linger. 8. Fidelity. 9. Sartorial Debts. 13. Angle. 14. Farms out. 17. Scimitar. 18. Gypsy. 20. Singing the Queen. 23. Diagonal. 24. Blacks. 25. Asses. 26. Autarkies.

DOWN.—1. Talisman. 2. Night Flying. 3. Horary. 4. Drill. 5. Theme. 6. Sit at it. 10. Adamant. 11. Dome. 12. Blow you Jack. 15. Jinn. 16. Hymnists. 17. Spirits. 19. Serbia. 21. Idols. 22. Ghana.

AN ANCIENT PROBLEM (continued from page 128)

names as Latinesce, Optez, Antido II, Tutonish and Interglossa but they all have few followers.

In this time of increasing international exchanges it is more than ever important that an easily understandable language becomes widely used. Many have been tried but only one has met with much success; it is important that as many people as possible exert themselves sufficiently to learn Esperanto—they will find it worthwhile.

D.L.

LONDON SHOW GUIDE (continued from page 146)

The film does have many colourful sequences, perhaps the most glamorous of all being the scene in Japan. Here intriguing oriental music and dancing by the actresses of the Takarazuka Theatre harmonize with the splendour of the garden setting. The great beauty of the Taj Mahal is captured successfully by the cameras, the most impressive of the many buildings brought to the screen. A ride on a runaway mountain train provides the excuse for the favourite Cinerama effect, following the tradition of the scenic railway and Cresta run in other productions. The excited gasps of the audience indicate that the unusual sensation of speed is appreciated. The tribal dances of the seven foot Watusi warriors introduces a touch of primitive splendour into the film. The vast interior of Saint Peter's in Rome brings a final solemn note to the film before, as an epilogue, the wonders of the United States of America are visited, accompanied by the stirring strains of 'This is my Country.'

This new Cinerama film is not as enjoyable as their previous production, *Cinerama Holiday*, however, it provides an interesting view of some of the modern wonders of the world.



ACTIVITIES



SAILOR BEWARE!

BY 9 p.m. on the evening of 12th April seven inexperienced sailors from the College reached Salcombe for the start of a week on the high seas (and in harbour). Three late arrivals were met by the rest of the crew *en-route* for the 'Fortescue.' After closing time the launch delivered us aboard the *Provident*, and after introductions we turned in. Next day we had a chance to get to know each other better, and with the arrival of the skipper the crew was complete.

To our dismay we learned that the ship was not ready to put to sea, painting, varnishing, scraping (in that order!) were among the many chores that had to be done, to say nothing of tallowing the mainmast, a job which Johns did with 'patchy' success. All this activity occupied us until Monday evening. The skipper informed us that we would be setting sail the following day, but owing to our inexperience and lack of time we would not be able to make the Channel Isles. Tuesday morning was spent doing sail drill, and after lunch, with much muttering of such things as 'peak purchase to port,' we set the sails and slid majestically out of port.

There was some apprehension amongst the crew as we heaved to the first Channel rollers, but we soon gained our sea-legs. The seas became heavy farther out and when we first 'shipped it green' over the bows, Johnny was caught unawares reading in the bows. We sailed into Brixham harbour after dark and were unsuccessful in picking up a buoy so an anchor was dropped instead. The next morning we picked up some spare sails, fuelled up, and because of the lack of wind we motored the nine miles to Teignmouth. Here, we moored alongside a brand new M.T.B. which later, after returning from trials, stove our side in, though not too seriously.

Teignmouth turned out to be dead, and as we had to spend most of the next day moored there, we occupied ourselves by looking round the boat-yard. The strong tides experienced in the harbour proved a little too much for two members of the crew in a dinghy, who collapsed in hysterics and were all but carried out to sea.

The pilot took us out of the harbour on the ebb tide and we prepared to sail through the night with no particular destination. Just before dawn the wind died, and during the next few hours we drifted five miles back down our track. The wind freshened as the sun came up and we crept on towards Plymouth. By evening we were sailing into Plymouth Sound, and took great pleasure in dipping the ensign to a naval frigate anchored in the Sound. After a tour of the harbour we anchored in Cawsands Bay for the night.

On Saturday morning the ship motored into the Barbican where the attempts at mooring alongside a trawler were somewhat frustrated by the eagerness of a certain member of the crew to cast off again! We spent the morning shopping and looking round Plymouth, and returned to the ship to find a large crowd standing on the quay-side admiring it. Two of the crew found it more convenient to go home from Plymouth than from Salcombe and departed during the morning. By one o'clock the tide had risen high enough for us to leave the harbour, and our departure was watched, no doubt with a critical eye, by those on the quay. As we sailed in front of the promenade the ship's binoculars came in very handy for viewing the local *populus* a little more closely! Out in the Sound a dinghy was cast off so that photographs could be taken of *Provident* under sail. The photographs were somewhat handicapped by broadsides of potatoes which were

hurled each time we sailed past. No hits were observed but there were some very near misses.

As we sailed out of the Sound we again dipped our ensign, although no response was observed from the cruiser *Cumberland*, on board which one member of the crew claimed to have been christened. Soon after the wind died, and with sails stowed, we motored back to Salcombe. Trying to locate in darkness a buoy marking rocks in the entrance to Salcombe provided some hair-raising moments, but we moored safely without damage to ourselves or *Provident*.

Sunday was spent cleaning the ship inside and out, and after presenting the skipper, mate and two cooks with tokens of our appreciation, we said our farewells, promising to come in the summer.

GENEVA . . . AND BACK

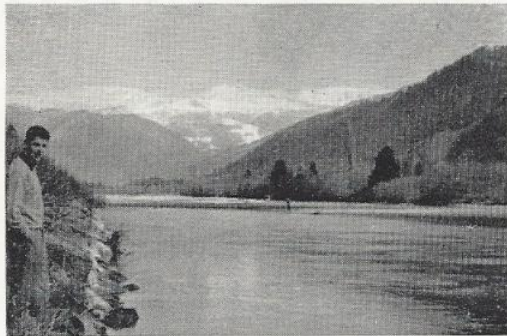
A FEW days after Easter we watched our very square, vintage Morris loaded onto a Silver City freighter alongside a slinky scarlet Jaguar. An hour later we were leaving Le Touquet airport on the first stage of our drive to Geneva. We soon grew accustomed to driving on the wrong (or right?) side of the road and everything seemed too easy. Our confidence was ill-founded for within



the next 24 hours a vindictive gendarme had fined us for speeding and shaken the *Entente cordiale* to its very roots. Fortunately, however, as every well-educated Englishman knows that French water is undrinkable, a few bottles of wine soon restored our pride and we continued on a roughly southerly course.

The following night we dragged ourselves wearily over the mountains and down into Geneva (narrowly missing the lake). There was almost too much to be done in our brief visit. Nevertheless we applied ourselves assiduously to the task and achieved much. An English Girls' Club welcomed us with open arms and promptly made us honorary members for the duration of our visit. A pretty Swiss girl called on us to enquire if we would care to exchange French lessons for English. Since she seemed quite serious

about her offer we gave it two minutes' deep consideration and decided that a night club would make a far better classroom. Life, however, was not without its frustrations and bitter moments—we discovered (too late) that Brigitte Bardot films are as heavily censored in Geneva as they are in London.



Every day we crossed the border into France to cash our fuel cheques. The third time we had the misfortune to run foul of the French customs who refused us entry because our papers were not in order. The Swiss customs, however, did the same when we were turned back and so we spent a few unhappy hours shuttling backwards and forwards in the neutral zone between France and Switzerland. That settled it—we set out for Paris the same evening. Despite some incredulity and mirth among the customs men, the car delivered us safely in Paris the following morning. We had heard that the best sights in Paris were always to be seen strolling on the Champs-Élysées. Some hours later we found it, the delay being caused by our spokesman pronouncing the 'p' in 'Champs' and wondering why gendarmes were wandering sadly away from him muttering '*le pauvre Anglais.*'

Our stay in Paris was curtailed by lack of funds and soon we were bouncing gaily northwards over the cobbles of the Niagara. If anything our French had deteriorated—but just before we re-embarked for England we were delighted when a worried-looking Englishman (obviously a new boy at the game) approached us with typical Saxon shyness and began '*Ou est le . . . ?*'—perhaps it was that unwashed, Gallic look that caused the mistaken identity. We thought the trip was over. We had reckoned without the English customs who nearly tore the car to bits and only retired discomfited after discovering our cache in a paper bag under the rear seat—it contained an orange and a toilet roll. So the gate was unlocked and we were homeward bound on the correct side of the road again.

V.B.H.

SURVIVAL CAMP IN THE CAIRNGORMS

SNOWDON, the traditional home of the Easter Survival Camp, was forsaken this year when fifty-nine members of 77 Entry, two members of 76 Entry and six officer cadets from Sandhurst invaded the Cairngorm mountains of the Scottish Highlands. However, although the countryside was new, the camp was basically the same as those held in Wales and Germany.

The journey from Grantham to our base, at Aviemore, on the day after the Graduation Ball, gave the pain-racked bodies first-hand experience of the weird and wonderful mass migrations in which the R.A.F. movements people excel. It also gave many people their first look at the much-publicized scenery of the Cairngorms.

The first night and following morning were devoted to 'domestic' labours such as pitching the tents and digging mysterious pits reminiscent of elephant traps. After lunch on the first full day a short Navigation exercise was held in realistic semi-Arctic conditions as by this time the ground was covered by pure Scottish snow.

Saturday dawned bright and sunny and the snow in the valleys rapidly disappeared. After breakfast six teams set out at half-hour intervals on the team race. The idea was to reach a certain map reference by specified devious routes and trudge back to camp via three mountain tops. Three teams completed the eight-hour jaunt and they all recorded the same time. It was at this stage that the Sandhurst representatives proved to us that charging around Salisbury Plain had some merits. They were extremely fit and the sight of a potential Gurkha officer pounding up a mountain uttering the traditional 'Come on, chaps,' gave many of us a new lease of life.

Easter Sunday was free until the evening when, as darkness fell, the air was filled with the stirring sound of sixty pairs of 'boots, grooved, heel,' grating on the roads and tracks. This was the start of the night exercise and the real test of the navigation which those of high intellectual ability had learned. Efficient course steerers were much in demand that night as there was a dangerous bog near Loch Morlich. If, by sheer luck, the bivouac area was reached after the long night march then a whole day hiding in the heather awaited one. Some of the bodies snoring peacefully in the open had their survival rations and boots 'lifted' by Squadron Leader Hudson who, with due respect, made an expert burglar. The

'loot' was returned later, and, as darkness fell, once more the teams trekked back to camp to qualify for the rum ration.

The following morning was taken up with briefing for the two-day exercise and the cooking competition. The latter was judged by the Commandant and Assistant Commandant with the M.O. lingering close by. The judges bravely sampled each of the many dishes offered and rumour has it that they were last seen in the Medical Tent with the M.O. still in close attendance.

By 1600 hours on that fateful April day a tactical blunder by an unknown air marshal had caused over sixty 'aircrew' types to be dropped the wrong side of the Border in enemy territory. The enemy in this case was kindly supplied by the Seaforth and Cameron Highlanders who proved to be very realistic opponents. For two days the 'evaders' were passed from one resistance outpost to another until the afternoon of the second day when the rival hordes faced each other across the frontier for the finale. Two hours of glorified trench warfare ensued giving the Camerons a fine afternoon's sport.

That final evening in Aviemore all survivors swapped stories which would have put Richard Pape to shame.

J.H.

B.A.O.R. ARMY VISIT

FLIGHT cadets of 75 Entry and a few of 73 and 74 made a visit to units of B.A.O.R. during the last week of the Easter leave. More than fifty flight cadets were divided into nine parties and were accommodated in various officers' messes in North and Central Germany. There is not room to give accounts of all these parties, but the following report on the party that spent a week with the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry at Sennelager will give a general idea of how time was spent in Germany.

All the parties flew from Barkston Heath on 24th April to various R.A.F. stations in Germany and went from there to their respective units. The Sennelager party was taken first to the commanding officer's office where they were welcomed by him and had explained to them the part played by the K.O.Y.L.I. in the Guards brigade group and the disposition of our forces in Germany. Thus enlightened, the party retired to the Mess to prepare for a band night which was to be held that evening. The fact that R.A.F.

flight cadets were present and the fact that one of the junior officers was leaving the Service the following day made this band night very successful. The Cranwell party was narrowly defeated in Mess rugby only through the biased behaviour of the human 'ball' which seemed to support the home team. Parachute rolls were demonstrated from the mantelpiece—much to the regret of the participants the following morning—and three immaculate ceremonial parades were conducted at the same time: one R.A.F., one army and one mixed.

The greater part of the army being *hors de combat* the following morning, the Cranwell party was sent off at an early hour to see a Grenadier battalion of the *Bundeswehr* at Höxter. It was interesting to see how an army starts again, breaking away from all previous tradition. New equipment and organization has been designed for the Germans have a fear of being accused of reversion to the old-style *Wehrmacht*, and there is almost a tendency to go to the other extreme by paying too little attention to rigid Prussian discipline. The equipment and uniforms were of good quality, and the emphasis seemed to be on achieving proficiency through competition in the form of tests in running, driving, riding motor bicycles, weapon handling and other more specialized tasks. After the tour of the camp, beer was suggested by the German hosts and the party politely but gingerly accepted this first alcohol of the day. Only one member's stomach rebelled against this hair off the dog's back.

The afternoon was spent watching demonstrations by the Support Company of the K.O.Y.L.I. The BAT gun was very interesting—it is dangerous not only to be in front of the weapon, but also behind it, for it has a lethal 35 feet of backflash. However, on seeing the mortars and medium machine guns, the party decided that behind these weapons was the only safe place.

The following day, Saturday, was devoted to shopping in the morning, and it was the porcelain figures of beautiful women, even though expensive, that sold best. In the afternoon some of the party went on the 200-mile drive to a well-known port in North Germany for an 'educational visit.' One unforgettable impression of that drive remained. In the middle of Luneberg Heath, where the rain was pouring down, stood a flight cadet with some soldiers shovelling dirt off the road. He had been expecting to go to the same place as the party in the car and his misery was evident. Once at their destination the party was surprised to see members of four other parties—all in the same street.

They returned the following afternoon by way of the site of Belsen concentration camp. It was an oppressive place—a grim reminder of how low the human race can sink. It was well-needed comic relief to meet (in the whole of Germany, it would have to be at Belsen) one solitary flight cadet.

As the Germans say, the morrow was *blane monntay*, which needs no interpretation. We visited a unit of the Royal Artillery at Lippstadt, some distance from Sennelager. Their equipment has changed very little during the last 15 years—the 25-pounder gun/howitzer still being their mainstay. It is an excellent and mobile weapon, though it lacks range. The 40-mm. anti-aircraft gun was of great interest to the party but the version we saw is being replaced soon by a later weapon which can cope with the speed of modern aircraft.

Some of the party visited the Möhne dam that afternoon from where they returned with impressions of great size and seeming impregnability. The local inhabitants showed their disapproval of R.A.F. uniforms—especially when the wearers bought many pictures of the largest view of the breach in the dam—but this sort of ill-feeling decreases as one moves nearer the Russian sector—the so-called 'German Democratic Republic.'

The final day was spent with the 17th/21st Lancers near Paderborn. They are equipped with Centurion tanks and are manned almost entirely by regulars—this is attributed to the cap badge of a skull and crossbones over a motto saying '... or Glory.' The officers are expected to own a horse before they own a car and they play a lot of polo. The party was shown round a tank, and having seen the immense gearbox went out onto the training area. It was a disappointment to them not to be able to drive one of the tanks, but a visit of some C.C.F. cadets shortly before had left the unit with four ruined gearboxes and there were not enough tanks left serviceable—even one of these was bogged down in a narrow gully.

After an excellent lunch in the officers' mess, the party was shown the gunnery side of the tank. They watched gunners being trained in a tank with a .22 rifle mounted alongside the gun firing in a small range and then were taken into a building and allowed to try their luck in a turret simulator, again firing a .22 rifle. Before the party left they had an argumentative discussion with the squadron commander about a tank's merits and its chances against aerial attack.

The end of the visit appeared all too soon, and the party left for Cranwell via R.A.F. Gutersloh and R.A.F. Waddington where a searching customs examination met with varying degrees of success. In Germany nearly all parties noticed and were impressed by the much more personal contact between officers and men than in the R.A.F. It should be fostered in this Service.

So ended a happy week in the land of 'Cigareets, Whusky and wild, wild Women.'

N.C.A.

PORTUGAL IN RETROSPECT

LOOKING back on the three days that the five of us and the five Sandhurst cadets were guests of the Portuguese Military Academy, many things spring to mind. Some were impressive, some breathtaking, some amusing, some hair-raising and others educational, but every one was enjoyable. The tempo with which the visit was to be conducted was set at the very first meal we attended at the academy. Our hosts ate at a speed that roused grievous discontent with one's digestion and when all were finished save the guests, a loud *cri de coeur* was proclaimed. Upon this magic signal feet and hands moved with lightning co-ordination—the food had gone and so had our hosts. On the very evening when we were trying to create a good impression this programme of events left us more than a trifle disconcerted, so we vowed to make amends the following morning. True to the best Cranwell traditions we arrived late for breakfast but this was more due to the fact that the accepted dress at this 'informal meal' appeared to be greatcoats on top of whatever was slept in. Gym shoes were also the height of fashion but we thought sadly of the flight cadet who vowed to make a similar suggestion to the mess secretary.

From these events we learned that speed was the order of the day. In one day we managed to visit the entire academy, with all its varied and interesting activities, several monuments, the grand Military Museum, Jeronimes, with all its absorbing history, the truly beautiful Castle de St George and its gardens, and end up in the Casino Estoril, the favourite retreat of deposed royalty.

On the second day we had an exhilarating time visiting the Portuguese Second Air Base at Ota.

We were all very interested in their F.84s, which form the backbone of their fighter force, and they also showed us over one of their few F.86s which are now supplementing their strength. After extravagant cocktails and a rich lunch an ex-fighter pilot took us for a flight in a Beechcraft. If there was ever a person who sought the best things in life it was he. From the moment he stepped into the aircraft with that well-known air of gay abandon, we sensed what was coming. Minor formalities like checks and low-level minima were either not known or unheard of, for we rarely rose more than ten feet above terra firma. When we did it was only to view some of the most beautiful scenery imaginable. Otherwise we were on the constant search for mobile game.



Bulls proved to be the best sport of all, but when they were exhausted we turned to the more excitable civilian population. The most amusing recollection was that of a terrified peasant trying to push a stubborn donkey out of our line of attack. Fortunately, so far as we know, they are both still alive. Our own lives we owe to the harassed corporal, who was fortunately on hand to explain which lever did what—he must have had nightmares after that trip.

The final day was idyllically restful as we motored gently through the wonderful scenery at Arrabida. Such beauty has to be experienced to be believed. We lunched that day at Villa Franca, in a charming country inn where we were introduced both to the local food and to the local folk-dancing. Later in the afternoon a young bull was let loose in the arena for our amusement, and, with the wine gone wildly to the head, two cadets fancied their Service vocation had been mistaken for that of a matador's. The result appeared to be all-in wrestling, and the technique used was to

grapple with the beast by attaching oneself, willingly or otherwise, to its horns and tail. In time Senior Under Officer Whitley actually succeeded in mounting the animal but, as neither appeared too happy about the turn of events, we decided to call it a day. The exhausted bull was returned to the fields from whence it had been dragged and we made for Lisbon to celebrate our victory.

If the days were high spirited, the nights were delirious. Dinner was served in our honour both in the first year academy of Amadora and in the main academy, and of these enjoyably informal occasions we remember several incidents. First, there was the question of speeches. Many were made for our benefit but, because of the general uproar, very few words ever reached farther than the immediate vicinity of the speaker. However, Senior Under Officer Whitley replied on behalf of us all and, in carefully chosen words, gratefully acknowledged the wonderful hospitality that we were receiving. At the presentation of a plaque in the main academy, Flight Cadet Roberts, being the nearest guest on hand and being quite unprepared for the event, was unwillingly called upon to say 'a few well-chosen words.' He rose to the occasion in the best Cranwell traditions, so we breathed again and waited anxiously for the next test of initiative. The opportunity arrived when the cadets at the first year academy sang a well-harmonized song for our benefit. In a wild dash of enthusiasm the boys took the floor and gave a lusty rendering of the 'Foggy, Foggy Dew,' introduced dubiously as a song typical of those sung by British cadets in their off-duty hours! After dinner in the main academy we somehow got around to giving a drill demonstration. Sandhurst decided to lead the field and posted sentries while we, so appalled by the army's evident lack of co-ordination, took on the slow march. Chaos reigned while the individual merits of our drill were discussed. However, we were wise to vacate the parade ground before a full ceremonial rehearsal was demanded. For the remainder of

the evenings we were entertained magnificently in Lisbon. Our hosts were more than generous to us and it was only with the greatest difficulty that we were able to spend our own money. Their generosity is all the more amazing considering that their total pocket money amounts to a meagre £4 a month. Indeed, poverty is a prevalent feature in Portugal but I have never seen happier people. They seem to have a greater share of the 'good old days' than is left to us.

We saw a lot, did a lot, and were impressed by it all, and although the visit is over now it is not forgotten. In particular, we will not forget the many friends that we made. Few of them spoke good English but all showed the keenest interest and enthusiasm in listening to whatever we had to say, whether they understood it or not. The academy houses the infantry, cavalry, engineering and administration as well as the pilot cadets, but in spite of these varied 'forces' there was not the slightest trace of any snobbery. Each corps naturally worked in keen competition with the others but there was a spirit of comradeship between them all. Both as a group and as individuals they showed us the marvellous courtesy, politeness and friendship that is characteristic of the Portuguese race and we look forward to entertaining them when they visit Cranwell in September. We will find it hard to equal their enthusiasm, interest and generosity, but we will certainly do our best.

Before anyone decides he would like to be at the Portuguese academy, let him first see their system of punishments—an amusing but sobering note on which to conclude. On our first morning there we were horrified to see that the door of the Commandant's brand new Mercedes had been badly dented. Tactful enquiries revealed that a cadet with a motor cycle had had a transitory meeting with the car. His punishment—ten days in gaol. I dare anyone to use his motor cycle in a similar way over here to see what the *English* reaction would be!

J.G.S.

VISITS TO R.A.F. STATIONS DURING EASTER LEAVE

MEMBERS of 74 Entry visited six different R.A.F. stations during the Easter leave: Dishforth, Wittering, Odiham, St Eval, Gaydon and Wyton. Unfortunately the last two stations are overflowing with classified equipment and no references can be made here to these particular

visits—the Editor is thinking of the drop in his circulation figures if this journal was labelled 'Secret.'

At Dishforth the four flight cadets arrived only to find that they were not expected. They were, however, made very welcome and eventually it

was discovered that the officer who should have been in charge of the party was at that time in Germany. Because Operation 'Quickstep II' required most of the aircraft on the station for troop movements, nearly all the programme for the party had to be altered, the part that was not altered being the evening entertainment—generally a circular tour starting and ending in the mess bar and passing through the local hostelry in Boroughbridge. The arranged trip to Malta had to be cancelled and instead a trip to Germany was laid on in one of those 'double-decked, high-winged, twin-finned drag-masters'—a Beverley to anyone who is not a Hastings pilot. The members of the party were classified as 'indulgence passengers' rather than 'super-numerary aircrew' so that they would be allowed their 200 cigarettes and one bottle of liqueur even though they were only to spend lunch time in Germany. Two of the party had the opportunity of staying on at Dishforth for a few days longer and getting a trip to Idris—in fact they only just made it, being 35 miles off course at Sicily. The trouble was that they had only six navigators. Although Idris was little more than an oasis, the two flight cadets and the crew managed to arrange a visit to Tripoli where they were continually being pestered by urchins who were selling anything from 'feelthy postcards' to 'my leetle seester.' On the whole, the flight cadets agree that Transport Command is not so bad after all—in fact, if one remembers to carry a toothbrush and razor, it is very good fun.

The two flight cadets who went to Wittering spent only two days there, but the programme was comprehensive and timed to the minute. They were shown round a Canberra and a Valiant, in which the electronic equipment proved to be extremely interesting, and were later shown exactly how radar maps of a target are developed. Just before lunch on the first day they visited the new airmens' mess and barrack block where the comforts and amenities were marvellous. After seeing the menu in the airmens' mess, which must have come under the new scheme for R.A.F. cooking, they left reluctantly to lunch in the officers' mess. After lunch they visited Technical Wing, the Control Tower and the Electronics centre where they were amused to hear that the latest tail early warning radar equipment, 'Orange Putter,' had arrived from the makers in parts with no fitting instructions and it had taken months for someone to work out how everything fitted together. The following day Flight Cadet Puckering had a trip in a Valiant and Flight Cadet Skelley in a Canberra. The Valiant climbed to

45,000 ft. over Lundy and, after it had 'bombed' Salisbury market square, a factory in Coventry and Leeds town hall, Flight Cadet Puckering took over the controls for an hour and a half. The captain finished the flight by demonstrating an I.L.S. let-down. In the Canberra, Flight Cadet Skelley witnessed a comprehensive test of the 'Orange Putter' equipment and some G.C.As at Waddington to test the new equipment installed there. Both flight cadets found this two days' experience of bomber squadron life enjoyably enlightening.

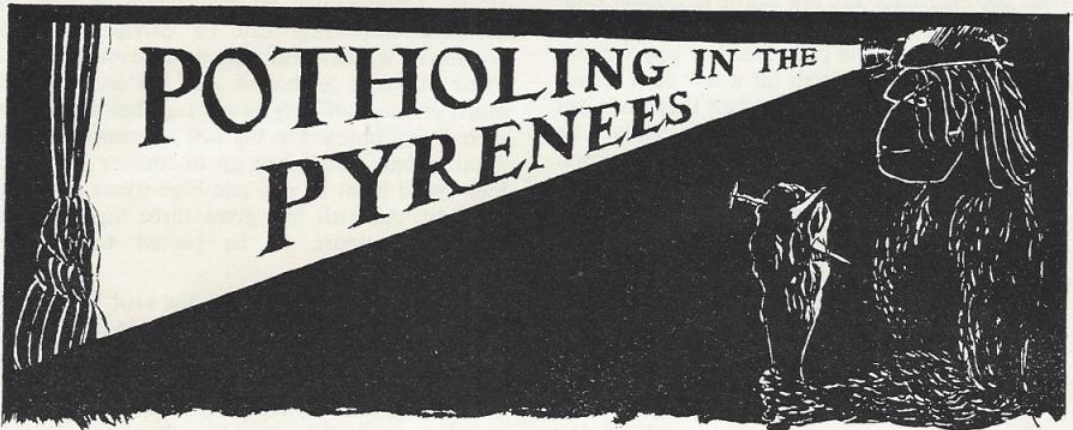
The three flight cadets who went to Odiham for two days were able to learn all about both Hunters and Javelins. 54 Squadron has Hunters and they explained how all the emphasis is on actually hitting the target and firing practice is always accompanied by cinecamera so that an accurate de-briefing can be carried out. 46 Squadron is the rival squadron with Javelins. Their motto is teamwork and the crews spend much of their off-duty hours together as well as their flying hours. On the last afternoon all the flight cadets were taken up in Meteor 7s. With high-speed flight by day and high-speed drinking by night, this visit has given three flight cadets a burning desire to be posted to Fighter Command.

Four flight cadets went on the visit to St Eval and they had a marvellous time in Gibraltar. After an overnight train ride from London to Newquay and an overnight flight from St Eval to the Mediterranean, the party was very ready to seek out one of Gibraltar's beaches and take full advantage of the brilliant sunshine. As they lay there, absorbing ultra-violet rays, they realized that this was the type of visit that justified the statement displayed on so many recruiting posters: 'There is a place for you in the R.A.F.' The following day the party braved a ramshackle bus and crossed the frontier into Spain. They reached La Linea where the extremes of opulence and filth were even more marked than had been noticed in Gibraltar. The regularity and method of approach when accosted the flight cadets found at first amusing, but soon it became tedious and they set off in the direction of the Teatro Amaya where a famous company of Flamenco dancers was performing. Displaying the outward appearance of a large but antique public convenience, the theatre repelled rather than impressed, and the manager, standing outside in a dinner jacket, looked more incongruous than four smartly dressed flight cadets. They were lucky to get tickets at all at such short notice, but to get them at advertised price was a miracle in an area of

such black marketry. After the show, which was superb, the party merged into a night life thronged with all types of being, with a preponderance of gnome-like creatures who would look up and with the broadest of Spanish smiles say: 'You like shoe-shine? Yes?' The following evening after an energetic climb up the rock in the afternoon, the four Cranwellians had their final fling in Gibraltar in a gem among the night-spots—Club Panama. The returning Shackleton flew back in daylight, piloted most of the time by flight cadets, until a sadly green-faced first engineer asked for the pilot, whoever he was, to be forcibly removed. It was not an eager party that evening which

boarded a train from Newquay that would get them to London at 0735 hours.

In the words of the *clichés* that will be written in so many bread-and-butter letters, all the visits were 'enjoyable and at the same time so instructive,' not to mention the fact that the visitors had laid before them 'opportunities and facilities not normally available at the Royal Air Force College.' Even though fun is made of Service writing, the visits were undoubtedly successes and flight cadet readers of *The Journal* who still cannot make up their minds which Command they want to join are sure to be relieved to realize that they will have a fine time in any of them. M.F.



FOLLOWING the suggestion made by a member of the Cave Reserche Group of Great Britain it was decided that the main pot-holing expedition of 1958 would be to Foix in the French Pyrenees. Two meets held in Derbyshire during the Spring term had enabled everyone to get some experience underground. However, the experience of the majority was still severely limited.

Our journey (by train, there being no airlift available) started eventfully as we were accompanied by the *corps de ballet* of the London Festival Ballet all the way to Paris. Our time in Paris was limited to a rushed journey from Nord station to Austerlitz. The rest of the journey to Toulouse was uneventful apart from a death-defying leap by Merrett from the wrong train as it steamed out of Paris. Unfortunately the most interesting part of the journey was by night and we arrived at Toulouse early in the morning on Tuesday, 15th April. We spent a few hours

admiring the city before boarding the train for the last stage of the journey to Foix.

There was a marked increase in the sense of excitement as we mounted the Pyrenean foothills and approached our destination. As Foix came into sight we could see the magnificent 12th-century chateau which stands sentinel over the town and in the background the towering snow-clad heights of the Pyrenees. We had arrived and no one was more surprised or delighted than Simmons who was in charge of the party and had made all the travelling arrangements.

Our contact, M. Joseph Delteil, was on the platform to meet us. After introductions had been effected our kit was taken to the camping site by car while we all walked into the town for lunch.

It did not rain while we were setting up camp during the afternoon but it did its best. As soon as the camp was pitched it started to rain and it poured for the next four days almost non-stop.

That evening a programme was worked out for our stay.

The next morning, Wednesday, we were all invited down to the town for an *aperitif* with various leading citizens of Foix. There we met some Frenchmen who had been decorated for their gallantry in helping escaping R.A.F. prisoners during the war.

In the afternoon we set out in the hired truck, which became essential to our existence, for the cave of Bedeilac. We drove into the entrance, the size of which was fantastic (the Germans had used the cave entrance for aircraft storage during the war). Here we saw our first prehistoric wall paintings and a fine carving of a bison in the mud, both over 20,000 years old. We saw some huge stalagmites and stalactites and vast limestone columns. This was a first-class introduction to French caving and we were most impressed. La Bouiche was the most beautiful cavern we visited. There we travelled along the underground river by boat and stared in wonder at the magnificent formations whose beauty was greatly increased by artificial lighting. Just as one could never profess to have appreciated the interior of Westminster Abbey on a pitch dark night armed only with a torch, so the pot-holer with but a single beam of light can but glimpse the beauty of a cave. After a while we left the part of the cave open to tourists and followed a different route. This led to the Salle Deltail (discovered by our guide) via a number of squeezes and climbs and we became the first Englishmen ever to enter it.

A visit to the cave of L'Herme gave us our first view of large numbers of bats, while the caves of Le Portez and Niaux offered us some of the finest cave drawings in the world. The 'Salon Noir' of Niaux has about thirty mammals drawn on its walls, each one clear, artistic and in good perspective. They were over 20,000 years old and over a mile from the cave entrance. The scene in this cavern many thousands of years ago must have been most awe-inspiring as the cave dwellers, led by their 'sorcier,' performed the hunting rites and initiation ceremonies in the depths of the earth under the flickering light of their flaming brands. All doubts about the authenticity of the drawings were dispelled when we saw one with a stalagmite formed over it.

On Sunday, 20th April, we attended a reception arranged for us at the neighbouring town of La Velanet. We arrived looking rather scruffy to find the town hall decorated with Tricolours and Union Jacks in honour of us. We sat down and the Mayor of the town made a

speech of welcome to which Simmons felt compelled to reply. After a faltering opening during which he forgot the French for 'Ladies and Gentlemen' he spoke through Merrett as interpreter. After the reception we set out for the 'Gouffre des Corbeaux,' the party including six of us and about twenty Frenchmen. The whole trip was highly organized and only about ten descended while the remainder acted as lifeline teams at the surface. The first pitch was some 160 feet, descended on a wire ladder, to be greeted at the bottom by a line of grinning cattle skulls. A long descent over a shingly surface followed, and then another short pitch on which Slayter got tangled up in a rope while rappelling and came down head first shouting 'I am under control.' Meanwhile his acetylene lamp had set fire to his denims! A succession of squeezes and pitches led us to the bottom. We returned to the surface after a memorable day.



Relaxing after a hard day's work

The cave of Saint Helene proved to be the most difficult and coldest we entered. Only the four most experienced pot-holers went below. A great honour was accorded to us as M. Casteret, the Edmund Hillary of pot-holers, accompanied us. He led us to a sump, by way of a number of stream passages and water-filled crawls, which we decided to pass. Only the Englishmen went through and we later discovered that only four other people had ever been through it. We returned to camp very cold.

The expedition was suitably terminated when five of us spent a night underground at L'Hermitte and the next day explored the mighty and complicated cavern of Sabart where at different times we all got lost.

We decided to throw a party for all who had helped us and so our last evening at Foix was a

merry one. Simmons made a speech of thanks and the Mayor of Foix replied; Delteil also spoke and ended by giving Simmons *L'accolade* (kissing him on both cheeks), which is a great honour.

The next morning we struck camp and packed our baggage. After transporting our goods to the station we spent the afternoon buying souvenirs before our departure on the evening of 24th April.

Camp life was as much fun as always, Slayter and Styles poisoned everyone with their first (and last) stew. Bentley suffered from a mysterious disease which curtailed many of his activities. Simpson amazed the locals by succeeding in getting to Andorra through blocked passes while Geach amazed us with some excellent photos taken underground with an ancient box camera. And Merrett (our linguist) led a local shopkeeper to believe that he had eaten a set of batteries and was suing the shop for food poisoning. His vocabulary was helped considerably by the shopkeeper's pithy reply.

We were very sorry to leave Foix and our new-made friends behind. As the train drew out on our journey back to Cranwell we gave three rousing cheers as a token of our thanks and resolved to return again some day.

S.R.M. and M.G.S.

EXERCISE 'DISCOVERY'

WHEN we arrived at Kinloss, for all we knew of the exercise and for all some knew of Scotland, Exercise 'Discovery' might have been anything from a biological survey of the Greater Cadetus Volendum to an anthropological expedition to the last outposts of a B.C. civilization. However, doubts were dispelled at the briefing on Kinloss airfield when we were informed that it was an initiative test, but an enjoyable one—not to be confused with Survival Camp.

The three teams participating were:

73 Entry	'B' Squadron.	74 Entry
S.U.O. Thomson	Sqn Ldr Walsh	Sqn Ldr Mair
U.O. Maunsell-Thomas	U.O. Taylor	F.C. Chalmers-Watson
U.O. Humphrey	S.F.C. Atkins	F.C. Kimmedy
S.F.C. Willis	S.F.C. Rogers	F.C. Garside
S.F.C. Manning	F.C. Mallock	F.C. Hennessy
		F.C. Spencer

Squadron Leaders Mair and Walsh accompanied the teams as observers.

The object was to travel from Kinloss in Elgin to Turnhouse, Edinburgh, incurring as little

travelling expense as possible. *En route* two Munros had to be climbed, ten miles of drove road covered and as many Wade bridges, hydro-electric dams, lochs with castles or islands on them 'spotted' as possible. The deadline for arrival at Turnhouse was midday, Monday, 28th April, for airlift back to College. Leaving Kinloss on the 21st we had a week in which to complete the exercise.

As a member of the 'B' Squadron team, and in charge of the medicinal spirits, my recollections of the trip are understandably hazy. The highlights of the week, however, are firmly imprinted on my mind, and of these our assaults on the Munros take first place. A Munro is, by definition, a mountain of at least 3,000 ft. By judicious study of the maps we chose Newtonmore as our base for the climb, and early one afternoon made the assault. After a fearful struggle up precipitous sheep tracks we eventually reached the summits of our chosen mountains—3,015 and 3,045 ft. high. The other teams were not so fortunate, based at Aviemore they tackled Munros of 4,000 ft. The reward for their efforts was the finest view in Scotland—the Cairngorms in spring sunshine; we spent all our time on the peaks huddled behind a cairn for warmth enveloped in low cloud and lashed by intermittent snow showers. The whisky proved of inestimable value that day, and I heartily recommend it to any prospective climbers.



'B' Squadron party outside 'their' lodge at Newtonmore

We arrived at Newtonmore on Tuesday evening and camped there for three nights, leaving early on Thursday. The days we spent on the hills, the nights we spent in the bar of the Balavil Arms Hotel, where two members of the team had stayed on a previous visit to Scotland. The value of their friendship with the hotel proprietor cannot be

overestimated, for when we eventually left for Pitlochry we were given the use of the hotel Landrover—a great improvement on the normal run-of-the-mill lifts.

Despite the fun we had at Newtonmore, it was there that our only misfortune befell us. The occupants of one tent woke one morning to the pleasant lapping of nearby waters. On investigation of the sounds, and a soggy feeling at the foot of their sleeping bags, they found a miniature lake, a boating pond for ants, spiders, beetles and all the other playmates from the sleeping bags, at the foot of the tent. Thereafter we slept in barns.

Our route south was Kinloss—Forres—Grantown—Newtonmore—Pitlochry—Dunkeld—Perth—Edinburgh, a total of about 160 miles. The team's total travelling expenditure was 10d. for the Forth ferry. Lifts, common in the highlands, were more difficult to obtain as we neared Edinburgh so that on the final lap we did quite a lot of walking. Of the 160 miles altogether we walked less than twenty. Our arrival at Turnhouse late on Saturday night, on completion of the exercise, was quite a relief. Sunday and Monday morning we spent browsing round Edinburgh, a brief period of relaxation before the trials of a new term at College.

It was in Turnhouse while tending to the blisters on my feet that I recalled the words of the bard:

I'm now arrived—thanks to the gods!—
Thro' pathways rough and muddy,
A certain sign that makin' roads
Is no this people's study.

Altho' I'm not wi' Scripture cramm'd,
I'm sure the Bible says
That heedless sinners shall be damned
Unless they mend their ways.

Burns.

How right he was!

I.D.M.

EASTER GLIDING

WHAT a contrast to last summer's camp in Derbyshire! Easter camp this year provided soarable weather on almost every day and many long flights were made. Last summer, however, was just the opposite, with rain, low cloud, and hardly any good soaring conditions.

This Easter we departed from previous practice and operated from two sites for a week each. The

original plan had been to spend a fortnight with the Midland Gliding Club at The Long Mynd, near Shrewsbury, but unfortunately this club could not accommodate us until 9th April and so we spent the first week at Cranwell. As it turned out, this proved to be an excellent arrangement, for during the first week members could consolidate their flying and improve their thermal soaring before graduating to the trickier hill site in the second week. We were very fortunate in having the use of a Chipmunk for aero-towing while at Cranwell, for this method of launching greatly increases soaring prospects, giving a greater range than a winch launch for finding thermals, and a greater time in which to contact lift, having released. On many occasions it is possible to release in lift, while passing through a thermal on tow.

In terms of time flown per launch this was the most successful vacation camp held by the section. Due mainly to the acquisition of our second Sedbergh, there was no shortage of aircraft, and almost everyone had at least 10 hours of gliding during the fortnight. Another factor was the presence of the Slingsby Kite IIB, owned by Delafield and Strachan, which is of superior performance to any of the Service gliders. This aircraft brought the number of gliders used during the camp at Cranwell up to six, and at Long Mynd to four. Many of the days at Cranwell were suitable for soaring whereas at a ridge site only poor, scattered lift would have been present. The wind while at Cranwell was mainly northerly and at the Mynd this would have been of limited use as the ridge faces west. However, these conditions combined with aero-tows enabled most members to have quite long soaring flights at Cranwell. In an account of this nature it is not possible to mention all the long flights which were done, but only the more significant ones can be dealt with.

On the first day we had excellent thermal conditions, and over 14 hours' gliding was logged. Delafield, who was Cadet Deputy, stayed up for just over four hours in the Kite, thereby not only creating a new local endurance record but also evading most successfully his duties as Cadet Deputy! Flight Lieutenant Bridson air tested the Prefect and spent the trip flying an out-and-return to Coningsby. He only just scraped in, having been rescued from 600 ft. by a thermal over Ruskington. As soon as he was down, Perreaux took over and, after climbing to 4,000 ft. from his aero-tow, set off downwind. He, too, nearly came unstuck only ten miles away, but fortunately

for him a farmer lit a bonfire at the crucial moment, which triggered off a thermal and he was able to climb from 600 ft. to a comfortable 3,000 ft. over Langar. From here, patchy lift enabled him to drift with the 5 kt. wind until a landing was eventually made at Shepsted, 43 miles from Cranwell. This flight gave him the distance leg of the Silver 'C' certificate. The Sedberghs and Tutors had soared intermittently all day, one Sedbergh totalling three hours from two launches, while in the Tutors, Whitling stayed up for an hour and Holmes gained his 'C' soaring certificate. The subsequent days at Cranwell were not quite so successful but were nevertheless very enjoyable. Delafield had the Kite airborne for over an hour on three other occasions, and on one of them emerged from an ice-covered sailplane looking quite frozen. However, he was not as cold as Jones after a similar flight in the open cockpit of one of the Sedberghs, flown by Flight Lieutenant Bridson. One other flight worthy of mention was made by Flight Lieutenant Bridson in the Sedbergh with Perreaux as passenger. They soared in cloud to over 5,000 ft. and emerged over Spitalgate, finding that at least 4,000 ft. is required

to return to Cranwell. It was said that during the flight in cloud Perreaux was invisible under a layer of snow and ice. It took him several hours to thaw out.

On Tuesday, 8th April, the 140-mile journey to Long Mynd was made. The Service transport towing glider trailers and a winch made an early start at 8 o'clock, followed by flight cadets in private transport making a not-so-early start. All the journeys were uneventful until the last few miles when Delafield, driving Strachan's Austin 10 with the Kite and trailer behind, encountered a hill of 1 in 4. The Austin slowed down, finally stopped on the gradient, and to add to the trouble it steadfastly refused to start again. The 15 cwt. trailer was disconnected and parked by the road while the car was freewheeled to the bottom of the hill. Holmes, the co-driver, by some miracle persuaded it to work again and, having enlisted the aid of Perreaux, the trailer was manhandled down the hill and towed up the easier gradient of 1 in 6 several miles away. The clubhouse at the Mynd is right on the edge of the four-mile long ridge, which is 750 ft. above the valley. The accommodation and living conditions were good,



College gliding enthusiasts at Long Mynd

as were the meals and bar arrangements, the latter being managed by the members themselves. All meals except supper were cooked by three ladies, nicknamed the 'Fairies,' from the local village. They had to be collected by car each morning and the time of breakfast depended on this. One morning Whitting acted as taxi man but succeeded in driving his car into a ditch, with the result that breakfast did not appear until 11 o'clock.

On the first flying day at the Mynd, all were briefed on the site, shown the emergency landing field at the bottom of the ridge, and given a dual site familiarization flight. A fickle ridge wind was blowing this day and most of the party managed a short flight on the ridge. During the next five days the wind was northerly and only thermal soaring from winch launches was possible. On the Saturday we operated side by side with the Midland Club aircraft. Holmes and Sulaiman each had a good flight in the Prefect before Whitting took it for a cross-country attempt 14 miles downwind to Clun. The best flight was Delafield's cross-country to Hay-on-Wye, a distance of 36 miles. During the morning, Strachan had wanted to go off on a cross-country in the Kite but had not contacted any thermal lift. However, as soon as he went for a quick lunch, Delafield leapt in and disappeared rapidly downwind from 3,500 ft., landing at Hay some 2½ hours later. The retrieve was carried out most efficiently and the trailer had left the Mynd within three minutes of receiving the landing report. The pilot, having landed in a field, was asked by the local policeman whether that sort of thing was legal, and a short time afterwards was surrounded by ambulance men asking where the crash had been! All were astonished when told that the machine had no engine, and helped willingly when the aircraft was de-ripped.

The final two days of the camp gave fresh, unstable north to north-westerly winds, which produced good thermals and fair ridge soaring conditions. On Tuesday Perreaux made an early start in the Tutor at 7.15 on a five-hour attempt. Woodford was launched soon after but returned after an hour or so. The Kite, with Strachan aboard, was off at 8 o'clock, also on a five-hour attempt. Perreaux did remarkably well to keep the Tutor airborne for just over five hours in variable ridge conditions, while Strachan did 5 hours 50 minutes in the fully canopied and much more comfortable Kite, also a very good flight. The Kite was flown for the rest of the day by the other owner, who had a three-hour trip. Flight

Lieutenant Dunn went 30 miles in the Prefect, not quite far enough for his Silver 'C' distance leg, and Holmes had a rather amusing (to observers anyway) five-hour attempt. He was stranded in an area of bad lift at the south end of the ridge and due to the poor performance of the Tutor, could not regain the better regions of hill lift to the north. Flight Lieutenant Dunn and Strachan had a bird's-eye view from the air, and watchers from the clubhouse also saw the Tutor gradually sink below the hill-top and eventually, after 45 minutes, make a landing in a field in the valley.

On the final day, three away landings were made, but only two cross-countries—since Chalmers-Watson provided the third with a similar flight to that of Holmes the day before. The two genuine cross-countries were by Flight Lieutenant Taylor in the Prefect and Strachan in the Kite. Flight Lieutenant Taylor made a good start but unfortunately failed to get his Silver 'C' distance by eight miles. The latter, on the other hand, flew 65 miles in 3¼ hours to R.A.F. Aston Down, near Stroud. He spent the first hour on the ridge before eventually contacting a thermal which took him to cloudbase. He drifted with the wind for another 20 minutes, and as the lift was still good set off downwind at 50 kt. from 3,300 ft. The rest of the flight was straightforward, via Malvern and Gloucester, gaining Silver 'C' height in cloud over the Severn. His arrival at Aston Down, where he ran out of lift, was heralded by sundry green Vercys from the tower. He was looked after very well by the Duty Air Traffic Controller, who was also Mess Secretary, and who very kindly found him a room until the retrieving party arrived, also charging his meals to Mess Guests! This cross-country was the longest of the camp and the pilot completed his Silver 'C' as a result. The last significant event was the complete disintegration of a well-known Austin's clutch at 2.30 a.m. and two miles short of the Mynd, on returning from Aston Down. The two occupants stated that they enjoyed the healthy early morning walk very much, but enjoyed even more their short stay in the club bar immediately afterwards, where they consoled themselves in the appropriate fashion.

So ended a most successful and enjoyable fortnight of gliding, and we have every intention of returning to the Mynd whenever the Midland Club will have us, for it is undoubtedly the best ridge site in the country and has excellent Silver 'C' possibilities for us.

J.D. and I.W.S.

MASSACRE OF GLENCOE

WE were shocked and annoyed at the lack of attention paid to the second great Glencoe massacre which occurred during the Easter leave. It was made even more newsworthy because the sentence was passed and executed by the victims. They made an expedition to the Glencoe skilift.

Andrews, Maunsell-Thomas and Wormall arrived at the 'King's House,' a quaint little hostelry, needless to say—'rarin' to leap onto the ski lift and be borne away to regions Caesar's eagles never knew. So we asked the way to the bottom of the lift. The nice gentleman pointed to a path disappearing into the fading foggy light of the wet Scottish evening. As we moved along it we called back 'How far?' and the reply came back like a machine gun: 'Oh, about an hour and a half.'

When we gaze in retrospect at this first action at Glencoe the imagination boggles for we did the complete journey up and down in under the hour; a feat never to be accomplished or even approached a second time. Our standards were so low in the end that we unhesitatingly allowed ourselves to be overtaken by children and old ladies without a single blush.

In fact we were so exhausted after three days of this grind that we took a day off and drove through Fort William out towards the west coast as far as Glen Finnan. The view along Loch Shiel was wonderful and the day was made when we came upon a wedding in the village with every man a character stepped straight out of *Whisky Galore*.

The lift itself is situated on top of Meall a Bhuiridh but cannot be seen from the road. There is a 2,000 ft. climb to the bottom of it which takes about 50 minutes and then the lift makes another 1,000 ft. The snow at Easter was very hard but we had a couple of light falls during our stay which made the surface workable. Nevertheless it is very steep for beginners.

Thus the two beginners provided constant amusement for anyone willing to stop for a few moments. The slopes were fast and steep, and despite lessons from the professional they naturally spent most of the time on their faces. The run was about a quarter of a mile and consisted of two large bowls followed by the 'haggis trap' in which one hurtled down one side of a gully and shot up to the top of the other—if one was lucky; 'Dead Man's Gulch,' another steep but very soft section and a final small bowl. For the first few days we used the actual lift as a run for half of the way but it began to get a bit rocky. It was very rare to reach the bottom without falling somewhere, even the skiers of national standard meeting the inevitable.

The standard of ski-ing there was higher than that of Englishmen on the continent, but as someone commented, one must be an enthusiast to even face the climb to the lift in the first place.

The actual lift was in the form of a tow and seemed designed to tip one off. Wormall fell off four times

running at first and began to think he was fated never to get his money's worth. It was the first lift we had ever seen and we soon found it transformed ski-ing from an arduous pastime to a luxurious pleasure.

We left our skis up the mountain every night so that we could arrive and begin to climb at once. One morning, however, Maunsell-Thomas left his car keys in the van while he went round to the back for his boots. With one swift, unthinking movement the door was slammed shut and the van was burglar-proof. After a frantic half-hour trying to get the back doors off and trying to get in from underneath, a simple, easy and effective method was found. But we are not telling because it is a little too easy and works with all modern cars.

Andrews and Maunsell-Thomas had visited Glencoe as mountaineers before and were very well known to the landlord of the 'Clahaig Inn,' so a social call was paid in force with friends acquired during the stay. The landlord makes a point of being as rude as possible to his patrons; he seems to do good trade though, as he is good entertainment value! All the pubs in Scotland close at nine in the evening and on Sunday no drinks are served unless one is a bona fide traveller. When translated into English this means that if you know the landlord drinks are obtainable at all hours of the night.

Although Andrews sprained his ankle after about seven days and journeyed back to civilization in a TR.3, the expedition was judged a very successful one; except for the abysmal lack of female company. We had had wonderful weather the whole holiday, the sun being warm enough to make ski-ing in shirt-sleeves possible. We were very sorry to leave but every day the walk to the ski lift got slower and more formidable. However, we can strongly recommend Glencoe and particularly the 'King's House' hotel where the food is superb, the price cheap and the hot water bottles leaky!

P.E.W., and J.M-T.

VISIT TO CALDER HALL

ON 22nd February last a party of four officers and 27 flight cadets visited Calder Hall—the first nuclear power station to be in commercial operation in the world.

The party, commanded by Flight Lieutenant Strowbridge, travelled up to Carlisle the previous evening, and stayed at an hotel there for two nights. It was noticed shortly after our arrival that the hotel was unlicensed—this being so, certain people felt rather strange on finding themselves drinking beer (ginger) with dinner. Needless to say this state of affairs was remedied very shortly afterwards. Next morning the party travelled down to Calderbridge by coach, arriving at Calder Hall at 9.30.

The visit started with an introductory lecture which was an explanation of the chain reaction process by which the station works. The lecturer seemed quite surprised when Wing Commander Duckett told him that the majority of the party had already been taught most of what he had just told them. After this three smaller parties were formed, each with a guide, and a tour of the station was started. A 90-ft. vertical rise in a lift is a good start to any tour and this proved no exception. Stepping out of the lift we walked on to a largish concrete floor in which was embedded a number of steel discs—this was the charge floor, and below us was the reactor. Our guide added, by way of a reassurance, that there was no need to worry since there were 8 ft. of concrete and 6 in. of welded steel between ourselves and the reactor. Two fearsome-looking machines on the floor were for charging and discharging the reactor with fuel elements. Since the consumed elements are highly radioactive, they are taken in 'coffins' straight to Windscale where they are processed and made into such things as nuclear warheads. Moving down one floor we came to the fuel element preparation room and were surprised to learn that a pile of tubes just over three feet long were the fuel elements. Each element was in an hermetically sealed magnesium alloy can, with a spiral fin for cooling running from end to end, and the total weighs about thirty pounds.

Down another floor we were shown round what many people consider to be the most important room on the station—the burst cartridge detector room. Here specially designed machines regularly monitor the gases circulating between the reactor core and the heat exchangers. The detectors check the amount of radioactive material in the gases and when this is above a certain level a process is set in motion which automatically closes down the reactor. Next we came to the reactor control room which is in the heart of the reactor. This looked rather like the control deck of an *Eagle*-type space-ship and was

certainly most impressive. In the centre of the room the control engineer has the main control panel with the most important instruments, including the reactor shut-down button. Around the side of the room ranged a complicated-looking mass of instruments which provide all the information that anyone could want concerning the working of the reactor. These records are maintained on graduated sheets of paper and are stored for reference. There is a separate control room for each reactor—necessary because at this stage in the development of the reactor simplicity is a paramount virtue. Furthermore, the primary object of the plant is to produce plutonium, so a very close watch must be kept on the reactor.

Next on the itinerary was the blower house, containing two 1,500/2,200 h.p. blowers for circulating the gas. We went into the turbine hall which was in no way different from its counterpart in a conventional station, except that it was very much cleaner—in fact one of the overall impressions we got of the station was the cleanliness. The interior was decorated in a variety of pastel shades and the heat exchangers on the outside were painted in bright colours.

An early arrival back at Carlisle left the party free for the evening, and judging by the time at which people returned to the hotel it is probable that few will forget it. In spite of the proximity of Gretna Green, all arrived back at the College still with a firm hold on their bachelor status.

In closing, it would not be inopportune to remember the words of Her Majesty the Queen when she opened the station in October 1956:

'Today we are present at the making of history. Atomic scientists, by a series of brilliant discoveries, have brought us to the threshold of a new age, and it may well prove to have been among the greatest of our contributions to human welfare that we led the way in demonstrating the peaceful uses of this new source of power.'

D.P.

COLLEGE NOTES—(Continued from page 120)

We regret to record the death of Miss Matilda Talbot, C.B.E., of Lacock Abbey, the granddaughter of the 'Father of Photography.' Towards the end of the first world war Miss Talbot commanded the detachment of W.R.N.S. stationed in H.M.S. *Daedalus*.



SOCIETIES



Dramatic Society—'While The Sun Shines'

CAST
(in order of appearance)

<i>Horton</i>	Peter Kent
<i>The Earl of Harpenden</i>	Richard Bell
<i>Lieutenant Mulvaney</i>	Norwood Puckering
<i>Lady Elizabeth Randall</i>	Felicity Goldstone
<i>The Duke of Ayr and Stirling</i>	Ian Hutchinson
<i>Lieutenant Colbert</i>	Terence Close
<i>Mabel Crum</i>	Cicely Sandford

Production by Jeremy Brown

<i>Stage Manager</i>	Martin Nicholls
<i>Assistant Stage Manager</i>	Melvyn Evans
<i>House Managers</i> Paul Atkins and Christopher Potter	
<i>Set Construction</i>	Mr B. V. Carolan
<i>Electricians</i> Richard Skelley and Robert Johnston	
<i>Prompter</i>	Nicholas Adamson
<i>Properties</i>	Antony Goodman

THIS play would seem to have been a most suitable choice for the Dramatic Society's Spring production. It was certainly very popular and was tremendously well received. This highlighted the fact that the performance of a College play, especially on Tuesday evening, is a social occasion not a 'dramatic' one. Few people take their critical faculty with them or if they do they anaesthetize it gently with a brace of martinis. The atmosphere therefore is suited to the presentation of something by a cocktail playwright such as Rattigan who gives you a dash of this and a dash of that. This play was written before he started to include angostura bitters in his concoctions.

Jeremy Brown's production was a good effort at the right pace, and the voice production was better than we have so far had it. A College play

is always a triumph over adversity and if lines are forgotten here and there, or even a couple of pages of script get mentally stuck together, nobody should worry overmuch. With Rattigan nobody really notices anyway.

Peter Kent's butler was in character some of the time but his make-up was almost surrealist, if that means gruesome. Something must be done about the standard of make-up in College productions. A kindly critic would say that it is unequal.

Richard Bell was often convincing in a difficult part. He just lacked the debonair insouciance.

Norwood Puckering provided a most enjoyable caricature of a gen-you-wine American. This well-sustained performance was largely enjoyed by the incoming and outgoing U.S.A.F. representatives.

Felicity Goldstone, whose appearance was much appreciated by the back seat boys, was convincing as a W.A.A.F. corporal but not as Lady Elizabeth Randall. Of course, one never knows nowadays does one.

Ian Hutchinson was moderately competent. His stiff-legged gait was commendable. His voice is at present an instrument of limited range.

Cicely Sandford was beautifully cast. As an Air Ministry hack with a heart of gold she didn't quite convince one that she could be naughty. But she did convince me that she would be always ready to try. Her art is the art which reveals art and is always enjoyable, always stimulating in its effect.

The set was good although one was frequently reminded that it was a set. Sensitive members of the audience tend to experience agonies of apprehension when doors open the wrong way. The lighting was not good. There was not enough

of it and it was in the wrong places. The prompter was not too much in evidence, probably because he had given up smoking for the evening.

The front of house arrangements were impeccable.

T.J.M.

Printing

The scope of the Printing Section has been severely limited during the past term. This was due both to lack of trained members and restrictions on work when the Printing Room was requisitioned for use by the Chief of Air Staff during the recent 'Conference Prospect.'

The membership rose to twelve, most of these coming from the Junior Year. At present only one member of the section is fully qualified, but when suitable accommodation is found training can continue and the amount of work produced will increase.

A second-hand treadle printing machine was purchased from the Lincoln School of Art. Unfortunately several minor pieces were found to be missing and operation of the machine is held up until these can be purchased. Its completion is visualized before the end of the Summer term.

Ten members made a very interesting visit to the *Lincolnshire Echo* Printing Works in Lincoln. Here they saw every stage of processing from the teleprinter machine to the final product at the press, and everyone was surprised at the amount of work involved.

Three major orders were completed during the term. These were the College Play programmes, paper currency for the Model Accounts Section and programmes for the explanation of the Graduation Ball decorations and bars. However, the section is looking forward to an active summer, and anticipates numerous private orders from members who realize the facilities available to them.

Jazz Club

During the Spring term the College Band was invited to Lincoln Training College to play at one of their Jazz Club meetings. About fifty flight cadets attended and the evening was a great success. A visit to Retford Training College, which was unfortunately impossible this term, will be made next term, and we are assured of a good welcome, especially as the band has not played there for nearly a year!

With the addition of another alto-sax player, the band is trying to produce music which is

slightly more mainstream, but with the increasing number of instrumentalists in the band this is not easy. However, with practice we should be able to produce some very lively music.

J.R.O.

Music Section

Our membership was practically doubled last term through a little conscription, and most members made good use of the record library of the section. The term also saw the start of record evenings held in the College; judging from the atmosphere while the records were played the evenings were extremely successful. Some members thoroughly enjoyed a visit to a concert in Nottingham. Other visits were planned but were disrupted by unexpected circumstances.

During succeeding terms we look forward to further outings and record evenings; the record evenings will be used to introduce our new records to members. Each term we plan to buy new records and we take this opportunity of asking our members to take great care of all records (new or old) loaned to them. Clearly the success of the section depends entirely on the support of our members who are urged to make use of our record library and who are welcomed to our record concerts.

A.R.P.P.

Toxophily

At the time of going to press the archery season has only just begun and the section is still looking forward to its first match.

Last year was the first time that a Cranwell team had competed against neighbouring clubs and three matches were shot. These comprised one at Nottingham, one at Boston and one when we entertained the Nottingham Archers on the Orange. It is hoped that this year the number of fixtures will be greatly increased.

Membership of the section is continuing to increase and we welcome all new and potential members. Some of the new members, under the tuition of Flight Cadets Herbertson and Moyes, have already shown promise of becoming competent bowmen.

Quite a large amount of new equipment has been purchased since the new year, including new targets, and it is hoped that we will not be as handicapped as we were last year by a shortage of tackle.

During the coming summer months an archery course is being run at Bisham Abbey and we are

trying to arrange for a party from Cranwell to be included on it.

K.S.T.

Canoe Section

The Spring term and canoeing do not usually go together but the Devizes to Westminster race made this necessary. Two crews were entered for the race and training was carried out throughout the term, both in the gym and on the River Trent. It was during one of these training paddles that Chalmers-Watson and Cheater found that the Trent's water in February is both very cold and unpleasant to drink. Luckily neither of them was hurt but the section did lose the use of a Lyne canoe.

The race was not one of the section's greatest moments as both crews had to retire after a few hours' paddling. Although the conditions on this Varsity Boat Race Saturday were the worst ever recorded, we all felt most annoyed at retiring. However, out of the sixty crews starting only ten finished.

Since the race the section's equipment has been checked, repaired and a new canoe obtained. With the coming better weather and increasing interest in canoeing at the College, it can be expected that many river miles will be travelled by cadets this Summer term.

B.J.C.

Gliding

Gliding began this year with the usual winter routine of circuits, aerobatics and Prefect conversions. Several members of 77 Entry soloed on the Tutors early in the term.

The second half of the term brought great changes to the section. The first was that Flight Cadets Delafield and Strachan eventually managed to buy a Slingsby Kite IIb sailplane, for which they had been negotiating since Christmas, and tow it to Cranwell. The Kite has flown at Cranwell since early March, and has been soared on most days, its average flight-time with the club being over half an hour. The second, and more important change this Spring term has been the acquisition of a Chipmunk for aero-towing. The enormous difference this makes to soaring possibilities has been amply demonstrated by the number of soaring flights made at the end of the Spring term, which in the past had been quite unusual at this time of year. We are demanding 20 Prefect launches and three dual tours in the Sedberghs before allowing solo aero-tows, and it is hoped that many less-qualified members will

strive to achieve these qualifications and so increase their chances of finding thermals.

We hope that the existence of aero-tow facilities will encourage more of the Junior College to come out regularly, as there seems to be a lack of qualified members here, especially in 78 Entry. On 19th March Flight Lieutenant Taylor gained his Silver C height, Flight Lieutenant Bridson went to 7,800 ft. (a local record) and the Kite was airborne for over an hour in two flights. All these flights were from aero-tows.

Our Easter camp was the most successful vacation camp for two years, due in no small measure to aero-tow facilities. Delafield stayed up for over four hours at Cranwell on the first day, while Perreaux achieved his Silver C cross-country leg, in the Prefect, with a 43-mile flight from an aero-tow. Many other flights of over one hour were made at Cranwell, and on moving to the Midland Gliding Club site, Perreaux, with a very fine flight in the Tutor, and Strachan in the relative comfort of the Kite, stayed up for their five-hour Silver C legs. Delafield had several other long flights in the Kite, including a 36-mile cross-country. Strachan, in the Kite, then proceeded to complete his Silver C with a 65-mile cross-country and the appropriate 1,000 metres gain of height. Woodford on the same day achieved his Silver C height with a recorded gain of 3,800 ft. A more detailed account of the camp appears elsewhere in this issue.

The first two week-ends of Summer term have seen several soaring flights of up to 1½ hours' duration. Turner, of 77A, was airborne with Flight Lieutenant Bridson for over 2½ hours in two flights one afternoon. Flight Lieutenant Taylor in the second Sedbergh had a flight of 50 minutes, and Delafield had 40 minutes in the Kite. We hope that this will become more typical in the future, especially with the advantage of aero-tows.

We would like to see more members of 77 and 78 Entries this term, for with good thermal prospects and long, light evenings, we can easily train cadets from *ab-initio* to C Soaring certificate, and above, by the end of term. There is now a possibility of acquiring an Olympia advanced sailplane for the club, which will open up even greater possibilities up to Gold C standard. We therefore have great hopes for the rest of this Summer term and Summer camp, and with confidence we expect several College gliding records to be broken this year.

I.W.S.

Ski-ing

The concessions granted to Cranwell cadet skiers by the Royal Air Force Ski and Winter Sports Association and the College are probably the most generous that can be obtained anywhere. Zermatt is the Royal Air Force ski-ing centre, and owing to its situation below the Matterhorn, and its very high runs, is the best winter sports resort open during the Cranwell Christmas and Easter leaves. It is also the training centre for the Royal Air Force ski team, for which the College has several potential candidates. The main Cranwell party will be going to Zermatt during the coming Christmas leave, and we recommend this resort as the best value for money.

The secretary has had to take the names early because last year it was found that hotels sponsored by the Service were fully booked by August. Please co-operate with the secretary when he is organizing passports, travel, accommodation and currency. Last year certain cadets failed to take heed of the warning about obtaining passports in good time, and they very nearly missed their holiday.

Each cadet is allowed to take a lady friend, who will travel under the Royal Air Force scheme, and will receive similar concessions to the cadets. The captain of ski-ing strongly advises the 'social types' to adopt this policy because, despite all the linesshoots, the ladies are not there in their thousands waiting for Cranwell cadets. No one is spied upon by dozens of 'chop-happy' officers because he goes to the Royal Air Force resort. It is a holiday, so everyone can behave as he thinks fit.

Ski-ing is an expensive sport, and it may take a long time to save up enough money for an Alpine holiday, but it is always worth it. The final requirement is good health. Do not fail to take a course of 'dry school' exercises before leaving for the Continent, for this will save many days of aches and pains.

H.M.S.

Aeromodelling

Last term we saw some action in the club. Several members of the Junior Mess were busy on the construction of various models of which the most outstanding was undoubtedly a fine free-flight Tiger Moth built by Flight Cadet Clapshaw; it proved most successful in the air.

A substantial number of new members was enrolled from 78 Entry. Certain members of this entry, with an eye to the future, have been experimenting in the field of rockets. One has

been constructed and various fuels are being tested to find which is most suitable. Should this prototype prove reasonably economical it is hoped to build a similar but smaller one to drive model aircraft.

Aeromodelling is one of those activities which flourish and lie dormant alternately. It does at last seem to be on the upgrade again. Let us hope this improvement continues.

W.J.H.

Motor Club

At the beginning of the Easter term the club consisted of over one hundred members. It was proposed that a rally, similar to that held in the Christmas term, should be arranged, and this was organized by the committee. However, after several postponements due to clashes with other College dates, it was cancelled owing to lack of support. It is to be hoped that more support will be forthcoming for club fixtures during the Summer term.

The main progress made by the club was in the purchase of tools for the club workshop, which is to be established in the cadets' garage for the use of club members. The tools were obtained at a 10 per cent discount and the £46-worth so far bought include many items that would be too expensive for an individual member to buy. It is proposed that this initial stock will be added to at the rate of £10-worth of equipment each term and, if this policy is maintained, the club should soon have an extensive workshop.

During the Summer term it is proposed that the rally planned for the Easter term should be held. In addition it has been requested that the committee investigate the possibility of holding a motor gymkhana, similar to that held by the Officers' Motor Club last November on the South Airfield apron.

Members of the staff of Lotus Cars and the B.R.M. organization are also being approached with a view to their giving lectures during the Christmas term on technical aspects of design.

At the end of the term the presiding committee retired and the club would like to express their thanks for the work they put in during their term of office.

J.N.P.

Chess Club

During the winter the Chess Club suffered from not having enough members to produce sufficient competition within the club. It also suffered from having to recover from a period of inactivity. In

spite of this, nine matches were played during the season against local clubs; the opposition was not very strong, but even so we only managed to win two matches.

The outlook for the future is better. We are now fully equipped with sets and boards, and there is a promising nucleus of players in the Intermediate Year, notably in 76 Entry. They should be able to take over the reins in the autumn with the knowledge that they have a useful fixture list, and the hope that there will be an increasing interest in a game which is surely peculiarly appropriate to the training of young Servicemen.

D.G.L.

Fine Arts Society

The Fine Arts Society is at present undergoing a change in the organization of its activities. Due to the difficulty of attending art classes in Lincoln owing to College functions clashing with these visits, it is hoped that the society will benefit more from visiting lecturers who will be able to provide a more progressive and continuous course in art. It is also intended to give *ab initio* instruction for cadets who have not until now had the opportunity of learning to sketch or paint, and

with this object in mind it is hoped that more cadets will be encouraged to join the society.

If possible a series of visits will be arranged in the future to some of the better known art galleries.

T.V.R.

Angling and Sub-Aqua

The section concentrated this term on training as many new members as possible in the use of the aqua-lung. Unfortunately the swimming bath was available for only three-quarters of an hour a week which rather limited the amount of progress that could be made. In spite of this some six previous non-divers attained a reasonable degree of proficiency. Some senior members practised more advanced underwater techniques such as sharing one aqua-lung between two divers.

It had been proposed to visit the Sub-Aqua Club of Malta during the Easter leave but as an airlift could not be arranged it was decided to postpone oversea activities until the summer.

Towards the end of term the section purchased a further Heinhe lung and two 'dry' diving suits. It is hoped that this additional equipment will enable local excursions to be made during the coming term.

A.C.L.

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BOXING

Sandhurst

THE main feature of this term was the Sandhurst match, which provided great interest even before the actual date, and the press devoted some space to advertising it as 'Sandhurst's most important match of the year.' The team arrived at Sandhurst on the evening of 14th March.

There were nine bouts on the programme, starting at bantamweight with Merrett against Loo of R.M.A. Merrett was soon worn down and the bout finished in favour of Loo. The featherweight bout was between Ross of Cranwell and Caldecott, the captain of the R.M.A. team. Caldecott was obviously the more experienced and capable boxer and soon had Ross reeling. This bout was stopped in the first round in Caldecott's favour. Whyte of Cranwell, at lightweight, was next, against Morel of R.M.A. Whyte boxed in an orthodox style and seemed to have the measure of his opponent in the first round, then his right eyebrow was split, causing the fight to be stopped. This left the score 3-0 to R.M.A.

Next was Smith of Cranwell against Stanley of R.M.A. at light-welterweight. Smith let Stanley bring the fight to him and then fought inside Stanley's defence, scoring well with hard hooks. Smith won on points. At welterweight Johnson of Cranwell fought Virgo of Sandhurst. Virgo showed no great form, he was apparently less fit than the rest of the R.M.A. team, and Johnson won on points.

First after the interval, with the score at 3-2, was Brown at light-middleweight fighting Hughes of R.M.A. After a fairly even contest this finished on a lively note, and the verdict went to Hughes. At middleweight was Freeman, the Cranwell captain, in his first fight for two years owing to medical disabilities. His opponent, Christie, was a good 2 inches taller and 12 lb. heavier. Freeman was well on top in the first round, scoring heavily. The second round was more even, but in the third round Freeman was knocked down repeatedly and the referee stopped the fight.

Thus R.M.A. had won back the shield with two bouts to go. Mackay went in next for Cranwell at light-heavyweight against Brown of R.M.A. After a very fast first round the pace eased, until the third round, when Brown took the initiative. His efforts were, however, too late and Mackay won on points. The final bout was heavy-weight, between Melville of Cranwell and O'Neil of R.M.A. The bout started at a fast pace, but all too soon O'Neil caught Melville high on the head. Melville, off

balance, fell backwards and completed the concussion by striking his head on the canvas.

So finished the Sandhurst match. The final score was 6-3 to R.M.A. Their win was largely due to superior fitness, and a valuable lesson has been learnt from that.

Boxing

The boxing during the Spring term comprised, apart from the Sandhurst match, one match against Cambridge and Belsize. This match was lost 7-1, Whyte being the only Cranwell victor. Fitness again was the critical factor in these bouts. Next season's outlook is, however, more promising. Freeman is captain until December, and there are the makings of a good team, though we have lost some of our more experienced boxers through injuries.

HOCKEY

B.R.N.C. Dartmouth

The College faced this game with a certain amount of apprehension as they felt they had a weak team. We had trained for some weeks previously and hoped to be the fitter team. During the game the College pressed most of the time and were greatly heartened by two goals in the first few minutes. Dartmouth, however, retaliated and scored two goals to equalize in sudden attacks. During the second half the College made certain of success by scoring three goals to make the final score 5-2. The victory was well deserved, the College attacking for most of the game and taking their opportunities when they were presented. This was the first game of the season in which forwards and defence worked well together and the team looked forward to beating Sandhurst.

R.M.A. Sandhurst

This game promised to be a lot more difficult than the Dartmouth game, Sandhurst having been the victors for a number of years. However, the team had been training for some weeks and set to in good heart. The match was very fast and the initiative see-sawed back and forth in the first half with neither side scoring. In the second half Sandhurst scored first through one of their brilliant Malayan forwards and this set the College forwards a real challenge. They attacked strongly and scored through Curtin on the right wing and continued to press. In the last quarter of an hour Sandhurst attacked vigorously and only some brilliant saves by Williamson stopped them scoring again. The match finished in an honourable draw against a strong side. Next season we look forward to continuing the improvement and beating Sandhurst on our own ground.



R.A.F. College and Dartmouth Hockey Teams

In the second half of last season both 1st and 2nd XIs appeared to be approaching a very difficult fixture list, with the Dartmouth and Sandhurst week-ends and games against London University and the Inter-Command champions.

Unfortunately many of the games had to be cancelled due to bad weather and later in the term because of the flying programme, but the games we did play provided considerably better results than anticipated. After our first game, in which we beat Nottingham University, we were unfortunate to lose Walkers who was the mainstay of our defence, and his steadying influence was greatly missed. In spite of this the 1st XI did very well and managed to win or draw all its games but one in a very convincing way. The game we lost was against R.A.F. Technical College, Henlow, who deserved to win as they had more fighting spirit than our weakened team. The game against Fettes College had to be cancelled because of lack of accommodation and the Gresham's School game because of illness at the school.

The 2nd XI, led by Simmons, did not have quite such a successful term as the 1st XI but were very keen and had some good, dependable players, but tended to become flustered in the defence when under pressure.

Next season we hope to field almost the same side but we will have lost Shrimpton who has led his team from the touchline with a great deal of energy despite being incapacitated by a back injury.

We should like to thank Flight Lieutenant Martindale, who has succeeded Squadron Leader Macro as officer i/c hockey, for his wholehearted support for the two teams.

F.R.S.

RESULTS

1st XI

Jan. 15	Nottingham University	(h)	2-1	(w)
18	Normanby Park	(a)	1-0	(w)
29	King's School, Peterborough	(h)	6-0	(w)
Feb. 1	Normanby Park	(h)	4-1	(w)
12	London University	(h)	6-1	(w)
15	R.N.C. Dartmouth	(h)	5-2	(w)
Mar. 1	Henlow	(a)	1-4	(l)
15	R.M.A. Sandhurst	(a)	1-1	(d)

FENCING

This season has been very successful. The results of one or two of the matches are not perhaps a true reflection of the hard training our team has put in nor of the enthusiasm shown.

Our first fixture was with Peterborough on 18th January. We won in all three weapons by a good margin. The épée team showed up exceptionally well in this match, Baird and Coriat winning all their assaults.

A fortnight later we had a match against St. Paul's School. The results were a little disappointing after such a good start to the season. The results of our fixture with Dartmouth, held on 15th February, were much more encouraging. The team fenced skilfully and well to secure a victory in all three weapons. Special mention should be made of Lewis, our vice-captain, and Coriat who won all their assaults in sabre and épée respectively.

One of the season's highlights was the match against L'Ecole de l'Air. The French cadets were obviously experienced and extremely skilful. The match was held in the College main lecture hall at the suggestion of the Commandant. Although Cranwell were heavily defeated, the many spectators were able to enjoy a very fine display of fencing by both teams.

The final fixture of the season was with R.M.A. Sandhurst. This match should have been won. However, our épéeists, almost unbeaten throughout the previous matches of the season, lost to a definitely poorer side.

Throughout the season Manning and Lewis have captained the team. Coriat performed consistently well in all matches and will be captain for the coming season. The team has been coached by Sgt Cain and is grateful for his enthusiastic support. It is a great pity that he will soon be leaving Cranwell.

Full colours have been awarded to Coriat, Noon and Smith. Half colours have been awarded to Baird and Tavender.

C.L.

SQUASH

After winning several matches the previous term we returned to the College determined to take full advantage of all the matches and try to repeat our successes of last

year. Although the results of last term's matches are not as impressive as those of the previous term, the teams we played were of a higher calibre, giving us the best possible chance of finding out where the strength and weakness of the team lay.

The team consisted of the same five as in the previous term: Andrews, Price, Horsfall, Kingston and Haller, with Volkens as sixth man.

All the matches were hotly contested with five out of the nine matches either being lost or won 3-2 or 2-3.

R.N. Dartmouth came to Cranwell with their usual high reputation but had been weakened by the absence of two of their usual first five at sea. Andrews started well but appeared to tire quickly against his tenacious opponent who used the drop and lob shots to great effect. Andrews could not find his usual accuracy and went down in the fifth game. Price, too, never found his usual form, his opponent attacking from the start and never allowing him to settle down and hustling him into mistakes. Horsfall, Kingston and Haller played excellently, each winning decisively.

We travelled down to R.M.A. Sandhurst determined to return to Cranwell with the Squash Cup still in our possession. We were entertained with the usual gusto and although there were many good resolutions these were not kept. The match began at 1000 hrs. and the team appeared surprisingly fit. The match began with the defeat of Andrews and Horsfall, and the outcome of the match looked particularly gloomy. Price, playing in his best form, won the third match very comfortably, and Haller, playing with his usual speed, also won to make the match score 2-2. Kingston was thus left to play the vital match and face the tension in the crowded gallery. Both players started cautiously and mistakes were made on both sides. Slowly Kingston's confidence returned and he began playing devastating volleys to which his opponent had no answer. Kingston moved from strength to strength and, playing with great speed, outclassed his opponent to give us the match.

This was the first time in the history of the matches with R.M.A. Sandhurst that the College has won in two successive seasons.

We should like to thank Flight Lieutenant Dawes for his help and encouragement throughout the season.

J.S.B.P.

Andrews v McNeill...	11-9	1-9	7-9	3-9	(l)
Horsfall v Saunders	0-9	5-9	5-9	—	(l)
Kingston v Ross	9-1	10-8	9-1	—	(w)
Price v Bower	9-1	9-4	9-2	—	(w)
Haller v Grant	9-2	9-6	9-0	—	(w)

RESULTS OF OTHER MATCHES

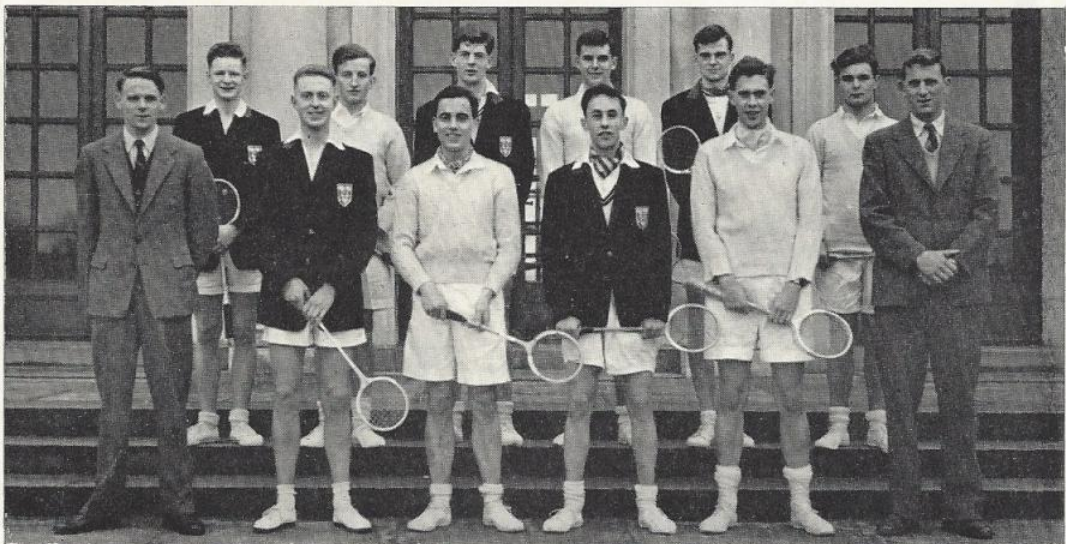
Abbeyle S.R.C.	2-3	(l)
Nottingham University	5-0	(w)
R.A.F. Waddington	2-3	(l)
R.A.F. Henlow	3-2	(w)
R.N. Greenwich	1-3	(l)

SHOOTING

During the Spring term of 1958 the shooting section was able to maintain the high standard attained in the Autumn. Out of the eight shoulder-to-shoulder matches this term five were won, and of the three lost two were lost by the narrow margin of one point.

The term started with a match against Birmingham University, and the College put up its best score of the term with 792, sufficient to win by 12 points. The College also won the match against Nottingham University, and on 8th March a triangular match was held with Highgate School and a team from the Metropolitan Police. Cranwell was again victorious, but the Police team came a very close second.

There were two matches against Imperial College, both of which were unfortunately lost, but the home match was lost by only one point. There were also two matches against Sleaford Rifle Club. This was the first time that the College has shot against this club, and at the first match, shot in Sleaford, the opposing team produced 'Metric' cards and suggested that they be used. These



R.A.F. College and Dartmouth Squash Teams

cards are much smaller than those normally used by the Cranwell team, and little success was expected. However, the College team won by three points, and when later in the term in a match against University College, London, 'Metric' targets were again used Cranwell was once more successful.

The inter-squadron shooting competition this term consisted of a pistol match, and 'B' Squadron were the winners. However, the best score was put up by Flight Cadet Rea of 'A' Squadron. We were all very sorry to see Rea leave as he was one of the best pistol shots in the College and had done much towards the achievement of the high standard of shooting this season.

During the Easter leave a four-day camp was held at Bisley in order to practise the team before the start of the Full Bore season. The results were very encouraging and our thanks are due to Mr Collins, the team coach, for all the work and encouragement that he gave us, and to Squadron Leader Hudson for his advice and leadership.

I.R.S.

SOCCER

The fixtures during the Spring term suffered severely from bad weather. By the time the weather was suitable flying time had to be made up on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Nevertheless the 1st XI played eight matches, some against excellent opponents. A new venture was the match against the F.A. Colts, who played an excellent game and gave both the team and the spectators a lesson in football. This match was very successful and improved the standard of football. It is a fixture we hope to repeat next year. Mr Creek, who was the F.A. Colts team manager, gave an excellent talk to Soccer enthusiasts. Two matches against University teams were played. In the match against Birmingham University the College lost 4 goals to nil but a very high standard of football was displayed by both teams.

The 2nd XI, unfortunately, as usual received the brunt of the weather. Three matches were played—two against Station sides.

Flight Lieutenant Porter and Mr Simpson gave much enthusiastic help and encouragement, and we owe them our thanks.

Full colours were awarded to Humphrey, Blewitt and Adams. McDowall was presented with half colours with Barrett who improved steadily throughout the season.

R.E.G.

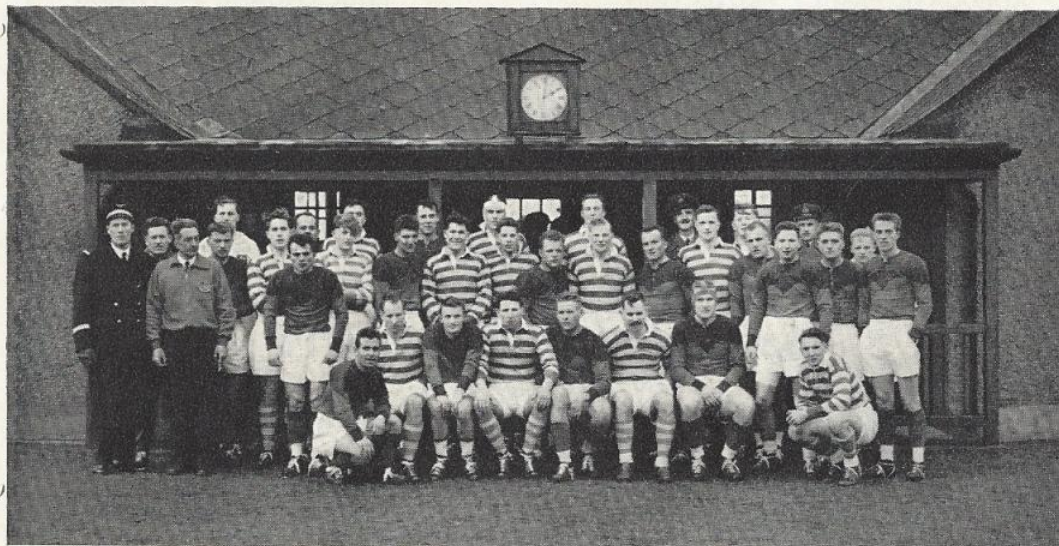
RESULTS

Jan.	18	R.A.F. Tech. Coll.	(a)	1-3	(i)
	29	Carres Grammar School	(h)	4-4	(d)
Feb.	5	F.A. Colts XI	(h)	0-9	(l)
	12	Lincoln City School	(a)	1-1	(d)
Mar.	12	Hull University	(h)	1-3	(l)
	15	Birmingham University	(a)	0-4	(l)
	19	Lincolnshire Constabulary	(a)	1-3	(l)
	22	Leicester University	(h)	1-1	(d)

RUGBY

The term began badly with six of the eight January matches cancelled because of the weather. Throughout the term twelve matches were cancelled, five of these applying to the 1st XV, among them our fixtures with Jesus College, Cambridge, and Cambridge LX Club. It is on these two hard fixtures that we can select a new team which will provide the basis for the following season's Sandhurst match, but it was not until February that the new 1st XV could be tried. To our disappointment the game against Bedford Wanderers, through no fault of our own, deteriorated into a mêlée (unworthy of the name of rugby) and gave little indication of the potentialities of the team. However, we claimed victory by three points. The next match, against Denstone College, was far more satisfactory, and ended with a win of 11 points to 5 in which the pack showed its ability to maintain pressure until the final whistle.

For a further three weeks the adverse weather interrupted both the training and playing of the team, and it was still a very much unproven side which took the field on a cold, wet, wintry afternoon to play L'Ecole de l'Air. Their team, consisting of twelve of last year's players,



R.A.F. College and L'Ecole de l'Air Rugby Teams

quickly showed their much-increased skill and determination, and held the College with their strong tackling. The only score was a penalty goal kicked by Digby from 30 yards giving victory by a narrow margin.

The next day a much-reduced side played Old Nottinghamians in a blizzard and lost by 8 points to 3.

The last match of the season was against Henlow, and fell on the day when half of the rugby team were at Sandhurst engaged in other sports. Thus a weak College side faced Henlow at full strength and the visitors managed to erase last term's 17-0 defeat with a 17-0 victory which indicates that next season they will be faced with a 100 per cent fit and full-strength College side.

The 2nd XV also suffered five cancellations during the term, but played their usual fiery rugby when given the opportunity. Demands made on them for 1st XV players were heavy, as is usual in the second term, but they finished with honours even, winning two and losing two of the matches played.

The 3rd XV played and won three matches during the term. From these results it can be seen that this side deserve more fixtures and in future we hope they will enjoy a greater part in this College sport.

J.L.

RESULTS

	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost
1st XV	17	12	0	5
2nd XV	16	10	0	6
3rd XV	7	6	0	1



CROSS-COUNTRY

The last match of the Winter term was run at Melton Mowbray, and despite the absence of the Captain, Under Officer Harrington, and Vice-Captain, Senior Flight Cadet Ryan, the runners succeeded on the muddy five-mile course in gaining eighth place for the second time in the North Midlands League.

It was therefore understandable that a certain element of complacency attended the opening training sessions for the Spring term. This was apparently further justified at Cranwell on the 11th January, when over an unfamiliar five-mile course a team comprising Woodford, Wormall, Glennie, Lee and Atkins came in 30th, 32nd, 46th, 56th and 69th respectively in a field of 107 runners. This result secured eighth place for the third time and the College place in the League was ninth, a creditable effort considering the team was running in a senior event and had just lost two of the previous term's best runners.

This feeling of well being was disturbed somewhat the following week-end when the team ran against Nottingham University. This side is usually strong but any optimists would not have been prepared for a 39-19 points defeat. However, Mansfield Harriers, third with 69 points, and Nottingham University second team, fourth with 73 points, resulted in the true import of this performance being shrouded and an 'off day' being accepted as an excuse.

It was, however, to herald a series of defeats until the 15th February when the team beat a younger side at Oundle School. At Peterborough on the following Saturday a team consisting of Woodford, Wormall and Glennie came in, at one-second intervals, 6th, 7th and 8th respectively to win the Junior Cup of the Eastern Counties Cross-Country Association. Our success on this occasion was partly due to the appreciation of the fact that the third man's placing is just as important as that of the first.

The match with Henlow, scheduled for Wednesday of the following week, was cancelled due to deep snow. On Saturday, 1st March, a team of five competed in the Inter-University road relay at Hyde Park. This was another disappointment, eight places being dropped from last year's performance. This was partly due to the greater number of teams competing, the subsequent higher standard and the fact that one member dropped back considerably due to a stitch after the first mile. The following week-end, against the service Milocarians and London Imperial College, the College team came third. On Saturday, 15th, this team beat Leicester College of Arts and Technology and then on the last week-end of term was beaten by Thames Hares and Harriers.

The weakness of the team's middle strength told in almost every race. There was reasonable packing in the first few runners, Wormall, Woodford and Glennie, who maintained a fairly steady standard throughout the term; then there was a gap patrolled by Lee who sometimes closed with the front and on other occasions did not. It is hoped that for next season, when this term's team will be further reduced, that a more lively response will be forthcoming from 77 and 78 Entries whose representation in this sport is quite out of proportion to their numbers and their apparent ability in other fields.

In conclusion we would like to convey once more our thanks to our Officer-in-Charge, Squadron Leader Sandford. Not only do the team officials enjoy his guidance but, even more appreciated at the time, considerable active support and ready advice during our matches.

W.G.G.

RESULTS

		<i>Coll. Opp.</i>	
Jan. 11	North Midlands League	(h)	8th out of 15
18	Nottingham University	(h)	39 19 (d)
25	Leicester College of Arts and Technology	(a)	34 30 (d)
Feb. 1	Leicester University	(a)	27 25 (d)
8	Lincoln Wellington	(a)	48 30 (d)
15	Oundle School	(a)	31 51 (v)
22	Eastern Counties Championships at Peterborough (Junior Cup) ...	(a)	1st out of 6
26	R.A.F. Technical College, Henlow ...		Cancelled
Mar. 1	Hyde Park Relay	(a)	30th out of 42
8	Milocarians	(h)	51 33 (d)
8	Imperial College	(h)	— 39 (d)
15	Leicester College of Arts and Technology	(h)	24 32 (v)
22	Thames Hares and Harriers ...	(a)	30 26 (d)

SQUADRON ATHLETICS

The Inter-Squadron Athletics Match in the Spring term is never preceded with a great deal of training. The training that is done is always rushed, and it is usually from the cross-country runners, who have been hard at it all winter, that the finest results are expected. It rained, however, through most of the match, so the day was not made for outstanding performances.

A great deal depended on the outcome of this match with regard to the winning of Sovereign Squadron, and there was much tension all round. 'B' Squadron, however, took the lead early and held it until the end with 'C' Squadron close behind. The final result was:

'A' Squadron	27 points
'B' Squadron	81 points
'C' Squadron	63 points

This year it was 'B' Squadron who had the majority of the finer performers, not only in the field events but also on the track. We expected to see the pole-vault record go, but the rain proved too much for Hallam, a well and truly established pole-vaulter, who nevertheless cleared 10 feet and won the event for 'B' Squadron. Added to this, in the field 'B' Squadron had a high percentage of firsts: Hutchinson winning the shot; Green the hop, step and jump and the discus; Spencer the long jump.

On the track Glennie easily won the two miles. Both Laming, who came first in the hurdles, and Simpson, in the 100 yards, look as though they will put up some fine performances in the near future. A very fine 880 yards was run by Herbertson who planned his final sprint very well and won the event, unexpectedly, in 2 minutes 6.4 seconds. Woodford came first in the mile in 4 minutes 43.9 seconds, and Forshaw won the 220 yards in 24.5 seconds. The relays were the best of all the track events. In the 4 × 110 yards relay 'B' Squadron came first with 'C' Squadron close behind. But the medley relay was a clear victory for 'C' Squadron. As a climax to the afternoon's events the tug-o'-war final was a close match between 'C' and 'A' Squadrons. This year 'A' Squadron had the edge on 'C' Squadron and came first.

Once again Mrs Parselle brought the happy, if wet, meeting to a close by very kindly presenting the individual prizewinners with their trophies.

A.L.H.

INTER-SQUADRON—CHIMAY COMPETITION

Other Events

The other events were, as nearly all sports this term, very much dependent on weather conditions. The cross-country, after many delays, was run in rather miserable conditions. The steady drizzle and fog, combined with a rather strange course, was not conducive to good running, but despite these setbacks the run was won by 'C' Squadron, with 'B' and 'A' coming in very closely together but a good distance behind the winners.

The Hockey competition should have proved interesting but the only really fierce game was between 'C' and 'A' Squadrons, which ended in a draw 1-1. In the other matches 'A' Squadron lost 1-0 to 'B' Squadron, who in turn were overwhelmed 5-0 by 'C' Squadron, who by gaining three points won the event. 'B' Squadron came second with two points and 'A' Squadron last with one point.

In the Squash competition the result was as anticipated, 'A' Squadron winning easily, beating 'B' Squadron 5-0 and 'C' Squadron 4-1. As 'A' had composed their team from nearly all of the College 1st team, no blame could be placed on the other two squadrons. 'C' Squadron beat 'B' 4-1, and so came second in this event.

The Shooting competition was won by 'B' Squadron with 'A' Squadron second and 'C' Squadron last. 'A' Squadron, however, managed to produce the best shot.

Thus 'C' Squadron won the Chimay Cup by the narrow margin of two points from 'B' Squadron, and ensured a well-deserved win of the Prince of Wales Trophy and became Sovereign's Squadron for Summer 1958. 'B' Squadron, so narrowly beaten in their effort to continue as Sovereign's Squadron, must lick their wounds and reserve their energies until their time for revenge arrives next term.

THE SOVEREIGN'S SQUADRON

Points Scored in the Summer Term

	'A' Sqn	'B' Sqn	'C' Sqn
<i>Chimay</i>	<i>Pts</i>	<i>Pts</i>	<i>Pts</i>
Athletics	5	25	15
Hockey	4	12	20
Cross-Country	4	12	20
Shooting	6	10	2
Squash	10	2	6
Total	29	61	63
	'A' Sqn	'B' Sqn	'C' Sqn
<i>Prince of Wales Trophy</i>	<i>Pts</i>	<i>Pts</i>	<i>Pts</i>
Chimay	3	6	9
Knocker	2	8	5
Ferris	4	1	7
Total	9	15	21

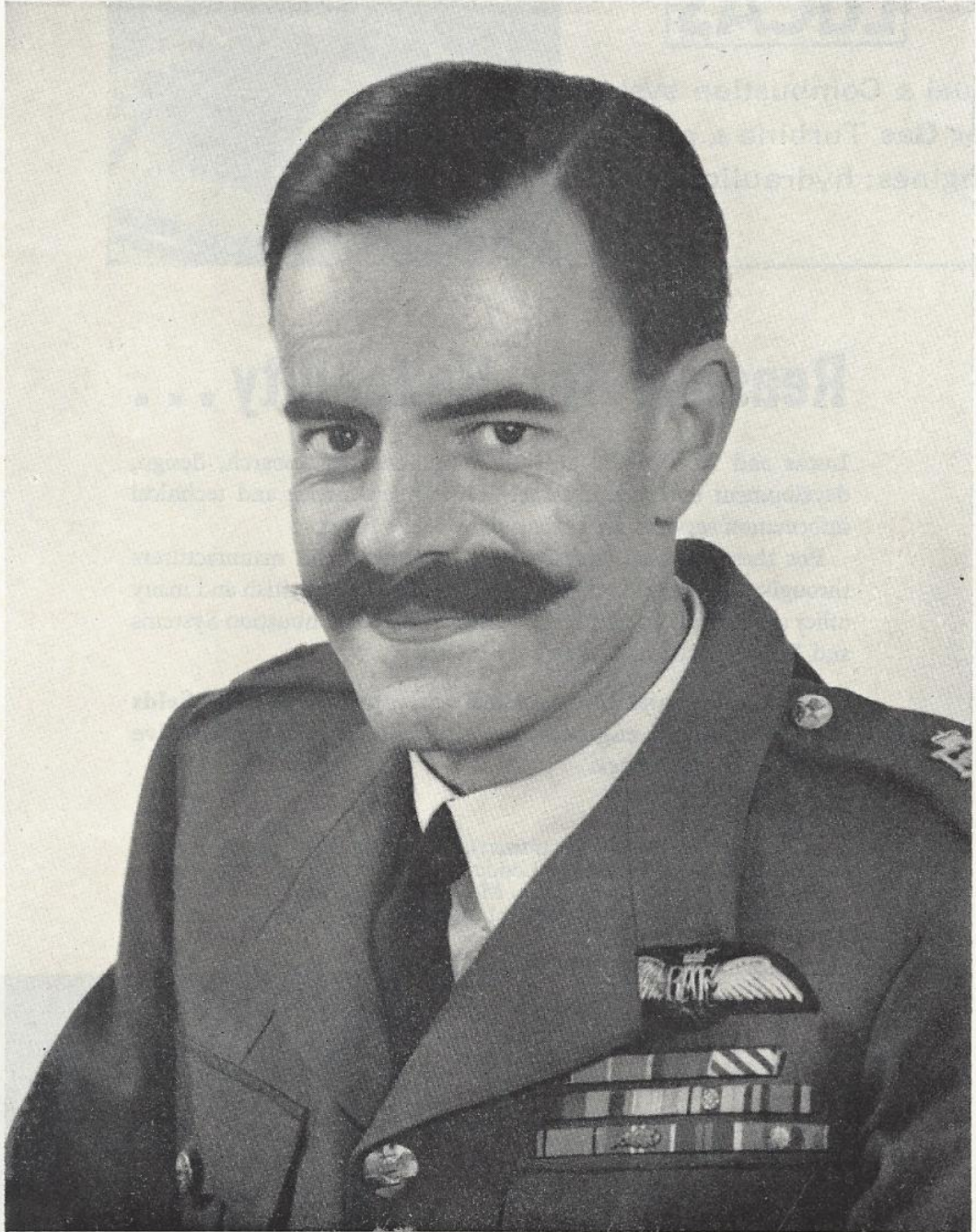
THE
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COLLEGE



JOURNAL

CRANWELL DECEMBER 1958

VOL. XXX NO. 3



**Air Commodore D. F. Spotswood, C.B.E., D.S.O., D.F.C., A.D.C.
Commandant Royal Air Force College**

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE COLLEGE JOURNAL

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THE JOURNAL

The Royal Air Force College Journal is published three times a year, at the end of March, 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

THE Summer edition of *The Journal* was already in the hands of the printers when the promotion of the then Commandant to the rank of Air Vice-Marshal was announced. The College extends its congratulations to Air Vice-Marshal T. A. B. Parselle, C.B.E., on his promotion and its best wishes in his new appointment.

Air Marshal Parselle completed his tour of duty as Commandant of the Royal Air Force College in August after $2\frac{1}{4}$ years in the post. This period has been one of solid development at the College; it has seen, amongst other things, an increase in the number of flight cadets under training, the completion of the sequence of Vampire flying training, the unfolding of the course for navigators, and the rephasing of entries. It would have been dramatically right if his departure had been marked by some irrefutable sign of the new building programme, but it is rarely given to the serving officer to enjoy the fruits of his labours. It must therefore be as a visitor that Air Marshal Parselle will appreciate the outcome of his zealous struggle to fulfil the vision of a complete Cranwell. His mellowing presence as Commandant pervaded all aspects of the life of the College. Within the College building itself the most enduring mark of his eclectic taste will be probably upon the collection of paintings. Amongst many other additions the portrait of the Chief of the Air Staff by Mr Norman Hepple, commissioned by the Old Cranwellian Association and one of the more remarkable portraits in the Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, is about to be hung in the recess on the west side of the Hall of Fame. It is possible that, thanks to the pertinacity of Air Marshal Parselle, an even more august portrait may soon be added to the College collection.

The College also owes a debt of gratitude to Mrs Parselle for the charm and vivacity with which she has presided over the daily round of social activities which are the lot of the Commandant's wife. In addition to the normal hazards of Lodge life she had to face, and surmounted with flying colours, the peculiar problems raised by a visiting film company and the unique assemblage of senior officers for Exercise Prospect I.



Air Vice-Marshal and Mrs Parselle outside the Lodge shortly before their departure

We welcome Air Commodore D. F. Spotswood, C.B.E., D.S.O., D.F.C., A.D.C., as sixth post-war Commandant of the Royal Air Force College, not least because he is the first of the post-war Commandants who is not himself an Old Cranwellian.

'Air Commodore Spotswood entered the Service in 1936, graduating from No. 6 F.T.S. Netheravon. Since then he has served with Coastal and Fighter Commands, in North Africa, the Far East and the U.S.A. and on the directing staffs of the R.A.F. Staff College and the Imperial Defence College. He comes to us from the Ministry of Defence.



The cap and sword of Air Marshal Sir Charles Longcroft, the first Commandant, have been hung facing his portrait in the Founders' Gallery and in apposition to those of Lord Trenchard.



The passing-out parade of No. 73 Entry was held on 29th July when the Reviewing Officer was General Lauris Norstad, Supreme Allied Commander Europe. A full account of the day's activities is given elsewhere in *The Journal*.

Wings and prizes were presented to No. 73 Entry on 28th July by the Air Member for Personnel, Air Marshal Sir John Whitley, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., A.F.C. In the

course of the ceremony he had the pleasure of presenting wings to one of his sons, who also won the Philip Sassoon Memorial Prize.

At the start of the Autumn term the College numbers 307 flight cadets, including 37 navigators and 30 flight cadets under training for the Equipment and Secretarial Branches. The new entry, No. 79 Entry, numbers 57, including seven for training as navigators.

'C' Squadron continues as Sovereign's Squadron for the Autumn term.

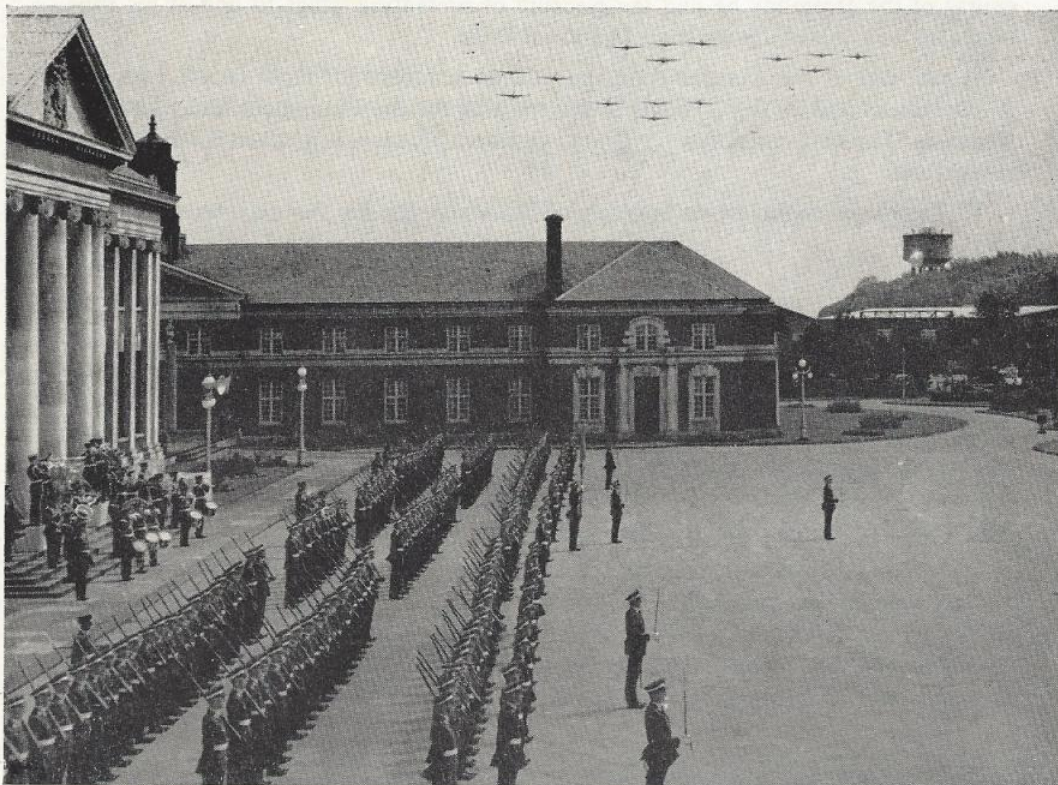


In 1956 the Argentine Government kindly presented two prizes, the one a sword to be awarded each year to the best flight cadet passing out from the College or the Technical College, and the other a gold medal to the best apprentice passing out from a school of technical training. The sword is a replica of that used by General San Martin, the great leader in the Wars of Independence in the Argentine and Peru and the liberator of Chile from Spanish control. The sword is engraved with the words 'Argentine Air Force Prize' and the name of the winner.

A complicated system exists to decide who, of those graduating from Cranwell and Henlow, is best qualified to receive this prize. In 1957 the prize was awarded to Flying Officer J. H. Constable. At a ceremony at Halton on 25th June, 1958, the second sword was presented by the Argentinian Air Attaché to Pilot Officer E. J. Walter of No. 70 Entry. Both of these officers are members of the Secretarial Branch.



Cranwell Cadets, to the left of the Queen, form part of the Guard of Honour outside St Paul's



Vampires approaching the Passing-Out Parade of No. 73 Entry

A full parade was held on 10th June to mark the birthday of His Royal Highness The Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh.

Her Majesty's Birthday Parade, which should have been held on 12th June, was cancelled owing to heavy rain.



We regret to record the death in a flying accident near Folkingham of Flight Cadet P. C. Baird. Flight Cadet Baird came to the College from No. 1 I.T.S. He joined with No. 76 Entry in January 1957 and was posted to 'B' Squadron. He quickly made his mark as an enthusiastic flight cadet with a great love of flying. His death came within a few days of helping the Pentathlon team to win against Sandhurst and to occupy second place in the Royal Air Force Pentathlon.

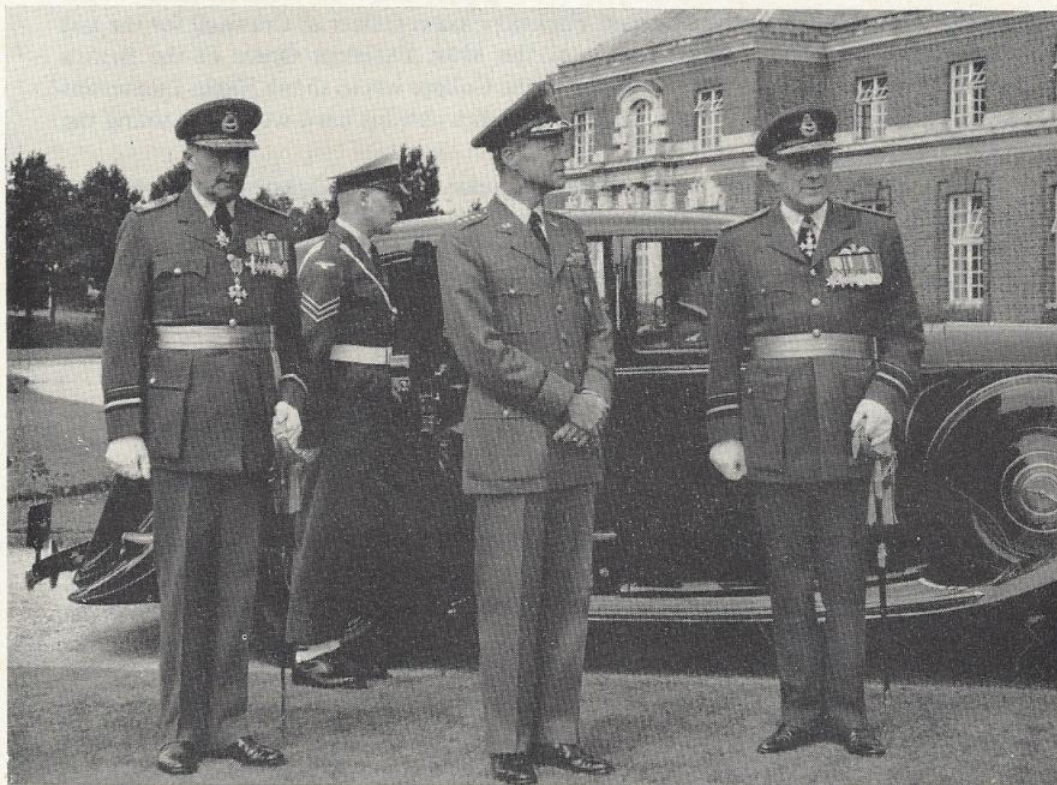


A party drawn from flight cadets from Commonwealth countries took part in the dedication ceremony of the new high altar at St Paul's Cathedral on 7th May in company with their Commonwealth colleagues from Dartmouth and Sandhurst. The altar was, of course, a memorial to the Commonwealth men and women of all races and religions who fell in the Second World War.

The Ferris Drill Competition took place on Thursday, 26th June, on the Senior College parade ground. It took the form of a Squadron in review with Squadron standard. As usual competition was keen and only two per cent of the marks awarded separated the first and the last squadrons. Lord Mancroft, Minister without portfolio at the Ministry of Defence, was among the spectators. The judging panel was provided by the Highland Brigade.

A tutor deprived of his academic pound of flesh by rehearsals for the competition was justifiably indignant to find that no single member of a Senior Entry had any knowledge of who 'Ferris' was, or what the trophy represents. Flight Lieutenant A. Ferris (Sam Ferris) was College Adjutant from 1926 to 1930 when he retired from the Service to play a great part in public affairs in Northern Ireland until his death two years ago. The trophy is a silver column surmounted by a flight cadet in the 'at ease' position *à la mode de 1930*. The flight cadet who acted as the model for the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company is now Air Commodore H. Eeles, C.B., C.B.E., a former Commandant of the College.

The Knocker Cup competition was based on the aggregate of athletics standards obtained by every member of each Squadron—'For honour's sake be fit'. Group Captain G. M. Knocker, who was in charge of physical training at the College from 1925 to 1929, now lives in retirement near Cheltenham. He has recently been engaged in archaeological work.



The Reviewing Officer watches the Fly Past. From left to right: Air Vice-Marshal H. H. Brookes (who represented the Commander-in-Chief, Flying Training Command), General Norstad and the Commandant. In the background is Sergeant R. Borke.

We recorded in an earlier edition the unfortunate death of Flight Lieutenant R. S. May of No. 51 Entry in a flying accident. Flight Lieutenant May has left a capital sum sufficient to produce an income of £150 a year upon trust to the Commandant for the provision of a prize in money to the winner of the Sword of Honour. This generous gift of piety will remove the anomalous situation in which the runner-up received the large cash prize provided by the generosity of Sir Philip Sassoon while the winner of the Sword of Honour got nothing but glory. No longer need any flight cadet be tempted by the line of Omar Khayyám:

'Ah! Take the cash in hand and waive the rest'.



An account of the Old Cranwellian week-end, held on 7th–8th June, is given in Old Cranwellian Notes. It was remarkable for the large number of the younger Old Cranwellians attending.

The first representatives of the post-war Old Cranwellians will be appearing at the R.A.F. Staff Colleges in 1959. The first to be nominated are Squadron Leaders H. W. Cafferata, R. L. Tavanyar and G. N. Hermitage of No. 45 Entry.



Cranwell was well represented in Her Majesty's Birthday Honours List. Flight Lieutenant J. Mayhew, who has been Physical Fitness Officer at Cranwell for the last four years, was appointed a member of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire. Apart from his professional duties the College has to thank Flight Lieutenant Mayhew for his polished organization of athletics and his hard work in training the team.

Flight Lieutenant C. H. Bidie, Officer Commanding 'F' Flight, was awarded the Air Force Cross. Flight Lieutenant Bidie was the leader of the Vampire formation team which, amongst other things, took part in *High Flight* and in the television programme on the Royal Air Force College. For two seasons he was Master of, and hunted, the Per Ardua (R.A.F.) Beagles.



For the first time a full orchestra has given a concert at the Royal Air Force College. On 5th May the B.B.C. Northern Orchestra, conducted by Mr. George Hurst, gave a concert, which was broadcast, in St Michael's Church, the only building which would accommodate the orchestra and the audience of nearly 800 from Cranwell and the surrounding countryside. The excellence of the orchestra's playing, coupled with the suavity of No. 73 Entry as ushers, disguised from the public the blood, sweat and tears involved in presenting a concert on the air. After its proper use on Sunday the works department occupied the church, put in lights, pulled down some partitions and erected others. Eight hundred chairs (Windsor) were replaced by 800 chairs (canvas, folding). On the Monday a surprised College tutor was addressed as 'lad' by a British workman carrying a double bass, the oboeist lost his instrument in Block 77, a flood of hydrangeas nearly submerged Mrs Constant, the soloist was late, the church cleaner chimed in with the electric polisher in the course of rehearsal, but to everyone's satisfaction the concert was broadcast on time.

The concert opened with a spirited and noisy piece by Walton, continued with some rich, strong tone in the lushness of Delius' 'On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring', and mixed lyricism with sheer physical energy in Britten's 'Variations on a Theme of Purcell.' Our guests proved that the high reputation they hold amongst provincial orchestras is well deserved. The instrumental pieces were interspersed by arias of Mozart and Rossini sung by Miss Graziella Sciutti of the Glyndebourne Opera Company. Miss Sciutti lived up to the announcer's description of her as 'entrancing'; she sang with grace and charm, and successfully projected a delightful personality to her audience.

Our thanks are particularly due to Mr. Gordon Thorne, the producer, who had been responsible for broadcasting a parade service when he was stationed at Cranwell during the war and who at last achieved a long-standing ambition to broadcast an orchestral concert from our church.



As usual many officers have left the College at the end of the Summer term. Wing Commander I. MacDonald, A.F.C., has been posted to Nicosia, and the dining-out of the Officer Commanding Flying Wing, Cranwell, and P.M.C. was an hilarious occasion, culminating in the presentation of an explosive grandfather clock. As P.M.C., Wing Commander MacDonald introduced a new deployment of rooms in the Officers' Mess and did much to improve its facilities as a social centre. Group Captain R. J. Walker, D.S.O., the second occupant of the post of Senior Tutor (Equipment, Secretarial and Administrative) has left to command No. 2 School of Administrative Training and we congratulate him on his promotion. Wing Commander Walker, and Flight Lieutenant K. G. Hinnell, who has also left, were the mainstays of the organization of golf at Cranwell. Wing Commander Walker was responsible for the phasing in of the C.I.S. syllabus for Equipment and Secretarial flight cadets of which we make mention below; in addition he calmly supervised the high-powered organization which is involved in the passing-out parades. Mrs Walker kindly helped in teaching flight cadets French.

Wing Commander B. P. Mugford, the second occupant of the post of College Administrative Officer, has returned to Bomber Command. Wing Commander Mugford controlled a wide range of duties; the one which brought him most closely into contact with flight cadets was that of P.M.C. of the College Mess. In spite of his multifarious duties he found time to take a great interest in college games and to support the Beagles and the shoot. We congratulate Wing Commander R. S. Kerby on his promotion to occupy the post vacated by Wing Commander Mugford and also Squadron Leader R. E. Jefferies, A.F.C., on his promotion to become Officer Commanding 'A' Squadron.



Squadron Leader R. W. G. Freer returned to the College for the Summer term before proceeding to a post at the United States Air Force Academy and formed an additional member of the War Studies team. Squadron Leader Freer took the place at Colorado Springs vacated by Group Captain I. N. MacDougall, D.F.C., who found time to spend a few days at Cranwell on his return from this post.

A landmark in the development of equipment and secretarial training occurred in September 1956, when No. 75 Entry entered the College. The ground cadets of that entry were the first to embark on a course of study in commercial subjects designed to prepare them for the examinations of the Chartered Institute of Secretaries. By accepting some increase in pressure upon both staff and flight cadets, it was found possible to provide a course for both Intermediate and Final Examinations of the Institute without materially reducing the time spent on general officer training or on the appropriate Service professional subjects.

Four cadets of No. 75 Entry attempted the Intermediate Examination in December 1957. Two of them passed and two were referred in one subject only. These commendable results perhaps induced in No. 76 Entry a degree of false confidence, for, of the six who took the examination in June 1958, only two were completely successful.

Two more entries, Nos. 77 and 78, are now preparing for the Intermediate Examination. Cadets of Nos. 75 and 76 Entries who have passed the Intermediate Examination are now preparing for the Final, which they will attempt in 1959.



During the Summer term visits to the College were frequent. A party of 85 cadets from the U.S.A.F. Academy visited the College on 2nd and 3rd July. Their arrival coincided with the heaviest July rainfall in living memory, and the various sports

An entry from the College Photographic Exhibition



engagements had to be cancelled and their place taken by a film starring Miss Brigitte Bardot. Cadets and officers attended the Guest Night and the physical energy saved during the afternoon was soon expended after dinner. On 3rd July they toured the College and at lunch-time left by air for Sculthorpe.

On the 10th July a party from the Italian Academia Aeronautica under the command of Colonel R. Liatti paid a brief visit to the College. The party of 13 officers and 50 cadets arrived in two C119s. They were shown round the College in sunshine rivalling that of their native Naples. After a formal luncheon Senior Cadet O. Giacich with a well-turned speech presented a wooden plaque which shows a dagger emerging from a scabbard from which are also emerging aircraft. Under Officer D. M. Waller made a suitable reply.

On 20th June one officer and five cadets of the Royal Netherlands Air Force paid a three-day visit to the College.

On 22nd May the following Headmasters visited the College and attended a Guest Night: Mr P. H. F. Mermagen, T.D., M.A., of Ipswich School, Mr D. J. Forbes, M.A., of Dauntsey's School, Mr R. C. Davy, M.A., of King's School, Bruton, Mr H. B. Hitchens, O.B.E., T.D., M.A., of Solihull School, Mr J. Trewsdale, B.A., of Lurgan College, Armagh, Mr Meade-King, M.A., of Plymouth College, Mr J. Stredder, M.A., of Wellington School, Mr J. H. Grummitt, M.A., of Royal Belfast Academical Institution, Mr J. W. P. Garrett, M.A., of Bristol Grammar School, and Mr J. M. Cobban, T.D., M.A., J.P., of Abingdon School.

On 26th June the Lord Mancroft and Major-General J. F. M. MacDonald, D.S.O., O.B.E., Chief of Staff, Scottish Command, visited the College and attended a Guest Night.



The usual varied fare of visits added flavour and impact to the flight cadets' diet during the term under review.

On 6th May a party visited the College of Aeronautics.

On 18th May one officer and 12 flight cadets took part with R.M.A. Sandhurst in a three-day infantry/tank exercise on Salisbury Plain.

On 2nd June two parties visited the Lincolnshire Assizes.

On 6th June a large party attended the annual demonstration at the School of Infantry.

On 9th June Secretarial flight cadets visited the R.A.F. Record Office.

On 11th June a party of one officer and five flight cadets started a five-day visit to the Royal Dutch Military Academy at Breda.

On 16th June Equipment flight cadets visited No. 47 M.U. Hawarden.

On 25th June a large party attended Exercise 'Shopwindow' at Portsmouth but bad weather rendered it abortive.

On 12th July a party of the Historical and Geographical Society visited York, having previously visited Cambridge.

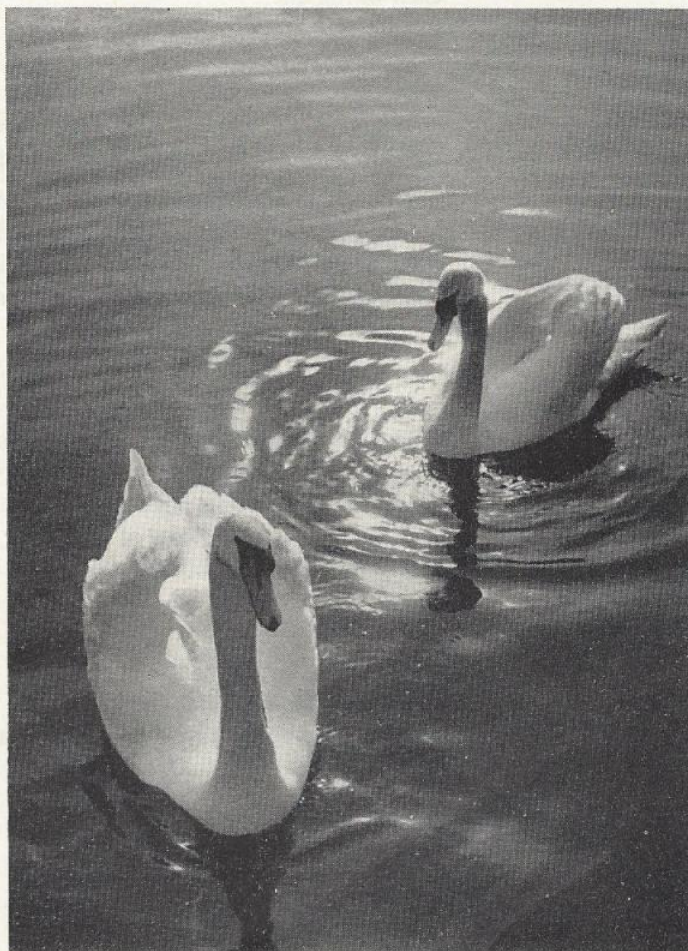
On 14th July the Senior Entry visited Bristol Aircraft Limited.

On 17th July a large party visited North Coates for instruction in guided weapons.

On 26th July a party visited the B.R.M. works at Folkingham.

On 25th July a party visited iron and steel works at Scunthorpe.

An entry from the College Photographic Exhibition



We thank all the hosts who made these stimulating visits possible.

An account of the Summer vacation activities is given elsewhere in *The Journal*. International events unfortunately led to the cancellation of the annual visit to the Mediterranean fleet.



The survival camp for No. 78 Entry was held in new territory near Winterburg in Germany from 31st July to 15th August.

Flight Cadet C. E. Starey took part in an excavation at Breaun Down in connection with his thesis.

A large party of Her Majesty's Inspectors from the Ministry of Education carried out a full inspection of the R.A.F. College from 12th to 16th May.

A C.C.F. Camp was held at the R.A.F. College from 28th July to 5th August. The Camp Commandant was Squadron Leader I. D. Bolton, D.F.C., the Air Staff Instructor, and volunteer flight cadets helped to run the camp. Two-hundred and ninety-four cadets attended from Alleyn's School, Cheltenham College, Dauntsey's School, Emanuel School, Exeter School, Haileybury and I.S.C., Harrow, Ilford County High, Marlborough, Mill Hill, Monkton Combe, Rossall, St. Peter's, York, Seaford College, Uppingham, Whitgift and Worksop. The cadets carried out a varied programme, attended the passing-out parade and averaged one hour and 35 minutes each in the air.



The Flying Training Command Athletic Championships were held in the Stadium on 11th June, and the swimming championships in the pool on 22nd July.

The Sandhurst week-end was at Cranwell this year and we entertained the cricket, tennis, golf, swimming, water polo and pentathlon teams for the week-end 4th-6th July. The Triangular Athletics Championship was held at Sandhurst on 28th June. The results of these contests are given elsewhere.



The editorial staff of *The Journal* made its first visit in force to our new printers, Messrs. McCorquodale of The Armoury, St. Thomas' Street, on 11th July to see the results of their labours passing through the presses. The visit was valuable in informing each side of the problems of the other and so reducing the inevitable lapse of time from press day to publication.



During the Summer vacation work was completed to extend the air servicing platform and to provide over-shoot areas at both ends of the main runway.

Passing-Out Parade of No. 73 Entry

*Speeches by General Lauris Norstad and by Air Marshal
Sir John Whitley*

ON 29th July, 1958, the College welcomed General Lauris Norstad, Supreme Allied Commander, Europe, as the Reviewing Officer at the passing-out parade of the 30 flight cadets of No. 73 Entry.

The elements looked kindly on the Cadet Wing, commanded by Senior Under Officer A. E. Thomson, as it marched on parade. The squadrons were commanded by Under Officer P. P. W. Taylor, Senior Under Officer G. S. Whitley and Senior Under Officer G. D. Andrews.

The Reviewing Officer arrived at 11.28 hours and seconds later a formation of 16 Vampires of the Advanced Flying Wing heralded his approach to the dais.

After the advance in Review Order the Reviewing Officer presented the Sword of Honour to Senior Under Officer A. E. Thomson, the Queen's Medal to Under Officer M. E. Bee and the R. M. Groves Memorial Prize to Senior Flight Cadet I. D. C. Tite. He then made the following address:

The Reviewing Officer's Address

'It is indeed a great honour to be invited here today and a particular privilege to be the Reviewing Officer at this passing-out parade.

'I am sure you will understand that this ceremony today, and the surroundings in which it takes place, remind me of my own service school, West Point. My graduation—or passing-out, as you say—took place shortly after the earth began to shrink as a result of the first successful transatlantic flights. After his trip from New York to Paris in 1927, Charles Lindbergh spoke of himself and his aircraft together as "we" and this use of the word was thus given a rather special meaning, at least to the American people.

'In those days, almost all of the officers of the several branches of the Army, including what was then the Air Corps, were drawn from the graduating class of West Point. Since each officer on permanent duty at the Academy had an interest in maintaining the high standards of his own branch, there was a considerable amount of proselytizing going on during the four years of a cadet's academic life. This reached a high point during his last year when visits were arranged to

the service detachments located on the Academy grounds, where outstanding salesmen attempted to influence the cadet's choice. Like all others, my class went through this process.

'I recall particularly a visit to the cavalry detachment, which was presided over by a rather dashing cavalry-type with great enthusiasm for his service. He concluded his presentation—his advice—in this way. He said: "Gentlemen, you are about to become officers of the United States Army. You have a degree of choice as to the branch in which you will serve. If you like *men*, you should join the Infantry; if you like *men* and *horses*, go into the Cavalry." Finally, with a bite in his voice, concluded by saying: "If you can call a *gasoline engine* 'we', go in the *Air Corps*."

'This produced a very loud and favourable response in which I participated with great enthusiasm, because at that time I looked forward to being a Cavalryman.

'Later, when I took my flying training and served in the Air Corps, I must admit that the humour of the remark faded somewhat, but, at the same time, I recognized that this Cavalry enthusiast had emphasized the fact that in the Air Force there is an extremely close relationship between man and the machine he uses to carry out his assigned tasks.

'Up to now, this machine has been primarily the airplane, and it has only been within recent years—even recent months—that the aircraft has been challenged by the missile.

'My judgment on the outcome of this challenge is no better than yours. I would simply like to say this: We must seek the very best means—the most effective equipment with which to perform the important tasks with which the air forces are charged. This will certainly mean the introduction, in increasing numbers, of new weapons of all kinds. On the other hand, it is a general opinion of military experts—and to which I subscribe—that for as long as we can see into the future there will continue to be very important, essential roles—both support and tactical or combat—for manned aircraft. That is, in the man-machine team that is the Air Force, some tasks may be best accomplished by the machine taking to the air, the man remaining on the ground directing and controlling; but other tasks



*The Reviewing Officer
Inspects 'A' Squadron*

seem to require that both man and machine be together in the same point in space.

'Military flying is one of the truly fascinating experiences in life—and I am certain you will enjoy your full share of it—all, I hope, in times of peace.

'The change demanded of the officer is no less revolutionary than that taking place in his equipment. He must not only be better qualified than those who have preceded him in the particular skills of his profession, but his field of interest has become infinitely broader. He must work in a much closer association with the other two services and must develop an understanding of their functions and of their problems. There is no place for a single service outlook in the military activities of our day. Much as I would like to simplify our defence arrangements—pleased as I would be to be able to say honestly that the airmen can do the job alone—my experience in Allied Command Europe has thoroughly convinced me that, in our plans for the future defence of our peoples and our territories, we will continue to need land forces, naval forces *and* air forces.

'Perhaps the outstanding characteristic of our time, from the standpoint of the service officer, is that he is almost constantly operating in an international context. As a junior officer, he is in squadrons which make up a part of his country's contribution to the Alliance. Later, he serves on one of the international staffs or becomes a commander of a N.A.T.O.-committed unit.

'This international service, you will find, is not only a requirement imposed upon us, but it is in fact *the* great satisfaction of service in our times.

'The inevitable product of working harmoniously with the other services and with the many nationalities with whom we are allied, will be a broader and wiser officer and, consequently, one far abler than those who have preceded him. An important element—understanding—will have been added.

'I am impressed with this matter of understanding, because I live in the midst of it every day of my life. I see at S.H.A.P.E. Headquarters the uniforms of the three services of the fourteen countries. Even after having seen this for many years, I am still greatly moved by the fact that all of these peoples, with their different backgrounds, work together for a common purpose—and they do their common job very well indeed.

'We at S.H.A.P.E. are proud of the contribution the military forces have made to peace and security, and we are pleased that we have added to the strength the confidence and the hopes of our peoples. But military requirements are but one contributing factor. We know full well that the great weapon—the great deterrent—is the strength that springs from the *unity* of our countries.

'Some day soon you will serve as part of the British contribution to the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. In preparing yourself for this duty, you should support a position already established

by your country and its Allies by reaffirming your "desire to live in peace with all peoples and all Governments," your determination "to safeguard the freedom, common heritage and civilization" of your peoples "founded on the principles of democracy, individual liberty and the rule of law" and your resolution to contribute your "efforts for collective defence and for the preservation of peace and security".'

Presentation of Wings and Prizes

On the eve of the passing-out parade, at a ceremony in the College Lecture Hall, Air Marshal Sir John Whitley presented wings and individual prizes to members of the Senior Entry. In his address he said:

'I feel very honoured to be invited to present the wings and prizes to 73 Entry today. I believe it is the first time that an Air Member for Personnel has had a son passing out from Cranwell during his period of office and I think I can safely say this has given me some insight into the anxieties passing through the minds of the cadets and possibly some of the parents, too, and I would like to try and say something to dispel these anxieties, but first I would like to congratulate the General Duties cadets on getting their wings and the Equipment and Secretarial officers their scrolls. Next I should like to congratulate all those who have been up here this afternoon to receive their prizes and I should like to congratulate the squadrons who have either recovered

or retained their trophies—in particular I must congratulate 'C' Squadron on being the Sovereign's Squadron for, I gather, the third time running.

'Now I do not know whether parents fully realize the high standards that are set before their son can be admitted to Cranwell in the first place—and once they are admitted, the testing time they have before they can graduate; the "chop rate" as we call it is pretty high and many fall by the wayside during their three-year course. Those therefore that are passing out tomorrow have really acquitted themselves well and parents are to be congratulated, if I may say so, in producing such fine offspring! Maybe we should take a new look at some of them! Next I should like to say a word of thanks as a parent to the members of the staff who have devoted themselves so selflessly to the training of our sons. I cannot speak too highly of their patience and the fine example they have set.

'About the future—I know there has been a certain amount of alarm and despondency amongst the cadets about the future. I think they wonder whether they are going to be taken out of the cockpits to push buttons. Their fears have been fostered by some of the headlines they have read in the Press. My own view is that they need have no worry on this score. I was very interested to read in the *News Summary* of the British Joint Services Mission in Washington the following comment made by an air vice-marshal who was recently on the staff, which rather confirms my view. He said that there is an almost total absence



Under Officer M. E. Bee, Queen's Medal; Senior Under Officer A. E. Thomson, Sword of Honour; Senior Flight Cadet I. D. C. Tite, R. M. Groves Memorial Prize and Kinkead Trophy

of worry about the role of aircraft in a military sense in the future. It is taken for granted that manned aircraft and missiles of all sorts will be complementary—I am sure this is the correct outlook. Nothing has ever or will ever replace the human brain with its flexibility—and I commend that to those who have just scraped through here! One must have it in the aircraft because the nearer one can get the human brain to the target the better the chances of success. Of course there will be missiles but we must have aircraft as well.

‘In my capacity as Air Member for Personnel I have to look ahead somewhere into the 1970’s, and I estimate that in the General Duties branch there will be more flying posts to be filled in the front line, in the flying training organization and non-operational flying than there will be General Duties ground posts which include the missile posts. My worry is in fact not how to fill the flying posts but how to fill these General Duties ground posts. Again, the structure of the General Duties branch has always been such as to safeguard the career of the permanently commissioned officer—it will also safeguard him from the flying point of view because, although the number of aircraft will contract as time goes on, the impact will in the main fall on the short-service officer, on the non-permanently commissioned officer—the bulk of the flying posts in the service has always in the past been filled by the short-service officer.

‘In 1951 and 1952 we were bringing into the service 20 to 25 short-service officers for every cadet we were bringing into Cranwell. Now with a contracting front line we expect by the 1970’s to have reduced this short-service element considerably, but their numbers even then, in the 1970’s, will be three or four times the number of cadets we are bringing in. So you see, as the front line is contracted we reduce the short-service entry. Now we know roughly how many Cranwell cadets will graduate each year with permanent commissions. We must therefore earmark the requisite number of squadron leader posts to ensure them automatic promotion to this rank. The remainder of the squadron leader posts are filled by giving permanent commissions to the short-service officers. If the establishment is reduced then automatically we apply the brakes on the short-service entry and we lessen the permanent commissions. You may say that is all very well but what happens to the more senior officers. This is an awkward problem which we have in hand now. Fortunately the Government realizes what a serious impact a major change of policy has on the personnel of the service and they have offered, I think, generous compensation

to those volunteering to leave the service. So you see, as the front line has contracted we have admitted fewer short-service officers and given fewer permanent commissions so the impact does not fall on the permanent officer, it falls on the short-service element.

‘Now, much as you would probably like it, I do not want to give you the impression that your service career is going to consist of nothing but flying. In you we look for our future commanders and members of the Air Council. We therefore intend to give you a broad education. This is done by giving you experience in a variety of General Duties ground posts while you are in the junior ranks so that by the time you reach the higher ranks you will have a sound flying background and a sound administrative one as well.

‘Ideally this is what should happen in the next 20 years—depending amongst other things on how you get on. I am assuming that you graduate at the age of about 20 or 21. During the next ten years you should do about four different tours, each of about 2½ years. Some of these may be consecutive. The thing that I think will interest you is that we reckon that in your first ten years, three of your tours should be flying posts and one administrative—as a station adjutant, an A.D.C. or in a Command or Group staff post. During this ten years you ought to pass first your flight lieutenant and then your squadron leader promotion examinations, and if you don’t pass them you will get left behind. At the end of the ten years, at about 31, you should become a squadron leader. During the next five years as a squadron leader you ought to do, ideally, one ground tour and one flying tour, and you ought in this period to do a course at the Staff College—and I reckon that doing Staff College is an important milestone in your career.

‘As a squadron leader you are in the swim for promotion alongside those short-service officers who have been given permanent commissions, and I would like to make a point here—that ex-Cranwell cadets and short-service officers who have been given a permanent commission are considered on level-pegging terms for promotion to wing commander and onwards. They are promoted entirely on their merits and no special promotion is given to the ex-Cranwell cadet.

‘After five years in the rank of squadron leader you should become a wing commander—that is at about the age of 36. As a wing commander during the next five years you should, ideally, do a ground tour and a flying tour, and here I must admit that some may do both tours in a ground job, but do not let this worry you—

where there is a will there is a way. I can only call on my own experience in this and to say that during the time I have been an air vice-marshal and an air marshal I have managed to collect in five years some 500-odd hours, mostly on Canberra, so the opportunities are there.

'Now I have taken you right up to the age of 41, or roughly 20 years after leaving Cranwell, and if I have explained myself properly you will reckon that during these 20 years you should have done about three or four ground tours to four or five flying tours, which I think is a fair balance and should give you the requisite experience for your promotion to group captain, which may involve the command of possibly a couple of thousand men as well as all the families on the station and I think this takes you quite far enough, and if you have done your stuff and have the ability there is nothing to stop you rising to the top.

'I believe it is customary to offer the cadets some advice on how to get on in the Service but I rather think I have overrun my time and I would commend to you the remarks at the wings and prizes ceremony made by your Commandant when 72 Entry passed out. This advice, if I may say so, was simply excellent.

'Good luck to you all and God bless you, and I assure you there is a great future ahead for those with courage and ability who *really* put service before self.'

Order of Merit

No. 73 ENTRY

General Duties Branch

- M. E. BEE, Under Officer: Queen's Medal; R.U.S.I. Award; Hick's Memorial Trophy; J. A. Chance Memorial Prize; Swimming (Captain, Full Colours); Water Polo (Captain, Full Colours); Gliding; Pot-holing; Photography; Jazz; Choral.
- A. E. THOMSON, Senior Under Officer: Sword of Honour; Air Ministry Prize for Commonwealth and War Studies; Rugby; Athletics; Ski-ing; Gliding; Mountaineering; Motor Club; Film.
- J. T. S. LEWIS, Under Officer: Fencing (Vice-Captain, Full Colours); Hockey; Music (Secretary); Gliding; Pot-holing; Bible Study Group; Motor Club; Film.
- G. D. ANDREWS, Senior Under Officer: Cricket (Full Colours); Squash (Captain, Full Colours); Athletics; Tennis; Mountaineering (Captain); Debating; Motor Club; Dancing; Film.
- J. S. WATSON, Under Officer: Dickson Trophy; Michael Hill Memorial Prize; Tennis (Vice-Captain, Full Colours); Rugby; Gliding; Angling; Ski-ing.
- G. S. WHITLEY, Senior Under Officer: Philip Sassoon Memorial Prize; Rugby; *Journal* (Editor); Gliding; Ski-ing; Wild-fowling; Choral.
- P. P. W. TAYLOR, Under Officer: Cricket (Captain, Full Colours); Rugby (Half Colours); Sub-Aqua; Motor Club.
- T. W. G. CARLTON, Senior Flight Cadet: Tennis (Half Colours); Rugby; Sub-Aqua (Captain); Wild-fowling; Field Shooting; Film.
- P. E. WORMALL, Senior Flight Cadet: Cross-Country (Captain, Full Colours); Athletics; Dramatics; Pot-holing; Ski-ing.
- J. F. WILLIS, Senior Flight Cadet: Boxing; Gliding; Aeromodelling; Dramatics; Engineering; Film.
- J. R. MAUNSELL-THOMAS, Under Officer: Rowing (Vice-Captain, Full Colours); Rugby; Cross-Country; Athletics; Motor Club; Mountaineering.
- R. HUMPHREY, Under Officer: Cricket (Full Colours); Soccer (Full Colours); Cross-Country (Half Colours); Mountaineering; Film; Choral.
- M. G. SIMMONS, Senior Flight Cadet: Hockey (Half Colours); Rowing; Pot-holing (Secretary); Sailing; Ski-ing.
- I. BENTLEY, Senior Flight Cadet: Canoeing (Captain); Pot-holing.
- C. B. TAYLOR, Senior Flight Cadet: Shooting (Full Colours); Dramatics; Motor Club; Film.
- I. D. C. TITE, Senior Flight Cadet: R. M. Groves Memorial Prize and Kinkead Trophy; R.A.F. Ski and Winter Sports Association Cup; Hockey (Half Colours); Shooting; Pot-holing; Ski-ing; Motor Club; Dancing; Sailing.
- B. N. ROGERS, Senior Flight Cadet: Athletics (Captain, Full Colours); Soccer (Captain, Full Colours); Cross-Country (Half Colours); Ski-ing; Film.
- D. R. KUUN, Senior Flight Cadet: Victoria League Award; Rugby (Full Colours); Pot-holing (Captain); Sub-Aqua; Film.
- M. T. WANDAWI, Senior Flight Cadet: Athletics (Half Colours); Gymnastics; Hockey; Swimming; Wild-fowling; Dancing; Riding; Film.
- W. P. JAGO, Under Officer: Rugby (Full Colours); Swimming; Water Polo; Engineering; Canoeing; Wild-fowling (Secretary); Film.

A. H. HASSAN, Senior Flight Cadet: Shooting; Mountaineering; Gliding; Fine Arts; Riding.

R. J. MANNING, Senior Flight Cadet: Fencing (Captain, Full Colours); Tennis (Captain, Full Colours); Choral (President); Gliding; Archery; Film.

Equipment Branch

D. M. WALLER, Under Officer: Air Ministry Prize for Equipment Studies; Athletics (Half Colours); Cross-Country (Half Colours); Hockey; Motor Club (Secretary); Debating (Secretary); Sailing; Ski-ing; Film.

P. H. W. D. SHRIMPTON, Senior Flight Cadet: Hockey (Captain, Full Colours); Tennis; Mountaineering; Dancing; Film.

P. C. ATKINS, Senior Flight Cadet: Cross-Country (Vice-Captain, Half Colours); Boxing; Cricket; Tennis; Dramatics; Pot-holing; Mountaineering; Ski-ing; Film.

M. PERKINS, Senior Flight Cadet: 'Per Ardua' Beagles (Senior Flight Cadet Whip); Sailing; Fine Arts; Sub-Aqua; Motor Club; Film.

J. PURCELL, Senior Flight Cadet: Soccer; Cricket; Wild-fowling; Motor Club; Film.

Secretarial Branch

D. GOUCHER, Under Officer: Air Ministry Prize for Secretarial Studies; Cross - Country; Dramatics (President); Debating; Bible Study Group; Dancing; Motor Club; *Journal* (Sub-Editor); Film; Ski-ing; Sailing.

M. J. C. W. DICKEN, Under Officer: L'Ecole de l'Air Trophy; Shooting (Captain, Full Colours); Rugby; Debating; Wild-fowling; Fine Arts; *Journal* (Sub-Editor); Motor Club; Film.

J. W. HARTLEY, Senior Flight Cadet: Rowing (Full Colours); Swimming; Rugby; Canoeing; Motor Club; Pot-holing; Fine Arts; Film; Jazz; Field Shooting; Angling; Riding.



THE SENIOR ENTRY: AUGUST 1958

Back row (left to right): S.F.C. A. H. Hassan, S.F.C. M. T. Wandawi, S.F.C. J. Purcell, U.O. R. Humphrey, S.F.C. M. G. Simmons, U.O. D. Goucher, S.F.C. J. F. Willis, S.F.C. P. E. Wormald, S.F.C. I. Bentley, S.F.C. P. H. W. D. Shrimpton

Centre row (left to right): S.F.C. R. J. Manning, S.F.C. C. B. Taylor, S.F.C. I. D. C. Tite, S.F.C. M. Perkins, S.F.C. J. W. Hartley, S.F.C. J. R. Maunsell-Thomas, S.F.C. D. R. Kuun, S.F.C. B. N. Rogers, S.F.C. P. C. Atkins, S.F.C. T. W. G. Carlton

Front row (left to right): U.O. D. M. Waller, U.O. J. T. S. Lewis, U.O. P. P. W. Taylor, S.U.O. G. S. Whitley, S.U.O. A. E. Thomson, S.U.O. G. D. Andrews, U.O. M. E. Bee, U.O. M. J. C. W. Dicken, U.O. W. P. Jago, U.O. J. S. Watson



OLD CRANWELLIAN NOTES

ANNUAL REUNION

ABOUT 120 Old Cranwellians attended the reunion of 7th June. Particularly encouraging was the large number of post-war members who attended.

The College was beaten at cricket, squash and tennis. Golf was also to have been played, but apart from one resident Old Cranwellian there were no other players forthcoming (members please note for next year).

The College domestic staff put on an excellent dinner and afterwards members foregathered in the new Fancy Goods store. Squadron Leader Bangay claims to have been the last to leave.

The following represented the Association:

Cricket

Wg Cdr A. D. Panton (1936), Sqn Ldr W. G. Wood, Flt Lts S. H. J. Lovell (1947), A. D. R. Dawes (1949), L. R. Francis (1949), R. A. Streatfield (1950), W. E. Close (1951), B. Watson (1950), D. H. Mills (1949), Fg Off J. B. V. Collins (1954), Plt Off W. R. R. Anderson (1954).

Squash

Sqn Ldr P. B. Balean (Retd.) (1939), Flt Lts I. H. F. Walmsley (1948), B. C. Mills (1949), J. D. Leary (1950), B. Watson (1950), Lt M. Lees, R.A.

Tennis

Flt Lts E. C. Loveday (1951), R. A. C. Goldring (1952), A. F. W. Keeley (1950), R. B. D. Marshal (1949), B. A. Reader (1951), A. G. Bridges (1953).

HONOURS AND AWARDS

We congratulate the following Old Cranwellians who received honours and awards in the Birthday Honours List:

C.B.: Air Commodore W. P. Sutcliffe (1930).

C.B.E.: Group Captain E. C. Harding (1932);

Group Captain L. MacD. Hodges (1937).

A.F.C.: Wing Commander J. E. Preston (1937).

Queen's Commendations for valuable Service in the Air:

Flt Lt E. V. Mellor (1948).

Flt Lt J. L. Price (1948).

APPOINTMENTS

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

A.V.M. H. D. Spreckley (1924) to be Controller of Engineering and Equipment.

A.V.M. J. Marson (1924) to be A.O.C. No. 24 Group.

Air Cdre C. S. Moore (1929) to be Air Officer-in-charge of Administration, M.E.A.F.

Air Cdre C. Broughton (1930) to be S.A.S.O. at Transport Command.

Air Cdre R. A. C. Carter (1930) to be Director of Personal Services (A) at Air Ministry.

Gp Capt E. C. Harding (1932) to H.Q. No. 40 Group for Technical Staff duties.

Gp Capt R. M. B. Duke-Woolley (1935) to H.Q. Fighter Command for Air Staff duties.

Gp Capt J. H. Iremonger (1936) to H.Q. No. 12 Group for Air Staff duties.

Wg Cdr G. H. D. Evans (1935) to H.Q. Allied Air Forces, Northern Europe, for Staff duties.

Wg Cdr H. A. Jenkins (1940) to the R.A.F. Staff College, Bracknell, for Directing Staff duties.

Wg Cdr J. A. Sowrey (1939) to H.Q. A.A.F.N.E. for Staff duties.

The following have recently been located:

Flt Lt J. A. Bell (1953)—R.A.F. Middleton-St-George.

Flt Lt E. H. Moors (1951)—R.A.F. Middleton-St-George.

Flt Lt B. G. Cox (1951)—R.A.F. Middleton-St-George.

Fg Off B. H. Plaskitt (1949)—35 M.U., R.A.F. Heywood.

Flt Lt M. L. Cann (1948)—R.A.F. Butterworth.

Flt Lt T. R. Gribble (1949)—R.A.F. Wattisham.

Flt Lt M. G. Tomkins (1950)—R.A.F. Wattisham.

Flt Lt J. H. Lovell (1947) H.Q. Transport Command.

Flt Lt G. Willis (1950)—R.A.F. Halton.
 Flt Lt E. C. Loveday (1951)—R.A.F. Little
 Rissington.
 Flt Lt B. Huxley (1950)—R.A.F. Little
 Rissington.
 Flt Lt R. M. Raw (1947)—Exchange U.S.A.F.
 Flt Lt M. Gill (1948)—R.A.F. Wattisham.
 Flt Lt D. J. Belson (1949)—R.A.F. Leuchars.
 Flt Lt S. F. B. Jones (1949)—R.A.F. Coltishall.
 Flt Lt M. McD. Harvey (1947)—R.A.F.
 Coltishall.

BIRTHS

We congratulate the following on recent additions to their families:

Sqn Ldr H. A. Caillard (1947)—a son.
 Flt Lt I. H. F. Walmsley (1948)—a daughter.
 Flt Lt W. E. Close (1951)—a son.
 Flt Lt L. C. Swalwell (1947)—a son.
 Flt Lt P. J. Anstee (1951)—a son.
 Flt Lt the Hon. D. B. Hives (1950)—a
 daughter.
 Flt Lt M. McD. Harvey (1947)—a son.
 Flt Lt J. R. Coleman (1949)—a daughter.

MARRIAGES

Congratulations to the following on their recent marriages:

Sqn Ldr W. J. Herrington (1947).
 Sqn Ldr F. R. Lockyer (1948).
 Flt Lt A. P. J. Dodson (1949).
 Flt Lt R. M. Raw (1947).
 Flt Lt D. Mullarkey (1947).
 Flt Lt D. A. Briggs (1951).

CADET WING LISTS

PROMOTIONS

'A' Squadron: Senior Under Officer J. N. Puckering. Under Officers J. E. Brown, J. S. Pilgrim-Morris, J. R. Digby.

'B' Squadron: Senior Under Officer T. V. Spencer. Under Officers J. G. Saye, A. Garside, J. Delafield.

'C' Squadron: Senior Under Officer D. G. Lucas. Under Officers F. N. Hennessy, A. L. Roberts, R. A. Johnston.

No. 79 ENTRY

'A' Squadron: C. J. Adams, R.A.F. Apprentices' School, Locking. A. D. Addams, Wellington College. C. J. Booth, Epsom College. P. F. J. Burton, Brighton G.S. D. R. Conran-Smith, Gordonstoun. D. J. Curry, Kings School, Worcester. A. Fern, Cheadle Hulme School, Manchester. R. W. Gibb, Dundee High School. C. B. H. Hardie, Ipswich School. P. J. Headley, Hampton G.S. P. A. Jenner, The Paston School, North Walsham. J. A. W. S. Laurenson, Portsmouth Northern G.S. D. C. Lott, Allhallows School, Devon. S. A. H. Maffett, Wellington College. R. I. Morris, Bishop's Stortford College. P. W. Pardoe, King Edward's School, Birmingham. P. M. Riley, Hutton G.S., Preston. J. K. Sim, Queen Victoria's School, Dunblane. C. C. Ware, Harrow C.G.S.

DEATHS

We regret to have to record the deaths of the following:

Sqn Ldr C. H. Walker (1947).
 Flt Lt R. S. May (1948).
 Flt Lt J. E. Elliott (1947).
 Flt Lt W. F. Nuthall (1949).
 Flt Lt D. J. Foster (1951).
 Flt Lt P. H. Stanning (1952).
 Flt Lt B. B. Heywood (1952).
 Fg Off B. W. Schooling (1953).
 Plt Off P. S. A. Alcock (1955).

President of the Old Cranwellian Association.

All Old Cranwellians will be delighted to hear that Air Marshal Sir George Beamish has consented to become President of the Old Cranwellian Association in succession to the late Air Vice-Marshal Sir Charles Longcroft.

Portrait of Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir Dermot Boyle.

The portrait of Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir Dermot Boyle, which was painted by Mr Norman Hepple, A.R.A., R.P., and presented by the Old Cranwellian Association, is now in the College. It has been exhibited in this year's Royal Academy and will shortly be hung in the Gallery of Fame in the College.

'B' Squadron: C. R. Adams, Christ's Hospital. P. J. Allen, Queen Elizabeth's G.S., Wakefield. G. Bridges, Lowestoft G.S. R. L. S. Butler, Quinton's School, St. Johns Wood. P. G. Cowan, Taunton School. A. B. W. Davies, Dean Close School, Cheltenham. R. C. Gilpin, Holloway G.S., London. M. J. Greenwood, Bishop Gore's G.S., Swansea. N. R. Hayward, Bancroft's School, Woodford. C. Hession, Canford School. D. R. Jackson, Bedford Modern School. J. R. Legh-Smith, St. Bartholomew's G.S., Newbury. P. S. Loveday, Hampton G.S. C. F. Manville, Portsmouth G.S. R. Neal, Kings School, Grantham. D. J. Pegg, Sherborne School. J. A. F. Ross, George Heriot's School, Edinburgh. R. G. S. Slade, Queen Elizabeth's Hospital, Bristol. K. R. Winter, Newcastle Royal G.S.

'C' Squadron: J. D. C. Adams, Harrow C.G.S. F. M. Baker, Weymouth G.S. J. E. Bromhead, St Andrew's College, South Africa. D. F. Clarke, Eastwood School, Southend. D. O. Crwys-Williams, Oakham School. M. J. Dunlop, Dundee High School. J. Evans, Wimbledon College. A. Green, Kent College, Canterbury. M. G. Head, Hove College. G. Hyde, Framlingham College. R. J. Lamplough, Wycliffe College, Stonehouse. P. D. Lightfoot, Woodbridge School. J. R. N. McEvoy, Charterhouse. J. E. D. Meads, St Edward's School, Oxford. R. E. Nickson, Cambridgeshire High School. R. G. Peters, St Paul's School. G. R. Pitchfork, High Storrs G.S., Sheffield. M. S. Sabine, Haileybury and I.S.C. R. E. Williams, Highgate School.

ЖУРНАЛ



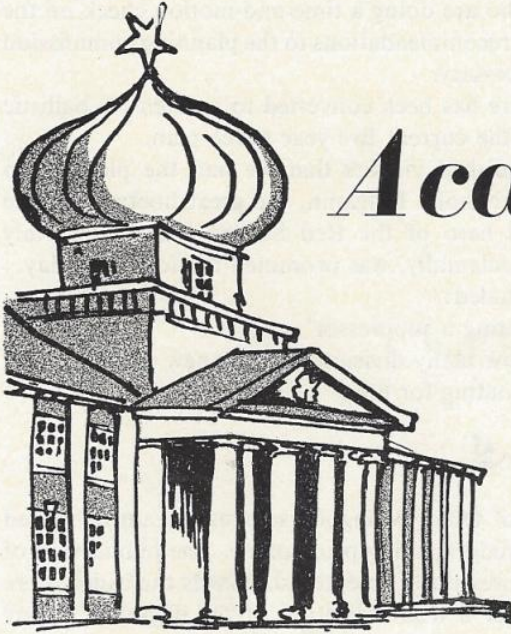
“There is a great future in the U.S.S.R. for those who put Siberia before self”

**THE
SOVIET AIR FORCE ACADEMY
JOURNAL**

DECEMBER, 1958 VOL. XXX NO. 3.

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All opinions expressed in "The Soviet Air Force Academy Journal" do not in any way deviate from official policy.



Academy Notes

THE past term was unique in that the sun shone on at least one occasion for two consecutive hours. Otherwise full-flying conditions prevailed, proving once again the wisdom of the fine Leninist principles to which our founders adhered when siting the Academy.



The Passing-Out Parade of the 174th Entry took place on the 18th December under two metres of snow and the watchful eye of Marshal Rodion Malinovsky, the Minister of Defence.

The post-parade roll-call revealed that only eight cadets had failed to march off. Nominal rolls have been amended accordingly.



The beginning of term saw the arrival of the 179th Entry comprising 57 space volunteers who were accommodated in the South Brick Kennels.



The Academy can justly pay tribute to the tireless workers who completed the new wing to the main building seven months before the planning commission authorized the work to start.

The block, which is the most modern of its kind in the world, will be utilized this

coming term by the work study team who are doing a time-and-motion check on the establishment's officers who are to make recommendations to the planning commission as to whether the new wing is really necessary.

During the vacation the Parade Square has been converted to a defensive ballistic missile launch pad in accordance with the current five-year peace plan.

Foremost among the many distinguished visitors that we had the pleasure to entertain during the term was Marshal Nikolai Bulganin, the great liberator of the Motherland, crusher of the Nazis and hero of the Red Square. He was warmly welcomed by the Commandant who, incidentally, was promoted the following day.

Visiting lecturers during the term included:

General Serov	'Fitting a suppressor'
Dr Hewlett Johnson	'How many divisions has the new Pope'
Mr G. Burgess	'Scouting for boys'



The Autonomous Peoples Republic of Outer Mongolia sent us a team of retired Yeti-trainers to supervise the current circuit training programme. The publication of their findings showed that although by previously accepted standards the cadets were sweating satisfactorily this was no longer a true indication of the degree of agony experienced, as total head temperature was in every instance far in excess of the norm laid down by SOVCAD/32/58.

This report caused considerable concern. It was suggested that all heating throughout the academy be cut off, but although this would produce the desired effect it would mean the dismissal of three grade two Mess stokers; this was unthinkable. Alternative suggestions were called for.

First Year Headquarters proposed that the traditional high-pressure hosing be re-introduced. Clothing stores suggested that initial issue should be restricted to blue webbing and Flying Training Command were in favour of removing all cockpit canopies on flights above 10,000 ft.

But at Kremlin level it was decided that a temperature consistent with maximum continuous efficiency could only be maintained throughout the year if every day each cadet consumed a specified amount of ice-cream.

The Committee of Supply was commissioned to carry out a nationwide ice-cream consumer research and from their results it was estimated that the optimum ice-cream intake per cadet per day should be 45.3 c.c.

Unfortunately the contractors misread the specifications and only the ingenuity of the Mess Commissar averted what could have been a most embarrassing situation.

The uneaten surplus (10,000 cu. m.) was disposed of and the demands of the S.G.D.I. were satisfied by providing the Parade Square with permanent mid-winter conditions.



AMENDMENT

After Marshal Nikolai Bulganin delete 'the great liberator of the Motherland, crusher of the Nazis and hero of the Red Square,' substitute 'chairman State Bank and Chemical Industries Committee.'

Passing-Out Parade of No. 174 Entry

*Speeches by Marshal Rodion Malinovsky and
by the Commandant*

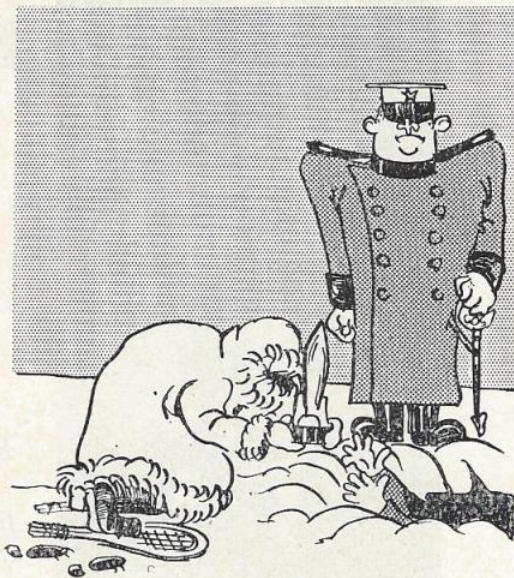
ON the 18th December the Academy welcomed Marshal Rodion Malinovsky as the Reviewing Officer for the graduation parade of No. 174 Entry. The weather was fine, inside, and punctually at 1108 the cadet wing marched on under the command of Senior Commissar Comrade Cadet Z. Z. Kruschev through snow that was only chin high.

A formation of 16 aircraft of Advanced Flying Wing flew past, some with and some without smoke trails—one more proof of the freedom allowed in our people's democracy—as the Reviewing Officer's head, which could just be seen above the snowline, approached the dais.

After the Advance in Review Order, Marshal Malinovsky dug out the Parade Commander and presented him with the Three-Stage Rocket of Honour, the Sputnik Medal for Lunar Studies, and the R. M. Laika Memorial Prize. Watching the presentations carefully was N. S. Kruschev, the father of the prizewinner. The Reviewing Officer went on to make the following speech:

The Reviewing Officer's Address

'It is indeed a great honour for me to be here today and as you know it is customary for the reviewing officer to offer you some few words of advice. Be always on your guard against those detestable bourgeois traits of initiative, resourcefulness and leadership, for these are the arch-enemies of the all-important virtues of comradeship and uniformity. For you know, this is how we of the Free World have so great an advantage. We at the Warsaw Pact H.Q. are proud of the contribution the military forces have made to peace and security, and we are pleased that we have added to the strength, the confidence and the hopes of our peoples. But military requirements are but one contributing factor. We know full well that the great weapon—the great Deterrent—is the strength that springs from the *unity* of our countries.



'This, you see, is where we are so different from those wicked N.A.T.O. countries; take this opportunity of reaffirming your "desire to live in peace with all peoples and all governments," your determination "to safeguard the freedom, common heritage and civilization" of your peoples "founded on the principles of democracy, individual liberty and the rule of law," and your resolution to contribute your "efforts for collective defence and for the preservation of peace and security".'

On the eve of the Passing-Out Parade the Commandant addressed the members of the Senior Entry in a short, touching ceremony.

The Commandant's Address

Igloo 439
Komsomolets Island
Latitude 82°N.



ORDER of

D. G. LUCASTA

Struck down before his goal at the very height of the battle this valiant fighter did not spare himself but took up Chess.



R. VOLGA-DON

One of our less inhibited comrades who hails from the outer provinces. His greatest ambition at the moment is to travel; he should go far.



IVAN ORFULITCH

This photograph belies the towering build of this slim Norseman from the Pripet marshes. All life's difficulties he takes in his long, loping stride.

MERIT

O. U. BAGEROV

Taciturn, unsmiling, Muscle-man First Class of the Soviet Union; his prowess in all realms of sport needs no comment from us.



C. U. LAITA

Missile marksman Laita, who in private life is no mean organist, introduced the mortar into the Wild-fowling Section and bagged 7½ geese, 3 wolves and 2 gamewardens.



Z. Z. KRUSCHEV

Like his father he has gone Secretarial and there is that certain something about his looks that makes one think he is set for success.





OLD COMRADES' NOTES

PROMOTIONS AND APPOINTMENTS

EVEN before this edition of *The Journal* the following promotions and appointments have been made:

Lieutenant Z. Z. Krushev to Colonel.

We congratulate this brilliant young officer on his rapid rise to senior rank, so soon after receiving his wings from his father's friend on passing out.

Colonel Z. Z. Krushev to the Soviet Air Academy to command.

We congratulate this brilliant young officer . . .

BIRTHS

Colonel Z. Z. Krushev is to be congratulated on the birth of no fewer than five sons, so soon after entering his new career.

This brilliant young officer . . .

MARRIAGES

Watch this space.

DEATHS

Do-it-yourself section. Just fill in your selections for the 1959 season and post to your nearest Travel Bureau.

RETIREMENTS

General Mxlxnkxv, who has taken up the directorship of the Plonsk Power Station.

This post will be of some importance to the 30 inhabitants of the village when the installation is completed in 1978.

AMENDMENT


Page 236, line 7. After 'Marshal Niko'ai Bulganin' *delete* 'Chairman State Bank and Chemical Industries Committee'. *Substitute* 'Chairman of Stavropol Economic Council'.

DEATHS

A large dashed rectangular box intended for readers to submit their own notes or corrections.



BIG BROTHER'S COLUMN



Overheard in the College:

Instructor, demonstrating dimensions of geometric figure:
 'My bottom's 2H across.'

Overheard in the stadium:

'Are you running for the high jump?'

and elsewhere:

'Why have you got both your drawer keys on one ring?'
 'I might lose one of them.'

Early in the morning:

'Tea or coffee?'
 'Yes.'

Quote from a letter:

'I'm a qualified typewriter now.'

Conductor:

'Then the orchestra has some triplets.'

* * *

'I trod on a ruler in the passage, and thought it was somebody's foot.'

* * *

'Knock, knock; who's there?'
 'Anatole.'
 'Anatole who?'
 'Anatole the M.V.D.'

* * *

IKE
 Would like
 A Thor
 To roar
 Upwards
 Moonwards
 To win the race
 For outer space
 But thinks it greater fun
 To hole in one.

* * *

Poor Claus is dead; his face went very red
 When they caught him in town without a hat.
 We could hear his helpless cries as hot needles pierced his eyes,
 And now we know what happens on the mat.

What happened to the man who thought
That the Party line was something to do with
That old Russian invention, the telephone?

* * *

Poor Alex is dead because his room-mate said
He never used to shoot the Party line.
They found him drawing murals, on the steppes behind the Urals
And didn't like his secret victory sign.

* * *

'To the woods ! To the woods !'
'No, no, Big Brother is watching you.'
'I am Big Brother.'

* * *

Poor Nikki is dead; what a life he led !
He smoked, he drank and danced, was always swearing;
Till his fair-haired wife from Omsk met his brunette wife from Tomsk
And drowned him in the icy Straits of Bering.

* * *

One Mayday Uncle Sam said, 'I'm going to put on a grand fireworks display tonight. Tell all the boys, for I've bought the biggest rocket in the village. Tell 'em all to come at six and bring their cameras with them.'

Ivan smiled to himself, but said nothing.

At six, all the boys were at Uncle Sam's with their cameras. Everybody in the village waited for the big display.

'Put your earpads and goggles on now,' said Uncle Sam, 'five, four, three, two, one, zero.' He put a match to the fuse. Nothing happened. The powder was damp. All the boys took photographs of Uncle Sam looking unhappy and gave copies to everyone in the village.

Then Ivan appeared with some photographs. He gave copies to everyone in the village. Some showed Ivan standing beside a rocket, even bigger than Uncle Sam's; and others showed the beautiful trail of the rocket in the sky. Everybody thought Ivan was a pretty smart guy.

* * *

We hear that a certain American, on being asked what they expect to find on the moon, replied, 'Russians.'

* * *

Poor Boris is dead, in a box that's made of lead,
For bricking up the Commissar's new Zim.
In a slowly flooding room, poor Boris met his doom,
And now we know we'll see no more of him.

Cranwell 1958

CRANWELL is a hot, humid place situated in American-occupied territory just off the coast of France.

Our Intelligence services had warned us that the training camp consisted of just one central building of average proportions surrounded by a sordid shanty-town of primitive wooden huts, but we were stunned to discover that these were actually indoctrination rooms and that each contained at least six radiators. It is little wonder that British industry lags so far behind when fuel is used for mere bodily comfort.

But even worse shocks awaited us. Cranwell is only accessible to sons of aristocrats and wealthy business men. Industry and ability are no qualification; no boy can enter the college unless he is of the correct social strata—they even keep their own paid servants as in pre-Revolution days.

The place is riddled with slothful practices: on our first morning, for example, we came back after our sprint, took our cold shower, read the morning's extract from Marx and even then at 5 o'clock the British cadets were still in bed.

Indeed, they were still there when we took breakfast at seven, with the day nearly over. When at long last we got to the airfield we were told that flying was stopped although visibility was still perfectly good up to three metres. At this, the cadets seemed positively relieved, and brushing aside our proffered copies of that most influential newspaper the *Daily Worker* they rushed with hoarse cries to a huge red machine in the corner.

Our agent at Cranwell, who is still operating undetected just a stone's throw away from the War Propaganda room in the heart of the so-called 'Western bloc,' quickly briefed us about this. The machine serves bottles of 'Croak' an infamous brew. One sip and you are worse than an addict, you slip helplessly into American domination, for they are the sole suppliers.

Horrified we watched them seize the stuff with quivering hands and gulp it down. For some considerable time afterwards all we could get from them as they sat slumped deep in armchairs were so many unintelligible grunts.

In the afternoon, after yet another meal, we were shown the sports field. (This is in fact an airfield but the runways have still to be built.) The rugby team were playing a local all-male side so I asked my host if the cadets ever played games

with women. From his most peculiar reply I can only assume that at Cranwell they do not take their sport as seriously as we do. Most cadets in fact take part in decadent pastimes such as beagling, horse-riding, archery and 'cricket,' a game designed to pander to the Americans and obviously copied from baseball.

In the evening we went out to a nearby people's bar to celebrate the occasion of our visit. I think that our hosts would have gone out drinking regardless of our presence, but it was considerate of them to take us. I cannot understand the outlook of that college. If you put work before pleasure and strive towards the supreme honour of achievement you are called a 'loathsome sweat.' If you attend the physical training period each week you are called 'chicken.' And once your sense of duty forces you to report on the dishonourable activities of one of your fellows you become a 'fingerer' and are despised and tormented insufferably.

All this we learned after several rounds of beer; it was potent stuff and I began to feel dizzy. But at this stage we were challenged to a drinking race and it was this that caused the final act of unforgivable turpitude.

At the very end of a closely fought contest the last man of the British team drank only half his beer and tipped the rest down his shirt. The British cheered and shouted at their 'win'; we were shocked beyond words.

Only one course of action remained open to us. We tendered a formal note of protest and picking up hats, coats, gloves and dizzy, we left.



POLITICAL PRIMER

Peace

Peace is founded on long-standing Leninist principles and was invented by us in the early twentieth century. As the term implies, it means suffering, misery and torment for those who have to endure it, but as your training in the dialectic will teach you, our suffering, misery and torment is far better than the suffering, misery and torment of other war-mongering peace-lovers. Last year our exports of dialectic were a record.

Comrade N. S. Kruschev.

I love Comrade N. S. Kruschev

Chiang Kai-Shek

'Living-corpse, quisling tool of American Imperialist aggression.' (Peking Radio 22.9.58.)

Molotov-Ribbentrop Pact

NOT SUITABLE FOR BEGINNERS

For many years the forces of the capitalist war lord states were threatening the peaceful co-existence of the Soviet Union; they erected what we called an Iron Curtain. This was bad. Therefore in 1939 Comrade Molotov, who was good, signed a peace pact with Herr Ribbentrop, the great socialist nationalist democratic freedom-fighter to protect the peace-loving comrades of Poland (we got half each). This was good. However, Comrade Molotov was not good due to a misreading of Leninist peace tracts and faulty understanding of the dialectic, and Herr Ribbentrop was not good due to marginal deviationist tendencies and crypto-fascist imperialism. Remember, moreover, that the glorious October revolution took place in November and by a simple dialectic exercise you can see how the reactionary forces of aggression became our glorious allies in the fight for freedom when in 1941 Comrade Stalin was authorized by the people, to protect our vital interests, to prevent the conflagration spreading, and in any case, remember, they started it.

Amendment

Page 136 line 7—Marshal Bulganin—insert "leader of the anti-party party."

United Arab Republic 1958

OUR TU-104 rocked to a halt. This was Damascus, peace city of the Middle East and starting point for our tour of the United Arab Republic. Ten cadets under the command of Colonel Engineer Ducksy were cheered down from the aircraft to face the battery of press and TV cameras. The lucky ten had been chosen for their sociability, sportsmanship and grenade-throwing ability. We were welcomed on the official dais by the Chief of Air Staff, and then driven off.

Syria, our ancient and honourable ally in the struggle for freedom, is renowned as a haven for peace-loving peoples throughout the world. We were to visit units of the Defence Air Force during the following three days. We looked forward to another modern manifestation of the power of the socialist world.

The Syrian Air Force is a highly efficient, well-equipped service with an outstanding all-weather capability. This is in no small part due to the superb equipment supplied under our mutual aid programme. As fate would have it, those three days were festive holidays throughout the country and so all aircrew, maintenance and control staffing was being done by Soviet volunteers, and so we had no opportunity to meet those intrepid Syrian pilot aces whose names and exploits are on everyone's lips.

From Syria we flew south-east to Egypt, our ancient and honourable ally in the struggle for freedom. Cairo, that gem of a city, washed by the limpid waters of the Nile, is the seat of freedom in the Middle East, and is a byword amongst men of culture everywhere. On arrival there we were interviewed by the Service correspondent of Cairo Radio—'The Voice of Truth.' That day was a public holiday celebrating the latest peace plea of President Nasser, whose benign portrait smiled down on us wherever we went. Although at the last minute the President had to forgo his pre-arranged meeting with us, we had the great honour of being received into audience by his seventh secretary in person.

But the prime reason of the visit was to liaise

with our comrades in the Egyptian Air Force, so with eager anticipation we travelled out of the city daily visiting several of the defensive airfields located in the area. As always, it was in the Mess after working hours that we gained most value from our contacts. Wide-eyed and breathless we listened to intrepid Egyptian pilot aces relating their stories of the heroic battles fought in the defence of liberty against the imperialist aggressors in those sunny November days of 1956. We thrilled again to the immortal words of hero-leader Nasser—'I have never promised anything but blood, toil, tears and sweat.'

The last honour accorded to us was to set foot on the sacred sands of the beach at Port Said, before we had to leave on the final stage of this tour—to the Yemen.

En route, we flew south over the famous High Dam on the Nile, which, although not yet completed, is a fitting tribute to the tenacity and determination of the ordinary hardworking Egyptian.

The Yemen, our oldest friend in the struggle for freedom, has built, out of desert sands, a modern, democratic nation that the free world can be proud of. It was here that we had the honour of going out on a mission with one of the famous, hard-hitting Yemeni commando peace patrols. It was their unpleasant task to defend the southern frontier against the incursions of unruly tribesmen from the backward Aden protectorate. During this limited police action we were harried by the V-fighter, the front-line aircraft with which reactionary English forces are seeking to achieve their policy of territorial expansion. On every occasion they were beaten off by small-arms fire from the patriots. As a climax, we captured a rebel-held fort, vainly defended by lackeys of the Press Lord Beaverbrook.

At dusk the same day we left for home and it was with regret that we turned our backs on our noble allies, having presented them with a dagger as a token of the deep bonds of friendship that exist between our two nations.

EXERCISE VELVET GLOVE

UNFORTUNATELY the September expedition to Taiwan had to be postponed, but this provided an opportunity for the scope of Exercise Velvet Glove to be extended to world-wide proportions.

Disguised as third-year students from Sleaford Technical College, England, we were required to carry out the following tasks:



- (a) Attend and further disorganize a meeting of the League of Empire Loyalists.
- (b) Climb the highest hills in Holland and Nepal.
- (c) Board a British trawler off Iceland.
- (d) Provide an attractive and palatable breakfast for any card-carrying fellow-travellers.
- (e) Teach as many peasants as possible to sing, recognizably, the first verse of 'The Red Flag.'
- (f) Dredge-up and dismantle one nose-cone from the waters off Cape Canaveral. (Bonus marks for mice.)

We were in all respects free to exercise our qualities of conformity to the established pattern, the only condition being that all deaths of a serious nature were to be vigorously denied by a Foreign Office spokesman.

The exercise did not go according to expectations at all. Only one team fulfilled all the missions in the true spirit; in fact only one team has come back.

The first setback occurred just outside the Khyber Pass, when one of the parties pointed out that technically speaking there could be no hills in Nepal as the whole country is more than 1,000 feet above mean sea level. Maintaining, therefore, that the task was impossible this splinter-group defected towards the West.

At this, heated democratic discussion broke out in an atmosphere of cordial candour and frankness, but it must be stressed that the presence of an officer-volunteer in No. 1 team in no way influenced their unanimous decision to tackle Everest without oxygen or Kendal Mint Cake. They died like heroes. Meanwhile the remaining four teams were hitting the high spots at the Y.M.C.A. in Khatmandu, as can well be imagined they all came to sticky ends.

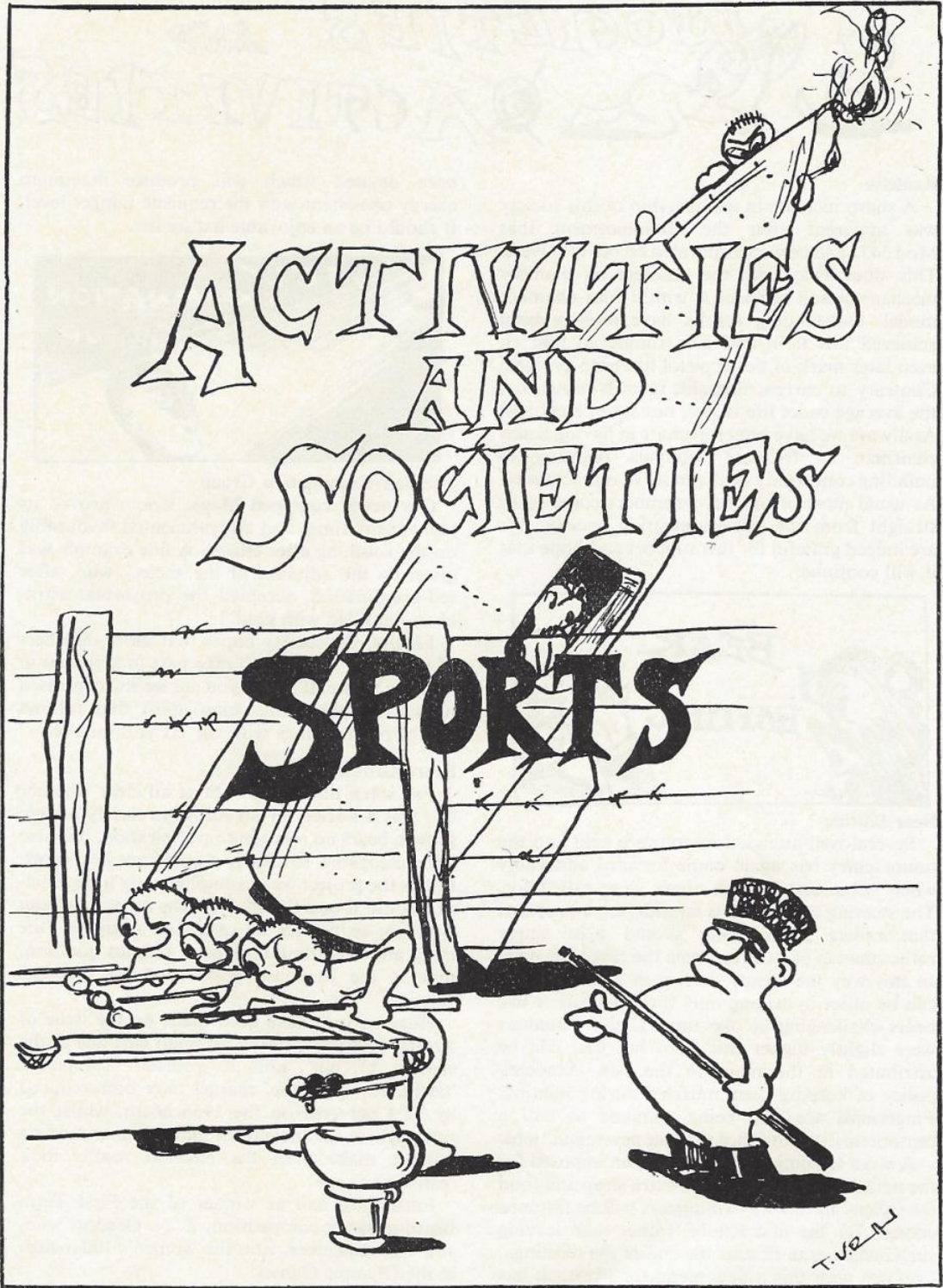
One team was working its way through France when just south of Colombey-des-Eglises they were accosted by a patrol of gendarmes. When questioned, the leader replied, in strict accordance with our long-established traditions of international diplomacy, 'Non.'

Team No. 3 met an even worse fate. Their first difficulty was to find a nose-cone that had in fact cleared the 12-mile limit, but their patience was rewarded when one day they spotted a specimen in perfect condition, floating upright, unattended and apparently still attached to the 3rd stage. They were hauling it aboard when it happened. (Volunteers for Velvet Glove III should memorize the basic nose-cone differences between Atlas and Polaris.)



Team No. 4 hit upon the ingenious idea of saving time by teaching 'The Red Flag' to the League of Empire Loyalists. They died like heroes, second class.

All this was revealed much later at the 'Velvet Glove' post-mortem. Of the entire complement only one team survived, and although they had utterly failed in every task that they had attempted, in the opinion of the Awards Committee they won the award because, at all times, they had marched properly at attention.



SOOCIETIES AND ACTIVITIES



Roulette

A sharp increase in membership of this society was apparent after the announcement that Mod 3472 had been incorporated on our revolvers. This does away with the obsolete six-chamber mechanism and replaces it with a four-chamber model. Outstanding results have already been achieved this term and it is rumoured that an even later mark of peace pistol has been evolved. Contrary to current thought, records prove that the average cadet life is five, not seven meetings. As always we have been fortunate in having a new chairman at frequent intervals pointing to unflinching conformity in all phases of our activities. As usual most of our new members come to us straight from the self-examination society. We are indeed grateful for this support and hope that it will continue.



Bear-Baiting

Several well-attended meets were held and the junior entry has again come forward admirably when volunteers for the arena were called for. The steering committee is considering a proposal that cadets participating should fight singly rather than in pairs as has been the case until now. In this way the steady decline in suitable stock can be offset by having only three instead of five bears challenging at one time. Cadet casualties were slightly higher this term but that can be attributed in the main to the new Academy policy of keeping them muzzled during fighting. Fingernails are also being trimmed to half a centimetre in accordance with the new regulations.

A strict training schedule has been imposed for the next season, consisting of extra sleep and food for cadets. In this way volunteers will be fattened enough for the first fixture, rather than leaving such measures until near the end of the meetings. Coupled with this a new menu for livestock has

been devised which will produce maximum energy consistent with the requisite hunger level. It should be an enjoyable fixture list.



The Self-Examination Group

Our newly equipped Magic Room proved its value many times and all commented favourably on the soothing after-effects. A fine example was given by the adjutant of the society who, after self-examination, accepted the proverbial astrakhan hat filled with gold.

Finally, the society hopes that more members of the junior entries will take part in activities in the near future. If any of you are feeling depressed or worried the exhilarating uplift that follows one of our meetings will convert you for ever.

Beard Growing

For some time it was not at all clear whether this was a Society or an Activity; clearly hirsute growth bears no relation to perspiration, it is also quite enjoyable, so clearly it could not be a sport. But as the project was so emphatically individualistic could it be a Society? On the other hand can anything so passive be called an Activity? One thing and one thing only goes without question, that is the immense popularity this pastime enjoys.

Huge savings have been made on the issue of aircrew pullovers, this in no small part due to the success of our 'knit it yourself' campaign, 'unshaven on parade' charges have been reduced by 97.3 per cent on the 1956 norm, whilst the sales figures for 'Sovcreem' hair tonic and derris powder make even the election results look realistic.

Finally we hail as winner of the First Term Beard-growing competition, Z. N. Grador, who, you will remember, won the women's 100 metres in the Olympic Games.



Athletics

Our glorious athletes have continued to improve their standards in all directions during the past season in accordance with the five-year plan to better their performances by 36.6 per cent, allowing a 6.88 per cent improvement at each meeting. It has been noticed that the introduction of real bullets in the starting gun has improved the 100 metres time by 0.92 seconds, and eased the task of the selection committee.

In field events our thanks are due to the many volunteers from the Political Rehabilitation Centre who acted as targets for the discus and javelin throwers. In the jumping events the term saw three innovations. The first was the introduction of shoes, next the provision of soles for same, and finally, after exhaustive experiment, it was decided that the optimum thickness of the sole should not exceed 1.72 metres.

In all our matches our athletes retained their unbeaten record. Our opponents expressed their thanks for the valuable advice tendered to them before each event by our M.V.D. supporters.



Tiddly-winks

Our winking proficiency in this great Soviet sport has increased since the introduction of boundary layer control on all tiddlies. Using the LABS technique a tiddly has on several occasions been winked 14 metres into a circular receptacle of a diameter not exceeding 3 centimetres. Our experimental laboratory has produced a VTOL

tiddly which is currently phasing into our weapons inventory. The possibility of using a full-scale replica (probably rocket-assisted) in the current five-year flying saucer plan is being explored.



Fencing

None of our matches lasted more than one bout. This came as a direct result of the new policy demanding the removal of the rubber caps in order to test the officer-like qualities of the new entry. At the risk of appearing to favour the detestable cult of contemporary revisionism our political adviser suggested that good taste required that the sabre be renamed the mig. The Academy handbook will be amended accordingly.

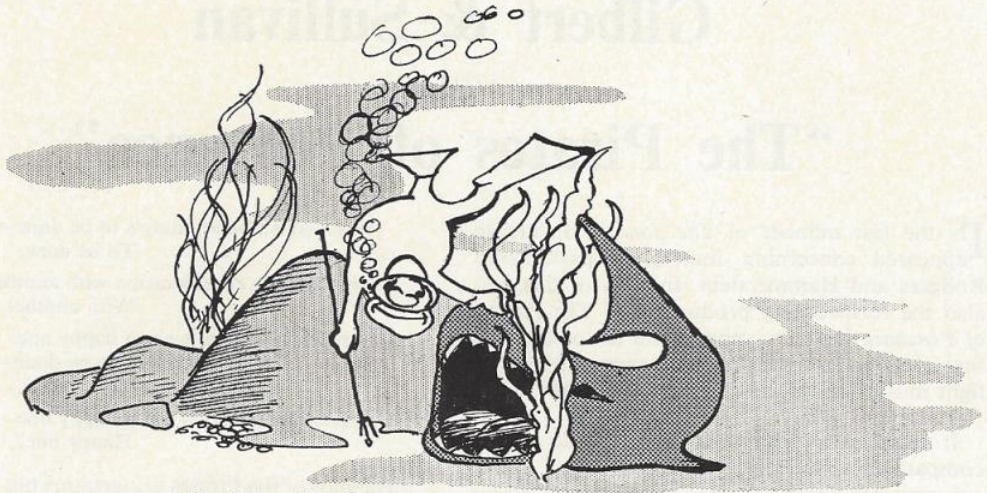
International Sport

In accordance with our praesidium policy of competing with and surpassing the (war-mongering) capitalist nations in every field of sport we have continued our training for cricket and tennis. In the latter, our players had an early setback when, as a result of faulty intelligence, they were for some time playing on a court designed for another imperialist sport called 'table tennis.' In cricket, scorning the effeminate habits of the decadent Commonwealth we always play without protective clothing. As a mark of our small respect towards the British we are in the process of filling a large urn in the shape of an oval gasholder with the ashes of those who have given their lives in the service of the sport.

THE END

"TWO YARDS BEFORE THE MASK"





WHICH IS BIGGER THAN BOTH OF US



"IT'S TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING" "TO CREATE A SENSATION"



"...IT MAY HAVE AN UNHAPPY T.V. ENDING!"

Gilbert & Sullivan

and

“The Pirates of Penzance”

IN the last number of *The Journal* an article appeared concerning that great partnership Rodgers and Hammerstein. In view of this and also the forthcoming production of *The Pirates of Penzance* it seems appropriate to look at the first great partnership in light opera, in fact in light music as a whole—Gilbert and Sullivan.

It might be interesting at first to make a brief comparison between the two partnerships for they are certainly dissimilar. Rodgers and Sullivan, as if to disprove this statement, were very similar in that they both composed at great speed, but whereas Rodgers is a well-ordered individual Sullivan was not. Sullivan frequently left himself little time to finish the score of a work by the required date because of his indulgence in the pastimes of Victorian society. Also he was subject to severe pain from a kidney affliction, and often he composed in a frenzied attempt to get away from the pain. This was the case with *The Pirates of Penzance*. The overture in fact was not finished till the day before the dress rehearsal, and this was only after midnight oil had been burned on many occasions.

The difference between Hammerstein and Gilbert is not immediately apparent, since both are perfectionists. Hammerstein on the one hand has produced lyrics which are (if I may be allowed to quote M.B.B.) ‘written in a language of dialogue which enables the transition from speech to song . . . to flow smoothly.’ Gilbert’s lyrics, too, flow smoothly, but they are of a different calibre. Compare, for example, any song from *South Pacific* and *The King and I* with this song from the Pirates:

‘When a felon’s not engaged in his employment—
His employment,
Or maturing his felonious little plans—
Little plans,
His capacity for innocent enjoyment—
‘Cent enjoyment,
Is just as great as any honest man’s—
Honest man’s,
Our feelings we with difficulty smother—
‘Culty smother,

When constabulary duty’s to be done—
To be done,
Ah, take one consideration with another—
With another,
A policeman’s lot is not a happy one.
When constabulary duty’s to be done—
To be done,
A policeman’s lot is not a happy one—
Happy one.’

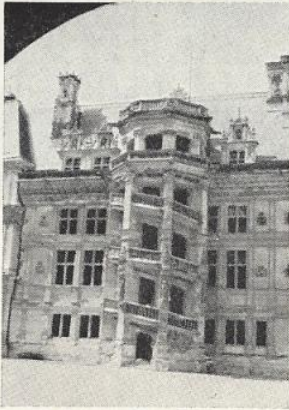
The plot of the Pirates is ingenious but straightforward. Frederick is an apprentice pirate, having been placed in this unfortunate position as the result of a mistake, by his nursemaid, who is now a Piratical Maid of All work! The first Act opens in the Pirates’ Lair on Frederick’s 21st birthday—the day on which his apprenticeship ends—there follow various complications, and it is not long before he meets a bevy of ‘pure and peerless maidens’ who plan to help him have the pirates apprehended. All is going well for Frederick until a ‘most ingenious paradox’ is discovered—he is still a little boy of five and his apprenticeship bonds still hold him. The final Act is rounded off in a convincing manner; the pirates all marry the maidens, daughters of the Major-General, who was to have been responsible for the pirates’ downfall; Frederick marries Mabel, who has devoted herself to him because of a sense of duty. The Major-General only just succeeds in saving himself from the pirates.

Unlike much of Gilbert’s work the plot is almost free from Topsy-Turveydom and he concentrates his powers on satirising the Army and the Police. This idea, as can only be expected, did not go down well with certain individuals in these Forces. To the average full-blooded and irreverent Englishman the plot was an unending source of amusement. Sullivan, who turned to light opera from his more serious commitments with relief, used all his skill in composing this work and he produced some beautiful airs. As was common with him he also introduced—with not a little effect—choruses and introductions written in the style of other composers, especially Bach, Handel and Verdi, the latter being at that time the Grandmaster of Opera in Europe.

D.P.

Les Châteaux de la Loire

WHEN one travels south-west from Orleans the first château to be seen is that of Chambord, which is set back a few miles from the *Route Nationale*. Visitors enter by one of the many gateways in the twenty-mile wall, the longest in France, which surrounds the extensive park. This park covers 13,600 acres of which over 11,000 are woodland; the reason for such a large park is that Chambord was originally built as a hunting box by Francois I. Work on the château was begun in 1519 which, with its dual circular stair,



The famous staircase at Blois

is a fine example of a royal palace. This piece of Renaissance architecture is unique in France and it is well worth describing. The two stairways run parallel to each other, one above and one below. Both start from the same level and finish at the same level. The way in which this is achieved can probably be figured out by the more architecturally minded readers.

There are more than seventy different staircases in the château but there is very little furniture to see, the most interesting piece being a tiled oven about fifteen feet high.

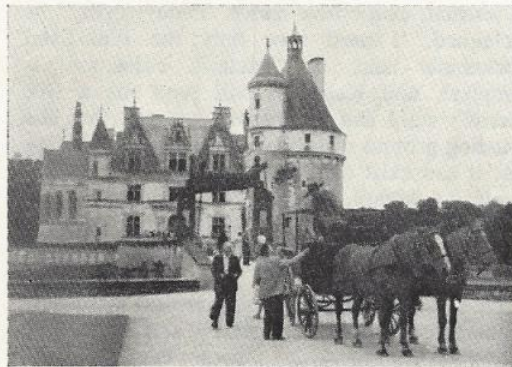
The château of Blois is situated in the middle of the town and rises very steeply in the cone style of a fortification. It was built between the 13th and 17th centuries and it holds one or two interesting stories. There is little furniture but the decoration of walls and ceilings is worth careful study. On the first floor, one of the most interesting rooms is that of Catherine of Medici. There are 237 carved wood panels in the room of which four conceal secret cupboards where it is thought that she kept her poisons. These four panels are

opened by pedals concealed behind the skirting board.

The second floor is famous for the murder of the Duc de Guise, King of Paris. Henri III contrived to kill the Duke and he hired assassins for the job. The Duke was stabbed to death in the King's bedroom, his body burnt, and the ashes thrown into the Loire.

The feminine influence in the architecture of the Château of Chenonceaux is at once apparent because of the arrangement of rooms either side of a central vestibule; such an arrangement facilitated the various domestic operations. Unfortunately the château was unfinished but it still affords an attractive view as it lies across the river, surrounded on one side by beautifully landscaped gardens. Visitors can be driven round the grounds in one of the three horse-drawn carriages, the drivers of which are dressed in traditional costume. The most pleasing souvenir from this château is a bottle of *vin rose*, bottled on the premises by the owners, Monier, famous for their bars of chocolate.

The best examples of the fortress-type of château are those at Chaumont and Amboise. These both have a very commanding site overlooking the Loire. Chaumont was finished in 1510 and derives its name from the two French words *chaud mont*, meaning volcano; hence, the emblem of the castle is a volcano. The stables, a 19th century addition, are magnificent, and in the courtyard there remains the one-time pigeon-loft used by the famous artist Nini for the production of medallions, some of which are on show inside the castle.



Chenonceaux

The Château Amboise, where work started in 1492, is perched above the town. Astride the ramparts is a chapel which is said to contain the bones of Leonardo da Vinci. The Tours de Mini, an important piece of architecture, enabled horsemen to ride up the broad causeway, up the spiral tower, and enter the castle. The original large courtyard was demolished; in the 16th century this courtyard was used as a place of entertainment for the monarch. Once, during a circus act, a wild boar escaped from captivity and Francois I struck the animal dead with one thrust of his sword.

A château which seems very plain from the outside is that of Cheverny. It was completed in 1634 and is now owned by the Marquis de Vibrayo, a descendant of the original owner. Cheverny is a private château and has no connection with royalty. It is the most complete and perfect example of a Louis XIII^e château in France. The hunting museum contains two thousand sets of antlers, and several dozen hounds in the kennels bear witness to the fact that hunting still thrives.

Many of the exteriors of the castles offer more to the visitor than the interiors; there is often a

lack of furniture and tapestries. However, for those not so interested in architecture the Loire valley produces some of the best wines in France and perhaps some years after a visit a person will say: 'What was the name of that wine we had in the Loire valley? Oh! I remember, it had something to do with the name of a château.'

F.G.A.



Cheverny

DON'T BE A HERO

IT all began at the height of the Summer. The hail was pattering at the door, as Prof. Flashman of the B.V.C. (Bacteriological Vivisection Committee) peered through his oscilloscope and uttered a low-pitched whine of ecstasy, whilst he watched a little green bug sinuously performing its sensual, exotic love dance. 'Pennyworthy,' he exclaimed, 'I need now only the Pink-Eyed Cockchafer and my bacteria collection is complete, and Kellogg's will send me a free Sheriff's star! But where will we ever find the breeding ground of the little brute, remembering that it can exist only on a concentrated diet of nicotine, alcohol, primitif and spangle juice? Where will we find enough inebriated characters of the worst sort foolish enough to go through the search . . . where?

'Of course, chaps, I emphasize that the taking of the throat swabs is absolutely and completely voluntary, no pressure is put on you at all. Will any fellow who wishes to back out stand up before us all, and repeat after me:

"I'm sorry, Sir, I can't go through with it." Nobody? Oh goody! Damn fine show!

The first stage of the search was almost a complete success, except for one cadet who went berserk at the sight of the cotton wool swab, and pinned the Doctor to his desk with his own syringe and scalpel. Halfway through the night the Prof. gurgled with joy as he lifted up a perfect specimen, still alive and ticking, but to his horror it leapt into a bucket of heavy water as he transferred it to a suitable cage.

The Doctor came across the Prof. the next morning—at least his whitened bones—for his body had been picked clean except for a set of false dentures . . . the Lesser Pink-Eyed Cockchafer had run amok!

And now, who would have the courage and bravery, the guts and determination to try to recapture this unspeakable horror?

'Of course, chaps, I re-emphasize that the whole thing is completely voluntary.' Line after line of bright-eyed youths formed up with their

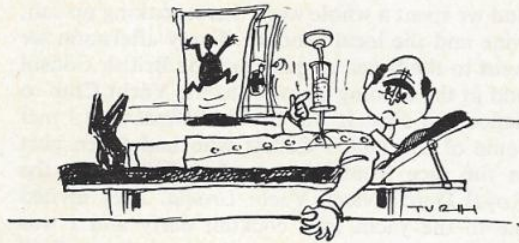
weapons at the ready, brens, stens, 12-bores, pitchforks, bicycle chains. . . . The wavering line surged forward, led by their Squadron Leader in his armoured car. They had strict orders to challenge first and ask questions afterwards, although only the Prof. knew what they were to challenge and he, poor soul, was dead.

Suddenly Carter-Jones shouted: 'Friend or Foe?' and, poor fool, was immediately cut down by a hail of fire from all directions.

Of course, the scrappy remnants of the Prof. and Carter-Jones were interred with full military honours, and that is just about where it all ended. But we never did find the little bug . . . , so if you

hear an ominous scratching at your door in the depths of the night, don't be a hero, leap out of your window and run like the wind.

S.R.M.



Escorting the Brest-Las Palmas Sail Race

OUR journey began from Plymouth in the ship, H.M.S. *Carron*, a newly refitted destroyer of the Dartmouth Training Squadron. Ahead of us there were many miles of ocean to be covered and many interesting ports of call.

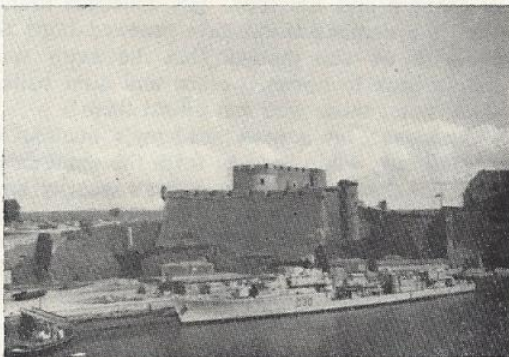
But first a word about *Carron* and her task. She is very much alive and bristling with some of the Navy's most modern training equipment; she is a vessel of some 2,000 tons and has a maximum speed of over 30 knots. Her task was to escort the National Sail Races, from Brest to Corunna, and from Brest to Las Palmas, in the Canary Islands.

We docked in Brest a little over 12 hours after we had sailed from Plymouth, the voyage being made overnight. Sleeping below decks was at first difficult; the noise from the ventilating system and the motion of the ship proved to be overpowering. Once we had found our sea legs, the rolling motion, the noise and the lack of

space seemed to encourage sleep. We found Brest uninspiring. It is an entirely new city, built upon the bombed foundations of the old city. In many parts one can still see shrapnel-scarred buildings and heaps of rubble, but one thing which is particularly prominent is the pride with which the inhabitants look upon their new city. I went to a cocktail party in the French Admiral's residence, and seemed a little out of place amongst all the dark blue uniforms and gold braid. After the party, a French Captain invited me to an excellent dinner in his flat along with two Dutch Naval Cadets. Having spent two and a half days in Brest we sailed as escort for the first race, that of the small yachts of under 50 tons bound for Corunna.

It was already hot, and this was only a fraction of the heat we were going to experience. We arrived in Corunna three days later, having made our debut on B.B.C. Television. We found Corunna most intriguing, and we experienced there our first taste of Spanish bread and wine. We found it necessary in some parts of the town to take a deep breath of fresh sea air before we dived in, but, once in, found it extremely difficult to hold our breath.

Spanish beauty at first sight seems irresistible, and the utmost care must be taken to cause no offence to the parents or the *novio*. After three days, it was time to put to sea again and leave some happy evenings behind. Ahead was the longest stretch of sea to be covered on the trip and it took just over four days to reach Las Palmas. *En route* we swam in uncharted depths, always keeping a wary look out for that deadly

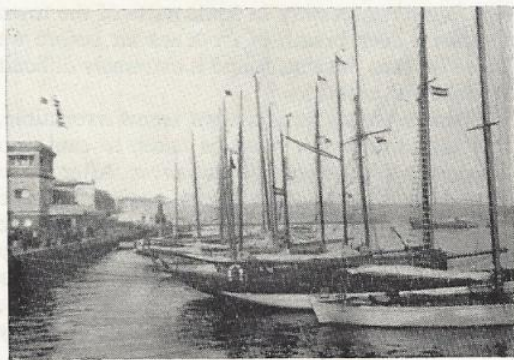


fin. The water had not only changed considerably in temperature but also in colour, being now a deep blue.

Las Palmas was to be the highlight of the trip, and we spent a whole week there, soaking up sun, wine and the local produce. Every afternoon we went to the beach as guests of the British Consul and in the evening we went to the Yacht Club to dance and dine. It was in Las Palmas that I met some of the Dutch Cadets who had taken part in the race from Brest to Las Palmas on the Royal Dutch Naval Yacht *Urania*. They invited me to the yacht to a cocktail party and I was introduced to Ginever, the most potent of all spirits. The Commander of the yacht asked if I would like to come on the small race between Las Palmas and the island of Tenerife with them, and so I said *adieu* to *Carron*.

Of the two islands, Tenerife and Coran Canaria, Coran Canaria seemed the more volcanic on the surface. Tenerife, with its capital of Santa Cruz, is the more beautiful in its natural scenery, but there are not the same beaches as we found in Las Palmas. We stayed there three days, and had festivities every night at the Yacht Club.

Urania belongs to the Royal Dutch Naval College at den Helder. She is a ketch of some 50 tons, and it took a few days to grow accustomed to the change from *Carron*. She was sailing to Plymouth via Ponta Delgada on the island of San Miguel in the Azores, in order to catch the westerly winds from the Azores. When we left Tenerife there were some 2,000 miles to be covered and I had by this time only three weeks of leave left. On the voyage from Tenerife we encountered north-easterly winds and made slow progress, covering the 700 miles in just over a week. There were ten cadets aboard, four officers and two sailors, and I made up the seventeenth member of the crew. One difference I noted immediately was the standard of food compared to *Carron*. The food aboard *Urania*,



even when battling against force 7 winds, was infinitely superior.

In Ponta Delgada we were taken on a tour of the island by the Dutch Consul, and having swum in the volcano crater we were then given a splendid tea at his house. Two days later I was still suffering from the effects of this tea, and since we had by this time put to sea again, for a day it took its toll of me. The winds on the final leg were very favourable, and it took *Urania* exactly a week to cover the 1,200 miles from Ponta Delgada to England.

We put in at Falmouth on a filthy evening about 9 o'clock, and moored alongside a Trinity House yacht. The elder brethren aboard were at dinner and it was a bit of a shock to them when they saw bearded oil-skinned figures clambering over the rails of their yacht, being unprepared for a boarding party at that hour of the night.

It was at Falmouth that I said good-bye to *Urania* and her crew, who were bound for den Helder and home.

R.M.

Military Comment

One member of 75 Entry, steeped in the history of his Service, after a visit to 3rd Hussars [sic], felt emboldened to report: 'We were introduced to the Squadron Leader' (rather an R.A.F. reflection, we thought). He was clearly not so well organized as one of his comrades, who usually contrived to have 'the Commanding Officer introduced to him.'

Another worthy of the same entry was constrained to report that: 'the afternoon was free, because the Army have Saturday afternoon off'; as opposed to all Saturday and all Sunday, it is presumed?

After attending the 1958 demonstration at the School of Infantry, Warminster, one character was delighted that 'it showed us, contrary to general Cranwell belief, that the Army is capable of thought and efficiency.' His colleague found that 'the demonstration gave renewed hope to those of us who thought that the Army was falling back to horses, women and hunt balls.' (D.S. note: those who can afford them!)

Attendance at a sister academy's manoeuvre on Salisbury Plain brought forth the omniscient criticism that 'if the Commander's security had been good, the unexpected would have been known about before it had happened.' A fellow sufferer on the same series of exercises handsomely conceded: 'As it was, we gained a lot of respect for the Infantryman and his task.' (D.S. note: he was right, the report was being marked!)

B.D.H.C.

Wave Soaring in Gliders

FLYING in mountain lee waves, sailplanes have reached the stratosphere, and above, over various parts of the world. At the present day the greatest height that has been reached is 44,500 ft. On this particular flight the sailplane was still rising at the rate of 700 ft/min. but was forced to leave the lift area as the maximum safe height without cabin pressurization had been reached.

It appears that flights of up to 100,000 ft. are possible in wave lift, and there are many indications that there are strong upcurrents even above this height. At the moment the main factor limiting the height to which sailplanes can soar is the lack of cabin pressurization. However, at the time of writing, there are two or more designs under construction which incorporate all the necessary refinements for stratospheric soaring.

It might be supposed that the effect of a hill or mountain range upon an airflow would be merely to bring about a change in the extent and intensity of turbulence. However, turbulence is essentially a disorganized type of flow whereas the airflow over such a mountain range is frequently deformed in a systematic manner, and may impose large vertical movements upon an aircraft without necessarily being turbulent. These vertical air currents over a hill normally extend to a mere 1,000 ft. above the crest. However, under certain conditions, when the air is stable and the wind speed increases with height, the influence of the hill is noticeable at prodigious heights. Frequently two or more waves are found on the downward side of the mountain.

Some kind of parallel may be seen in a fast-flowing river. A large, totally submerged boulder will cause a hump in the water above it. Downstream there will be a series of two or three more humps, with their associated troughs. These waves are stationary in relation to the banks of the river and so logically enough are known as standing waves. The more acute observer will notice that the distance between each successive crest is constant. In other words the wavelength is constant.

A torrent of stable air blowing across a range of mountains will, because it is stable, behave in much the same way as water. It will pour down the leeward slope until it contacts the ground, whereupon it will rebound and set up one or more standing waves downwind of the mountain. In water the height of the wave is limited by the

surface of the stream, but in the air there is no clearly defined ceiling to limit the magnitude of the wave. As a result the disturbance set up by the mountain can be transmitted to quite startling altitudes.

Most vertical currents in the air are capped by some form of cloud. In the case of thermal currents the cloud is known as cumulus, and in the case of waves it is commonly called lenticular, in view of its lens shape. These lenticular clouds can form at any height above about 2,000 ft. Pride of place among wave clouds goes to the 'mother-of-pearl' clouds. These are most commonly seen in Norway, mainly because there is a long range of high mountains lying across the west winds in northerly latitudes. These clouds have been reported from Scotland, Alaska and as far south as Silesia. The clouds themselves are so high, about 80,000-100,000 ft., that they are illuminated by the sun whilst the ground below is in darkness. They derive their name from the very bright bands of colour which they display, known as iridescence.

Wave clouds do not indicate the top of the wave and therefore there is no apparent reason why a suitably equipped glider should not be able to soar at these great heights. Bearing in mind the height of the mother-of-pearl clouds it seems possible that such a machine could ascend up to and above 100,000 feet. Building a suitable glider would be expensive but there are two designs under construction at the moment. The main problems which the designer has to face are:

- (1) Temperature.
- (2) Pressurization.
- (3) Turbulence.
- (4) Performance.

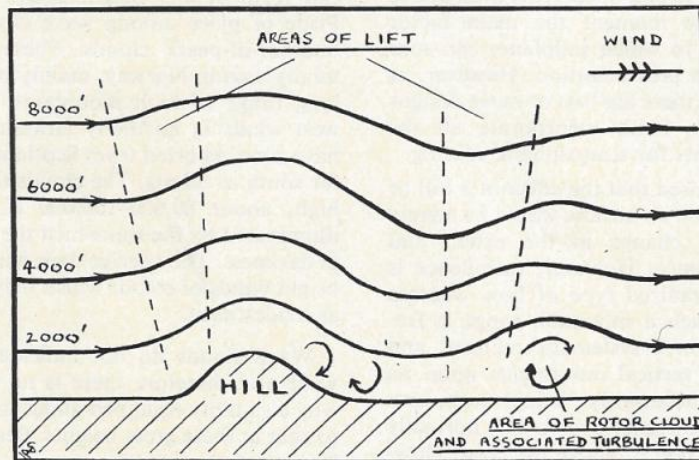
At these vast heights the temperature can be as low as -80°C . The designer has no power plant in the glider to provide a source of heating, and so he has to introduce some form of electrical apparatus to do this task instead. The problem is involved because not only have the pilot and observer to be kept warm but the whole cockpit must be heated, and provision made for demisting. If the second point is not catered for then the pilot would have to fly blind. And if the first point was also overlooked he would find his

instruments inoperative because of the intense cold.

The pressurization problem is the most difficult one to overcome. Above about 40,000 ft. the pressure breathing oxygen equipment is no longer satisfactory and the cabin must be pressurized to correspond to the pressure at some lower and more comfortable altitude. The pressurization systems at present under development employ liquid oxygen boilers or compressed gas to provide the pressure in the cabin. The main problem is to seal the cabin effectively against loss of air, otherwise an excessive supply of air will

the normal glider, which is stressed for $+8g$ to $-3\frac{1}{2}g$.

All the above requirements for heating, pressurization and structural strength entail adding considerable weight to the machine, to the detriment of performance. In order that the glider may have the required powers of penetration against a strong wind at height and have a sinking speed low enough to enable it to use the weak upcurrents at these heights it has been calculated that the wing span will have to be in excess of 80 ft. The two designs at present in the early production phase have spans of 80 ft. and 120 ft.



have to be carried. A further important problem in connection with the air system is the disposal of water vapour and carbon dioxide exhaled by the crew. The suggested method to overcome this entails passing the cabin air over a drying agent, such as silica gel, and through NaOH so that the carbon dioxide will be absorbed to form NaCO_3 .

The upcurrent associated with the wave itself is smooth, but in the lower regions there are areas of extreme turbulence (see diagram). It is not uncommon for power aircraft flying in these regions to record $+4$ to $+6g$ and -2 or $-3g$ on the accelerometer. In one instance a glider stressed for $10g$ broke up in the rotor cloud associated with the turbulence and the pilot landed by parachute! Investigation of the wreckage showed that the machine had been subjected to $15g$. It is therefore obvious that the pilot must avoid the area around the rotor cloud and as a safeguard the machine must be built stronger than

The size of these machines introduces considerable ground handling problems. However, unless glider pilots suddenly lose all their enthusiasm this should prove to be no real problem.

As can be seen the problems of high altitude gliding are many but already solutions have been formulated. Given sufficient financial support there is no reason why a stratospheric sailplane should not be built and flown within two years. Such a machine could ascend to heights where man has hardly ventured, and with its lack of noise and low flying speed it could be used as some form of meteorological platform to measure such things as upper air movements, temperature and cosmic radiation. The cost? Initially about £20,000, but it will have an operating cost well below that of a power aircraft, and certainly cheaper than rockets or balloons which can be used only once.

J. D.

Brussels Expo' '58

FOUR members of the Geographical Society paid a short visit to the Brussels World Exhibition last August on the way to a holiday on the French Riviera.

Visible for miles around and towering above the centre of the exhibition the atomium expresses the boldness of an epoch in which man is face to face with a destiny linked with the most terrifying secrets of the universe. In building the atomium, the promoters have endeavoured to demonstrate the potentialities of metal.

The atomium represents an elementary crystal of metal enlarged 150,000 million times. The nine spheres contain large air-conditioned halls. At night luminous points travel round the spheres to depict the movement of electrons around the nucleus of the atom. Of the six spheres open to the public the top one contains a restaurant and the others contain exhibitions and a Brasserie.

Of the numerous countries taking part in the exhibition there is only space to describe the exhibits of one or two.

The largest pavilion is that of the U.S.S.R. and it is in the shape of a parallelepiped. In it the



The Russian Pavilion

U.S.S.R. seeks to show the life of its peoples, their economic and cultural progress, and the improvement in living conditions. Throughout the hall are huge statues of Russian statesmen and women, which tend to give the visitor a 'Big Brother is watching you' complex, so that one is almost fearful of expressing an opinion. Around the walls are engraved the most flagrant pieces of hypocritical propaganda imaginable, and the visitor leaves the pavilion with an immense feeling of gratitude for the freedom of the West.

The United States of America pavilion is one of the world's largest circular constructions, its dimensions approximating to those of the Coliseum in Rome.

To help to know them better the Americans present scenes familiar in their way of life. The visitor also sees the progress achieved in the social, scientific and industrial fields. Cinerama is demonstrated on a screen of 360°, and adjoining the main pavilion, in a theatre that seats 1,000 persons, programmes covering the entire field of cultural activities can be watched.

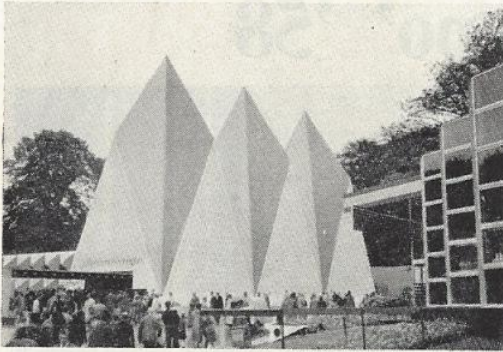
'Research for the good of Humanity' is roughly the theme of the scientific presentation exhibit, which ranges from the peaceful uses of atomic energy, taking in developments in the field of automation, to the struggle against such national calamities as floods, tempests, etc.

In the American pavilion the visitor realizes how America lives; he meets her people, visits her cities and admires her landscapes.

An outstanding technical achievement, the French pavilion of 14,352 square yards is balanced on only one point. The construction itself offers a quite original solution to the problems of equilibrium and possibly indicates a future trend of architecture.



The Atomium



The British Pavilion

The exhibit follows man in the various aspects of his daily existence—at work, in heavy industry, at a craft, in the factory and on the farm, and at leisure, in the home, at community gatherings and as a citizen of the nation.

The pavilion of the 'City of Paris,' built on the same architectural principles as those employed for the main building, conjures up the charm and prestige of the capital.

The British pavilion can be recognized by its three unusual prism-shaped towers, and although it is relatively small it is one of the most popular

and most interesting pavilions at the exhibition.

The panoply of colourful and time-honoured traditions is displayed and contrasts with the strange sights of the atomic age on view. The pure and applied sciences can be seen, and also a panorama shows, in a light-hearted and animated manner, the British people at work and enjoying their favourite pastimes.

The route to the British Industries section leads through shaded gardens in which displays dealing with cultural and leisure time subjects throw an attractive light on British life. The industrial section is sponsored by the Federation of British Industries and covers an amazing range of industrial products.

The two 'pubs' where, the guide book says, 'English beer and the democratic atmosphere which goes with it may be enjoyed' are so typically chaotic, that leaning on the bar with a pint in one hand the visitor might be in any village pub in England.

It would take months to tour the exhibition properly, and after a few days the four footsore members of the expedition retired thankfully to the sunshine of the Mediterranean with memories of a quite fantastic exhibition, and the equally wonderful but expensive night-clubs of Brussels.

A Sociological Survey

An enquiry into the antecedents of Flight Cadets

THE writer has made a short study of the schools attended by those members of 74 to 78 Entries at the College at the beginning of this term. The main result has been the discovery that flight cadets come from a very wide range of educational backgrounds—the 251 flight cadets attended the large number of 183 different schools. In fact a majority (138) of those at the College are the sole representatives of their old schools.

Comparisons between schools are extremely difficult, perhaps impossible, and it is hard to form any definite idea of what a 'public school' is. I have adopted the most widely accepted criterion—membership of the Headmasters' Conference—although this body has at least 35 headmasters of grammar schools amongst its 200 members. 151 flight cadets attended Headmasters' Conference schools—60.1 per cent—and 100 (39.9 per cent) other schools.

This makes an interesting comparison with the 257 members of No. 21 Intake of the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst. Including the Army's own public school, Welbeck College,

76.3 per cent of them went to public schools. The two schools with the best-known Service reputations—Eton and Wellington—provided 22 of this number whilst they provided Cranwell with only two.

Cranwell surely has a positive advantage over Sandhurst in that its members come from a wider variety of origins.

The following list shows those schools which have two or more old boys at Cranwell:

- 7 ... St Edward's School, Oxford.
- 6 ... No. 1 School of Technical Training, R.A.F. Halton.
- 5 ... Canford School.
- 4 ... Sherborne School; Gordonstoun.
- 3 ... Birkenhead School; Exeter School; Haberdashers' Aske's School; Haileybury and I.S.C.; K.C.S., Wimbledon; Peter Symond's School, Winchester; Taunton School.
- 2 ... Berkhamsted School; Brentwood School; Charterhouse; Clifton College; Cranleigh School; Dover College; Dulwich College; Eastbourne College;

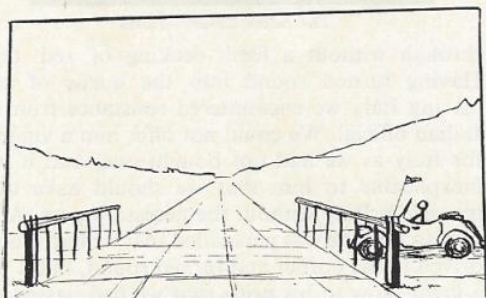
Fettes College; Framlingham College; Hardye's School, Dorchester; Hymer's College, Hull; King Edward School, Birmingham; Oundle School; Radley College; Reading School; Repton School; Rossall School; St Dunstan's School, Catford; St Paul's School; Victoria College, Jersey; Whitgift

School; Alexander G.S., Singapore; Bournemouth School; Churchers College, Petersfield; Edinburgh R.H.S.; Harrow C.G.S.; Palmerston North Boys' H.S., New Zealand; Pinner C.G.S.; Queen's Royal College, Trinidad; Wandsworth S.G.S.; Wimbledon College.

Leave in France

ALTHOUGH the Brussels Exposition 1958 had much of interest to offer, we found that the two-day stay had left us not only footsore, but also out of pocket. Accordingly we headed south throughout a day of driving rain, trusting that the Riviera's sunshine would not prove to be mythical.

The journey to the south was planned to take three days, with one-night stands by the roadside



The Inherent Dangers . . .

for eating and camping. A forced halt was made in Auxerre for a temporary repair to the car springs, and we were glad to escape from the youth hostel, whose buildings and warden were both in the last stages of decay.

The remainder of the journey to the south coast was uneventful—apart from the inherent dangers of driving on French roads. At one stage we witnessed the scene of a recent accident in which a caravan had been split in two. The distraught occupants were attempting to gather some of their belongings which had been scattered all over the road. An impassive crowd of some hundred or so motorists stood by, muttering and discussing the accident. There were no police, no ambulances, and the onlookers made no attempt to extend their sympathies to an offer of help. The French seem comparatively inured to disaster on the roads.

Once the Côte-d'Or had been crossed we

followed the *Route Nationale 7*, which runs along the broad Rhône-Saône Valley as far as Avignon, before turning south-east for Aix-en-Provence and the coast. All the way along this road the weather was becoming hotter and hotter. It was



Monte Carlo

as if one entered a different land—a land that was baked and parched, where rain had not fallen for six weeks, where the olive and cork oak replace the trees found farther north, and where there is a marked absence of green grass.

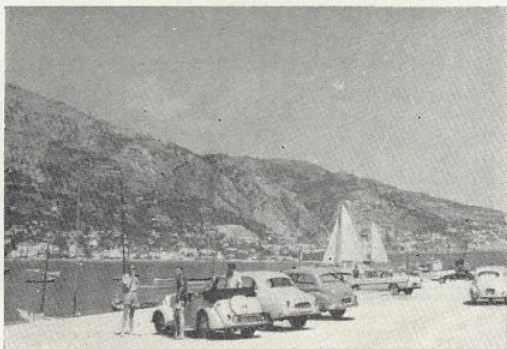
Having encountered an English party who recommended St Aygulf for a pleasurable stay, we motored direct to this resort, only to find



Base Camp

'complet' signs displayed outside the camp site. The more fashionable resorts of the Riviera became our choice. It was not that we had any claim to being fashionable at this juncture, but Nice would after all afford a reasonable selection of popular distractions. We therefore left St Aygulf and motored eastwards along the Corniche-d'Or from St Raphael to Cannes, a truly beautiful road running along the foot of the Esterel mountains. A camp was at length established not too far from the beach at a point halfway between Nice and Antibes. Amongst other attractions the site offered 'douches, lavabos, épicerie, bar et un accueil sympathique.' One is never quite sure what a sympathetic welcome might constitute, but in this case the representation was purely innocent.

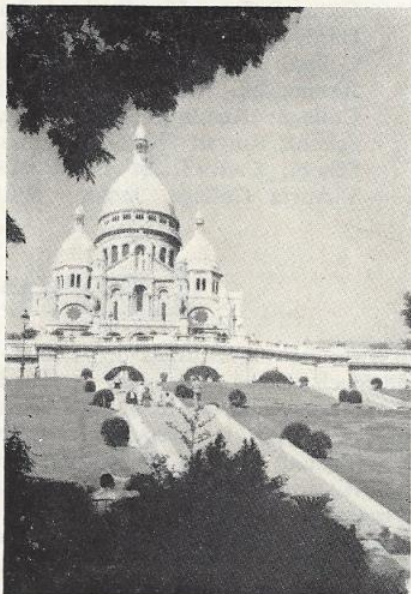
This then was to serve as a base camp, and for the next 12 days life was taken very leisurely. One thought of a time just 12 months past.



Menton

Survival camp seemed strangely fictitious. We began to question its very existence. Was it real or but a figment of imagination? A bad dream perhaps. Visits to Cannes yielded no *Sunday Pictorial*-style glimpses of recumbent film stars. The little hinterland town of Grasse unveiled some of the magic and mystery which is hidden in the production of perfumes. On entering the Fragonard 'distillery' (is that really the correct word?) we were seized by a young lady who spoke voluble English, and conducted on a rapid and breathless tour of various exotically scented passages.

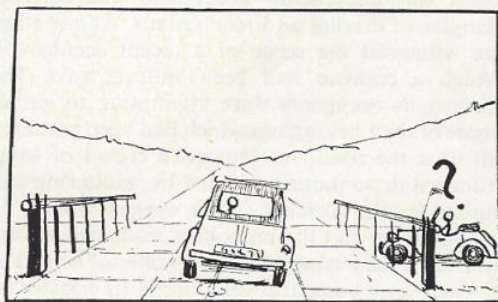
Having been advised that favourable exchange rates were to be obtained over the Italian border, we motored there along the Corniche Supérieure with its beautiful views above Monaco, Monte Carlo and Menton. With two passports between the four of us we succeeded in leaving France and entering the Italian checkpoint. Lack of passports appeared immaterial, but the car could not go



The Sacré Coeur—Paris

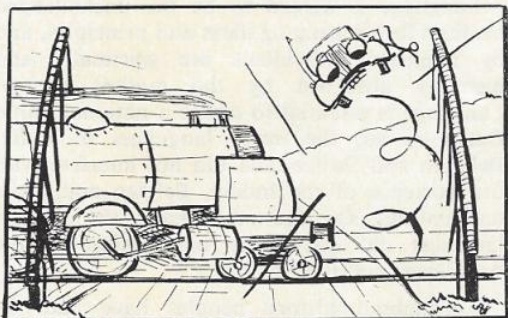
through without a fresh decking of red tape. Having turned round into the queue of cars leaving Italy we encountered resistance from an Italian official. We could not offer him a vignette for Italy as we had not bought one, and it was inexplicable to him that we should have been touring in Italy without the necessary pass. After half an hour he was persuaded that we had merely driven to the border and turned round, but it was a great blow to his pride that we had passed the French control and yet had no desire to visit his 'beautiful country.'

Despite gallant attempts to supplement our finances at the Boule table of the Municipal Casino, the cash ran low at the end of a fortnight and it was time to return. All losers at the casinos reminisce about the Russian Admiral who many years ago lost his personal fortune at the gaming tables. The next night he came ashore from the



... of Driving on ...

fleet which was anchored off Monte Carlo. He lost the entire payroll of the fleet and began to plead with casino officials to return the money. Politely they explained that if the Admiral had won they would not expect him to reimburse the casino. Facing ruin and disgrace on his return to Russia the Admiral appeared the following morning at 1100 hours with an ultimatum. If he did not return by 1200 hours his guns would open fire and destroy Monaco and Monte Carlo. Of



... French Roads

course he could not return without his money, and the story goes that the casino reluctantly returned all his losses.

The route back was similar to that on the outward journey. Paris was reached in three days, and we camped there for several days in the Bois de Boulogne. Visits were made to the magnificent edifices of Notre Dame and the Sacré Coeur. One felt, however, that the 'tourist racket' was all too apparent in Notre Dame. Other attractions drew our attention, but these had scarcely any religious significance. The 'Boule Noire' in Montmartre springs to mind. Everywhere the police seemed to be in an uneasy, almost truculent, mood. Renewed Algerian nationalist activities had prompted the police to carry sten guns, and police vans were rounding up groups of Algerians throughout the night. Such slogans as '*Paix en Algérie*,' '*Algérie Française*' and '*Non à de Gaulle*,' were to be seen almost everywhere.

Because of the lack of space in the car we decided to leave our souvenir hunting until the last day in Paris. Not wishing to leave without some form of bottled merchandise we searched a small wine shop near the Bois de Boulogne. Every conceivable drink was to be found on the shelves and racks around the wall, and tucked away in one corner we found it—a wine bottle bearing the name '*Entre Deux Mers*.' And the price? Did you say 1s. 7d. a glass? No, 3s. a bottle!

Read "Film Fun" for summaries of the plots of the latest great films

NO. I—LOW LINE SHOOT

THE day was wet, though not so wet as this story. Wing Commander Roy Smudge, author of the text book *Fly it Yourself*, best seller in the popular 'The Last Thing You Do' series, paced up and down his room because, in wet weather when his tin leg itched, this action helped him with his self-discipline. On dry days he always flew several aeroplanes line abreast. This activity kept him from remembering that once when he was younger and only had one aeroplane with inadequate wing loading, he had flown it through Grimy Grantchester's window. Grimy was his Commanding Officer, and was, at that time, having tea and sympathy with crumpets. As a result of that occasion (I pass briefly over this part of the business. You pass, too? Good—three no-trumps!) Grimy had a son. This son was called Grantchester after his father, and several people called after his mother, but she was out that day. Young Grantchester saw several advertisements in the newspapers about places to go to, and went to the one where Wing Commander Smudge was.

When he got there he had a long talk with a

flight sergeant who told him why they advertised the place in the papers and found him a nice little aeroplane to sleep in till the rain stopped. Wing Commander Smudge, as I mentioned in the first paragraph, was pacing up and down the room because he had stooped to Folly. He patted Folly on the head, gave him a biscuit, went down to the hangar, woke up Grantchester, and told him about his daddy. Grantchester was so excited at being spoken to by a wing commander in that way that he accidentally pressed a little button and the aeroplane took straight off for Germany because it had been there before. The wing commander had not finished his story about Grimy Grantchester so he got into another aeroplane, pressed a button, and followed. When he got near Grantchester he flew right up close to him so that he could go on with his story about Grimy and the crumpets.

This story may sound puerile to you. It does to me. Perhaps it will turn out better as a film script.

S.L.

Some Glimpses into Nationalism

THE European Nationalisms were condemned by the communists because, some time ago, nationalism was the policy of European governments which were not truly representative of their peoples. Those governments threw aside the people's interests. Backed by the Church, land-owners and industrialists had led their people to an unhappy fate. Non-communists also had little faith in nationalism when it assumed aggressive forms as in Germany and Italy. But in a civilized world that sort of nationalism will not survive. There are a great number of nations which have suffered and fought very hard for freedom. Having tasted the two extremes of freedom and slavery, they will be in a position to respect and appreciate other nations' struggles for freedom.

The modern theory of nationalism claims that its factors are race, language, history, geographical unity, religion, and common interests. The term 'race' is no longer accepted in the present age, and no nation could claim that she belongs to a particular blood. The Arabs have rejected the idea of a racial factor since the beginning of Islam. The conquering Arabs had been told that they could differentiate between men only in terms of decency, disregarding nationality.

When race is discussed as a factor productive of civilization it is assumed that there are certain relations between physical and spiritual characteristics. In the Western theory the physical characteristics are mainly colour and the shape of the face. Early in the 19th century a French aristocrat assumed that the Nordic man descended from an imaginary Indo-European race which brought forth the religion of Zarathustra and Buddha, and to whom the artistic genius of Greece and the political genius of Rome was related. The German philologists improved the Indo-European concept to an Indo-German one. The origin of this race was located in the dominions of the King of Prussia.

Whereas the Western theory propagandists insist on fair skin as the mark of racial superiority, the Japanese use a different test. It so happened that the Japanese bodies are free from hair, and at the same time a primitive society called the 'hairy Ainu' lived in the north of their country. The Japanese assume hairlessness as a mark of racial superiority, and they believe hairlessness to be a sign that a man is further removed from his

cousin the ape. These theories are baseless, for all nations have contributed to civilization, the amount depending on the historical period and the geographical conditions. On this basis it is explained why tropical societies were the only ones which did not pretend racial superiority.

Language is agreed to be the unchallenged medium for exchanging ideas and principles, and by language individuals are spiritually and mentally absorbed by the mother society. Language is essential to create a national unity. But even so, the many languages in India, Belgium and Switzerland did not interfere with the existence of the Indian, Belgian and Swiss nationalities. On the other hand the English language did not make one nation of the Americans and the British.

Throughout history peoples have had the opportunity to intermingle, become absorbed by each other and, as a result, to unite their culture and build up their traditions. Arabs and Turks lived together for five centuries but they maintained their own characteristics. On the other hand the U.S.A. is not more than three centuries old, but the American national unity is a fact. China and Russia are by no means geographical unities, but those vast areas did not deny the growth of the Chinese and Russian nationalists.

Religion was not an obstacle in the way of nationalisms. It could not stop the Indian unity, but also it did not unite Greece and Bulgaria, who believed in the same religion and denomination. Last but not least, there are common interests. This factor could have played a great part in the unity of the U.S.A. in her early days, and it is playing an important role in the development of Arabic nationalism which is confronted by the internationalism of Islam. There are, however, some examples of common interests providing a source of strife. The River Danube passes through many countries, but instead of using it to the best interest, the governments concerned dispute over it.

If nationalism cannot be limited to any of these factors, what is it then? It is a kind of love. The love of a man for his country and people. It could develop from a few or from many of these factors. It is not a mere emotionalism, but it is mixed with a sense of duty and responsibility towards a particular society.

M.T.W.

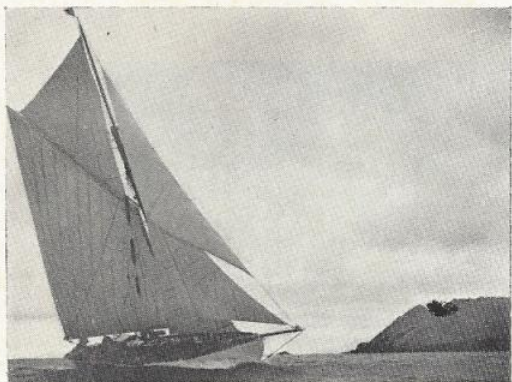
Nicolette

or

ISLE DE BATZ OR BUST

THE party finally arrived at Salcombe on Saturday afternoon and chaos reigned supreme as food, luggage and bodies were loaded into the launch *Shamrock* which was to ferry us out to *Nicolette*.

On board, when our kit had been stowed, it transpired that during the night the anchor had dragged and coping with the emergency Sue had unluckily fouled the propeller with an anchor buoy rope. Then came the moment of truth—none of us felt that the waters of Salcombe estuary were fit for swimming. An



inspired 'Al' suggested that Mike Furniss on board the *Provident* was an expert diver and 'Flick,' eyeing the icy brine, readily backed him up. Much to the amazement of both, Mike was located and with a heroic effort freed the screw. He was revived from his frozen state by liberal tots of a de-icing fluid which the Jamaicans have patented.

'Al,' meanwhile, had disappeared in pursuit of the offending buoy which was drifting with the strong tide. Having retrieved it he turned the dinghy, aptly named *Saucer*, towards *Nicolette*. However, he was horrified to note that she appeared to be several miles away and that the speed of the *Saucer* was being cancelled very cunningly by the flow of the spring tide. Twenty minutes later he appeared alongside and found that by unanimous decision, in view of his recent practice, he was best qualified to row Mike back to the *Provident*.

At 0830 hours on Sunday the 17th we staggered out of our bunks nursing cracked pates—painful evidence of our first night in a restricted space! The morning was spent stowing gear until Bill arrived on board with Brenda and Maggie, the former being a stowaway for one night. In the afternoon the anchor was weighed and with Sue at the helm we proceeded seaward, however, the tide was still too low and we turned about and sailed back up the estuary. At the next attempt we crossed the bar and headed out to sea for a trial run up to Dartmouth.

Monday the 18th the stowaway was dropped, water, food and tobacco were taken on board and with all sail set we ran downstream bound for France.

The crew stayed on deck that day until 2100 hours and, leaving Stan and Maggie till midnight, they turned in. Going on watch at twelve Maurice and 'Al,' fortified with coffee, found it a wonderful night. The intensity of the phosphorescence was so exceptional that shoals of fish could be followed 30 yards out from the bow.

The next day we were becalmed early on so the motor was started and the course was South-westerly. At midday the wind freshened and under sail again we went about on a starboard tack for the Isle de Batz. About 1630 hours the lighthouse on the island was sighted—a perfect landfall! Rounding up the lee of the island we anchored for the night. The glass was steady, the wind had increased to gale force and it was



nerve-racking to think what would happen if the anchor had dragged. The rocks along the Brittany coast looked very jagged and menacing.

The following morning we went ashore at Roscoff, Sue, Maggie, 'Al' and 'Flick' to do battle with the local shopkeepers in order to replenish the depleted stocks of foodstuffs. The afternoon was spent getting *Nicolette* shipshape and in the evening the whole crew went ashore to l'Oceanic and enjoyed a somewhat hilarious banquet consisting of the most improbable dishes on the menu. 'Mac' waged a losing battle against a very strong and healthy Jerusalem artichoke.

On Thursday morning most of the crew went ashore, leaving 'Al' and Bill on board coping with beautiful visitors on holiday from Paris. 'Vive la France!' Casting off, we eventually set sail for England at 1430 hours. Maurice,

apparently suffering from the effects of a heavy French meal, retired to the after cabin to try to sleep it off.

On the northward run to England we had the best sailing of the trip. At 1830 hours on Friday, since the water was too low to enter Salcombe, we dropped 'Mac' and 'Al' overboard in the dinghy so that they could photograph *Nicolette* in full sail. The crew, including two very wet photographers, then dropped anchor in Star Hole Bay for the night.

On Saturday morning we entered the harbour under power and cleared the very suspicious customs who seemed to take a keen interest in *Nicolette's* bilges. The ravenous crew then bade their farewells and wended their various ways home—the end of the cruise.

F.N.H. ('Flick')
J.N.P. ('Al')



As Others See Us

Report: Galactic Space Observer XNBG. DGL. 746

Section: SUN/EARTH/ISOSCELES ISLAND Language—English/Report 3

I FOUND, on a small plain on the eastern half of Isosceles Island, an interesting colony where some advance had been made, in a limited form, towards Discip-Intel-Mech training. But no full integration was found. We might, however, watch this spot for future developments if we should be using planospheres in the Sun area. I append some notes for future observers.

(1) No real Intel-Mech co-ordination. Machines housed in separate buildings called hangars. Take no part in social life of Intel Units. Only visited by pilots during day hours. Machines regarded with certain amount of fear at night. Not fed at night. Kept behind steel doors, but seem content to remain passive.

(2) Main danger to us seems to arise from Unit known as Flight Sergeant Discip. Strange that these training commanders of mobile mass formations are not always thought of with high

respect. They have succeeded in improvising several small competitive groups which possess considerable muscular cohesion and which move adequately as a unit—but the idea has not been fully developed, or indeed attempted at all, in other departments. In fact these units seem to break up at the departure of the Flight Sergeant.

(3) Sometimes, on the evening of the sixth day, there is a form of spontaneous combustion, but this is by no means a continuous activity.

(4) There is also a periodic function called 'Passing Out' (a strange phrase). Then there is more cohesion of the mass of units. Both Intel and Mech units take part, but the Mech units are no longer integrated once dusk has fallen. Indeed the Mech units are not even refuelled after this hour. But the Intel units refuel frequently and thus attain a considerable strike potential. S.L.

As it was, is now, and . . .

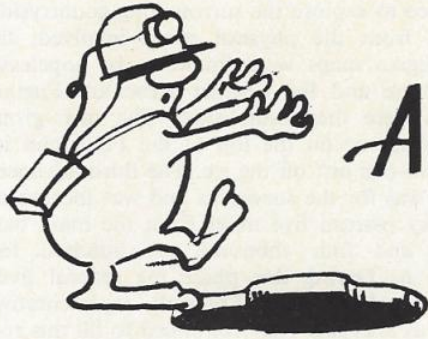
A page from the diary of a bald-headed
Flying Officer

(Ancient history with apologies to all under thirty)

- | | | | |
|-----------|---|-----------|--|
| 0330 | Received Form D (Operation order). | 0531 | Much disturbed by 'B' Flight pilots going on first readiness. Mentioned this. |
| 0335 | Rang Group Teleprinters to discover why D Form was in Russian. | 0532 | Rudely tipped out of bed by rough pilots. |
| 0336-0345 | Some badinage. | 0533-0540 | Period of peace. |
| 0500 | Received corrected Form D. Time of take-off 0700 hours. | 0541-0544 | Period of panic. Discovered that telephone had been disconnected in undignified bed scrimmage. |
| 0501-0520 | Rang C.O., Officers' Mess, Sergeants' Mess, Flights, Armament, Kitchens, etc. | 0545-0546 | Recovered dignity and poise and answered telephone. |
| 0521 | Took Flight Commander's dog for short walk outside dispersal. Regretted that Flight Commanders always had dogs. | 0547 | C.O. about difficulty of keeping in touch with telephones not working. Lost dignity and poise. |
| 0525 | Rang Met. Talked about the weather. Girl had a nice voice. Pity they have to keep such awkward hours. | 0548 | Remembered three weeks' course for temporary gentlemen and decided to dress as an officer. |
| 0530 | Rang Met. Spoken to rudely by rough man. | 0550 | Found a pair of the Flight Commander's |

- best blue trousers and a sweater marked American Comforts Fund. Pilots only. Donned sweater. Found note in sleeve. 'Dear English Pilot, I am a lonely girl and here in Texas where I live it is so lonely. I think of you pushing your curly hair through the neck of this new sweater. . . .'
- 0558 Rubbed bald spot and filed letter under Disposition of Enemy Forces—where I keep mess bar orders and receipts.
- 0600–0630 Busy on telephone. Answered some decidedly awkward questions about the war—particularly about the morning's operations.
- 0631 Had cup of tea and interesting talk with Flight Sergeant. He told me quite a lot about some cunning gentlemen who wore bowler hats and striped trousers who worked with some people called Rolls-Royce. He explained that these gentlemen did not know what the word 'serviceability' meant to him at 6 o'clock in the morning. I thought myself it was quite a long word, but he used some short ones as well.
- 0635–0640 Tried out some of the words and phrases I had learnt over tea with the Flight Sergeant.
- 0642 The C.O. arrived. Looked at the Form D again. Very interesting. Apparently we were to be high escort over Dungeness for some light bombers bombing the submarine pens at St Nazaire. C.O. rang Group.
- 0648 Lent the C.O. some of the words and phrases the Flight Sergeant had told me.
- 0650–0700 Listened to C.O. telephoning various people—using all the words I had lent him and some more.
- 0701 Telephone from Group. Operation postponed. C.O. departed still using the words I had lent him.
- 0703 Rang all the people I had rung before telling them that things were not as they had been before. Some interesting conversations.
- 0715 Remembered three weeks' course for temporary gentlemen and decided to shave for Churchill's sake. Borrowed some hot water and asked if running-up of engines could be stopped so that I could shave like Mr Eden. Impossible because of war effort. Hoped the chocks would stay near the wheels till I'd done the tricky bit under my left ear.
- 0720 Told my telephone was ringing. Finished left side of face. Wing Commander at Group to speak to C.O. Told him C.O. was in the bath.
- 0722 Rang C.O. to inform him I had informed Group that he was in the bath. The C.O. was in the bath. He passed back some of the phrases I had lent him.
- 0730 Group rang to say Operation might be on two hours later.
- 0732 Rang C.O., Flights, Messes, Armament, Kitchens, etc., to say that, on the one hand the Operation might be on, and on the other hand it might not be. Phrased this very clearly but had some interesting conversations. Learnt another new word.
- 0740 Met. rang with some information about winds and weather over northern Europe. Said I would not want any wind or weather for about an hour and then I might want some, but, on the other hand, I might not. Phrased this very clearly and had some interesting conversation. Met. not so interesting as A. & R. conversation though.
- 0750 Remembered three weeks' disciplinary course about how to use a knife and fork. Filled mouth with chicken from box marked Pilots Comforts Canadian.
- 0751 Group rang. I answered. Group asked why I was using Scrambler. Took chicken from mouth and indicated that I was not now using Scrambler. Group said Operation now cancelled.
- 0800–0830 Rang C.O., Flights, Messes, Armament, etc., to say Operation now cancelled. Some interesting conversations.
- 0845 Rang Met. Was answered by rude man with rough voice. Very disappointed. Said in my Wing Commander Planning voice that I would not be needing weather after all. Expressed disapproval of this and that. An interesting conversation. I said his line was not very clear. Asked him to repeat the phrase, 'I cannot eat my currant bun.' He did. I told him what he could do with it.
- 0900 Shaved right half of face. Settled down to work. Remembered I was Squadron Bar Officer. Started to ring up brewery for more beer. Remembered that new Station Commander did not approve of separate squadron bars.
- 0915 Rang up brewery furtively.

S.L.



ACTIVITIES



Hearts of Oak

ON 16th August Senior Under Officer T. V. Spencer, Senior Flight Cadet C. M. Furniss and Flight Cadet R. E. Johns arrived at Salcombe for a week's cruise with the Island Cruising Club. Before an hour had passed one of the trio was a casualty. At the request of a distressed maiden the Sub-Aqua Club representative had dived to unfoul a propeller and in the course of the operation fouled himself.

The other dozen members of the crew introduced themselves that night and the skipper announced the destination as the Scilly Isles. After an hour's sail drill next morning *Provident* put to sea and under overcast skies proceeded in the general direction of Falmouth. The ten hours' sailing was uneventful and Helsford Creek was the anchorage for the night. On arrival boats were lowered and a course steered for 'The Fisherman.' One solitary Cranwellian ordering a dozen pints received a dubious look from the barman who had not seen the other eleven thirsty seafarers anchor themselves outside.

The Scilly Isles plan was thwarted next day by widespread gale warnings, so apart from the normal routine of swabbing decks, peeling potatoes and cleaning brass the day was spent sampling Cornish brews and cream teas. In the early evening S.U.O. Spencer and S.F.C. Furniss decided to fish from a dinghy, and after three hours' effort hoisted inboard an oversized minnow which fell easy prey to the ship's cat during the night.

Despite ominous weather forecasts our intrepid skipper and mate decided to leave next morning. The not-so-fearless crew carried out their bidding, but all fears proved groundless to those with stronger stomachs. As they were in the minority



all creatures living under the sea in the Penzance area had rice, potatoes and chocolate sauce for supper; not an appetising mixture, but we were led to believe that a fish's stomach lacks the frailties of a human being's. A most impressive example of nautical ingenuity occurred when safely inside Penzance harbour, for the skipper had a dinghy filled with water and placed on the starboard side of the boat. To the lubbers this seemed inexplicable until the tide ebbed and we were left on the mud but with a firm list against the harbour wall.

Wednesday was a miserable day. A few brave souls went to St. Michael's Mount despite the rain, and just before sailing we suffered our second casualty. Our cook, eloquently described in a newspaper article as 'an attractive looking pirate with a black patch in the stern of her jeans,'

chopped a finger when aiming at a chunk of lard with a carving knife. However, this was soon patched up, and under overcast skies *Provident* sailed forth into a heavy swell. We continued through the night with a noticeable lack of volunteers to brew up in the galley for the next watch.

The following afternoon, in pleasant conditions, S.U.O. Spencer hooked two mackerel. The cook rid us of any doubts about feminine weakness by hacking off a head and gutting one in a minute flat. Fowey was reached soon afterwards and a most pleasant evening was spent in 'The King of Prussia,' a pub named after a notorious Cornish smuggler.

Our last day dawned early. We sailed on the ebb tide at 6 a.m. and in flat calm conditions motored most of the way to Salcombe which we entered in the afternoon. Apart from a most potent party that evening, our week was finished. To any flight cadets looking for an instructive and entertaining leave activity, a week with the Island Cruising Club is thoroughly recommended.

R.E.J.

Norped 1958

Early in August a party of 45 officers and officer cadets embarked in H.M.S. *Acute* at Dartmouth and sailed for Norway. Most of the members were from the three Royal Naval Colleges at Dartmouth, Greenwich and Manadon, with a representative from Sandhurst and one from Cranwell. It had been originally planned to hold an expedition in Iceland to carry out survey and meteorological work. For obvious reasons it was considered unsafe to land an unarmed naval party on the island. And so the expedition was sent to Norway instead.

After a fortnight's free holiday in North Wales the previous year Flight Cadet Barlow was not particularly worried at the thought of mountains and ice caps, but four days in an over-cramped minesweeper positively frightened him. Fortunately the sea remained calm and the captain ensured that everyone was kept fully occupied. In addition to navigating the ship the members had to convert it into a sailing ship, make a trawl and use it, and cook the lunches for the Wardroom. In a fairly strong wind the ship did 5 knots under sail and the total catch after an hour's trawling was two jelly fish.

A base camp was established at Valdai, well away from civilization. The expedition was divided into five 'fires,' two to survey, one for meteorology and two for general duties. While the survey and met. groups were preparing their equipment the other two trekked off into the

distance to explore the surrounding countryside. Apart from the physical effort involved, the Norwegian maps were found to be hopelessly inaccurate and the weather atrocious. Further camps were then established. The met. group had two, one on the top of the Folgefohn ice cap and one just off the ice. The third advanced camp was for the surveyors and was located on a rocky plateau five miles from the main base camp and four thousand six hundred feet above it. During this phase the general fives, which included the Cranwell representative, acted as Sherpas. They continued to fill this role throughout the expedition to keep the advanced camps supplied with food and fuel.

The basic diet consisted of porridge, dehydrated vegetables, high-fat bars, and cheese and biscuits. There was a generous chocolate issue to keep you going through the day. After three weeks of this food even an R.A.S.C. Composition ration appeared to be delicious. About four of these 'Compos,' which last a day for ten men, were issued to each five during the five weeks in Norway.

The expedition ended with the whole party trekking across the Folgefohn glacier, where it was picked up by H.M.S. *Jewel* for the journey back to Newcastle. When the ship berthed in the U.K. it disembarked a very fit party of young men, who had enjoyed themselves and at the same time gained a wealth of experience, knowledge, friends and hairy growth.

I.G.B.

Liaison Visit to the Royal Navy at Portsmouth

On the 1st September, 25 cadets visited Portsmouth to see how the Royal Navy works.

Their first port of call was H.M.S. *Dolphin*. This shore establishment deals with submarines. Two films were shown, one on the structure and mechanism of a submarine, the second on their tactical use, then the cadets went over H.M.S. *Alliance* and saw everything, including the four types of periscopes (radar, battle, normal and snorkel). It seems that the advent of nuclear power will do away with the petrol and diesel engines. In the afternoon H.M.S. *Dryad* was visited. Here personnel are trained to use the different radar sets for control of a squadron or convoy. The ops rooms are built to give the effect of being the real thing, with everything working and even the telephones ringing.

On the 2nd the cadets went to the Fraser Battery, where the art of gunnery is taught. Like H.M.S. *Dryad*, the ops rooms are exact replicas, even to the extent of rolling about 10°. An interesting demonstration was given by the 40-mm. Bofors gun. They fired it manually by radar and even let it do all the work by itself, except for the loading. The demonstration ended with the whole party being showered by the pieces of the self-destroying shells fired. I still have my piece as a memento of their farewell gesture. We then passed on to Whale Island where more gunnery is taught. There was a static display of all the armament which the Fleet Air Arm carry; it seemed very much like R.A.F. equipment. Next there was a very interesting lecture on the two Naval guided missiles, the Sea-Slug and Green Light, both sea-to-air missiles.

That afternoon the Defence and Damage Control Centre received us. A demonstration of Damage Control was given showing how they deal with a hole in a ship's side. It is surprising how much timber was used to hold the patches, and every ship is issued with it specifically for that purpose. Lectures then followed on how the Navy deals with the nuclear threat. The main defence is called Pre-wetting, where the whole of the ship is battened down and the hoses pump water everywhere, so that any atomic dust settling on the ship can easily be washed off afterwards. However, there is still no real cure for atomic sickness, as the Surgeon-Commander pointed out at a discussion later in the afternoon.

On Wednesday all the cadets went to H.M.S. *Vernon*. This establishment deals with underwater activities, frogmen, anti-submarine devices, mines and their sweeping. A film was shown demonstrating these particular aspects. We then all swallowed our sea-sickness pills and went to sea. There were two coastal minesweepers and the day was spent seeing the magnetic, acoustic and contact sweeps in action. Even a helicopter picked up a sweep and did some towing. This new idea will be operated in future, linked up with a squadron of minesweepers so the leading ship will have the helicopter in front to protect it.

On Thursday morning we made a short tour of H.M.S. *Victory* and then went to the Royal Marine Barracks at Eastney. There was an exhibition showing all the different roles of the Marines and a display of captured arms from Suez.

That afternoon we went to H.M.S. *Vanguard* and the main points of interest were the 15-in.

turrets. Here, a little under 20 seconds is required to load. Automatic lifts carry the shells from 20 feet below the top-deck right into the breech. The ship was inundated with flight cadets going in all directions trying to see everything in 2½ hours.

Our last morning at Portsmouth was spent going around the dockyards. Many ships were being refitted and the dry docks were all filled with destroyers and submarines. There is a little shipbuilding done, but most of the work is refitting. All in all, a most enjoyable five days were spent at Portsmouth in seeing the problems of the Royal Navy and how they deal with them.

C.G.

Parachute Course

On 17th August 26 flight cadets arrived at No. 1 Parachute School, Abingdon, to sample 'the second greatest thrill known to man,' as one instructor neatly put it. As usual the station staff were uncertain who were descending upon them. One member of the party was even invited to be orderly officer, but eventually everyone settled down to supper in the officers' mess to be greeted by a latecomer, who made an impressive entrance, elegantly clad in motor-cycling kit.

After supper most of the party sallied forth in the best Cranwell tradition to explore Abingdon and Oxford. There was certainly plenty of local colour and beer to be absorbed on these visits.

Training began in earnest on Monday morning. The party was split up into three sections with a Sergeant Instructor allocated to each. The day was mainly spent in learning how to roll on landing. A series of films and lectures was also given to illustrate the training sequence which would be followed. One lecture was of particular interest. This was given by the syndicate officer and was on the subject of the safety of parachuting. We were bombarded with facts to show that parachuting was as safe as crossing the road



and that there had not been an instance of a parachute failing to open for ten years. The lecture was evidently designed to boost our morale, but as one cadet remarked we were not sure whether he was trying to convince us or himself.

The first balloon jumps were intended to be made on Friday and we started our training in earnest. There was an infinite variety of equipment in the training hangar to simulate the exit flight and landing conditions. Two diabolical contraptions were the fan and the tower. The fan consisted of a platform 30 feet above the ground from which we jumped, attached to a piece of wire. The speed of descent was governed by the air resistance of the blades which rotated on the end of a drum around which the wire was coiled. After this experience many of us considered that we were really intrepid. But we were brought down to earth by the sight of a twelve-year-old boy jumping off the platform with evident enjoyment.

The tower was even more impressive. The victim climbed to the top of the structure, which was 90 feet high, and was swung out on a harness to dangle from a crane arm, where flight drills were practised. He was then released to slide gracefully down a cable and land on a plot of soft ground thoughtfully churned up by spades beforehand.

After four days of such training we were ready to jump. The weather was unsuitable on Friday morning, so more ground training was carried out. On Saturday a magnificent effort was made to jump. Exit drill from the balloon had been explained and practised on Friday, parachutes had been fitted. All was ready. The section rose at 0330 hours on Saturday morning, not exactly alert, but eager to jump. We went on parade at 0430 and marched expectantly to the hangars. At 0445 hours we took off our kit and climbed back into bed. The weather still refused to co-operate. One bright comment that we had probably set up a new Cranwell record for the earliest parade yet was not too well received, but all disappointment vanished when we were stood down for the rest of the week-end.

Training was resumed on Monday. The English summer was still running true to form so no jumping was done. However, Tuesday dawned bright and clear and at last we were able to jump. Parachutes were fitted and the balloon was brought out into the centre of the airfield. The instructors and officers jumped first. Among them, making his first jump was 'Bere Edward'

the Cranwell mascot. He made an extremely delicate landing.

The cadets then jumped in sticks of five. Two jumps were made. The first exit was made from a door in the side of the balloon cage; the second jump was done by dropping through an aperture in the cage floor.

All agreed that the experience was worth all the effort that was expended. It would be foolish to say that everybody enjoyed the slow ride up to 800 feet in the balloon car or the short wait in the car door before being given the order to jump. Once the exit was made the sensations of dropping into space, feeling the parachute open, and finally floating lazily down were delightful. The exit techniques made from the balloon were described as good, the landings were, however, rather unorthodox. One member of the party, seeking greater thrills, cunningly caught his sleeve in the door of the car as he jumped and gave a dazzling display of flick rolls before his parachute opened.

Those two jumps were unfortunately the only ones that we made. Weather was again our enemy, and although we had been trained and briefed for an aircraft descent for the next day, conditions were again unsuitable and we left Abingdon on Wednesday. The course was most enjoyable and it is hoped that many of us will be able to complete it next year.

M.A.J.

Visit to the Koninklijke Militaire Academy, Breda

EIGHTY Air Force and two hundred Army officer cadets undergo a three-year training at the Academy at Breda, Southern Holland. They are housed in a castle, built in the form of a square which surrounds a yard used for drill and muster parades. The building is not attractive, resembling a monastery in looks and a British Basic Training Barracks in atmosphere.

On the 11th June, 1958, a Cranwell party of one officer and five flight cadets landed at Gilze Rijen, near Breda, on the start of a four-day visit to the Academy, during which they were to learn something of the Dutch training, the Royal Netherlands Air Force and the country of Holland itself.

Apart from the main building, many newer buildings have been erected in the castle grounds, including a block of sixty lecture rooms, an excellent gymnasium and a well-equipped boat-

house housing six 'eights.' Accommodation is poor by Cranwell standards. Seven or eight cadets sleep in each bedroom, where furniture is basic, with no curtains or carpets. The worst hardship, however, was the total lack of hot water, which was also a feature of the Air Ministry ('Staff') Building at The Hague.

Although the party was assured the breakfasts, consisting of brown bread, butter, cheese and tea without milk, were sufficient to maintain their body temperature, they felt that the dietitians who had arrived at that conclusion may not have had to face such a menu so early in the morning. 'Roll Calls' and 'Restrictions' are replaced by Open and Close Arrest, and the law is no respecter of persons, as their equivalent of S.U.O. was doing four days for failure to sign a flying Authorization Book.

On entry, after virtually no selection, new cadets become corporals in the D.A.F. After six months of initial training the Air Force and Army cadets follow different instructional courses, and for the final two years all are promoted to sergeant. Suspensions are rare, and only 30 per cent of the Air Force cadets train as pilots. The cadets are extremely friendly and speak good English, or, more accurately, good American. They are intelligent, have far better manners than many English people, and, considering they are paid only 17s. a week, are very generous.

One day was spent at a G.C.I. station at Nieuw Millingen, where all the operations and control rooms are underground. A practice interception of an R.A.F. Meteor by two D.A.F. F-86Ks was watched before the party was introduced to an Indonesian dish at lunch. A visit to Soesterburg, a Dutch-controlled N.A.T.O.-committed airfield, was arranged, and here the party saw the servicing and operation of three Hunter squadrons and one of F-86Ks. In addition there were F-100s of the U.S.A.F. and a few S-14s (Fokker Mach Trainers) and Meteor 7s, used for I.F. training. An impressive formation landing by four Hunters of an aerobatic team left no doubt about the ability of the Dutch pilots. Everywhere the party went it received a welcome which seemed completely genuine and not just a meaningless formality.

The remaining days were spent in Rotterdam, Amsterdam and The Hague. A water-bus trip through Amsterdam was taken, and the general impression of this city was very favourable, though nothing in the world can compare with Rotterdam, which was almost completely destroyed in 1940. The pleasant planning and

enormous modern buildings are unbelievably impressive. The Hague was the third city which was comparable in honours to the other two, and the flight cadets spent their time either on a very popular beach or in its excellent shopping areas.

The Cranwellians returned to England with nothing but respect and admiration for their Dutch counterparts, who, in spite of the lack of selection, were of a high standard and seemed quite content with their comparatively austere existence at the Academy. Holland itself appeared to be a remarkably rich country, where all the shops and houses are well painted and clean, many with beautiful gardens. Auto-bahn roads with clover-leaf intersections made the many miles travelled by the flight cadets during the four days no hardship.

Many invitations to flight cadets from Dutch cadets to stay at their homes were received and in turn the Cranwellians made it clear they would welcome the Dutch should they visit England. The atmosphere between the guests and hosts could not have been more friendly, except for one icy moment when one Dutch cadet was overheard praising that 'great American car, the Jaguar'!

Riding at Carronbank

LAST Easter's course was so enjoyable and the standard of Modern Pentathlon riding, as shown by the results against Sandhurst and others, so much improved that it was decided that the improvement must continue, and a further visit was made to Carronbank Riding School from 30th August to 9th September. Because of the claims of other leave activities the party consisted of only three, but they were none the less keen to learn.

By very good luck it happened that an aircraft was going from Barkston to Dyce (Aberdeen) the very day we wanted to go up there and full advantage was taken of this coincidence. On arrival we were met by two ladies and bundled complete with luggage into the back of a Land-Rover which proceeded to Stonehaven at high speed and under uncertain control.

The first afternoon we went to the gymkhana to see what could be done with horses. This was held at Milltimber, near Aberdeen, and was well supported by members of the North East of Scotland Riding Club who did so much to make the last stay enjoyable.

There were open and junior jumping events from which we could see how to fall as well as how to jump! There were obstacle races with hazardous courses to be ridden for which

complete control of the horse was necessary; also a race which we were not allowed to stay to see called a 'Gretna Green Race.'

We saw how the experts, who although they knew their horses inside-out, would work them for a long time before competing. During the 'warm-up' they would try to detect any quirks of behaviour and any peculiarities of mood in their horses.

Also during the gymkhana we spent some time arranging social events for the next ten days. The first of these was a dance that night in Stonehaven which was followed by midnight bathing in the sea during which one cadet retired with frost-bitten toes.

After a few short hours' sleep we were invaded by three ladies in riding habit at 0730 hours, who insisted on literally dragging us from our beds. It seems that we were late for breakfast and the Riding School was certainly not going to stop for three people from Cranwell.

That morning our ability to control and ride horses was assessed by the 'Boss.' Everything we did from mounting onwards seemed to be wrong, but we soon learned from our mistakes. We were instructed in the different techniques of mounting and dismounting and soon had enough finesse to be able to check and land like a feather in the saddle. Then we were given horses which wouldn't stand still, thus shattering any illusions we had about our own ability.

Walking, trotting and cantering tests soon showed whether our tales of previous experience were true. We received our first instruction on the 'all-purpose' seat which is intended to give best horse control in most situations. This is replaced by the 'forward seat' when jumping. We were also instructed on developing 'riding rhythm' which means, roughly, following every movement of the horse until you can feel what it is going to do next.

At 1000 hours a party of 14 riders went on a hack through Stonehaven and along the beach, fording a couple of rivers on the way. The general pattern of the day was that in the morning we went to 'school' in groups of five or six and were given detailed instruction in mounting and the exact technique of getting a horse to do just what you want it to do and still keep it happy. In the afternoon we would usually go for a hack either down to Stonehaven beach or into the hills behind the town. This was when we put into practice what we had learned in the morning and slowly built up our strength by spending long hours in the saddle.

We adjourned to the sea front for coffee after the hack and returned once more to the saddle at 1430 hours. Nothing new was done on this hack—we merely tried to apply the morning's lessons as we explored new country inland.

In the late afternoon a dozen of us explored the possibilities of the local swimming pool. Ireland performed some unusual feats off the boards and chute for the official photographers. In one he hit the water at high speed in an unusual attitude. The photographic result was good, but as he surfaced he had many things to say about camera men.

Throughout our stay all aspects of the riding and some of the other activities were photographed, both for a record of the events and for a personal and detailed analysis of our faults while jumping and riding in general. In all some 250 photographs were taken and have already proved very useful.

Since it was the Sabbath we went to Fetteresso, the local church, for the evening service. Midnight found us again in the sea and early on Monday morning we were again having coffee on the front at about 0020 hours.

Later that Monday morning Ireland awoke with a raving toothache some hours before breakfast and was foolish enough to venture outside. He was promptly pounced upon by Miss Findlater, the Riding Mistress, and dispatched to a field some miles away in the hills to fetch ponies. While performing this chore he found time to invent several new words.

The Cranwell three plus a flight lieutenant from Lindholme and a lady from Glasgow, who did things to people's blood pressure, were instructed in the 'sitting trot' during the first morning school. There was a gaggle of amused spectators (mostly some of the fifteen other residents) leaning against the school rails ready to pass comment, when Cleaver was asked to give a demonstration of how to mount. He was tossed out of the school when he made a mistake, much to the delight of the spectators, and spent the next quarter of an hour inventing new phrases.

He was allowed back into the school for the next lesson which was on 'collection.' In this operation the horse is driven forward by the seat and legs, but the headlong power is contained by the reins. The horse moves at the walk, trot and canter, rather like a coiled spring with plenty of surplus power for sudden manoeuvre, change of pace or jumping. It is also the ideal state for maintaining absolute horse control.

We went for a further hack in the afternoon

during which Cleaver was allowed to sit on a pure-bred Arab for the first time in his life. His conceit was such that there was much talk of retribution from the other two.

On Tuesday the 2nd of September the Cranwell party was divided into different schools, but followed the same path of instruction at different rates. We were still very much out of co-ordination with our horses and performed many exercises to teach anticipation, balance co-ordination, rhythm, looseness and following the movement of the horse.

During the lunch period there was a move

Wednesday started much too early for personal comfort with a trip into the hills to fetch some of the Highland ponies. This day was to be devoted to a pony trek; this is a delightful way of seeing the really wild parts of the country which would otherwise be quite inaccessible. The ponies are very tough creatures which will plod along in neat line astern through gorse and heather indefinitely. We had a very pleasant sunny day for our trek and we rode for about three hours before lunch and two hours after it, covering some 10 miles. At lunch the ponies were tethered to trees and their wants were attended to before ours. The one disadvantage



Ireland making slow progress

afoot to de-bag one of the residents. This young gentleman went around smartly attired in boots, breeches and a pathetic sense of humour. While in the mood the same operation was performed on someone else, who shall be nameless, and Carronbank rocked with mirth as two young men ventured outside in their underpants to retrieve their clothes.

Everyone was now in a much more friendly mood and the aforementioned sense of humour seemed bearable. The afternoon ride degenerated into a social event which in turn led to a noisy social evening in Aberdeen.

of this is the social side; the ponies are so well schooled that they cannot be persuaded to ride side by side and I defy anyone to carry on an intimate conversation with somebody 5 yards ahead of them without the whole trek hearing it.

The trek was followed by another swim; by now we were getting used to the near-freezing temperature of water in the north of Scotland. The social engagements continued until well after midnight; by now we had begun to realize that the Stonehaven air must have been particularly pure since we survived on about 5 hours sleep a night.

On Thursday we went to the lower paddock across the River Carron. We schooled in circles and figures of eight, practiced manoeuvring, changing of pace and all the other things we had been taught until our instructress was satisfied that we had warmed-up our horses sufficiently. Then she made us change horses and do it all over again.

At this stage we graduated to our first jumping training. This was done without any preliminary theory (which would have meant little to most of us anyway), on the principle that our faults could be observed and corrected one by one. The Carronbank horses chosen were well schooled so it was not expected that anyone would refuse or fall.

The jumps looked very high but were taken easily enough. This was accomplished by perfect demonstrations of the right way and ear-scorching criticism of our efforts from our instructress. However, this technique proved effective and after about two sessions we were shown to be improving, although some biased spectators said it was due to the horses getting used to our rough handling.

At this stage Ireland was consuming codein at the rate of up to 10 tablets a day to keep down toothache and his riding was beginning to suffer; much against his will he was persuaded to visit the local dentist so that the rest of us could enjoy a little peace.

Also on this memorable Thursday the nearby (60 miles or so) Braemar gathering was in full swing. One of the residents, a bearded gentleman with communist ideas, went along and started to carry on about his theories just as the Royal Family was arriving. The crowd took exception and he returned to Carronbank lucky not to have been lynched.

One of the lessons was on the technique of descending steep inclines and crossing rivers. This we did on Friday and it was very good sport, but it has its troubles. We were warned on good authority that if a horse starts pawing the water it means it is going to lie down and have a bath in the near future. It is not funny to be stuck in the middle of a cold river on a horse which won't move and is churning the water up with one foreleg. However, we escaped from this lesson no more than splashed by those who went over at full speed out of control.

A gymkhana was arranged for us that afternoon in which all the people on the course took part; there was an obstacle race with accurate courses to be run between obstacles

without touching them, a bending race, a horse-back version of musical chairs, and a jumping course of five jumps. This tested our control of the horses and in addition we changed mounts during the afternoon so that we could experience the different temperaments of the horses; even horses can feel like 'Monday morning' seven days a week!

During the evening the North East of Scotland Riding Club came over to play us at baseball. Twenty people crammed into one Land-Rover and onto one motor-cycle for the journey out to the pitch. Carronbank beat the Riding Club at baseball; after supper we all played mess games during which everyone was beaten. The 'North East' people left amid much hilarity a little older and wiser. We also had discovered to our cost that Scottish ladies may look fragile, but can play mess games with the best.

On Saturday we took a day off and hit Aberdeen; we started with a swim in the fine swimming pool, then while Cleaver and a friend paid a visit to the hospital we watched some people try to liven up Aberdeen with a game of street cricket. This came to a fairly abrupt stop after an officious policeman had nearly had his head broken by a powerful drive.

We went onto the maze in Aberdeen's largest public park; here we spent half an hour getting to the middle, five minutes inscribing our names there and three-quarters of an hour getting out. Cleaver and friend took five minutes to reach the outside where they bribed the park-keeper in the watch-tower to direct the rest of the party back towards the centre, which partly accounts for their delay in getting out.

Sunday was spent mainly in breaking in new arrivals. Our last two days were spent doing jumping in the main and performing a final tidy-up of our style. Also on Monday we got practical experience of mucking out stables, grooming horses and feeding them; this was because the regular groom was an expert in the local art of descending upon a pub and drinking one pint of bitter followed by a nip of whisky or rum. This process is continued until insensibility occurs or closing time, whichever is the earlier; from reports that reached us our groom beat closing time by a short head and slept it off till the afternoon. Still, we were made to realize that there is a lot of hard work behind the scenes and this in itself was not a bad thing.

On Sunday we were treated to the spectacle of a flight lieutenant navigator becoming airborne, solo, after his horse had stood on its

forelegs. Later we saw an even better spectacle as Miss Findlater sorted this particular horse out.

The latter part of Monday was spent obtaining photographs of local people and places for the record. During the evening we again adjourned to Aberdeen and while touring Union Street in Miss Findlater's Daimler we encountered nine policemen on foot, five police cars, two of which followed us and one of which stopped us, and two civilians—all at 1 a.m. However, the police seemed quite friendly and even allowed us to try on their hats.

The last morning of leave was devoted entirely to jumping; the course had been hard on man

and beast alike, more on the beasts I think, but we had learned and absorbed more than we could have hoped to have done just by going out riding. We said goodbye to all our friends in Stonehaven and suffered another hair-raising high-velocity journey to Dyce Airport where our personal transport sat grunting on the tarmac, and after a low run over the Riding School we headed back for Cranwell where we arrived just in time to be mistaken for the new entry.

But let Scotland in general or Stonehaven in particular take warning, we shall be back again, and in force.

J.C.



“Close line astern”

STAFF APPOINTMENTS

The following officers have taken up appointments at the College and on the Station since the last issue of *The Journal* went to press:

Air Commodore: D. F. Spotswood.

Wing Commanders: A. E. Arnott, R. F. Starnes.

Squadron Leaders: J. C. Atkinson, C. O. Beck, J. B. Blackett, H. T. Brown, E. W. Cropper, J. Gatiss, C. Murray, J. G. Sharratt.

Flight Lieutenants: P. J. Anstee, J. R. Ayers, K. R. Briggs, L. G. Cratton, A. P. J. Dodson, D. E. C. Keeling, J. H. P. Kenefick, R. B. Lee, W. G. Long, C. E. Oliver.

Flying Officers: E. A. Brent, V. C. Dogrell, B. C. Farrar, C. C. Perry, J. O. Shackleton, J. D. Wilson.

Pilot Officers: W. G. Gopsill, S. Nicholls.

STAFF DEPARTURES

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

Air Vice-Marshal: T. A. B. Parselle.

Wing Commanders: I. McDonald, B. P. Mugford, A. W. G. Stuart, R. J. Walker.

Squadron Leaders: T. M. Armstrong, B. J. Ball, M. R. Burroughs, P. G. M. Burton, G. T. Donaldson, R. W. G. Freer, W. E. Pettifer, G. Tombling.

Flight Lieutenants: J. R. Ayers, W. G. E. Bangay, R. Endacott, K. G. Hinnell, F. D. Hoskins, B. Huxley, E. C. Loveday, A. L. Rackham, R. G. J. Sneller, R. H. Todd, M. G. Tomkins, W. Topping, E. S. Williams.

Flying Officers: B. C. Ambrose, W. A. J. Pickett.



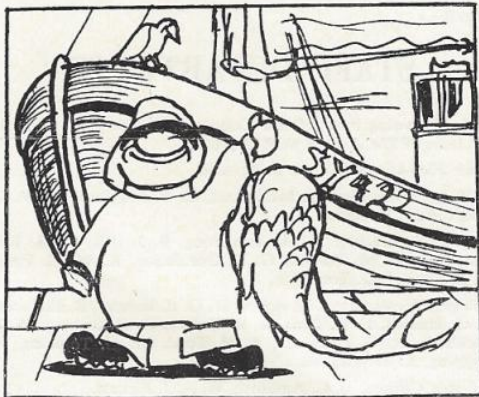
GAUNTLET II

Porridge congealed and haggises grew cold on the plates as the menfolk left everything and rushed to the harbour.

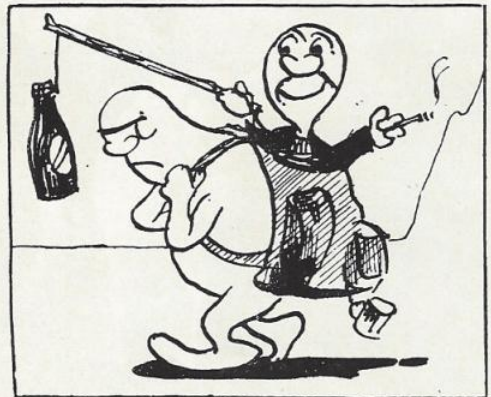
Since Suez they had been waiting and clearly this was it. Out in the bay they could see the tense faces and hunched figures of the Sassenach soldiery and as the steamer drew near the general alarm was raised.

For many years now a state of feud has existed in the Hebrides between the South islands (96 per cent Catholic) and the North (104 per cent Church of Scotland); it was a good feud, it was theirs, they liked it. And here again was perfidious Albion seeking to part the belligerents.

Suddenly a young lad arrived brandishing a copy of RAF.Coll/13/18/Air. Skean-dhus were sheathed, sporrans and tension relaxed as the word got around that this was just 'Gauntlet II' and as the teams of 74 and 75 leaped down the gangway, sprinted across the quay and went bounding into the Hebridean heather with gleeful shouts and full survival packs the natives turned away joking amongst themselves and returned to their homes, loved-ones, congealed porridge and cold haggises.



The participants in 'Gauntlet II' were required to find their way from Stornoway in the north to Castlebay in the south, learning to sing one verse of a Gaelic song, catch, cook (and eat) indigenous fish, attend a ceilidh (pronounced 'cayley' and spelt just as the fancy takes you), spend a night at sea in a herring drifter or skein net boat, climb the highest hill in Lewis (where Harris tweed comes from) and the highest hill in Harris (so named after Lewis where the tweed comes from)



and in the meantime photograph outstanding scenery and local events. And being well brought-up flight cadets they asked no questions and did what they were told.

Stornoway's Y.M.C.A. was commandeered, gallant fishermen caught without their traditional gunboats were subjugated, Dormobiles were hired and Oldest Inhabitants ruthlessly interrogated in the search for Pictish Pops. But by fair means or foul everyone finally eased into Castlebay in time for the steamer.

Now being well brought-up flight cadets they realized that having smelt the tangle o' the isles and seen how comparatively grander the hoary woods were they really ought to look homewards and begin melting with ruth. This they therefore did and though some, it must be confessed, were mildly surprised at the Gabbro—to say nothing

of the Dalradian quartzites or torridonean sandstone, most members of 'Gauntlet II' found that the Hebridean islands were Gneiss.

C.A.R.

POT-HOLING IN IRELAND

Due partly to the survival camp and partly to the Pyrenees expedition at Easter there was only meagre support for an expedition to County Clare, Eire, this summer. However, some cadets from Dartmouth were enlisted and the expedition party of five left on the 1st August.

The party rendezvoused at Paddington and made an uneventful journey to Fishguard, Styles having just managed to scramble aboard without losing any of his provisions. To their dismay the only accommodation offered on the boat at Fishguard were the cattle pens or the deck. Everyone except Slayter chose the fresh atmosphere of the deck and subsequently got very cold.

The next day dawned bright and clear and everyone was impressed by the scenery, for the visibility extended 60 miles or more. After the tents were pitched a passing female geologist was invited in for tea. Much valuable information as to the topography of the district was volunteered by her.

On the next six days all the main known cave systems were entered except for the Doolin cave which was reported to be impassable owing to flooding. All the caves were situated in the same geographical area and invariably the entrances were to be found at the junction of the shale and limestone strata. The pattern was the same in each case. Each cave was long, lost only a little height except for waterfalls and was often very high. However, the most noticeable thing about them were the exceptionally large streams rushing through them, swollen by the recent heavy rain.

Poll na Gollum was the first cave we explored. The entrance to this system was at the base of a large swalletone 100 feet deep. It was down this hole that entrance was obtained to the detached Poll Ardua system that Cranwell discovered a few years ago. Despite the high water level we were able to penetrate downstream to a point not far from where the stream emerges, taking note of a large roof fall which partially blocked the passage. Upstream Lloyd and McFae did some exploration of possible entrances and it was in one of these possible entrances where McFae received a fright, for he had just got inside a swallet hole when a skeleton he had dislodged walked towards him as his light fell on it. He yelled out and made an extremely rapid

departure. Later he held the locals in rapt attention with tales of leprechauns, etc.

The three most experienced members of our party went down the Coolagh river cave and came out many hours later covered in cuts and bruises with tales of submerged bedding planes and madly rushing waters. Although somewhat battered about they were well satisfied with conquering such a difficult cave. It was on returning from this cave that we discovered that a large Irish setter had rifled our tents leaving us only our tinned food. From these tins Slayter and Styles prepared a stew which provoked much argument relating to their corned beef stew made in the Pyrenees.

Christmas cavern was by far the most beautiful of the caves we visited. This cave, also probably discovered by Cranwell, extended for a mile and provided continuous examples of beautiful limestone formations, including some colourful curtains growing from the floor which produced a noise much like an organ when struck. This was one of the drier caves, nobody getting soaked above waist level.

Almost as an afterthought we paid a visit to the Cliffs of Moher, but after seeing the sheer drop of many hundreds of feet we resolved that the cliffs should always be viewed by any future party to North West Clare. McFae and Lloyd took photographs and we motored back to camp via Galway Bay, enjoying the view of the Aran Islands and the Connemara mountains.

During the course of our stay we became very friendly with some of the local inhabitants, especially with Mr Fitzgerald on whose land we were camped. He gave us eggs and milk and in return we took his family a few miles to see relations. The next morning he gave us all a tot of 'Mountain Dew,' a great honour in Ireland, but although we tried hard we could not get a bottle of it for any price.

On our final day's caving we resolved to find a passage leading from Poll Ardua into the Poll na Gollum system. After negotiating a laborious mud squeeze into Poll Ardua we proceeded at high level down stream. After half a mile the high-level route ended and the low-level route was taken along the stream. The luckless Lloyd would have remained dry had he not taken a step forward into a deep pool. From here the party climbed down a 40-foot waterfall to enter Poll na Gollum. It was here that Styles nearly deserted the party for he found himself wedged between two smooth walls with 20 feet of water beneath him. After passing further impressive waterfalls and stopping to take

photographs the team emerged again to find that a cow had chewed through their safety ropes.

After our activities and battering from the weather everyone decided the best way of recovering was to have a bath in the natural sulphur waters in Lisdoonvarna. After the full treatment, including massage given by a Miss Murphy, everyone felt refreshed sufficiently to attend a dance. As it did not rain that evening we stayed at the dance until it closed.

Second only to our stomachs in importance was the state of the weather. After the end of three days' continuous rain our tents were literally anchored in a sea of mud and had the wind turned against us, both tents must have collapsed. As it was we had much trouble in keeping cows away from the guy ropes. Fortunately, however, the fourth day was hot and sunny and everything from ground sheets to dishcloths was dried.

Early on the 8th August we struck camp and loaded the Consul with our luggage weighing over half a ton. We breakfasted in style in Lisdoonvarna where we had an opportunity to say goodbye to the locals. After presenting our gifts all round we set off for Rosslare, where we joined a crowd of 2,000 packed aboard the ferry. At Fishguard we split up with the knowledge that any future expedition to Clare will be well rewarded.

R.H.L.

GLIDING CAMP AT ANDOVER

This summer we decided to take full advantage of our Chipmunk tug aircraft by visiting a 'flat site' instead of operating from a ridge. This was a result of our successful week spent at Cranwell during the Easter leave, in which we saw that more useful soaring can be done using aero-tows than at a 'ridge site' where everything depends on a west wind.

Andover is the home of the Wessex Gliding Club, the largest club of the Royal Air Force Gliding and Soaring Association. In their hangar was a most impressive display of sailplanes, including an Olympia 'special,' Skylark 3b, Slingsby Eagle high-performance two-seater, and an Olympia 419. The latter is the most advanced British sailplane in production, has a minimum sink of about 100 ft/min. and a glide ratio of nearly 1 in 40. This means that from 10,000 ft. the Olympia 419 has a range of 75 in still air whereas a Vampire would glide 20 miles and a Provost 10 miles from this altitude. The Wessex Club operated with us at week-ends, when the airfield was not used by powered aircraft.

During the week we shared it with Communications flight Ansons and Chipmunks which were introducing C.C.F. cadets to flying. This meant that we could use only one half of the airfield, which somewhat restricted our search for lift. With a south-westerly wind the approach was quite tricky, but the standard of flying was good and no untoward incidents occurred.

The most notable event of the camp was Flight Lieutenant Bridson's 'Gold C' cross-country flight of 322 km. to Great Driffield, Yorkshire. As he declared Driffield as his goal he also gains one of the three attainable 'diamonds.' He was aero-towed in his Skylark 2 to a large cumulus, climbed to over 6,000 ft. and disappeared rapidly downwind. He made only five climbs during the flight, but exceeded 10,000 ft. on most of these occasions, passing close to Cranwell on his way north with 8,000 ft. in hand. The *Aeroplane* carried a report of the flight in some detail. It might be mentioned that Flight Lieutenant Bridson is only the thirty-ninth British pilot to achieve his Gold 'C', and the twenty-ninth to obtain the goal diamond as well.



Several attempts were made at Silver 'C' cross-country distance during the camp. On the second day, Holmes drifted downwind in the Prefect and then landed 8 miles away, having spent most of his time trying to regain Andover. His popularity was not increased by the fact that his landing field was connected to the main road by one of the muddiest lanes in southern England! Next day he again disappeared downwind, this time in the Tutor, when he was virtually sucked up to the base of a large and active cumulus. He could not enter cloud due to the lack of airbrakes and blind flying instruments, and was also hampered by low cloudbase, turbulence and hail. Conditions became so uncomfortable that he was obliged to leave the lift, and on landing 30 km. away he found that hail had removed large areas of dope from the leading edges of the aircraft.

On the same day as Flight Lieutenant Bridson's Gold 'C' flight, Pilot Officer Manning and Delafield set off in Prefect and Kite respectively.

Manning was airborne first, but unfortunately was forced to land a mere 28 km. away in a field next to the Strategic Air Command base at Greenham Common. Delafield flew for 40 km. before being forced down by a bad patch of conditions. Meanwhile Manning had contacted the R.A.F. liaison officer at Greenham Common and a trailer retrieving party was dispatched from Andover. They became involved with the S.A.C. security system, which seemed to consider everyone a spy until proved otherwise. Fortunately the liaison officer came to the rescue and led them to the glider.

Other notable flights were made by Howard and Prothero in the Prefect, both gaining their 'C' certificates from aero-tows. Howard had a particularly good flight in which he found strong lift but, being unrated, had to stop at cloudbase. He could have stayed up longer, but came down after just short of one hour to enable Prothero to have his 'C' flight of over half an hour. During the camp we had two Dartmouth representatives with us, both soloing on the Prefect by the end of the fortnight.

Strachan had to leave after the first few days for exercise Gauntlet in the Hebrides, and later we were joined in the final week by S.U.O. Lucas and Pilot Officer Thompson. The latter had his first glider flight and first solo in less than ten flights.

When the weather was bad, there was a general exodus to the Wiltshire School of Flying at Thruxton; Roberts, Delafield, Strachan, Perreux and Howard being checked on the Tiger Moth.

In terms of certificates gained and hours flown this was not our most successful camp. We consider that we were unfortunate with the weather and intend to continue with vacation camps at flat sites. Next Easter we hope for the usual unstable north-easterly winds, with plenty of Silver 'C' legs achieved in the Prefect and in our newly acquired Olympia high-performance sailplane.

R.H.H. and E.R.P.

MOUNTAINEERING IN SWITZERLAND

During April it was decided that the Mountaineering Course in Rosenlauri offered the best opportunity for all types of climbing, especially on rocks and ice, and three months later the party, which comprised Pilot Officer Andrews, Under Officer Pilgrim-Morris, Flight Cadets Peaker, Wingfield, Mallock, Edwards and Merrett, began the long journey to Switzerland. The whole trip, apart from the Channel crossing was accomplished in the College

Dormobile, *prima donna* of the light vans, and by the 2nd August we were on the edge of Lake Brienz, having come via Lydd, Le Touquet, Rheims and Pontarlier. The highlights of our travels were: one of the party was nearly air-sick on the cross-Channel flight; the removal of a mighty tree trunk from one of France's main arterial roads; the visit of six simple flight cadets to a Swiss night club and their emergence, poorer but wiser; the pneumatic tent, full of water, gradually collapsing during the night and pinning the sole occupant to the ground-sheet.

The following day we drove up the precipitous path to Rosenlauri, and that evening Herr Glatthard, head of the Kletterschule, welcomed us and told us of the climbing week to come. Pilot Officer Andrews joined a smaller party for a mountain tour, whilst the others, with an Austrian boy (Vienna Steak) and a German boy (Freiburg), took on the Basic Course. Our guide was a little Swiss man revelling in the name of Otto Boss, who immediately named Edwards Sir Hillary and Merrett Sir John Hunt. He was famous for his cry of 'Yeti,' as he kicked rocks onto the party below.

The first morning we trekked up to the climbing area, the Klettergarten, where we edged our way up great slabs of rock, whilst Otto gave us advice such as: 'What are you doing, playing pianos?' And then as we inevitably began to fall. . . . 'Bye-Bye.' At the end of the day we always raced down the mountainside, leaping over logs and crashing through the forest. The prize for the winner was to order seven beers, which we would sip as the evening sun crept up the Kingspitz behind us.

The second day was spent on the glacier, to be reached by following a fantastic gorge, a quarter of a mile long, cut out of the rock by a rushing torrent. As we walked by it we were deafened by the eternal roar of this awesome spectacle. On the glacier Otto showed us the correct way of walking on the ice with crampons up steep inclines, step-cutting and traverses.

On the third day we returned to the Klettergarten by a different route, which led past a sixteenth-century cheese house, which is reputed to move up the hillside faster than the cable railway; we continued practising climbing technique here. But the clouds were gathering and although the next day our guide strode off as the rain abated he turned round to see no Cranwell party behind him. We were eventually persuaded to emerge from the hotel, and spent a very cold and wet day climbing up the glacier, where we continued to practise our ice techniques,



especially the use of the ice axe in maintaining balance, and the crossing of crevasses. We were to have climbed the Kingspitz on our last full day, but the rock was very wet and extremely dangerous, so we carried on doing rock traverses, slab walking and rope work in groups of three near the Engelhornhutte, a recently constructed mountaineering hut perched high in the mountains. On the last morning in Rosenlaur each person was lowered down the gorge and had to climb out again with the help of a safety rope and a climbing line and steel rope grips. After lunch at the hotel we set off down the winding road in the glorious sunshine, then turned back to take one last look at the mountains just visible above the pine trees outlined against the dark blue sky, and vowed we would return.

P.S.—Flight Cadets Edwards and Merrett stayed on for an extra week, being unable to resist the impelling call of the towering peaks. During their 'tourenwoche' they climbed, among other heights, the tops of the two 'Simelstocke,' which the Himalayan teams often practise upon, and progressed further with the Swiss carabinier-aided abseil. On their last day they ascended the 'Gelmerhorne,' which offers one of the most beautiful views in Switzerland.

J.D.T.W. and S.R.M.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF SURVIVAL CAMP

My impressions now are of the struggle to get fit, for a sedentary job as an instructor does not prepare one for striding up and down heavily wooded German hills! I can hear now my wife's

laughter when I first set off one evening for my first training run, and her remarks about following with a doctor and an ambulance. How very nearly right she was; having run about one hundred yards out on to a, fortunately, darkening airfield I 'blew up'! However, perseverance paid dividends, and shortly I was running a steady mile or two each evening. This, coupled with several long walks at week-ends, soon toughened my aching legs.

Before long the day of our departure for Germany arrived, and the Survival Camp was at last a reality. The evening of our arrival made a vivid impression on me; after a long journey by air and road we arrived at the camp tired and very hungry, only to find that our rations had not arrived and consequently there was no food for us! However, by the time we had found tents, erected them, and started to settle in, the rations arrived and we were soon queuing up with mess tins for some very good stew. The sight of the flames lighting up the (as yet) happy faces of the cadets, the sound of young laughter, and the taste of hot, sweet tea made one of the happiest evenings of the camp.

From then on my personal impressions are too numerous, and possibly too tedious, to recount fully in this issue of *The Journal*, but some of them were outstanding and affected all of us who were there. For instance, who can forget the night compass march when we all slogged our way up and down densely wooded hills, crashing into stumps and snags, being swished across the face by thin, whippy branches swinging back behind the man in front, the showers of pine needles falling

down our necks, and all this we endeavoured to accomplish with the minimum of noise, and in absolute darkness. In the middle of it all we were treated to a most spectacular display from an electrical storm, and sheets of torrential rain.

The black night continued, and the rain settled down to a steady downpour; we endured the discomfort of wet clothes slithering around a chilled, cold body and the sound of wet feet squelching noisily with every step. Crowning our efforts that night was a tough forced march up a seemingly never-ending mountain road. Returning to camp tired and wet I found that a helpful orderly had lighted an oil stove so that the tent would be warm, unfortunately the wick had flared and instead of a nice warm tent I found a dirty smelly place with every bit of kit festooned with thick black paraffin smuts. Certainly a night to remember!

In a lighter vein there was the Sunday afternoon spent in hiding by the side of a busy road, trying to get into an R.A.F. Land-Rover without being caught by an Army patrol in another vehicle, who were following the Land-Rover closely. When the opportunity did present itself I leapt out of the hedge, stumbled in my big nailed boots, and fell flat on my face in the road. I think the Army were as shaken as I was, for I made it to the Land-Rover, which was neutral territory, before they had gathered their wits together.

Also I remember the hilarious hour spent racing empty beer and lemonade bottles down the stream which flowed past the camp, at the instigation of the doctor, who proved himself the ablest sailor with a bottle called 'Lemonade Lad.'

There were, too, one or two enjoyable evenings spent in the local hostelry, drinking that deceptively strong lager beer, eating those appetizing German sausages, and finding surprising hospitality and friendliness in the local people.

In conclusion, perhaps my most lasting impressions will be of the determination of most cadets to succeed, and win through, during all the exercises on this very tough camp, and of their camaraderie and loyalty.

W.F.L.

SUB-AQUA CLUB VISIT TO JERSEY

The Sub-Aqua Section of the Cadets Activities organization again visited Jersey this year, the authorities there evidently having very short memories.

The majority of the party met at Thorney Island (the minority of one managing to get the aircraft's departure time wrong), and after a comprehensive tour of the airfield, taking in the

officers' mess, the guardroom and the control tower plus a couple of requests to move cars, the spot where the aircraft was to be boarded was found. After some delay the aircraft arrived from Barkston and after still more delay we got airborne.

Arriving in Jersey we looked around for some means of transport for our mountain of luggage and finally persuaded an airport fireman to give us the loan of the fire tender.

On arrival in St Helier we promptly settled in and went out to hunt for bicycles and some lunch. The remainder of the afternoon was spent on the beach viewing the local colour.

The first evening was a fairly quiet one being spent mainly on a tour of St Helier's attractions. The following day the party rose at a reasonable hour and having taken 'brunch' sallied forth to hunt down the denizens of the deep. Members of the Jersey club kindly laid on the necessary transport. Alas, the fish must have been told we were coming as very few were about. Those that were at home took very good care to show themselves only to people not carrying harpoon guns. One fish (Killer Whale, from the description) had a narrow escape from death when its tormentor could not find the safety catch on his gun and, of course, it removed itself long before the offending catch was discovered.

In the evening the party split up to revisit the various attractions discovered the night before. One group managed to persuade the receptionist at a hotel which had a residents-only dance that a few flight cadets would raise the tone of the place, and, after learning the names of a couple of the barmen, were taken by all to be residents of long standing.

The main attraction on the fishing side was a day outing to the Minquiers, a group of rocks some 15 miles from St Helier. For this purpose the States of Jersey tug *Duke of Normandy* was chartered for the day. We set out at a reasonably early hour on a flat calm sea, which disappointed the crew somewhat as nothing would have pleased them more than to see a few of us embarrassed. However, Cranwell's honour was upheld and all reached the Minquiers in good health. A landing was made on the largest islet and everybody immediately set out to hunt fish, but once more all except the infants had departed for the day. During the morning none of the party had any success although a Jersey club member managed to catch several fine rockfish.

During the afternoon several sorties were made with aqua-lungs and Senior Flight Cadet Furniss claimed to have shot a fish but unfortunately

could not prove it as it apparently fell out of the pocket of his bathing trunks as he was swimming ashore. The last man in for the day, Flight Cadet Tame, did achieve a success. Seeing an octopus afar off he took a long-range (approximately one hundred yards) shot at it and missed. Steeling himself for the fray, he closed with the monster and hit it. After a long struggle it was landed, still alive but unfortunately it was some time before anybody managed to pluck up the courage to administer the *coup de grâce*. Thus was achieved the party's only confirmed success of the week.

The sun worshippers had a field day, being blessed with a brilliant, cloudless sky. One was foolish enough to go to sleep for two or three hours and woke up regretting he had done so.

The party returned to St Helier exhausted by the day's efforts but arrived to find a very good audience on the channel steamer near which we docked so Flight Cadet Tame's octopus was made the most of.

That evening the Sub-Aqua Club of Jersey held a dance in our honour. We had asked Mrs Guillard, the treasurer of the club, if she could organize something in the way of partners for us and we for our part would see what we could arrange. The result was a case of gross over-ordering comparable with the army's case of the surplus boots. In spite of this the dance was most successful and much enjoyed by all.

Tuesday saw more fishing but to no avail. In the evening several members departed for a barbecue several miles away and must be given great credit for their navigation in managing to find their way home after consuming so much—er—good food.

Wednesday morning was spent in packing and tidying up the clubhouse and after lunch we left for the airport. Take-off was a little delayed as nobody knew where the crew was. We then departed, supposedly for Blackbushe, but after some time we were informed that Blackbushe would not accept us and we were going on to Langar to clear customs and thence to Barkston Heath. This created something of a problem as many of us had not the wherewithal to get home, but after a collection was made there was enough money for everyone to go most of the way home or within the reach of fresh financial supplies.

A.M.

N.A.T.O. 1958

On the morning of Tuesday, 5th August 1958, our Valetta rolled to a halt at the end of the runway at R.A.F. Wildenrath, just inside

the Dutch border of Germany; the third Cranwell tour of N.A.T.O. units and formations had begun. This visit, now an annual fixture, differed essentially in only one respect from its predecessors. Previously the highest formations had been visited first, now by way of experiment and in deference to the Irish elements in the party, the itinerary was reversed.

N.A.T.O. is both the main bargaining-counter of Western diplomacy and our 'great deterrent.' Familiarity, then, with its structure and potential, even at cadet level, is a valuable addition to the normal War Studies curriculum at Cranwell, besides being an opportunity to combine business with pleasure in unequal quantities.

Our two-day visit to R.A.F. Wildenrath, equipped with Canberra B.8s and P.R.7s, comprised a carefully organized programme and a pleasant balance between lectures and tours of the squadrons.

On the Thursday night we visited Düsseldorf, our own personal addition to the schedule, the transport being obtained under the not even specious guise of an 'educational visit.' Düsseldorf by night had little in common with the problems of higher defence but was, for equally differing reasons, no less impressive.

R.A.F. Alhorn, north and slightly east of Wildenrath, was our next scheduled visit. Alhorn's equipment of Hunters and Old Cranwellians produced an interesting combination. Once again main impressions were formed. A round-the-clock instant readiness to combat the slightest border violation was adequate evidence of the determination of the whole alliance. Problems of 'servicing and serviceability' and of accurate high-speed low-level navigational training emerged as top priority requirements.

The combination of Cranwellians past and present produced a lively party and an animated skiffle group in the Mess that night. Morale was high—even an ugly unaccountable hump on the left-hand side of the Mess dart board could not deter addicted flight cadets from entering into combat for 'Victor Ludorum,' a title won jointly and most undemocratically by the two officers of the party.

Next morning we left Alhorn by coach for R.A.F. Sundern, 2 Group Headquarters. It must be mentioned at this stage that while the Air Force navigation in our own element was impeccable, when forced to resort to conventional terrestrial means of transport we could not compete. On this occasion, for example, having passed the same static convoy of Dutch soldiers for the third time we decided that we



Back row (left to right): F.C. J. Volkens, S.F.C. J. Cleaver, S.F.C. I. D. Malloch, U.O. J. E. Brown, S.U.O. T. V. Spencer, F.C. R. Donaldson, F.C. T. C. Elworthy.
 Front row (left to right): S.U.O. J. N. Puckering, Wg Cdr R. Duckett, Air Marshal Sir Hugh Constantine, Sqn Ldr J. Walsh, U.O. J. Digby, F.C. M. J. F. Shaw, Gp Capt G. N. Amison.

must have gone into orbit on a ring road. Wing Commander Duckett, however, studying a map drawn in the dust by local peasantry, rapidly solved the re-entry problem.

Our visit to Sundern began with a short lecture programme. This was followed by a tour of the Tactical Operations Centre, the nerve-centre of Sundern and indeed of much of the offensive element of 2nd A.T.A.F. Many problems of which we had already been made aware were reiterated on a higher plane, but this time spiced with the addition of much secret information. The vital complexity of communications in a system remotely controlled entirely by radar was stressed. In a system where most operations require sanction at the highest levels, even a temporary failure in communications could be politically as well as militarily disastrous.

From Germany we travelled by Barkston-Heath Valetta on Saturday, 9th August, to Melun, just south of Paris, and from there by coach to our hotels at Fontainebleau where we were to be accommodated for the remaining three days of the tour. Fontainebleau has many pleasant amenities for the large numbers of Service personnel who live there: two Service cinemas, a luxurious if overcrowded swimming pool, a pleasant officers' club. All were attractive refuges from the inflated local cost of high living.

But Paris was only 35 minutes away on the

French trains (whose austere discomfort is well offset by their speed) and the week-end was our own. The Place Pigalle, French cuisine and the over-animated *gendarmierie* all held the same fascination for us as for the hundreds who have gone before us to Paris—at least to judge from the stray American accents of two attractive Parisiennes we happened to meet there.

The new week began with a lecture programme at the Headquarters Allied Air Forces Central Europe (A.A.F.C.E.). Once again the material was stimulating and varied in theme, and further clarified the Air Force aspect of N.A.T.O. in Europe before attempting the complexities of higher formations.

The Monday morning feeling, present with a vengeance, was dispelled with inevitable success by the apparently American technique of flashing a South Pacific glamour girl onto a screen at regular intervals during the lecture, calculated to maintain rather than to divert interest—a badly calculated risk.

A semi-formal lunch at the Interallied Officers' Club, given by Air Marshal Sir Theodore McEvoy, the Chief of Staff A.A.F.C.E., was followed by a conducted tour of the Château at Fontainebleau. The fabulous display of wealth and luxury inside the castle, beside providing ample vindication of the French revolutionaries, told an impressive visual history of the heyday of French ascendancy in Europe.



Tuesday was a high-powered culmination tour, with visits to S.H.A.P.E. Headquarters in the morning and N.A.T.O. Headquarters in Paris in the afternoon. Breakfast in the S.H.A.P.E. restaurant among twenty-one of the thirty-six uniforms that the Headquarters can muster, immediately gave us an idea of the cosmopolitan atmosphere of the organization.

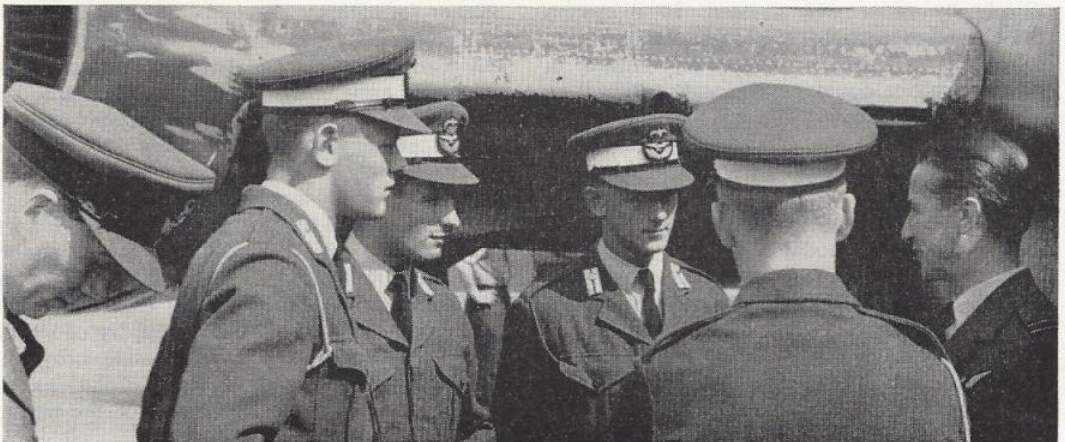
We were addressed in the middle of the morning by Air Marshal Constantine, Deputy Chief of Staff Plans and Policy at S.H.A.P.E.—the level of the Headquarters was immediately apparent; even the two 'other Services' were mentioned. International political differences, chiefly the unwillingness of member nations to abrogate part of their national sovereignty in the cause of the alliance, he said, hamstrung military progress considerably; military co-operation, on the other hand, was excellent, in spite of a multi-language problem.

Our two lecturers at N.A.T.O. Headquarters, a Senior Public Relations Officer and a Dutch Naval Captain, gave us, as might be expected at such a level, pure politics. The military structure was merely the executive, if necessary, of political decision—nevertheless, without its strong arm, diplomacy could achieve nothing.

The visit was rounded off by a small cocktail party given at their house by Air Marshal and Lady Constantine. Inevitably our French driver lost his way, but eventually deposited us at the right door at the right time. Since the Supreme Allied Commander Europe lived in the adjacent house, the choice of doorstep was critical.

And so the third annual tour of N.A.T.O. in Europe by flight cadets was concluded. And surely this must be the best tour that Cranwell organizes in its policy of providing practical knowledge and local colour to the bare essentials of lectures and textbook study.

J.F.C.V.





Gliding

After our most successful Easter Camp, gliding in the Summer term began rather tamely without much soaring, but much useful training was done. Parkin soloed on the Tutor and we wish that more from the Secretarial and Equipment branches would follow his lead and make use of our facilities. Over the Whitsuntide break, Delafield, Perreaux, Holmes and Jones visited the R.A.F.G.S.A. club at North Luffenham and several soaring flights were done, including one by Delafield in the Kite of 1½ hours.

A fortnight later Flight Lieutenant Bridson brought his Skylark up from Dunstable and over half-term week-end he cruised around for three hours on the Saturday and four hours on the Sunday. His shorter flight was followed by a landing to 'show the flag' at the R.A.F.G.S.A. club at Swinderby, a procedure which was repeated by Strachan in the Kite after a flight of over three hours. Holmes in the Prefect nearly achieved Silver 'C' gain of height and landed at Waddington after a flight of one hour. The advantages of having a Chipmunk for aero-towing were fully demonstrated on this week-end. All the flights mentioned were from aero-tow launches and the three retrieves from nearby airfields were done by the Chipmunk instead of having to resort to an inconvenient trailer retrieve.

Thermal conditions were good on several other week-ends in the term and by utilising an early aero-tow at 10 o'clock, Flight Lieutenant Bridson flew 167 km. to Catterick in a Gold 'C' (300 km.) attempt. Flight Lieutenant Wade retrieved him with the trailer, having set off from Cranwell at about the same time as the Skylark and arriving at Catterick only a short time after the Skylark had landed. On other week-ends, the Kite was airborne twice for over two hours, the second occasion being an attempted goal flight by Strachan to Kirton

Lindsey, 50 km. to the north. Although he had 6,000 feet over Lincoln he did not consult his 'glide angle short' until too late and after a struggle at 1,000 feet for half an hour landed at Blyton airfield, 8 km. from his goal but the attempted distance from Cranwell. Late in the term, Squadron Leader Sandford obtained his 'C' certificate from an aero-tow in the Prefect.

Summer Camp at Andover saw Howard and Prothero achieving their 'C' certificates, also from Prefect aero-tows, Howard's flight being particularly good, taking him to cloudbase in 1,000 ft/min. lift. Pilot Officer Manning obtained his Silver 'C' height gain, and Delafield took the Kite on a 40 km. cross-country. The main event of the camp, however, was Flight Lieutenant Bridson's 322 km. goal flight to Driffild which gave him his Gold 'C' and one of the three 'Diamonds' which are attainable. The flight was remarkable also in that several climbs to over 10,000 feet were made, enabling various areas of bad thermal conditions to be crossed with ease.

During the rest of the leave, Delafield, Strachan and Perreaux stayed at the Lasham Gliding Centre for some time. The weather was not good, although Delafield had two flights of 1½ hours in the Kite and Strachan nearly two hours in a Skylark. Perreaux established himself as 'resident tug pilot' and did a considerable amount of Tiger Moth aero-towing during his stay. At this time two Olympia aircraft came up for sale at Lasham and one was rapidly snapped up for the College, since the Club had for some years been asking for a high-performance machine. This acquisition is perhaps the most significant event of the year for us, and it opens up new possibilities, since the Olympia is the ideal machine for height climbs, and as our specimen is fitted with oxygen we may see Gold or even Diamond height climbs achieved in the future. Cross-country performance of the Olympia is vastly better than that of the Prefect and slightly

better than the Kite, indeed flights of up to 400 km. have been made in this country by Olympias. In all, it is a very fine machine with excellent handling characteristics and should prove an ideal advanced sailplane for the Club.

Autumn term so far has seen two good soaring flights by Flight Lieutenant Bridson in the Skylark, one including the second contact from Cranwell of 'standing wave' lift. On this day, ragged lenticular clouds were in evidence at about 10,000 feet and thermal lift was also being produced, with very small amounts of broken cumulus present. Prothero in the Prefect contacted the thermal lift for a flight of over half an hour, but meanwhile Flight Lieutenant Bridson was at 3,000 feet over Swinderby in an area of wave lift. He was able to aerobat the Skylark without losing height, a not inconsiderable achievement in a sailplane!

As this report goes to press, two members of 79 Entry have soloed at Cranwell and it seems that we have quite a number of enthusiasts in the entry. It must be emphasized that the winter period, while not very spectacular due to the absence of soaring flights, is extremely valuable as a time in which new members can become experienced on our aircraft and also become checked-out for solo aero-tows. We look forward, then, to much valuable training in the near future, in preparation for greater things next Spring and Summer, when we hope that the Olympia will amply prove its worth.

I.W.S.

Historical and Geographical Society

It was intended during the Summer term to take advantage of what was hoped would be good weather. In fact the weather curtailed what was to have been a visit to the 'Dig' at the Loveden Hill Anglo-Saxon burial ground. We hope it will not be too long before we do visit it.

The item on our programme that gave rise to most interest was a visit to Cambridge. It should be noted that there was considerable interest after the visit when it was learned that on the same day a car mysteriously appeared on the roof of the Senate House. We would like to assure those who may have any lingering doubts that this was—regrettably—coincidental.

During the term a number of local places of interest were visited; these included Burghley House and Belvoir Castle. At the latter the party was amazed when asked to 'refrain from playing cards as his Lordship did not like it.' To regain their dignity they shot several feet of film for the Society film. Shortly before the end of term

a small party visited York and returned penniless only to be faced by an unsympathetic Accountant Officer.

We would like to express our thanks to Flight Lieutenant Strowbridge, who left at the end of last term, for guiding us through our teething troubles and firmly establishing us on the College scene. In his place as guiding officer we welcome Flight Lieutenant Porter.

D.P.

Canoeing

The Summer term is the term when most canoeing takes place, and every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon canoes can be seen being paddled furiously up and down the River Trent. Last term a formidable river mileage was logged and much valuable training was achieved; this included several races to Farndon and back, and some flirtatious encounters with the weir at Staythorpe.

Two crews entered the Bedford-St. Neots Race early in the term, and achieved very good results on what is a very strenuous 15-mile course. The Section is gradually building up a good reputation in the canoeing world, and in the London River Race in October, in which four crews are entered, it is hoped to add further to our laurels.

At the College Rowing Regatta last term the Canoeing Section provided spectators with an unusual inter-squadron race. Three canoes were manned by members of the Senior Entry, some of whom had never been in a canoe before and were appropriately dressed. Needless to say the race developed into a floating battle and all three crews succeeded in sinking themselves. It is hoped to make this a regular feature at the annual regatta.

Next year we hope to make a canoeing tour either in Norway or Germany. Full details will be available later.

P.A.B.

Fine Arts

This term the Fine Arts Section has been relatively inactive although a few outings have been made to nearby villages and landmarks. These excursions were made in conjunction with the Photographic Section who photographed the scenery that the artists were painting. It is hoped, however, in the very near future that the Section will be able to offer skilled tuition to its members and a more interesting programme of activities.

T.V.R.

Aeromodelling

Last term saw the production of quite a number of good models. Most outstanding of these was undoubtedly a fine radio-controlled one built by Nelson of 78 Entry. Its earlier flights gave rise to some apprehension as it developed a series of alarming spins due to control locking. However, the fault was eventually rectified and the aircraft completed numerous other flights unscathed.

Other members were still persevering with their rocket experiments and more than one peaceful Sunday afternoon was shattered by ear-splitting bangs and the descent of various bullet-like contraptions from the heavens.

At the end of the term we still had no further news about the possibility of having a building room in the Junior Mess. It is hoped that Block 109 will be made available to sections of the College Society, particularly as we now have three entries down here. With the amenities more readily at hand, there would be a greater incentive for activity.

W.J.H.

Motor Club

The Motor Club has progressed from the embryo stage to being an active club in a surprisingly short time. We now undertake rallies, gymkhanas, visits to motor concerns and film shows, and we have established a Club workshop in the cadets' garage.

A rally was held on the last Sunday of the Summer term, and this well-organized event was a great success despite the adverse weather. There were four stages to the rally: a speed test, a navigation test, a treasure hunt and a second navigation test. The finishing line was in front of the Red Lion at Caythorpe, where numerous 'There I was' stories were tolerated while the competitors consumed suitable refreshments. The winners were Under Officer Waller and his professional navigator Under Officer Pilgrim-Morris, who drove in a modified Ford Anglia.

Rally organization involves an immense amount of work, and last term it was found that this was too much for one secretary. Flight Cadet Hunter was therefore appointed rally secretary at the beginning of this term to help Flight Cadet Loveridge, who now undertakes the remaining responsibilities of a club secretary. Senior Under Officer Puckering remains chairman of the Club and Flight Cadet Stroud continues as treasurer.

A visit to the B.R.M. racing stable at Bourne last term by more than 20 members proved very interesting. We were first shown the Mark I,

1½-litre supercharged, G.16 B.R.M., which is capable of producing over 600 brake horsepower at over 12,000 r.p.m. Most of the time was spent in the assembly shed, where Mr Raymond Mays answered the battery of questions thrown at him by members of the party. We watched mechanics constructing cars for Jean Behra and Harry Schell in preparation for the Grand Prix at the Nurburgring, and then visited the engine testing shed to hear the Grand Prix engines tested up to 8,000 r.p.m. The final exhibit was Mr Mays' Mark II Consul, which is modified to produce a maximum speed of 97 m.p.h. We were all sorry to hear of the desperate financial position of the B.R.M. concern, which has forced them to contract all their undertakings.

The Club workshop in the cadets' garage is now in full use, and all Club members are welcome to take advantage of its facilities. There is a strict set of rules governing the use of the workshop, and everyone is asked to comply with these rules. We have not yet purchased anything approaching the complete range of tools that we eventually hope to possess, but we are confident of a steady expansion.

A film show was held at the beginning of the term following a Club meeting. The films shown were the British Grand Prix of 1957 and the Isle of Man T.T. of the same year. The first revealed Moss at his greatest, a British driver winning a British Grand Prix in a British car, while the second demonstrated the extraordinary skill required to control a motor cycle at an average speed of 100 m.p.h. round a twisting circuit.

This term Flight Cadet Hunter is organizing a gymkhana, which we hope will be well supported. Any Club member may enter for this event, and if you wish to enter but are not a member of the Club, join now.

Mountaineering Section

The Section held two Sunday meets in Derbyshire in conjunction with the Pot-holing Section during the Summer term.

On 8th June seven members went to Gardom's Edge, near Baslow. The day was spent in practising the basic principles of rock climbing on short ascents varying in standard between easy and very difficult. We regret to record that the Section's first-ever injury occurred when one intrepid venturer fell over and damaged his thumb before ever reaching the rocks.

On 22nd June the Section returned to Gardom's Edge with twelve very inexperienced members. The early part of the day was spent in

learning the basic principles of climbing and rope work. After this some of the easier climbs and some abseiling were attempted. Heavy rain during the afternoon made us wish that the pot-holders had not driven away in the coach before we had time to remove our waterproof clothing from it. However, we were able to disprove the theory that gym shoes are useless on wet rock.

On these two meets we learned a little of elementary rock climbing and enjoyed ourselves a great deal. Few people who try mountaineering are disappointed with it—we only wish that more people would attempt to disprove this statement!

D.L.

Sailing

The first term of this season has been by far the most successful for a long time. At last, with the introduction of inter-squadron competition, many more members are showing great enthusiasm and eagerness to learn the finer points of sailing. We are limited in the number of members we can have each day at Farndon, but it is sufficient to say that there is always a maximum attendance.

Pilot Officer Waterman, on leaving the College, very kindly presented a tankard for prowess in sailing, to be competed for each year. This gave rise to the present inter-squadron points system which was won, for the first time, by 'C' Squadron. This competition has been largely responsible for the greatly increased standard of sailing this term and the selection of members to represent the College has been much more perplexing than before. It is hoped that an even greater number of flight cadets will be given the chance of gaining experience in matches against other clubs.

Certainly those representing the College so far this season have performed well above any previous standard. We were beaten very early in the season by Sandhurst at Thorney Island, but since then have never looked back. H.M.S. Worcester were beaten convincingly at Greenhithe, as were B.R.N.C. Dartmouth on their own water. For this latter achievement the team received a rewarding 'bueno' from our new 'admiral,' Lieutenant-Commander McCarthy, who during his first season with us, has seen new life into the Section. Both he and Mrs. McCarthy deserve our warmest thanks for the encouragement they have given us throughout this term.

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ATHLETICS

THIS season we had a strong number of last year's team and to help fill in the gaps a number of good performers were found in the new entries. The result was an extremely good season. Though only two new records were set up and one equalled, some indication of this can be given by the fact that in over half the number of events we had better performances than we had last year.

In addition most athletes improved on their previous year's performances. We were seldom lucky with the weather during the season's matches, and this inevitably had an effect on best performances. Looking forward to next year it is encouraging to note that the team will have lost very few of this year's members. With two new entries to supplement it, we should have no cause to worry about the future.

The main problem this year was that the team never met any really tough opposition until the triangular match versus R.M.A. Sandhurst and R.N.C. Dartmouth. By then it was too late. The strongest opposition we had early in the season came from Nottingham University. Their unusually large track intimidated our runners, but their athletes were clearly too much for us, particularly at this early stage of the season. It was, however, a very useful yardstick by which the capabilities of the team could be measured. This first loss was soon followed by another, the result of a very close match against Peterborough Athletic Club. We led until the 4 x 110 yards relay at the end, but an unfortunate misadventure of the Cranwell baton on the second changeover lost us the match by two points.

The season began with an easy win over Carre's Grammar School. At this stage the team was just finding its feet. This was followed, however, by a very convincing victory over the Royal Air Force Technical College, Henlow, in which some good performances were noted. Symes and Laming started by coming first and second in the 120 yards hurdles, the first event of the match. During this match the first record of the season was broken by Hallam when he pole-vaulted over 12 feet. In the two miles Glennie was content to keep right back until the sixth lap when he suddenly increased the pace and finished first by about 20 yards.

Our two evening matches against Boston and Lincoln-Wellington Athletic Clubs, produced some good results. The team won both matches and showed how greatly it had improved in the field events. Hooper and Laming worked very well as a pair in the high jump, Cranwell being undefeated in this event throughout the season. Green and Gibbons made a good pair throwing the discus. Laming is rapidly becoming a versatile athlete

and we saw him competing with success in the hurdles, high jump and hop-step-and-jump. Winning the match against the Milocarian Athletic Club gave the team's morale a great boost. Here again, it was the field events that gave us a big lead, though Woodford and Waller came first and second respectively in the mile. The two miles provided a very exciting finish when Rogers, after a very well-timed race, and Williamson, of the Milocarrians, sprinted to break the tape first. Williamson was the stronger man and he narrowly defeated Rogers. Patrick took second place in the 440 yards next to Flying Officer Richards, who, incidentally, had run the fastest 440 in the R.A.F. this season. Wratten then set up his personal best javelin throw, 148 feet 2 inches. Our fixture versus Croydon Harriers was another match where we would have liked to have seen stronger opposition for our own benefit. We also had a very enjoyable match against Welbeck College. To bring the season to a fitting close we won our match against the combined teams of Elizabeth College, Guernsey, and the Guernsey Island Athletic Club by one point!

Some individual athletes have put up very encouraging performances. Of these the most noteworthy was the 4 minute 27.9 second mile by Woodford who is perhaps the hardest working member of the team. This was a new College record. Hallam set up a new pole vault record with a magnificent vault of 12 feet 5 inches, and Laming equalled the 120 yards hurdles record of 15.9 seconds. Early in the season Symes suddenly came into his own in the sprints, and put up the best performances of the season in the 100 yards (10.3 seconds) and in the 220 yards (23.3 seconds). Patrick did some magnificent work in the 440 yards, always showing great determination and producing a best time of 52.8 seconds. In the 880 yards we usually had Herbertson as first string but a host of second strings who changed regularly. His best time for this event was 2 minutes 2.2 seconds, but what is needed is another permanent 880 man. Rogers, the team captain, always shone in the two miles, and he produced a best time of 9 minutes 59.5 seconds. He also made some fine appearances in the mile. The best long jump was by Spencer, 21 feet 1½ inches; high jump by Hooper, 5 feet 11 inches; hop-step-and-jump by Green, 43 feet 4½ inches; discus by Green, 124 feet 3½ inches; shot by Hutchinson, 39 feet 10½ inches; and javelin by Hallam, 152 feet 10½ inches. The best relay time recorded was by Symes, Johnston, Spencer and Wratten of 45.3 seconds.

This term we have been greatly helped by the ever-present enthusiasm and coaching of Flight Lieutenant Lewis and Flight Lieutenant Mayhew. Once again the Knocker Cup competition, won this season by

'C' Squadron, has taken the form of athletics standards, with its usual chaotic effect on the cinder track. In spite of the tremendous efforts of the College Physical Fitness staff to maintain the condition of the track during Knocker, on a few occasions we had to offer our visitors something more akin to a ploughed field than the Cranwell cinder track to run on. This is a great pity, because all our opponents look forward to competing on what, I believe, is the only cinder track in this part of the country.

RESULTS

	College	Opponents	
Carre's G.S....	93	31	(w)
Henlow ...	77	54	(w)
Nottingham University	72	93	(l)
Boston A.C....	73	55	(w)
Peterborough A.C....	60	62	(l)
Milocarians ...	67	64	(w)
Lincoln-Wellington...	57	47	(w)
Welbeck College ...	68	35	(w)
Croydon Harriers ...	88	68	(w)
R.M.A. Sandhurst ...	104	144½	
R.N.C. Dartmouth...	78½	2nd	
Flying Training Command	74	66	(w)
Elizabeth College ...	52	51	(w)
Guernsey Island A.C.			

A.L.H.

CRICKET

At the beginning of the season, two problems presented themselves. The first, to find a wicket keeper and the second an accurate spin bowler. The first problem was settled when Price donned the gloves; the second was never settled and the whole success of the season hinged on this fact; for with the soft wickets our medium pace attack had not enough bite to force a result in most matches.

Mackay developed into an excellent fast bowler, and on hard wickets, as against the Gentlemen of Leicester, bowled exceptionally well. Taylor and Graydon bowled their cutters efficiently and Laycock was always liable to get a wicket, but the effectiveness of the attack was limited without the contrast of a spin bowler, and except on two occasions Digby failed to meet this need.

The batting was too often unreliable, although Price showed his consistency without ever achieving the scores he deserved. Gothard is the sort of batsman who always gives the bowler hope, but has a flair for a crisis and played some fine, aggressive innings. His partnership with Graydon against Sandhurst was responsible for the strong position in each innings. Taylor's batting bore the mark of a captain, but never realized its potential, whilst Andrews, Mermagen and Digby all played some excellent innings. The selection of a partner to open the innings with Andrews, after an injury to Humphrey, was another problem. Norris eventually filled this vacancy, although Adams must count himself unlucky not to have retained it after his fine innings against Dartmouth.

The fielding was never as good as it should have been, although the throwing of Andrews and Digby was always worth watching, and Mermagen and Graydon could usually be relied on to catch anything behind the wicket. Gothard was outstanding in front of the wicket where his aggressiveness was an inspiration, and Taylor was as safe as a captain should be.

Taylor's captaincy was always exciting and his own example exhilarating in the determination to win. That the season was not more successful was no fault of his, but due to the lack of resources at his disposal. Only time beat him in his all-out attempt to win against Sandhurst, to which end he directed his whole effort.

The 2nd XI has had a successful season due to the admirable captaincy of Brown and a selection of seasoned players who gave him every support, whilst the 3rd XI, under Bannister, has enjoyed its cricket which is, after all, the important thing.

Our thanks are due to Flight Lieutenant Loat for his support and to Mr. Simpson for his untiring efforts to produce a team which at its best was very good.

RESULTS

R.A.F.C. 97 and 185 ...	Notts Mitre 207 and 114-4 dec.	(l)
R.A.F.C. 119 ...	Free Foresters 107	(w)
R.A.F.C. 77-6 ...	Notts High School 84	(d)
R.A.F.C. 153 ...	Forest Amateurs 156-5	(l)
R.A.F.C. 92-4 ...	Ampleforth 138-5 dec.	(d)
R.A.F.C. 117-7 ...	Leics. C. & G. 137-6 dec.	(d)
R.A.F.C. 65-8 ...	Leicester University 111-7 dec.	(d)
R.A.F.C. 200-7 dec.	Dartmouth 186-5	(d)
R.A.F.C. 171-6 dec.	Old Cranwellians 173-4	(l)
R.A.F.C. 119-8 dec.	Notts C. & G. 123-4	(l)
R.A.F.C. 178 and 128-6 dec.	R.M.A. Sandhurst 80-9 dec.	(d)
	and 167-7.	
R.A.F.C. 123 ...	Lincs. Gents 119-5	(d)
R.A.F.C. 154 ...	Gents of Leics. 154	(t)
R.A.F.C. 73... ..	Adastrians C.C. 159-7 dec.	(l)
R.A.F.C. v. M.C.C.—Match abandoned.	R.A.F.C. 56-1.	

SWIMMING

The first match of the season was against St. Paul's School on 17th May. This gave us two weeks in which to put in some hard training. We won by two points which was an encouraging start, but lost the water polo by four goals to three.

Our hardest fixture of the season was undoubtedly a three-corner match with the City of London school and Charterhouse. We could only manage to win one event, the hundred yards backstroke. Except for the backstroke, the times of both schools in all the other events were at least two seconds faster than anything we were to encounter for the rest of the season.

We entertained the Royal Grammar School, Newcastle, on 25th June and had a return fixture with them at Newcastle on 19th July. Over the two fixtures we narrowly took the honours; our home fixture was a tie, each team scoring 30 points, and in the return we won the fixture by a touch in the final relay. At water polo we each won one match. Our visit to Newcastle was one which we will never forget, and the hospitality offered to us by the staff, the parents and the boys was something for which we could not thank them enough.

Although our times were comparable with last year's, the results were rather disappointing. However, the time spent and the energy used in training were well rewarded with some very enjoyable fixtures.

We were sorry to lose Under Officers Bee and Jago but hope that 79 and 80 Entries will provide some useful swimmers for the 1959 season.

Full colours were awarded to Coulson, Tolhurst and Barrett, and half colours to Loveridge, Donaldson, Freeman and Dent.

RESULTS

		Swimming	Water Polo
May 17	St. Paul's School ...	25-23 (w)	3-4 (l)
31	R.N.C. Dartmouth ...	35-45 (l)	1-8 (l)
June 7	City of London School ...	35-50 (l)	
	Charterhouse ...	35-46 (l)	
11	Lincoln A.S.C. ...		1-12 (l)
21	The Leys School ...	34-35 (l)	5-2 (w)
25	R.G.S. Newcastle ...	33-33 (d)	5-3 (w)
July 5	R.M.A. Sandhurst ...	34-34 (d)	4-6 (l)
	Lincoln A.S.C. ...		8-0 (w)
12	Bishop's Stortford School ...	25-35 (l)	1-10 (l)
19	R.G.S. Newcastle ...	34-30 (w)	1-6 (l)
23	Welbeck College ...	35-25 (w)	6-2 (w)

ROWING

After the successes of the previous season it was soon realized that a lot of hard work was necessary to produce winning crews this year. One crew had to race in senior events and the other two in junior. During the Easter term the accent was on crew training.

The 1st IV gave up a week of its Easter leave to train on the Thames at Wallingford with the Royal Air Force Benson Rowing Club. We are indeed indebted for the help and encouragement we received from the Commanding Officer and the officer in charge of rowing at Benson.

In order to have had racing experience before the Royal Air Force Regatta the senior four was sent to Chester and Northwich regattas over Whit week-end. This week-end proved that the crew was not fast enough, and unco-ordinated, in a coxless boat. A week later at Bedford, in the Royal Air Force Championships, this crew was much faster. In the first round the 1st IV beat R.A.F. Cardington but lost in the semi-final to R.A.F. Medmenham. The College was also represented by two fast junior crews, but these were unfortunately drawn together—the first round. These two raced magnificently with the 'A' crew winning. They eventually lost in the semi-final.

Nottingham Regatta was not a successful day for the club. The junior crew was beaten in the first round. The senior crew in a coxed boat was disqualified after its race due to an appeal lodged by Manchester University. The senior crew did not race again until Henley. A scratch crew and a sculler raced with some success at Boston Regatta.

The senior crew arrived at the beginning of Henley week looking more polished than before but with suspect fitness. We were drawn against last year's winners of the Visitors' Challenge Cup. This race was in the quarter-finals and after being level at the mile post the College crew pulled away to win by $1\frac{1}{2}$ lengths. In the semi-final against St Edmund Hall, Oxford, we were beaten by a fast and experienced crew in the second fastest time for the event. For the first appearance at Henley this performance was satisfying and encouraging. For this we are most grateful to Mr Philip Carpmael of London Rowing Club and Leander who brought the crew up to racing standard, and to Vesta Rowing Club who lent us a coxless four for the event. It is planned to send another crew next year provided that it proves itself to be fit enough to row an eight-mile course.

The crews were as follows:—

1st IV: F.C. Elworthy (Bow), S.F.C. Hartley, F.C. Barlow, F.C. Pilgrim-Morris (stroke).

'A' IV: F.C. Skelley, F.C. Wingfield, F.C. Delafield, F.C. Pope, F.C. Waddington (cox).

'B' IV: F.C. Evans, F.C. Goodman, F.C. Walker, F.C. Bonnor, F.C. Webb (cox).

U.O. Maunsell-Thomas sculled with success at Chester, Northwich and the R.A.F. Regattas.

I.G.B.

CHIMAY

Competition was won easily by 'A' Squadron, with 'C' second and 'B' third.

TENNIS

The 1958 season began energetically with several hard practices and organized coaching under the guidance of Mr Rupell. Manning, the captain, Watson, Cloke and Carr-White were in the 1957 teams, and the 1958 first six was made up of these four plus Hickman and Edwards from 77 Entry. Volkens and Sturt also played in some matches.

Despite the keenness with which the team practised for

the opening match, it ended in a complete victory for London University who had a far more experienced and competent side. In the early matches it became apparent that the combination of the pairs was not at fault, but rather that more practice was necessary. With two players night flying at Cranwell and others late arriving back from Barkston Heath it was not possible to practise regularly. Bad weather also hindered the team. After being defeated by Nottingham High School and Nottingham University and winning against Bishop's Hostel, Lincoln, the team journeyed to Dartmouth the week-end following the Whitsun break.

The next match, against Kesteven Training College, was won convincingly, but the following week the team lost to Dulwich College in London. The final two matches against the Royal Naval College at Greenwich and Rugby School were both lost but the standard of tennis was much better than it had been at the beginning of the season. A more successful season is hoped for next year.

The second six were very unfortunate with the weather and four games were cancelled, including the Henlow match. Players for the team were Lucas, Shaw, Bayne, Chinnery, Oliver, J. R., and Oliver, A. R. The matches that they did manage to play were usually against more experienced teams and their season was also not very successful.

For his help and support throughout the season the teams would like to express their gratitude to Squadron Leader Walsh. During the season the courts were kept in good condition by the College gardeners and a fourth previously unused court was prepared by cadets and used extensively towards the end of the term.

In the inter-squadron tennis 'A' Squadron was beaten by both 'B' and 'C' squadrons and the final match between 'B' and 'C' was a tense struggle, for to a certain extent the Prince of Wales trophy depended on the result. 'C' Squadron triumphed finally by 5 games to 1.

K.J.E.



Porteous in the Sandhurst match

MODERN PENTATHLON

The season started at the end of the Spring term with 18 Pentathletes of varying enthusiasm training as opportunity arose. Five of these, Cleaver, W. H. Smith, Coriat, Baird and Glennie, were experienced hands but only four were active, since the captain had a broken neck. During the Easter leave the nucleus of five went north to Carronbank Riding School in Scotland for a riding course, to build up the weakest section of their Pentathlon.

On returning from leave the team went ahead with training seven days a week. Much of the time was spent instructing newcomers in aspects of the sport which they had never done before. At the beginning of term we were told we could enter as many teams as possible for the R.A.F. Championship, so training was concentrated on bringing everyone up to a good standard.

considers that some members of the team could not swim before taking up Pentathlon a month before.

Having found our weaknesses, we began training for the Sandhurst match. Pentathlon training has been described as 'unjustified self-torture,' and at times morale dropped rather low. However, all appeared to survive. After an internal match in July, the final team to oppose Sandhurst was selected, and the results of the match are described elsewhere.

The enthusiasm, hard work and patience during training produced results. Morale rose. For the R.A.F. Championship there was a reversal of policy, and only two teams of three could be entered. They were: W. H. Smith (capt.), Coriat and Glennie in 'A' team, with Baird (capt.), Porteous and Willis in 'B' team. Individual successes were good. Glennie won the Riding and Baird was 5th. Coriat came second in the Fencing with W. H.



R.A.F. College crew beating Pembroke College, Cambridge, at Henley

During May a Tetrathlon match (with riding omitted) was held at R.A.F. Hornchurch for all members of the three Services. This was intended as a preparation for the later part of the season when Service and inter-Service matches would be held. During this event some of the newcomers to Pentathlon (Gardner, Willis, Ireland, Taylor and Merrett) were tried out with Coriat as a steady influence and Cleaver as a non-playing guide and philosopher. We competed alongside Sergeant Coble, Flying Officer P. C. Little and Corporal of Horse Hudson, all of whom are now in the British team. Our team was able to gain much experience from these old hands and also see where its weakness lay. In particular, swimming let us down badly, not surprisingly when one

Smith 3rd and Porteous 4th in the Shooting. Glennie was placed 5th in the Running.

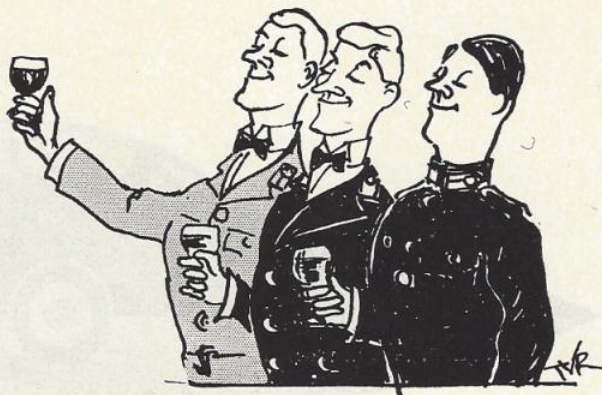
Out of the R.A.F. contingent, cadets came in the following positions in the final order:

W. H. Smith 5th, Glennie 6th, Coriat 9th, with Baird 10th, Willis 11th and Porteous 14th. This year the College did not win the Championship. The 'A' and 'B' teams came second and third respectively, not far behind the eventual winners, Halton.

Next season, with the sound material we now possess, our hopes are still better. Colours were awarded to W. H. Smith and Coriat (full), with Glennie, Porteous and Willis (half).

J.C.

SANDHURST |and DARTMOUTH



SUMMARY

The fixtures with R.M.A. Sandhurst and R.N.C. Dartmouth this summer were fairly successful. One of the highlights of the term was the triangular Athletics meeting, which was won by an extremely good Sandhurst team. In the cricket Cranwell was unfortunate only to draw with both Dartmouth and Sandhurst, owing in the latter case to bad weather stopping play. Our swimming was less successful than in previous years, and Cranwell

lost to R.N.C. and drew with R.M.A. The tennis team were unable to beat either of our two rivals. However, the Modern Pentathlon against Sandhurst was very successful indeed, and the College team finished with a considerable margin of points between themselves and R.M.A. All the teams have promising material and next year should see the R.A.F. College very much more successful.

ATHLETICS v. R.N.C. DARTMOUTH AND R.M.A. SANDHURST

For the second triangular match between the three Service Colleges, held on Saturday, 28th June 1958, at Oak Grove Athletic Ground, Sandhurst, we had a near-perfect day. This year there was no doubt that we were facing Sandhurst with a stronger team than we had when we won the shield last year. The team was fit and it was pleasing to note that this match brought out many best performances, both personal and of the season.

The match started with the 120 yards hurdles. Both Laming and Symes were doing splendidly, but as bad luck would have it, Symes tripped leaving Laming to win the race in 16.3 seconds. Event two produced a first and second for Cranwell when Hallam pole-vaulted a height of 12 feet 5 inches, a College record. Potter came second, vaulting 10 feet 3 inches. This was followed by another Cranwell first and second victory in the high jump. Hooper came first with a clean jump of 5 feet 11 inches followed by Laming at 5 feet 7 inches.

However, the luck with which we started the match was not to remain with us, and our runners were outclassed by some magnificent efforts on the part of the Sandhurst athletes. In the mile Woodford ran well, setting a College record, but gaining only fourth place. It said a great deal for the winner who ran the mile in 4 minutes 22 seconds. Waller came fifth with 4 minutes 34.6 seconds. Again in the 880 yards Herbertson and Hunter gained fourth and fifth places respectively; Patrick came second in the 440 yards; in the 220 yards Symes came third with Johnston fifth, and in the 100 yards, Symes fourth and Johnston fifth. We were quite outclassed in these events, as we were in the 2 miles when Rogers came fourth and Glennie sixth. Spencer and Green came third in the long jump and discus respectively, Green, competing in the hop-step-and-jump, came first and Laming fourth.

Andrews and Hutchinson came third throwing the javelin and putting the shot respectively. Although we have no competitor who throws the hammer seriously, Hutchinson and Hallam were willing to have a go, and with little practice managed to gain third and sixth places respectively. Now there was only the relay to run, but the outcome of the match had been evident earlier. The relay saw Sandhurst, Cranwell and Dartmouth breasting the finish in that order. It was also the final order of the match.

1. Sandhurst...	144½ points
2. Cranwell ...	104 points
3. Dartmouth ...	78½ points

Reluctantly, but hoping for better things next year, we saw the coveted shield passed back into Sandhurst's hands.

A.L.H.

CRICKET

R.A.F.C. v. SANDHURST

After much deliberation it was decided to play on a very wet wicket with Cranwell taking the first knock. The batting was as much handicapped by the slow outfield as the fielders by the wet ball, and at 55-5 the match was in a dreary state. However, Digby, Gothard and Graydon batted most attractively to take the score to 178. Gothard completed his 50 in just over three-quarters of an hour and showed what could be done with courage and a good eye.

Sandhurst were soon in trouble against brilliant bowling from Mackay who dismissed three of the first four batsmen in three overs. Graydon removed the tail and at 80-9 Sandhurst declared to give themselves a chance of a quick wicket before stumps on the first day. They were unsuccessful and the next day good batting from Price, Gothard and Graydon took the score to

128-6. With little hope of getting the runs, Hatch batted extremely well for 74, until falling to Graydon who with Mackay reduced Sandhurst to 167-7, when with fielders clustered round the bat Singh and Whitty played out the last minutes. It is not unreasonable to suppose that granted a full day's play the victory would have been Cranwell's.

SANDHURST TENNIS

When the College met Sandhurst late in the season an unconvincing record lay behind; only two victories had been gained amongst a number of heavy defeats. Furthermore, the Sandhurst six were reputed to be very strong.

The team selected was Manning and Cloke, Watson and Edwards, Volkens and Carr-White.

The preceding days were very wet and doubt existed during the morning whether there would be any match at all. However, though the cricket had to be cancelled, the tennis courts dried well and the match began in ideal playing conditions.

The Sandhurst team won the opening matches in convincing style and by tea had a 6-0 lead. Manning and Cloke came nearest to victory five times when they came within a point of taking the second set from the R.M.A.'s first pair. After tea the remaining matches were won quickly by the forceful Sandhurst team, and for the second year in succession Sandhurst had defeated the Cranwell team by nine matches to none.

R.C.

SANDHURST PENTATHLON

The team consisted of W. H. Smith, Coriat, Baird, Glennie, Porteous and Willis, with M. R. Smith, Ireland and Taylor as reserves. The latter, however, was hospitalized just before the match after being injured in training. Because of the lack of external opposition

before the meeting, training was increased to 20 hours a week.

The first event was Riding, which Sandhurst won by only 300 points, as against 1,800 last year. Willis and Coriat were first equal, with 1,000 points. Cranwell won the Fencing by a small margin, losing the Swimming by less than 150 points. A victory in the Shooting put Cranwell ahead, leaving the Running as the decisive event. Here Cranwell showed its superiority from the start and an excellent win left the final result in little doubt. A Sandhurst officer was heard to remark that the R.M.A. had never before lost by as much as the final margin, 1,755 points. Willis deservedly won the original cup, with Coriat a close second.

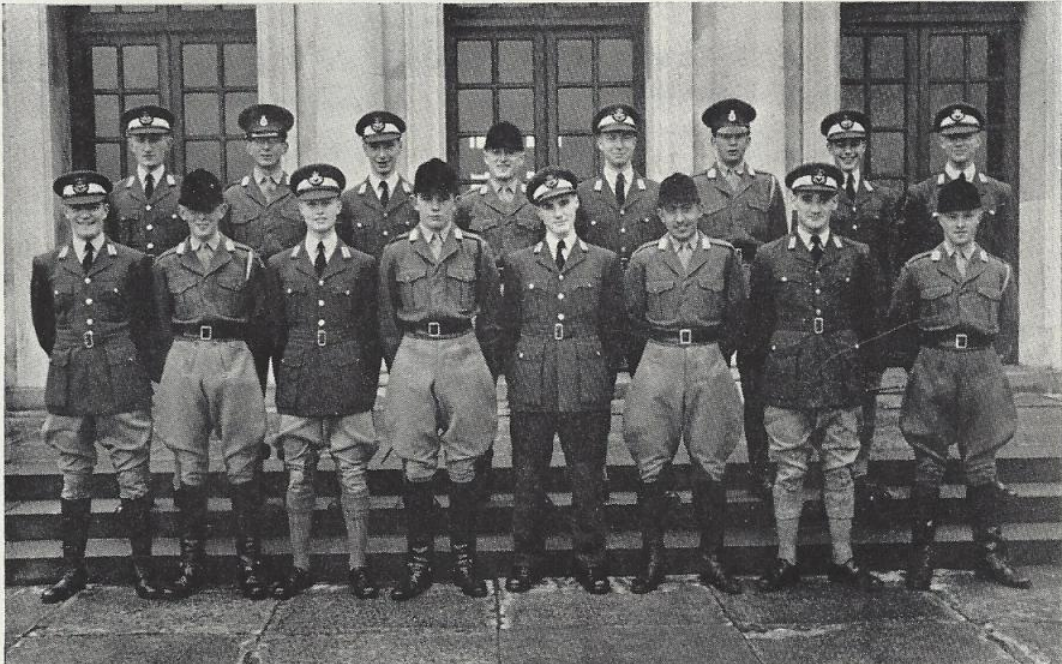
SANDHURST SWIMMING

The fixture with R.M.A. Sandhurst was the highlight of the season and was full of excitement from the start. In the first event, the hundred yards freestyle, all four competitors touched within 0.6 of a second. With the medley and freestyle relays to go both teams had 30 points. The College won the medley relay which meant that Sandhurst had to win the freestyle relay to avoid defeat. The tension in the final event was intensified by a false start. From the second start Sandhurst gained a lead which the College could not reduce, so the result was a tie, both teams scoring 30 points. The water polo was lost, after a close fight, by six goals to four.

CRICKET

R.A.F.C. v. DARTMOUTH

Taylor won the toss and elected to bat on a soft wicket. His decision was borne out when, after valuable contributions from Andrews and Price, Adams and Mermagen took the score to 106 without further loss. Adams was then bowled for a fine 60, but Taylor and



Sandhurst and Cranwell Pentathlon Teams

Mermagen batted sensibly until at 3.30 quick runs were wanted to enable a declaration to be made. Mackay and Graydon piloted the score to 200-7, Mackay making a very effective 30 not out.

Dartmouth did not attempt to go for the runs and our attack was not aggressive enough to force any result, until at 104-4 Taylor risked Mermagen's leg-breaks. This proved the spur to Dartmouth's Colonial Cadets and Lecamwasam and Zaidi batted most attractively whilst taking many risks in pushing the score to 178-5. Taylor and Graydon then restored sanity, but not until the Dartmouth score had reached 186-5 and caused heart failure among the watching Cranwell supporters.

CRANWELL			
Andrews lbw., b. James...	14
Adams b. Moylan-Jones	60
Price lbw., b. Moylan-Jones	10
Mermagen b. Dobbin	34
Taylor c. James, b. Dobbin	19
Digby lbw., b. Moylan-Jones	4
Graydon not out...	11
Gothard st. Zaidi, b. Moylan-Jones	9
Mackay not out	30
Extras	9
<hr/>			
Total for 7 wickets dec.	200

Bowling					
	O.	M.	R.	W.	
James	...	6	2	19	1
Dobbin	...	21	6	76	2
Moylan-Jones	...	19	2	57	4

DARTMOUTH			
Surplice ct. Price, b. Taylor	6
Siddigoni ct. Mermagen, b. Bullocke	28
Fernando ct. and b. Laycock	30
Perryman run out	24
Lecamwasam not out	47
Zaidi b. Graydon	30
Moylan-Jones not out	3
Extras	18
<hr/>			
Total for 5 wickets	186

Bowling

	O.	M.	R.	W.	
Taylor	...	9	2	18	1
Graydon	...	16	3	42	1
Bullocke	...	5	0	19	1
Laycock	...	9	1	34	1

DARTMOUTH SWIMMING

Although all the events were very close, the Dartmouth team had the stronger finish and by the final score led 45-35. They also won the water polo by 8-7; a defeat which we hope to avenge next year!

DARTMOUTH TENNIS

As the previous season's team had suffered a narrow defeat at the hands of the Royal Naval College, this year it was hoped to reverse the decision.

Immediately preceding the match, however, practices were interrupted by weather, night flying and the mid-term break. Consequently the team was playing below form when it set out on the long journey to Dartmouth. On the way, Manning, the captain, was taken ill, and spent the night in the sick quarters while the rest of the team enjoyed the fine hospitality of the Naval College. Manning was unfit next morning and hence the pairs had to be rearranged, the combinations chosen being Watson and Cloke, Carr-White and Edwards, Volkers and Sturt. After a morning on the river, the teams began the match on a very hot afternoon.

The Dartmouth team soon showed its superiority and quickly set up a 3-0 lead. At tea the score was 5-1 in their favour, the only Cranwell victory falling to Carr-White and Edwards. After tea, the Cranwell team could not increase their total, and the Royal Naval College proved worthy winners with the convincing score of 8 matches to 1.

R.C.

THE EDITOR, ROYAL AIR FORCE COLLEGE JOURNAL

Dear Sir,

I wonder if either you or one of your readers could tell me how I can obtain official recognition at the College for a game I have invented? 'Sogger,' as I have called it, is already popular with a fair number of flight cadets.

To play this game participants change into suitable sports kit (track suits are admirable) and at 1400 hours place themselves on their beds in the preparatory position for V-sitting and then concentrate hard. They continue to do this until 1450 when ends are changed (the pillow being placed at the other end of the bed). During the 10-minute half-time it is customary to take a little exercise to prepare for the second half. At 1500 the game is resumed and is continued until 1550 when a shrill blast on the referee's whistle is usually sufficient to break the contestant's concentration.

The winner is the person who concentrates so hard that he loses consciousness for the longest time. The game is open to many variations, e.g. longest time first half, quickest to lose consciousness, whilst some of our more daredevil participants have gone so far as to try new positions, e.g. on the side, in chairs. A great advantage of this game is that one's training can be done at the same time as attending lectures.

I think you will agree that this new sport has much to offer those flight cadets who are a little tired of cross-country runs and modern Pentathlon training every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon. We feel sure that if we can arrange away matches in London our new sport will be unrivalled in popularity.

Yours faithfully,
A. KIPPER.

INTER- SQUADRON SPORTS



CRICKET

The first match, between 'A' and 'B' squadrons, brought the two best teams into action. With a fine innings from Andrews, 'A' Squadron emerged the victors and met 'C' Squadron in the next round.

Gothard, however, dominated the 'C' Squadron innings and emerged undefeated for a fine 70. 'A' Squadron, with a good partnership from Laycock and Digby, failed by just one run to equal 'C' Squadron's score.

The final game between 'B' and 'C' squadrons resulted in a win for 'C' Squadron, again due to Gothard and to the excellent team spirit induced into his team by Mermagen.

'C' and 'B' was typical of the spirit displayed in all inter-squadron sports. This match was packed with thrills and laughs from beginning to end. At half-time 'B' were leading by three goals to two, but in the second half they drew away to win by seven goals to four, after losing a man who had the misfortune of being spotted by the referee retaliating to subversive action by the opposing side! 'A' Squadron had difficulty in raising a team, but put up a tremendous fight against 'C' and lost by only four goals to two.

RESULTS

'B' Squadron ...	8	'A' Squadron ...	1
'C' Squadron ...	4	'A' Squadron ...	2
'B' Squadron ...	7	'C' Squadron ...	4

TENNIS

In the inter-squadron tennis 'A' Squadron were beaten by both 'B' and 'C' squadrons and the final match between 'C' and 'B' was a tense struggle, especially since the result of the Prince of Wales Trophy Competition was to some extent dependent on the tennis. 'C' were the eventual winners, by 5 games to 1.

ROWING

As has been their wont for several years 'A' Squadron once again won the inter-squadron rowing by a wide margin, and were never seriously opposed by either 'B' or 'C'.

SWIMMING

The inter-squadron swimming was held on 21st May. 'B' Squadron were firm favourites, having half the College team. The result was closer than had been anticipated, but 'B' won by the comfortable margin of 5 points. 'A' Squadron, having only one member of the College swimming team, did well to win two events, the diving and the 100 yards breaststroke. 'C' Squadron were second in every event.

RESULTS

'B' Squadron	26 points
'C' Squadron	21 points
'A' Squadron	16 points

WATER POLO

Once again 'B' Squadron were favourites from the start, having five members of the College team. 'C' Squadron had a good team also, and the deciding match between



Mrs Kerby presenting the Regatta prizes

Air Vice-Marshal
Arjan Singh, D.F.C.



It has just been announced that Air Vice-Marshal Arjan Singh is to be the next Chief of Air Staff of the Indian Air Force with the rank of Air Marshal.

After graduating from the Government College, Lahore, the future Air Marshal was selected for Cranwell. He joined the College in 1938 and was in "B" Squadron with the present Commandant, Air Commodore Lyne. His C.F.I. was Squadron Leader (now Marshal of the Royal Air Force) Dermot Boyle. He graduated in December 1939 and is remembered among other things as a keen swimmer and hockey player. He has always maintained his sporting interests and is still an ardent golfer.

On his return to India, he was posted to No. 1 Squadron, then equipped with Lysanders. He fought with this squadron in Burma, became a Flight Commander when it was re-equipped with Hurricanes and then commanded the same squadron against the Japanese at Imphal. His brilliant sorties during this campaign earned him the D.F.C. Since the war, he has commanded the station at Ambala and held a wide range of command and staff appointments culminating in his present appointment as V.C.A.S. While the Air Marshal was A.O.C.-in-C. Operational Command, the Indian Air Force underwent a vast programme of expansion and modernisation. He was personally responsible in large measure both for directing the Air Force's operational training and for setting up on the west coast a high level Armament Training Wing. Recently, he was in overall charge of Exercise Shiksha which was held by the Indian Air Force in conjunction with the R.A.F., the R.A.A.F., and the U.S.A.F.

The new C.A.S. has attended the R.A.F. Staff College at Andover, the Joint Services Staff College and the Imperial Defence College.

A.V.-M. Arjan Singh is married and has three children. His wife — Mrs. Teji Arjan Singh — takes a keen interest in servicemen's families and presides over a number of important welfare activities.

The *Journal* offers its sincere congratulations and best wishes to this distinguished Old Cranwellian.

