

THE
ROYAL AIR FORCE
COLLEGE



JOURNAL

CRANWELL MARCH 1959

VOL. XXXI NO. 1

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE COLLEGE JOURNAL

MARCH 1959 VOL. XXXI NO. 1



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STAFF

Managing Editor: Squadron Leader D. D. W. Nabarro

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Deputy Managing Editor: Flight Lieutenant J. F. Clay

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Articles: F.C. M. J. Porter

Activities: F.C. D. Lawrence

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Sketches: U.O. T. V. Radford with F.Cs P. Colwell, J. S. Halkes, W. Howard and C. R. Geach

Assistants: F.Cs K. Willings, N. C. Bladon, P. J. Burton and G. N. L. Hyde

THE JOURNAL

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



College Notes

THIS edition of *The Journal* records the events of the Autumn term, 1958. Between the beginning of the term and the end of the year there were 34 days of fog and the flying programme was disorganized to an unprecedented extent. For the first time since the pre-war Armament Practice Camps part of the senior entry was detached to another station, Royal Air Force Valley, in search of clearer weather. The detachment seems to have been successful from every point of view.



The Reviewing Officer at the passing-out parade of No. 74 Entry on 16th December, 1958, was Air Marshal Sir Richard Atcherley, K.B.E., C.B., A.F.C., Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief Flying Training Command. This was the first occasion on which an Old Cranwellian who had also been Commandant of the College had acted in this role. We record the day's events elsewhere together with an account of the Reviewing Officer's speech.

This was also the first occasion on which navigators had passed out from the Royal Air Force College. They numbered four, and the new Institute of Navigation Trophy and Air Ministry Prize for Navigators were won by Senior Flight Cadet D. R. W. De Garis. Wings and prizes were presented by the Commandant on 15th December.



At the start of the Spring term, 1959, the Cadet Wing numbers 309 flight cadets, including 39 for training as Navigators and 31 for training in the Equipment and Secretarial branches. The new entry, No. 80, numbers 48; six of these are for training as Navigators and seven for the ground branches. This entry includes three flight cadets of the Royal Malayan Air Force. Now that the rephrasing of entries on the

cycle of two a year has worked itself out No. 75 Entry will remain senior entry for two terms and the next new entry will arrive in September. 'C' Squadron remains Sovereign's Squadron for the Spring term, 1959.



In the New Year Honours List Flight Lieutenant C. S. Jackson was appointed a Member of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire. Flight Lieutenant Jackson had just completed his tour as an equipment instructor at the College and has been posted to the R.A.F. Staff College at Bracknell. Flight Sergeant J. Holt was awarded the British Empire Medal. Flight Sergeant Holt was for some years the N.C.O. i/c Junior Entries. With the reorganization of the junior entry system he became 'C' Squadron Flight Sergeant. For many years he has been an outstanding forward in the station rugby team.



Group Captain W. T. Brooks, D.S.O., O.B.E., A.F.C., handed over the appointment of Chief Flying Instructor at the end of the year. He was the first officer to occupy this post after its upgrading to control the wide range of flying training at Cranwell and Barkston Heath. Whatever the problems that faced him, whether they were the full integration of Vampire training, of pioneering the Navigators' course, of airfield construction, of complaints from local residents, or of a sequence of the

worst flying weather ever recorded at Cranwell, he remained imperturbable and good-humoured. Of the many facets of Cranwell life that profited from his help and encouragement, it is probably for his direction of the Hunt Club that he will be best remembered. We wish Group Captain Brooks and his family good fortune in his next appointment at Jurby. Group Captain E. H. Lynch-Blosse, O.B.E., is now Chief Flying Instructor and we congratulate him on his recent promotion. His contributions to *The Journal* will be well known to our older readers. If the Old Cranwellian Editor received as much assistance from all Old Cranwellians as he obtained from Group Captain Lynch-Blosse, his section in *The Journal* would be far more comprehensive.

In the last number of *The Journal* we congratulated Wing Commander R. S. Kerby on his



Group Captain E. H. Lynch-Blosse, O.B.E.,
Chief Flying Instructor, Royal Air Force College

promotion. After a brief occupation of the post of College Administrative Officer he has been appointed H.M. Air Attaché at Oslo. We thank him for his abounding enthusiasm for all field sports and wish him good fortune in his new post. The College Administrative Officer is now Wing Commander E. W. Cropper, formerly Senior Navigation Instructor.

Squadron Leader H. W. Cafferata handed over the command of 'B' Squadron on posting to the R.A.F. Staff College, Bracknell. He was the first post-war Old Cranwellian to return as a Squadron Commander. The command of 'B' Squadron has been taken over by Squadron Leader M. M. J. Robinson, also of No. 45 Entry.



Mr. A. Clay, M.M.

We congratulate Wing Commander I. D. Bolton, D.F.C., upon his promotion which has taken him back to the R.A.F. Staff College, Bracknell, on the directing staff after a short tour as Air Staff Instructor.

We congratulate upon their promotions Group Captain R. G. Walker, D.S.O., formerly Senior Tutor (Equipment, Secretarial and Administration), Squadron Leader W. F. Knapper, Squadron Leader W. G. Porter and Squadron Leader W. F. Lloyd.



Old Cranwellians and many others will be sorry to hear of the imminent retirement owing to ill-health of Mr A. Clay, M.M., the Head Porter. 'Albert' first served at Cranwell when he came to work at the Lodge farm for Mr Banks before the first World War. He served with the Royal Lincolnshire Regiment in France and Gallipoli, and joined the College staff in May 1923. His familiar figure and his expansive and inimitable gesture in opening the main doors as the Queen's Colour approaches will be sadly missed from future passing-out parades which we hope 'Albert' will attend from his home in Sleaford.

Mr J. Lewenstein has also retired after 29 years' service as a batman in 'B' Squadron. 'Lew' was famous for his boot polishing and notorious for his cactus breeding. Since he too will be living in Sleaford in retirement we hope to see him not only on the golf course at Rauceby.

It is not until flight cadets have left the College that they have the perspective really to appreciate the benefits conferred upon them by the skill and faithfulness of the College domestic staff.

During the past two terms the Director of Studies has organized a series of informal but stimulating individual visits to Cranwell by gentlemen distinguished in various aspects of education. These visitors have included Professors A. J. Murphy, the Principal, W. S. Hemp, Professor of Aircraft Design, and A. D. Baxter, formerly Professor of Aircraft Propulsion, of the College of Aeronautics at Cranfield; Mr J. A. Ratcliffe of the Department of Physics at Cambridge; Mr R. Moore, Headmaster of Mill Hill and a member of the Secretary of State's Education Advisory Committee; Mr P. J. McAllister, the head of the Mathematics Department at Mill Hill, and Mr A. D. C. Peterson, the Director of the Department of Education at Oxford; in the field of the humanities Professor P. N. S. Mansergh, Professor of Commonwealth History at Cambridge; Professor J. W. Blake, Professor of History at the University College of North Staffordshire, and Mr Michael Howard of the Department of Military Studies of London University. In addition to the value of their independent viewpoint on the problems that face us at Cranwell, the opportunity to meet people of such stature in other fields of educational effort gives great encouragement to the morale of the academic staff.



On 21st September, Battle of Britain Sunday, the Queen's Colour was borne on church parade and a contingent of two officers and 45 flight cadets led the march past after the memorial service in Lincoln Cathedral.

On 9th November, Remembrance Sunday, the Right Reverend Kenneth Riches, D.D., the Lord Bishop of Lincoln, preached at the parade service, at which the Queen's Colour was carried on church parade. On 14th December the parade service took the form of a Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols. The Harvest Festival was celebrated on 5th October.



*Return, by
train . . .*

During the absence of the Church of England padre, The Reverend L. J. Ashton (who has now made a complete recovery from his illness), the Director of Studies officiated in St. Michael's Church.



On 25th November three flight cadets from Commonwealth countries formed part of the route-lining party when Her Majesty the Queen unveiled the memorial at Brookwood to those of the Commonwealth Services who lost their lives in the second World War and have no known graves.



For the navigator cadets the final term means an overseas detachment. Some previous pilot entries undertook such flights in vacation time, but they were discontinued for various reasons. The original plan for No. 74 Entry Navigators was a round tour utilizing several of the main Mediterranean bases. After an overnight stop at St Mawgan, in Cornwall, the itinerary was to have been Gibraltar, Malta, Idris, Orange/Caritat at Marseilles and back to Cranwell.

The political climate at the proposed time of the exercise hardly seemed conducive to the full implementation of this plan and therefore it was altered to a transit flight to Malta, two flights using Malta as a base, and the return journey. On the exercise a variety of different techniques was used, with varying degrees of success. The clearness of the air made astronomical observations easy, while the calm state of the sea made maritime navigation difficult. The problems of the civilian airline crews were also made plain, for on the return from Orange the aircraft flew along the airways to Blackbushe.



... and 'bus

The Per Ardua (R.A.F.) Beagles are having a patchy season; there have been some first-rate hunts but already six days have been lost owing to thick fog or hard frost, and one more day owing to thick fog *and* hard frost. The President of the R.A.F. Beagling Association, Air Marshal Sir Richard Atcherley, attended the Hunt Ball held in the officers' mess on 7th October and the Christmas meet held at Fulbeck. The Autumn Draw, upon which the Hunt depends for most of its funds, was once again run by the Master, Group Captain L. G. Levis, and made a record profit. The flight cadet whips for the season are Under Officer M. J. F. Shaw and Senior Flight Cadet C. E. Starey. For the first time the Per Ardua (R.A.F.) Beagles have met at the flight cadets' mess of the R.A.F. Technical College.



Visitors to the College have included:

On 11th-12th September the Commandant, Assistant Commandant, Directing Staff and students of the No. 48 Course at the R.A.F. Staff College, Bracknell.

On 22nd September Mr E. Holloway, Secretary of the Economic Research Council, who gave a lecture on 'Inflation.'

On 22nd-24th September two officers and 10 cadets of the Escola del Exercito of Portugal.

On 2nd October Sir Vivian Fuchs who gave an illustrated lecture in the cinema to the whole Cadet Wing on the crossing of Antarctica.

On 6th October Mr Colin Jackson who lectured on 'The Middle East.'

On 13th October Dr S. G. Hooker of Bristol Aero Engines Ltd., who lectured on 'Future Engine Development.'

On 17th October the following Headmasters visited the College and attended a Guest Night: Mr H. J. Harris of Rugby School, Mr A. D. D. McCallum of Christ College, Brecon, Rev D. W. M. Price of Ampleforth College, Mr R. L. James of Harrow School, Mr J. B. C. Grundy of Emanuel School, Mr J. A. Brett of Durham School. Professor A. D. Baxter of De Havilland Engine Co. Ltd. and Mr A. L. Maycock of University of Cambridge Appointments Board also took part in this visit.

On 30th October Dr T. E. Jessop, Professor of Philosophy and Psychology at Hull University, who gave a lecture entitled 'The Christian Reaction to Modern Techniques.'

On 11th November 30 members of the Air Ministry Society visited the College.

On 17th November Mr George Hagan, formerly of the Memorial Theatre and the Old Vic, gave a poetry recital ranging from Sir Philip Sidney to Dylan Thomas.

On 25th-28th November the Commandant of the Royal Swedish Air Force Cadet College, Lieutenant-Colonel Mangard, accompanied by Captain Boheman.

On 27th November the following Headmasters visited Cranwell and dined in the College: Mr H. R. Roach of Hymer's College, Mr J. A. Buchanan of Oakham School, Mr R. St J. Pitts-Tucker of Pocklington School, Mr J. C. Wykes of St Bees School, Dr H. J. L. Robbie of Daniel Stewart's College, Mr P. W.



PORTUGUESE ACADEMY VISIT, SEPTEMBER 1953

From left to right: Captain Da Silva, The Assistant Commandant, Lieut.-Colonel Boavida

Martin of Lincoln School, Mr E. G. Bennett of Bournemouth School and Mr F. C. T. Forder, the Careers Master at Sevenoaks School.

On the same evening the Director of Educational Services, Air Vice-Marshal Kermode, C.B.E., M.A., F.R.Ae.S., who has twice served on the College staff, once as lecturer in Aerodynamics before the war and as Senior Tutor (A.S.E.) and acting Director of Studies since the war, and Mr J. W. Stork, C.B.E., the Director of Studies at Britannia Royal Naval College, dined in the College. We wish Mr Stork every happiness in his imminent retirement and congratulate him upon his appointment as a Companion of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath.



Visits made during term time included those by large parties to Royal Air Force North Coates, to Messrs Handley Page, and to the De Havilland Engine and Propeller Company.

Parties of navigators visited R.A.E. Farnborough, the Planetarium in Baker Street, London Airways Radar and the Marconi Co. Ltd.

Parties of Equipment and Secretarial flight cadets visited the Lincoln Assizes, the National Cash Register Co., No. 35 M.U., the Central Ordnance Depot, the

Regimental Pay Office (R.A.), and Royal Air Force Waddington. Secretarial flight cadets have attended C.I.S. study conferences at Nottingham. A flight cadet attended the study course on U.N.O. held under the aegis of the Carnegie Trust and has organized one of the contributory discussion groups at the College.

Vacation activities were naturally on a more limited scale than in the Easter and Summer vacations. The pot-holers operated in Mendip from Priddy and the wild-fowlers exercised their skills in the area of The Wash. The usual attachments to Service units took place and in addition a small party visited H.M.S. Heron, R.N.A.S. Yeovilton.

A recent addition to the College Society is the Geographical and Historical Section which has steadily increased its membership till it now includes some fifty cadets. The strength of the society rests in the support given to its secretary by members of the newer entries; it is also due in some part to the flexibility (some would say 'vagueness') inherent in its title. The section can, and does, undertake ventures which other meetings' terms of reference would make rather difficult. So far visits have been made to Calder Hall, York, Cambridge, the 'stately homes' of Lincolnshire and Leicestershire, and, last term, to the Commonwealth Institute; a geographical tour of Lincolnshire has also been made. Two fortunate members were helped to visit the Brussels Exhibition. Future plans include visits to Jodrell Bank, the Oxford area, and six cadets hope to visit France.

The society is attached to the Lincoln Geographical, Historical and Archæological societies. In this way it is possible for cadets to hear eminent scholars speaking on topics of their own choosing, as well as to join any projects undertaken by these societies.



Field-Marshal Montgomery inspects the Cranwell contingent at Sandhurst

The Dramatic Section of the R.A.F. College Society presented *Rope*, by Patrick Hamilton, on 8th and 9th December. A play such as this which demands a building up of tension is hard to put over to a College audience, but the producer, Flight Cadet M. Freeman, who himself played the part of Rupert Cadell, succeeded in creating and maintaining this atmosphere.

The Little Theatre's winter production was *Captain Carvallo* by Dennis Cannan.



The Dartmouth week-end was held at Cranwell on 14th to 16th November and the Sandhurst week-end at Sandhurst from 28th to 30th November. As a new departure the series of fixtures with the R.A.F. Technical College was also treated as a formal week-end. The results of the various sports and games are given elsewhere, but the value of these reciprocal contacts cannot be estimated only by their results.

On the Saturday morning of the Sandhurst week-end officers and flight cadets attended the unveiling of the Luneburg stone by Field-Marshal the Viscount Montgomery of Alamein. One of the Guards of Honour was provided by a party of flight cadets under the command of Senior Under Officer T. V. Spencer.



The P.M.C. of the Officers' Mess is now Squadron Leader A. A. Purdom. The life of the mess has been as active as ever during the period under review. A formal ball was held on 7th November, the traditional Christmas draw, children's Christmas party and New Year's Eve Dance were organized. The Blankney Hunt Ball was held on 18th December and a large field met at the mess on the following day.

STAFF APPOINTMENTS

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

College Headquarters: Wing Commander K. R. Penry.

Tutorial Wing: Squadron Leaders A. Barrell, N. R. L. Bristow; Flight Lieutenants E. Kinder, D. I. O'Hara, A. Hickox.

Cadet Wing: Squadron Leader M. M. J. Robinson; Flight Lieutenants P. Gilliatt, I. H. Panton.

Flying Wing, Cranwell: Flight Lieutenants R. Gould, A. W. Frazer, J. A. Williams, B. Rowbotham, D.F.C., J. R. Ayers, J. R. Wittam, R. N. Baff, E. Cheek, A.F.C., D.F.M.; Flying Officer J. A. Young; Pilot Officer N. A. Tranter.

Flying Wing, Barkston Heath: Squadron Leader H. T. Brown, D.F.C.; Flight Lieutenants D. D. Angus, W. W. Elsegood, D. A. P'Anson, C. V. Sankey, D. Millburn, E. S. Denson, J. L. Spatcher, A.F.C., W. N. Baggaley; Flying Officer B. F. A. Clinch.

Administrative Wing: Squadron Leader J. Gatiss; Flying Officer J. P. Magurn; Pilot Officer J. Woolfe.

Medical: Wing Commander E. O. Barnes; Flying Officer J. H. Lemon.

STAFF DEPARTURES

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

College Headquarters: Wing Commanders K. R. Penry, R. S. Kerby.

Tutorial Wing: Squadron Leaders R. W. Sloan, H. L. Taylor; Flight Lieutenant R. V. Staley.

Technical Wing: Squadron Leader G. Tombling; Flight Lieutenant K. G. Hinnell.

Cadet Wing: Flight Lieutenant B. A. F. Meadley.

Flying Wing, Cranwell: Squadron Leader C. P. Woodroffe; Flight Lieutenants W. Topping, D. J. Edwards, A. Turley, I. L. M. Johnson, B. Entwistle; Pilot Officer E. B. Higgins.

Flying Wing, Barkston Heath: Squadron Leader J. F. Newbould, A.F.C.; Flight Lieutenants F. W. P. Cox, W. Bolton, W. C. Mackison, T. Parsons, P. D. English.

Administrative Wing: Flight Lieutenants G. A. Mills, J. Mayhew, M.B.E., W. L. Wellman, A. J. Gobey.

Medical: Wing Commander R. S. Peill; Squadron Leader R. W. Wright.



OLD CRANWELLIAN NOTES

HONOURS AND AWARDS

CONGRATULATIONS to the following Old Cranwellians who received honours or awards in the New Year Honours List:

G.C.B.: Air Chf Mshl Sir George Mills (1920).

K.C.B.: A.V.M. W. H. Merton (1924).

C.B.: Air Cdre R. H. E. Emson (1930); Air Cdre M. K. D. Porter (1931); Air Cdre S. C. Widdows (1929).

K.B.E.: Air Mshl C. E. Chilton (1924).

C.B.E.: Gp Capt T. J. Hanlon (1935); Gp Capt J. C. Pope (1931); Gp Capt D. E. B. Wheeler (1932); Gp Capt R. D. Williams (Retd.) (1926); Gp Capt F. W. Stannard (1927).

Our apologies are due to Gp Capt F. W. Stannard (1927) for omitting him from the Birthday Honours List, in which he was awarded the C.B.E.

APPOINTMENTS

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

Air Mshl Sir Hugh Constantine (1926) to become A.O.C.-in-C. Flying Training Command.

Air Mshl H. D. Spreckley (1924) to become Controller of Engineering at Air Ministry.

A.V.M. J. Marson (1924) to be A.O.C. No. 24 Group.

A.V.M. T. U. C. Shirley (1928) to be Senior Technical Staff Officer at H.Q. Fighter Command.

A.V.M. W. P. G. Pretty (1929) to be Director-General of Organization at Air Ministry.

A.V.M. H. A. V. Hogan (1929) to be Senior Air Staff Officer at Flying Training Command.

A.V.M. J. Worrall (1930) to be A.C.A.S. (Training) at Air Ministry.

A.V.M. E. M. F. Grundy (1926) to be Air Officer in Charge of Administration, F.E.A.F.

Air Cdre M. K. D. Porter (1931) to the Imperial Defence College for studies.

Gp Capt H. E. C. Boxer (1933) to the Imperial Defence College for studies.

Gp Capt P. H. Cribb (1936) to Command R.A.F. Gutersloh.

Gp Capt A. R. D. MacDonnell (1932) to Command R.A.F. South Cerney.

Gp Capt T. J. Hanlon (1935) to H.Q. Transport Command for administrative duties.

Gp Capt E. H. Lynch-Blosse (1935) to be Chief Flying Instructor, R.A.F. College, Cranwell.

Wg Cdr P. C. Lambert (1936) to Command No. 97 Squadron, R.A.F. Hemswell.

Wg Cdr P. R. Ap Ellis (1935) to be No. 3 Regional Recruiting Officer, R.A.F. Hawarden.

BIRTHS

We congratulate the following Old Cranwellians on recent additions to their families:

Gp Capt T. N. Stack (1937)—a son.

Sqn Ldr I. A. N. Worby (1947)—a son.

Sqn Ldr F. R. Lockyer (1948) a daughter.

Flt Lt I. D. Brimson (1952)—a son.

Flt Lt T. W. Turnill (1953)—a son.

Flt Lt M. J. Griffiths (1953)—a daughter.

Flt Lt K. Bichard (1952)—a son.

Flt Lt J. L. Spatcher (1951)—a son.

Flt Lt I. C. R. McIntosh (1951)—a son.

Flt Lt J. A. Fryer (1948)—a daughter.

Flt Lt J. A. Tucker (1951)—a daughter.

Flt Lt T. W. J. Hopkins (1948)—a daughter.

MARRIAGES

We congratulate the following Old Cranwellians on their recent marriages:

Flt Lt K. R. Briggs (1952) to Miss Catherine McKay Bray.

Sqn Ldr A. J. West (1948) to Miss Anne Locke.

NEWS FROM LETTERS

We have heard from R. A. Birchall (1949) who retired on medical grounds in 1952. His address is: Kirkdale Manor, Nawton, York.

In his letter he says he would be very pleased to welcome any Old Cranwellians stationed in the district.

Flt Lt J. R. Johnson, now married and father of a boy and a girl, has recently returned home from Aden. His address is: 1, Horse Fair, Rugeley, Staffordshire.

REUNION

The Old Cranwellian reunion will be held on 6th June, 1959. Will all Old Cranwellians wishing to take part in games against the College please contact the following officers at Cranwell:

Golf—Gp Capt F. E. Nuthall.

Cricket—Flt Lt W. E. Close.

Squash—Flt Lt A. D. R. Dawes.

Tennis—Flt Lt R. A. C. Goldring.

OLD CRANWELLIAN TIES

Old Cranwellian ties may be obtained from Gieves Ltd., or branches. Name and Entry must be quoted.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Will all Old Cranwellians please inform Mr Tanner, the Hon. Sec., of all changes of address.

Passing-Out Parade of No. 74 Entry

*Speeches by Air Marshal Sir Richard Ll. R. Atcherley,
K.B.E., C.B., A.F.C., and by the Commandant*

ON 16th December 1958 the College welcomed Air Marshal Sir Richard Ll. R. Atcherley, K.B.E., C.B., A.F.C., Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Flying Training Command, as the Reviewing Officer at the passing-out parade of No. 74 Entry.

The elements were inclement to the Cadet Wing when it marched on under the command of Senior Under Officer T. V. Spencer in fog. The squadrons were commanded by Senior Under Officer J. N. Puckering, Senior Under Officer D. G. Lucas and Under Officer J. G. Saye.

At 1128 the Reviewing Officer arrived, unheralded by the customary fly-past by the Vampires of the Advanced Flying Wing because of the bad weather.

After the advance in Review Order, the Reviewing Officer presented the Sword of Honour to Senior Under Officer T. V. Spencer, the Queen's Medal to Senior Under Officer D. G. Lucas, and the R. M. Groves Memorial Prize and Kinkead Trophy to Under Officer J. Delafield. He then made the following address:

The Reviewing Officer's Address

'In speeches of this sort old gentlemen like to clear their throats and leave the crafty impression that all their lives they have trodden the paths of virtue, but I'm afraid that right from the start of my career at Cranwell mine was anything but virtuous.

I'm sure you know I had a twin brother, David, who was as keen on flying as I was, and still am, and when we came up for our preliminary medical examination for Cranwell the results were quite frightful; poor old David was in trouble about his kidneys and I with my eyes, and the Board told us plainly to go away for two months and to get healthy before daring to present ourselves again. Now, of course, it will be apparent to criminally minded fellows like you that in a contingency of this sort there are obvious advantages in being twins—for David and I were very much alike in looks and thoughts. So when we returned to the Central Medical Board it took very little subterfuge on our part for the doctors,



The Reviewing Officer presents the R. M. Groves Memorial Prize and Kinkead Trophy to Under Officer J. Delafield

God bless them! to get us completely mixed up. I passed in with flying colours on David's eyes and he on the strength and quality of my—er—slightly more vulgar but none the less useful contribution. And that, gentlemen, is how the Atcherley brothers started their careers of crime in the Service—but the ghastly upshot of it all from your point of view is that you are going to be passed out by a mountebank who never passed in and that makes this ceremony as valid as a wedding in Las Vegas.

'Gentlemen; in more serious vein, when you did me the honour of asking me to take this review, I was very conscious indeed of the Royal Personages and the long line of distinguished officers who have preceded me on this dais. And as I tried to think if there was anything in my service which I could usefully pass on to you as advice on this great day in your lives, I remember very vividly standing as a cadet 35 years ago,

quite near to where you are standing now, and being bored absolutely stiff listening to what would be expected of me as a junior officer. The young know perfectly well what is right and what is wrong. It is only when we reach maturity and lose the uninhibited confidence of youth—as often jealously misnamed over-confidence—that we have recourse to expediency and compromise. Oh! how I yearn now for all your forthrightness and intolerance to half-measures and indecision, and how much more appropriate it would be if you were up here on this dais and I was listening to you!

'At my age, of course, one is dangerously tempted to live in the past, although life in our Service makes this very difficult—at least as a habit. For we live in such a state of experiment and growth—in peace and war we thrive so much on challenge and new ideas; we are continually witness to the passing of our old designs and concepts and the birth and proving of new ones in their place—that we touch only very lightly on the past, and rightly so, I think, for all this keeps us young and constantly looking to the future.

'And so, in looking back, it seemed only natural that I should find myself almost immediately speculating about your future. What will this parade be like in another 35 years' time? It will



The Reviewing Officer presents the Sword of Honour to Senior Under Officer T. V. Spencer

be in the last decade of this terrific century then—nearly A.D. 2000. Will it be preceded, do you think, by a fly-past?—and if so by what sort of craft? Many of you now on this parade will inevitably be in the audience then and one of you may well be the Reviewing Officer. And what about your weapons? Will this great nuclear deterrent have staved off a third world conflict, or will it have aggravated a spate of conventional wars in which once again the Royal Air Force will have to fight for air superiority?

'At least one thing is certain—I and my generation are in the natural process of laying down our arms and young men like yourselves are taking them up. It is, of course, an eternal cycle to which you yourselves one day must see the sequel. But for many years now I have seen the rising generation taking over from their predecessors with consummate ease and skill and certainly, insofar as flying is concerned, surpassing the skills of their instructors in but only a fraction of the time. It will, I'm sure, be the same when you come to hand over. When that day comes I would enjoin you to take confidence as I do in this fundamental truth. Each generation learns from the last and carries the torch a little further and a little higher before passing it on. Make sure, then, that you pass on only your courage and your skill—which are helpful to your successors—not the inevitable anxieties and fears which are the cost of every man's experience and which only serve to discourage and deter.

'Of course, the arms that we are passing on to you are very different from the ones that we inherited, certainly in terms of their vastly greater speeds and heights and their destructive power. And you may be right in saying therefore that all this calls for a different approach and new thinking; that the experience of the last era—that is my era—is now only of limited value. But I think I would challenge this opinion, for I have found that, even with the great changes that have happened during my service, it has been so much a case of "the more things are different, the more they are so very much the same."

'In fact, ever since my Schneider Trophy days, I have seen the wiseheads wagging sadly and predicting that we have at last reached the ultimate barrier to any further progress to man's achievement in the air; and one by one I have seen these scarecrows brushed aside and the false prophets eating their words—nearly always pedestrians I might say—sometimes within only weeks of their utterance. Wing flutter, the sound barrier, the thermal barrier, the limitation of the

human frame—yes, even that old chestnut—all have been dispelled, and now it is the turn of the so-called “ultimate” weapon. In every instance the pilot has pressed on regardless and unheeding in his relentless drive and insatiable quest after progress. But these alarms and excursions, these scarecrows as I call them, have cost this country very dear in terms of precious time and lost opportunity in this vital global race for technical supremacy in the air. And, gentlemen, you’ll have to guard against this in your day.

‘Next June the first of a team of American test pilots will take off in their latest research aircraft, the X.15, and will eventually attempt in their programme to break out into space from an energy climb and, after circumnavigating the globe in orbit, re-enter the atmosphere and land back at their base in the Mojave desert. From their brilliant history of achievement in the past I have not the slightest doubt whatever that sooner or later they will succeed in this new venture, ambitious as it may seem to us. And to my mind it will mark a milestone in aviation that will have as profound an influence on your lives and future as Bleriot’s crossing of the Channel had on mine. And one other thing seems sure to me. Although this ballistic missile is a great technical achievement and has a very important role to play in the modern mixed arsenal, this latest advance will make it, as a so-called ultimate weapon, as *un*-ultimate and as dated as all its predecessors.

‘For surely, gentlemen, we must know by this time that with God’s will there is no barrier to man’s achievement in the air. The almost casual choice of those words in our crest, some fifty years ago, was indeed prophetic genius. For clearly the sky is no longer your limit, only the Universe, and I sincerely trust that sooner or later the Royal Air Force will follow this bold lead into our future realm where so far only Russian dogs and American mice and monkeys have ventured. In this greatest of all the great adventures that have ever confronted mankind there could be no more inspiring or compelling a spur to you than your motto, “Per Ardua Ad Astra.”

‘May I say what a personal pleasure it is to me to see up here today my two old flying instructors, Group Captain Horniman and Wing Commander Bligh. Looking through the pages of my first log book the other day for inspiration, I regret to tell you that I could find nothing amongst the torrent of their red ink injunctions which I could safely pass on to you today without running the risk of a further endorsement, and I was so hoping, in



The Reviewing Officer presents the Queen’s Medal to Senior Under Officer D. G. Lucas

my old age, to turn over a new leaf—at least in my flying log book!

‘I extend a warm welcome on your behalf to all our visitors who have braved the weather and made the long journey up here today. And I would like to take this opportunity also of saying how much all of us at Cranwell—the past and present cadets—cherish the close ties that bind us to this sporting and hospitable county. To many it has become a home from home—thanks to the lasting friendships we have formed in this neighbourhood. Long may it flourish! I would also like to say what pleasure it always gives us when we return from time to time to see the old friendly faces of the College servants—many of whom still serving now were looking after us when we were cadets.

‘I congratulate you on the excellence of this parade. The detail of your turnout, your arms drill and ceremonial are right up to the high standards we have come to expect from Cranwell. Remember these are a token of the criterions which from now on you as young officers will apply to everything you do. Guard them well! I know I speak for everyone when I say that your performance this morning has given us all a tremendous fillip and reflects great credit on the Royal Air Force College.

'Well, gentlemen, I very deeply appreciate the honour you have done me today in asking me to take this review—an honour which I know I share very much with my family who have been so closely associated with Cranwell over the years. It remains for me now only to congratulate you on passing out, which I do most heartily, and to wish you as deeply satisfying a service as I have myself enjoyed. Whilst I can look back on my sad occasions, I can never recall when life was very long without that fascinating interest of flying, that characteristic press-on spirit of fun and laughter and gay adventure, and when I was not eternally grateful that the Royal Air Force had accepted me into their midst.

'Good luck, gentlemen; and God speed!'

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:

'Ladies and Gentlemen.—May I say how glad we of the College are to be able to welcome the parents, relatives and friends of the passing-out entry. Although this wings and prizes ceremony marks but the first of the graduation ceremonies that culminate tomorrow in the passing-out parade, it is none the less important for that. It is, too, the one ceremony that is traditionally a family affair and without your presence much of the gilt would be taken from the gingerbread. For, however warm the wishes of those of us who belong here, these would be quite inadequate unless you were here to join in offering them to the young officers who are about to start their productive—and we hope distinguished—careers in the Royal Air Force. And it is very nice to know that you, too, realize this and have braved our winter climate to join us.

'Now, it's my privilege at this particular ceremony to be able to say something to—and about, I suppose, if I wish—the senior or passing-out entry.

'First of all I'd like to express our congratulations on the brevets I've just put on the tunics of the General Duties cadets and on the certificates I've just presented to the Equipment cadets and to the one Secretarial cadet. These are the visible symbols of a course well completed, of professional competence, and of your joining the privileged ranks of those who are responsible for the maintenance of our national peace; or, in default of that, for our country's first line of

defence. These are no mean responsibilities, gentlemen, and, of course, require more than visible symbols. More of that anon.

'Among these brevets I'm delighted that there are some worn by navigators—for the very first time. I think that the inclusion of navigators in the College complement for the last three years shows the right and proper appreciation by the Service of the importance attached to this specialization within the G.D. Branch. As the first navigator ex-Cranwellians you occupy a place of note which I am sure you will prove worthy of filling.

'Next I should like to congratulate "C" Squadron on maintaining its position of Sovereign's Squadron. I'm sure they'll agree with me that it was by no means a walk-over and that none of the squadrons have any intention of letting this great honour ever become one.

'I'm sure, too, that you would wish to join with me in congratulating those who have carried off the other honours and prizes—both individual and corporate. You have done well. But also, I believe, have you others gained who can say honestly that you tried for them. For your abilities must have improved by so doing. Anyway, may they prove to be but the beginning to similar and greater achievements in the very much larger field you are about to enter.

'And last, but by no means least, I'm sure you would wish me to note some of our games results, for these play no mean part in our lives. The College won against Sandhurst, Dartmouth and Henlow at shooting, and won against Dartmouth at rugby and soccer, and Henlow at rugby. We play them at soccer next term. But I regret we couldn't quite hold Sandhurst this year at either game, although they were well-fought battles. Still, it was on the whole a very good season and 74 Entry played a most prominent part in all our successes.

'Now I know that much of your time here has been spent in absorbing advice—or so I hope. You may think that you've had a surfeit of it; but as you're now about to enter positions where you'll have to act upon it, a few more words may not be amiss. Anyway, I hold the ring with 74 Entry; even if for the last time.

'I think it's undeniable that leadership is the first requirement of an officer. But this College does not create leaders. That's the prerogative of Divine Providence. But every effort was made in your selection to determine that you had some leadership qualities before you came here, and

during your course you have been watched, of course, to see that this assessment was correct and that these qualities were progressing.

'The requirement can, I think, be boiled down to three things:

'First: You must know your job.

'Second: Your men must know that you know your job and must have confidence in your decisions.

'Third: You must take care of your men.

'It shouldn't be necessary for me to enlarge much on those three factors. But it will be through your own efforts that you cope with them.

'Now, knowing your job is a continuing process. Your jobs will change; the equipment you use will change; and your particular responsibilities will change. Any relaxation will mean that somebody who shouldn't be is ahead of you—and obviously you are not then in the lead.

'You'll find, too, that your men are probably the most astute judges of your abilities. The airman, God bless him, is a positive snob in regard to his officers. I don't mean a snob in the sense of how you hold your knife and fork (although this, too, is not unimportant), but in the sense that, if he's to follow you, he will require evidence of you that you justify his confidence in doing so.

'And lastly, looking after your men. Someone said once that the most important word in any man's language is his own name. In the Service I suggest this is, both literally and metaphorically, particularly true. The Service claims a man throughout 24 hours of each day—even if on occasion it doesn't exercise the claim. It should be self-evident that if a man is liable for his life and his full time, his leaders should know far more about him than his technical or professional ability—which may be all that interests a leader in industry. They must know of his family, his personal problems, his interests, and so on. It is inexcusable that any officer should not do so—and failure to do so means that that officer is no leader and hardly (incidentally) a recruiting agent. You will never be a good officer unless you are truly interested in airmen—in their lives as well as their work. In any case, I can assure you it is a most rewarding interest.

'This leads me to another point. You will be among the first officers for some twenty years who will spend virtually, if all goes well (and it will depend to a degree on you personally), the whole of their Service life in a volunteer Service. The Grigg Committee, which examined among other

things the motives of men joining the Services, was unable to come to any firm conclusions as to why they did join up. It wasn't money; it wasn't unemployment; and certainly it wasn't the prospect of an easy life. The most probable reason, and I hope this is indeed so, was patriotism, although I agree this can take many forms. But certainly the knowledge that he will be well led, will have his efforts well directed and the knowledge that he will be doing a worthwhile job will influence a man to join up as much as anything else. And this influence must come in the last resort from the reports of satisfied customers. You, gentlemen, will be the people that ensure there are such customers. And you will have to be the good officers we hope we've shown you how to be if you are to do so.

'That's all leadership in its most direct sense. But as you progress in the Service your responsibilities for it will widen. Although you will always be the servant of the nation, you will, inevitably, if you reach the highest places, become national leaders in the sense that your actions will have a profound effect on events.

'And all of this requires selfless devotion. You have chosen a career of service to your country, and if anything comes ahead of that ideal—career advantage, security for yourself, for your family, or any ideas of personal gain—you will be of very limited use and unworthy of the uniform you wear and of the traditions on which this College is based.

'I have one other point I would like to make A.M.P., when he presented the prizes at the end of last term, said, forcibly, that although flight cadets were given the finest start to their careers that the Service had devised, it was up to them to prove their worth. The Service would not give them preferential treatment over their colleagues who entered the Service by different means, other than ante-dates of seniority appropriate to the length of their course—unless they proved their worth in open competition.

'In other words, the Service will rely for its senior officers on those who show themselves most capable, irrespective of background.

'But here is the point. You have been given the training and the background that are far in advance of anything ever devised for other than ex-Cranwellians. The Service knows this. It knows that initially you were more carefully selected; it knows that you have been taught here, not only the basic professional knowledge required of a junior officer, but to study—how to study and

how to keep yourself informed—and how to think logically and independently. These are all characteristics required of senior officers—and you have been shown how to develop them.

‘I know it and I’m not an ex-flight cadet so I can speak without any axe to grind. The Service not only knows you have been given the grounding to do well in, and by it, but it expects you to do so. I can assure you it will always be disappointed if you do not. And there is no reason, apart from sloth on your part or failure to keep up the high standards you have been shown here, to prevent you being the leaders of the future. It is for this you have been put through this quite arduous and comprehensive course.

‘Well, that’s it. We do not wish you a comfortable future. We wish you an arduous one. For without continuing hard work you will not merit distinction. And distinction is what we do wish for you. And that our Service will remain in good hands.

‘Gentlemen—they say that luck whines but work whistles. So I will wish you very good whistling.’

Order of Merit

No. 74 ENTRY

General Duties Branch

- D. G. LUCAS, Senior Under Officer: Queen’s Medal; Abdy Gerrard Fellowes Memorial Prize; L’Ecole de l’Air Trophy for French Studies; Soccer; Athletics; Tennis; *Journal* (Editor); Chess (Captain); Film; Aero-modelling; Music; Choral; Gliding.
- J. N. PUCKERING, Senior Under Officer: Philip Sassoon Memorial Prize; Hicks Memorial Trophy; J. A. Chance Memorial Prize; Sailing; Badminton; Soccer; Motor Club (Chairman); Jazz; Film; Chess; Photographic; Dancing; Dramatics.
- J. DELAFIELD, Under Officer: R. M. Groves Memorial Prize and Kinkead Trophy; Rowing (Full Colours); Gliding (Captain); Photographic; Bible Study Group; Film.
- D. R. W. DE GARIS, Senior Flight Cadet: Air Ministry Prize for Navigation; Institute of Navigator’s Trophy; Soccer; Hockey; Canoeing (Captain); Dancing (Secretary); Ski-ing; Film.



PRIZE WINNERS, DECEMBER 1958, AFTER THE PARADE

From left to right: Pilot Officers J. D. Malloch, J. N. Puckering, J. E. Brown, T. V. Spencer, D. G. Lucas, J. Delafield, R. W. G. Adams, R. P. Slayter, D. R. W. De Garis

- M. KIMMEDY, Senior Flight Cadet: Soccer; Printing (Secretary); Gliding; Sailing; Pot-holing.
- T. V. SPENCER, Senior Under Officer: Sword of Honour; Rugby (Vice-Captain, Full Colours); Athletics (Secretary, Full Colours); Tennis; Ski-ing; Sailing; Dancing; Historical and Geographical; Film.
- J. S. PILGRIM-MORRIS, Under Officer: Rowing (Captain, Full Colours); Cross-Country (Full Colours); Mountaineering; Ski-ing; Motor Club.
- R. H. T. BAKER, Senior Flight Cadet: Rugby; Shooting (Full Colours); Gliding; Film; Choir; Choral; Chess.
- A. L. ROBERTS, Under Officer: Shooting (Vice-Captain, Full Colours); Hockey; Gliding (Vice-Captain); Music; Choirmaster; Film.
- N. R. WHITLING, Senior Flight Cadet: Hockey (Vice-Captain, Full Colours); Squash; Gliding; Film.
- A. GARSIDE, Under-Officer: Rugby (Full Colours); Sailing (Captain); Jazz; Film; Wild-fowling.
- D. M. NICHOLLS, Senior Flight Cadet: Hockey; Sailing; Engineering; Ski-ing; Pot-holing; Film.
- F. N. HENNESSY, Under Officer: Athletics; Rugby; Hockey (Half Colours); Sailing; Jazz; Record; Film.
- I. M. CHALMERS-WATSON, Senior Flight Cadet: Rugby; Canoeing (Secretary); Gliding; Ski-ing; Sub-Aqua; Choral; Dramatics.
- J. E. BROWN, Under Officer: Dickson Trophy and Michael Hill Memorial Prize; Cricket (Half Colours); Hockey; Soccer; Dramatics; Ski-ing; Cruising; Pot-holing; Film; Dancing.
- C. R. POTTER, Senior Flight Cadet: Soccer; Athletics (Full Colours); Squash; Engineering (Secretary); Ski-ing; Sailing; Dramatics; Film.
- B. JOHNSTON, Senior Flight Cadet: Athletics (Full Colours); Cricket; Rugby; Soccer; Film (Secretary); Sailing; Jazz.



THE SENIOR ENTRY, DECEMBER 1958

- Back row (left to right): S.F.C. C. I. Carr-White, S.F.C. M. Kimmedy, S.F.C. R. E. M. Freeman, S.F.C. J. D. Malloch, S.F.C. D. R. W. De Garis, S.F.C. R. P. Skelley, S.F.C. A. M. Goodman, S.F.C. M. J. Gibbons, U.O. J. Delafield, S.F.C. N. R. Whiting*
- Centre row (left to right): S.F.C. P. E. M. Kent, S.F.C. R. H. T. Baker, S.F.C. B. Johnston, S.F.C. R. W. G. Adams, S.F.C. J. G. Titchurst, S.F.C. D. M. Nicholls, S.F.C. P. Bannister, S.F.C. D. C. Thurnell, S.F.C. I. M. Chalmers-Watson, S.F.C. C. R. Potter, S.F.C. R. P. Slayter*
- Front row (left to right): U.O. J. S. Pilgrim-Morris, U.O. R. A. Johnston, U.O. A. Garside, U.O. F. N. Hennessy, S.U.O. J. N. Puckering, S.U.O. T. V. Spencer, S.U.O. D. G. Lucas, U.O. J. G. Saye, U.O. J. R. Digby, U.O. J. E. Brown, U.O. A. L. Roberts*

CADET WING LISTS

PROMOTIONS

'A' Squadron: Senior Under Officer M. Freeman. Under Officers J. J. McMahon, J. Laycock, M. H. Smith.

'B' Squadron: Senior Under Officer T. C. Elworthy. Under Officers T. V. Radford, R. J. Barrett, D. H. Smith.

'C' Squadron: Senior Under Officer T. F. H. Mermagen. Under Officers M. J. F. Shaw, M. Dickinson, P. D. Oulton.

No. 80 ENTRY

'A' Squadron: R. G. Bencke, Rockhampton School, Queensland. E. McN. Brown, Cockermouth G.S. Chuah Bin Hinn, Penang Free School, Malaya. P. V. Deakin, Earls Colne G.S., Colchester. A. R. J. Eidsworth, Bedford School. P. H. G. Hawken, Devonport H.S. R. G. Hill, St Edward's School. R. E. Lee, Bristol G.S. R. T. W. Mighall, Newcastle R.G.S. I. H. Nelson, Newcastle R.G.S. S. Reed, Berkhamsted School. A. L. Terrett, William Ellis School, Highgate. W. O. Thomson, Eastbourne College. G. M. Wade, No. 1 School of Technical Training, R.A.F. Halton. R. B. Waghorn, Wellington College. J. B. H. Wood, Stowe School.

'B' Squadron: J. A. Bleden, Stamford School. R. H. V. Chandler, Barking Abbey School. M. J. E. Fogarty, Ampleforth College. M. H. J. Goldring, Launceston College. J. R. Hambleton, Huntingdon G.S. O. L. Hampton, Bedford Modern School. M. S. Johnson, Southport Technical School. J. R. Lucraft, Brighton College. K. F. G. E. Miles, Hampton G.S. D. M. Paul, Portsmouth G.S. G. H. Rolfe, Downside School. J. Swaine, Prince of Wales School, Nairobi. M. A. Theisera, St Xavier's Institute, Penang, Malaya. P. R. Tomes, Hardye's School, Dorchester. J. A. D. Wilkinson, Eton College. C. V. Zotov, Canterbury University College, New Zealand.

'C' Squadron: T. Boucher, Hardye's School, Dorchester. N. H. Cleave, Clifton College. H. J. Crone, Girvan H.S., Ayrshire. C. F. Dixon, Tynemouth H.S. C. Gardner, Aldenham School. I. C. Gray, St Paul's School. M. C. Harris, King's College, Taunton. A. H. Jones, Daniel Stewart's College, Edinburgh. M. L. Leedham, English School, Nicosia. Omar Bin Saman, Victoria Institute, Malaya. M. J. O'Rourke, St Joseph's College, Beulah Hill. L. S. Penny, Nelson College, New Zealand. T. J. G. Pettitt, Canford School. K. R. L. Read, Blundell's School, Tiverton. K. C. H. Simpson, Teignmouth G.S. A. B. Stephens, Portsmouth G.S.

- R. E. M. FREEMAN, Senior Flight Cadet: Rugby (Captain, Full Colours); Boxing (Captain, Full Colours); Swimming (Full Colours); Water Polo (Full Colours); Canoeing; Film; Choir; Jazz; Motor Club.
- R. P. SKELLEY, Senior Flight Cadet: Swimming (Secretary, Half Colours); Rowing (Half Colours); Dramatics; Choral; Film.
- D. C. THURNELL, Senior Flight Cadet: Rugby; Sailing; Film; Christian Union; Motor Club.
- R. A. JOHNSTON, Under Officer: Rugby; Debating; Jazz; Dramatics; Film.
- J. G. TICEHURST, Senior Flight Cadet: Rowing; Canoeing; Dramatics (Secretary); Angling; Gliding; Motor Club.
- C. I. CARR-WHITE, Senior Flight Cadet: Cricket; Hockey (Full Colours); Tennis (Half Colours); Boxing; Golf; Choir; Fine Arts; Music; Ski-ing; Wild-fowling.
- M. J. GIBBONS, Senior Flight Cadet: Fencing; Athletics; Hockey; Film; Ski-ing; Gliding.
- A. M. GOODMAN, Senior Flight Cadet: Rowing (Half Colours); Rugby; Dancing; Dramatics; Ski-ing; Film.
- J. G. SAYE, Under Officer: Soccer (Half Colours); Swimming; Water Polo; Tennis; Ski-ing; Sailing; Choral; Film.

Equipment Branch

- R. P. SLAYTER, Senior Flight Cadet: Air Ministry Prize for Equipment Studies; Rugby; Pot-holing (Captain); Fine Arts; Engineering; Wild-fowling; Film.
- J. D. MALLOCH, Senior Flight Cadet: Air Ministry Prize for Commonwealth and War Studies; Rowing (Full Colours); Gliding; Jazz; Film.
- P. E. M. KENT, Senior Flight Cadet: Fencing; Hockey; Dramatics (Secretary); Gliding; Canoeing.
- P. BANNISTER, Senior Flight Cadet: Cricket; Soccer; Film; Jazz; Engineering; Field-Shooting; Motor Club.
- R. W. G. ADAMS, Senior Flight Cadet: Royal United Services Institute Award; Soccer (Captain, Full Colours); Cricket; Fine Arts (President); Dramatics; Film; Jazz; *Journal*; Ski-ing; Sailing; Pot-holing.

Secretarial Branch

- J. R. DIGBY, Under Officer: Rugby (Full Colours); Cricket (Full Colours); Ski-ing; Sub-Aqua; Archery; Film.

THE SOVEREIGN'S SQUADRON

Points Scored in the Autumn Term

	'A'	'B'	'C'
	<i>Sqn</i>	<i>Sqn</i>	<i>Sqn</i>
<i>Chimay</i>	<i>Pts</i>	<i>Pts</i>	<i>Pts</i>
Rugby	12	12	12
Soccer	4	12	20
Fencing	9	3	15
Shooting	2	6	10
Total	27	33	57
<i>Prince of Wales Trophy</i>			
Chimay	2	6	9
Knocker	7	1	4
Ferris	5	2	8
Total	14	9	21

BLUEY TRUSCOTT

We are privileged to print the following extracts from Ivan Southall's biography of the legendary Australian fighter ace Bluey Truscott, and we thank the publishers, Angus & Robertson, for permission to print

WING COMMANDER DOUGLAS BADER, it seemed, had mislaid his right leg. He was lying in a hospital near St Omer and the Germans had acceded to his request to broadcast this item of news to England. Thus it was that in a few days a slender box came to rest in the bomb bay of a Blenheim of No. 2 Group.

'That's the set-up,' said Bob Bungey. 'The refinery is the target, but the boys will be dropping off the leg for Wing Commander Bader on the way over. They'll be dropping the bombs at Gosnay and the leg at St Omer.'

Before they hit the French coast they could see the cloud, masses of it, layers of it, from a thousand feet up to twenty thousand feet. They found St Omer and dropped the leg, and every man of 452 saw the parachute open, but it seemed that Gosnay was to become a different story. The cloud began to blacken as they penetrated deeper into France, and miles short of Gosnay it stood up like the walls of hell, black and soupy and flaming with flak.

Paddy, practising what he preached, flew with eyes in the front of his head and eyes in the back of his head, and eyes in the soles of his feet. The Spitfires were being stalked. They were there, the 109s, sneaking in and out of cloud, and they began to sharp-shoot with long-range cannon. Mile by mile there were more and more, and the Jerries were sitting on 452 and were determined to get them. Again and again they broke up the Australians. Again and again Paddy led his section away to intercept, but the Jerries were playing hit-and-run. They were keeping out of gun-range by every artifice within their skill. Again and again 452 tried to re-form, but before they could pull the bits together the Jerries were back, stabbing and sniping. . . .

Afterwards they talked it over and talked it out. They were weary and red-eyed, and thrown into the ache of the aftermath came the grilling from the Intelligence Officer and the crossfire of questions from the reporters. Every day or so now the reporters were there with notebooks and cameras. These boys from the Antipodes were a

valuable commodity. They were news. They were fighting with the disciplined art of battle-seasoned veterans, yet they were neither veterans nor seasoned. They were the babies of Fighter Command, just born.

Yes, they said, Bader had got his leg. It was dropped, anyway. Yes, they said, the Jerries got Gazzard and Eccleton. Everyone got something out of it. Finucane got two 109s and Truscott got one. Yes. We had a bit of trouble breaking out. It was pretty thick. . . .

The stranger found Bluey in the recreation hut. He was playing snooker with Bardie and Pat and Sergeant Burvill. He was still killing time, but the stranger wasn't. He had come a long way and he was pale and perhaps a little nervous, which was odd for a journalist of his experience.

'Squadron Leader Truscott,' he said, 'my name's Stockton. I represent the *Sun*.'

'Sure,' said Bluey. 'Make yourself at home. What can we do for you?'

'I have something to tell you.' And there he paused.

Bluey put down his cue and closed his hands over the table until they held it so tightly that his flesh was white. He knew what was coming. He knew.

'Bluey,' said Stockton, 'it's your pal. It's Wing Commander Finucane.'

Bluey closed his eyes and didn't know how to breathe. Bardie's heart all but stopped. Pat wanted to cry.

'Any hope?' said Bluey, although he knew there wasn't.

'No hope. They saw him go in. It was all over in an instant.'

'I can't believe it,' said Bluey at last, and he had lost control of his voice. 'They couldn't shoot him down. They couldn't. Paddy's invincible.'

'They didn't shoot him down, Bluey.'

Paddy was leading the wing because on that day, as for three weeks past, he flew as the

youngest wing commander in the Royal Air Force. Twenty-one years old, Wing Commander Flying, R.A.F. Station, Hornchurch.

It was the biggest mass attack Fighter Command had launched against a target in France. Paddy had been in and he was on the way home. Aikman, a Canadian, was his number 2 and they were streaming out at zero feet over Pointe du Touquet. Perched upon a hillock of sand was a small machine-gun post, not even an emplacement, not even sandbagged, just a lone gun on a tripod with a crew of two. They blazed at Paddy as he flashed unseeingly overhead and with a single bullet holed his radiator. Aikman turned back and destroyed the gun, but vengeance was empty.

Soon the Merlin was overheating, even before Paddy knew he had been seriously hit, and by

then it was too late to climb. On the deck, in a dying aircraft, which flew slower and slower, that great spirit battled towards home. He could never make it and he knew it. He could not climb and he knew that. He couldn't even bale out.

Paddy flew yet slower and slower and the air about him cried with Spitfires. He couldn't make it. 'Never ditch them, Bluey,' he often had said. 'You can't get away with it. Bale out.'

The engine temperature soared to breaking point and Paddy pushed back the hood and said, 'This is it, chaps.'

He removed the helmet that Bluey had worn, and the engine seized and the Spitfire with the shamrock plunged into the sea and vanished, and thus died Paddy, a true man.

High Flight

Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of earth
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sun-split clouds—and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of—wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air.
Up, up the long, delirious burning blue,
I've topped the windswept heights with easy grace,
Where never lark or even eagle flew—
And, with silent, lifting mind I've trod
The high, untrespassed sanctity of space—
Put out my hand and touched the face of God.

*Written by a 19-year-old Canadian, killed in
action with the R.C.A.F. in December 1940.*

Parkinson's Progress

or

How the Mighty Get There

A RECENTLY evaluated addition to the laws of civilized man is Parkinson's Law. It is, essentially, how to make a mountain out of a molehill with sufficient subtlety to conceal the fact that it ever was a molehill in the first place. When our lowly client applies this law, his humble role may assume mammoth proportions, and, depending upon his tie and I.Q., it may eventually lead him to the lower levels of the Higher Strata. (r. Mayhew.)

The essence of the method lies in convincing his superiors of his importance. There are four stages recognized by most civil servants. They are the elementary, the secondary, the advanced and the advanced plus. The grading of these stages signifies the amount of skill necessary for their undetected application and eventual success.

The elementary is sub-titled 'Timetable Planning.' For this the minimum of effort is required as the operation is usually carried out by telephone. For maximum effect the client should be unavailable due to pressure of work, taking an inventory or conducting work-study experiments. He must always be unobtainable. After a short period of time it will be thought that he is an extremely busy man and at this stage such platitudes as 'I might be able to find time' and 'I'm afraid I haven't a moment to spare' become essential in his verbal armoury. It is a sure sign of success when people ask 'I wonder if you could spare a minute? . . .' It should be stressed that although the timetable is hypothetical he must have good reasons for the presence of all its contents. He should also be prepared in an emergency to carry out some of his commitments.

The secondary stage is alternatively known as 'File Collecting.' It requires rather more effort than the primary and although more rewarding it is a long-term process. Our client demands copies of everything which could be at all applicable to his professional line. This is not, of course, done at one fell swoop, but is done slowly, and the 'Why wasn't I sent a copy' attitude is adopted. Before long, piles of copies accrue and it becomes necessary to file them. For this, stränge to relate, files are used, and then filing

cabinets become necessary. Our client soon finds himself with a miniature central registry. It is around this stage that he can hope to see the first signs of recognition of his importance and the weight of his job. With this victory behind him he is now qualified to try the advanced stage.

The advanced stage deals with memos, and minutes, and the watchword is discretion. Our graduate determines all occasions and functions on which he can send out a minute or memorandum. He then begins to emanate a slowly increasing stream of official literature. At this point it must be stressed that impatience to get the campaign under way can have disastrous results, as can careless selection of subject matter. 'Ere long, his minutes and memos, begin to appear in every office in the department. 'He fair pushes out some stuff,' people begin to say. Once again he has made his mark, and people begin to think he must be quite a busy and important man.

The advanced plus system is by far the most tricky in operation, and has a positively lethal backfire. It is founded on the 'Don't worry, I'll see to it for you, old boy' system, and for slick operation it requires a little hard work. In element, it is the acquisition of a host of small and, if possible, unofficial duties. Our client has people relying on him for things which they should really do themselves. Having built up a structure of which he is the false cornerstone, he chooses a ripe moment to catch influenza. As a result his loss is magnified out of all proportion. People discover how important he is to them and they wonder what on earth they will do without him.

All these approaches to fame sink into the minds of the Admass and our hero appears as something really above the ordinary. In fact he is doing a job fit for two ranks above him. This can lead to one of two courses. Either he will be given one or more subordinates or he will get a well-deserved boost up the ladder. Both courses spell success, and the four stages, scientifically used, can elevate our client to the top of the lower strata. And how to progress in the upper strata? More of that later.

M.J.B.

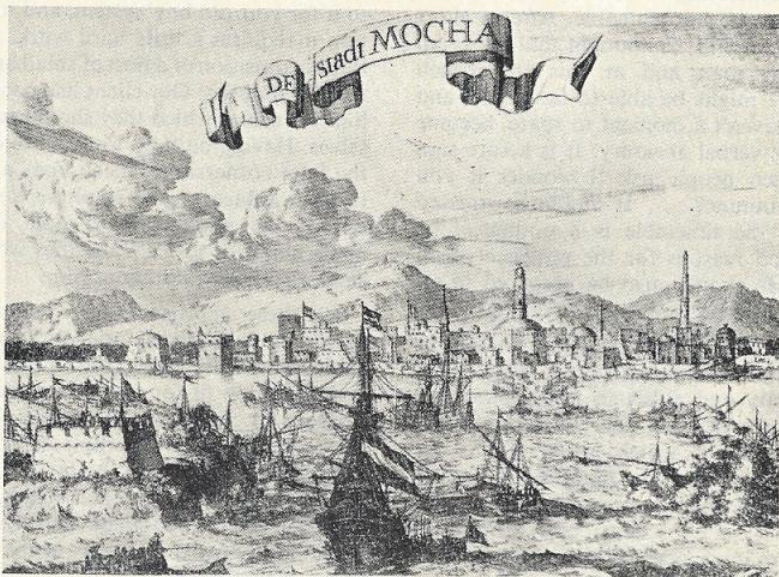
The First British Embassy to the Yemen

THE Embassy of Sir Home Popham to the Yemen deserves more attention than it has previously received. Often scorned by historians, his work in Arabia, failure or not, is significant for its being the first English political mission to the Imam of Sana'a. The sequel to the mission, Sir Home's character and subsequent career and the publications concerning his Embassy are in their own way very interesting and sometimes quite amusing. Sir Home had that quality essential to efficiency—an eye for relevant detail, foresight, energy and initiative.

Sir Home Riggs Popham, a Knight of St John of Jerusalem, was born in 1762 and entered the Royal Navy at the age of 16. His career in the service, if unorthodox, was certainly eventful. Early in that career he had shown himself to be a man of initiative and enterprise and had won favour with senior officials of the government. In 1794 he spent some time under the Duke of York in Flanders, conveying despatches to and from England. During this appointment he was much consulted by His Majesty's Ministers and enjoyed considerable influence with them. He was

promoted post-Captain in 1795. Later as a Captain he was appointed in 1800 to command the *Romney* of 50 guns, the leader of a small squadron ordered to convoy troops from the Cape of Good Hope and from India. These forces were to act in conjunction with General Abercrombie's Mediterranean force for the expulsion of the French from Egypt. In the meantime Commodore John Blankett, who had visited Madagascar in 1789, commanded a Naval squadron, consisting of the *Leopard*, *Daedalus* and *Orestes*, which was despatched from Portsmouth on 9th July 1798 to the Red Sea. *Daedalus* was sent back to the Cape but the two other ships arrived at Mocha after many delays on 14th March 1799.

On 7th May 1801 Popham was off Mocha aboard the *Romney* attended by the *Victor* and *Sensible* (Captain Sause). On the following day he took the *Romney* and sailed in company with the *Victor* to Jedda to meet General Baird. Sir Home, arriving at Jedda on 26th May, took the General to Kosseir on the opposite coast where they arrived on 7th June. Here they met Colonel



Mocha in 1680

J. Murray, lately commander of the Perim garrison. Commodore J. Blankett was already at Suez and arrived at Kosseir on the 16th with a letter from General Hutchinson, whose army was before Cairo, requesting urgent despatch of the Indian contingent from Kosseir. Commodore Blankett straightaway left for Jedda and when Popham arrived there on 6th July he found the Commodore so ill that he was completely unable to deal with official matters. He died on 14th July on the way to Mocha and was buried at sea. Dr Pringle, an assistant surgeon in the Bombay Government, had accompanied Lieut.-Colonel Murray to the Red Sea in 1799. He was at Mocha in May 1801 and was sent to Sana'a with letters and 30,000 rupees worth of shawls, satins and muslins as presents for the Imam. He arranged help for British ships in Yemeni ports and obtained permission for a Naval hospital to be established at Mocha. For all his good work, however, Pringle later fell from grace, for in March 1805 'an unfortunate attachment to spirituous liquors had so greatly gained on him that everything at the factory was thrown into confusion.' He seems to have returned to Bombay from Mocha later in 1805 after six continuous years' service at Mocha—a test of character for any European. Signor Benzoni served over ten years in Mocha as Assistant Resident during the period 1800–1812 and died there after Seetzen's murder in 1810.

By early August 1801 Sir Home had arrived at Fort William and had reported to Lord Wellesey. Towards the end of the year he received his appointment from the Governor-General as Ambassador to the States of Arabia. He had received previous instructions from the Secret Committee of the East India Company to enter into some system of lasting commercial relations with the Imam of Sana'a and the Sherif of Mecca. In Popham's words, the secretary, Mr Dundas, had 'before I left England given me a political appointment to the Sherif of Mecca and all the Arabian Princes.' He had been able to observe during his earlier visit to Mocha something of the commercial situation in the Yemen and in a long paper on the subject to the Governor-General recommended that a British Commercial Resident be established at the port. At Beit al-Faqih a commercial fair was held twice yearly; this fair, said Sir Home, should be attended by the Commercial Resident. For many years prior to 1800 an Indian Baniyan had transacted the East India Company's business in the Yemen. At the end of 1801 Sir Home Popham finally received his detailed terms of reference from

Lord Wellesey, and, being appointed 'Ambassador to the States of Arabia,' set sail early in 1802. He arrived at Suez in March, intending to travel to Cairo to conclude a commercial treaty with the Pasha of Egypt. He had also intended to visit General Baird at Alexandria to discuss troop embarkation arrangements but was prevented from doing either by the prevalence of plague in the capital. He returned to Jedda late in June and by the middle of July had once again dropped anchor in the Mocha roads. From Mocha he sent Mr W. P. Elliot, Lieutenant Lamb and Dr Pringle to Sana'a to negotiate a commercial treaty with the Imam. Dr Pringle had already been to Sana'a the previous year. The Governor-General had thought it wiser for Sir Home to remain at Mocha and had instructed him not to proceed inland unless special advantage would be gained by his doing so. Whilst Sir Home was waiting at Mocha he recorded that there would be no difficulty in the provision of a factory at the town 'as the Dutch factory had been given up many years owing to the continual disputes they were involved in with this [the Mocha] Government, it has remained empty and will with some addition answer every purpose we can wish.' The British factory was 'in a very ruinous state and it is desirable to procure another house of equal size or to obtain the Imam's permission for building a new one. If this should not be allowed there are a number of nuisances near the factory which I wish to have removed and if we may purchase the grounds on which the ruinous walls stand with that of the Dola's stables and public Gaol and add it to the factory it will render that residence sufficiently commodious.'

Sir Home Popham's embassy was not without opposition from India itself. The Nawab of Surat, through his agent at Sana'a, tried hard to prevent the regeneration of the factory at Mocha and indeed the revival of British trade in the Red Sea, which was the main reason for Sir Home's presence. The Nawab had also attempted to prevent the landing of any of the embassy's escort. Popham did eventually manage to find an excuse to penetrate inland, but setting out from Mocha he only reached Taizz. He was insultingly treated throughout his journey and was forced to return to Mocha. Elliot died of fever in Sana'a. Lamb and Pringle returned to Mocha on 15th September 1802 with nothing but a polite reception to report. The mission had been a failure, the Imam did not like the pistols and sabres which Pringle took as presents but he did issue orders that no French ship should receive supplies in any of his ports.

However, undaunted, Sir Home proceeded to Aden where he made a treaty with the Abdali Sultan, Ahmed bin Abdul-Karim, who had entertained Murray (then Lieut.-Colonel) and his troops so well in the early months of 1800. Under this treaty the Sultan declared the port open to British goods if they were carried in British ships. The treaty, a lengthy document, also provided for the special protection of British subjects, the establishment of a British factory and many other details, even to the provision of a Christian burial ground.

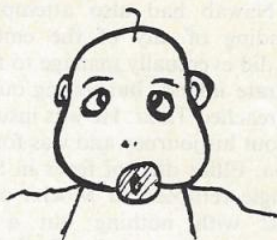
Sir Home Popham returned to England in the *Romney* in 1803 and faced a most improperly conducted Naval enquiry into the cost of refitting his ship at Calcutta. He was finally vindicated and for a time such projects as Fulton's submarine and Congreve's rocket battery were committed to his charge. But he was soon in trouble again over an unauthorized expedition which he made from the Cape of Good Hope to Buenos Aires. He was reprimanded by court-martial the following March. The next year he took part in the expedition against Copenhagen and received the K.C.B. in 1815. He was promoted from Commodore to Rear-Admiral in 1817 and sent as Commander-in-Chief of the Jamaica station. Within three years his health had deteriorated so badly that he returned to England where he died in 1820, a somewhat embittered old sea-dog.

Sir Home Popham's unorthodox Naval career was certainly the outcome of his extraordinary character. That he was a pompous and arrogant officer is borne out by his correspondence. His intimate contact with some of His Majesty's Ministers, coupled with his political mission to the Red Sea, had made him consider himself

something of a diplomat. In addition, his many independent commands in foreign waters had given him an exaggerated idea of his own abilities. Neither was he averse to turning the gains from his naval expeditions to his own account, and it has been suggested by at least one authority that the prospects of loot and prize-money were the primary incentives for his seafaring activities. He was careful to ensure that those serving under him were given a reasonable share of what was acquired by fair means or foul. Consequently his officers and ratings spoke well of him. He was popular with, and well thought of by, the Army officers with whom he served, and the soldiers who sailed under him appreciated the constant concern which he showed for conditions between decks. Nor was the Army in general ungrateful for his services. Over the years he had become an expert in the embarkation and disembarkation of troops in the government or hired transports which his squadrons so often escorted.

Perhaps the best known of Sir Home Popham's achievements was his invention of the 'Telegraphic Marine Vocabulary,' a Naval signal code which was eventually used universally by the Royal Navy. It was the forerunner of the present International Signal Code, and was used by Nelson to convey his famous message. Less well known are the documents, sometimes called 'Popham's Pamphlets,' few copies of which are known to exist. There is no doubt that Sir Home was shabbily treated when he returned to the Nore from the Red Sea in 1803, and a vicious, prejudiced attitude was taken against him by jealous senior officials of the Admiralty. The enquiry which ensued concerning his public expenditure has often been described as scandalous.

E.L.M.



" IF YOUR SON IS THE RIGHT AGE —



HAS THE RIGHT EDUCATIONAL QUALIFICATIONS —

Greedy Mullet

A Short Story

A HOT berg wind, one of those winds peculiar to Southern Africa, when the wind blows from the interior to the coast, was whipping the sand up on the beach. White streams of sand came swishing past my bare feet, each grain stinging me as it touched my skin. I had been fishing all morning without a touch. The sea was dead as far as fish were concerned. That was all except Gray Mullet, but mullet usually were out in fair numbers, and were no use anyway, as they would never take a hook. Everyone knew you could never hope to catch them on a hook. But this was the day when I learnt you could.

As I came opposite the last flat, low outcrop of rocks before home, I stopped and decided I would try for these mullet. Why did I stop then? I really do not know. Perhaps it was because these rocks were sheltered from the surf by a sandbar and this meant I could wade down a gulley without fear of being swept off my feet. So in I went until the water was lapping round my bathing costume, cast my line a few yards in front of me, and waited. Almost immediately there was a swirl near my float as a fish took my bait. Under the surface it went. The line cut through the water to my left, then across to the right. The fish did not have much force behind it, but it went through the water at a terrific rate.

Next minute the fish broke water. You could not mistake the long, slender body—it was a mullet.

I brought him in to land and triumphantly carried him up the beach to my fishing bag. I unhooked the mullet and when I had hung him on the scales found him to weigh just under one pound. I gave him one more admiring look, for he was the first gray mullet I had ever caught on a rod and line, and then hurried back to the gully. Once again no sooner had my float struck the water than another mullet took it. This happened 53 times that morning and then suddenly they stopped biting. Do what I would, I could not catch another. They had all gone. Still, I was not displeased. In 40 minutes I had caught 53 fish, each of which weighed nearly a pound. It was indeed a pleasing morning's catch.

But the really amazing part of the whole incident is that since that day I have never again caught another mullet in the sea. And it is not from lack of trying, either. Many a day have I spent fishing in exactly that same spot with mullet milling round my float, but never has another even touched my bait. Why they bit on that one day I do not know and am never likely to find out. Perhaps it was a special sort of berg wind that was blowing.

J. de G.B.



The R.A.F. Needs You

Six pointers to today's Royal Air Force:

(1) *You*. Are you: super-keen, of sober habits, industrious, enthusiastic, ambitious, energetic, go-ahead, efficient and fit, absolutely fit? Splendid! Come to Cranwell Towers—you may feel a little out of place at first but you will learn. Every day the System turns out magnificent officer material . . . those who are left 'pass out,' sooner or later, and are absorbed by the R.A.F., sooner or later.

(2) *It*. Cranwell Towers is unique, nestling unpretentiously among the rolling hillocks in the heart of one of Lincolnshire's beauty spots, and with great metropoli such as Carlton Scroop, Threekingham, Quadring Eaudike and Burton Pedwardine within easy reach by snowshoe. It might be termed an architectural wonder, shaped like an h, not a vulgar ten-a-penny H, but an h, h for happiness, harmony, humour . . . hmmm.

(3) *Great Effort*. In actual fact this gorgeous fortitude of celibacy as such, is not so readily accessible in any sense of the word. What we want is—the *élite*, the frothiest, creamiest of the cream, the yoghourt of Britain's youth. Are you good enough? But, then, goodness is no longer enough, we must have the new, true goody-goodness, super, double-plus fitness, and, to coin a phrase, vision and high intellectual ability.

(4) *Great Reward*. Many visitors have been pleasantly impressed when pacing down these echoing, historic halls, by the dazed look of wonder and awe gleaming brightly in the

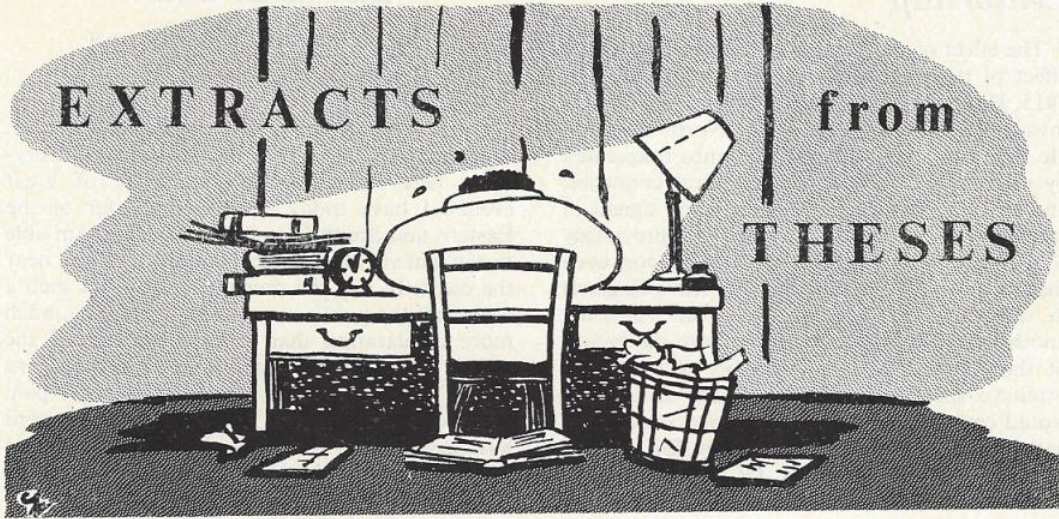
sparkling blue eyes of these modern supermen. Although they were rather bemused by the way in which cadets, as they walked past, jerked their heads to left or right. For the reward is the exhilaration of flying in some of the world's most exciting aircraft, for example, the navigational trainer, dubbed 'Pig' by the College wits, and with its plush seating and fantastic speed a veritable magic carpet.

(5) *Per Ardua*. A fellow never has a dull moment. At one moment happily jostling with his friends, if he has any by now, at a mass start cross-country, the next, gracefully flexing his muscles in the gymnasium or craning forward to catch the pearls his instructor casts towards him. Yes, friends, out here in Cranwell Towers we broaden a man's mind, we train him to think for himself so that he can think for others. He is also privileged to be taught the neo-democratic system, in which one may vote for a motion but not against it; the result never fails to come out as unanimous. Besides, it is so much simpler that way.

(6) *Quo Vadis?* Finally the pomp and ceremony of the final passing-out parade, to be followed by postings to wizard flying jobs on Hunters, or Canberras, or Shackletons, or Hastings, or. . . . So let us leave these brilliant young men as they run off, uttering squeals of delight, and might I say surprise, just adding the cadets motto, *sotto voce*, 'Per Ardua Ad Nauseam.'

EURIPIDES.





MILITARY INTELLIGENCE

Russian Attachés

In 1945 a scandal was caused in Canada by the discovery of a Soviet spy ring. It was composed entirely of Canadian Communists organized by Russian leaders. Among the spies were Dr Nunn May, other scientists, cipher clerks and clerks in charge of top secret files. The entire ring was directed by the Soviet Embassy in Ottawa. The information gathered by the spies was collated and partially assessed by the Embassy and sent to Moscow by the diplomatic bag and radio messages. When the case came to light it revealed that over half the Embassy staff were highly trained men in military espionage. For instance, Gorshkov, the civilian chauffeur, was actually a captain in the army and a trained photographic laboratory technician. Pavlov was superficially second secretary to the consul. In actual fact he was chief of the Canadian network of the Soviet secret police.

Brainwashing

Whether it is possible to train aircrew and other personnel to withstand brainwashing for longer periods is a question which must be seriously considered, for the threat ever hangs

over a commander that if one of his crews falls into communist hands there is a very high chance that as well as divulging all the information which the captors require they will return as confirmed communists. To merely tell the aircrew that they are liable to be submitted to brainwashing is not enough. Better results would be obtained if crews were put through a brainwashing course. During the course they should be submitted to actual interrogation lasting for as long as was necessary to bring about mental collapse of the member. It would only be necessary to cause the brain to go into the beginning of transmarginal inhibition and this would not cause damage to the mind. No effort should be made to spare the body and the candidate should be weakened as much as is medically possible. In this way they could be taught techniques to resist mental collapse. Their weak points could be brought to light. For instance, persons with quick anger could be shown the dangers which this emotion presents. By undergoing such a course crews could be, as it were, inoculated to a great degree against brainwashing. If they subsequently fell into enemy hands they would have a much greater chance of resisting, having previously had their emotional and physical reactions tested, and they would be able to rectify the imperfections already shown up.

Censorship

The effect of the Press is well illustrated by the effect of the ruse employed by Captain Hall in 1915. He led the Germans to think that a British invasion was being prepared in North Belgium. He began to spread rumours in pubs frequented by citizens and diplomats of neutral countries, and at the same time he began sending signals in emergency war code which he had previously sold to the Germans. Step by step he conveyed that an expeditionary force would leave England in three separate groups, one from Harwich, another from Dover and a third from the mouth of the Thames. To complete his plan he had printed a special edition of the *Daily Mail* which would certainly not have passed the censor if he had seen it. His edition was not for sale. It consisted of only 24 copies. Of these, six had a particular paragraph blacked out. The blacked out copies and a few of the others were sent over to Holland. The German agents compared the copies and concluded that a few copies of the edition had gone into circulation before the error was realized by the British censor. This was the paragraph which was drafted in Hall's office:

EAST COAST READY

GREAT MILITARY PREPARATIONS FLAT-BOTTOMED BOATS

From our Special Correspondent, H. G. Wilson, at an East Coast Base, Monday. 'Everything here indicates the imminence of great events. I have today completed a tour of the Eastern and South-Eastern counties and am able to say that very large forces are concentrated near the coast. In fact the preparations are on such a scale that the public may expect something much more exhilarating than a mere defence of the coast. The general commanding the southern group of armies during the past few days paid numerous visits to the troops. New equipment has been issued to most units. There has been grumbling mingled with a great deal of speculation, all leave having been suddenly stopped. I was struck by the number of large, flat-bottomed boats lying in certain harbours but was too discreet to ask any questions. Harwich and Dover are not healthy places today for a correspondent with an inquisitive mind.'

S.F.C. SLAYTER.

THE CASE FOR AND AGAINST UNILATERAL DISARMAMENT AND PASSIVE DEFENCE

What is the answer to this problem? I believe it is this. We are moving steadily towards world government. There is no room on this earth for the peaceful co-existence of two totally opposed ways of life. Freedom of thought and the liberty of the individual governed by common consent is right. Communism and the totalitarian form of government is wrong. Therefore, at all costs, expanding communism must be contained. This can only be done by (a) ensuring the safety of the Western democracies by deterring any attack against them. Our economies can withstand Soviet military pressure by the nuclear deterrent alone. (b) Once our own safety is assured all-out political warfare on the lines set out by Sir Stephen King-Hall must then play its part. At the moment we are able to do the former and are

comparatively well organized to carry it out, but the latter has been neglected. Communist subversion has not been checked within the uncommitted nations, and these nations have not been mobilized for the defence of democracy. Our efforts to undermine the Soviet system in their own territories have been singularly unsuccessful because of a lack of co-ordinated policy. Though united militarily, the Western powers are completely unco-ordinated politically. This is only too evident in what has been lost to us in the Middle East. To conclude, a concerted effort is required to embody the principles of democracy politically and throughout the world in a United Front against Communism.

U.O. HENNESSY.



This painting and the accompanying explanation won S.F.C. Adams the thesis prize

BALLET

As can be imagined, when the ballet shoe was introduced it had the greatest influence on costume. This blocked shoe, which enabled the ballerina to perform pointwork, caused the frock to be lifted in order that the legs might be seen. Apart from this reason, the new shoe and long frock would have looked ugly and absurd. With this new footwork the frock had to be very light so as not to impede the action. These standards led to the creation of the special ballet frock, called a *tu-tu*, made of tarletin and gauze. This frock grew longer or shorter but nevertheless the ideal for a ballerina took place. 'A girl whose feet are clad in heel-less shoes, around whose legs are flesh-coloured tights extending to the waist,

around which is placed something akin to a fleecy cloud. Her hands must be bare, her neck free, her *coiffure* not over-sumptuous.'

S.F.C. GOODMAN.

THE DISCOVERY OF AUSTRALIA

It may not have been a European who first came into contact with Australia. As far as Asiatic navigation is concerned there is no definite evidence that the Chinese, the Indians or the Arabs had ever reached any part of Australia. Some have suggested that the fleet sent by the Mogul emperor of China, Kubla Khan, to

Borneo in the thirteenth century may have reached Australia, but this would appear unlikely. There is also an interesting theory concerned with the activity of the Malays, who coasted down from the Celebes to the northern coast of Australia in search of trepang, a variety of sea cucumber, but it is impossible to say just how early these voyages began. The custom of making regular fishing voyages to the Australian coast was well established by the beginning of the eighteenth century and it may well have been in force for centuries. There are traces of Malay blood in the aboriginal tribes along the northern coasts of Australia. However, the Malays do not seem to have attempted to settle in the country as they merely sailed southwards with the north-west monsoon and returned with the south-east monsoonal season. The Malayan islands were fertile and had a tropical climate which compared very favourably with the uninviting and barren Australian coast. It is hard to find any stimulus to explain any permanent Malay settlement in Northern Australia and in all probability they remained occasional visitors. There is no recorded evidence whereby they can justifiably claim to be the discoverers of Australia.

A curious French map, published in 1542, shows an outline of a country lying to the south of Java, called 'Java la Grande'—the Great Java. The French mapmaker must have worked from Portuguese information. From this map some of

the names appear to be imperfect translations from the Portuguese original. The most significant fact about this map is that, allowing for some distortions and mistakes, it shows that the Portuguese or someone else had sailed not only along the north-west coast of Australia but also along the east coast from Cape York to Tasmania two and a half centuries before the famous voyages of Captain Cook.

How this French cartographer secured his information no one quite knows. Ingenious guesses have been made, but we cannot depend upon them.

From the study of these maps and many other maps of this period only one conclusion can be drawn. The evidence regarding the discovery of Australia before the seventeenth century is so clouded with doubt that no definite information can be obtained. There is no reliable recorded evidence that any contact was made with Australasia before the Dutch appeared on the scene in 1606 in the person of William Jantz. A few rough charts and the persistence of a vague tradition can provide no real basis for any definite predictions on the date of the first discovery of Australia. It remained for the Dutch to be the first to provide a recorded instance of contact with Australia and it was from that date that the dawn of discovery began.

S.U.O. SPENCER.

FLIGHT REFUELLING

The equipment in these early stunts was very crude and consisted in the main of the tanker trailing a line weighted by a paint tin which was picked up by a crew member in the receiver aircraft with a walking-stick. By using this line a hose was passed from tanker to receiver and fuel from cans was poured from one to the other. It can be seen that a very high standard of formation flying was needed by the receiver pilot. In 1930 Flight Lieutenant (later A.V.M.) Atcherley visited America to take part in the National Air Races. He saw some of the stunt work in progress and returned to England with the idea of developing the technique and equipment. His ideas developed and he produced a scheme where the receiver trailed a long line, and the tanker, trailing a shorter line, passed behind it so that the two lines crossed and became united by grapnels at their ends. With the two aircraft forming a hose was then drawn across from tanker to receiver.

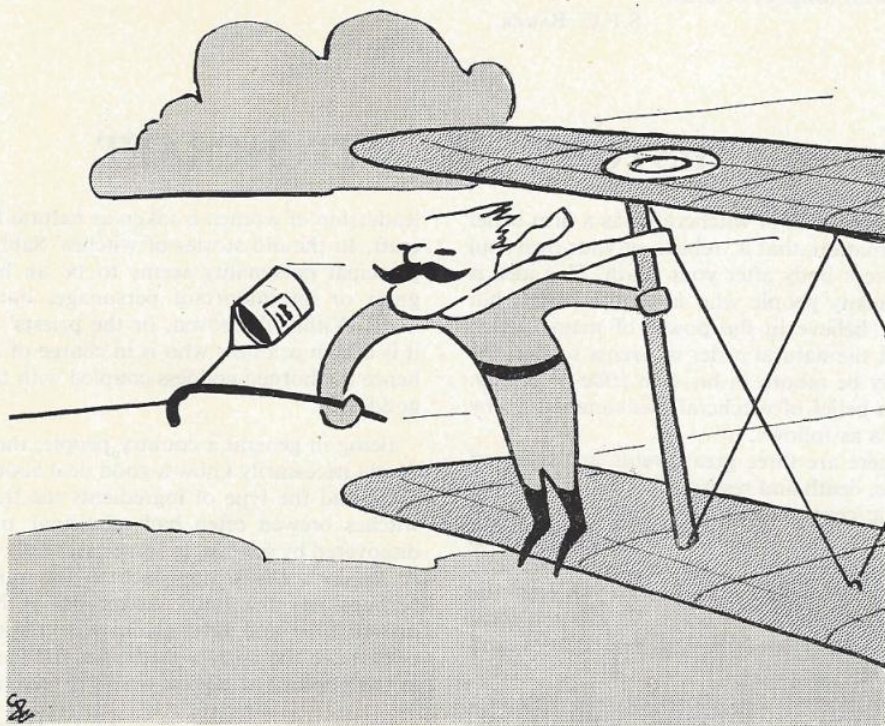
Sir Alan Cobham became interested in flight refuelling, to overcome the difficulties he had experienced in the early 1920s, in the year 1931. Initial experiments were made using the American-type system in 1933 with a DH.9 tanker and a Handley Page W.10 transport receiver. With typical enthusiasm Sir Alan at once decided to demonstrate the practicability of the technique by flying non-stop from England to Australia. An Airspeed Courier was modified for the attempt with a sliding roof. The Courier was designed by Messel Tiltman, who became Sir Alan's chief engineer. The assisted take-off principle was to be employed and the Courier was given a C. of A. with a weight of 3,700 lb. while its maximum weight in flight was 5,050 lb. Early tests went well except on one occasion when the weighted line from the tanker caught in the aileron gap of the Courier, which went into a flat spin, but control was regained. Dunlop's came

up with an answer to this problem. They produced a weight for the line which was in effect a rubber bag filled with water. This had two advantages: one, if it fouled any part of the receiving aircraft, including the propeller, it would burst; and two, it could be caught by hand. This did away with the walking-stick. Meanwhile Sir Hugh (now Lord) Dowding became interested in the proposed flight, and the Air Ministry agreed to give support as far as India. A feature of interest to the Air Ministry was that the aircraft they lent as tankers on the route could be quickly modified from drawings sent from England. Unfortunately the attempt failed due to a faulty throttle connection over Malta. This was the first of Sir Alan's setbacks; the Air Ministry lost interest in the project for a further ten years. However, needless to say, Sir Alan retained faith in his ideas and formed Flight Refuelling Ltd. in 1934.

Flight Refuelling Ltd. was backed by both Imperial Airways and the Shell Company. The company became active in 1936 and moved to Ford with a staff of 11 persons. The company

took over development work from R.A.E. of Flight Lieutenant Atcherley's method. The company also had improved its own methods; namely, the receiver flew into a weighted line trailed by the tanker. The line slipped along the leading edge and was engaged in a clip on the wing-tip. Having made contact the two aircraft changed position and the hose was hauled across and refuelling began. Features of both systems were combined and developed into the looped hose technique, which became standard practice for many years. In this, the weighted grapnel was trailed by the receiving aircraft. The tanker then approached from below and to one side and fired a rocket line across the looped line from the receiver. This was engaged by the grapnel, the tanker climbed above the receiver, and the hose was hauled in the usual way. At the same time a special non-jamming receiving coupling, which gripped the hose nozzle hydraulically, was developed. Fuel was still transferred by gravity.

S.F.C. NICHOLLS.



THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE ORGAN

There is a book in the Inner Temple library which has the following passage about the Temple organ:

'The organ in the Temple hath quarter-notes, which no organ in England hath, and can play any tune, as for instance ye tune of ye 119 psalm in E minor and several other services set by excellent musicians which no other organ will do. It hath several excellent stops, with the Cremona stop, ye trumpet stop, the voice humaine, which last stop is set to Mr Gaskell's voice, who can reach one of the deepest basses in England. These three stops, though pleasant to the ear, are of no duration and must be tuned two or three times a month which is chargeable and cannot be performed but by an organmaker. But normally the organists beyond sea are better skilled in the art of tuning their instruments, which few or none in England do understand. Mr Smith's metal for his pipes is composed of tin, lead and copper. The pipes that are made of wainscot are better and more durable than those that are made of deal. Mr Smith says that he can make metal pipes speak like those made of wood, and those of wood to speak like those of metal. The humaine stop is made with tongues of brass.'

S.F.C. BAKER.



A HISTORY OF WITCHCRAFT

The central idea of witchcraft was a firm belief in reincarnation, that is, rebirth of your own soul in a different body after your death. This idea is held by many people who are not witches, but the latter believe in the power of magic which can affect the natural order of events so that the witch may be reborn in his own tribe or family. The main belief of witchcraft, as summed up by a witch, is as follows:

'For there are three great events in the life of man: love, death and resurrection in a new body, and magic controls them all. To fulfil love you must return again at the same time and place as the loved one and you must remember and love him or her again; but to be reborn you must die and be ready for a new body. To die you must be born. Without love you may not be born, and this is all the magic.'

Bearing in mind this importance of love and birth to a witch, it is understandable why the

leadership of women is taken as natural in witchcraft. In the old stories of witches' Sabbaths the principal personality seems to be an honoured guest or an important personage, but usually male. Within the coven, or the priests' meeting, it is a high priestess who is in charge of the rites, hence the horned goddess coupled with the moon goddess.

Being in general a country people, the witches would necessarily know a good deal about herbal cures and the type of ingredients the traditional witches brewed often had medicinal properties discovered by science, in some cases only recently. A *Reader's Digest* approach to this question is perhaps not the only answer but it has been proved time and time again that country cures often have the correct medicines for the ailment in the poultice or potion which is recommended.

S.F.C. THURNELL.

Dutch Courage

DESPITE the advice of his friends the Skipper decided to take his motor-cruiser *Athene* to Holland. *Athene* is 31 feet long and is powered by a four-cylinder paraffin engine. She runs quite well on two cylinders. There is provision for mustering about one hundred and fifty square feet of sail which, according to Number One, is a great help in propelling the vessel. Of this the Skipper is doubtful.

The Skipper left Lowestoft in July, the coast-guard authorities having been alerted, and duly arrived in Amsterdam via Ostend. Little is known about this part of the voyage, there are rumours of storms in the Oosterschelde and even stormier nights in Dordrecht, but these lie shrouded in a mist of bianco. Number One joined *Athene* in Amsterdam. He was by no means the first change of crew. Number One claims that with him on board the boat ran aground only once. The boat was taken to Dordrecht near Rotterdam and here the Skipper's wife left, to travel to England by safer means. Number Two joined the Skipper and Number One in Rotterdam after a stormy crossing from Harwich by packet boat. During the journey he spent much time trying to convince the Dutch customs officials that he wasn't running away from the Royal Air Force, that he had sufficient funds to spend at least one night in Holland and that he did eventually intend to return to England. After a somewhat enlightening tour of the lesser-known districts of Rotterdam the crew found 'That Special Chinese Place' which the Skipper assured us was 'somewhere around here. . . .' Incredibly our Chinese was even more limited than our Dutch, but despite this a good time was had by all.

We left Dordrecht late next morning and headed southwards. Number Two was introduced to 'Barge Warfare.' The Young Men of Vision were finding themselves confronted with 1,000-ton barges moving at speeds of up to fifteen knots. Knowing full well that $\text{Man} \times \text{Velocity} = \text{Momentum}$ there was a tendency for whoever was at the wheel to yell 'You have control!' and disappear below to the friendship of the bianco bottle. As time progressed, however, we grew more adept and surprisingly nonchalant. It was Number Two who ran us aground. He claimed that the Skipper had told him to steer over the sandbank and that Number One should have noticed the shallow water anyway. We eventually managed to get running again and as the day

wore on we became confident that we would reach our unknown destination. After successfully traversing and entering a canal to cross the island of Walcheren we came to rest on a towpath at Hansweert.

At dawn the crew found themselves adrift but the Skipper soon had control and manoeuvred *Athene* into what was to be our last lock. Finding ourselves squashed behind six enormous barges we realized that there was fun ahead. We descended to sea level and one by one the lumbering monsters departed. Unfortunately the wake of the barge immediately ahead of us did its best to swamp the boat. Number Two at this point, under the Skipper's orders, decided to fend off and succeeded in breaking the boat-hook in two. The broken end was retrieved by a Dutchman with a cynical smile, which became even more cynical when the Skipper tipped him 25 cents. The journey southwards was continued and the Skipper soon informed us that we had sailed off the end of the chart. The others agreed that he had made a jolly decent explanation as to why he hadn't got the continuation chart and of course he couldn't be blamed if the thing had got itself lost. We aimed for the southern shores of Zeeland and found to our dismay that the inland canal to Ostend was closed. A momentous decision was made to head westwards into the North Sea and to follow the coast of Holland southwards. To attempt a crossing to England was impossible due to a force five wind.

On arrival at Zeebrugge the Skipper decided to enter the harbour and to spend the night there. Unfortunately Number One, who was at the helm, was under the impression that we were going directly to Ostend. After a short discussion, during which Number One stoppered his ears and gazed out to sea, the vessel was steered towards the harbour wall. Momentum once more played its little part, the boat was brought to rest and moored safely alongside others sheltering from the storm. The Skipper said that he knew 'A little place in Ostend,' so we took a tram and 'Angelina' was soon serving us ice-cold Pilsener.

In the morning we sailed to Ostend and tied up in the yacht basin alongside the boats of the idle rich returning from the Pavilion d'Or. The Skipper at this point decided to strip the engine, so the two remaining hands returned to 'Angelina's.' There now are blurred memories of Number Two remorsefully returning to *Athene*

in the early hours of the morning and deciding to desert in favour of catching the next steamer to England. Number One eventually dissuaded him by saying that he was indispensable, that the Skipper would probably sail for England in the morning, and that his beloved, pining away at home, would probably wait just a little longer anyway.

At eleven the following morning the re-assembled engine was started, much to the Skipper's delight, and *Athene* nosed her way from the yacht basin—destination Lowestoft. The gay young things of the previous evening were waving good-bye on the quayside as the Red Duster was hoisted and Number One stood impressively on the foredeck with the broken boat-hook. To an experienced seaman this North Sea passage would be child's play. 'All you have to do is to set heading on the compass and wait.' Unfortunately Number One forgot to allow for magnetic variation and the usual panic ensued when this was realized, three hours later. Number Two claimed that his 30 hours' navigation experience in Valettas would enable him to make a correction for this and went below armed with dividers and a protractor. The Skipper was dubious and Number One rather derogatory. Principles of organization once more went astray but eventually a new course was found and adhered to.

Fourteen hours, two lightships and one fog-bank later the Skipper claimed that the lights in the gloom ahead were those of Lowestoft. Number Two, who had since had second thoughts about his Valetta flying, remarked that he would be very surprised if they were. The Skipper's unprintable reply was to the effect that if anyone knew what the lights of Lowestoft, his home port, looked like, he did. As we drew nearer he was proved correct. We ran out of paraffin with two miles (nautical) to cover. Number One was very apologetic about not having refilled the main tanks on the journey and was saved from a watery grave by producing a can of petrol which he gave to the complaining engine. This contrived to get us into harbour whilst the Skipper hoisted the Customs Light (hastily constructed from a torch and a red sweet paper). The Customs Officer arrived half an hour later at 4 a.m. and sounded very surprised when Number Two said that all he had to declare were 20 Players cigarettes.

Seated round a bottle of bianco the crew calmed a little, congratulated themselves upon their outstanding seamanship and agreed that 'High Intellectual Ability' had triumphed.

A.M.C.D., *Number One.*

P.B., *Number Two.*

The most famous Service names of all nationalities have passed, and will pass, through the doors of

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and Store*

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Balls, Graduation. Parents, Fond, Civilian. Hints for the Use of

LINCOLNSHIRE is a long, straight row of cats' eyes with foggy edges, and the largest herd of White Harts in England. These White Harts loom up through the fog. Then you have to stop, and after that the cats' eyes alter their character.



After you have paused at several White Harts, turn away from the cats' eyes and drive your car to and fro over several acres of grass until you have changed an airfield into a parade ground hard enough for the next term's entry. When exhausted, enter the nearest house, where you will be given cocktails. Drink rapidly but discreetly—there is no point in disgracing your family, although it helps if you already have a disgraceful family—but be sure to obtain, while you are there, a Wing Commander Flying kind of voice, as this will prove invaluable later in the evening. When you leave this house there is no need to make another parade ground, because

you will be able to follow the rear light of your host. Remember the ratepayers, however, and do not scratch too many hangars on the way.

As soon as you enter the College make a rapid tactical-topographical survey, because it is always best to know the lie of the land. There is a room for dancing as well. Your second task is more important and delicate, and needs a detailed explanation. One of the best things to be found at Cranwell is a little book of red and white numbered lottery tickets called, I think, a chit book. It is important to obtain at least two of these chit books early in the evening. This is how you do it.

Approach any unknown civilian and congratulate him on his son. This son will then draw near to defend the family honour. At this stage make a rapid check to ensure that you are indeed dealing with a son and a civilian parent. Examine the braid. If it is very thin, very single, and very new, you are all right. (After all, you do not want to be landed with a Member of the Air Council whose little boy is a Group Captain, do you?) The son will now go to fetch you a drink. You must follow him. When he collects the drinks do not attempt to help him—your hand is too shaky. You must stay behind to pick up the chit book. Once you have it in your hand, rapid evasive action is necessary. If your preliminary survey was a good one, you should be alone and in another bar within five seconds. Repeat the

process. Your technique for the second chit book will probably be smoother and swifter, with less talk and more action. When you have two chit books, rest contented. Moderation, remember, in all things.

Now your evening is made. Your motto should be: 'Gold braid will tarnish but a red ticket is a thing of joy.' Handle your chit books with discretion; there is no need to be too flamboyant with them. Do not be ignorant; the red tickets are for you, the white ones for your friends.

As the evening progresses do not concentrate entirely on the light and gaiety of the ballroom and the bars. You are not at this party solely to disgrace your son. Occasionally look into one of the darker rooms and say, in that Wing Commander Flying kind of voice I mentioned earlier: 'This is not the place for low flying' or 'Bring me your log book in the morning. Don't you know anything about prohibited areas.'

This next paragraph is a little difficult. I like to passon factival activate invince; advocal functional device; usefueal advifact brandyface; passon actfact isntsheahoney; actual factual advice (made it!) to help other parents, but at this point my wife committed *hara-kiri* and my son started to ask about spaceship postings. Press on. I remember advising a nice pilot officer

with quite a wide stripe that peppered vodka taken in a balloon glass was very good both for the eyesight. . . .

I have been asked by the management of one of the White Hart's to mention in these parent-handling notes that guests at the hotel are requested not to attempt to pay their bills with mess chit stubs at 0700 hours on a foggy morning—particularly if they have an engine revving up outside the door.

These notes have been brief, formal, perhaps a little too business-like, but I have tried to be helpful. May I conclude on a more delicate and personal note to give the thing a sense of intimacy—after all, Air Ministry has its Ray Milland. The scene is a foggy moorland road near Mortonhampstead in Devon at 0330 on a December morning.

Voice One. Shall I take over for the next stretch?

Voice Two. I'm sorry, dear, I thought you were driving.

Rapid double-take, and then.

Voice One. I like that new game.

Voice Two. What new game?

Voice One. Mess chit snooker. The more reds you put down the more blacks you put up.

S.L.

Rugger and Cricket are Out

EVER since the dawn of British sportsmanship (that is, ever since the Dawn) it has been the thing for British men to indulge their taste for rugger and cricket. That a British man should lack such a taste was, until recently, quite unthinkable. Deviationism, however, has been as active of late in the field of sport as in many other fields. It is an unpleasant though undeniable fact that today there are a considerable number of British men who *do not play* rugger or cricket. Call this sacrilege, primitivism, pansyism, or what you will; the facts are there for all to see.

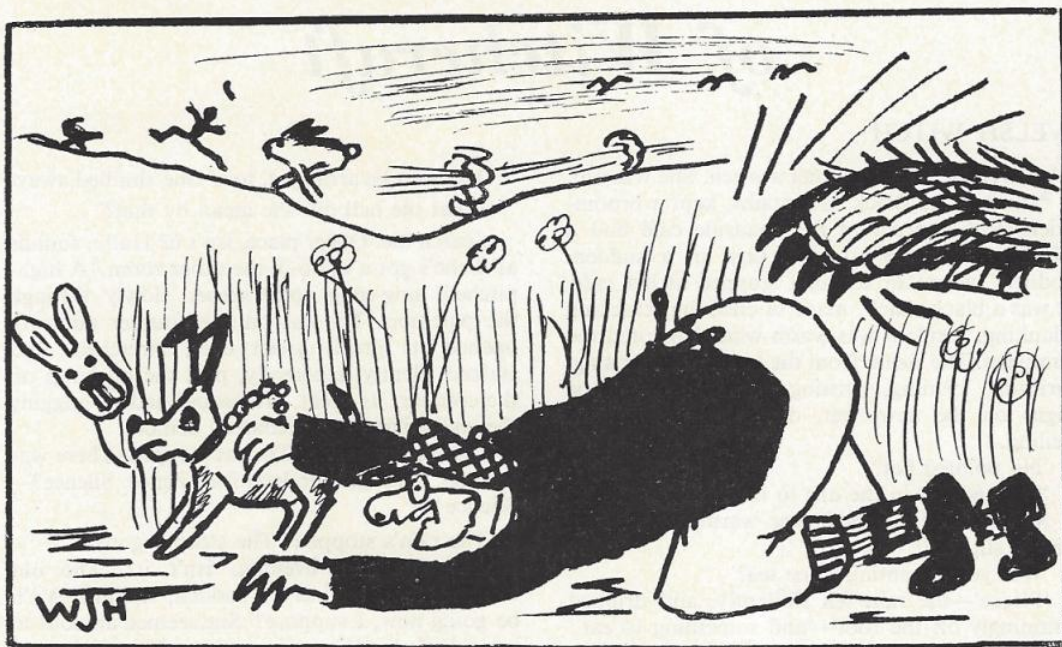
These deserters from the sacred circles of rugger and cricket must be abstaining in favour of some 'other sport.' Which sport? Now we have discovered that the answer to this several-dollar question is—beagling. Yes, BEAGLING. The popularity of beagling this season is overwhelming, staggering, unprecedented. Top West

End sociologists proclaim that it is now thoroughly 'in' to beagle. Alas, it seems that rugger and cricket have been in for so very long that they are well on the way out.

Naturally, the next thing an inquirer will want to know is 'Why on earth beagling?' Why indeed? After much investigation we find that today's up-and-coming young man chooses beagling for a variety of reasons, listed below:

(1) Beagling appeals to a man's virility; to his urge for self-expression. What more manly activity than hunting the fleet-footed hare. And on foot! What shades of Sparta. What feats of endurance. What stamina, perseverance, patience and cunning. What guts and determination.

(2) Beagling is exciting, thrilling, and a bit dicey. Imagine, if you can, the intrepid hunter stalking the hare through dense, clinging undergrowth in the temperate forest, always running



the risk of being jumped on from behind and horribly mauled by a huge hare. It occurs to us that there is a remarkable similarity between this and lion hunting in parts of Africa. In particular, we are reminded of the manhood test of certain tribes, which necessitates the killing of a whole lion single-handed. It might be interesting if this test were introduced in Britain with 'whole hare' substituted for 'whole lion.'

(3) Beagling provides excellent exercise for the dogs which are used as bait. Once they smell dog the hungry hares flock from their lairs licking their lean lips. Unfortunately, the R.S.P.C.A. has been making tentative protests lately as several dogs have been lost to ravenous packs of half-crazed starving hares.

(4) Beagling is invaluable as an anti-vermin movement. As everyone knows, the nuisance value of hares is enormous. What with the menace of spreading disease, killing children and domestic animals, undermining factories and habitations, devastating crops, and obstructing traffic on the roads, it is hardly surprising that young men are glad to do anything they can to

get rid of the pest and wipe out its threat to society.

(5) Beagling is the ideal activity for those who wish to get on in the world. It used to be said that if you were in the 1st XV or the 1st XI you could get away with anything. This is no longer true. The former advantages of being a rugger man or a cricket man have been transferred *in toto* to beagling. In addition one's social standing is enhanced, since all the high-ups it is so important to know are bound to be around with their wives *and daughters* after an afternoon's session.

No doubt only one further question remains to be answered: 'How do we start?' Readers are informed that their local beagling club will be glad to enrol them for a small fee, but are warned that the sport is a hard one, with no place for the weak-bodied or weak-minded, nor for the unwary or foolhardy. Finally, beagling can on no account cater for the slacker, the skiver or the social climber.

P.F.H.W.

Two Variations on a Theme of Witchcraft

WELSH WITCH

ABOUT a year ago I met a witch. She was old, lived in the Black Mountains, kept a broomstick in the corner of her roadside café and a black cat on the counter. Lost in a sudden, sodden, mountain storm, I stopped at her café. It was a black shack, made of creaking, cracking planking. Inside it was warm when I ignored the draughts. The steam from the tea urn rose, rising, writhing, twining, twisting, to form cabalistic signs on the new, wet, dew-wet, plasterboard ceiling.

'No pointed hat?'

'She keeps it in the urn to make the tea with.'

She shuffled across in her warm, worn, torn carpet slippers.

'Will ye be wanting some tea?'

'Please'—the rain fell sibilantly, and dripped drainingly off the roof—'and something to eat.'

'Yes, young sirs.'

The cat yawned. The rain fell. The clock ticked. The food arrived. And darkness crept in, silently, secretly, steadily. The lamps were lit.

'Anything else ye'll be wanting, young sirs?'

'Just for this weather to stop,' we laughed. She didn't.

'That can be arranged, too.' She shuffled away.

'What the hell did she mean by that?'

'Search me. Queer place, isn't it? Hullo, sounds as if she's got a radio in the other room.' A high-pitched, sing-song voice seeped slowly through the partition. The cat on the counter abruptly opened its great, green eyes, stretched, and stalked silently, ethereally, past the oil lamp on the counter, its great, grotesque shadow hugging the walls like some predatory demon.

The voice stopped. The cat stopped. There was a harsh, ticking, thunderstorm silence. Silence?—Silence!

'The rain's stopped! The storm's gone!'

'Yes, beautiful evening, isn't it?' The old woman stood behind us, sudden, smiling. 'Ye'll be going now, I suppose?' She seemed anxious to get rid of us. 'It's going to be a beautiful night to be out on.'

'Yes, yes, indeed. Well, thanks a lot. Well—er—Good-bye.' I pushed Charles out of the door, clambered into the car, and headed west into the molten, wick-red, witch-red sun that heralded the end of October.

AND THE WINDOWS OF HEAVEN WERE OPENED

ONCE, many, many years ago, there lived two great kings, who both pretended to be great magicians. In fact, all their sorcery was wrought for them by the many fine true magicians that they had hired. These sorcerers wrought many wondrous things for their kings, such as flying chariots, wondrous voices and pictures from the sky, and great catapults that sent things so high that they travelled many times round the earth before falling to the ground. And because of these mighty things that both kings possessed, the smaller kings were afraid . . . and joined them.

Now the fact was that although these kings wrought much good and said many fine things, their hearts were filled with evil, for both wanted to be King of the World, although neither wanted open war lest they themselves be killed.

Now it happened that one of the sorcerers of King Plurius produced a magic box which would produce rain—not just a little rain, you understand, but enough rain to drown all Ireland—and, on demonstrating it to Plurius, showed how it could make his deserts fertile and feed his undernourished people. Plurius, however, saw only evil, and decided to make great numbers of these to drown King Thor and all his people and so make himself King of the World.

So Plurius had his magic boxes dropped over Thor's lands. Unfortunately, Thor had some, too, and retaliated against Plurius.

This is all fact. It is recorded in history. They called it the Flood.

P.J.B.



USUALLY well-informed sources in Moscow report that the British Ambassador today served a more than usually strongly worded Note to the usual Foreign Ministry.

And once again *The Journal* man-on-the-spot is there to give you the human story behind the news.

From deep space he radios: 'Three times in succession now, crews manning British Satellite Stations have been disturbed in their duties by crude orbital vehicles launched by the U.S.S.R.'

'The fourth and most recent of these incidents almost caused disaster on the maiden voyage of British Moonprobe V. The missile passed close to B.M. V's mother station, upsetting telemetering processes and three cups of tea, just a few hours before blast-off.'

This latest intrusion into Britain's 238,000 statute mile extra-territorial limits is deeply resented and it is believed that it may be found necessary forcibly to prohibit further experiments by the U.S.S.R., as has had to be done with the U.S.A.

But what is the reaction of the British people to the news of this 'great leap upwards'?

40% said: 'Good morning. Two pints, please.'

23% said: 'I am very glad you asked me that question.'



The M.O. carries out experiments on organisms found on the moon

20% said: 'Get out.'

17% said: 'I can explain everything, officer.'

3% said: 'Bueno; but this doesn't out-date the capital ship.'

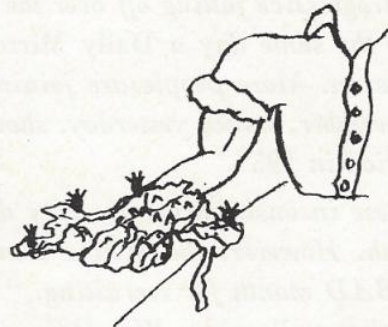
1% were equally divided between Daz, Omo and Tide.

Our scientific correspondent writes:

Now that the secret is out we can divulge some of the facts of B.M. V. The vehicle, a manned lunar probe, was placed in orbit by Britain's wonder-rocket 'Long Streak.' Extra-terrestrial



B.M. V. photographed by Russian probe in Lunar twilight zone

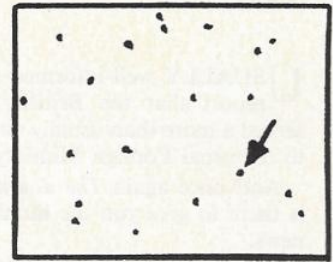
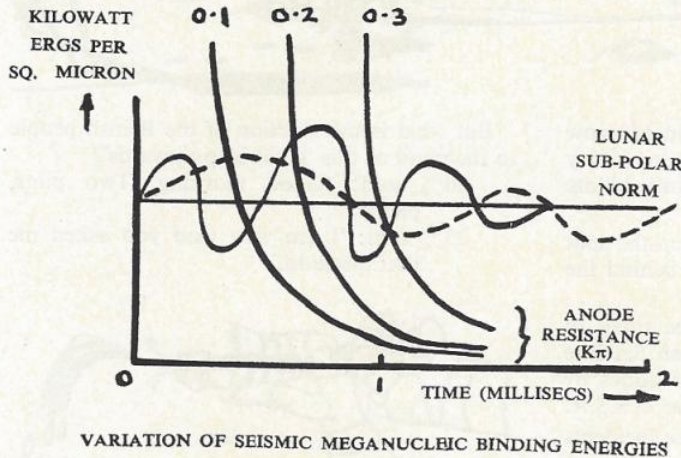


The M.O. catches an irritant infection while experimenting with lunar organisms

cruise power is achieved by twin gimbal-mounted ion-drive motors in simple contra-rotating gringle shafts that must be familiar to all housewives.

At Fodrell Bank yesterday morning the excited scientists were still talking about B.M. V's sudden acceleration from 2 m.p.s. to an un-

precedented 5 m.p.s. and trying to explain the equally sudden change of course which is expected to bring the vehicle into the sun at about lunchtime next Thursday, and when I left late last night experts were still trying to decipher the last message received from B.M. V : 'Not that button, you fool!'



OTHER SIDE OF MOON
OBSERVED FROM
S. HEMISPHERE OF NEPTUNE
2/9/73
(SEE ARROW)

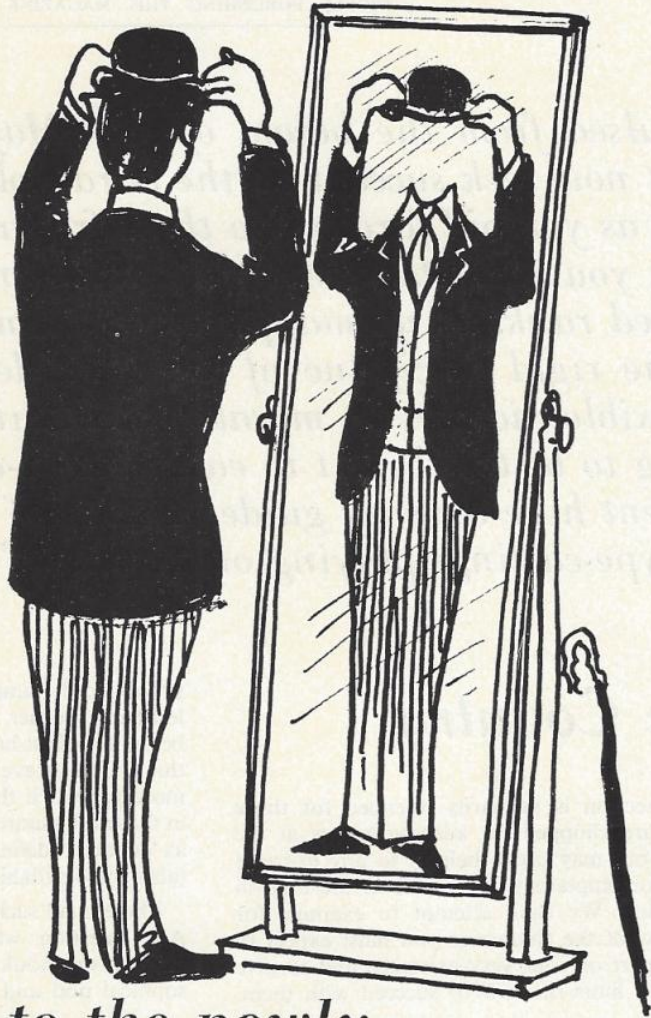
WHAT THEY ARE SAYING

Newspaper indications of recruiting trends

On the 7th January this year the Daily Telegraph stated that: 'The latest recruiting figures show a slight, and probably seasonal, decline. The trend towards longer engagements continued. . . . But measured in man years recruiting shows a progressive falling off over the period September, October and November, 1958.' On the same day a Daily Mirror reporter wrote: 'The Services recruiting boom goes on. More people are joining up AND for longer periods. Figures for last November, issued yesterday, show a total of 4,903—1,634 more than for the same period in 1957.'

These inconsistencies are very disconcerting to those who would like to learn the truth. However, the Mirror went on to relate: 'And November is traditionally a BAD month for recruiting. "Normally few people want to join up just before Christmas," said a War Office spokesman yesterday.'

We can understand that much anyway!



Advice to the newly

**CHOPPED
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Advice to the Newly Chopped

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Repulsed from the bosom of Her Majesty's forces you must now seek succour in the hard, cold, civilian world. And as you bid farewell to those free-and-easy Cranwell days you must be prepared to step into line with the serried ranks of normal people; you must steel yourself to the rigid discipline of the Outside World with its inflexible dictates on morals, speech and dress. Yes, it's going to be tough, but to ease your re-entry problem we present here an easy guide to some of the more obvious type-castings playing on the world's stage today

The Country

THIS section is primarily intended for those who are chopped for keeping a cow at the College, but may prove helpful to any ex-cadet who is contemplating a quiet life in the English countryside. We shall attempt to examine for you a few of the characters you must expect to become part of your very existence and to give you a few hints on how to succeed with them.

In order to converse with most of these characters, you must first learn the rudiments of their language. Unfortunately no correspondence school has yet dared to teach this so let us give you some insight into the difficult task ahead.

The most important letter in the rustic alphabet is R, but remember it is never, never rolled. The quickest way to become a social outcast in the country is to roll your R's. It is

pronounced, simply, 'rrr,' preferably with the left-hand corner of the bottom lip vertically below the right-hand corner of the top. Produce this sound at every possible opportunity, as the more you use it the higher will be your standing in the rural hierarchy. It is included in such words as 'enduerr' (definitely three syllables), 'befawerr' (also three syllables) and 'corr' (only one).

There is no such word as 'yes' in the language. Any question which requires a reply in the affirmative should be answered with a philosophical nod and the word 'aarr.'

In common with English, the rural language has dropped the second person singular, but there are a few deviations in the conjugation of basic verbs which you should know, for example, the verbs 'to be,' 'to have' and 'to love.'

1. Sing.	Oi be	Oi got	Oi der luv
3. Sing.	e be	e got	e der luv
1. Plur.	we'm	we got	we der luv
2. Plur.	you'm	you got	you der luv
3. Plur.	They be	They got	They der luv

In recent years the tendency has been to make the language simpler, in keeping with the way of life. As a result such pure gems as the future plu-perfect of 'to be' ('Us shall av been about vur tu be') are now seldom heard.

There are several more points which you will only learn by personal contact with this fascinating language, but mention must be made of the sound 'ow' as in 'cow,' 'cloud,' etc. This is really made up of two separate vowel sounds, a short 'a' as in 'bad' and the French 'u,' pronounced again with left-hand corner of the bottom lip vertically below the right-hand corner of the top.

Once you have mastered the language you are all set to make your mark as a successful member of the community. Buy yourself a small thatched cottage, preferably with no electricity, running water or indoor sanitation, although as a concession to progress animals are normally housed outside.

Your next-door neighbour will undoubtedly be a farm labourer named Gaarrge. He will wear the accepted farmhand's uniform of heavy military boots (Ah! Sweet touch of nostalgia!), old dark brown trousers tied at the knee and waist with baling string, a muddy old sports jacket bought for him several decades ago, and of course the distinguishing badge of the farmhand—a wisp of straw protruding from his mouth.

After your break through the initial reserve, you will find it quite easy to succeed with Gaarrge, provided that you can cultivate cabbages, potatoes and a healthy interest in silage.

Gaarrge's boss, who lives at and owns the farm down the road, will be a large rotund man named Giles with a face resembling, to a remarkable degree, one of the beetroots which grow in such numbers in the field behind his house. The rules for succeeding with Farmer Giles are much the same as those for his employees, but don't



forget to praise the hygiene of his incredibly muddy stables and cowsheds and don't whatever you do forget to shut his gates after you. In fact never forget to shut any gate in the country. You may have to break the padlock and chain which are holding it open, but it will rule out any possibility of your being blamed for any raid the cows may make on the mangel-wurzels.

Farmer Giles's daughter, Paam, is likely to be the only female contact you will make, but don't let that deter you as she will be worth her weight in gold (and it would take some gold). Used to all the good things in life (butter, cream, cheese, beef, etc.), she will prove an entertaining companion. The substitute for the cinema is the hayloft.

Finally, what about your tradesmen? They will come round once, twice, perhaps three times a week to deliver your goods. Risking their lives tearing round the narrow twisting lanes in your service they will naturally expect some reward when they call. Do ensure that you have enough zoiderr (the national drink) in the house to give them at least three pints each whenever they call. If you observe this simple rule you cannot go wrong as they will have handed over your goods by the time they drive into the bank.

We hope this has given you some idea of life in the country and that if you do decide to settle there you will not suffer too heavily from the consequences of your folly.

Existentialism Made Easy

AFTER that singularly futile attempt to break the World's Disarmament Deadlock by means of a lone midnight torch procession on the North Airfield, you, who imagined your intellectual ability to be even higher, heard your name burred on the Tannoy in those imperious yet well-beloved tones.

As you emerged from that Holy of Holies, the Orwellian Room 101, you were probably an Angry Young Man—so why not remain that way permanently? There are but three qualifications: (1) Anger, poor boy, you find that all too easy; (2) Youth, this is a little more tricky, seek out your local alchemist for the most expert advice; (3) Masculinity, easy, I hope, for the temptation to change one's sex has sadly fallen off just recently, purely because of unoriginality and the decreased circulation of certain Sunday newspapers. By the by, my hot tip for the sensational drawing card of 1959 is speedy metamorphosis into fanged werewolf or at second best Vampire-cum-Human Slug. (See Necromancy, or write to Doctor Quatermass with your problem.) However, once an A.Y.M. it is essential that you conform to the stereotyped individuality of the inside world. In clothing try to appear nonchalantly nondescript. Footwear (if any), roman sandals of the right vintage are a little high, in price that is, but are considered by the Top People as delicious. Army surplus khaki socks are real cool. Corduroys, suitably patched in the right places, are acceptable. Underclothes do not normally count . . . unless you are a bad loser at Strip Poker. A black shirt with a detachable collar adds a little class. Beards, essential, absolutely essential, preferably undyed and ginger. Your language must be



extreme . . . either a cultured, prune-in-the-mouth drawl or a perfectly coarse cockney *patois*. However, the basic necessity is that one must never be understood, or you will be immediately condemned as quaintly naive, a slave of your period and an incorrigibly repressed bourgeois. A few simple but compelling phrases are helpful: 'The sclerosis of objectivity is the annihilation of human existence' (Kierkegaard). 'Sex is merely the esoteric expression of cosmic strife between microcosm and macrocosm.'

What people are thinking: Communism, the philosophy of unpractised impracticalities, Tolstoy is naive; Einstein is confused; Moses is petulant; Christianity is frivolous; and the Pyramids merely mass hypnotism.

The door to success is wide open if you memorize the following 'ins and outs.' *That which is IN:* Subjectivity, chinese prints, seX with a big X, beer parties, mysticism, Jean Paul and Fyodor, Schweitzer, hula-hoops, the East. *That which is OUT:* Objectivity, Americans, sport (apart from rugby and the fair sex), Christmas, Militarism and Pacifism, Jane Austen and the West. In your philosophy try to maintain a bubbling, prurient decadence.

The last stage in becoming a member of the *corps d'élite* is to forge yourself a reputation, if you are still without one. (1) Lock yourself in a cement mixer, then ease off with a portable I.C.B.M., or at least a Nominal. (2) Go on hunger strike, then accuse your gaoler of brutality and the parson of indoctrination. (3) Emigrate to Christmas Island, or even get posted there. (4) Stir the gutter press into a frenzy with lurid tales of your balloon-cum-chinese junk, in which you intend to sacrifice yourself for the cause of Humanity. (Ensure the Admiral's battleship prevents you from going to meet your awful doom, otherwise take swimming lessons and a pair of water-wings.) (5) Stand as Welsh Nationalist member for East Cheam, and by fair means or foul, as the saying goes, become Prime Minister.

By now you have swum to the top of the dregs, you are the Ultimate; a pseudo-intellectual in power. Yours can be the creation of a brave new world, incorporating free love, revival of the Druid cult, and free oranges on Mondays. And it will not take me long on reading through your new defence estimates to guess who will be the first Senior R.A.F. Officer to be chopped without pension.

The County

IT is just conceivable that one might be removed from the College for lack of that most important of qualities—Intellectual Ability. If this is the case there is a place for you in the county. Providing a few simple rules are obeyed one cannot possibly fail to succeed, and a minimum of mental effort is required.

It is first important to ascertain with whom you are trying to succeed. To the young blood who has already achieved his success you are bound to appear a complete failure. This is an effort to protect his ego. Similarly, anyone who has failed will look on you also as a failure, as no one who is anyone doesn't try to succeed. The field is now rather narrowed. However, we must not forget that most important group who, contrary to many people's opinions, are to be found in considerable numbers in many parts of the county—women. It is at this section of the community that one's campaign must be aimed, and it is fortunate that these victims are particularly susceptible to the ploys of the budding succeder.

The places where it is necessary to exert oneself are fortunately few, they are those places at which the females of the county congregate; these are two—Balls and Horse Events. It may at first be difficult to distinguish between these, but as the student becomes more experienced he will find his task made easier by the colour of the men's clothes—black at balls and usually a brownish, fawnish ochre at horse events. (Other than this there is little appreciable difference.)

Our young man will find his task much alleviated if at all times he bears in mind the maxim of all successful young-men-about-the-county. At all times when the right people are about he must at all costs appear 'Madly Gay.' This is a sort of password to success.

A brief study of those people who are all too obviously carrying out this principle will give the student an excellent insight as to what is required of him. At balls he must drink excessively, exercise his sparkling and daring wit on all possible occasions, and, whenever practicable, flirt, but oh so naughtily, with anyone available. Another sure gambit is to try to take over the band. This usually leads to complete chaos and the destruction of at least half the instruments, leaving the bandsmen mouthing ghastly im-



precations. The effect of this puerile prank is amazing, and leaves the mums twittering, 'But how simply too devastatingly naughty, my dear!'

At this point we must offer a word of warning to the student. However reluctant a mum may seem to let our daring young man drive her daughter to and from a party, she is usually desperately trying to marry the girl off, and is secretly rubbing her hands in gleeful anticipation.

Sartorially the effort is always less taxing than in town. Whatever has been going for months usually suffices to impress. And except when the season's debts descend, locust-like, on some rather special event, the standard is amazingly low. The reason for this is obscure but probably has some connection with the utter impecuniosity of even the most frightfully county families.

Horse events are a little more trying as the light of day tends to expose moth holes and bald patches in a most embarrassing way. Nevertheless, a sure-fire source of attire can be found by gleaning from the dustbins of our revered sister academy, whence a great variety of almost up-to-the-minute styles may be salvaged.

There are only two classes of horse event which are of great concern to our student: Point-to-points and Hunting (foxes, you know). Point-to-points are by far the best places for exercising one's success formulae, as the horses are normally kept at a safe distance. A few handy tips should make child's play of even the best-

attended event. A vehicle is essential, a Bentley Countryman preferably, or if this is not available (for hire, of course) a Land-Rover is a very close runner-up. As soon as your car is parked in the most expensive enclosure, bottles should be produced; socially it is immaterial what these contain so long as they look convincing. These bottles should be ostentatiously established on the roof or bonnet of one's vehicle and frequently indulged in.

Little cardboard labels are a must. These should be marked, 'Owner,' 'Steward,' 'Official,' and anything else that comes to mind, and hung in large numbers round one's shooting stick (another must). Binoculars (or at least a suitable leather case) are also essential. A point which may cause considerable embarrassment to the less experienced practitioner is the difficulty of recognizing some of the more advanced cases



of horsiness for what they are, their voices can be very confusing if one thinks of them as female.

The Meet is a fruitful ground for exploitation with minimum investment if one remembers to imbibe and converse to the maximum, but on no account to let the excitement of the event get the best of one and lead one into actually getting too near a horse. These animals are highly anti-social and may lead to the unwary finding themselves flat on their backs in the mire. Actually riding horses can literally be fatal and is at best an overrated and undignified pastime. Avoid at all costs.

Armed with this advice the student can hardly fail to succeed at least just a little, and if he does succeed his future is assured, future *what* I don't feel qualified to say. If, however, through some unpredictable disaster he should fail, he will find himself admirably equipped for life in our sister

establishment, entry to which should be applied for without delay.

The Politician

THERE are really two parties to choose from at the moment. The Conservative Party for those with something to conserve, and the Labour Party for those after that which the others are trying to conserve.

It is immaterial which you join really, although to get on in Labour you should come from a public school; and to succeed in the Tory Party you ought to be related to a certain ex P.M., but if that is not possible then a publishing business



is acceptable. Having made your choice (don't forget which one it is) you will probably have to make a few speeches, although this is unnecessary once you are elected, and so it is always useful to have some phrases ready. These, when strung together, form what is known as a 'policy' or a 'plank of your platform' which must be well and truly hammered home. Some examples are: 'I am in favour of/against* farm subsidies,' depending on whether it is an urban or rural constituency. If your constituency contains both town and country areas, then use whichever is applicable to the place where the meeting is being held. A more specialized appeal is contained in the example: 'I will champion, in Parliament, the rights of the radish pickers and packers of

* Strike out whichever is inapplicable.

this district who were so shamelessly treated by this/the last* government.' If you say them with enough conviction you can get away with the most absurd statements like: 'Well as an article gets older its value depreciates more rapidly.'

If you get in two or three times in succession don't forget to issue some platitudinous encouragement to your constituency members such as: 'Well done, Tories! You've done it again! The other parties must be wondering if they will ever take this seat from you, etc., etc.'

There are two ways of leaving Parliament: you can apply for the Chiltern Hundreds, which is an office of profit under the Crown with no profit attached to it whatsoever; or if you stick the course to an honourable retirement you should get an O.B.E. This is a sort of long service and good conduct medal, awarded for long service and good conduct.

The Empire

OUR Empire has always needed remittance men and grocers' sons to run its colonies and dominions overseas. As the Empire grows smaller and the natives of these territories grow cockier, so the available sources of men to rule them decrease in number; we are still such a source, and must try to live up to our responsibilities.

Your Colony—A Brief Guide

Apparently there is some scratch to which you are not up, as it were, and apart from considerations of cash, comfort, ambition, etc., your particular weakness must be always borne in mind when making your choice.

Australia. Easy of access. Democratic, careless of accents but touchy about convicts. Presents large scope, but willingness to work and play like a maniac will make you Australian more quickly. Generally speaking, English popular here.

New Zealand. As Australia but smaller (touchy about that); of rather higher class, however, and an O.Q. chop would not go down so well.

Canada. Undeveloped and cosmopolitan, caring for neither Englishmen nor O.Q's. Being

* Strike out whichever is inapplicable.



undeveloped, offers fine opportunity for someone with enough cash to exploit it—i.e. not you. All a shade crude really—lumberjacking, uranium hunting and that sort of thing. Newspapers think half its immigrants on the dole anyway. Armed Forces best paid in the world if it is anything to you.

U.S.A. As Canada at later stage in development. Wealthy but rather vulgar. Ties with Old Country not strong.

The Orient. Not much of this left, and what is would rather not be. As a colonizer here you would require tact, patience and other well-known virtues, as well as the ability to write backwards and know the Marxist terminology. Area politically unstable of course.

Africa. Large place of great scope. Suffers from desires for independence; tact again needed with real inhabitants as relations are well past the bead stage. Kenya and Rhodesia your best bets, particularly if you are not qualified to do anything. South Africa should be avoided, if only because blushing is dangerous.

Jobs are infinite in scope and number, and your choice is limited only by your reasons for leaving the previous one. If you still secretly fancy a uniform of some sort, you might try any colonial police force or army and thus acquire once more the status of a gentleman, and the same Solar Topee worn by film stars, Governors-General, Russians and Sanders of the River; this is particularly true in the Caribbean Islands, off America.

Black Magic for the Uninitiated

NEVER since the halcyon days of William Rufus has popular interest run so high—now is the time to cash in with fertility rites in Shepherd's Bush. Business men, bankers and brokers will come flocking by the coven to your conventicle.

All you need is a bag of phosphorus powder (available most good chemists), a cauldron and a house situated over a former pagan temple (an old oak tree in your garden will do—and you can hang your cauldron on it too). Remember, it helps the emanations, these cold evenings, to hold your ceremonies indoors.

All the best temples are within easy walking distance of a Northern Line station—there's something subliminal, if illogical, about 'Follow the Black light.' Another advantage is that on the more important festive occasions, such as Saint Walpurgis Nacht, Wodins Morgen, and Empire Day, you can be down to Salisbury and out on the plains before you can say the Lord's Prayer backwards. If you contemplate a longer journey why not get hold of one of

those entrancing new collapsible cauldrons which have just appeared on the market (sent in a plain wrapper on request). Coming as you do so steeped in angst and thus so attuned to the prevalent Zietgiest you would seem well set to become The Most Promising Young Warlock of 1959. Now wouldn't that be wizard?

Quite frankly the prospects are unlimited, and to celebrate the forthcoming International Bacchanalian Year some very useful spoofs have been culled by our own consumer-research magazine *Witch*. Highly recommended for this side of the vernal equinox is the sending of cryptic messages over berserk ticker-tape machines and for the more advanced workers the levitation of Saint Paul's. Once again high in the list is that Old Familiar's favourite, exploding pumpkins at village fêtes, and, yes, the drowning of legless cripples in great dollops of ectoplasm is still good for a laugh. Whilst fresh from Sicily comes a real test of your mettle, as yet untried in this country—demoniacal possession of midwives.

YOUR PROBLEMS

PRESENT:

ADEQUATE FAMILY PROTECTION
IMPROVED INVESTMENT YIELD
INCOME TAX SAVING

FUTURE:

EDUCATIONAL PROVISION
PENSION AUGMENTATION
HOUSE PURCHASE

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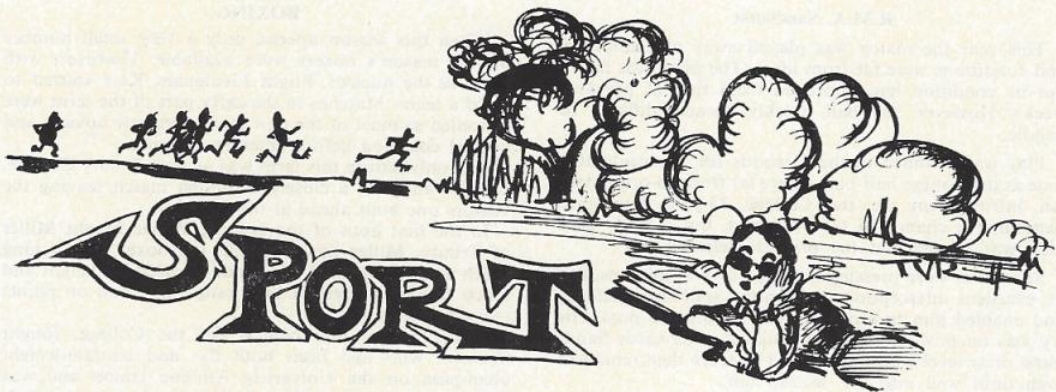
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RUGBY

THE season opened after a week of recovery from the summer leave with the annual 'Battle of Britain' Week fixture against Leicestershire Colts. The team, caught in the half-fit stage of early season training, faced a stronger side than last year's, it included M. Gavin, the Leicester 1st XV full-back. His fine kicking weighted the game in Leicester's favour.

For some reason the team failed to settle down in the first month and played two uninspired games against London club sides which should have been won quite easily. On the second Saturday in October the 1st XV visited the Harlequins. For the first time they played as a team, producing constructive football, despite being faced with an extremely fit and strong side.

Great heart was taken from this performance, and the team improved steadily with four wins in a row until evening training periods lapsed with the change of hour and the dark evenings. It became obvious after a defeat by Kesteven that two games per week were not enough to keep the side fit. Beginning on the Monday before the Dartmouth fixture, and continuing until one day before the Sandhurst week-end, an intensive training scheme was put into operation and was immediately successful. On 12th November the R.A.F. Officers XV visited the College, and a close and exciting game ensued. The opposition had some very good players, one of whom was the scrum-half, who started the scoring with an open side break making 20 yards to the line. Flight Lieutenant Leary scored a further try, and the score at half-time was 8-0. The College were playing very well at this time and opened the second half determined to make amends. Play moved gradually nearer the opposition's line until Freeman made a break across the centre, drew the defence, and passed for Laycock to score. The try was unconverted and there was no further score. In this game the College produced really fine rugby and showed great promise for the three inter-college matches to take place in the following fortnight.

B.R.N.C. Dartmouth

The 15th November brought fog, a wet ball, and the muddiest pitch of the season when Dartmouth took the field with a win over Sandhurst already under their belts. Within minutes of the kick-off both sides were struggling with a very slippery ball, although the R.A.F. College made the most of it and gained territorially. They deservedly took the lead, a penalty kicked by

Digby, after an offside from a set scrum in front of the Dartmouth post and just outside the 25-yard line.

College took advantage of an early lead to concentrate on attack, and continually took the ball into the Dartmouth '25.' The defence held, preventing any scoring, but infringements allowed three further attempts at increasing the College's lead. Kicking exceptionally well under the circumstances, Digby converted two kicks to give a 9-0 lead at half-time.

During the first half successful domination of Dartmouth's scrum- and fly-half by wing forwards Woolley and Slade gave the advantage to the College. Half way through the second-half a position change brought a very strong-running wing three-quarter to fly-half. With the ball becoming more muddy and less wet the Dartmouth handling improved, and a try scored near to the posts gave an easy conversion.

Five minutes later an eager Cranwell defender gave the penalty which brought the score to 9-8. Some seven minutes remained to play, and the final efforts were made. Somehow the defences on each side stood up to the battery and the final whistle went with Cranwell just holding their one point lead.

R.A.F. Technical Cadets, Henlow

The match against Henlow has become a fixed date, the third Saturday in November, and was played this year at Henlow.

Shortly after the kick off our opponents completed a successful footrush with a try very close to the post. The conversion kick was disallowed after appearing to travel over an upright. This early score was followed by a long period of mid-field play in which both sides attempted to master the conditions. Eventually a set scrum was taken close to the Henlow goal line and a quick break enabled Freeman to score an opportunist try.

Straight from the kick-off the three-quarters forced another try, rapidly followed by three others in which all the three-quarters took part. Melville kicked three conversions and by half-time the College were leading 21-3. In the second-half the College continued to press the Henlow defence, but it held and even produced one breakaway try. The Henlow score reached 9 points when they scored from an offside infringement in the College '25.'

The final try was again a fine opportunist try by Freeman from a scrummage in the Henlow '25,' leaving the College a convincing win of 24 points to 9.

R.M.A. Sandhurst

This year the match was played away at Camberley and conditions were far from ideal. The pitch was heavy but its condition had improved from that of previous weeks. However, the ball quickly became difficult to handle.

Play was confined to the forwards for a considerable time as the College half-backs were far from co-ordinated. An infringement on the College 25-yard line gave Sandhurst a chance to take the lead, but a fairly easy kick was missed and the pressure relieved.

Sandhurst were pressing hard for several minutes, but an excellent interception by Wratten split their defence and enabled him to score ten yards from the post. His try was unconverted and immediately afterwards Sandhurst drew level with a penalty. The score then remained even until well into the second half.

Sandhurst's forwards, playing a very strong, attacking game, followed up a kick ahead and scored their first try. This was quickly followed by a second try, again scored by a forward. The conversion made the score 11 points to 3 in Sandhurst's favour. The College then began their fight back. For minutes on end they pressed the opposition back into their '25' but were unable to complete any movement with a score. Time and again the opposition managed to scramble the ball away.

The final try came from Garside who made a tremendous run down his wing, beating four defenders on the way. The try was unconverted and the game ended with both sides still trying desperately to secure the game.

Results for first half of the season:—

Team	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost
1st XV	16	8	0	8
2nd XV	12	7	1	4
3rd XV	8	6	0	2
'A' XV	2	1	0	1

BOXING

When this season opened only a very small number of last season's boxers were available. However, with these as the nucleus, Flight Lieutenant Kerr started to build a team. Matches in the early part of the term were cancelled as most of the new team were raw novices and needed coaching before entering the ring.

Our only fixture this term was against Trinity College, Dublin, and was a closely contested match, leaving the visitors one bout ahead at the final bell.

In the first bout of the evening Whyte fought Miller of Trinity. Miller was a stylish, tall boxer with a long reach and an excellent left hand. He used his height and reach to keep Whyte at long range and won on points—a close decision.

Evans, in his first contest for the College, fought Wheeler who had been both fly- and bantam-weight champion on the University Athletic Union and was a fast-moving boxer with a heavy punch in each hand. Evans built up a comfortable points lead in the first and second rounds. He threw straight, hard rights and left counter-punches, putting Wheeler down for a count of eight during the second round. However, in the latter half of the third round Wheeler's heavy body punches took effect and the referee stopped the fight in Wheeler's favour.

B. Johnson fought Molesworth at welter-weight. Molesworth was a strong, forcing fighter. Johnson fought very coolly, using hard left hand stop-punching in the first round and landing heavily with both hands in the second and third rounds; a clear win for Johnson.

In the next bout Green fought Gibbons. The latter was a powerful and hard-hitting boxer of some experience. Honours were even in the first round, but in the second and third rounds the experience of Gibbons became evident and the bout was stopped in his favour. This was a very difficult first fight for Green.

In a light-heavyweight contest Mackay was matched with Harold-Barry. Although giving away both height and reach Mackay had no difficulty in landing punches



R.A.F. College and Dartmouth Rugby Teams

with both hands. In the second minute of the first round he knocked out his opponent in no uncertain manner.

Peters, fighting his first bout, met Mumford, a strong, experienced boxer. In the first and second rounds scoring was even and Peters used a very fast straight left to good effect. In the final round Mumford used his experience to take the fight to Peters and won on points. Peters showed excellent footwork and balance.

In the last contest Browne, the new captain, fought Purcell at welter-weight. This was a battle of strong, fit, two-fisted boxers. Browne's more accurate counter-punching gained him a points victory.

Considering the limited experience of our new boxers the performance by the College team as a whole augurs well for the future.

R.F.W.

SOCCER

The soccer team began the winter term of the 1958-59 season by sustaining four injuries to 1st XI members—in a practice match! A further loss came when Saye went into hospital for an operation on his leg, and again when the vice-captain, Holpin, left the College.

The 1st XI never gained sufficient confidence as a team until the Old Bradfieldians match, when, although losing 6-2, they showed themselves to be better territorially. Until this match a large number of goals had been conceded, thirteen of them to the F.A. team. From this match onwards the team showed they had the potentiality and drive to win by losing only two of the eight remaining matches. Of these eight matches, the two lost were very closely fought, the match against Emmanuel College being the fastest and most interesting game of the term.

The defence developed strongly, centred around the captain, Adams, and Hunter and Baker deserve a special note for their positional play. In the forward line the main fault was the inability to finish, so that the final scores reflect unfavourably the course of many matches. Watt developed into a tenacious right winger; Cloke

played consistently well with little luck and McDowall had several outstanding games. Colours were awarded to McDowall and Baker.

The 2nd XI, as usual, were unable to field a strong team, owing to insufficient support for soccer at the College. However, this did not deter them and a very good spirit remained in the team. Trowern and Pearson were both required to play for the 1st XI and neither was out of place in this team.

During the summer term a series of football films was shown, and when we were visited in the winter by the F.A., Mr Creek again gave an interesting lecture.

Our thanks go to Squadron Leader Porter and Mr Simpson who spent much time developing the teams after the initial setback due to injuries.

R.A.F. College v. H.M.S. Britannia, Dartmouth

It was good to see a Collegè XI, more confident than in earlier games, get down to work in conditions which seemed much to their liking, and, by a judicious mixture of long and short passes on the greasy surface, set the tone of the game from the start by keeping their opponents on the defensive. The College defence was quick on the ball. Our half backs played well up and forced the *Britannia* inside forwards—their two best players—to spend their time mainly in their own half. One of the most encouraging features of our play was the link-up between wing halves Baker and Dorrett and inside forwards Cloke and McDowall. Very soon gaps were created in which our forwards had room to manoeuvre, and some good shots were unleashed, particularly by Cloke, who scored a fine goal (the third) after an excellent combined movement on the right flank. The first goal was the result of an unfortunate error by the *Britannia* right back who, under pressure, breasted the ball into his own goal. The second was a splendid opportunist effort by centre forward Gardner who pounced at great speed when the goalkeeper mishandled.

Other goals, it seemed, were bound to come, but did not, partly at least because the heavy ball made it



R.A.F. College and Dartmouth Soccer Teams

difficult to shoot with decisive force; and our opponents were quicker into the tackle in the second half than they had been earlier. There were several near-misses, particularly memorable being a powerful McDowall free kick which cannoned off the post. The *Britannia* goal was a good one, a fine shot from an oblique angle passing just out of reach of Blewitt's dive a foot or so inside the post. J.W.

R.M.A. Sandhurst

The morning was misty and the sky obscured by low cloud with the result that the ground was soft and the grass wet. Under these conditions the ball soon became heavy and slippery with a tendency to skid off the ground very quickly. Close, accurate passing and control of the ball were thus extremely difficult. However, while the R.M.A. team used the long wing passes, the College team insisted on keeping the ball too close. The result was that although the College dominated the midfield play, when it came to finishing they always made one pass too many.

In the early stages of the game the R.M.A. forwards kept up an almost continuous pressure, splitting the rather shaky defence with long passes. The first goal was a scrambled affair, the ball suddenly appearing from a ruck of players on the six-yard line. After this goal the College team settled down to a far more steady game. They made numerous attacks down both wings and at times through the centre. Unfortunately, attacks petered out in front of the goal. A breakaway during this period led to the R.M.A. team's second goal. The ball was lobbed from the edge of the penalty area and Blewitt, who otherwise played an excellent game, misjudged its flight.

The second half followed much the same pattern as the first, with the College having at least half the play, if not more. Try as they would, however, their finishing was very poor, and although McDowall did get the ball in the net once the goal was disallowed, Cloke being ruled offside. No further goals were scored so Sandhurst won by two goals to nil.

This was a disappointing result for the College as they had had a large proportion of the play. Although the whole team had played hard, especially Baker, Watt, and Cloke, it was generally felt by those watching that the College lacked the fire with which they had played against Dartmouth. This may well have been due to an excellent Band Night the previous evening.

R.M.T.

RESULTS

1st XI					
Sep. 17	Lincolnshire Constabulary	(h)	2-6 (l)
20	Lloyds Bank	(a)	2-8 (l)
24	R.A.F. Cranwell	(h)	0-6 (l)
Oct. 4	Squadron Leader Nabarro's XI	(h)	1-3 (l)
8	Loughborough College	(h)	0-4 (l)
11	Sheffield University	(h)	0-4 (l)
15	F.A. Colts	(h)	0-13 (l)
18	Repton School	(a)	0-4 (l)
29	Carre's Grammar School	(h)	0-3 (l)
Nov. 1	Bolton School	(a)	1-11 (l)
8	Old Bradfieldians (Argonaut)	(h)	2-6 (l)
12	Skegness Grammar School	(a)	7-3 (w)
15	R.N.C. Dartmouth	(h)	3-1 (w)
19	Emmanuel College	(a)	2-3 (l)
22	Old Cranwellians	(h)	6-2 (w)
26	Lincoln City School	(a)	1-1 (d)
29	R.M.A. Sandhurst	(a)	0-2 (l)
Dec. 3	Icarus	(h)	2-1 (w)
10	Kesteven Training College	(a)	9-3 (w)

CHIMAY

In the Autumn term, 1958, the soccer for the Chimay Trophy was won by 'C' Squadron. To do this they won their matches against 'A' and against 'B' Squadrons. They played 'A' in their first match and after a very close game broke through ten minutes from time to win 5-2, by scoring three quick goals. 'C' Squadron then played 'B' Squadron and in a very scrappy game won 3-1. With the winner of Chimay soccer already decided 'B' played 'A' to decide the runners-up, and in a hard game 'B' won 3-2; as usual Chimay soccer produced a great deal of spirit but little footballing ability.

FENCING

On 14th June a party of College fencers went to Earls Court to take part in the Cadets' and Young Officers' Fencing Championships in the Royal Tournament. We congratulate Coriat, our captain, on winning the Foil. The late P. C. Baird also reached the finals. Unfortunately none of our sabreurs was placed.

On the subject of championships, Coriat and Peters, a new arrival, went to Lincoln to compete in the preliminary rounds of the British Novices Foil. We congratulate them on taking the first two places, and wish them luck in the National Finals in Manchester at the end of March.

As far as matches are concerned the first half of the season has been very successful. We won eight of our ten matches, most of them by a reasonable margin. The first match of the term was one of our defeats. It was against Hatfield Fencing Club, and although we won the foil and épée narrowly, we lost sadly in the sabre.

After this match the team settled down to some hard training. This term the emphasis has been on general fitness which leads to greater speed and accuracy during actual fencing. Apart from fitness, the emphasis has been on the sabreurs. We have only four or five regular sabreurs, and in this are rather under strength.

The training obviously paid dividends because in our next match—against Grimsby Hospital—we won every weapon quite convincingly. Our only other defeat came shortly after this against Nottingham City. Although we were without three of our best fencers we should not have been beaten as easily as we were. The standard of fencing was low and the result was rather disappointing.



Coriat at the Royal Tournament



SHOOTING TEAM

*Back row: Sqn Ldr Hudson, F.C. J. Morgan, F.C. R. Prothero, F.C. M. Turner, F.C. R. Banks, Mr Cousins
Front row: F.C. I. Sinclair, F.C. C. Parkin, S.F.C. R. Baker (Capt.), U.O. A. Roberts, F.C. R. Meredith*

Shortly after the mid-term break the inter-squadron fencing was held, when we were lucky to have Mr and Mrs Courtney Lewis, both of whom are well known in Midlands fencing, as our presidents. The result of the competition, which was very closely contested, was a win for 'C' Squadron with 'A' Squadron a close second.

We look forward in the spring to meeting R.N.C. Dartmouth, R.M.A. Sandhurst and L'Ecole de l'Air. We hope very much to avenge last season's defeats against the latter two.

R.G.P.

SQUASH

The squash team have made quite a successful start in the new season. Out of eleven matches we won eight, losing only to the formidable clubs of Wimbledon, Abbeydale and Nottingham. Although the departure of Andrews left the team with no outstanding first string, this handicap was overcome by having good all-round strength. The difference between our No. 1 and No. 5 is negligible, as many of our opponents discovered to their cost. Volkens, coming in to replace Kingston at No. 3, showed considerable improvement on his form of last season and played determinedly against some very good opponents. Special mention must be made of the outstanding results achieved by Haller and Read. Both played extremely well and in many matches saved the day after Horsfall and Price had fallen to the wiles of more experienced first and second string players.

The team would like to express their thanks to Flight Lieutenant Dawes for his coaching and guidance.

Next term we have our most important fixtures of the season against Sandhurst and Dartmouth, and due to the increase in membership of the Squash Club it is hoped to arrange some suitable matches for the 2nd V.

J.A.H.

RESULTS

Sep. 20	Wimbledon S.R.C.	(a)	2-3	(l)
24	R.A.F. Waddington	(h)	4-1	(w)
Oct. 4	R.N.C. Greenwich	(a)	3-2	(w)
11	Nottingham S.R.C.	(a)	2-3	(l)
15	Leicester S.R.C.	(a)	3-2	(w)
Nov. 1	Abbeydale S.R.C.	(a)	1-4	(l)
4	R.A.F. Syerston	(a)	3-2	(w)
12	Loughborough College	(a)	5-0	(w)
18	R.A.F. Wittering	(a)	Cancelled	
22	Henlow	(a)	5-0	(w)
Dec. 3	Leicester S.R.C.	(h)	4-1	(w)
6	Nottingham University	(h)	3-2	(w)

SHOOTING

Of the ten matches held in the Autumn term, the shooting team won six and lost four, but achieved the outstanding success of defeating Dartmouth, Sandhurst and Henlow.

The season started with success against Oundle School and the Sleaford Rifle Club who introduced us to the British National Target. This requires a higher degree of accuracy and so far only one member of the team, Meredith, has scored a possible on this type of target.

The matches against the universities were not as successful as last year; we sustained a considerable defeat against Cambridge in our 'A' and 'B' teams, and also lost against Nottingham University.

In the fixture against Sandhurst we were in the unique position of being the only College team to win; our scores were the highest of the season. Credit must go to Roberts and McEvoy who scored possibles. The Dartmouth match ended in a victory for Cranwell by one point, thus avenging our defeat by two points in the previous match.

The final result in the Inter-Squadron Shooting Match was not as close as in the past, but was still well contested. 'C' Squadron were victorious and had the honour of

receiving the trophy from the visiting Commandant of the Swedish Air Academy. The scores were as follows:

'C' Squadron	393 points
'B' Squadron	381 points
'A' Squadron	379 points

The following were awarded full colours this term: U.O. Roberts, S.F.C. Baker, F.Cs Meredith and Parkin. C.S.P.

BADMINTON

Badminton has, this season, been fully recognised as a College sport, mainly due to the fact that rather more cadets are interested in this sport than in previous years, when few but Malayan cadets played. In an attempt to promote interest amongst cadets who do not play, it was classed as a 'major sport,' and a number tried their hand at this surprisingly strenuous game.

Having received some very helpful coaching from Sergeant Hall, a team of three pairs was chosen, with a view to competing against local clubs to gain experience. We were suddenly faced with a match against Dartmouth, and so a match was quickly arranged versus Carre's Grammar School to try to gain some match practice. When they beat us 9-0 we knew that the

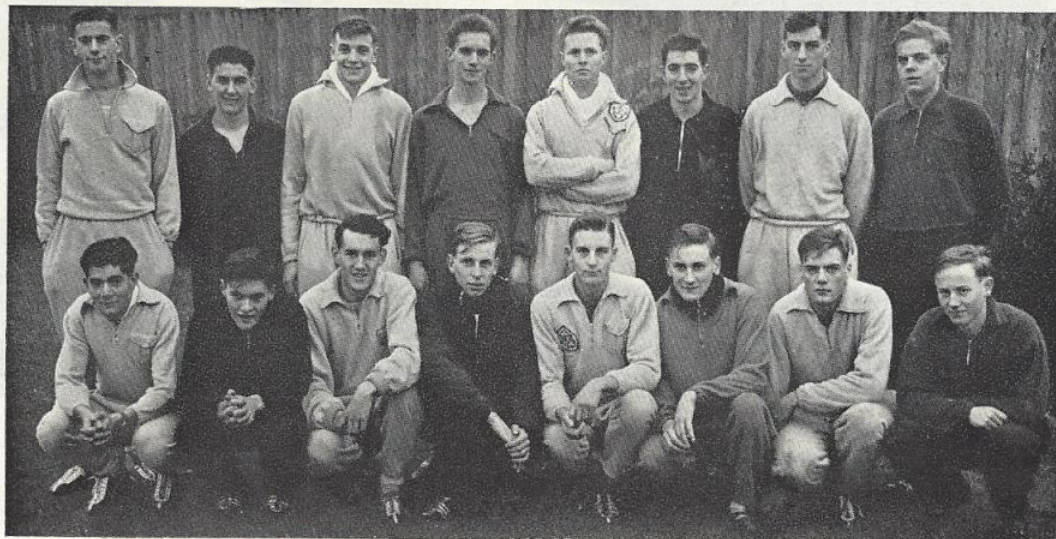
launching badminton as a College sport. The team was: Veal (Capt.), Greenwood, Geach, Graham, Raeside, Mitchell, Whyte.

C.R.G.

GOLF

The last six months have seen two new developments in golf at the College. Both are at the same time pleasing and encouraging. A knock-out singles competition was played for the first time in July. Some 20 cadets participated, and in the final Porter beat Barrett by 3 and 2 in a very close match over 18 holes. 'C' Squadron were the winners in an experimental inter-squadron Stableford match in November. Edwards returned the best card of the afternoon in conditions which can only be described as atrocious. There followed two matches against the officers, both of which resulted in halves. The competition on these two occasions was particularly keen.

The highspot of the Autumn term was our victory over R.N.C. Dartmouth, at whose hands we had received a crushing defeat in the summer. At the Sleaford course, however, we won four matches and halved two, thus achieving a complete *volte-face*. This success was gained



R.A.F. College and Dartmouth Cross-Country Teams

Dartmouth team, consisting of five Malayans and a Pakistani, could not fail to trounce us! This they did, but our determination and spirit was high, even if our standard of play was not.

The standard of play against Sandhurst was much better than against Dartmouth. Again we lost 9-0 to six Malayans, but Graham and Geach each managed to win one game.

Home and away matches were arranged against Rauceby Hospital, but unfortunately the latter had to be cancelled and in the home match we lost 2-7.

Next term we hope to have three Malayans who will no doubt provide a really strong nucleus for a team to take on Dartmouth and Sandhurst on an equal footing. The team would like to express their gratitude to Sergeant Hall for his invaluable advice and help in

despite the absence of Barrett, the captain—a strong member of any side.

The golfing fraternity remains continually aware that there is a great amount of latent support for golf at the College, and it takes this opportunity of urging official recognition in the near future.

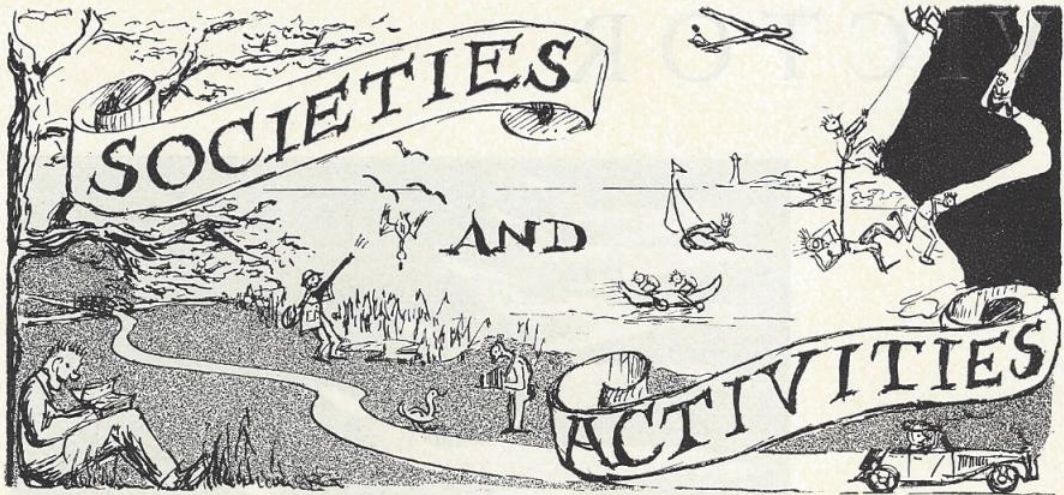
M.J.P.

CROSS-COUNTRY

It is inevitable that if the standard of cross-country running throughout the country improves, whilst at Cranwell it remains stationary, then a successful season cannot be expected. This sums up the results of the College team's efforts in the Autumn.

The College's original diehards have passed out, and

(Continued on page 85)



BENEATH THE MENDIPS

The Pot-holing Section held its Christmas meet at Priddy, in Somerset. This cheerless, grey-stoned village is set in a hollow on the Mendip plateau and is famous only for its folk-dancing, Sheep Fair and caves. The local inhabitants cherish a tradition that Christ came to their village as a small boy when Joseph of Arimathea journeyed here to trade for tin.

Heavy rain limited our choice of caves, but there were sufficient to satisfy the desires of every member of the expedition. On the first day we split to descend the two nearest caves, Swildon's Hole and Eastwater Cavern. The caves are amongst the most extensive in the area, and alone could have kept us busy for more time than we had at our disposal. Some less-fortunate members of the expedition had an opportunity of diving through one of Swildon's sumps. Eastwater, too, had its share of rugged climbs and tight squeezes. Down this cave we came to a series of bowl-shaped steps filled with water, and Simpson accidentally discovered that when he sat in the top puddle a large volume of water cascaded from basin to basin—a discovery which was not fully appreciated by Banks, who was sitting at the bottom of the series.

We were very fortunate in having 'Fountain Cottage' as a home throughout our stay. Almost invariably we returned from our day's work very cold, very tired, and soaked to the skin, and were extremely grateful to Sandhurst for putting this cosy little cottage and its accompanying facilities at our disposal. Our evening recreation was

provided by visits to the local inn where we were introduced to a potent Somerset cider and to the shove-halfpenny board. By the end of our stay we had become almost skilful at playing on the latter, and at consuming the former. We also discovered a country club, and those of us who preferred beer and sandwiches to cider and pork pies lost no time in obtaining temporary membership. We all joined before the end of our stay, for the tales of our landlord could hardly compete with the more versatile repertoire of the club's television.

We will never forget 20th December. Whilst we were probing the deepest parts of our respective caves there was a cloudburst over Priddy which caused tiny streams to swell to gushing torrents and flood their banks. On our return trip we found that nearly every passage contained a fast-flowing stream. Banks, who was in front at the time, fought his way through a swollen waterfall, only to be bowled over by another which spouted from what had a few hours earlier been nothing but a smallish hole in the cavern wall. It took us some considerable time to carry our ropes and ladders through this chamber of waterfalls, but luckily we were near the entrance. In front of us was another spout of water spurting from the hole which we knew to be the only way out. We were forced to leave our tackle on a ledge for recovery at a later date, and one by one we struggled through this wall of water, up the 17 feet entrance shaft to find ourselves at last in the open. The other party met similar discomforts and the pond which drained into their

pot-hole had risen by four feet. This storm had taken everyone by surprise, including the local shopkeeper, who had to raise his carpet to allow a stream to flow in by his back door and out by the front.

We paid a visit to Wells and were intrigued both by the Cathedral and by a stream which flowed down the High Street, reputedly for the purpose of keeping the market square clean. Our trip could not have been considered complete without a visit to one of the show caves and the Cheddar Gorge. We chose Gough's Cave which proved no more interesting than the caves we had already visited. A concrete causeway, iron railings and wire netting, coloured lighting and a fluent guide created an overpowering atmosphere of commercialism which reduced our appreciation of a potentially fascinating cave.

The College 'Workobus' was put to good use on the trips to Eastwater and to the Burrington area where we investigated Goatchurch Cavern and Sidcot Swallet. The former was completely dry and full of frustrating *culs-de-sac*. It contained a very fine and slippery frozen waterfall. Sidcot Swallet was extremely tight and some parts necessitated contortions which would seriously tax the skill of a Yoga expert. A long and tricky wriggle through several restrictions and the tie press led to a grotto which could put many show caves to shame.

The meet was quite successful, although its activities were rather limited by the weather, which meant that a large number of caves were submerged. Next time the section holds its meet on Mendip we hope it will be in the summer when chances of rain are possibly less. Despite these shortcomings everybody enjoyed themselves and have something to look back on.

R.H.G. and J.M.S.



The party leaving 'Fountain Cottage'

FIELD SHOOTING AND WILD-FOWLING

Autumn Term

Four visits were made to Barkston Heath airfield during the term, but the results were rather disappointing owing to the lack of game. The hares were quite abundant at the beginning of the season, but became very scarce towards the end of term. There were, however, several large coveys of partridges about, especially in December, but these were extremely wild, and they tended to get up and fly over the boundary while still out of range, so that only a few were shot. More pheasants were seen than last year, but there is very little cover at Barkston to hold them. We hope, therefore, that a crop of kale will be grown during the coming summer, as this would greatly improve the shooting for next season.

Camp at Royal Air Force Holbeach

Once again our annual camp was held at Royal Air Force Holbeach, and we are very grateful to the entire staff for their hospitality and kindness. The party consisted of Flight Lieutenant P. C. Hunt as officer-in-charge, R. J. Howard, C. E. Starey, F. R. Styles, M. J. Barringer, and C. R. Geach.

We arrived at Holbeach in the evening of Friday, 2nd January 1959. Our only activity that night was a visit to the local pub—a place which provided us with our evening entertainment and all the local information regarding wild-fowling. The following morning we rose at 5 o'clock, and were out on the marsh by seven, after a short drive and a walk of some $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles along the sea wall. The geese, not keeping to their normal habit of spending the night on the mud-flats, had stayed inland overnight, and Flight Lieutenant Hunt drove inland that day where he found several thousand geese feeding and, as he had permission to shoot there, one goose was shot in a field. That evening we all went to the Bull's Neck, after having got very cold waiting at the widgeon pools for widgeon which did not appear.

The next morning Flight Lieutenant Hunt, Howard and Styles were up with the lark (perhaps a bit before) and by dawn were waiting, in a field about 40 miles away, for the geese to come to feed. Unfortunately a local professional had a number of decoys in a field 600 yards away, and although they answered Flight Lieutenant Hunt's call, they went down to the other decoys, without any of them coming into range. During the afternoon, back at Holbeach, everyone went out on the marsh. Howard and

Styles had an interesting lesson in Natural History, watching some seals playing on a mud-bank and sliding into the water. After supper that evening, Howard had to leave us and return to Cranwell.

On Monday morning it was Starey, Geach and Barringer who were up early to go inland. Their time was wasted, however, as the professional wild-fowler, with whom they were going, told them that he could not keep the appointment—after they had driven 10 miles at 4 a.m. That night the widgeon pools were again visited, and although some birds flew over none came to land. On Tuesday—the last day—everyone decided to have a rest, and it was not until after lunch that anything was contemplated. In the morning we went to the South Range and watched a Javelin make dummy runs on the target, and on the way back across the marsh first a single goose and then three more were shot at. At about 3 p.m. a lot of activity was noticed near the water's edge, and we all went out on to the marsh at once. The tide was on the turn by the time we were in position, and the wild-fowl were all round us, so that our barrels soon got hot. Everyone shot either a widgeon or a mallard, but not all of them were picked up as we did not have the dog with us, the creeks were full, and it was getting dark. A goose which was shot at by Flight Lieutenant Hunt and Starey eventually fell into the sea, and was very nobly retrieved by Styles who had to wade in up to his waist to reach it.

We left Holbeach for Cranwell after supper, and as we drove along it started to snow—the snow that we waited for throughout the camp, because it is the most ideal weather for wild-fowling. Upon reflection, the reason for so much activity during the last day was no doubt the impending storm, which would be sensed by the wild-fowl long before we humans. The camp was a great success; one cannot lay on the ideal wild-fowlers' weather and we were lucky to have that one good evening. The total bag of wild-fowl was not very large, but if anyone knows of a ready sale for seals we may be able to industrialize Holbeach.

R.J.H.

GLIDING

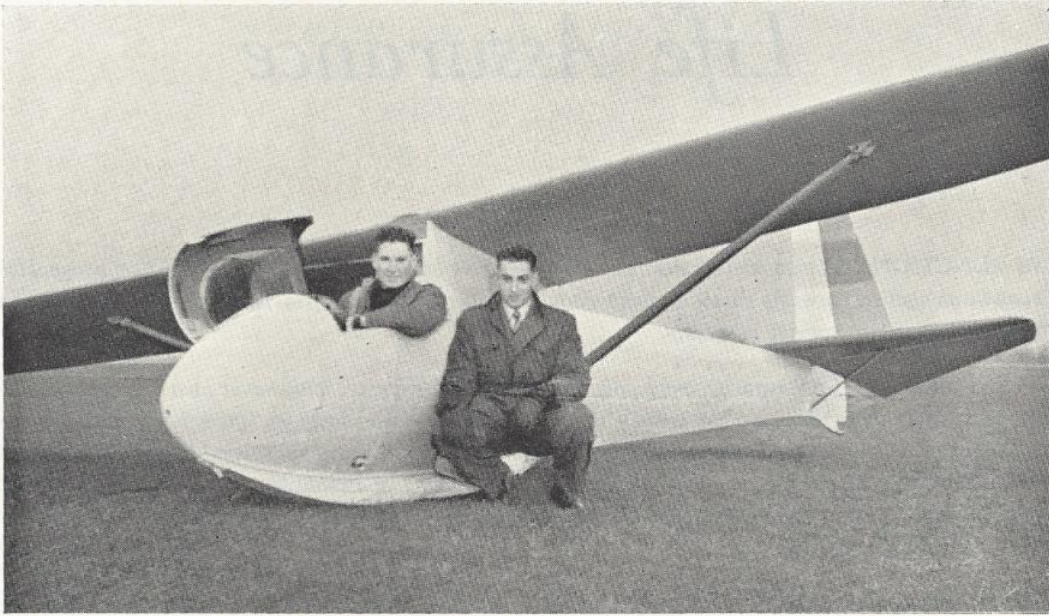
We look back on 1958 as our most successful year of activity since the formation of the Gliding Section when the College reopened 11 years ago. The fact that in 1958 we acquired

our Olympic just too late to catch any 'thermal weather' is an indication of what we expect this year, with eight gliders and sailplanes based at Cranwell. Last year saw 23 flights which exceeded one of the three Silver 'C' requirements, compared with seven such flights in 1957 and five in 1956. Last year also we had Gold 'C' requirements exceeded for the first time in club history and hope to see more of this in the Olympia this season.

The Autumn term produced only one soarable day for us, unfortunately this was while the Chipmunk was away having a 'Major Inspection,' but Flight Lieutenant Bridson in the Skylark contacted from a winch launch and was airborne for three hours. The normal training routine went on throughout the term when the fog would permit us to fly; the Olympia pilots familiarized themselves with the machine and several 79 Entry members soloed in the Tutors. Flight Lieutenants Bridson and Ayers entered the Sailplane Aerobatic Contest at Dunstable, both flying Skylarks. Flight Lieutenant Bridson was highly commended overall and his continuity, or linking of manoeuvres, was judged the best of the 17 competitors, while Flight Lieutenant Ayers was awarded second prize in the final classification. This latter was a particularly good achievement, for some competing sailplanes were capable of rolling and sustained inverted manoeuvres, such machines being placed first and third. Flight Lieutenant Ayers came to the College from C.F.S. to instruct on Vampires. He is an Old Cranwellian and was a keen member of the Gliding Section when he was here as a cadet.

The two Kite owners, Pilot Officer Delafield and Senior Flight Cadet Strachan, completely stripped down their aircraft to the wood and re-covered and re-sprayed it in new colours of bright red and deep cream. This is the first time that work of such a major nature has been done by Flight Cadets, and an enormous number of man-hours were put in, the two owners seizing every spare moment of the latter half of term to do the work. The Kite was finished in early December and was test-flown satisfactorily.

This Spring term we hope our programme will not be curtailed too much by weather or extra Vampire flying. We fear, however, that due to the bad conditions of the early part of the term, Vampire activity on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons may go on until late in the term, indeed we hope that the end of term date will not



Kite 2 after being re-fabricated by its two owners

be affected by this extra flying. This latter is one of the reasons which make Easter Camp here at Cranwell a near certainty. We will have all our eight aircraft and hope for good soaring weather and many Silver 'C' legs achieved. Who knows, with an oxygen-equipped Olympia, even a Gold 'C' leg may be produced—but perhaps this is wishful thinking. We look forward to finding out at Easter.

I.W.S.

MOUNTAINEERING

The section held a meet at Stanage Edge on the Derbyshire-Yorkshire borders on Sunday, 16 November 1958. The trip was made in the College 'Workobus.'

The climbs were about 20 to 30 feet high and, as all too often happens, were more difficult than they appeared. The rock was greasy and there was a profusion of earth and vegetation clinging to it. We did not form a good impression of Stanage on this our first visit to it, but we later learned that we did not go to the best place on its two-mile length. We will try another part of it in the near future.

Seven members of the section arranged to go to Glencoe during the last week of the Christmas leave. Unfortunately, as six of them were pilots of 77 Entry who had their leave curtailed, the trip was cancelled.

D.L.

SAILING

The Autumn term proved to be quite a successful one although adverse weather conditions did spoil one or two of our fixtures.

There were two away fixtures, a return match against B.R.N.C. Dartmouth and a match with Dover College. Both, unfortunately, were lost. The first was the result of extremely bad weather conditions and a lack of teammanship and the latter because of a few tactical mistakes. However, lessons have been learned and I am sure that in the forthcoming season we shall have a strong and well-co-ordinated team.

For the first time in the history of the Sailing Section successful home fixtures have been sailed, despite the unmatched qualities of our boats. Of the two fixtures arranged we won the first against R.M.A. Sandhurst quite comfortably, but the second against H.M.S. *Worcester* had to be abandoned due to impossible sailing conditions.

The 1959 season appears to be a promising one. With the new Fireflies we hope that both inter-squadron racing and the home fixtures will be greatly improved, whilst the away fixture list promises some very keen racing.

We are determined to explode the common fallacy that sailing is purely a recreation. With the wonderful opportunities available in the forthcoming season it should not be at all hard to prove that sailing is a worthwhile and extremely exciting sport.

J.W.H.

MOTOR CLUB

The Autumn term saw the ideas and plans of the past year come to fruition. The workshop took priority and its tools have multiplied to such an extent that there are now few occasions when members need take their vehicles to a garage. It is hoped to move the workshop to the locker room near the motor cycle section of the cadets' garage to increase working space. It is also proposed to lend tools to members during leave periods. There is to be a small reference library of maintenance manuals to supplement the tools in the shop.

There were four film shows last term, which seemed quite successful, and it is hoped to show even more films in the coming term.

Other proposed activities of the coming year include a visit to the Jaguar works in the summer, a Gymkhana in the Spring term and a rally in the Summer term. It was unfortunate that the Autumn Gymkhana had to be cancelled due to bad weather. After this disappointment it was decided to hold only one rally in the coming year, in the Summer, to lessen the chance of cancellation, and to hold a gymkhana or treasure hunt each term.

Recent changes in the club committee are as follows:

President: D. Loveridge
Secretary: R. B. Lloyd
Rallies Secretary: E. Hunter
I/c Workshop: P. Ashcroft

R.B.L.

DEBATING SOCIETY

Over the years the College Debating Society has proved an astonishing force for stability throughout the land. In an era of growing unrest it has affirmed that power corrupts, it has deplored the arrival of television and disapproved of early marriages.

Once, it is true, it thought the country derived more benefit from the public house than the public school, but that was long ago, and to make good this shocking lapse it passed motions in rapid succession refusing to turn Lord's cricket ground into allotments, deploring the impact of trade unions on the economy and twice affirming its belief in spooks. These were halcyon days.

Then suddenly the house went mad. It refused to deplore the bohemianism of modern youth. Perhaps the rot set in when the house actually approved of jazz or even when by just one vote it decided to marry Marilyn Monroe rather than Mrs Beaton.

Whenever it was, the world-wide reaction was immediate—revolt swept North Africa, the Middle East writhed, French governments fell like leaves.

Very properly the Debating Society took hold of itself and after a brief struggle regained the path of conformity; 'No,' it cried, 'women are not the root of all evil' and, 'No. Man is not a clean-shaven ape,' and by similar acts of expiation the house prepared itself for the day late last term when it could face the ladies of Lincoln Training College and successfully persuade them that man's best bet was not bachelorhood.

C.A.R.

ENGINEERING SOCIETY

The Engineering Society has for some years been building a land yacht. The yacht was started some four years ago, and since its conception has become something of a myth. The society has had four guiding officers since the land yacht was started.

The yacht was perhaps ill-fated from the first. The original builders were sufficiently confident of finishing it not to leave any plans to posterity, and from the moment they left the production progress graph took a dive to the floor. Over the last two years no more than half a dozen cadets have found the project interesting enough to give it their time.

The reasons are probably many. Two spring to mind. First, it was too much of a long-term project. Secondly, its completion would have interested only a few souls.

When the present guiding officer arrived at the beginning of this term he was quick to spot the drawbacks, and agreed with members' proposals to scrap the land yacht project. (Incidentally, the components are being used to make a trailer for the Gliding Section.) The choice of a new project presented some difficulty. It was finally decided to build a water tunnel for demonstration purposes for the Aero Lab. The advantages of this are : (a) It is useful. (b) All G.D.P. and G.D.N. will benefit by its construction. (c) No great skill is required for its construction. (d) A large and skilled staff is prepared to apply itself to design problems and give advice and help. Some rough figures are given below for the technically minded :

Working section 4 in \times 4 in. Speed of flow 20 ft/sec. Pump rating 850 galls/mins. Power plant giving initially 14 h.p. Water in circuit 180 gallons.

The purpose of this tunnel is to demonstrate flow patterns over different wing configurations.

Presentation would be effected by injecting air into the water stream before the pump—this air being well stirred up as it passes through the pump.

The working section is vertical, square and Perspex-walled. The bubbles in the stream follow the flow and a strong lamp at infinite focus shines through a narrow slit and across the working section.

This casts a very thin sheet of light in which the bubbles in the stream are lit up as is dust in a sunbeam. The light is on a traverse and thus the flow can be revealed over any part of the model. A reservoir is installed below working-section height so that when the tunnel is not working the water drains to below the working-section height, allowing substitution of models.

The society hopes to complete the model by the end of the Summer term. Members are at the same time making various oddments for the forthcoming exhibition. Support for the society is showing an increase and an effort is being made to have the C.I.W. open every Friday evening for members' use. Thus it is hoped that the new Phoenix will achieve results as permanent as they are impressive.

M.J.B.

HISTORICAL AND GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

This term was one of relative inactivity, the internal programme being almost now non-existent, and the external one severely limited by other College activities. Four features of the term's work do, however, merit mention.

During the term the society became affiliated to the Lincoln Historical and Archaeological Associations, thus widening our scope, and providing further excuses to go into Lincoln. Another feature of the programme was a visit by a small party to the Imperial Institute, Kensington, where a great deal was learned about Nigeria. This country was chosen in view of the forthcoming change in its constitutional status.

As the majority of our support comes from the lower parts of the College we lost only a few members when 74 Entry graduated, and these were more than made up by new members from 79 and 80 Entries.

The last event is likely to remain for some time in the minds of those who participated in it. A number of Junior Mess members visited Lincoln one evening when there was a College Guest Night, and on returning to sign in at the

hall porter's lodge found themselves set upon by a number of the Senior Mess, and placed, minus certain nether garments, on the bar. They were then requested to render a song whose tune has been in the Ecclesiastical hit parade for 450 years, unfortunately they did not know the words—enough said.

D.P.

DRAMATIC SECTION

'Rope' by Patrick Hamilton

CAST

(in order of appearance)

<i>Brandon</i>	Ian Hutchinson
<i>Granillo</i>	Steve Merrett
<i>Sabot</i>	Simon Cornelius
<i>Raglan</i>	Colin Paterson
<i>Leila Arden</i>	Mary Constant
<i>Sir Johnstone Kentley</i>	Robert McDowall
<i>Mrs Debenham</i>	Joyce Nabarro
<i>Rupert Cadell</i>	Martin Freeman

Production by Martin Freeman

<i>Stage Manager and Prompter</i>	...	Brian Cheater
<i>Set Construction</i>	...	Mr B. V. L. Carolan
<i>Design</i>	...	Vaughan Radford
<i>Property Manager</i>	...	Nicholas Adamson
<i>Lighting</i>	...	John McMahon and Michael Turner
<i>Make-up</i>	...	Barney Bullocke
<i>Music and Effects</i>	...	Michael Smith
<i>Stage Hands</i>	...	Richard Crowder and John Tagg
<i>House Manager</i>	...	Jeremy Brown

The Dramatic Section's departure from comedies, which lose little by being played as farces, and from 'straight' plays whose pith depends on the resonance of the lines, was a great success. *Rope*, a knotty yarn of corpses and callousness, was an ambitious choice, but well-calculated to appeal to the general palate. The careful alternation of pace and suspense was a prominent quality of a production which was one of the most polished the section has presented.

Martin Freeman, who actor-managed, struck the right note of suave cynicism; stiff-legged and brittle-witted, he dominated the stage without being domineering, and capably brought the whole thing to a dashing conclusion in the breathless denouement.

Ian Hutchinson, too, was always in correct relation to the others, as the ruthless brains behind the scheme controlling the cypher, Granillo, and as the terrified pleading character who crumbles before the stronger personality



'Rope'

of Rupert. He speaks a little staccato, but at least he and everyone else were audible all of the time.

One of the finest performances was by Steve Merrett. It is tempting to exaggerate fear and drunkenness on the stage, but Merrett realized that, however encouraging the audience are, *medio tutissimus ibis*—if a little shakily in his drunken scene.

Mary Constant as Leila was the admirable female equivalent of Raglan and foil for Rupert. This was a first-class portrayal of a flapper, and provided just the right contrast of burlesque to the macabre quality of the play.

The best performance of them all came from Joyce Nabarro. Mrs Debenham, with only half a dozen lines to say and nothing to do but sit there looking like Mrs Debenham, is no mere walking-on part, although it is usually played as such. Mrs Nabarro's timing and stage presence were remarkable qualities of a most carefully interpreted role.

Robert McDowall was seldom too sprightly for his usually apparent years. There was a balanced performance of the fresh-faced, simpering but artful Raglan by Colin Paterson, who

personified well the flat music-hall caricature of the older universities. And Simon Cornelius was never too French.

Altogether, this was a scrupulously directed production, remarkable for its restraint. Perhaps there should have been a little more restraint in the application of make-up, but, lighting in the College Hall being what it is, it is well-nigh impossible not to appear gruesome to the front rows and pale to the back.

C.G.D.

FINE ARTS SOCIETY

The society has continued throughout the term with its series of instructional lectures given by Mr Foster, to whom we are all very grateful. Whilst the attendance at some of the lectures could have been better a definite nucleus of members has developed and the fruits of the lectures are now beginning to show themselves in the work done.

To give an impression of the standards the Fine Arts Society has achieved it is planned to hold an exhibition towards the end of next term which, it is hoped, will promote interest in the society.

THE
ROYAL AIR FORCE
COLLEGE



JOURNAL

CRANWELL SUMMER 1959

VOL. XXXI NO. 2

THE
ROYAL AIR FORCE COLLEGE
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Assistants	Flight Cadets C. C. Bain, P. J. Burton and G. N. L. Hyde

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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.



The Commandant is welcomed to the U.S. Naval Academy by the Superintendent, Rear-Admiral Charles L. Melson, U.S.N.



College Notes

ON 1st April 1959, the forty-first anniversary of the founding of the Royal Air Force, the Prime Minister, the Rt. Hon. Harold Macmillan, visited the College. He inspected the Cadet Wing and took lunch in the College, where he gave an address and planted a tree before leaving for Royal Air Force Cottesmore.

Accompanying the Prime Minister were Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir Dermot A. Boyle, G.C.B., K.C.V.O., K.B.E., A.F.C., Chief of the Air Staff, The Right Honourable George Ward, M.P., Secretary of State for Air, Sir Maurice Dean, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., Permanent Under Secretary of State for Air, Sir Norman Brooke, Secretary of the Cabinet, and Air Marshal Sir Hugh A. Constantine, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief Flying Training Command.

This is the first time that a Prime Minister has visited Cranwell during his term of office. A full report of the occasion appears elsewhere in this issue.



Group Captain H. N. G. Wheeler, C.B.E., D.S.O., D.F.C., A.F.C., A.D.C., who was Assistant Commandant from April 1957 to April 1959, has left us to command Royal Air Force Laarbruch in 2nd T.A.F.

Group Captain Wheeler will be remembered by those who served with him as a man who enjoys a challenge; he accepted the challenge of Cranwell with relish, and with an unruffled decisiveness which could be felt in much that was accomplished during his two years with the College. His youthful forcefulness of mind is of the sort which ensures that people and institutions give of their best.

We wish him and his charming wife a happy tour in Germany and good luck in the future.

The new Assistant Commandant came to Cranwell on 7th April 1959. Group Captain L. M. Hodges, C.B.E., D.S.O., D.F.C., was born one month before the founding of the Royal Air Force. He was educated at St Paul's School, where he was a C.S.M. of the O.T.C.

He entered the Royal Air Force College as a flight cadet in January 1937, and graduated on 16th December 1938. He was posted to 76 (B) Squadron, where he was at the outbreak of war. He spent the war years successively with 76 Squadron and 49 Squadron, and (as Officer Commanding) with 161 Squadron and 357 Squadron.

He was awarded the D.F.C. in 1942 and bar in 1943. His D.S.O. was gazetted on 19th October 1943 and the bar exactly two years later. His award of the French Croix de Guerre with Palme was published on the 27th birthday of the Royal Air Force.

In 1944 he spent three months with the Royal Air Force Staff College, and six months at Headquarters Bomber Command. After the war he was instructing at the Staff College in Palestine for 15 months, and for 18 months, until April 1948, he was a Directing Staff Officer at the Joint Services Staff College. He was Personal Staff Officer to the Deputy Chief of the Air Staff for two years, and spent two more years on the Joint Planning Staff at the Ministry of Defence.

Group Captain Hodges comes to the Royal Air Force College from Royal Air Force Marham, where he has been Officer Commanding for the last three years. Last year he commanded the Royal Air Force detachment at the Strategic Air Command bombing and navigation competition in the United States.

*Group Captain L. M. Hodges, C.B.E., D.S.O., D.F.C.,
the new Assistant Commandant*



At the end of April 1959, Squadron Leader W. J. Bangay, M.B.E., retired from the Royal Air Force. He first came to Cranwell in March 1918 as a boy fitter, and remustered as an A.C.2 musician in February 1920. Apart from the war years (1941-1946), when he was Bandmaster at Headquarters Flying Training Command and at Headquarters Mediterranean Allied Air Forces, he served continuously at Cranwell until his retirement.

His 34 years at the College represent a unique achievement; he has served right through the College's history, for during his five years away from Cranwell the College was not used as a training establishment for Flight Cadets; it is therefore a fact that for all the years that Flight Cadets have been training at Cranwell, Bill Bangay has been in the College Band.

At the Commandant's Parade on 3rd April, Squadron Leader Bangay was presented with a salver on which is engraved the College Coat of Arms; around the Coat of Arms are the facsimile signatures of the 29 Commandants and Assistant Commandants under whom he has served, and below is the inscription:

'To Squadron Leader W. J. Bangay, M.B.E., from his many friends at Cranwell,' followed by the date of his retirement.

In his speech on the occasion, the Commandant said:

'... I feel (and I'm sure you all do, too) great sorrow that he is no longer to serve with us. We shall miss him greatly.

'I'm very glad to know, however, that he will continue to be the squire of the village. So he will be near at hand to benefit us both by his stimulating presence and by his memory and wisdom, particularly in regard to College affairs. I hope this will continue for many, many years to come. And to do what I can to ensure he doesn't forget us, I hereby offer him Honorary Membership of the Officers' Mess in perpetuity. . . .

'But as an immediate and tangible expression of the affection and pride Squadron Leader Bangay holds with us all I should like to present him, on behalf of his many friends here now and who have been here in the past, with this salver. It has been subscribed to by all the Officers and Cadets of the College that are here now and also by the Commandants and Assistant Commandants with whom he has served in the past. . . .'



At the end of the Spring term there were 288 flight cadets on roll at the College.



We regret to record the deaths in a flying accident of Flight Lieutenant Donald Gilliland Murchie, Under Officer Michael Dickinson and Flight Cadet Peter David Keeling.

Flight Lieutenant Murchie came as an instructor to 'H' Flight in February 1958 from 20 Squadron and the Central Flying School, Little Rissington. He was a rugby player and a qualified physical training instructor.



Retiring after 34 years at the College, Squadron Leader W. J. Bangay, M.B.E., with the Commandant and the Assistant Commandant

Under Officer Dickinson came from St. Edward's School, Oxford. He joined No. 75 Entry in September 1956. He represented the College at rugby, cricket and golf, and his Squadron at squash and athletics.

Flight Cadet Keeling came from Lancing College with a flying scholarship in January 1957. He joined No. 76 Entry. A hockey player for the College, he also took part in athletics and cross-country running for his Squadron.

Both cadets were of 'C' Squadron.



For the fourth successive term 'C' Squadron is Sovereign's Squadron. This constitutes a record. The previous best of three unbroken wins was also set up by 'C' Squadron. In becoming Sovereign's Squadron for the tenth time in the last 12 terms, 'C' last term won all three divisions (Chimay—for the fourth time running, Ferris—for the second time running, and Knocker). This has been done only twice before (in 1953 and 1956) and on both of these occasions by 'C', the youngest of the three squadrons.

'C' Squadron was formed in 1930. Its first Under Officer went on to become Air Commodore H. Eeles, C.B., C.B.E., a Commandant of the College.

Distributing the trophies on 2nd April, the Commandant congratulated 'C' Squadron on their results in clearing the board and said: 'It's a fine record, and one which I'm sure 'A' and 'B' intend to try hard to take from them—despite equally hard efforts by 'C' in the future to prevent them achieving such a worthy objective. . . . Maybe it has something to do with the splendid isolation they have enjoyed but which we know now is to change.'



The Commandant, the Director of Studies, five officers and 30 flight cadets toured Canada and the United States in a Comet 2 of No. 216 Squadron from 4th to 17th April. They arrived at Fort Frontenac on 6th April and spent two days with the Royal Military College of Canada. The programme included a lecture on the history of the College, dancing and a visit to an aluminium rolling mill. From Fort Frontenac the party travelled via Trenton and Offutt to Peterson and the United States Air



The Prime Minister, The Rt Hon Harold Macmillan, arrives on the parade ground at Cranwell. From left to right: A.O.C.-in-C, Flying Training Command, the Assistant Commandant, the Prime Minister and the Commandant

Force Academy. On 10th April they toured Colorado Springs. The visit was rounded off with a dining-in night and a formal dance. 15th April was spent with the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis.



The term witnessed the departure from Cranwell of Wing Commander J. F. Powell, O.B.E., on the conclusion of his third tour of duty at the College. He was appointed as Senior Tutor in Humanities in March 1953.

Apart from the war years John Powell has spent most of his service at the College, of which he became almost part of the fabric. His enthusiasm for the College and his deep belief in the value and importance of its role in the Royal Air Force exercised a profound influence on all aspects of life here. He was a polished and stimulating teacher who imparted to many generations of flight cadets and officers a clear insight into the problems of strategy and world politics.

He entered whole-heartedly in the social and sporting life of the College and neighbourhood and was for many years the inspiration of the Per Ardua Beagles. His lean and spare figure was a characteristic feature of the Lincolnshire countryside as, far ahead of the beagles, he pursued his quarry.

He will be greatly missed at the College where he carved for himself a distinctive niche, for although his crisp comment and aptly coined phrase came sometimes with devastating impact to newcomers, his warmth and ready laugh were, for those who knew him well, evidence of a kind and charming Christian gentleman. Our best wishes go to John, Isolde and their family for a happy and successful tour in F.E.A.F.



The Dartmouth week-end, which was away, was held on 14th February; the Sandhurst week-end, on 14th March, was at home. The College won the fencing at Dartmouth.

Teams from the College visited L'Ecole de l'Air on 19th March. The rugby match was drawn, and we won the fencing for the first time since the war.



On 5th January there was an Officers' Dining-in Night at the College, preceded by an address from the Commandant.

Wing Commander J. F. Powell, O.B.E., talking to cadets



The Caryl Jenner Mobile Theatre gave a performance of *A Doll's House* by Henrik Ibsen in the main lecture hall on 4th February.

The Ferris Drill Competition, which was held on 7th March, was won by 'C' Squadron. The judges, an officer of the Coldstream Guards, a C.S.M. of the Coldstream and a R.S.M. of the Grenadier Guards, came from the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst.

The first officers' debate for several years was held on 12th March; the motion, 'this house believes that the age of chivalry is dead,' was defeated.

On 17th March three pipers of the Royal Irish Fusiliers played tea-time melodies in the Airmen's Mess, and during a Dining-in Night at the Officers' Mess.

On 19th March Mr Denis Matthews gave a piano recital of works by Bach, Mozart, Beethoven and Chopin in the main lecture hall.

On 23rd and 24th March the Choral and Dramatic Sections of the College Society presented the double bill of *Cox and Box* and *Trial by Jury*. This was the first production of comic or other opera at the College for some time.

Sergeant I. A. Williams, a P.T.I. and fencing instructor at the College, became the Master-at-Arms of the Royal Air Force at the fencing championships held at Royal Air Force St. Athan from 20th to 27th April 1959.

The 39th 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 the following Sunday.

Visiting preachers during the term were:

On 11th January, The Reverend G. R. Sansbury, M.A., Vicar of Grantham.

On 8th February, The Right Reverend Stanley Betts, M.A., The Lord Bishop of Maidstone.

On 1st March, The Reverend R. S. Meadows, M.A., Lecturer at the Chaplains' School, Dowdeswell Court, Cheltenham.

On 15th March, The Reverend J. R. P. Baggerley, M.C., M.A., C.F., Chaplain at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst.

For the first Easter for many years the College was in residence. There were more than two hundred communicants on Easter Day. The evening of this vital day in the Church Calendar saw the last service to be held in St George's Church. This wooden refuge near workshops is being demolished. It is a pity that the pilgrim fathers of Cranwell did not build a little more wantonly in the apparently 'aere perennius' material of St. Michael's.



On 27th June 1959, Her Majesty the Queen unveiled the window, designed by Mr Stammers, of St Raphael in the Airmen's Chapel of Lincoln Cathedral. The figure of the Archangel not only dominates the upper half of the window but appears again, disguised, walking with Tobias who wears the uniform of a Royal Air Force Cadet. On the left are Tobias' parents, Tobit and Anna, and, on the right, Sara, Tobias' future wife. Below, again, is depicted the Royal Air Force College with flight cadets in contemporary dress; and at the bottom is Daedalus. After the unveiling, the Bishop of Lincoln dedicated the window in thanksgiving 'for duty bravely done by those who are here remembered.'

We regret to record the death of Mrs Longmore, the wife of Air Chief Marshal Longmore, Commandant of the College from December 1929 to January 1933.



Visitors during the Spring term have included:

On 19th January Air Commodore W. K. Stewart, C.B.E., A.F.C., B.Sc., M.B., Ch.B., who gave a lecture on 'Aviation Medicine and the Threshold of Space Travel.'

On 29th January Group Captain A. J. M. Smyth, O.B.E., D.F.C., who lectured on 'R.A.F. Mountaineering in the Himalayas.'

On 2nd February Sir Basil Henriques, C.B.E., J.P., who lectured on 'The Problems of the Juvenile Court.'

On 5th February the Headmasters of Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School, Blackburn, Portora Royal School, Exeter School, Royal Grammar School, Lancaster, St Edward's School, Oxford, Reading School, and of Merchiston Castle School, the Careers Master of Ardingly College, and the C.C.F. Commander of Eton College.

On 9th February Dr. J. M. Stagg, C.B., O.B.E., who lectured on 'The International Geophysical Year.'



On 24th February Air Marshal Sir Richard Atcherley, K.B.E., C.B., A.F.C.
On 5th March the Headmasters of Bradford Grammar School, St Crispin's School, The Junior School King's School, Bruton, Wellingborough School, Stonyhurst College, and of Peter Symonds' School.

On 9th March Mr Airey Neave, Under Secretary of State for Air.

On 14th March Mr Herbert Holt, R.P., who painted the portrait of Sir Richard Atcherley now hanging in the College.

On 19th March Mr Denis Matthews, the concert pianist, who gave a recital of classical music and signed the Visitors' book as L.A.C. 997993.

On 20th March Air Marshal Sir Hugh A. Constantine, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief Flying Training Command.

On 2nd April Mr J. L. Longland, Director of Education for Derbyshire, who gave a lecture on 'The Outward Bound Organization.'



During the Spring term parties of equipment flight cadets visited the following units:

From 9th to 11th February, No. 7 M.U., Quedgely.

On 25th February, No. 21 M.U., Fauld.

From 9th to 11th March, No. 1 Movement Unit, London, and the Joint Services Air Trooping Centre, Hendon.

On 16th and 17th March, No. 27 M.U., Shawbury.

From 9th to 11th February a party of secretarial cadets visited the Royal Air Force Pay Agents and International Computers and Tabulators.

On 24th February a small party of cadets was conducted round the Commons by Mr J. B. Godber, Member for Grantham. They attended at a debate in the afternoon.

As part of the preparation for Part II of A.F.R.Ae.S., three flight cadets visited the Aerodynamics and the Ship Divisions of the National Physical Laboratory on 24th February.

On 23rd March two officers and the navigator cadets of No. 77 Entry visited the London Planetarium.

During the Easter vacation parties of officers and flight cadets of Nos. 75 and 76 Entries visited the following Royal Air Force stations:

On 7th April, the Central Fighter Establishment, West Raynham.

On 8th April, U.S.A.F. 47th Bomb Wing Tactical, Sculthorpe.

On 7th and 8th April, Royal Air Force Lyneham and Royal Air Force Wattisham.

On 8th and 9th April, Royal Air Force Finningley and Royal Air Force Cottesmore.

On 22nd and 23rd April, Royal Air Force Wyton.

On 23rd and 24th April, Royal Air Force Stradishall, Royal Air Force Horsham St Faith, Royal Air Force St Mawgan, and Royal Air Force, Abingdon.



The Riding Section wishes to thank Air Marshal Sir Richard Atcherley, K.B.E., C.B., A.F.C., for his generous gift of riding equipment. In the past, shortage of kit has prevented cadets from taking a full part in riding activities at the College.

Of the 17 flight cadets who have so far attempted the intermediate examination of the Chartered Institute of Secretaries, 12 have been wholly successful. One has passed the intermediate examination subject to a 'reference' in one subject, and one has passed one of the two groups into which the examination is divided.

An under officer and two senior flight cadets will be the first to attempt the C.I.S. final examination. They will do so in June 1959, but the results will not be available until after the graduation of their entry. Successful candidates receive an ante-date of 15 months, which has an effect on their rates of pay in the junior ranks and on their future promotion.



An equipment officer and a secretarial officer, who were cadets at the College, have recently returned to join the staff. The equipment officer is Flight Lieutenant D. I. O'Hara, who came in December 1958. He graduated in April 1950 from the Equipment and Secretarial Wing when it was at Digby, and was Under Officer of No. 1 (E. and S.) Entry. The secretarial officer, Flight Lieutenant A. Hickox, was posted in from Headquarters 2nd T.A.F. via the O.A.T.S. course in March 1959. He graduated from No. 3 (E. and S.) Entry, having transferred from No. 50 Entry.

Three more ex-cadets will shortly join the instructional staff, two as Equipment instructors and one as a Secretarial instructor, when the greater part of the E.S. A. Wing will be composed of graduates of the College.



OLD CRANWELLIAN NOTES

APPOINTMENTS

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

- Air Chf Mshl Sir George Mills (1920) to succeed Adml Sir Michael Denney in July as chairman of the British Joint Services Mission in Washington.
- A.V.M. D. R. Evans (1930) to be Commandant of the School of Land/Air Warfare, Old Sarum.
- Air Cdre G. N. E. Tindal-Carill-Worsley (1926) to be Director of Technical Training at Air Ministry.
- Air Cdre N. C. S. Rutter (1929) to the R.A.F. Technical College as A.O.C. and Commandant.
- Gp Capt S. W. B. Menaul (1935) to be Air Officer in charge of Administration, British Forces Arabian Peninsula.
- Gp Capt A. H. Humphrey (1939) to R.A.F. Akrotiri to command.
- Wg Cdr A. R. Atkins (1934) to H.Q. Transport Command for Technical staff duties.
- Wg Cdr P. R. ap Ellis (1935) to R.A.F. Hawarden as Regional Recruiting Officer.
- Wg Cdr R.C. Rotherham (1936) to R.A.F. Kai Tak to command.
- Wg Cdr A. F. Fegan (1939) to R.A.F. Finningley to command Administrative Wing.

BIRTHS

We congratulate the following on recent additions to their families:

- Gp Capt T. Rivett-Parmac (1934)—a son.
- Sqn Ldr K. A. Williamson (1948)—twin daughters
- Flt Lt E. A. Peters (1949)—a daughter.

Some Old Cranwellians at the F.E.A.F. Annual Reunion (Reading from left to right) C.-in-C., Fg Off Farlam, Flt Lt Weaver, Flt Lt Neale, Air Cdre Tindal-Carill-Worsley

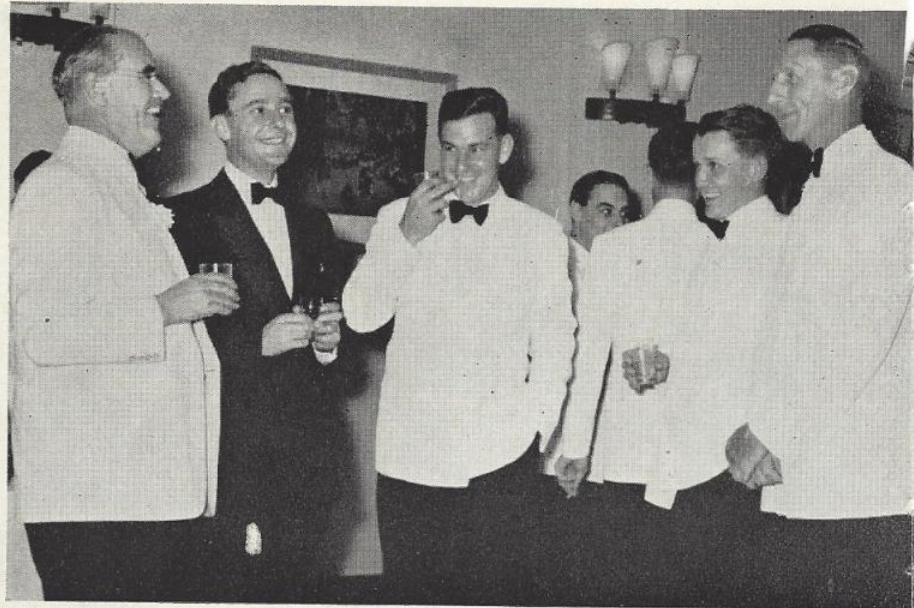
Annual Reunion in F.E.A.F.

We are indebted to Group Captain P. A. Hughes for the following account of the Old Cranwellian reunion last December:

'The tenth annual reunion of former Cranwell cadets was held at the H.Q. F.E.A.F. Officers' Mess, Ferry Point, R.A.F. Changi, on Tuesday, 9th December, 1958. The dinner was attended by 25 Old Cranwellians of whom six were pre-war and 19 post-war.

'The President for the evening was the most distinguished Old Cranwellian in the Far East, our Commander-in-Chief, Air Marshal The Earl of Bandon, K.B.E., C.B., C.V.O., D.S.O. This year for the first time there was no Guest of Honour which emphasized the family reunion character of this annual get-together. Air Vice Marshal E. M. F. Grundy was attending for the first time, having recently taken over the duties as A.O.A. at H.Q. F.E.A.F. and Air Commodore G. N. E. Tindal-Carill-Worsley, C.B., C.B.E., was making his third and last appearance. This year we also had as guests six officers from the R.Cey.A.F. The General Duties, Equipment, and Secretarial branches were represented, and as the C.-in-C. remarked "all ranks are represented except the highest and the lowest."

'The Band of the Far East Air Force played selections during dinner from a programme supplied by the College, and once again the "Post Horn Gallop" was played to the full by a bandsman who was rather overwhelmed by the applause that his rendering of the old favourite achieved.'



VISIT OF THE PRIME MINISTER

THE day was bright and warm and clear when the Comet bearing the Prime Minister, the Right Honourable Harold Macmillan, P.C., M.P., touched down at Cranwell to begin the celebrations on the 41st anniversary of the founding of the Royal Air Force.

This unique occasion was extensively photographed and filmed and as Mr Macmillan arrived on the Parade Ground the clatter of the press photographers' cameras could be heard clearly across the Orange.

The Commandant, Air Commodore D. F. Spotswood, C.B.E., D.S.O., D.F.C., A.D.C., then escorted the Prime Minister to the Saluting Base as 16 Vampires of Advanced Flying Wing roared overhead in salute.

The Cadet Wing was under the command of Senior Under Officer T. F. H. Mermagen and the individual squadrons were commanded by Senior Under Officer T. C. Elworthy, Under Officer J. F. C. Volkers and Senior Under Officer M. Freeman; later the entire length of the Air Ministry display windows in the Kingsway was filled with photographs of this parade.

After the Cadet Wing had marched off the Prime Minister entered the College for a formal luncheon and there under the glare of B.B.C. and I.T.N. floodlights he made the following speech:

Prime Minister's Speech on his Visit to the R.A.F. College Cranwell, 1st April 1959

'Most of you were very young; none can remember—I expect few had even been born in the year 1940. Yet 1940 was a year which for the older ones among us was one of the most dramatic in our lives. Spring began with Dunkirk. Summer ended with the Battle of Britain. The weather was wonderful in that fine summer, with intensely blue sky day after day. But in many weeks of that halcyon summer this blue sky was filled with a pattern of white vapour trails and black plumes of smoke which often ended in the twisted wreckage of a machine in the cornfield below. This was a new form of warfare—it had not been fully developed in the first World War. But in the second World War, in 1940, we saw something like the famous naval encounters of history, with the opposing ships manoeuvring and

engaging. But whereas Drake and Nelson had to deal with only two dimensions, these new battles were in three dimensions. And to fight a war in three dimensions you have to acquire a sixth sense.

'I apologize for reminding the R.A.F. of some of its own history. I recall those days, not because war is a good thing. It is not: it is a bad thing. But in the last resort freedom depends on men being ready to fight for it and to die for it. Nor is peace a sort of negative state—like sleep. It is something positive. We have to keep working for it by courage and vigilance.

'I recall, therefore, that brilliant summer of 1940 for two reasons. One is that those months will never be forgotten by the British people. It was a battle that crystallized and confirmed our faith and trust in the Royal Air Force, the Fighter and the Bomber and the other Commands. The other reason is that the qualities that shone so brightly then are the qualities that the Royal Air Force still needs, and happily still obtains, today. The Royal Air Force has in its short history established its own wonderful traditions. It has created a Service of great spirit and comradeship where all members—aircrew and ground crew, the pilot, the technical officer, the air traffic controller—all play their part together. Going round your College I have seen something of your history. The history of the R.A.F. is marked with many famous names—Trenchard, the founder, Dowding, Harris, Portal, Tedder, Cunningham, Cheshire, Bader: and I must add Sir Dermot Boyle, the first Cranwell cadet to hold the post of Chief of the Air Staff. Sir Dermot spoke kindly of me as being the first Prime Minister in office to come to Cranwell. Perhaps I am only just in time. One never knows! But what you at Cranwell are most interested in is the future of your Service.

'The responsibilities which the R.A.F. has shouldered so well in the past will not grow smaller in the future. On the contrary, they have never been greater in time of peace. These duties are widespread. The R.A.F. has a vital part to play in the deterrent against global war, in providing forces in case of limited war, in assisting in the cold war, in showing the flag throughout the world. In fulfilment of these roles many military tasks are involved: the strategic

deterrent, reconnaissance, air defence, patrolling, army support, troop carrying and freighting, and maritime work, to name only some. The Royal Air Force will therefore play as great a role in the future as in the past. Indeed the flexibility that air power can provide is one of the great military lessons of this century—and one that has never been more necessary than at present: the rapid call for help from one part of the world to another; the need for swift readiness; the adaptability of aircraft from one role to another.

‘This applies throughout all the tasks of the Air Force from the work of the “V” bombers in their great contribution to the Western deterrent to the work of pioneers in helping to preserve law and order in the Arabian Peninsula.

‘Political and military requirements will change; weapons and techniques will change; but basic military principles do not change, by land or air or sea. For as far ahead as we can see the pilot and the navigator have their great future. The challenge of the missile does not mean that the flying machine is out-dated. On the contrary, there will always be a very wide range of jobs that only a manned aircraft can perform. Even if that age comes when man is destined to move about in outer space, I have no doubt that the R.A.F. will supply the manpower and airmen will become the spacemen. There is indeed a tradition of understatement, and almost anonymity, in the Royal Air Force. But the qualities that I have mentioned, in remembering 1940, are still very real. The air calls for great skill in this modern age, and a high degree of technical ability, but it still calls, and always will, for great individual courage. It is the possession of these qualities and the sense of achievement which comes from them, that provides this characteristic of your Service of calm confidence.

‘It is very important for our country that all young men should realize the challenge and the opportunity which service in the Royal Air Force offers. I know you at Cranwell do so: I am glad that recruiting to the College is going ahead well. I am also glad to hear that recruiting is going well at the R.A.F. Technical College, Henlow. Other fields of aircrew recruiting are not going quite as well. I am sure that this is only a temporary phase. All your history gives proof of the opportunity offered to men of high quality.

As evidence of the great importance which we attach to Cranwell for the training of future permanent officers, and of our determination to make the College fully worthy of its great task, I am glad to announce that it has been decided firstly to build a permanent Instructional Block to replace and concentrate the present scattered and temporary classroom and laboratory accommodation; and secondly to complete the main College building by adding the Fourth Wing for which it has had to wait so long. Of course we need now, as always, equipment of the highest quality too. Quality spoke in 1940. Quality is still speaking today. If we look at the aircraft in squadron service we have many types which are a match for comparable aircraft in service in any country in the world. This is not surprising. We have always prided ourselves as a country—and with justification—on our skills in engineering and design. The co-operation of the aircraft industry and the Royal Air Force over the years is something we can all be proud of. And the Royal Air Force by the quality of its flying has done much to help our growing export industry in aircraft.

‘The Royal Air Force is today moving very successfully towards an all-regular force. I am quite sure that we were right in principle to take this big step in all the Services. It was a risk—but it was one worth taking. For this is far the best way of maintaining quality. Moreover, with the complexities of modern equipment and the speed of reaction needed today it seemed more than ever necessary that the R.A.F. should be a regular force with people of continued long service and experience, which can be the backbone of the force. It is in turn our obligation to ensure that your equipment should always be the best.

‘I am very glad to have been given the opportunity to come to Cranwell once again—it is many years since I was here—and to see at first hand some of your work. I was most impressed with your Parade this morning and I would like to congratulate the cadet officers and all the cadets. I look forward to seeing more at Cottesmore this afternoon of how the Service is ready at any moment to protect the peace of the world. I wish you all here and the College the best of luck.’



The North American Visit

DURING the Easter leave the Commandant led a party of five officers and 30 flight cadets on one of the most riotously successful visits that there can ever have been from the College. This was to Canada and the United States of America. Most people had their private aims, for example to have a thoroughly good time, but on paper the prime object of the trip was to visit three service colleges; one in Canada and two in America. Object number two was to return the visits paid to Cranwell by the cadets of the U.S.A.F. Academy. This was to include an away soccer match which unfortunately was snowed off, much to the frustration of Cadet i/c soccer kit who then had to cart the wretched bag another 3,000 miles.

The fortnight's jolly started on 4th April when we took off from Cranwell in our Transport

Command Comet. There had been a gaggle of furiously flannelling reporters at the airfield and I had managed to secure a photograph and a little tit-bit in the local paper. So I was feeling extremely well in the public eye and really rather splendid as I adjusted my seat and put on my 'experienced-transatlantic-crosser' look.

We stopped in Iceland for fuel and a quick lunch and got rather cold before pressing on to Goose Bay, Labrador. We arrived here feeling like ten o'clock when in fact it was only six. To be accurate, I was feeling like midnight because of the Easter Ball that morning; however, high spirits, and other spirits, kept most of us up until one o'clock local time.

I could write a short book about that first night at Goose Bay. However the Editor is a bit

pushed for time, so I'll write only one sentence on it. Try sleeping in a glasshouse in mid-afternoon during a heat wave and you will have some idea of my difficulty. Here in the Arctic it was incredibly hot. By dawn I had lost a couple of pounds at least.

We left Goose Bay after breakfast, bound for Trenton, Ontario (on the top bulge of the right hand Great Lake as you look at the map with North at the top). This day was really another one spent in transit. The party split up into two little parties for the afternoon. One toured the local area by coach and the other flew over Toronto and the Niagara Falls in a Dakota. A good time was had by all. The same was true of the evening which was spent in the officers' mess at Trenton.

We spent the following morning seeing the ins and outs of Trenton and left after lunch by bus for Kingston. I gather this is quite an attractive drive, but having spent two nights at 90°F., Mother Nature had now taken me in charge.

The reason for our trip to Kingston was to visit the Royal Military College of Canada. The party was accommodated at Fort Frontenac, only a short distance from the college itself. We went to the R.M.C. that evening for an informal

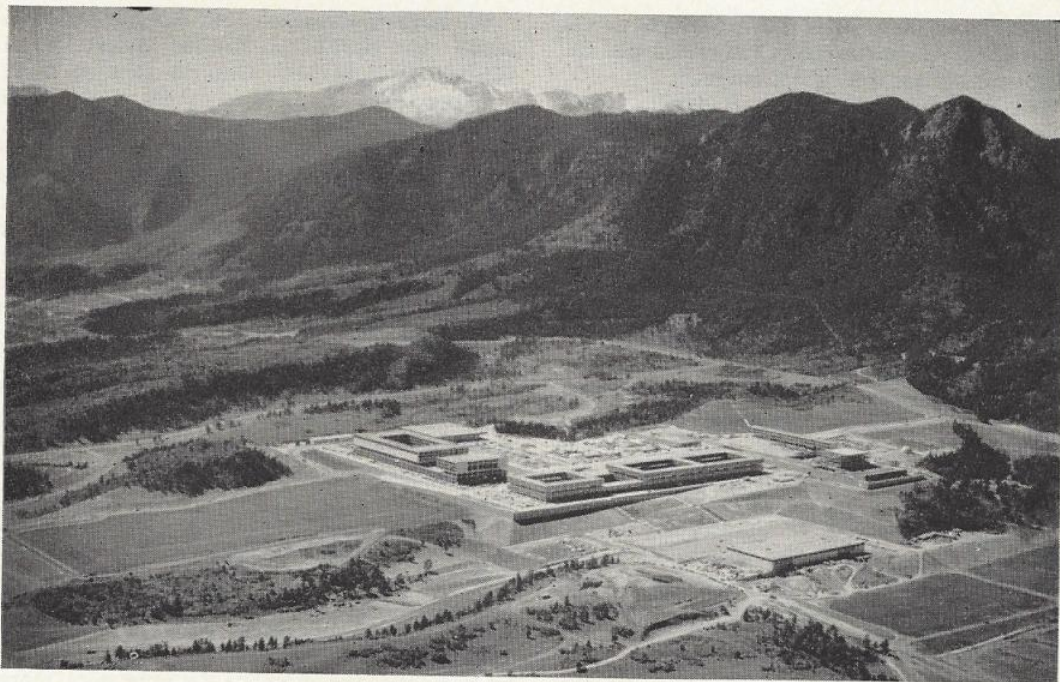
dance. This, we thought, was very 'English' but it kept most of us up well beyond our English bedtime.

The following day was full of lectures and tours and things. It started with a talk on the history of Fort Frontenac and on its function as the Canadian Staff College. Then we eased across to the R.M.C. where we had a full morning of lectures on all aspects of the College.

After lunch in the cadets' dining hall we toured Fort Henry, which has a fascinating history and is occupied by men in red uniform and strange hats. Then, to escape from military matters, the party was shown round an aluminium plant in Kingston. To be quite honest, I had no idea what went on inside a British aluminium plant, let alone a Canadian one, so the experience was doubly revealing. This had been a busy day and an extremely interesting one.

We have now reached 8th April. We spent the morning learning more about the R.M.C. It started with a tour of the College and finished with a question and answer period at which all our officers and many from the R.M.C., including their Commandant, were present. This was a great success. The R.M.C. is quite unlike Cranwell. It trains cadets from all three services for a period of four years, and the emphasis is





*'The "Springs" is sprung, the buildings ris'
I wonder where the airfield is?'*

on academic subjects, with very little service training except during the summer vacation. At the end of his four years the cadet should, if all goes well, obtain a Bachelor of Science degree. I think you will agree—it is quite unlike Cranwell.

We left Kingston and returned to Trenton by tea-time. I have not said a great deal about the evenings; all of them were enjoyed to the full, and some were quite hilarious. This was no exception.

Most of the next day was spent *en route* to the U.S.A.F. Academy in Colorado. Fortunately this long journey was split into two stages of tolerable length by a four-hour visit to S.A.C. Headquarters at Offutt Air Force Base in Nebraska. Here we were welcomed by the Vice-C-in-C. S.A.C., given a lecture on S.A.C. and were shown round the underground installation. A thoroughly worthwhile and extremely interesting visit.

The party eventually arrived at the U.S.A.F. Academy in time for dinner. There was snow everywhere and it was getting dark, but even so, my first glimpse of the Academy's buildings and surroundings made a lasting impression. Apart

from the size of the place, which alone is dramatic, the layout is totally different from anything I had ever seen before, and the setting is quite breathtaking.

We spent two whole days at the Academy with a few hours tacked on at either end. During this time we lived with the American cadets and saw much of their everyday life. There were lectures on the curriculum and on the future plans for the Academy, there were several social gatherings, including an evening spent at the Superintendent's home, a dining-in night and a dance, there was a ceremonial parade, a tour of the Academy, and many other events which made this visit so instructive and so enjoyable. I have not mentioned our afternoon spent in Colorado Springs or that spent in Denver, but perhaps the less said the better. I am certain that everybody in the party was tremendously impressed by the Academy. Again it was rather different from our idea of a service college in many ways. It is a four-year course, there are many differences in the curriculum, notably a terrific emphasis on academic subjects, and of course the actual training methods are so differ-

ent. However, the attitude and spirit of the cadets themselves were surprisingly Cranwellian, and the visit included some excellent laughs.

Our good-bye and thank-you session lasted roughly an hour, after which we pushed on to Washington D.C. The party spent four nights here, accommodated at Bolling Air Force Base which is in fact just outside the city itself. We had had a very full programme up until our arrival in Washington and so our first day was supposed to be a relaxation. In fact, of course, it was the exact reverse; but I would not dream of putting its content on record.

The Washington district made me think that I was back in England, which at that stage of the trip was the last thing I wanted to think. I had fallen into several American habits and had thrown away all my original intentions of wearing a tweed suit and calling people 'chaps.'

During the morning of our second day in Washington, we toured its surroundings and visited the home of George Washington and the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. The afternoon was spent on a Nike guided missile site about sixty miles outside the city. This was most intriguing, but they would not show us the missiles themselves or the launching site because they thought it was 'too muddy.'

We have now reached 15th April, the day on which we visited the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis. Unfortunately we could not spend long enough here to get to know the Academy very well. We toured the buildings, saw an excellent film about Annapolis and watched a most impressive parade; but there were no lectures or little booklets handed out, and so what little we did learn about the Academy was picked up mainly from conversations with the cadets. To my unqualified eye, Annapolis appeared to have much in common with the Air Academy in Colorado. At any rate, the training curriculum was similar.

We had now spent some time at three service academies within a few days, which must be a very rare experience. Comparing the three amongst themselves and with Cranwell was quite fascinating.

The last full day of the trip was a travelling day during which we completed the leg from Washington back to Goose Bay. It was a sad day because this fabulous trip was nearly over, but in the evening all traces of sadness were swept away by an unforgettable party. Of course on the following morning we were even more sad, but soon we would be back in England.

T.F.H.M.



THE NEW COURAGE

The Journal is privileged to print an extract from Mental Seduction and Menticide by Joost A. M. Meerloo, published by Jonathan Cape at 21s. (The book was published in America under the title of The Rape of the Mind.) The author, formerly Chief of the Psychological Department, Netherlands Forces, spent some time in a concentration camp during the German occupation. He is now Instructor in Psychiatry, Colombia University.

PHILOSOPHY and Psychology have made us aware of new challenges and new courage. Socrates, over two thousand years ago, considered bravery a spiritual courage which goes far beyond the courage of physical battle. A soldier can be aggressive and have contempt for death without being brave. His rashness can be a suicidal foolhardiness inspired by a collective élan. This may be the panicky courage of the unaware primitive infant in us.

There is also a spiritual bravery, a mental courage, that goes beyond the self. It serves an idea. It asks not only what the price of life is, but also for what that price is being asked. It asks for a hyperconsciousness of the self as a thinking spiritual being.

It is only comparatively recently that spiritual courage has been esteemed. Socrates' notion has taken a long time to seep into our thinking. It was only after the Reformation that the heroic struggle of the lonely battling personality gained value. To defend your own dissenting opinion courageously, even against the pressure of a majority opinion, acquired a heroic colour—especially where non-conformism and heresy were forbidden. Gandhi's quiet and stubborn campaign of passive resistance is today considered more courageous than the bravery of the soldier who throws himself into the ecstasy of battle. Spiritual bravery is not found among the conformists or among those who preach uniformity or among those who plead for smooth social adjustment. It requires continual mental alertness and spiritual strength to resist the dragging current of conformist thought. Man has to be stronger than the mere will for self-protection and self-assertion, he has to be able to go beyond himself in the service of an idea and has to be able to acknowledge loyally that he has been wrong when higher values are found.

Indeed, there is a spiritual courage that goes beyond all automatic reflex action. Man is not only a mass, a piece of kneaded dough, he is also

a personality. He dares to confront the human masses as he confronts the entire world—as a thinking human being. Consciousness and alert awareness are themselves a form of courage, a lonely exploration and confrontation of values. Such courage dares to break through old traditions, taboos, prejudices and dares to doubt dogma. The heroes of the mind do not know the fanfare, the pathetic show, the pseudo-courage of exaltation and glory; these brave heroes fight their battle against rigidity, cowardice, and the wish to surrender conviction for the sake of ease. This courage is like remaining awake when others want to soothe themselves with sleep and oblivion. Totalitarian ideology is able to blackmail man through his inner cowardice. It threatens him into surrendering his innermost convictions in exchange for glamour and acceptance, for hero-worship, for honour and acknowledgement. Yet the true hero is true to his ideals.

Only when people have learned to accept individual responsibility can the world be helped by the combined efforts of many individuals. Don't imitate the master, don't merely identify with the leader, but, if you do conform, accept his lead with the full recognition of your own responsibility. Such heroism of the spirit is only possible if you are the master of your emotions and in full control of your aggressions.

The new hero will not be recognized because of his muscles or aggressive power, but because of his character, his wisdom, and his mental proportions.

Intimate knowledge of bravery dethrones most of the popular notions about it as an exalted fascination. Psychological knowledge fosters new forms of courage, demanding exhausting labour, the labour of thought rather than the easy work of recklessness.

I cannot take any other option than for this enduring courage of life, courage that no longer embodies the magic attraction of suicide and

decline. Courage should be the vivid faith in, and the alert awareness and the sound consideration of, all that moves life.

Such courage accepts the great fear behind all the mysteries of life and dares to live with it.

The Nazis were very much aware of the existence of unbendable heroes among their victims, whose faces could not be changed, whose minds could not be coerced. They called

their calmness and stubborn will physiognomic insubordination, and they tried to kill these heroes as soon as they were discovered. Happily, the jailers had many blind spots when it came to detecting spiritual greatness.

When the war was over, most of these heroes disappeared modestly into the crowd after their mission was fulfilled, leaving leadership to the more sophisticated politicians.



'Darling, there is the most extraordinary thing on the radio tonight'

DEFINITIONS

THE JOURNAL wishes to draw your attention to the following definitions, which are not usually in current usage:—

Atrophy: to cover with medals.
Anteroom: living quarters for worker ants.
Upbraided: promoted.
Adage: become older every year.
Barrage: a public-house brawl.
Coppery: police station.
Claustrophobia: morbid dread of Christmas.
Cursory: a book of swear words.
Dipsomaniac: all-the-year-round swimmer.
Deliverance: removal of liver.
Demonstration: display of evil spirits.
Dogma: bitch with litter.
Diffused light: lamp with no current flowing through it.
Decide: chop the side off.
Deliberate: recapture.
Guide: ceremonially burnt on 5th November.

Haggis: mincemeat eaten by cannibals living in mts. to N. of England.
Ribald: disease of hair caused by drinking too much whisky.
Liability: (i) the art of staying in bed for a long time and, when caught; (ii) lying one's way out of it.
Mantrap: woman.
Manifold: pleated.
Mollycoddle: sign of affection between two moles.
Pillage: pharmacy.
Perspex: as seen through glasses.
Suspender: hangman.
Soccage: pugilism.
Tractarian: tractor-driver.
Transmogrify: turn into a cat.
Tuberled: trapped inside a tuba.
Flattery: navy's occupational disease caused by being trapped under steamroller too often.
Celery: sales talk.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF RELIGION

MUCH of our thought is conditioned by environment and the force of circumstance, and in looking back to the origins of the Christian religion, it is possible to discern various influences which were a product of the peculiar situation of the Jewish race. The Jews were unfortunate enough to be expelled from their homeland and were thereafter forced to remain a nomadic and subjugated race for many years. As such they had no economic roots and little social stability. Their existence was not wholly favourable, and to render it more palatable Jewish spiritual leaders tended to place less emphasis on mortal existence than on immortal existence. In consequence there arose much doctrine concerning everlasting life, which was naturally described as a life more valuable than mortal existence. Such a belief would tend to be a source of comfort and succour to an oppressed people, and it has survived to this day. It has survived not so much because Christian society is as persecuted and oppressed as were the Jewish nation and early Christian peoples, but because death represents the most frightful thing that humans can experience. To overcome the fears and doubts which attend our passing from life religious men educate us that we gain eternal rest, that we join a blessed company of immortals who have gone before us, and that our souls are saved from damnation.

Other attempts to render a wretched life on earth more palatable have been more harmful. The religious attitude that 'poverty is a blessing' has been an excuse for the ruling classes to maintain their subjection and exploitation of the weak and ignorant. The latter managed to accept their humble existence because they were instructed that a state of poverty was blessed, and that life after death had far greater rewards. Fortunately civilization has awoken to the realization that material wealth, far from being a curse, has certain very definite compensations. We have often been advised that in response to insult and physical violence we should 'turn the other cheek.' Does this extend to an acceptance of a system of government which is totally alien to the one which democracies acknowledge? Such a belief has been the cause of the perpetuation of much human misery, though it was originally intended to help an oppressed nation to find good reason to continue praising God for the precious gift of life. Voltaire satirises this

and allied attitudes in his work *Candide*, in which Dr Pangloss, a metaphysician, represents the philosophy that 'All is for the best in the best of all possible worlds.' This, and many other discourses on evil and suffering, was partially inspired by the Lisbon earthquake of 1755, but its message is always relevant. Dr Pangloss persisted in his belief that 'All is for the best in the best of all possible worlds' even at the time when he was being burnt at the stake for heresy.

This last matter broaches upon the question of the Inquisition and religious wars. An eminent speaker who addressed an audience at the College some time ago was asked a number of pertinent questions on the Inquisition. He was able to excuse the perpetrators on the grounds that they would have been far more cruel and insane if they had not been religious men. This theory does not make sense to those who realize that the Inquisition was the product of religious zeal and fervour itself. It is equally hard to reconcile the attitude of opposing nations in war. The British firmly believed that God would bring victory in their struggle against Nazism in Europe. On the other hand the Germans were not totally estranged from religious belief and they prayed 'Gott strafe England.' When the Italian armies marched against Abyssinia the Pope gave them his blessing, although the Italian action was considered immoral by the greater part of world opinion. Again, the Greek Orthodox Church has been known to render financial and physical support to military operations in Cyprus. This is all very confusing, especially as one of the most valuable tenets of Christianity is 'Thou shalt not kill.' One can only presume that the underlying psychology of religion in its militant form is the belief that the morale and spirit of fighting men must be maintained. A soldier fights more efficiently for a cause in which he has faith, and which he believes to be rightful. What is more important, if he is fighting with God on his side, he escapes damnation and is not as fearful of death.

Man, although he may be described as the lord of creation, is nevertheless a straw in comparison to the giant forces of nature. Scientists have gone far in discovering the nature of the physical world, and having made their discoveries, have done much to control the physical forces of nature. But there are still many

natural phenomena which we do not understand and cannot subdue. Such a situation causes an emotional reaction which is fear. Primitive peoples worship sun gods and rain gods, and thunder gods and all manner of gods, which are each omnipotent over a particular phenomenon.

If we believe in the power of prayer, we believe that God can be moved by prayer and supplication. And since He is omnipotent we thus acquire a share in omnipotence. Having gained this power the urgency of our fear is substantially reduced.

Religion provides many sanctions upon morality. Temporal sanctions are weak because they are imposed by fellow citizens. Their authority may rightly be challenged. Sanctions which rely on a higher authority are stronger and more permanent, and are to be welcomed for this reason. Many religious codes have been incorporated into statute laws, but some non-temporal sanctions still stand alone, particularly in the field of sexual morality. Where state legislation does not interfere or where it exists and is inadequate, religious codes provide a means of maintaining sanity and order. The feeling that God is omniscient and always present has a powerful effect on many.

It is not a far cry from here to Communist ideology, which denies the existence of God, but which contains many elements which are similar to those found in Christianity. In Communist teaching the State is all powerful, and Communists dedicate themselves to it as to God. A belief in God is not essential to religion—Buddhism has no such dogma—and it is rational to assume that Communism is a form of religion. Marx describes religion as 'manna for the masses' and some might equally say the same of Communism. Christian teachers maintain that while a man works he should ideally be making an act of worship. This is a bid for practical religion, and it reappears in the Communist doctrine that the worker is benefiting the State and his descendants in his daily work. Communism teaches that all men are equal, and Christianity teaches that all men are equal in the sight of God. The divergence is not essentially great, and both dogmas have the same practical effect. It is not surprising that the psychology of religion and that of Communism are similar in so many respects—both are the products of that desire to seek happiness, which lies at the roots of all human psychology.

M.J.P.

STAFF APPOINTMENTS

The following appointments to the College and Station Staff have been made since the last issue of *The Journal* went to press:
Assistant Commandant: Group Captain L. M. Hodges.

Tutorial Wing: Wing Commander A. R. M. Watts; Squadron Leader D. C. Davies; Flight Lieutenants G. F. Kennedy, G. P. Gibb, D. A. Atherton; Flying Officer T. R. Grayson.

Flying Wing: Squadron Leader F. H. P. Cattle; Flight Lieutenants L. J. Riley, R. G. Newell, C. M. Turner, M. R. Williams, B. Kasproviak, B. S. Northway, E. Check, P. D. C. Terry, D. Allison, E. Barton, M. B. Hawkins, M. A. P. Pugh.

Cadet Wing: Squadron Leader W. H. Burden.

Technical Wing: Squadron Leader T. J. Thomas; Flight Lieutenant G. Rees; Pilot Officer L. Eames.

Administrative Wing: Wing Commanders D. J. McKechnie, G. S. McLeer; Flight Lieutenants R. F. C. Davies, D. D. Anderson; Flying Officer N. M. T. Musson, P.M.R.A.F.N.S.

STAFF DEPARTURES

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

Group Captain: W. T. Brooks.

Wing Commanders: I. D. Bolton, J. F. Powell, H. V. Jessop.

Squadron Leaders: R. W. Sloan, H. L. Taylor, E. F. Lapham, W. F. Lloyd, C. P. Woodroffe, J. T. Newbould, P. R. Browne, P. A. Blanks, H. W. Cafferata.

Flight Lieutenants: D. H. Warren, P. J. Marshall, R. E. Mackie, C. E. Peters, R. N. Taylor, B. Rowbotham, C. H. Bidie, M. R. M. Thompson, J. F. Strong, D. E. C. Keeling, E. F. Smeeth, R. H. Perkins, J. M. Payne, P. W. R. Gill, D. Mullarkey, G. J. A. Kerr, D. E. Sharpe, I. H. F. Walmsley, D. E. Hives, D. Jamieson, B. Thrussell, C. S. Jackson, J. R. Greaves, N. G. Emslie, C. J. Phillips.

Flying Officers: M. P. Challis, J. O. Shackleton, P.M.R.A.F.N.S.

THE SOVEREIGN'S SQUADRON

Points Scored in the Spring Term

	'A' Sqn	'B' Sqn	'C' Sqn
<i>Chimay</i>	<i>Pts</i>	<i>Pts</i>	<i>Pts</i>
Athletics... ..	15	25	5
Hockey	12	4	20
Cross-Country	4	12	20
Squash	10	2	6
Pistol	10	2	6
Total	51	45	57

Prince of Wales Trophy

<i>Chimay</i>	6	3	9
Knocker... ..	1	4	7
Ferris	2	5	8
Total	9	12	24

Problems of Arab Nationalism

'ARAB Nationalism is the principal movement through which the Arab people are seeking to reconstruct the foundations of their life after years of suspended animation,' writes Professor Nuseibeh. Its deepest foundations lie in the history of the Arab Nation after Islam in the seventh century A.D. Briefly, this history falls into three periods:

(a) A period of consolidation amongst the Arab communities of Central Arabia, due to the impact of Islam.

(b) A period of expansion and conquest during which the newly formed Moslem Arab Nation surged outwards from Arabia and took over the whole of the Middle East, North Africa and Spain. Many peoples were assimilated and a civilization unequalled at the time was built up.

(c) The decay of the Arab Empire, culminating in the sixteenth century with the Ottoman Turks taking control of the remnants of the Empire. By the nineteenth century this rule had become corrupt and tyrannous.

It was towards the end of the last century that the Arab National Movement started. Functioning mainly in Syria, the Lebanon and Egypt, it was a violent reaction to Turkish rule. During World War I Arab Nationalists appealed to the Allies for help in their bid for release from Turkey and a compact was drawn up—the McMahon Correspondence—in which the freedom of the fertile crescent and Arabia was guaranteed. But the war produced only disappointment for the Arabs since France and Britain secretly drew up the Sykes-Picot Agreement which opposed the ideas of Arab liberation. The Peace Settlement worsened the situation and the whole of the Northern Arab Middle East was put under mandate. The result was a growth of xenophobia towards the West and a strong nationalist effort to secure the independence of all Arab states. This phase of achieving independence was completed by about the end of World War II. Unity within the Arab world was given by the formation of the Arab League in 1945. The humiliation and defeat of the Arab armies during the Palestine war produced an awakening in the Arab world and brought home forcibly the many weaknesses and the corruptness of its institutions and leaders. Hence, a series of revolutions and coups—Syria (1948), Egypt (1952), Iraq (1958)—in an attempt to purge the old regimes.

That is a brief historical summary of Arab Nationalism until recent times. We must now turn to consider its form and problems today.

There is a tendency to consider Arab Nationalism as something negative, i.e. it exists only as a reaction, be it against the West, Israel or Communism. This idea is well illustrated by the following extract from the *Economist*.

'In the protectorates political sophistication is lacking and Nationalism is clouded by feudalistic illusions among the people and rulers. As elsewhere in the Arab world nationalism is vaguely defined and emotional. It is at present probably more protestant than purposeful.'

This embodies the first problem—What is it?

The question of an Arab Nationalist ideology has been very prominent during the last few years. Some Arab political thinkers believe that it is premature to formulate an ideology; only when the Arab world is unified should that be done. On the other hand others believe that it is vital to have clear-cut ideas and policies. There is, however, one fundamental point: Arab Nationalism must be more than a movement for independence and unity and if it is to be effective it must offer its adherents a philosophy and a way of life. There must be an ideology to match other world ideologies such as Communism and Democratic Capitalism. Failure to do this might mean that although the Middle East would be ultimately united as an entity it would be engulfed by one of the other world ideologies and so lose its true independence for ever.

It is possible to enumerate aims of Arab Nationalism although without studying the background situation they are not immediately obvious: they are:

- (a) Union of all Arab peoples;
- (b) complete independence of all Arab countries;
- (c) removal of British military protection in such places as Aden, Bahrein and Oman;
- (d) A change of *status quo* in Israel;
- (e) social and economic development.

Each of these presents many problems and by discussing briefly each we can appreciate some of them.

Union of all Arab Peoples

Arab unity has been the dream of Nationalists since the early activities of the movement in the last century. Geographically and economically the Middle East is a unit and to divide it (as was done after World War I) was unnatural and

absurd. There are, however, attendant difficulties with this idea of unity.

First, it can be argued that the Middle East as a whole should be strengthened and unified, not just the Arab members. But, how to assimilate non-Arab countries which are also predominantly Moslem, e.g. Russia and Turkey? Furthermore, Arab Nationalism conflicts with the internationalism of Islam and this is unfortunate because Islam can provide the very philosophy and way of life which Arab Nationalism needs.

Secondly, there is at present a wide divergence between the political, economic and social development of different countries. Iraq has great oil reserves, Egypt has not; Saudi Arabia and Jordan are kingdoms, Iraq and Egypt are dictatorships; per head of population Kuwait is very rich, per head of population Egypt is poor. A sudden unification of these areas would mean a loss of sovereignty for many, a transference of wealth (mainly from the oil-rich countries) and drastic reorganisations of economies.

Thirdly, who would lead this new nation? Many see Egypt as the logical leader, but at present leadership in the Arab world is contested for by Egypt and Iraq. Is it reasonable to expect a potentially rich and prosperous country such as Iraq to subordinate herself to an impoverished but diplomatically strong and strategically sited Egypt? Further, relations between some of the smaller countries of the Persian Gulf are often far from friendly.

It should also be remembered that in theory such union extends to the Arab lands of North Africa. What would be the position of a French-controlled Algeria *vis-à-vis* a united Arab world?

Clearly, the difficulties of a united Arab world are tremendous although not insurmountable. It would be a prolonged process.

Complete Independence of all Countries

This has been achieved in most countries. Only a few remain attached to foreign powers.

There are deeper implications than mere political and constitutional independence. Any agreement, economic, military or political, which attached any Middle East country to an outsider is viewed with suspicion by the Arabs. Hence, Egypt and Syria's indignation at the Baghdad Pact. Their fear is quite simply a return of the Western influence and control which was treacherously imposed after World War I and which has caused the prevalent hatred. Actions such as Suez serve only to enhance it.

Complete independence is very difficult to achieve and possibly impracticable. So we find the Arabs turning from the West to the Soviet Union for aid, e.g. Aswan Dam. The difficulty is preventing an intrusion of Communism through the agent of aid.

Removal of British Military Protection

At present Britain has four military establishments in Arab countries—Aden, Qatar, Bahrein and Kuwait. To Nationalists they represent active colonialism, imperialism, everything hateful. Before general unification can be achieved they must be freed. But it is unlikely that these countries would remain completely independent and they would probably soon become attached to the more important states, e.g. Qatar to Saudi Arabia. Unfortunately, the oil-rich sheikdoms are hotly contested for and might produce bitter tussles amongst the larger states. The rulers themselves are also too independent and secure to agree readily to amalgamation.

Change of *Status Quo* in Israel

The establishment of Israel by the Jews and the United Nations in 1948 represents to the Arabs the worst example of imperialism. Here in the middle of a vast geographical, economic and social unit lies a completely segregated state with fanatical hatred between the two sides.

To Nationalists a change must come in Israel; but they are stubborn and refuse to accept the fact that Israel is surely there to stay. How could she be removed, existing largely on American aid? The fiasco of 1956 showed the inability of Arab armies to deal with her and the economic blockade as practised at present affects her very little.

It is regrettable that no reconciliation can be made because the Arabs would have so much to gain. Peaceful co-existence between Israel and all Arab states would have important economic and social advantages; it would give Jordan an opportunity to use the Mediterranean ports; valuable inter-state trade could be carried out; and some agreement could be reached over the refugees who present the most inflammable problem in the Middle East.

Economic and Social Development

Only Arab unity surpasses this aim in importance. The idea of such development does indicate that Arab Nationalism intends something more than mere Arab unity and freedom.

Until World War I the economic and social structure of the Middle East was medieval and

only in the post-war years did reform and industrialisation take place—particularly in Iraq, Syria, the Lebanon and Egypt. With the release of countries from Western domination the Arabs themselves began to bear the whole burden of economic and social change. Unfortunately, the Palestine war and continued foreign interference prevented governments from concentrating on economic and social problems; the result was an uneven development.

The question of poverty is of the greatest concern to Arab Governments. Said Himadeh comments: 'Poverty is the fundamental problem of Arab society and is caused by inadequate development of resources, the glaring inequality in wealth and income and the agelong submissiveness of the masses.' It has been a root cause of most disturbances since the end of World War II—from the Neguib coup in 1952 to the Iraq revolution in 1958.

An idea of the immensity of the task facing governments can be obtained from some of the measures being taken: the expansion of cultivated areas and the intensifying of cultivation by harnessing water (Aswan Dam); the generation of hydro-electric power; reducing extreme inequality of land ownership; encouraging industrial development; improving communications and transport; establishing banks to aid development; improving education and health services.

Arab Nationalism and Communism

It is logical to pass on from the social and economic aspect of Arab Nationalism to consider Communism in the Middle East because it is Communism which presents the greatest challenge to Nationalism for control of the people; and Communism we know finds a powerful agent in the economic and social state of people.

Walter Laqueur gives two important sources of Communist strength in the Arab world—first, the decay of Islamic society and its values together with the absence of liberal and democratic socialist forces (which resist Communism) and secondly, its grip on the intelligentsia. Political thinkers have concluded that it was not poverty and starvation which were the main causes for the spread of Communism, but psychological and emotional factors: the psychological and emotional vacuum created by the decay of traditional religion, the latter being in the process of replacement by some new religion of materialism. Many Communist leaders in the Middle East are from well-to-do

families and we can discern Communism functioning as a middle-class revolt against feudal rule.

The significance of the marked increase in Communist influence in Arab countries during the last few years is summed up by Laqueur:

'It is not the growth of Communist Parties in itself that is the most spectacular feature of this development (though this is certainly quite important in itself), but rather the utter inability of the ruling class to give their countries moderately efficient governments to promote social and economic progress and to create a minimal atmosphere of hopefulness instead of the present climate of despair.'

This is a frightening revelation because most of the 'ruling classes' have come to power as a result of nationalist movements and the indication is that the Nationalists, imbued with the idea of an Arab renaissance, cannot cope with the many problems confronting them. In fact we have seen democracy failing in the Middle East and it is at this point that Communism (with its splendid promises) appears most attractive and wins its adherents.

Finally, what of Communism and Islam? The idea that Communism and Islam are completely irreconcilable is fallacious. There are similarities and parallels between the two which expose Islam to the danger of being swallowed up by Communism. As Bernard Lewis comments:

'Traditional Islamic democracy rests on three pillars; the bureaucracy, the army and the religious hierarchy. Only the third factor need be changed in order to prepare a way for a Communist State.'

Nationalism then faces a very real danger in Communism—a danger which Arab leaders must realize. The question is: Can they deal with it? Time only will tell.

Conclusion

It is hoped that this article has done two things: first, to show that Arab Nationalism is a positive and active force in Middle East affairs, and secondly, to throw some light on the many different aspects of it and the problems confronting it. The future of the Arab world no one would dare predict. We can only observe and cautiously analyse, bearing in mind the goal of the Arab people.

R.D.G.

INITIATIVE EXERCISE
WOOLLY MITTEN 1

APPENDICES :-

- 'A' - Map of Sandhurst
- 'B' - Map of Dartmouth
- 'C' - Map of England

INTRODUCTION

1. The Aim of this paper is to set out proposals for an initiative exercise for twenty-five Flight Cadets and up to four Officers to take place somewhere in the British Isles for a week during the summer.
2. Cadets are considered to be expendable items.

EXERCISE WOOLLY MITTEN 1

3. The Aim of the Exercise. The aim of the exercise is to capture the Commandants of the R.M.A. Sandhurst and the B.R.N.C. Dartmouth, and to exchange them with the Russians for a high-altitude dog.
4. The Area of the Exercise. The area of the exercise is limited only by the seas around the British Isles, and is to include a Russian submarine which will lie off Skegness.
5. Personnel. Volunteers will be chosen on grounds of brutality, slyness and of inverse order of usefulness to the College. The latter requirement is because it is expected that the mortality rate will be in excess of 45%. Officers are to be appointed by the Officer i/c P.2. Preference is to be given to those whose personal documents give rise to the most trouble. This will result in greater efficiency in Station Headquarters.
6. Date of Exercise. To be decided later.

SECRET

SECRET

7. Opposing Forces. All personnel of the Army and Navy will be mobilised against the twenty-five Cadets. Cadets from Sandhurst and Dartmouth will be invited to participate but may not use more than one live bullet per round.

8. Umpires. Officers from S.H.A.P.E. will be invited to act as umpires and will be recognisable by the steel tanks which they will wear about them.

9. Results. The winners will be informed one week after the close of the Exercise.....when all the next of kin have been notified.

Advantages of Woolly Mitten 1

10. To Us. The Exercise will develop the aggressive spirit which is essential in the pilot of the future. At the same time it will give each Cadet the opportunity to exercise his skill in evading capture. Such skill is normally only used at weekends. Additionally, the existing spirit of comradeship and co-operation between the three services will be effectively destroyed. Also the opportunity of removing a potential threat to our squash and soccer teams will be afforded.

11. To Them. The enemy will be given the opportunity of practicing the art of warfare; something which they rarely get.

Disadvantages of Woolly Mitten 1

12. Nil.

CONCLUSION

13. The Exercise will fulfil a long-felt want, and will, incidentally, fulfil the requirements of paragraph 1. It will also develop all the qualities required of a leader of the future.

Cranwell,
30th February, 1959

T. Jay
(T. Jay)
U.X.B., in A.F.A.P.

Distribution Secret

SECRET²

Easter Survival Camp

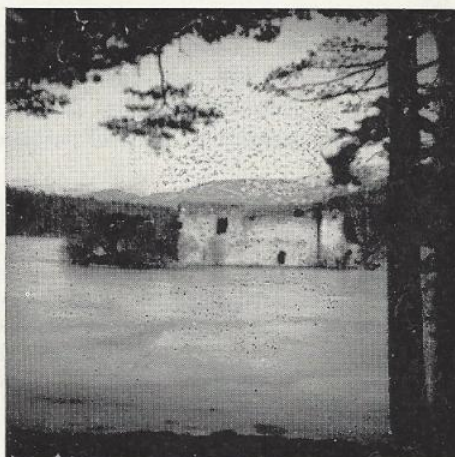


From Our Special Correspondent

79 Entry Survival Camp was held near Aviemore, in Scotland. The camp site was on the shores of Loch an Eilein, a beautiful little lake with a ruined castle on a small island in the middle. To the south of us were the snow-capped Cairngorm mountains; to the north, the River Spey, which is famous for its salmon, and to the east was the ancient Forest of Rothiemurchus, now a rolling wilderness of heather and scattered firs.

The training programme was hard and thorough. The beginning of the week was taken up with map reading marches, an endurance race and a long night march. I often had sympathy for these survivors as I watched them coming back to base, tired and hungry, after an exhausting day's marching, but they were invariably greeted by a tot of rum and a tin of hot stew. The stew was arranged by the camp adjutant and I know that everyone was very glad of it. One thing about these people that impressed me considerably was that their morale was always

high. This may have been partly due to the fact that the camp was so very well organized, and partly to the cadets' well-developed sense of humour. I was fortunate enough to witness many





amusing incidents during my stay. Perhaps the most noteworthy was the cooking competition. It was judged by the camp commandant and some of his staff, including the medical officer. After sampling some half-dozen meals they began to lose interest!

The last three days of the camp were taken up by an evasion exercise. The cadets were divided into crews of three or four and were assumed to have baled out of their aircraft over enemy territory. The Cameron and Seaforth Highlanders were the enemy. They turned out to be very formidable opponents and very few aircrew were not captured. However, they were not so good at looking after their prisoners and in spite of being tied up and having boots removed, many of the prisoners managed to escape.

Each crew wrote a report on their activities during this exercise and they have graciously allowed extracts from these reports as well as some pages from personal diaries to be published. Here they are:

... Where was the Squadron Leader!

I realized with horror that he was still stuck on the branch over the river. As we rushed back to the bank I wondered whether one of us could wade into the river and carry him safely to the shore. On closer inspection we decided that the river was too deep. Alas, there was nothing to do but press on with our journey.

... I found an antler lying in the heather,

I put it in my hatband for luck.
On rounding the next corner I startled several deer.

... The Seaforth corporal took a sadistic delight in removing my boots and socks, tying my ankles together and then making me run down the rocky hillside. Later I discovered that he lived in a little village a few miles from Cranwell.

... The food was awful.

Johnny was trying to juggle with some raw vegetables: 'If we can't feed him, we might as well entertain him,' he said.

... We were taken to Aviemore police station and thrown into a tent. Mike managed to escape by crawling under the side. He reached the railway station, but was recaptured in the Gents.

... We settled the Squadron Leader down in his chair and handed him the menu. After arranging his napkin, he accepted a Black Sobranie and took a deep draught of his beer.

'Would you care for ze meexed grill, monsieur?' said the waiter.

'But of course,' said the Squadron Leader.

'One mixed grill coming up,' said the cook. A crash from the kitchen.

'? * !?', said the cook.

'I am so sorry, monsieur, but ze meexed grill is off,' said the waiter.

... As we inched our way up the last few feet my companion began to slip back. I was too weak to move. I could do nothing to stop him. He uttered a low moan of despair as he fell.

I wept with anguish at the loss of such a good and noble friend.

'Rest in peace, old soldier,' I muttered. 'Rest in peace.'



Cucumber Jam

THERE are certain occasions when I was some years younger which have always lodged in my memory. One of these was my work in summer on the farm near my home. We would spend the long, hot summer days loading bales on to a cart, building ricks and threshing the grain in a world, or so it seemed to me, completely of our own. And yet what stands out most vividly was the hour we had for tea, for it was in this hour we ate the shepherd's jam.

It seems a funny thing to remember so clearly—the jam we had for tea. But what jam it was—thick and sweet with a taste I could never place. There were great doorsteps of bread and farm butter which the wives had brought up from the village, along with bottles of cold tea and milk. And always the shepherd produced a jar of his jam, which we would eagerly pass from hand to hand.

No hour ever passed so quickly for me. There were discussions on the weather and interminable arguments on the right order in which the 'Old Man' should have the crops cut. Old Bill Williams would keep saying how they cut 'Top of Hill' before 'Viney's Bottom' even in his father's time. And then something would remind Bill Mills of his war exploits and we would, for perhaps the third time that week, be in Normandy seeing how he had cut off the German retreat from the Cherbourg Peninsular with a pitchfork.

All through this hour we slowly munched on

until the bread, or perhaps the shepherd's jam, was finished, and we would, once again, return to our tractors or places on the rick. I often asked the shepherd how he had made that jam, but always he gave me a knowing smile and shook his head: 'That's my secret, son,' he would say. I thought I would never know.

I left the village and began my career. Sometimes when I had a spare weekend I would go down and talk with my old friends over a pint in the 'Black Dog and Duck' or by the range in a cottage kitchen. They would tell me about the farm; how the wheat had done better than the barley; how the people from 'The Forestry' had planted firs where there should have been beeches. Moved by the simplicity and warmth of these people, I would slowly make my way home with a parting pot of jam pressed into my hand by the shepherd.

Many years later I returned as village doctor; many of my old friends were gone but still the shepherd, now retired, lived on in his simple whitewashed cottage and made his jam. It was late summer and the harvest was almost in when I last called to see him. I could see his time had almost come. But he had still a sparkle in his eye that I had known of old. 'I'm gwane,' he said. 'I know, Tom,' I said quietly; 'won't you tell me now—what is your jam?' He paused and then with a chuckle he answered: 'Why, son, cucumbers, just cucumbers.'

C.R.A.

GAUNTLET III

I WAS there when the men came down to the little hill station just outside Sleaford. They walked slowly, their fine aesthetic features now thickened and coarsened by their ordeal, the hair of their once-tousled heads was matted and tangled, they no longer wore their long saffron robes, but drab olive-green and their eyes beneath their beards were dull and clouded;

the eyes of men that had known torment.

Their delicately tapering fingers slipped their little rucksacks from their backs and they piled their pitiful bundles, their only belongings, into a neat heap with soft laughter and playful kicks.

They sat themselves down, these men, and first the poets began to give expression to the emotions of them all. The men spoke little, but

when they did they spoke in short, clipped, expressive phrases. They thought of their leader and each man voiced a heartfelt pious ejaculation of his own and they thought of their comrades and they thought of themselves.

They spoke of their journeying, the trek through the Shetland Isles, the hospitality of the islanders, the unreal beauty of the country, the booze.

They told of the huge, slowly turning Type 80

prayer wheels emanating their radiations of fraternal trust and love, the traditional exchanges of long woollen scarves for 19s. 11d. They spoke of the furry Yak-substitutes, the fleet of Soviet electronic-counter-measures fishing trawlers, Crowder's real-life sick-joke and the booze.

This was Exercise Gauntlet III. First the Cairngorms then the Hebrides and now—the Shetlands; no longer a name, but an emotion.

C.A.R.

AS YOU WERE

ONE of the most fascinating sections in the library is that all but inaccessible area holding the bound copies of the *Journal* from Volume I, No. 1, to the beginning of World War II. If anyone has even a flicker of interest in Royal Air Force history this section will set him ablaze—the prime object of the *Journal* is 'To provide a record of important events at the College' and there is material here for the most insatiable appetites.

But the most entertaining project of all is to consider the secondary purpose of the *Journal* 'To reflect as far as possible the outlook of members of the College both past and present' and trace the changes down the years.

In the early days Cranwell was exceptionally sensitive about itself; it was something new in

very beginning Cranwell is laughing at itself. Assistant Commandants and Adjutants seem to get the worst of it and some of the libellous caricatures in the early editions are positively embarrassing. Hardly an issue is printed without



a new Service and the first editions just bristle with jargon and current catchphrases, all in inverted commas. Some of these are still with us, others are quite lost—but you can catch the authentic pioneering tang in all of them and it would have been very wrong of the editor to cut them. There are, however, some aspects of College life that will never change. From the

a cartoon on the horrors of the parade square and there are cracks about Cranwell's flying weather from way back.

The contributors wrote of a completely different world. Some of the articles have a curious ring about them; there are echoes of G. A. Henty and a suspicion of Fifth Form at St Dominics. For these were the days when you could talk of 'The Empire' without being expected to blush and there are photographs of shot elephants and stories about Turkestan and loving drawings of the most unlikely biplanes. Yet there are also some intriguing prophecies, in 1930 for example a contributor decided that there was a limit to the efficient speed of airscrew propelled aircraft at about 400–500 m.p.h. and thereafter the only answer would be a rocket motor and to support this argument he wrote to Herr Fritz von Opel—the first man to fly a rocket and published his reply. (A footnote was added to this article thanking Herr v. Opel

especially as '... the only tie ... (between us) ... is the bond of aviation.')

Among my favourite snippets there is the short story by a young lady aged nine that is a minor classic and the observation by Sir Phillip Gibbs 'After so much agony, so much cruelty the Communists have abandoned their own creed. ... It is certain that within six months Russia will have returned completely to the old basis of economic life and will be modified politically with a moderate form of government giving guarantees of peace to the world and abandoning the challenge to western civilization.' And last of all the little note that reads 'With this number the *Journal* will cease publication. The editor and management thank subscribers and advertisers for their support in the past and hope that re-publication will not be long deferred.' That was World War II.

Another interesting line to follow is the nature of the humour. Perhaps some astute investigator will be able to detect the vogue of various schools

of wit and just as we can today see the enormous impact of the Goon Show it will be possible to trace the popularity of Handley, Benchley, Fields, Chaplin, and the rest. Probably these changes in taste reflect the spirit of the College best of all. Some of the 'jokes' will set your teeth on edge, but now and then a real avant garde experimenter will hit on something that will ring true even now. Look out for 'Mary had a little lamb' in modern verse—it caught me so completely off guard that I laughed out loud and Mr Gill had to give me one of his looks. But tread warily on this one. Today's number one technique is undoubtedly the sick joke, but we have this in our archives 'Bully to bespectacled boy: "Shut up or I'll put a brick through yer winders";' which by any standard is pure mainstream.

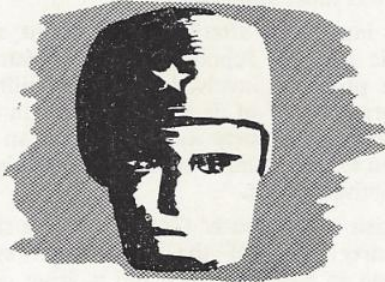
Needless to say the pages are full of the great names; it would be invidious to pick on any in particular, go and see for yourself.

C.A.R.

BERLIN FOR BEGINNERS

IT was one of those dull days, a Wednesday and threatening rain when I left home on what was to be a formidable journey ... England ... ACROSS COUNTRY. After a mere five ... (or was it fifteen?) changes I arrived, tired but happy, at my destination. You can imagine my horror when I was told that I would be travelling again the next day, but this time it was going to be to BERLIN. This is where my story really begins.

'Twas on a dark and stormy night when out of a heavy sky swooped a baby Beverley, a clued-up crew, and three College inmates.



Naturally we were classed as V.I.P.s as we were travelling with Transport Command, and as such we were not expected, but this did not stop them giving us the customary warm welcome ... 'no beds dear, have to sleep on your feet, no

cigarettes, tea's off dear,' and so on. Eventually we did manage to get settled in, but it was a long wait before the little milk bar in the mess opened some two hours later. It was in this lost paradise that we discovered that gin was only 3d and whisky 6d a double, that is to say we met the security officer. By some strange coincidence we found that he also ran the travel bureau in addition to being something of a social secretary.

After taking the precaution of lining our stomachs with a small quantity of alcohol we extracted all the relevant information from the travel agent about the route we should choose



for the evening's tour. Then with a gay disregard for safety we attempted to leap aboard our transport. In this respect we experienced some difficulty as the vehicle appeared to be moving; however, this was soon cured just by sitting down.

Then we were on our way, thundering from sector to sector and gaining more confidence and momentum with every kilometre. As we eased to a halt outside a huge pair of gates we spotted a couple of Russians and we were informed that they were guarding these gates; just two of them, mind you. They were odd little characters, rather dumpy and with very short legs . . . or maybe it was that their coats were too long. Anyway they were Russians and as there only appeared to be two of them we concluded that it was either their Vodka break or that the others must have been on holiday in Siberia.

Seizing our courage in both hands we stole into the Russian sector as soon as the guards weren't looking. Yes, at last, we were there (always bearing in mind the difficulty of being anywhere else). However, our joy was short-lived, for we noticed that we were being followed at a discreet distance of some three yards . . . NO? oh well, at a discreet distance, by a square-jawed little gent with a tin nut. He appeared to be going to great pains to make sure that we did not see him, but he gave himself away by running from lamp-post to lamp-post.

With this encouragement we drifted back into the American sector and we soon arrived at the main cultural centre . . . the RESI BAR. Here we rested a while, taking in all the subtle arts of our foreign neighbours.

After sampling one or two of their beverages we decided to make a move and visit one of their exhibitions. This was staged at a small evening academy, called Saint Pauli's. We found it a very dim place and our interest soon began to wane. We concluded that Berlin lacked the subtle artistry of some other German cities.

A cab driver told us that our next visit (according to the 'list') was closed so we decided to make for a little restaurant where we were assured that we would dine well. This was to be our last port of call (for port . . . so to speak) and therefore we intended to make the most of it . . . which we did.

Thus having sampled everything . . . well, almost everything . . . NO? all right then, after having sampled *some* of the Berliners' pastimes we hailed a cab. This time we were fortunate that we did not have to pass through the Russian zone, for we were too tired to play any more games of hide-and-seek.

When we arrived back at the Mess (no beds) we hung up our coats, climbed in . . . and fell out.

The following morning we awoke early and prepared to board the Beverley which stood quietly on the pan, being surveyed at some distance by gentlemen who were wearing strange fur hats. In bright weather we left this city of the many peoples and climbed away steadily on a very westerly bearing.

J.G.

NAVAL VISIT TO PORTSMOUTH

ONE officer and nineteen cadets of the College visited naval establishments at Portsmouth from 26th April to 30th April. The party were accommodated in H.M.S. *Excellent* and were interested to note how few concessions were made to the fact that this was not a seaborne ship. Indeed, so used did they become to nautical terms and customs encountered that several light blue uniforms were observed to turn a few shades darker in colour during the course of the visit.

A great deal of the time was spent on aspects of submarine warfare, particularly the use of mines and torpedoes. A trip to sea in a mine-sweeper provided a most enlightening demonstration of sweeping techniques and gave a good deal of information which could not be gathered from purely theoretical instruction. The party were given the chance to command the ship and to carry out commands in the wheelhouse, and cries of 'Ten of port stick on,

sir' have since been heard in the Lincolnshire skies. As well as the sea trip, demonstrations of different mines were given in a large tank with model ships. Altogether this facet of naval work was most impressive.

An interesting afternoon was spent at the Atomic Defence School where demonstrations of the problems involved in ship stability and temporary repair of damage sustained in action were given. The party were also given an introduction to the methods of protecting a ship from radioactive fall-out.

A visit to the Fraser Gunnery Range showed the party some of the complicated systems involved in naval gunnery and a firing demonstration was given on a Sea Fury flying in from the sea.

A less technical but no less interesting part of naval gunnery was witnessed when the party watched the Portsmouth Command team prac-

tising for the field gun contest at the Royal Tournament. They did not offer a challenge to the experts.

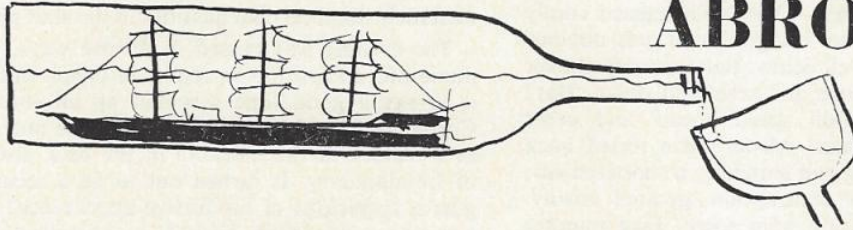
Mention must also be made of visits to the aircraft-carrier H.M.S. *Victorious*, the Royal Marine establishments at Eastney and Fort Cumberland and the shore establishment of

H.M.S. *Dryad* where the problems of combat control were examined.

In addition to being a most enjoyable visit, this was a valuable insight for members of the party into the work and problems of the Royal Navy.

C.P.

VISITING THE ROYAL NAVY ABROAD



A Drop o' the Hard Stuff

WE had made it, despite the efforts of a cadet navigator and an I.R.A. agent posing as a Service bus driver. We were finally in the Emerald Isle. Our home for the next few days was to be H.M.S. *Sea Eagle*. Here we made our first blunder. We called our quarters barracks. The naval element, however, insisted that the place was a 'ship'—a 'stone frigate' if you like (actually we did not like, but we laughed politely to maintain good relations at this early stage). Having collected our bags we were then shown to our rooms—er—cabins.

During the afternoon we received a series of lectures about the course to come. I am ashamed to record that many of my compatriots fell asleep during these lectures. However, they had fully recovered by the second dog watch (6 o'clock, for the benefit of the peasant element) and were ready to sample Londonderry's night life. Incidentally, we did not go into the town, we 'went ashore.' By now we were becoming a little bored by this naval jargon and after a raging argument about whether a bus was a bus or a 'liberty boat' we eventually reached Londonderry. First of all we decided to sample the local brew. Most of us went completely native and drank Guinness. However, one fool almost had the whole pub about our ears by demanding Scotch whisky. Public opinion, however, necessitated his choosing Irish whiskey eventually.

Thus fortified we headed for the nearest dance

hall, the Embassy, famed through previous visits to Londonderry. Once inside we were absolutely stunned, nay, shattered, by the number of wall-flowers. It appears that there is a population ratio of 5 : 1 in favour of the male of the species. By the end of the evening many a fair Irish colleen went home bearing in her heart the memory of that 'wonderful English student from Bristol University who was reading Zoology and Etymology and had flown over to Ireland in a Viscount in search of the Emerald Picansorilinae, a rare primary larvae, and who was staying with an aunt at—well—he wasn't sure of the name, but he knew how to find his way back there.' At two o'clock in the morning the 'Bristol University students' crept furtively back to H.M.S. *Sea Eagle* and fell exhausted, but contented, into their pits—beds—er—bunks.

The following day those who were awake heard a series of most interesting lectures on anti-submarine warfare. In the evening we attended a cocktail party at which one of our number made a king-sized *faux-pas* (pronounced *faw par*) when he cornered a captain and praised to the skies a lecture he had given. The captain blushed modestly and the speaker went on with his nauseating piece of finger work, to be stopped most rudely by the captain who said, 'Look, young fellow, I don't know what the devil you are talking about, but I'm on the same damn course as you—I heard the lecture too!'

The next day was most eventful. The Navy could not offer us a real live ship, but they did have a glorified sort of maritime link trainer. It was a full-sized bridge and operations room of a ship, mounted on hydraulic jacks, capable of simulating anything from Battersea paddling pool to the Bay of Biscay. It was appropriately named H.M.S. *Rocker*. In the same building also was another ship simulator, H.M.S. *Nogo* (note the naval wit) and two Shackleton simulators. Between us we manned these monsters in a simulated anti-submarine attack. H.M.S. *Rocker* was under the control of Cap'n Batten, a singularly ruthless individual who had little thought for his crew. The Cap'n seemed coolly confident up on the bridge, but it was obvious that all was not well below. Batten stumped over to the speaking tube and screamed down 'Har! Har! Jim, lad—Full speed ahead' and other choice naval phrases. Mister mate reeled back from the receiving end clutching a shattered ear, while the whole contraption gyrated madly. The seeds of mutiny were sown. Five minutes later an order to scuttle the fleet roared down the tube. The era of Queeg Batten was over. It was quick and clean and H.M.S. *Rocker* settled down quietly to the task in hand.

The crew of H.M.S. *Nogo* had the task of controlling the movement of the Shackletons. Chaos reigned supreme throughout the whole

exercise. One Shackleton, by our calculations, force-landed in Piccadilly Circus, the other one in the confusion flew round and round in ever-decreasing circles presumably meeting with the ignominious fate accorded to all who partake of this singularly dangerous pastime. The exercise ended with a 200 ship convoy boring full tilt into West Africa while the Russians danced jubilant hornpipes round their Snorkels.

During the afternoon some of us were fortunate enough (?) to fly in a Shackleton from R.A.F. Ballykelly. The most outstanding event was when one cadet all but stalled the brute into the Irish Sea, which helped to display some extremely unofficer-like qualities in the staff pilot.

The evening was passed in diverse ways, too numerous and sordid to repeat in detail. Suffice it to say a good time was had by all—except Cornelius, who ran into a couple of rifle muzzles at 3 o'clock in the morning in the back streets of Londonderry. It turned out to be a security guard, suspicious of his furtive appearance! He was unceremoniously frisked, manhandled and finally reluctantly released.

The following day some of us went down the River Foyle an an R.A.F. launch. It turned out to be an extremely rough and wet ride. Fortunately no one suffered the indignity of being sea-sick in front of his naval friends. In the afternoon we were debriefed and asked if we



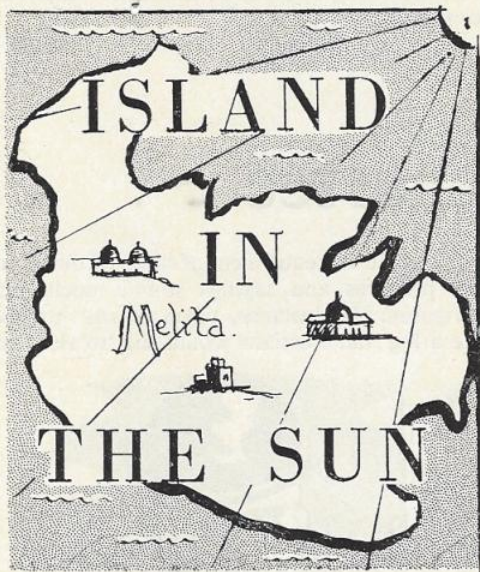
had any criticisms. The only constructive criticism worth noting was that there was an absence of the *Daily Sketch* in the wardroom and 'Peanuts' was sorely missed. The blow of not having Charlie Brown with us was softened somewhat by the fact that we had W.R.N.S. ratings to wait on us, which added colour to the breakfast table—Yes indeed—there was many a red-faced 'Bristol University student' who had his bacon and eggs slung in front of him by his partner of the night before.

On the last evening many of us went over the border, to the land of the leprechaun and the

shamrock and of Japanese cigarette lighters and Guinness at 10d a bottle, to the land where your 1250 is worth both barrels of a 12-bore any day of the week.

And so the course ended. Joking apart it was a most interesting visit, and we learned quite a few startling facts about the problem of anti-submarine warfare. We were extremely well looked after and I feel it would be true to say there was never a dull moment throughout the whole stay, on or off duty.

W.J.H.



THE naval visit to Malta G.C. started for eighteen flight cadets and two officers one and a half hours after the Easter Ball had ended. In the bleary dawn of a spring morning we slumped into the Varsities of the College Navigation Squadron and without more ado headed south. Our uneasy heads and stomachs were rested for a while at Nice before we flew in the general direction of Malta, which we reached by tea-time. Our home for the visit was the Wardroom Mess at the R.N.A.S. Hal Far and we could not have wished for a better or more comfortable base. We must have had the most modern cabins in the Royal Navy and this was much appreciated judging by the contented sighs as weary bodies let uncontaminated blood circulate once more.

Our first day, a Sunday, was spent looking around the island with our hosts and lounging on the beach. Most people had an introduction to Maltese taxis and their mad drivers; if the 'twitching' at supper that night was any indication.

On the Monday morning we went to sea on a destroyer. It was a perfect day and the exercises carried out were interesting and informative. Especially the anti-aircraft gunnery, in which most of us felt we had more than a vested interest. The rest of the week was to follow this pattern of picking up first-hand information whilst enjoying the famous naval hospitality.

Our visit coincided with the N.A.T.O. tenth anniversary (not vice versa as we liked to think), and Valetta Grand Harbour had a number of visiting ships from N.A.T.O. navies. Consequently, Tuesday found us drinking coffee (real) and gazing wistfully at Regulus guided missiles (also real and pronounced 'missil') aboard the cruiser U.S.S. *Macon*. First term had nothing on this. Everywhere we turned sailors were painting, scrubbing, and polishing. The ship looked like a television advertisement for a wonder cleaner. The American sailor seemed determined to make a favourable impression and he certainly succeeded.

Submarines were our next stopping point. As a nonchalant lieutenant pointed out tiny spaces and gave the numbers of men living in them we grew more and more convinced that we had chosen the right profession. When asked jokingly how many men slept in the wireless cabin measuring four feet by three, a rating had to stop and think before answering. It was what a woman novelist would call 'an eloquent silence.'

We spent another day at sea on a minesweeper. Here opinions varied according to the type of

stomach involved. One school, to which I prescribe, thought it absolute hell and spent most of the day horizontal in the wardroom. The other faction thought the wind, spray and sickening motion reminiscent of schooldays spent reading Masefield and Moby Dick. In other words they enjoyed it.

One of the most enjoyable visits was to a Fleet repair ship. Although it was hard work climbing thousands of ladders and walking many miles through this converted liner the sheer ingenuity of the machines aboard was fascinating. On one deck they were machining to thousandths of an inch and on another a machine was cutting through inch thick plating in a complicated pattern. Lunchtime was memorable. Watney's best bitter, jugs of Horses' necks and excellent food made us leave the ship in the afternoon

concentrating hard on steering a straight course until out of sight.

Before our final week-end we had a chance to see naval aircraft at Hal Far and the R.A.F. Squadrons at Luqa. At the latter we met Dick Bell of 74 Entry and Ralph Slayter of 72 Entry.

The last (not lost) week-end was spent re-visiting the night spots of Valetta and Sliema. The anthropologists among us had fun watching the Maltese maidens parading up and down Kingsway with their Mums; a practice which, we heard, is dying out. The Mums are staying at home now. There were numerous theories also as to why the streets suddenly emptied at 9 o'clock at night. Most un-Latin and unsporting we thought.

J.S.H.

Red Repartee

A GREAT Russian man of letters, Mikhail Lomonosov, after whom the University of Moscow is named, said about the Russian language that it had 'the vivacity of French, the strength of German, the softness of Italian and the rich and powerful conciseness of Greek and Latin.' One could add that it is picturesque and amusing thanks to an abundance of proverbs, popular sayings and colourful expressions. A Russian lexicographer of the nineteenth century collected and published about 30,000 of them. But this is no indication of the true number because the Russians excel and delight in making up new ones in the course of conversation. This is a particular feature of the speech of peasants. Their wit is very much to the point, well-meaning and needless to say often crude. Severe climate, differences in flora and

fauna make the equivalent of some of our everyday proverbs and sayings sound much more intriguing. For instance, when we say 'to sleep like a log' the Russians would say 'to sleep like



a Siberian marmot.' The English 'like knocking against a brick wall' would be in Russian 'like a fish knocking against the ice,' 'when in Rome do as the Romans do' is rendered by 'if you live with the wolves howl like they do,' 'to blush like a tomato' would be 'to blush like a cranberry or a crayfish.'

Superstition is of course also reflected in popular sayings. 'To spill salt' in Russian means that 'a christening will take place in the house,' whereas in England it forecasts bad luck. In warding off misfortunes a Russian would also 'touch wood,' but as an alternative he might 'spit three times over his shoulder.'



History has made its contribution too. There are numerous phrases about the inaccessibility, cruelty, munificence and lenience of the Czar, but one of the best-known sayings of historical origin is 'to erect Potemkin villages.' This is a reference to an incident when Potemkin, the chief favourite of the Empress Catherine the Great, was entrusted with the settlement by Russians of the Crimea and other areas newly won from the Turks. On a triumphal journey of inspection there Catherine was taken in by Potemkin's spectacular window-dressing, for whole dummy villages had been constructed almost overnight and peasants brought from far away places to populate them just for the duration of the Empress's tour. So today window-dressing is called 'erecting Potemkin villages.'

The extraordinary fertility of Russian imagination can be found everywhere in Russian literature, and readers outside the U.S.S.R. have recently been staggered by the range of Pasternak's similes and metaphors. However, it should be remembered that it is above all the peasants or those of peasant stock who constantly over-indulge in the use of racy idiom. For an insight into this phraseology one must recommend the reading of Mikhail Sholokhov's *Quiet flows the Don*. This is a saga of a Cossack peasant family before and during the Russian Civil War and is probably the most outstanding work of literature ever produced inside the U.S.S.R. A measure of its popularity in England can be judged by the fact that it must be the only Soviet novel ever to be published in the West in a cheap paperback reprint. It gives revealing impressions of the early rough and tumble life of some of today's more elderly Soviet leaders like President Voroshilov and Prime Minister Khrushchev. Having grown up in a typical peasant or proletarian *milieu* the use of proverbs and pithy expressions comes as second nature to such people.

These idiomatic talents are exploited very successfully by prominent Soviet personalities in their speeches, negotiations and Press inter-

views. For instance, when Mr Khrushchev was asked after the suppression of Polish workers' riots in Poznan, in June 1956, whether he could foresee the end of Communist rule in Poland he is supposed to have replied 'Yes, when the crayfish start whistling from the hilltops.' Again, shortly before Messrs Bulganin and Khrushchev visited this country three years ago the then head of Soviet State Security Colonel-General Ivan Serov, notorious for the role he played in the deportation of citizens of the formerly independent Baltic States and Caucasian autonomous republics to Siberia, came to London to hold discussions with Scotland Yard on security arrangements. There was an outcry against his presence in England by the British Press. He expressed his reaction before journalists by using the proverb 'the dog barks and the wind carries its barking away,' in other words, 'what you have been hearing is all idle talk.' This remark seemed to non-plus the journalists who did not really follow the meaning despite the fact that the interpreter had translated it correctly. Serov then took the opportunity to close the interview.

Not long ago a leading representative of the Soviet Ministry of Trade was being entertained to lunch by the manager of an important English firm. The Englishman, used to discussing business over the dinner table, put a direct question to the Russian about an export order. The reply was in the form of a well-known saying, 'when eating I am deaf and dumb.' This is a literal translation of a nicely rhyming couplet:

'Kogda ya yem
Ya glukh i nyem.'

By resorting to these proverbs and sayings the Russians always seem to have the last word. The remedy would be either to tell the Russians that we are not impressed and that we see through this particular method of shielding themselves from awkward questions or in our turn to shower them with quotations and proverbs from the English language.

C.C.L.

VISIT TO B.A.O.R.

WHILST waiting at Barkston at a ridiculously early hour before boarding the aircraft which were to take us out to Germany there was considerable speculation as to whether the visits to B.A.O.R. would be 'jollies' or pure grind. Now, in retrospect, I find that in most cases it was a combination of both, but with rather more

accent on light-hearted enjoyment than on studious application of the Principles of War.

All sections came into contact with other regiments than the one with which they were messing and the account given, that of the section commanded by Flight Lieutenant Kinder, might be taken as representative of all.

Our first day was spent with the unit to which we were attached—the 41st Field Regiment, R.A. They demonstrated the placing and laying of their 25-pounder guns and instructed us in firing them. The Cranwell gun team would have proved itself very good with a little more practice.

The time spent with the 29th Field Engineer Regiment, R.E., at their bridging site was most amusing. We saw men with only three days' experience on the equipment constructing ferries and floating bridges. A new form of R.A.F. dress was instituted here—battledress, O.P. hat, and webbing was supplemented with lifejackets and/or Wellington boots and, of course, the inevitable cameras. But no one as much as got their boots wet.

We were greatly impressed by the valuable services provided by the army when we visited a R.E.M.E. workshop where, besides more utilitarian goods, skis were being produced. No

one was considerate enough to present us with souvenirs—and none could be 'borrowed' as a pair of skis hidden down a battledress make walking MOST uncomfortable.

Most of the officers and cadets had the opportunity of driving jeeps, armoured personnel carrier or tanks. Some even drove bulldozers, cranes and tank transporters.

Much of the time in Germany was free for entertainment. Pubs everywhere from Aalen to Zwischenahn and night clubs in Hamburg and Düsseldorf were visited. In recreation time cadets went sailing on the Mohnesee or made a simulated 'Dambuster Raid' on the Mohne Dam in A.A.C. Austers.

The Army was most hospitable and friendly—and no one referred to Cranwell as the Sandhurst of the R.A.F.—thank ——!

I.C.T.



THE next time you are asked on a Ferris or restrictions parade who the winged gent is atop the College crest, do not gulp and rap out the staccato 'don't know, sir.' Read this and pass on the culture to your inquisitorial friend.

Like many characters charging around the 'small world' of long, long ago Daedalus was of uncertain parentage. He probably knew his parents, but obviously made a blunder in not introducing them to his friends. (There is a moral there somewhere.) For his friends spread the nasty story that the combinations making up his parents were infinite. Most ancient Greeks though were handsome enough to admit that he was of royal blood. Since royal houses then were ten-a-penny this was probably just another insult.

Anyway, parents or no parents, Daedalus was an excellent smith. He should have been, too, for he was taught by a goddess, Athene, who was no mean cookie, as Hephaestus was to find to

his cost. Daedalus later was surpassed in skill by his brat of a nephew who was only twelve. This kid also claimed to have invented the saw, the potters wheel and circles. Daedalus got sore at this and when he heard another nasty Grecian rumour about incest his jealousy got the better of him and he bounced his precocious nephew from the top storey of the Acropolis. This sort of thing just was not done and Daedalus got out of the country pronto.

He seemed to come to light again in that cute little island of Crete, ruled by King Minos. Here Daedalus was revered for his skill as a smith. Then for some vague mythological reason the bottom fell out of his world. He found himself locked up in a labyrinth with Icarus, one of his sons whose mother was a Cretan slave. Some kind soul (not Minos) let them out of the labyrinth, but they still had to get out of the island. This is where Ovid started to get poetic, my Latin master ecstatic, and me—I got

bored. However, Daedalus was no fool as I found out when I bought an Ovid crib at the local bookshop.

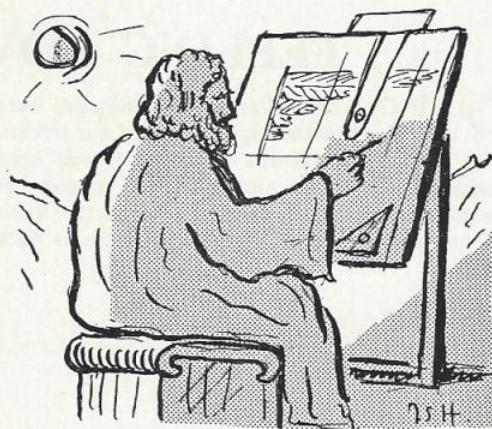
Daedalus just sat himself down on a rock, plucked a chicken, raped a bees nest and *mirabile dictu* a pair of wings evolved. They were primitive as cd-x curves were in short supply then and, as any fool knows, an aerofoil is useless without one. Being a good daddy Daedalus made a similar pair of quill and wax wings for his son Icarus. Then the old man gave the briefing to end all briefings. The gen was that if they flew too high and near the sun the wax would melt and if they got too low they would end up in the 'oggin. Daedalus also told his son to stay close to him as he knew Icky was only G.D./P. and had no idea of basic navigation.

They took off in a north-easterly direction and all the peasants thought they were gods. (These were the days before Farnborough educated the admass.) Before long, like all young aviators, Icky did the wrong thing. In short, he got too close to the sun, the wax melted and Icky ditched in no uncertain manner; providing an absolute field day for a certain Wing-God Spry whom Zeus had allowed to sit up in Olympus in judgement of all aviators. Daedalus was a little upset at his son's untimely end and he buried the corpse on the nearby island of Icaria. Of course it was not called that then as this was at a time when islands were plentiful as the gods in their playful wars were throwing mountains into the sea. There is some dull theory that our two worthies actually escaped by boat and Icky fell overboard. One can dismiss this as trash—Greek mythology just doesn't work like that. In this other version though, a chap called Heracles was supposed to have buried Icarus. Daedalus in appreciation made a lifelike statue of him and Heracles, being not only simple but very shortsighted, mistook this statue for an enemy and felled it with

a hefty stone. After this incident artists have taken care that any similarity between the real thing and their masterpieces is purely accidental.

In the best story, Daedalus flew westward to Sicily where he set about building cut-rate temples. Meanwhile Minos had set out with his fleet to look for Daedalus and he found him by a very cunning wheeze indeed. He had a shell and he promised a reward for anyone who could thread linen through the complicated passages. He knew Daedalus was a crossword and jigsaw addict and was really the only man who was capable of solving this little puzzle. So when the shell came back to him—with the linen threaded—he knew he had found Daedalus. However, Daedalus had real friends by now and when Minos was taking a bath they poured boiling water or pitch down on him from a hole in the roof. With naive charm the corpse was handed back to the Cretans who were told that their boss had tripped on the bath mat into a handy cauldron of boiling water. The Cretans departed and Daedalus lived happily ever after.

J.S.H.



CAT-CUM-SQUARE

IT seems to be a popular opinion that one can either appreciate classical music or jazz music but not both. However, I consider this to be wrong. To begin with one must define both classical music and jazz. Classical music, as we understand the term, is generally considered to be the works of the great masters such as Bach, Beethoven, Tchaikovsky, and others producing much the same in musical form. Their works are classified as serious pieces of music, but surely there are serious pieces of jazz music?

Indeed there are, and there are also classical pieces of jazz. This now produces a difficulty in differentiation between these two recognized musical forms using the terms classical or serious. We cannot say specifically that jazz is music with a 'beat' or with rhythm or syncopation, because 'beat' means tempo whether strict or *ad lib.* and rhythm and syncopation are not limited to jazz alone.

The difference comes with the introduction of improvisation or extemporisation played by

an instrument or group of instruments following the chord sequence that forms the basis of the tune being played. When a tune has been played through a soloist usually plays his own ideas, expressing his own mood and the feeling that is conjured up in his mind. He does not just play any jumble of notes, but flowing music that he arranges spontaneously to fit the chord basis of the tune. When this extemporisation takes place the music can usually be termed jazz. People who say that these solos are just meaningless jumbles of notes are surely confessing their own ignorance.

The complex forms of modern jazz have grown up from the dixieland and traditional styles of jazz that originated from the negro slaves of the Mississippi delta area. They took the band instruments that the retreating armies of the American Civil War left behind and they taught themselves to play. They formed groups to play and liberate the pent-up feelings, the

burdens of their slavery. The tunes were old negro spirituals and other compositions that were produced from their limited technique, knowledge and ability. From these basic ideas came the advancing styles and forms, progressing as the players' and the composers' knowledge of music grew. Mainstream, swing and the Chicago styles came and then the modern styles that were produced with attention paid to recognized musical form and chord structures merging with and tending towards this music of the great 'classical' composers and their complex musical forms. Each musician has his particular favourite musical form and defends it and loves it and plays, composes, or just listens to it to the best of his ability, but with a little patience and perseverance each one can learn to understand the forms and styles he once detested. He can learn to appreciate other forms as well as his own and not sneer at 'cats,' 'squares,' or 'long hairs.'

J.J.C.H.

FEELING LOW?—READ THIS

DURING World War I the Germans were impressed by the high morale of our troops. They realized that it was due to our troops' keen sense of humour, and obtained copies of magazines which our troops were in the habit of reading, and which contained cartoons such as this:



1st Soldier: WOT MADE THAT 'OLE, 'ARRY?
2nd Soldier: MICE.

In an effort to instil some equivalent sense of humour into their own troops, the Germans would print such cartoons in literature that was issued to them. This cartoon duly appeared in German:

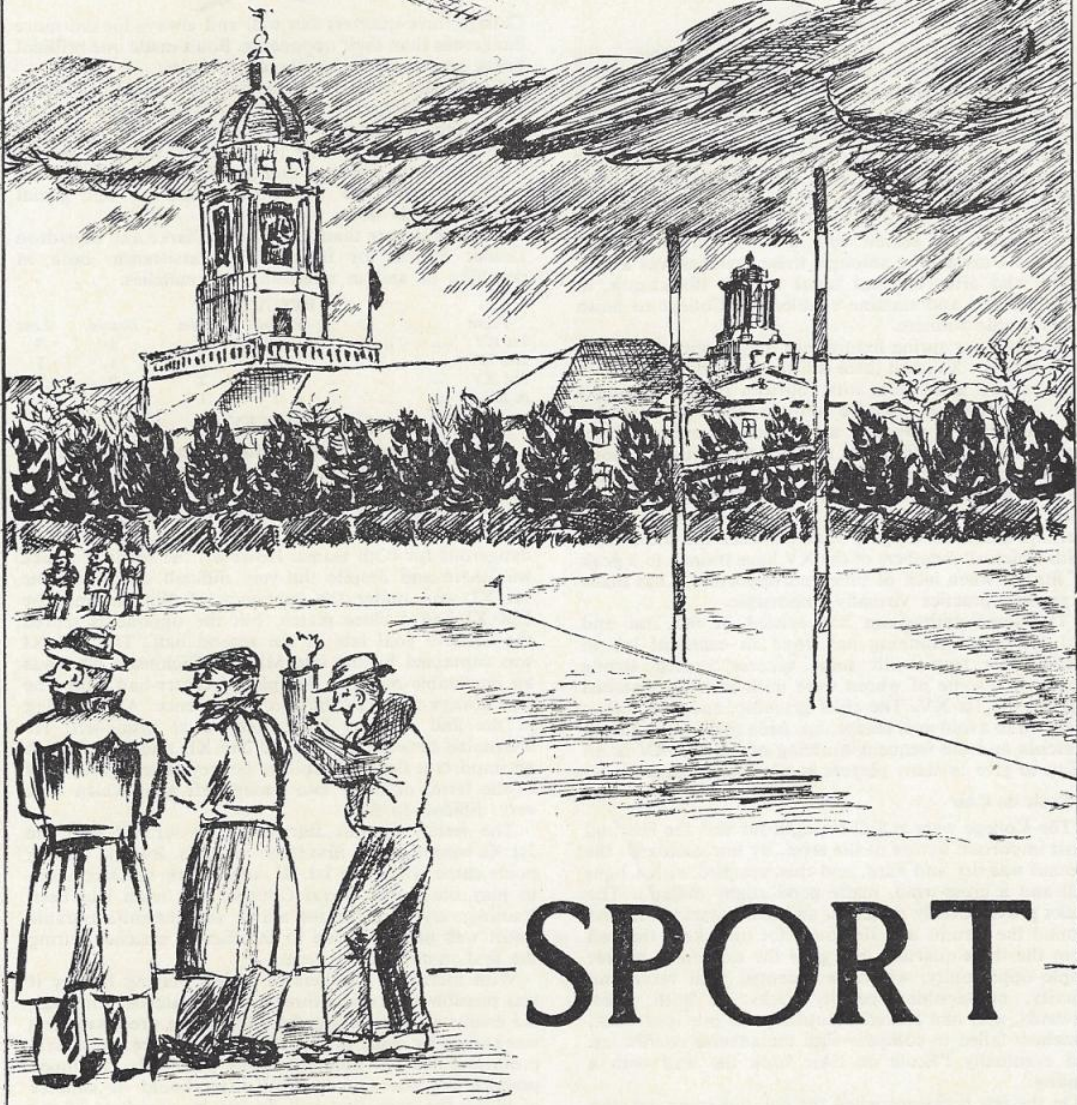


1st Soldier: WHAT MADE THAT HOLE, FRITZ?
2nd Soldier: MICE, ERNST.
(It was not mice it was a shell)

Which goes to show that high morale demands intelligence and imagination—which doesn't say much for you, mate, no wonder you're unhappy.



COLLEGE



SPORT



RUGBY

The long lay-off after the autumn 'Derbies,' the indulgence of Christmas, and doses of fog and snow, are not the best preparations for the spring fixtures, and as usual the XV started with some indifferent displays against strong opposition, notably Jesus College and the LX Club. However, the team rapidly improved under the leadership and example of Melville and played some fine rugby against a strong Wanderers side at Bedford, being unlucky to lose 5-3. Fit and confident now, the XV finished the season with a run of five wins and a draw. Outstanding amongst these matches was a fast, open, and often brilliant tussle against Blackheath, in which fitness and stamina enabled the College to finish comfortable winners.

Most of our spring fixtures are played with an eye on next season's XV, and there is little doubt that we should have a very good side, with fourteen present members still in residence. Melville and Laycock have welded the pack into a powerful and confident unit, well coordinated in the tight, fast and dangerous in the loose. The halves and the centres have developed a considerable degree of talent, but have yet to combine sufficiently well to make full use of a pair of dangerous wings. Perhaps most encouraging of all has been the enthusiasm with which all members of the XV have trained to a peak of fitness, when lack of time and opportunity has made organized practice virtually impossible.

The same enthusiasm has existed in the 2nd and 3rd XV's and Gunning has done an excellent job in leading his team with some success against strong opponents, some of whom were until recently matched against the 1st XV. The chief grumble, and one that it is hoped to avoid next season, has been that of insufficient matches and the frequent shuffling of the 3rd XV in an effort to give as many players as possible a game.

L'Ecole de l'Air

The College were at full strength for this the last and most important fixture of the term. By our standards the ground was dry and hard, and this, coupled with a light ball and a cross-wind, made good rugby difficult. The packs proved evenly matched, and close marking in and around the scrums and line-outs not only kept the ball from the three-quarters, but gave the exuberant referee ample opportunity, which he accepted with verve and alacrity, of lavishing penalty kicks on both sides. Edwards, who had kicked beautifully the previous week, somehow failed to compete with the adverse conditions, and eventually l'Ecole de l'Air took the lead with a penalty.

On the few occasions when the ball did come out, the

College three-quarters ran well and always looked more dangerous than their opponents. Boulton made one brilliant break and was unfortunate not to score.

Eventually, from a breakaway and a good dribble by the pack, Stephens secured the touch-down for an equalizing try—again unconverted. In the last few minutes, l'Ecole de l'Air fought back well and scored a very good try wide out to draw the match, a fitting and gratifying result to the College and to our genial and hospitable hosts.

We give sincere thanks to Major Clarke and Squadron Leader Harris for their willing assistance, both in coaching us and in refereeing our matches.

RESULTS

Team	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost
1st XV	9	5	1	3
2nd XV	9	3	1	5
3rd XV	5	2	0	3
A XV	1	1	0	0

HOCKEY

At the beginning of the Spring term the heavy fall of snow caused several matches to be cancelled, so it was not until 17th January that the first matches could be played. These were against University College, London, while the pitches were still frozen and it proved rather dangerous for both teams. However, the spirit of attack was there and despite the very difficult conditions the 1st XI won under the captaincy of Williamson. The 2nd XI had a close match, but the opponents scored the decisive goal late in the second half. The 2nd XI was captained by the late Michael Dickinson who was an invaluable member. He played centre-half where he was always the main link in the defence. Also playing in the 2nd XI was Peter Keeling at inside-left. He alternated between the 1st and 2nd XIs and he, too, was an important figure in College hockey. The deaths, later in the term, of these two cadets left gaps which were very difficult to fill.

The term's fixtures started off favourably with the 1st XI winning their first three matches. But the turning point came when the 1st XI went down to Dartmouth to play the Royal Naval College. The team had been training very hard for the match and the unfavourable result was probably due to insufficient matches during the first month of the term.

With increased numbers of cadets playing hockey it was possible to arrange three 3rd XI matches. Although the results were not altogether favourable, great keenness was shown by many of the newcomers. There are several promising players amongst them and with continued practice and attention to detail they should be capable of filling the gaps that will be left by members of the

Senior entry when they pass out at the end of the Summer term.

For instructional purposes several film 'Loops' have been obtained, together with an ordinary film, and it is hoped that these may be used on days when the pitches are unsuitable for play. They will not only benefit all newcomers to hockey, but also those more experienced players will be able to correct any faults that they may have.

During the latter half of the term, the 1st XI were back in their stride and commenced by beating the R.A.F. Technical College in a game which was very exciting to watch. The match was played at Cranwell and the weather was perfect. There was some very hard play from both sides, but Cranwell was mostly in the opponents' half giving them few chances of attack. The College forwards played a forceful game and many shots at the opponents' goal failed to score. However, a pleasing result was established with the College winning 3-1.

The climax of the term was the match against R.M.A. Sandhurst. For this the team had been training hard during the whole term with only one aim in mind and that was to beat Sandhurst.

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

This very important match began with a series of attacks by both sides resulting in some hard shooting and good saves. Clean movements up and down the field were made, but each was checked before it became dangerous. After half-time, in slight drizzle, Sandhurst staged a rapid attack, but a good clearance by Sturt, at centre-half, prevented them from shooting. A melee in front of the opponents' goal resulted in a penalty bully which was skilfully cleared. Following an abortive attack by Phillips and Jenner, Sandhurst forwards took the initiative and pressed home the only goal of the match. Cranwell pressed hard but were unable to score and in the final minute Meads took a shot at the Sandhurst goal which unfortunately went over the top. The match was a hard fought one and both teams played extremely well. The College had some unlucky moments but nevertheless the result, a win for Sandhurst 1-0, was a fair one.

R.A.F. College v. B.R.N.C. Dartmouth

In this match the R.A.F. College never really settled down. An early goal by B.R.N.C. Dartmouth knocked them out of their stride and it was only the determined defensive play, led by Sturt, which managed to keep the score down for a time. Even so another goal before half-time and two more during the second half gave B.R.N.C. Dartmouth a well-deserved win. F.G.A.

RESULTS

Jan. 17	1st XI v. University College, London ...	3-0	(w)
	2nd XI v. University College, London ...	1-2	(l)
21	1st XI v. Welbeck College ...	3-0	(w)
24	2nd XI v. Normanby Park ...	3-2	(w)
Feb. 4	1st XI 'A' v. R.A.F. Cranwell ...	1-5	(l)
7	1st XI v. Gresham's School ...	4-1	(w)
	2nd XI v. Gresham's School ...	3-3	(d)
14	1st XI v. B.R.N.C. Dartmouth ...	0-4	(l)
	2nd XI v. Sleaford ...	2-5	(l)
25	1st XI v. Sheffield University (1st) ...	1-4	(l)
	2nd XI v. Loughborough College (1st) ...	1-7	(l)
	3rd XI v. Loughborough College (2nd) ...	1-11	(l)
28	1st XI v. Henlow ...	3-1	(w)
Mar. 7	1st XI v. Bourne ...	3-1	(w)
11	1st XI v. Deacon's School ...	4-0	(w)
	2nd XI v. Deacon's School ...	10-0	(w)
	3rd XI v. Welbeck College (2nd) ...	1-4	(l)
14	1st XI v. R.M.A. Sandhurst ...	0-1	(l)
18	1st XI v. R.A.F. Cranwell ...	5-4	(w)
21	3rd XI v. Haileybury College ...	3-3	(d)

SQUASH

The results achieved by the squash team in the spring term are not as impressive on paper as those for the previous term. The team was unchanged and consisted of Horsfall, Price, Volkens, Haller and Read, but the standard of our opponents was higher. We suffered two defeats at the hands of Wimbledon S.R.C., who were ably led by an ex-Cranwellian, Tony Kingston. A few 2nd V fixtures were played during the season and although the results were not all that we had hoped for the team of Johnston, Dawnay, Peaker, Johns and Pegg were given some useful experience for next season. We should like to thank Flight Lieutenant Dawes and the other officers from the station squash team for their coaching and encouragement throughout the season.

B.R.N.C. Dartmouth

The match was at Dartmouth and we were received with their usual hospitality. Read played the first match early next morning which was unfortunate as he never really found his form. The rest of the team, playing in the afternoon, had little success except for Haller, who in another of his customary marathon matches outran his opponent.

R.M.A. Sandhurst

Sandhurst came here obviously out to revenge themselves for last year's defeat. Horsfall soon fell to the powerful play of Saunders, and Price, not at his best form, was also easily defeated by the fast-moving Hughes. Volkens played well, finally beating Drew after a very even and exciting match. Haller, too, rose to the occasion and in another long and hard-fought battle beat his opponent, Porteous. Read soon won his first game against Grant, but after that instead of pressing home this advantage with some accurate hitting resorted to drop shots and completely lost his touch. Sandhurst thus won a closely contested match three games to two.

J.H.

RESULTS 1st V

Wimbledon S.R.C. 'A'	1-4	(l)
Nottingham	3-2	(w)
Loughborough	4-1	(w)
Nottingham University	4-1	(w)
Wimbledon S.R.C. 'A'	2-3	(l)
Dartmouth	1-4	(l)
R.M.A. Sandhurst	2-3	(l)

Overall results for 1st Squash V Season 58-59

Played	Won	Lost	For	Against
18	11	7	54	37

Overall results for 2nd Squash V Season 58-59

Played	Won	Lost	For	Against
4	1	3	7	13

SHOOTING

The spring term has seen the advent of a new policy on shooting by starting '303 at half term, to give sufficient time to practise for the R.A.F. meeting at Bisley early in June.

The 22 half of the term was the most successful period on record for the 1st VIII. Seven matches were won and one drawn, out of eleven. The first defeat, by Imperial College, was soon avenged; the other two were postal matches, one with the U.S.A.F. Academy, and the other R.M.C. Kingston. Our 2nd team drew equal with the latter, and in each shoot we used our opponents' targets.

McEvoy was entered for the R.A.F. Small Bore Championships, and was placed fifteenth in the final classification, for which he must be commended.

Practice for '303 has been confined to the College 25 yd. range, with some shoots on a local Army 600 yd. range, the College being without its own facilities for

long-range shooting.

The 1st VIII was Meredith (captain), Morgan, Sinclair, Parkin, Prothero, Turner, Banks and McEvoy.

Colours were awarded to Turner, Prothero, Banks and McEvoy.

R.G.M.

RESULTS

Jan. 17	Imperial College of Science ...	(a)	772- 781	(l)
24	Nottingham University ...	(h)	758- 740	(w)
28	Sleaford S.B.R.C. ...	(h)	775- 757	(w)
31	Imperial College of Science ...	(h)	683- 630	(w)
31	University College London ...	(h)	683- 661	(w)
Feb. 4	Royal Air Force Cranwell ...	(h)	581- 564	(w)
7	Birmingham University ...	(a)	671- 665	(w)
18	U.S.A.F. Academy ...	(p)	992-1000	(l)
25	R.M.C. Kingston Ontario 'A' ...	(p)	790- 798	(l)
25	R.M.C. Kingston Ontario 'B' ...	(p)	787- 787	(d)
Mar. 14	London University (.303) ...	(a)	732- 596	(w)
21	Fettes College (.22) ...	(a)	781- 763	(w)

FENCING

The second half of the season fulfilled all the promises of the first half—with one exception. This was the match against the Royal Military Academy, a detailed account of which is given below. We fenced eight first-team matches of which we won six, while the second team secured two victories in three matches. The standard of fencing was generally high, and the enthusiasm shown, especially in the lower entries, was very encouraging.

Our first match was against Hatfield Fencing Club, two weeks after the beginning of term. The result was one of our defeats and was a fair one on our mediocre performance. The next match, against Birmingham University, found us without three of the first team and a comfortable win of 15-7 was very pleasing. Against St. Paul's we were at full strength against a young and inexperienced team. This being so we expected, and got, a good win.

The next match was one of our major fixtures—against B.R.N.C. Dartmouth. We had trained hard for this and started confidently, winning the foil by a large margin. The sabre followed, and here our real weakness was exposed as we won only three assaults. At the end of this section the score stood at 10-8 to the College. Our opponents looked quite pleased as they considered themselves good at epee, but our epeists saved the day with a 6-3 win giving us the match 16-11.

After this came matches against Welbeck College and Grimsby Hospital, both of whom were beaten soundly. Our next major fixture was against R.M.A. Sandhurst and this was the black moment of the season. We had been training hard especially in sabre and thought we could avenge last season's defeat. The match started happily enough with the foilists securing their usual lead, but then the epeists surprised us by losing 4-5, fencing below their usual standard. This meant starting the sabre, still our weakest weapon, with only a two-point lead. The sabreurs did not manage to respond to the occasion and only secured one assault apiece, leaving the Royal Military Academy the victors by 14-13.

Our last match was in France against l'Ecole de l'Air, and was a fitting climax to the season. On this occasion we had to fence in a hall packed with French cadets, who did not hesitate to express their views, while our own supporters numbered only about a dozen. At the start the atmosphere was as tense as that of a full international. The French team were quite confident of victory, having only been defeated once before in the history of the fixture. We, on our side, although our defeat at the hands of Sandhurst was still fresh in our

minds, were determined to win.

The match started, to our relief, with the foil and here we shattered the French by winning 7-2. This was a very good thing for us as their morale suffered a blow from which it never fully recovered. The sabre, our opponents' best weapon, was second and the sabreurs rose to the occasion and gave their best performance of the season only losing 4-5. Thus the epee started with the College needing only three more assaults for victory. About half-way through this weapon the third victory was gained and the match was ours. This knowledge seemed to cause a reaction as we did not win another assault, leaving the final result a 14-13 win to the College.

On 7th February the College foil team—Coriat, D. H. Smith and Peters—went to Grantham to take part in the East Midlands Foil Championships. They fenced well throughout the day to reach the final, but here they seemed to stop and were beaten with ease by the Northampton 'A' team. Their fencing in the final lacked the bite of the earlier rounds and had they retained this the result may well have been different.

The following day the same three and Woodhead went back for the individual championship. Woodhead succumbed in the third round, leaving the other three in the semi-finals. Smith and Peters were in the same pool with Coriat on his own. Smith and Peters were involved in a three-way barrage for one place to the final, which Peters secured. Coriat began well but seemed to fade away and did not reach the final.

Peters fenced well in the final pool and was undefeated. We congratulate him on his success.

Sergeant Williams, who joined us this term, has worked extremely hard to eliminate our faults and we thank him for all he has done.

Porteous and W. H. Smith have been awarded their colours. They have both fenced very soundly throughout the term and we congratulate them on their awards.

R.G.P.

RESULTS

Jan. 21	Hatfield F.C. ...	(a)	16-11	(l)
24	Birmingham University ...	(a)	15- 7	(w)
31	St. Paul's School ...	(a)	21- 6	(w)
Feb. 14	B.R.N.C. Dartmouth ...	(a)	16-11	(w)
25	Welbeck College ...	(h)	25- 2	(w)
Mar. 7	Grimsby Hospital ...	(h)	20- 7	(w)
14	R.M.A. Sandhurst ...	(h)	14-13	(l)
21	L'Ecole de L'Air ...	(a)	14-13	(w)
2nd Team				
Jan. 21	Hatfield F.C. ...	(a)	16-11	(w)
31	St. Paul's School ...	(a)	9- 7	(w)
Feb. 11	Louth School ...	(h)	9- 7	(l)

BADMINTON

With the arrival of two fine Malayan players, providing a strong nucleus for the team, Badminton took great strides towards eventual recognition as an equal of other College sports. This was obvious through more general interest being shown, and by the increasing numbers of cadets playing it as their major sport.

Six fixtures were arranged, but unfortunately the match with Imperial College Union, London, had to be cancelled. Of the remaining five, the College won three and lost two. The results are shown below.

Having lost heavily to Rauceby Hospital in the autumn term, we were determined to even the score. This we did convincingly by 6 sets to 3 in an away match, playing the Malaysians B. Chuah and M. Theseira together as first pair. In the next match, against St Catherine's College, Cambridge, it was decided to split the first pair, to see if this would help gain the necessary five sets out of nine. The match was extremely



CRANWELL

versus

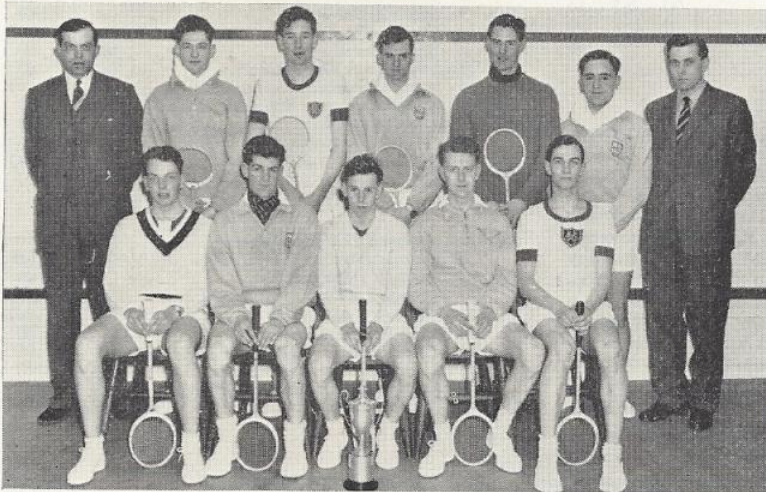
SANDHURST

Spring 1959

FENCING

Back Row: Flt Cdt R. G. Peters, Flt Cdt T. Porteous, Flt Cdt C. C. Le Cornu

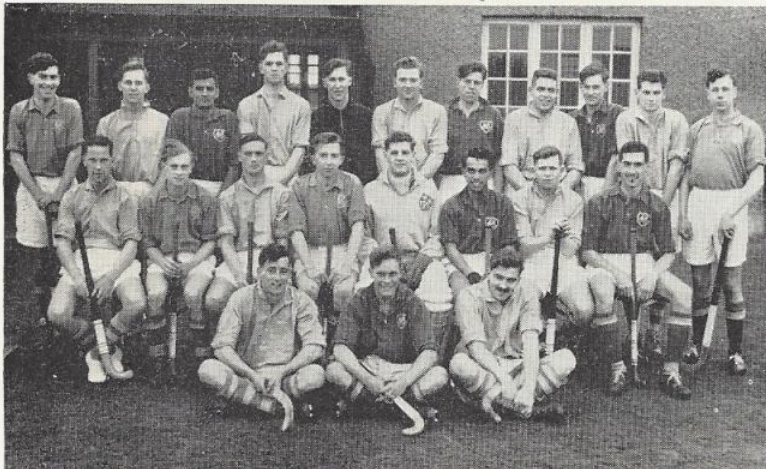
Front Row: U.O. D. H. Smith, Flt Cdt H. Coriat, Snr Flt Cdt W. H. Smith



SQUASH

Back Row: Flt Cdt A. Read, Snr Flt Cdt D. Haller, U.O. J. F. C. Volkers

Front Row: Flt Cdt J. Price, Flt Cdt J. Horsfall



HOCKEY

Back Row: Flt Cdt P. Jenner, Flt Cdt P. Canning, Flt Cdt I. Hutchinson, Snr Flt Cdt W. R. Donaldson, Flt Cdt G. Crumbie

Centre: Snr Flt Cdt C. Sturt, Flt Cdt A. Phillips, Snr Flt Cdt M. E. Williamson, Flt Cdt F. Styles

Front Row: Flt Cdt J. Meads, Snr Flt Cdt M. J. Fuller

close, and due to too many mistakes on our side, the last set was the deciding one, and St Catherine's just managed to win 5-4, after three exciting games. The same pairs were retained against Leicester University, but here we met a much more experienced side, and could only manage to win two sets. The next match against Kesteven Training College was won easily by 8 sets to 1 and served as a morale booster after two defeats.

The last match of the season, played against Fulbeck Badminton Club, was probably the hardest fought, and the most enjoyable. Although the College managed to win by 7 sets to 2, this result does not give a true picture, as almost every game was extremely close, and several sets went to three games.

The team consisted of J. Raeside and B. Chuah, R. Geach and M. Theseira, P. Veal (capt.) and M. Greenwood. R. Mighall also played.

C.R.G.

RESULTS

Jan. 21	Rauceby Hospital B.C.	(a)	6-3	(w)
Feb. 25	St. Catherine's, Cambridge	(a)	4-5	(l)
Mar. 7	Imperial College London	Cancelled		
11	Leicester University	(a)	2-7	(l)
18	Kesteven T.C.	(a)	8-1	(w)
25	Fulbeck B.C.	(a)	7-2	(w)

SOCCER

As in previous spring terms the early fixtures suffered from bad weather, the first three being cancelled because of snow. Nevertheless the 1st IX played 13 matches and the 2nd XI ten. The new entry produced seven soccer players of whom three—Deakin, Terrett and Thomson—immediately gained places in the 1st XI. Unfortunately these new players were unable to give the team the stability and finishing power it lacked in the previous term. This resulted in numerous positional changes being made in an endeavour to strengthen the side. The team's results do not do justice in that they often lost to opponents of their own standard as a result of poor finishing.

The 2nd XI with more fixtures than usual played some most enjoyable games. On the whole the team gave quite

a good account of itself, but, as the results show, the university teams did tend to overwhelm it. The last fixture of the season against the staff was a great success and everyone, including the staff, enjoyed it.

Cloke took over the captaincy of College soccer from Adams, who passed out at Christmas and his place as vice-captain was filled by MacDowall. The latter, however, much to everyone's regret, left before the end of term. Colours were awarded to Hunter, Baker and Barrett.

R.A.F. Technical Cadets, Henlow

This was the most important match of the season. It was played at Cranwell before a large crowd in the stadium and produced some excellent football. Our star was Barrett, who scored two excellent goals from quite acute angles and was extremely unlucky not to complete his hat-trick.

R.T.

RESULTS

		1st XI			
Jan. 21	Hull University	(h)	0-5 (l)
24	Westminster School	(a)	1-0 (w)
28	Scunthorpe Grammar School	(a)	2-3 (l)
Feb. 7	Sheffield University	(a)	2-9 (l)
11	Lincoln City School	(h)	3-1 (w)
14	Fitzwilliam House	(a)	2-4 (l)
25	Lincolnshire Constabulary	(a)	1-2 (l)
28	R.A.F. Technical College Henlow	(h)	4-2 (w)
Mar. 7	Carre's Grammar School	(h)	2-4 (l)
11	Leicester University	(a)	1-2 (l)
14	Nottingham University	(a)	0-3 (l)
18	3 Squadron (Cranwell)	(h)	3-1 (w)
21	Station Team	(h)	1-4 (l)
		2nd XI			
Jan. 24	Kesteven Training College	(h)	4-2 (w)
28	Cranwell Section XI	(h)	2-2 (d)
Feb. 7	Sheffield University	(a)	1-10 (l)
11	Lincoln City School	(h)	8-3 (w)
14	Sleaford Amateurs	(h)	4-2 (w)
25	Skegness Grammar School	(h)	4-6 (l)
Mar. 7	Carre's Grammar School	(a)	3-3 (d)
11	Leicester University	(a)	0-8 (l)
14	Nottingham University	(a)	1-5 (l)
18	Staff XI	(h)	5-0 (w)



A shot by Deakin in the Henlow match



CRANWELL

versus

HENLOW

Spring 1959

CROSS-COUNTRY

Back Row: Flt Cdt P. Pinney

Centre: Flt Cdt W. Chapman,
Flt Cdt W. L. McKee,
U.O. J. Meek

Front Row: Flt Cdt J. R. Hambleton, Snr Flt Cdt D. Lee, Snr Flt Cdt A. G. Woodford, Flt Cdt H. Hardie



HOCKEY

Back Row: Snr Flt Cdt W. R. Donaldson, Flt Cdt F. Styles, Flt Cdt I. Hutchinson, Snr Flt Cdt J. Fuller

Centre: Flt Cdt C. Sturt, Snr Flt Cdt M. Williamson, Flt Cdt A. Phillips, Flt Cdt P. Jenner

Front Row: Flt Cdt G. Crumbie, S.U.O. T. Mermagen, Flt Cdt J. Meads



SOCCER

Back Row: Flt Cdt M. Baker, Flt Cdt A. L. Terrett, Flt Cdt J. H. Laming, Flt Cdt I. Dorrett, Flt Cdt T. Pearson, Flt Cdt W. Gilpin

Front Row: Flt Cdt P. U. Deakin, Flt Cdt R. Macdowell, Snr Flt Cdt R. Cloke, Flt Cdt E. H. Hunter, U.O. R. T. Barrett

BOXING

After several weeks' hard training we fought a hard contest with our old rivals Belsize Boxing Club, and due to some excellent boxing by Peters, Johnson and Evans it resulted in a draw.

We boxed Sandhurst at home this year and the match proved very enjoyable for the spectators and both enjoyable and very gruelling for the boxers.

In the first bout Evans fought Zavahir. Zavahir had a very long left and took the first two rounds with hard left-hand punches. In the third round Evans moved inside the left and punished his opponent with hard counter-punches to the body. Evans took the last round but Zavahir won with a points lead.

The next fight was between Manville and Brunton. Brunton was a strong two-fisted fighter and Manville's hard left was not sufficient to keep him at long range. When they came to close range Brunton's punching took toll of Manville's strength and the referee stopped the fight in the second round.

Whyte fought French, the Sandhurst captain, in the next bout. At this stage the College were two fights down and all was not well. Whyte and French fought a very fast long-range contest. Whyte carried the fight to his opponent but tended to punch out of range with his right hand. The points were very even and Whyte was announced winner. Johnson won a decisive victory against Bucknall in the next match, using his height and reach to good advantage. Bucknall fought with great courage but was physically unable to get past Johnson's left. This was a clear win for Johnson and there were now two victories on either side. There had, however, been a wrong addition of points as French had in fact beaten Whyte and this was announced at this stage to make the scoring three bouts for Sandhurst.

D. H. Smith boxed Herberts of Sandhurst and in spite of his lack of reach he beat Herberts to the punch and landed hard, accurate punches with each hand. It was a cool, efficient performance, earning a victory for Smith.

Browne, as captain of the College team, fought Brodley in the next bout. Browne outclassed his opponent and his powerful punching with either hand overpowered Brodley. In the second round he floored him and Brodley was counted out. However, the referee decided that during the last flurry Browne had struck whilst Brodley was holding the ropes and Browne was disqualified.

Peters boxed in classic style against a swinging puncher when he fought Hughes of Sandhurst. Peters scored repeatedly with straight lefts to the face and took very little punishment in return. The decision was given to Hughes.

At light-heavyweight Green represented the College against Maude. Green opened the fight with a two-fisted attack to Maude's body, scoring heavily. Maude counter-attacked with hard swings to the head. Green covered up to avoid punishment and the referee stopped the fight in Maude's favour.

The last fight of the evening between Mackay and Brooke-Smith excited considerable interest. Brooke-Smith towered over Mackay in height and had a reach and weight advantage. In spite of Brooke-Smith's physical advantages Mackay took command of the fight from the first bell and the speed and power of his punching completely overwhelmed his adversary. In the second round the referee had no alternative but to stop the fight to save Brooke-Smith from serious injury.

We are very sorry to lose Flight Lieutenant Kerr who has worked very hard to produce a fit, proficient team. The team he has trained this season are all looking forward to sending him a list of wins next season.

R.F.W.

CROSS-COUNTRY

When the College reassembled for the Spring Term, 1959, there were six inches of snow on the ground. This meant that the going was heavy for the match on the first Saturday of term. However, after the first fortnight, the cold spell ended, and the home course remained fairly dry and fast for the rest of the season.

Two important races during the Spring Term were the Inter-Squadron cross-country competition, and the Henlow match. The former, which was postponed twice, eventually took place on Wednesday, 18th February. This year, unlike previous years, when the whole College has taken part, each Squadron had to put forward a team of eight, and the race was run over the full College course. It was a very warm afternoon, and was unpleasantly humid for running. However, squadron spirit made up for this, and 'C' Squadron gained a comfortable victory.

R.A.F. Technical Cadets, Henlow

The Henlow cross-country match on February 28th was included for the first time in the Henlow weekend. In the past the fixture has always been arranged privately. The race was held at 3.00 p.m. on the Saturday. After the customary photographs, the teams assembled outside the stadium, and the race was started by the Commandant of Henlow. The runners kept together for a time, but it was not long before Hardie took the lead, which he held until about half-a-mile from the finish, when the leading Henlow runner overtook him and went on to win. The finish, which was in front of the stand in the stadium, was excitingly close, and resulted in another victory for the College.

We were disappointed to have only one addition from No. 80 Entry to fill some of the obvious gaps in the team. The weakness has been the same throughout the season—insufficient support from the tail-end of the team. We cannot expect to win races with two or three good runners in the front, and then a long gap before the next man comes home. There is only one way to be a good runner, and that is to be really fit. Nothing but hard training can achieve the standard of fitness required, and there is no doubt that insufficient individual training has been done, as the results of our matches show.

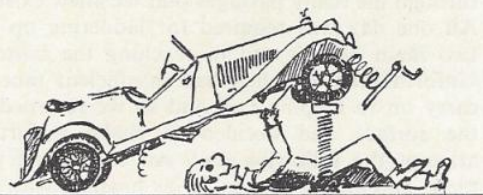
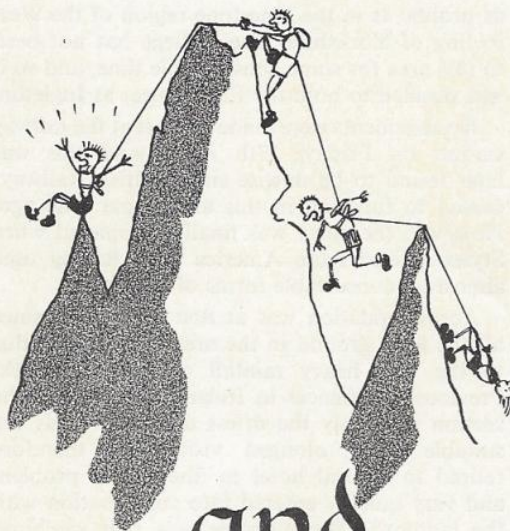
Again we thank Squadron Leader Sandford for his support at matches, and we are sorry that he has not been more richly rewarded by results. The team captain, Senior Flight Cadet Woodford, will have passed out before the autumn, and I cannot end without expressing our gratitude to him for his contribution to College cross-country running. He has been in the team since he came to the College, and has been captain throughout his third season.

R.J.H.

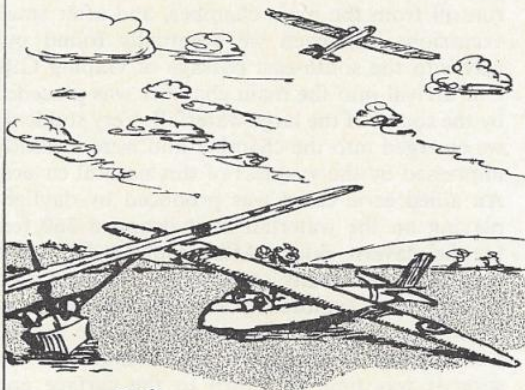
RESULTS

Jan. 10	v. North Midlands League	7th of 16
17	v. Boston A.C.	Won
24	v. Queen Mary College Invitation Race	7th of 14
31	v. Nottingham University v. Lincoln Wellington A.C.	Lost
Feb. 14	v. Eastern Counties Championships	2nd of 6
14	v. Oundle School	Lost
28	v. R.A.F. Technical College, Henlow	Won
Mar. 7	v. Milocarians	Lost
18	v. Oakham School	Won
21	v. Leicester College of Arts and Technology	Lost

College Societies



and Activities



Spring
1959



RS.

Potholing in Yorkshire

Nowhere in England are potholes and caves as prolific as in the limestone region of the West Riding of Yorkshire. The College has not been to this area for some considerable time, and so it was decided to hold the Easter meet at Ingleton.

Arrangements were made to meet at the railway station on Friday, 17th April, and this was later found to be unwise since British Railways ceased to function in this area some time ago. However, the party was finally completed when Styles arrived from America after having used almost all conceivable forms of transport.

Accommodation was at first a problem since all the level ground in the area was flooded due to the very heavy rainfall of the past week. Previous experiences in Ireland have taught the section that only the driest of stream beds are suitable for prolonged visits. We therefore retired to a local hotel to discuss the problem and very quickly entered into conversation with the landlord. The outcome was that we hired his barn for a week at very meagre cost. As most readers will appreciate this was a very satisfactory arrangement and in retrospect it is perhaps true that the landlord was a better business man than we thought at first.

The first day's potholing was not all that we expected. The cave we set out to find was eventually found to have been blocked by a rock-fall, and several hours were spent crawling and swimming up an adjacent stream which emerged from the same rock face. Our exploration was helped enormously by the use of the new immersion suits which are ex-submarine escape equipment. Completely watertight, they enabled us to swim up underground streams which would have formerly been impassable. The buoyancy they afforded was entirely sufficient to keep us afloat, even though clad additionally in denims, boots, batteries and helmets. Their use did not end in the cave for we were also able to use them to ferry ourselves across lakes and rivers instead of walking around them.

Saturday evening proved to be both very enjoyable and beneficial, as we met the Royal Air Force Topcliffe Mountain Rescue Team. Several pleasant hours were spent discussing the local area, over a liberal quantity of the usual fortification. This group's knowledge of the whereabouts and accessibility of the local caves and potholes was invaluable, and saved us much wasted effort in the days to follow.

One of the main objects of the Meet was to explore Gaping Gill, whose system possesses the largest cavern in Britain. Normal and direct entrance is made down Gaping Gill shaft which is 360 feet deep, and is by means of bosun's chair through the stream which plunges down the shaft. As this equipment is set up only infrequently we were forced to find some alternative means of descent. Another pothole in the same system was soon found—Bar Pot—which was approximately half a mile from Gaping Gill; all of our equipment was just sufficient to enable us to reach the bottom. Once having reached the bottom we intended to get to Gaping Gill through the many passages that we knew existed. All one day was required for laddering up the two main pitches and in reaching the bottom. Unfortunately we then had insufficient time to carry on to Gaping Gill and so we returned to the surface and decided to make a further attempt the following day. An early start was made and after going as far as possible with the Dormobile we walked the remaining three miles up to Bar Pot once again. Having already been into this pot we were comparatively quick in reaching its bottom which was 340 feet below ground level. Numerous passages were found to run off from the main chamber, and after small excursions into each we eventually found our way into the south-east passage of Gaping Gill. Our arrival into the main chamber was preceded by the sound of the large waterfall. Very suddenly we emerged into the chamber and were instantly impressed by the vastness of this natural cavern. An allied eerie effect was produced by daylight playing on the waterfall as it dropped 360 feet to the cavern floor. After touring the main chamber the many adjoining passages and caverns were explored, particular interest being shown in the Stalactite chamber where several well-developed specimens were found. All too soon it was time to return to the surface and tracks were made back to Bar Pot. A few hours later we emerged with all our tackle and began the downhill trek to the Dormobile.

The remainder of the potholing involved some interesting caves and potholes, one in particular being so tight that when Styles got stuck half way through a squeeze the only way of moving him was by jumping on his shoulders until he popped out of the other side rather like a cork into a bottle.

Very soon the week was over and after having

had a final sustainer with the landlord we departed to our various homes. It was agreed that an excellent time had been enjoyed by all despite the cooking and some of the more uncomfortable potholes.

W.B.M.

Easter Cruise in "Hoshi"

During the Easter leave a cruise in a 50-ton schooner, *Hoshi*, which was chartered from the Island Cruising Club, was made by nine cadets from 76 Entry.

We joined the schooner which was moored at the I.C.C., Salcombe, at about tea time on Saturday, 11th April, and after changing into a comfortable rig we met the four permanent crew. The skipper, Judy Russel, was a very competent helmswoman and her knowledge and competence soon put any of our fears to rest. The cook, Sue, was a delightful person who produced some amazingly good meals from the rather cramped galley. The remaining two, Mike and Brian, were largely responsible to the skipper for the running of the boat.

After a very good supper we went ashore to explore Salcombe and sample the local beer.

The next day, Sunday, was spent in learning where everything was, and because this was the first cruise of the season for *Hoshi* we had a shakedown sail in the harbour.

We had hoped to leave Salcombe either on Sunday evening or Monday morning for the Channel Islands, but because of the weather and rough seas at the harbour mouth we could not carry out our intentions. In fact all of Sunday and most of Monday were spent at moorings. We did manage to do some dinghy sailing on Monday afternoon, however, two Swordfish class and a thirteen-footer having been put at our disposal by the dinghy section of the I.C.C.

At about eight o'clock on Monday evening we slipped our moorings and made our way out to sea. We were bound for Brixham which was about five hours' sail away. The wind was reasonably strong, about force four, from the south-west. This made easy sailing to Brixham, for once we were clear of harbour the passage consisted of two broad reaches, first on the starboard gybe and then as we cleared Start point, on the port gybe.

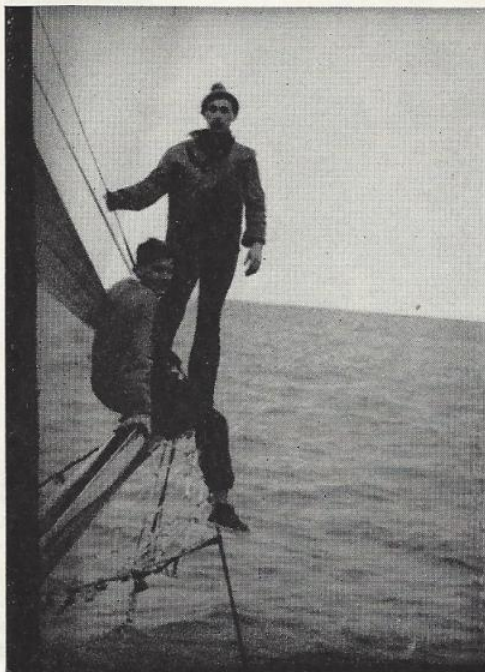
Unfortunately a rather heavy swell was experienced on this passage. The combination

of this and eating a very tasty stew below deck whilst the boat was pitching around caused one or two of us to spend most of the trip hanging over the lee rail.

At about one o'clock on Tuesday morning we arrived at Brixham, and hands were called to take in sail. After rather a long time motoring about the harbour in the dark we finally selected a good anchorage and in no time at all everyone was sleeping peacefully.

On Tuesday morning, after a good breakfast, we went ashore to the Brixham Yacht Club, where we had a few drinks and obtained the latest Met. reports. We were still hoping for favourable weather so that we could cross the Channel to Jersey. Gales were forecast for that night so we sailed in Torbay during the afternoon, and returned to Brixham in the evening. All evening, and throughout the night we were tossed about by gales and pouring rain. Three of us managed to slip ashore in the outboard dinghy, however, and returned with a suitable supply of drink. So, oblivious of the storm outside, we made ourselves comfortable and had a jolly good party.

Wednesday was a very good day indeed, most of it was spent cruising around Torbay. The bracing sea air certainly increased our appetites for when we finally tied up in Torquay everyone was drooling at the mouth for some



of the enticing food that Sue was busily preparing. The evening was spent touring Torquay, and doing the rounds of the local pubs.

We were up very early on Thursday morning for we felt that we should be making our way back to Salcombe. More gales were forecast but after breakfast we nevertheless set sail, in pouring rain, for Dartmouth.

What a trip that was! The wind steadily increased and the rain poured down, and by the time we reached Dartmouth at midday we were in a pretty bedraggled state. One member of the party decided he was not wet enough, however, and whilst trying to tie up to a buoy did a neat header into the 'oggin. All work ceased while we laughed at his plight but he was finally fished out none the worse for wear. Spirits were restored by warm clothing and a bottle of rum with our lunch, and we spent the afternoon on our bunks so that we could be really fresh for the evening's drinking.



During the course of the evening some wine was obtained from Dartmouth sailing club, ostensibly to be drunk with our lunch on Friday. The rain sobered us up, however, on the journey back to *Hoshi*, so no sooner were we on board than the corks were drawn and further revelry ensued, much to the disgust of the skipper and cook who had long retired to their bunks. This party finally

wound up in the small hours, when someone reminded us that we were sailing at five o'clock that morning.

The salty air must have been good for hangovers, for on the Friday morning all went smoothly as we set sail on the last stage of the cruise back to Salcombe. Conditions were ideal, and in no time at all we were crossing the bar back into Salcombe. (Sand bar!) Sails were stowed for the last time as we picked up our mooring and we spent the rest of the day reminiscing. We all agreed that it had been a wonderful experience and that it had been most enjoyable.

Naturally we could not leave without one more party, so we all went ashore and downed pints till closing time. The return to *Hoshi* that night provided the most amusing entertainment. Having loaded the tenders with bottles we were towed out by a motor launch, which cast us adrift slightly astern of the schooner. This proved disastrous, as in the scramble for oars one of the boats did a slow roll, and deposited its occupants in the water. We managed to save all the bottles, however, and the unfortunates who went in, and an even more hilarious party followed in true College spirit.

Saturday dawned bright and clear, and we were all a bit downcast at the thought of leaving but we finally bade farewell to Mike, Brian, Judy and Sue and made our way ashore at the end of a very happy week's cruising.

J.W.H., C.J.H.

Cliff Climbing in Cornwall

At the unearthly hour of 0600 hours four flight cadets set out in the College Work-o-bus from London. Some hours later we crossed the border and entered Cornwall. In spite of our tame navigator we nearly left Cornwall again, still travelling westwards. However, we finally arrived at the Bosignan Court House. The first problem to be overcome was the lighting of the Tilley lamps; the Oliver brothers turned their attention to these with some measure of success. Meanwhile Mallock and Merrett prepared the first of a long line of standard meals (eggs, bacon, sausage, fried bread and coffee.)

The next morning was spent in trying to buy a guide book and more provisions. The provisions were bought and the guide was very kindly lent to us by Mr Andrews, one of the pioneers of British mountaineering.

We spent the afternoon on Commando Ridge (standard very difficult) under the guidance of Peter Biven, who is joint author of the latest guide book to the Cornish Cliffs. Commando Ridge is so named because it was there that the commandos were trained, landing from rubber dinghies and scaling the ridge in full battle order. Unfortunately the first pitch was out of the question for us owing to the very heavy seas.

Here I think I should say how grateful we were to Peter and Pauline Biven for their advice and guidance in the art of climbing in Cornwall and for their knowledge of the local area.

The next day, Wednesday, was notable for its high winds, so we all went to the Chair Ladder Cliff and in very tricky conditions climbed the Mermaid's Face (very difficult). Half way up this Mallock was very surprised to find himself looking down on Shackleton. A very enjoyable afternoon was spent watching a seal and exploring new climbs. Before we had tea in Sennen three of the party insisted on trying to reach the end of a breakwater without getting wet. Needless to say they failed but at least they survived the horrors of being swept into the briny deep.

Thursday morning being fine we did a traverse of Battleship Rock, much to the rage of the seagulls and another party who wanted to come straight up and succeeded in crossing ropes with us. In the afternoon the weather was again bad and we were forced to explore more unrouted rock in a sheltered cove nearby.

Friday morning was spent in the Court House, the weather ruling out safe climbing. However, in the afternoon the weather cleared up and we completed five very difficult climbs. The evening was notable for the arrival of 13 paratroopers, 12 sailors and four marines which severely overtaxed the sleeping accommodation and cooking arrangements.

Saturday was definitely a day of rest ; as bad weather prevailed we did no climbing.

On Sunday morning, Merrett and the Oliver brothers took Commando Ridge again. In the afternoon the Olivers led Mallock and Merrett on their first 'leads' in very tricky conditions. A creditable effort indeed. Incidentally the Ledge Climb was George Mallory's last climb in this country before he was killed on Everest.

When we finally left for London on Monday the general opinion was that we had had a very enjoyable week, marred only by the weather and overcrowding on the last two days.

D.S.M.

Field Shooting and Wildfowling

It was a cold, wet and windy night, and on the marshes at Wainfleet a handful of keen wildfowlers waited eagerly for the evening flight. The wind was blowing a gale, the rain lashed their faces, and the mud oozed like thick Devonshire cream around their knees. Picture the tense atmosphere and the excitement reigning on that bleak marsh. Then in the fading light on the distant horizon a skein of geese appeared, seeming to increase in size as they drew nearer. The alerted wildfowlers crouched still lower in the thick brown morass, praying that the geese would fly over them.

Soon expressions of dismay were written over their faces; the geese passed by, away to the right. Undaunted by this disappointment, the waiting wildfowlers turned round towards the sea to greet the duck as they flew inland for the night. By this time daylight had fast faded into the shades of night, and shapes took on a new form. The wind, whistling through the long grasses, sounded like wingbeats. The imagination became easily distorted. Suddenly somebody fired a shot. Everyone else brought their guns to the ready, with numbed trigger fingers resting gently on the cold steel. Several such evenings were spent on the marshes during the Easter term, and although we shot no geese, we bagged a few duck. None of us had done any wildfowling before this season, and we hope that the lessons we have learned will help to bring dividends next year.

When not engaged in wildfowling, the section made good use of the land around Barkston Heath. An enjoyable afternoon's sport was had on the last day of the season, and a large number of pheasants were seen that afternoon. As usual, pigeon shoots were held on Thursday evenings in February throughout Lincolnshire, and much shooting was had by cadets in the woods at Cranwell and Fulbeck. But generally it was considered a poor pigeon season in this part of the country.

R.M.

Easter Gliding

Our policy this Easter was to glide at a 'flat site' as opposed to the 'ridge sites' which have been used in the past. This was to utilize the Chipmunk and also to avoid the dependence on a westerly ridge wind. Since in April we often

experience unstable and highly soarable north-easterlies, the logical site to choose for a long downwind run was in fact Cranwell. Accordingly we operated from North Airfield for the two weeks after the end of Easter term. We utilized our full fleet—Olympia, Prefect, Tutors and Sedberghs, as well as the privately owned Skylark 2 and Kite 2.

The first day was declared a non-flying day to allow members to recover from the End of Term Ball. However, some servicing work was carried out and both winch cables were checked. Camp started in earnest on Sunday, 5th April. Upper cloud seemed to indicate a lack of soaring conditions, but when Perreaux in the Olympia stayed up for two hours it was realized that conditions were quite good for local soaring! Perreaux, in this excellent flight, broke the existing Flight Cadets' Club and Cranwell Local records for triangle and out-and-return distances. He reported quite weak thermals, but they were very closely spaced and in a regular pattern. Johnson gained his 'C' certificate in an hour's flight in the Prefect, and of course our Officer in charge, Flight Lieutenant Bridson, was up for a couple of hours in his Skylark. After this good start we were beset with high winds for the next few days, and on two days had to stop because of the wind strength. Flight Lieutenant Ayers contacted in the Olympia on the Monday and disappeared rapidly downwind to Sutton Bridge, near Kings Lynn (58 km.), gaining Silver 'C' height on the way. The distance unfortunately could not be confirmed for Silver 'C' purposes as the height lost between release and landing was more than the 1 per cent maximum allowed by the F.A.I.

The strong westerlies abated somewhat by the Thursday of the first week, this day providing the best soaring conditions of the camp. Cumulus formed quite early, but the Olympia's first aero tow found only very weak lift and it was soon on the ground again. Strachan, who had declared Strubby as a goal, was launched in the private Kite 2 on the next tow when conditions were just becoming soarable. After a struggle at first, the Kite was seen to thermal into cloud, so Flight Lieutenant Bridson took his Skylark for a couple of hours' soaring before lunch. Perreaux in the Olympia then proceeded to complete the third leg of his Silver 'C' with a height gain of

4,500 feet. This is the Club's first completed Silver 'C' for a year, and Perreaux is to be congratulated on a well-earned achievement. The Olympia was then taken by Flight Lieutenant Wade on a cross-country to East Kirkby airfield, short of Silver 'C' distance, but achieving Silver 'C' height on the way. After lunch, Flight Lieutenant Bridson had a further couple of hours in his Skylark and by mid-afternoon there was great and varied speculation on the fate of the Kite. Strachan, meanwhile, had found excellent soaring conditions to the east, and having been heavily iced up over East Kirkby had been cruising around south of Strubby's circuit for the past couple of hours, being 'investigated' at intervals by interested Meteors. Eventually a



Flt Lt Bridson's Skylark 2

cautious circuit and landing was made, to the accompaniment of several green Vereys from tower and caravan. The airfield was quite active and as Strachan touched down outside the control tower two Hunters were scrambling on the main runway ahead of him . . . a definite argument against overshooting! Naturally in cases like this the utmost caution must be exercised in joining and planning the circuit so as not to interfere with other aircraft, this being successfully achieved at Strubby, the Duty Air Traffic Controller even providing tea for a rather tired sailplane pilot. This flight broke four Flight Cadet's Cranwell Local records, Duration (5 hr. 10 min.), Absolute Altitude (8,300 ft. a.m.s.l.), Gain of Height (6,150 ft.) and Goal Distance (58 km.).

The next few days passed with routine circuit

work and local soaring by Olympia, Skylark and Kite for periods of up to an hour. The following Sunday a strong south-westerly allowed Strachan to once more drift downwind to the coast, this time a three-hour flight to the North Coates missile station. After this, no further cross-countries were achieved, although the Skylark and Kite stayed up for flights of up to an hour and a half. Other significant events were the achievement of 'C' certificates by Flying Officer Lemon, Pilot Officer Woolfe and Barringer, also 'B' certificates by Flight Lieutenant Kenefick, Zotov, Bromhead and Miles.

This camp saw more hours of gliding than any previous one, despite below-average soaring conditions. The Chipmunk again proved its worth and many retrieves after cross-countries were made by it in addition to nearly all the launches on soaring flights. At some future Easter camp, given good soaring weather and aided by the Chipmunk, it should be possible to achieve an average of at least 10 hours' flying per member.

I.W.S.



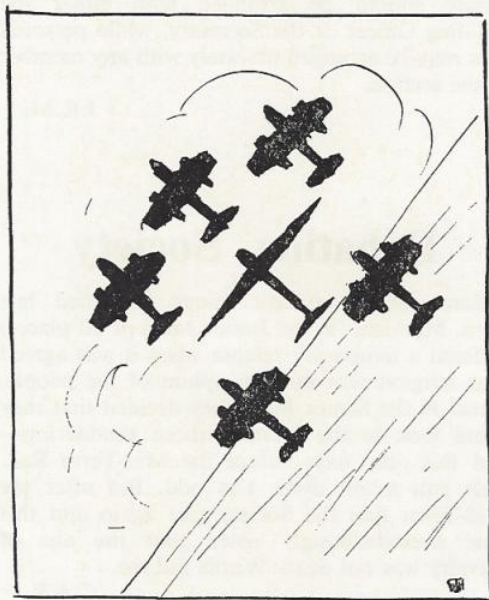
United Nations Discussion Group

Once upon a time the Carnegie Endowment for Peace financed a series of investigations entitled 'National Studies on International Organization' that were carried out in 23 nations. The people taking part were to consider the effect United Nations had had on the content and the conduct of their country's policy—in other words they were to ask 'Has U.N. changed what my government does or the way in which it does it?'

In the U.K. the Royal Institute of International Affairs (Chatham House) prepared our contribution to the series and produced a beautiful book entitled *Britain and the United Nations*.

This was condensed by the United Nations Association (a body charged with the dissemination of the U.N. ideal) into a 'Penguin'-sized book that not only summarized the Chatham House work but brought it up to date by the inclusion of chapters on Suez and Hungary.

The intention was to tap public opinion as at a given date and U.N.A. therefore sought organizations engaged in adult education that could muster groups together for argument and exchange of ideas. I became chairman of the group that was to be formed at Cranwell and at a week-end course in Buckinghamshire met



some of the others who would be in similar positions. We were a motley crew—several teachers, a university graduate now with 'Float-glass' Pilkingtons, a Workers Education Council man who 'used to do this kind of thing for the League,' two education officers (one Army, one R.A.F.), the Cambridge University secretary of U.N.A.—'biggest section in the Union,' one intent, short, grey-haired lady who knitted and said nothing and a Y.M.C.A. leader—'They're not really like this in Ipswich.'

We had some first-rate lectures and as some of you can imagine we also had our 'Number Nine' moments such as translating the gibberish round the sundial '. . . slow watch slow slow fast watch fast slow slow. . . ' etc., as an early Georgian foxtrot, and all too soon the party was over.

Back at Cranwell the discussion group was formed and produced the staggering response of 18 volunteers, but with the arrival of the new year the spring *Kulturkampf* opened and Cranwell promptly suspended five of these, including two of our most original contributors.

The survivors encompassed shades of opinion from pure Printing House Square to just this side of King Street. There were three representatives of *L'Osservatore Romano*, a sprinkling of *Express* men, a *Guardian* and a *N.S.* type and the rest were divided between the *Mail* and the deep blue *Telegraph*.

Using West Site maps, our own peculiar notions and the U.N.A. book as background reading we worked our way through the history of U.N., Korea, Suez, Disarmament and Atomic Power, British foreign policy since 1945, the arguments for and against Economic Assistance and similar unlikely topics.

A highlight of the series was a Bell debate featuring Wing Commander Powell as Devil's Advocate just before he was posted when he overwhelmingly persuaded us on every argument he could think of against U.N. He himself considered that Hegel and the natural contrariness of cadets would ensure that his triumph produced a 100 per cent conversion to the ideals of U.N.

At the end of the term a report was rendered to U.N.A. together with a completed questionnaire. Our opinions were typically perverse (at least one sounds seditious) and we have probably wrecked the national computations. To one question it was required to give the numbers answering 'Yes' and the numbers answering 'No'—Cranwell required a further space for the 'Don't Know's'; there must be a moral here.

All of us who took part in the series found it useful and entertaining; I consider it the most exciting thing I have done at Cranwell.

C.A.R.

Printing

At the beginning of last term the Printing Section had just been moved into a new room, where there was some hope it might be able to stay. The task of the section in the first half of the term was to sort out its equipment and to gain experience in setting up type and operating the presses. Two professional printers from Sleaford visited us one evening and assisted in sorting some of the mixed type. The section benefited both from their advice and from being able to watch them at work.

Several jobs were done in the last weeks of term. In addition to private jobs these included the printing of a number of cards for the Editor of *The Journal* and the programmes for the production by the Cranwell Little Theatre.

It is expected that this term the section will be able to meet any orders for work of a similar nature; indeed, the section thrives on such tasks and it is hoped that other sections of the College Society will not hesitate to avail themselves of the services offered. Contracts of an official nature should be arranged with either the Guiding Officer or the Secretary, while personal jobs may be arranged privately with any member of the section.

J.R.M.

Debating Society

Some of the oddest things happened last term. Marxism (in the Junior Mess of all places) suffered a temporary relapse when it was agreed that religion was not the opium of the people, whilst in the Senior Mess they decided that they could look to the future without shuddering—and this only days before the Mid-Term Ball. This you might think was odd. But after the Mid-Term Ball the Society met again and this time overwhelmingly voted that the age of chivalry was not dead. Words fail me.

C.A.R.



Choral and Dramatic Sections

'Cox and Box'

CAST

<i>James John Cox</i>	Brian Meek
<i>John James Box</i> David Lee
<i>Sergeant Bouncer</i>	Kevin Dearman

'Trial by Jury'

CAST

<i>The Learned Judge</i>	Kevin Dearman
<i>The Plaintiff</i>	Doreen Sharman
<i>The Defendant</i>	Paul Jenner
<i>Counsel for the Plaintiff</i> David Lee
<i>Usher</i>	Brian Meek
<i>Foreman of the Jury</i>	Graham Allen

*Produced by Brian Meek
Directed by Ian Hutchinson*

Augmented Orchestra
Conducted by
Squadron Leader W. J. Bangay, M.B.E.

The history of the joint production by the Choral and Dramatic Sections of the College Society of *Cox and Box* and *Trial by Jury* lies largely in limbo. If it could be written, it would fill a volume; but if it were written it would be no more than a farrago of conjecture, half-memories and hypotheses. It is enough that after months of abortive vacillation, filled however with the most industrious, selfless and eventually fruitful quest for talent, while round every corner in the College wavered some snatch or other more fit for the (often more melodious) barrel organ, until even the hours sounded in sympathy like

tarantara, or in contrast like the music of the gods, after one guiding officer of the Choral Section had retired from the service to be succeeded by another who hummed glee club arias at Flights, after the programme had been changed once and the production date a dozen times, the curtain rose at last—cautiously, with an audible sigh of relief, and (mysteriously) on the night advertised in the College calendar.

The programme contained 52 different names (including that of Miss Bridget d'Oyly Carte). Only a detail from it is published here. But it must be stressed that a great feature of this excellent production was the team-work it exhibited. Here was no gallimaufry of bits of wood, undercoat, power failure, flat notes, gauche movements and ghoulish make-up. Everyone was able to—

*Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order.*

Cox and Box came first; brisk and tuneful, it was an excellent introduction to the evening's fare. The stage was filled with confidence, and there were several encores. The audiencé retired, their hearts already warmed by the music, confident that if *Trial by Jury* was as good, all would be very good.

Trial by Jury was magnificent. It had pace, it had pathos; full of fine lines and liquid notes. If some explanation of the cast's success is needed, it may be found in this, that they left the words and the music to do the work; there was no posing, nothing artificial. It is impossible to mention everyone: suffice it that all sang well, and the illustration shows that all dressed superbly. (No prize is offered by the Editor to

the first reader who notices that one of the cast is smoking a cigarette.)

Two names must be singled out. Brian Meek merits warm congratulation for his powerful singing and his guiding the production through-out its stormy career.

Conducting the augmented orchestra, Squadron Leader Bangay was making one of his last appearances as College Bandmaster. It was a worthy swan song, one which we at the College are proud to have witnessed.

Some estimation of the popularity and catchiness of the event can be realized from the clamorous requests at succeeding guest nights for arias from the two operas. And on such occasions it matters not at all if half the performers are tone-deaf and if half the remainder hammer the tables and kick their neighbours rhythmically, muttering under their breath (if they can)—

'memini numeros, si verba tenerem.'

C.G.D.

Dancing Society

After a lapse of a complete year, there appeared to be strong support for the resurrection of the Dancing Society. When the difficulty of finding a suitable place had been overcome, our previous instructor from the Lincoln School of Dancing, Mr Highton, was asked, and agreed, to take classes every Friday in the Junior Mess Fancy Goods Store. It was unfortunate that Mr Highton could not come twice each week, but owing to other engagements this was not possible; this meant that only elementary classes could be held. However, a good start has been made for the beginners, a total of seven classes being held during this Spring term.

Since there are so many attending the classes, the problem of partners has been difficult, but we are extremely grateful to Mrs Duckett and other members of the Officers' Wives Committee who have been good enough to act as partners for us; we are also grateful to Mr Highton's partners for giving up their free time to help.

Starting from the very basic steps, many are now confident in the waltz, quickstep, tango, cha-cha-cha and foxtrot; it is felt that if these basic steps have been thoroughly learned, the Dancing Society classes have achieved their object, since further practice will make perfect.

Whether the classes will continue during the summer is difficult to forecast, as there are many outdoor attractions, but certainly next Christmas

term an attempt will be made for advanced as well as elementary classes, since early booking will enable us to secure Mr Highton's instruction twice each week.

Throughout the College 47 Flight Cadets have wanted to attend advanced classes, and 83 have supported elementary dancing—fortunately not all at the same time!

C.S.P.

Fine Arts Society

This long-haired fellow on *The Journal* staff greased up and said, 'How about a Fine Arts report? I can give you three inches of space and half an hour in which to write it.' 'The Philistine! I'll have his tripes,' I muttered to myself in my best Gully Jimson manner. How can one condense a momentous term's activity into those dimensions?

We had an excellent exhibition at the end of term. An honest cross-section of members' recent paintings. It was obvious that people enjoyed their painting because the work was strong and colourful and some of it quite mature. This is undoubtedly due to the influence of Mr Foster, a lecturer at Nottingham School of Art, who spends Tuesday afternoons and evenings at the College. He is a skilled teacher and a great enthusiast. Flight Lieutenant Bowman, our guiding officer, has now left, but we must thank him for his strong support and also for the fact that we have our own materials at last.

Next term we hope to have a permanent studio in the College Society building.

J.S.H.

Music Society

During the past year membership of the society has doubled and the number of records in the library has increased proportionately, so that we have approximately 140 long-playing records. Members are able to borrow up to three of these records for a period of two weeks. The fact that for two weeks last term the library closed with one record in stock, illustrates the use made of the records.

Over the same period two or three record concerts have been held in the College, including one in stereophonic sound; more have not been held since members seem to prefer to listen to records in the privacy of their own rooms and the Record Library enables them to do this. The society has also arranged visits to concerts

in Nottingham which have been well enjoyed and well supported.

These activities have been much encouraged, supported and assisted by the guiding officer, Wing Commander Clynes. His enthusiasm and energies have not gone without appreciation and I am sure that members of the society over the past two years—while he has been our guiding officer—would wish to join me in thanking Wing Commander Clynes for his guidance and hard work and in wishing him good fortune in his retirement.

A.R.P.P.

Photographic Society

A series of lectures illustrated by film-strips was begun this term. The subjects covered included an introductory talk and 'Indoor Portraiture'—we were especially grateful to Mr Foster of the Fine Arts Society for his lecture on 'Composition' in which he managed to find some marriage between his field of art and our own.

Also some instruction on elementary darkroom technique was given to our new members by the more experienced.

With the opening of the new societies' block in the near future the society will offer two darkrooms, one in each Mess, and, it is hoped, a deal of new equipment.

J.F.C.V.

Jazz Society

Examinations during the term prohibited much of the intended practice for the jazz band, but on outings to Lincoln they excelled not only in their ensemble playing but in the constructive solos of each member. The newly formed Lincoln Jazz Club gave opportunity for performance on its opening night and the band held the floor to an appreciative audience, comparing favourably with the resident band. It is hoped to make use of further such opportunities during the Summer term which would provide the non-playing members with more definite meetings than have been possible in the past.

We shall be losing the lead trumpet and half of the rhythm section in July and must therefore look for replacements from the instrumentalists we have at our disposal in the new entries to form the nucleus of a new band.

I.J.C.H.

Bridge Society

Confident and assured we took our place last term alongside those giants—the Photographic and Fine Arts. We also suffered the distinctive privilege of having an overwhelming potential membership that seldom turned up to play. Nevertheless, under the skilled guidance of Squadron Leader Harris and Flight Lieutenant Boyle, the enthusiasts made rapid but erratic progress. Undaunted by the complexities of the Acol system, which we have adopted, we struggled through sheets of typed foolscap guidesheets trying to find the most expressive bid, overbid, reply or re-bid.

Play usually takes place on Thursday or Friday evenings in No. 1 Anteroom. Card tables have been resurrected from the bowels of the College and the staff anteroom, and every three months members' mess bills bear witness to the recklessness of playing for a penny a hundred points.

Needless to say, any new members will be welcomed to the society, and at a penny a hundred beginners are good profit. The proximity of the Fancy Goods Store may be an added incentive to any prospective customers.

W.R.D.

The most famous Service names of all nationalities have passed, and will pass, through the doors of

*Cranwell Post Office
and Store*

(in the shadow of the College)

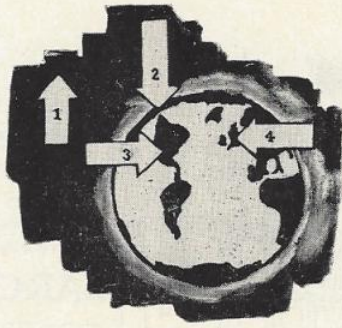
J. W. & Stanley Robinson

Established 1916 —and we continue to serve

.. SPACE



The Moon seven days old. The centre dark patch is the Sea of Tranquility; to the bottom right is the Sea of Serenity; to the top left the Sea of Fertility. The top centre patch is the Sea of Nectar. The isolated patch to the lower left is the Sea of Crisis



1. Universe

of matter are virtually all space in themselves, it is only surprising that anything exists at all. Water is 10^{31} times as dense as the Universe, but as that means little in the average imagination the following example may be more illustrative. If the density of water is equivalent to that of a swarm of bees, the density of the Universe is equivalent to three bees over the whole of Europe!

A HUMAN being has many limitations, and one of them is his complete inability to imagine anything very much smaller or larger than himself. Most animals can count up to two only, but it is estimated that a man of average intelligence can imagine numbers up to about 100,000. Above that limit he gets the impression of 'many,' in the same way as a dog would on looking at more than two objects.

When dealing with our Universe, therefore, man has a distinctly limited capacity for understanding the values involved. A 'light-year,' the distance over which a particular light element travels in one year (about 5,900,000,000,000 miles) means little to a man, but the nearest star excepting the Sun is more than four times that distance from us. Yet the bright patches that can be seen in a clear night sky are complete galaxies across which light may take 150 million years to travel.

Our own galaxy is in the form of a disc with a diameter of about 60,000 light years. Near the edge of this disc is the Solar System, centred on the Sun, which is only one of 100,000 million other stars which circulate slowly within the galaxy. Yet beyond this vast cluster it is likely there are 100,000 million other galaxies, though at present only about 1,000,000 of these are detectable.

Round the Sun circulate nine small spheres (excluding minor planets or other small bodies) which have a total mass of one-seven-hundredth that of their central star. On a small one of these spheres live 2,650 million human beings. It is no wonder that most men prefer to be big fishes in a small sea rather than to try to see themselves as part of the Universe!

The density of the Universe is astonishingly low, and when it is remembered that all atoms

Some stars are of enormous proportions. One thousand stars the size of the Sun have a volume about the same as the average Blue Star, but a Red Star is 1,000 times the size of that. Distances, too, are often hardly measurable even in such vast units as light-years. Before overwhelming ourselves with inter-galactic distances, it may be interesting to put the various units of our own solar system into their true perspective. By reducing the system to one ten thousand millionth of its actual size we arrive at a scale which has some meaning to us. The Sun would be 6 ins. in diameter. The nearest planet, Mercury would be 7 yds. away, about the size of a grain of sand. Venus would be 13 yds. away, the Earth 18, Mars 27, Jupiter 90, Saturn 170, Uranus 350, Neptune 540 and Pluto 710 yds. from that 6-in. sphere, the Sun. Pluto would also be the size of a grain of sand, a fact which explains why this cold little planet took so long to discover. On the same scale, the nearest star would be nearly 2,000 miles from the grapefruit-sized Sun. This should comfort anyone who fears an interstellar collision!

To reduce the scale very much more, so that our galaxy is brought down to the diameter of a penny, the average galaxy would be the size of a marble. The distance between the nearest galaxy to us and our own would still be 9 ft., which again shows how remote the chance of an inter-galactic collision must be. Nevertheless, amongst the 100,000 million estimated to exist, collisions have occurred, and one, in the constellation of Cygnus, proves to be a very powerful source of radio waves. Even so, the chance of two stars coming into actual physical contact is small.

Observations have shown that the Universe is expanding. Every galaxy appears to be moving away from its neighbour at a speed directly

proportional to the distance between them. At present the largest visual telescope in the world, the 200 in. Hale reflector at Mount Palomar, is reaching out to galaxies receding from us at nearly half the speed of light. At twice this distance it is reasonable to suppose that there are galaxies receding from us at exactly the speed of light. Farther out still must be galaxies which have a relative speed with us which is faster than light. Clearly we shall never be able to detect either type as no radiation travels faster than this.

It would seem that the exploration of the Universe is a matter for urgency, as within 10,000 million years all the galaxies we can now see will have sped out beyond this limit, though stars within our own galaxy will still, of course, be with us. This is only one-fifth of the lifetime of our own Sun. To go backwards in time it would be logical to assume that many galaxies once observable would have crowded our visible Universe much more densely than it is today, but to look forward again it is surprising that there should be so many still with us now. If the Earth had been born only 10,000 million years

later than it was, would we now look out into darkness beyond our own insignificant galaxy?

This seems unlikely, and leads to a theory of 'continuous creation' in which galaxies are constantly condensing from interstellar gas, which is itself being created out of space.

The problems of interplanetary travel are complex, but they pale into insignificance beside those of interstellar journeying. At present rocket speeds (25,000 m.p.h.) a trip to Pluto would take over 15 years each way, always assuming anyone wished to go there. Even at the speed of light, interstellar travel would be impracticable, let alone inter-galactic ventures.

One solution is to find a way to 'freeze' life so that spacemen, in a refrigerated state, could exist for years without food, oxygen or water while their rocket made its way through space. This is virtually travelling through time, but unless man can find his way into a different time sphere he is forever doomed to stay within his own little solar system, which itself may be just a few particles of a vast puff of smoke which is slowly dispersing in some order of things based on a totally different scale. M.J.F.S.

2. U.S.S.R.

A LECTURER at the Moscow Aviation Institute, Karl Gilzin, has written a book which provides for the general reader the Soviet account of the problems of space exploration. Translated from the Russian it was published in this country, late in February 1959, under the title *Sputniks and After*. The basic theme is a history of space travel, from the first bold dreams by one Konstantin Eduardovitch Tsiolkovsky right through aeroplanes, reaction engines and rockets to the Sputniks and Mehta and then yet further dreams into the future. Tsiolkovsky, it would appear, was quite a man; he invented or forecast nearly every major facet of rocketry, satellitery and cosmic travel. However, despite this the book makes fascinating reading. In style it is an unusual mixture of childlike fantasy and cold scientific facts. Every so often there is a diversion into, say, the composition of the upper layers of the atmosphere, the physiological problems of high accelerations for manned rocket launches or the practical difficulties of astronomical navigation. 'It is sufficient to point out that the exact formula which astronomers use to calculate in advance the motion of the Moon in the firmament

covers approximately 200 pages. Nor is this surprising, for such a formula must take into account 150 major and about 500 minor perturbations of varying character . . . generally speaking, after shooting off from the Earth, it is possible to hit any set point in space. But—try and hit it!

Apropos the Sputniks, Mr Gilzin points out: 'It should be said here that the launching of the Sputniks became possible only after we in our country had built the intercontinental ballistic rocket which we referred to in the last chapter as the peak of modern rocket development. This was the rocket used to launch the Sputnik. It was the absence of such a rocket in the United States which prevented the launching of a satellite in any degree comparable with the Soviet Sputniks.' He is, alas, too right. The third Sputnik weighed 1,327 kilogrammes, and although a U.S. Atlas weighing three times as much was put into orbit, this was eight months later. It is interesting to find that there is very little reference to the excellent guidance system of these rockets, the information probably being withheld for military or security reasons.

As might be expected, multi-stage rockets, their advantages and mathematics are discussed at some length. One ambitious project uses a five-stage rocket of which the second stage uses an atomic drive (the reactor heats a light-weight fuel). This eliminates radiation hazard to the ground crew at blast off, and also provides adequate shielding for the crew, who have three stages between them and the reactor. The atomic reactor is parachuted back to earth, when it has fired, and retrieved for further use. The complex mathematics of multi-stage rockets are simplified and the answers are presented in an easily understood form.

The first step in any expedition into space is the artificial satellite space station. Various configurations are possible, and naturally nobody yet knows the right answer. In many ways the simplest and most practical form is the sphere, either singly or in pairs connected to each other by a hawser and rotating about a common centre. There is even a scheme by an American for a cylindrical satellite with a volume of some 85,000,000 cubic metres. There are problems such as the psychological effect of zero gravity. The answer is obviously to spin the satellite about its axis. This, however, would complicate construction and make accurate astronomical observations from the station difficult. Not only this, but a spanner dropped inside a rotating

satellite would not fall direct to the floor; it would suddenly 'acquire' a sideways velocity. With a little imagination one can see how this phenomenon in certain situations could be embarrassing!

On the subject of power in the satellite, he says: 'It is most probable that big satellites will have solar thermo-power installations similar to those which are more and more being used on Earth at present, as, for instance in the southern regions of our country. In such installations the sun's rays are collected by a reflector and focused on to a boiler. Water or quicksilver is thus boiled and used to drive a turbine and hence a generator.' For the smaller stations solar power may be used through thermo couples or atomic power units.

Once the Moon is reached it will be used as a space station and cosmic laboratory. It will make a perfect observatory and due to its lack of atmosphere will be a good place for research into the various types of radiation in space. Also, its lack of atmosphere will enable great weights of stores to be catapulted into orbit; this would be feasible with the Moon's low escape velocity. 'We can visualize the catapult as follows: a powerful magnetic field is set up between the flat polar shoes of the (very large) electromagnets. The flat armature of the catapult can move about in this field. . . . the ship that is taking off is connected with the armature. Such catapults are already being used today to launch aircraft. According to one project for such a catapult it would be possible to send freight tankers containing one ton of fuel off from the Moon every few hours. This fuel would then be stored on lunar satellites and be used later to refuel space ships.'

If this book is to be taken as a guide, the Soviet aims in space would appear to be much the same as those of the Western nations. That is they want scientific data about radiation, about our atmosphere, our own weather, and about the stars. Added to this they want ultimately to explore the solar system, or at least the nearer part of it. Of course, there is the prestige of space travel, and let us not forget it has a military significance. However, Karl Gilzin we presume is only a simple scientist so he may be forgiven for not mentioning these sides of the subject, and concentrating solely on the much more fascinating aspects.



Sputnik III

P.D.O.

3. U. S. A.

SPACE WEAPONS describes itself as 'a handbook of military astronautics.' It contains a series of articles by important figures in the American space programme covering all aspects from the introduction of ballistic missiles into S.A.C. to the complex problems of space medicine.

In the introduction it is explained that 'not just anyone will travel in space. . . . Spacemen will have to be highly motivated and scientifically orientated personnel, emotionally well balanced and in excellent physical condition.' This is not surprising when we find later that 'at blast off from earth he must endure the strain of violent launch acceleration that for several minutes will multiply his weight nearly ten times. A few moments later he will enter the strange world of weightlessness. He must continue to breathe in a cabin surrounded by a void that could boil his blood in seconds. He must be able to work in a heavily automated environment for extended periods with the company of only a few shipmates under equal stresses.'

'At a time when the transition from piston-engined to jet aircraft is still incomplete, when guided missiles are taking over the pilot's cockpit for many missions, the air force man must simultaneously project himself beyond even these startling developments into space itself. For in space, the air force flyer once again comes into his own. Sometimes bewildered and often embittered by the black boxes that appeared to threaten technological unemployment, men who love to fly have new and exciting vistas open to them.

'The sweep of technology is putting the pilot back into aircraft—or spacecraft, if you will—even before the missiles have edged him out of the flight plan. Missiles are emerging not as the ultimate weapons, but only as the necessary interlude between manned flight in the earth's atmosphere and manned flight in the vast reaches of the solar system and beyond.'

But is it worth it, do I hear you cry? How is the vast expense of these probes into space justified? General Thomas D. White, Chief of Staff of the United States Air Force, says:

'The United States must win and maintain the capability to control space in order to assure the progress and pre-eminence of the free nations. If liberty and freedom are to remain in the world, the United States and its allies must

be in a position to control space. We cannot permit the dominance of space by those who have repeatedly stated they intend to crush the free world.

'Air Force progress towards space has been evolutionary—the natural development and extension of speed, altitude and sustained flight. I want to stress that mechanical gadgets will not control space. Man will. Man will develop the equipment, send it off, and bring it back. On many occasions, and probably more than we envisage now, man will fly the equipment. The point here is that man's judgement and skills will always be needed to achieve the greatest effectiveness.

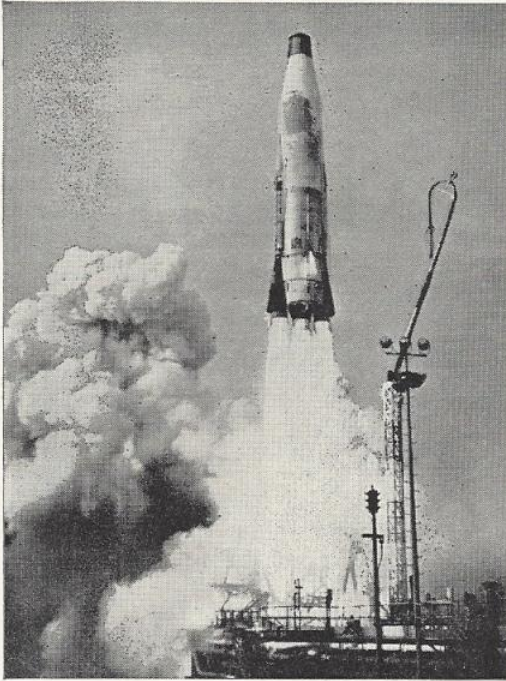
'To assure that the United States gains and maintains the capability to control space should be the goal of all Americans.'

To quote the editors of *Air Force Magazine*, who compiled this book:

'Some definite ideas have been proposed about the strategic value of lunar bases. Some are convinced that control of the moon can mean control of the earth, and that, therefore, this nation's force should establish themselves on the moon as soon as possible.

'In the words of Brigadier General Homer A. Bonshey, U.S.A.F. Director of Advanced Technology, the moon is an almost perfect example of what a military man means by "high ground." From the moon, excellent reconnaissance is possible, with amazing close-up views of earth through the airless "atmosphere" of the lunar surface. The moon's high ground, General Bonshey suggests, would serve as a launching point towards earth for retaliatory missiles with only about 20 per cent of the thrust needed on earth. These missiles could—thanks to the lack of resistant atmosphere, be launched from shafts sunk into the moon's surface, perhaps catapulted with no internal propellant. Once a missile were launched earthward, the moon-based crew could track and guide it. The reverse process from earth would be far more difficult, because of atmospheric resistance, weather, and numerous other factors.'

A satellite launched from earth, however, would be less suitable as a bomb carrier. 'A satellite cannot simply drop a bomb. An object released from a satellite doesn't fall. So there is no special advantage in being over the target.'



SM-65A ATLAS

Surface-to-surface Intercontinental Missile under development for the U.S. Air Force. Its motors are a 135,000 lb. thrust Rocketdyne liquid-propellant plus two 100,000 lb. thrust Rocketdyne liquid-propellant boosters, giving the Atlas a range of over 5,000 miles. The Atlas, sometimes called the ultimate weapon, is designed to carry an H-bomb warhead

Its use for reconnaissance is feasible with the disadvantage that its altitude of 200 miles or more necessitates the use of a complex—and heavy—telescopic camera.

William Leavitt, associate editor of *Air Force Magazine*, suggests in time to come the capability of sending not only missiles, but men even out of the solar system in search of habitable planets in other systems. He says that knowledge of space 'may some day, in the aeons of the future, become tremendously important to mankind. For many experts believe our sun has a predictable life cycle that will end aeons hence. Man will need a new home then.'

The space race began only about thirteen years ago, when the German V.1's and V.2's had been assessed and liquid rocket development programmes were inaugurated. Other milestones in the U.S.A.F. missile programme are listed below:

1947 A.F. study reported feasibility of earth satellites.

- 1948 Three MX-774 test vehicles fired testing guidance, gimbaling of engines and structure.
- 1950 Code name Atlas assigned to project MX-774.
- 1952 Recommended that Atlas project lead to I.C.B.M. with atomic warhead.
- 1954 I.C.B.M. programme accelerated.
- 1955 Titan project authorized (patternalise I.C.B.M.).
Thor I.R.B.M. added to programme.
- 1956 A.F. agreed to let Army use its engines in Jupiter.
S.A.C. responsible for overseas deployment of missile wings.
- 1957 First Thor launch attempt unsuccessful.
Second Thor erroneously destroyed.
Third Thor unsuccessful.
First Atlas failed at 10,000 feet.
Fourth Thor exploded after 96 seconds.
Fifth Thor successful—1,300 nautical miles.
Second Atlas—engine shut down prematurely.
Sixth Thor destroyed on stand.
Seventh Thor successful (over 1,000 miles).
Eighth Thor successful (over 2,300 miles).
Ninth Thor, burning time as planned, off track.
Third Atlas successful.
Tenth Thor completely successful.
- 1958 Limited range Atlas test successful.
Eleventh Thor destroyed by range safety officer.
Limited range Atlas test successful.
Limited range Atlas test successful.
Thor squadrons to be supplied to R.A.F.
Decision to launch 'in anger' to be a joint one.
Partly successful Atlas test.
Thor fell back on stand—destroyed.
Partly successful Thor—Able test.
Completely successful Atlas (limited range).
Successful Thor flight with operational launcher.
Successful Thor flight with operational nose cone.
First R.A.F. trainees graduated.
First fully powered Atlas tested to 2,500 miles.

The apparently high proportion of unsuccessful launch attempts is not to be wondered at. The whole system, comprising thousands of delicate components, must be fully automatic from the

time of firing. There is no test pilot to take corrective action; failure of one component will probably mean the missile must be destroyed.

Problems of structure and guidance are being solved and the designers are thinking ahead to the problems associated with manned space flight. There are three systems which must be considered: the air cycle, the water cycle and the waste cycle. These may be maintained by the use of nourished algae, minute vegetable life kept in specially built tanks through which run fluorescent light tubes to provide the equivalent of sunlight. The algae would absorb the crew's exhaled carbon dioxide and wastes and in turn would produce oxygen and food. Water may be obtained simply by redistillation of waste fluids, and the residue fed to the algae.

'What manner of man will operate tomorrow's spaceships? And what kind of training will he need to prepare him for the most hazardous adventure of all time?'

William Leavitt says: 'As this book went to press, on the dry and sunbaked terrain of Edwards A.F.B. on Southern California's Mojave Desert, a precisely chosen group of Air Force pioneers was scheduled to enter the world's first pre-spaceflight training program. Selected for their superior mental and physical attributes,

their knowledge of flight sciences, and for motivations so strong that their interest in spaceflight—in the words of one Air Force doctor—is "something they can taste," these airmen are expected to undergo the closest simulations of spaceflight feasible on this earth.

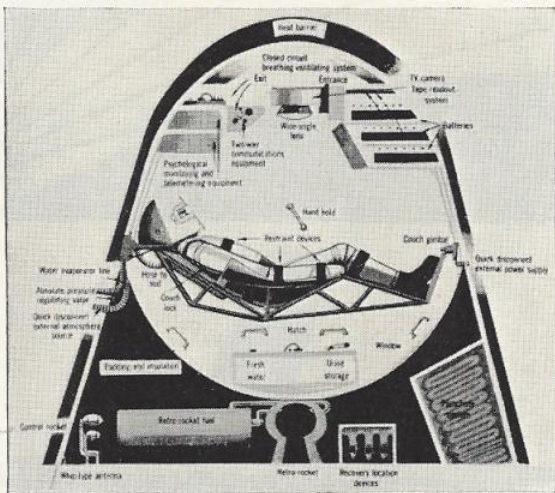
'The men of the Edwards test unit will be subjected to constant stress simulations and indoctrinations over a period of approximately two years. Meanwhile, more immediate answers to man's ability to function and "pay his way" in judgement will be gained in vehicles like the North American X-15 and such successor projects as the Dyna-Soar boost-glide bomber.

'No human being will be sent into an orbital vehicle before an unoccupied vehicle has been launched, has orbited, re-entered and been recovered, and before the same process has been repeated with a primate passenger to observe the reactions of an animal similar to human beings.'

The most important factors to be taken into account when selecting a future spaceman are psychological.

'If any quality is supremely required, it is motivation—the "want-to" factor. Their desire for the training must be associated with an intense scientific curiosity and must not be of a primarily romantic nature, or, even more risky, a neurotic desire for withdrawal from the earthly problems of home, family, finances and the like. Indeed, the spaceman will have to retain a strong and realistic connection with the home planet, since to a great degree it will be a frame of reference that will, above all else, be meaningful to him. He will have to be a person fully and continuously knowledgeable of the purposeful quality of his mission, who, though he has left earth physically, knows earth as the origin and final destination of his trip once the mission has been performed. Intensive research will have to continue in such speculative areas as "the anatomy of boredom," the loss of the usual sensory stimuli, that earthbound people enjoy every day, the interpersonal relationships of crew members on extended missions, the possible deterioration of crew alertness and the fascinating question of whether a man could endure the destruction of what doctors call the "self-image."

'The psychological problems of spaceflight are simply the extremes of stresses we all experience every day. For example, anyone who has ever spent a few days bedded down with a cold in an empty house has had to cope with the loss of his usual frames of



'PAYLOAD' OF MANNED ORBITAL VEHICLE

A possible orbital vehicle, as envisaged in this artist's conception, would consist of a nose cone with a man in it. Spaceman would lie semi-prone on a padded couch, in protective gear and breathing a closed-circuit atmosphere. During the flight, the spaceman's physiological reactions would be telemetered to observers on the ground. Retro-rocket and parachute systems would enable the vehicle to re-enter the earth's atmosphere and land safely

reference—the people he normally sees, the regularity of his meals, the sounds of conversation. The greater his psychological strength the easier the experience. And as long as he knows and continues to know and feel that he will resume his everyday functions and relationships, his daydreams will not take over completely.

‘The nucleus of successful candidates to emerge at the end of the two years of training will have eaten, slept, and breathed spaceflight and will be ready for assignation. Their number—anyone’s guess. Their quality—the absolute best. Air Force experience is ideal for such training. For who but today’s jet pilots have

shown the aptitude, motivations and tolerances that will be called for in the space age?’

‘Not long ago Major General Dan C. Ogle, Surgeon General of the Air Force, wrote down his concept of the ideal spaceman. It is accurate and eloquent. He spoke of the U.S.A.F. spaceman as “all that the best aviator is today as well as constitutionally and emotionally suited to the physical and emotional traumatic influences of sealed cabins, speeding heaven knows where through the awful silence of a timeless and darkened sky.

‘Airmen being what they are, there should be no shortage of volunteers.’

J.R.M.

4. United Kingdom

SIR HAROLD SPENCER JONES, F.R.S. (Astronomer Royal 1933–1955), wrote the major article for the *Sunday Times* of 5th April in which he summarized the arguments for Britain to enter the Space-race.



DOUGLAS SM-75 THOR

Surface-to-surface Intermediate Range Ballistic Missile in service with the U.S. Air Force and the Royal Air Force. Its motor is a 160,000 lb. thrust Rocketdyne S-3 liquid-propellant, giving the Thor a range of between 1,500 and 2,000 miles. The Thor is designed to carry an H-bomb warhead

It was a difficult article to write because the arguments Sir Harold had to propose were all hypothetical. Against him were ranged the undeniable facts that despite the last lingerings of nostalgia it is known that Britain is no longer the financial giant she was and that these are fantastically expensive ventures.

To take just one example, a single test-bed firing of the latest wonder, the 1.5 million lb. thrust Rocketdyne engine, costs some several million dollars. Yet any practicable deep-space probe will require a cluster of at least three of these monsters—and no British government will ever be able to convince the electorate that this country can afford that kind of joy-ride. With so many more practicable problems to be solved on this planet what case can be presented to convince taxpayers that so much of the national revenue ought to be thrown at the moon?

And this was the case Sir Harold produced. He said that Britain has an incomparable record of scientific achievement and that our heritage demanded this effort of us. He argued that our prestige would forbid us to beg for lifts by asking other nations to let us use their vehicles for our instruments.

And he said that history showed time and time again that economic and cultural strength follows purely scientific investigations carried out in abstract—that is, with no thought of direct practical development.

Now these are valuable observations, but little more. A counter-argument would point out that a

fraction of this money could produce supersonic airliners or atomic-engined ships or dig Moholes or perhaps build hospitals, roads, schools or banish cancer.

But these ideas change from mere academic visions into powerful conclusive arguments when the final case is put—that unless Britain enters this new field of human endeavour, and enters it soon, the genius of her young scientists, the very essence of her hope for survival, will be drained away to those countries that are testing, probing and finally exploring space.

And the sum total of these suggestions clinched the case. To get into the running will be expensive, but we cannot afford to keep out. On Tuesday, 12th May, Her Majesty's Government announced that Britain would participate in this fabulous race.

Needless to say this problem had engaged the Cabinet for many months whilst experts and committees argued and wrote and delivered reports. It is perhaps a sign of the new look in Britain's economy that the most frequent visitor to No. 10 was not from the Defence Ministry or Ministry of Supply but the Ministry of Pensions.

The final meetings took hours and at last it was decided that Britain's contribution could be effective and still not ruin the Exchequer. The cost would not run into millions just 'hundreds of thousands'—which is only a fraction of the price we recently paid for our cheap-day return excursion to Suez—and at least six satellites could be launched on this budget.

The instruments would be entirely made-in-Britain and the vehicle would be a three-stage device. First, Blue Streak, powered by a Rocketdyne-inspired design, next, Black Knight, and finally a very much smaller solid-fuel booster. Research will be carried out primarily to discover more about the radiation forces in space, but special emphasis will be laid on astronomy, geophysics and radio-communications.

On the same day the Government sent Professor H. S. W. Massey to the United States to discuss rockets. Now Britain is the only member of the N.A.T.O. fraternity to grant the United States room for rocket sites on its territory. There is a hidden benefit here, for the rockets that have been installed (liquid-fuelled Thors) are the basic component of every successful

American space shot to date. It is possible that once the military usefulness of Thor has passed it will be made available for civil use (without the warhead of course; but what you have never had you will never miss) and this relatively unsophisticated missile could be to space research what the Dakota is to aviation.

When questioned, the Prime Minister said that Britain would not attempt a shot into deep-space or even a strike for the moon but would concentrate on the immediate areas about our own Earth and that she would willingly consider joining forces in these experiments not only with the Commonwealth but the United States and even the Soviet Union.

At this the scientific editors of the bulky newspapers pointed out that COSPAR, the international commission on space research set up under United Nations, had already offered to launch anyone's satellite of instruments provided it weighed no more than 150–200 lb. and they flooded their pages with suggestions for British research.

By far the most captivating idea is Orbit 22,000. A satellite sent off from the Equator to orbit 22,000 miles out in the same direction as the Earth rotates will always remain fixed above the same spot—for the speed it requires to stay in orbit at that height will ensure that it always paces round alongside the Earth as it turns. And a vehicle based on Blue Streak could hurl a quarter-ton satellite into such an orbit.

C.A.R.

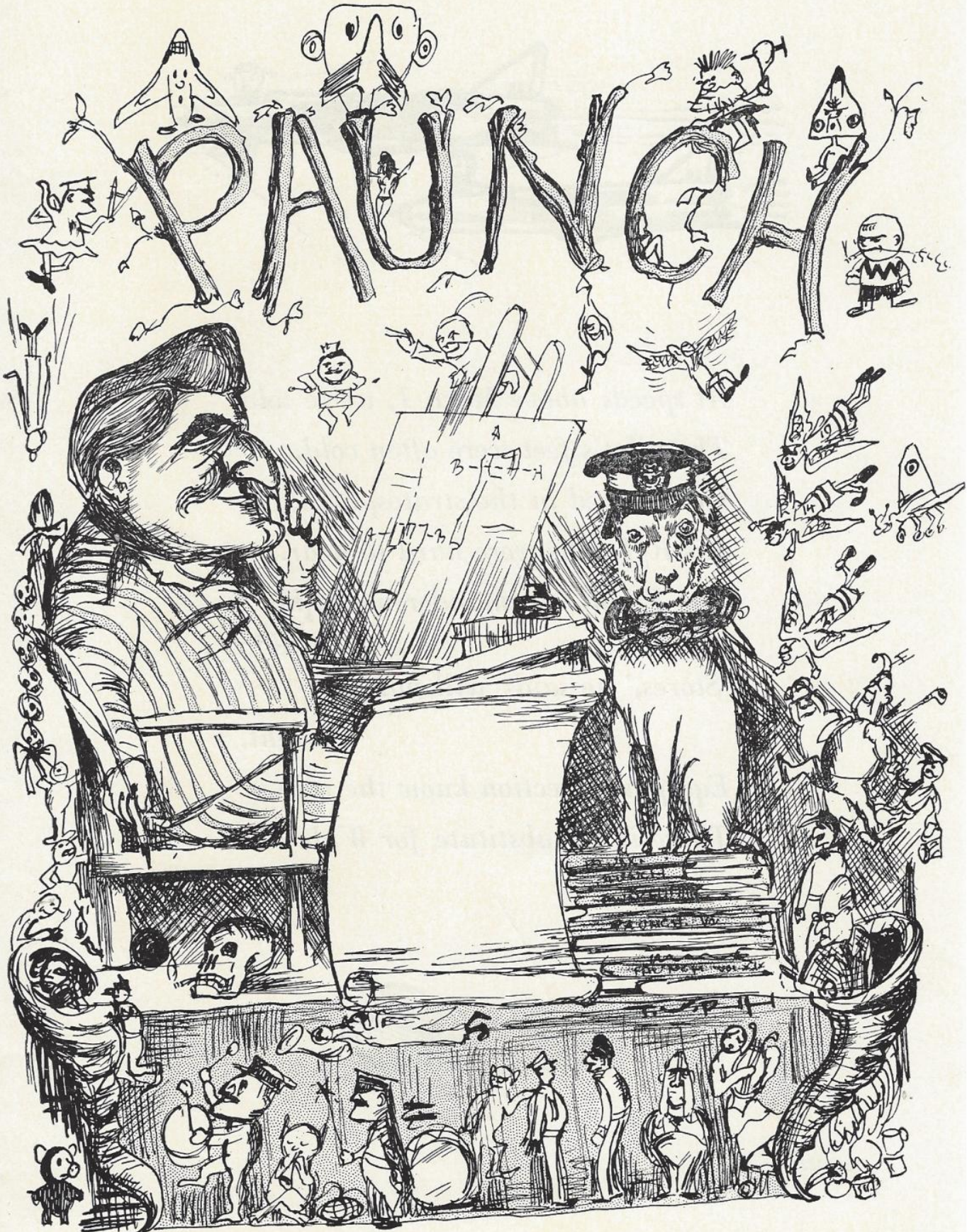
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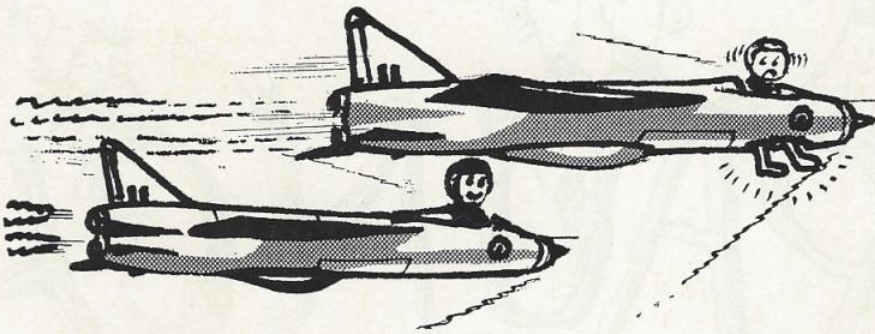
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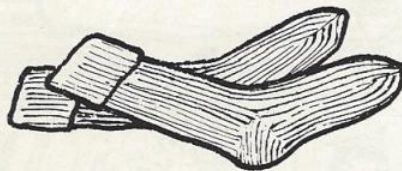
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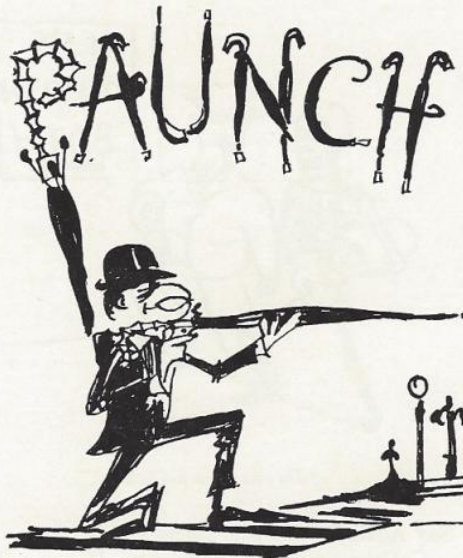




*At speeds above Mach 1, we're told,
The pilot's feet were often cold.
He shivered in the stratosphere,
His R/T calls were hard to hear.
The Flight Commander heard his
plight,
'Stores,' he said, 'will put him
right.'*

*Equipment section know the rule—
There is no substitute for Wule*





Charivaria

THE CRANWELL COMMENT

Proof?

Late-night revellers returning to Cranwell on a badly made road failed to take a bend, wrote-off the car, snapped a telegraph pole in half and sent the only teetotaler in the party to hospital with a broken collar-bone.

Kismet Hardy.

Own Petards Dept.

At the last Mid-term Ball the lads organized a 'Grimmie' competition, the prize-money going to the man partnering the grimmest wall-flower. The smile got twisted when the lads got to the U.S.A.F. Academy and found themselves the material for a 'Ghoul Pool' that the girls were running.



WOT NOTIM

The Incredible Shrinking Man

In keeping with the reduced scale of the Air Force of tomorrow, future policy will be to decrease the average stature of personnel. This will reduce the proportion of Defence Estimates allocated to food, clothing and accommodation.

The Old Adam

Able and Baker, two female monkeys, came back to earth by nose-cone and were given an apple each.

Here we go again.

New

Drinka Pinta Milka Day.

Contains Strontium 90.

Your Committee has decided

Complaints have been received from many quarters that the bread in the Senior Mess is being served up in its hygienic waxed-paper wrappers. Frankly, we hadn't noticed.

Redundancy?

Economists tell us that a certain level of unemployment is an incentive towards better efforts. Is this anywhere better illustrated than in 76 Entry?

That Man Again

A correspondent writes to ask why we have laid off the campaign against that Flight Sergeant. That's easy; we like the Flight Sergeant

WE LIKE THE FLIGHT SERGEANT

WE LIKE THE FLIGHT SERGEANT

We like the Flight Sergeant

We like the Flight Sergeant

Perennial Problem

Thirty days hath September
April, June and November,
All the rest have thirty-one,
Excepting February,
Which has twenty-eight.
IS THIS FAIR!

Red Gauntlet

Reports of earth tremors at Bemersyde, resting place of Sir Walter Scott, bear absolutely no relation, so we are told, to the fact that the Senior English Tutor took a holiday in the Shetlands at Easter.

Plus ca Change

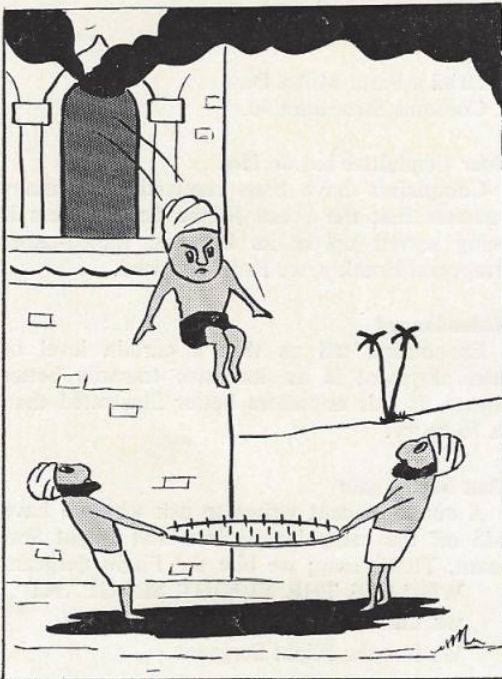
In a *Journal* of 1924 'Bivalve' said, 'It is hoped that in future the cheese in the Cranwell Messes will be treated with the respect due to its age.' How very . . . very . . . true.

Beware the Ides of May

Skegness landladies are refusing to take bookings from Cranwell over Bank Holidays. Once bitten ?

Dig This

As we go to press we note with interest that until the venue was changed the Jazz Society planned to hold a Beach Party at Gibraltar Point, the bird sanctuary. Cats among the pigeons?



"Do you come here often?"

Say Again?

College Standing Order No. 15 . . . 'Flight Cadets are not to march singly in small groups. . . .'

All that Glitters . . .

A report in the *Financial Times* indicates that the U.S.A. has lost to foreign countries \$400 million worth of gold during the past five months from Fort Knox. This is in no way connected with a recent visit.

Why are we Waiting?

Somebody ought to tell that man who comes out on parade early that the birds are sharpening their beaks.

Dreadnought

Cadets are taking the College Workabus canoeing this summer.

Coming Shortly

Seven Stages of Digitalis: No. 2—'My First Dinner Night.'

T.T.T.T.—The Long Awaited Solution.

How to Sublimate Your Promotion-phobia: No. 5—'Church.'

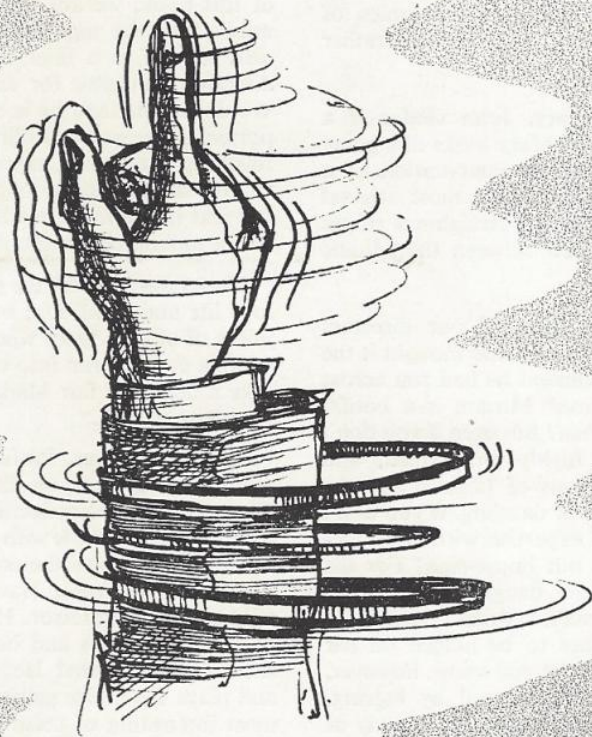
Illustrations

Winner of the 1959 Moustache Cup.

Grad. Ball Decorations: A polythene bag over the College Tower.

Contributors will include

P. Twedeater, 'Haricolus,' R. T. Choke.



HULA - HOOP

HALF-BAKED IN THEIR JACKETS

WHO on earth produces 'blurbs'—the bits of writing that publishers put on their book-jackets? A few firms get the authors themselves to do them; these blurbs are distinguishable by their superior cunning. Most firms use highly unskilled labour. Sometimes they look as though they have been produced by ad-men. The depths attained by this queer branch of literature are incredible. I have met blurbs of historical novels that got the period two centuries wrong, and I have found a gentle marital comedy described as a tough 'whodunit.' The following examples of some of the main types of blurb are rather idealized.

The Unenticing Summary. John Gedge is a barrister. His marriage to Mary looks like going on the rocks. However, the intervention of a neighbour, Mark Prag, one of the most original characters in modern fiction, straightens things out. The action is divided between the Middle Temple and Sydenham.

The Coy Copywriter. One of our directors thought it was awful tripe and one thought it the most intelligent entertainment he had run across in years. *Que-pensez-vous?* Miriam is a botifa, don't you feel? *As for Paul!* But even if you don't approve you will be highly entertained, and you'll find the descriptions of Isfahan and the Countess Lodge at Ludlow dazzling. If you don't applaud Moyra Link's expertise with sophisticated dialogue we'll eat our house-sign! For the record: Moyra Link, the daughter of a well-known soldier gourmet, writes under a pseudonym as she wishes to be judged on her merits. We think we can let you know, however, that she describes herself as 'sent' by lugeing, adores corgis and is now working on a study of vorticism.

The Befogging. Mac, the cameraman, and Twist toss for drinks in a mythical Balkan state and an explosion in the works leaves Twist to explain democracy to Olga and her friend Helena. The films Mac took in the Farmers' Party Congress cause confusion and the story ends with an unexpected revelation about the abbot. The author also writes geographical books under another name.

The Strongminded. Distasteful as we find much of this book, we are publishing it to make the public face the unpleasant facts. 'Sergei,' as he calls himself, is a thief, a traitor, a bully, and directly responsible for untold human suffering. We do not pretend he is exculpable; but he is a portent. We would willingly have omitted the revolting details in Chapter 7 but we feel bound to give the public the opportunity of seeing the full text in the form in which it has already sold half a million copies abroad.

The Matey. Not for the prim, this saga of Red's love life and drink life; but it will stimulate the juices of all you types who know just how much trouble one can run into on a 36-hour pass. And take a dekho at fair Madeleine, the girl with the transparent bath.

The Incompetent. Professor Hawes has spent many a long year on the study of Sassanian History, and this collection of essays has been long awaited. It deals with a wide range of topics, all connected, nevertheless, with the Professor's 'speciality.' Professor Hawes lives in Edinburgh where he is a professor. His wife is a keen cook of Scots delicacies and he has two children, or should it be bairns? He drives an antique car and plays the native game of 'gowff.' One of the most interesting of these essays is 'The Date of the First Use of the name Sassan.'

THE NEW
PROMOTIONS
ARE OUT
TODAY



SOME PEOPLE
WILL NEVER
BE PROMOTED



THEY DON'T
KNOW HOW TO
GET ON WITH
PEOPLE



I DRINK
WISELY

WHO GOES THERE?

I READ the other day that what the Old Etonian tie does for you in Moscow, the London School of Economics' tie will do in Africa, and this phenomenon has deep psychological roots.

Everyone finds life simpler if they can identify things. George Bernard Shaw does it in all his plays; if the character is not revealed in the name then people go about slapping labels on each other, 'I am a realist; you are a dreamer.'

And it really doesn't much matter how accurate your description is, if you can pop the enigma into a suitable mental pocket that will be enough. The news magazine *Time* takes this to delightful extremes, and when English cannot supply a suitable adjective Timen dream up their own omnibus words when they are at a Luce-end and throw up a pyramid of prose . . . 'Balding, thrice-wed, cinemogul Sol ('Chubby-cheeks') Hogwasch hit stateside squiring sexcessful, loamy, good-friend . . . etc.—that would take paragraphs to decipher.

And, of course, we play this game with ourselves. In Budapest in 1956 we saw 'freedom fighters,' others saw 'saboteurs'—but after a while Hereward the Wake, William Tell, Robin Hood, Grivas and, who knows, Jomo ('Burning Spear') Kenyatta will pop up with a hearty marching-beat accompaniment on Children's Television somewhere and our opinion today will be as objective as theirs will be then—based on an easy, one-word label 'terrorist,' 'agitator,' 'imperialist,' 'Nasserite,' 'hero,' etc.

And this failing is exploited in a hundred ways. In dress a certain set of clothes carries a nice, easy, clean-cut picture ('business-man,' 'sportsman,' 'Guardee') that everyone understands at a

glance. This is far more immediate than hanging sandwich-boards round one's neck saying 'Ex-serviceman, wife and three children' or 'Anti-vivisectionist' and for that reason it is umpteen times more effective. Hence the triumphs of the actor, the cartoonist and the confidence trickster who appreciate that most of life is a charade.

Now once we have grasped this the world lies at our mercy. This is not quite virgin land, Stephen Potter has already turned over a few stones, but, ah! the avenues yet to be explored.

Notice how many people use not the meaning but the idea of the words they speak. How many talk of 'the deterrent' as a bomb-exploit theme; talk of 'detering thousands to smithereens.' This is the secret of the sick-joke technique 'Do you like children?' 'Yes. Braised.'

It is commonly assumed that if you can keep your head when all about you are losing theirs you probably haven't seen the point yet. But therein lies your strength. If everyone is making an effort to be bohemian the biggest pay-off goes to the most formal and vice versa. So attend the Primrose League with a bouquet of sunflowers ('His favourite tea'). Send a telegram to the people's commune in revolutionary Bourne-mouth ('You have nothing to lose but your chines'), slip Lord Rowallan a bob and the shopping list and be brave. You are not alone. On every packet of his own razor blades M. Gillette looks out wearing such a luxuriant growth that you can't tell if he *is* laughing.

The danger is that having made this effort to break through the traditional façades you end up like the Existentialists behind one of your own. Only remember, you must always, always, always read the skit.

I JOKE
WITH THE



RIGHT
PEOPLE

WEAR
MESS KIT

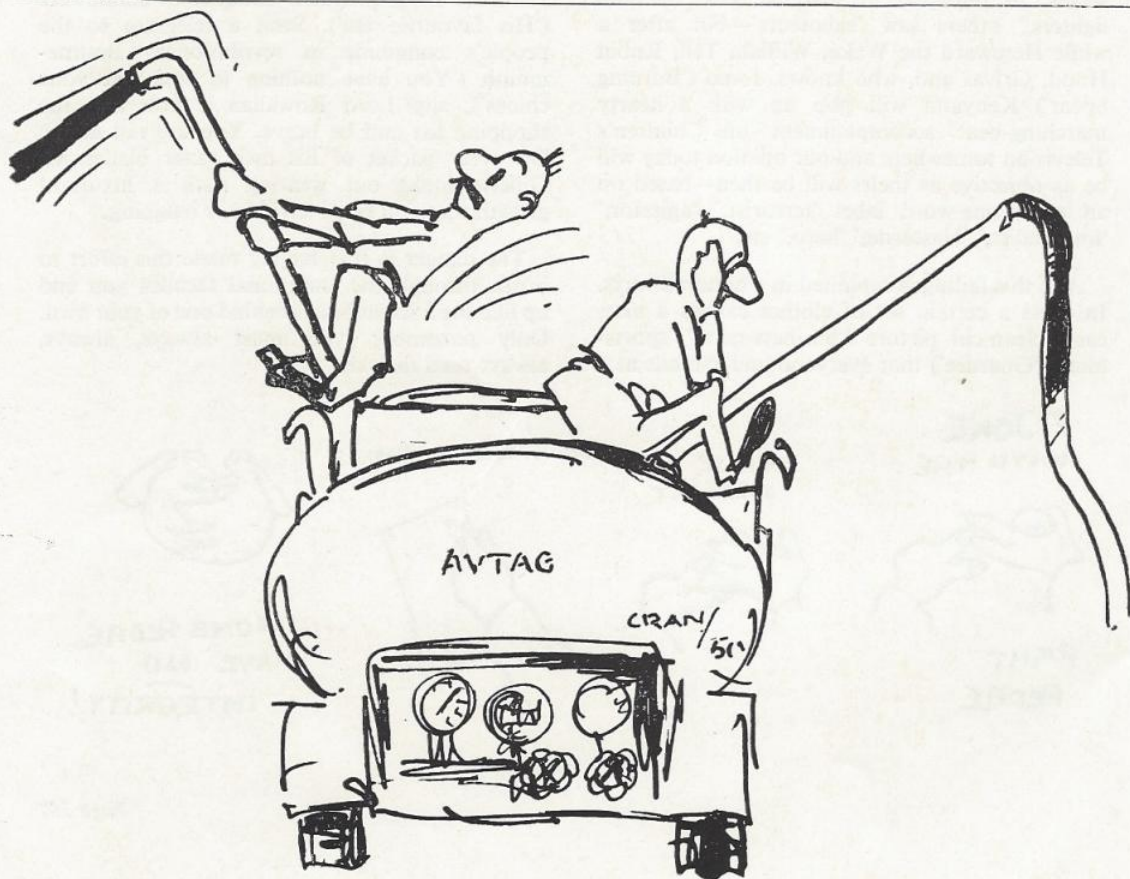


I ER.... OH....



.... SOME PEOPLE
HAVE NO
INTEGRITY!

FLIGHT CADET ON THE APRON



West Site Story



IN all the glamour and excitement of the London production, the story we are about to unfold to you lost much of its original basic sincerity. So here, in all its primitive savagery and pathos is the real thing. Stand by, open your hearts and drink it in.

The action takes place at the R.A.F. College, Cranwell, where the Flying Wing and the Tutorial Wing, known as the Jets and the Sharks respectively, have, until now, concealed beneath an outward show of co-operation a bitter rivalry for the attentions of the unfortunate cadets. Wing Commander Sniff, the leader of the Jets, has sworn to put the Sharks, led by Wing Commander Bernard, out of business. He enlists the help of Stony, a flying instructor and a fellow-member of the Jets. But in the opening scene we discover that Stony's affections are wandering and he no longer has his original faith in the Jets.

SNIFF: You see, Stony, we've got to settle this business once and for all. It can't go on any longer. Flying is the only thing that matters here and the sooner those Sharks realize it the better.

STONY: You may be right, but I'm not so sure. I've lost a great deal of confidence in this game now.

SNIFF: How do you mean?

STONY (singing):

Days are few for me and you
I know this and you do too
Don't you agree?
Those guided missiles will be taking our place
Winning the race.
Why can't you see
Like me?
It's only just round the bend
The beginning of the end
I'm getting out.
I've got a feeling I'd do better by far
Stuck in a bar
Handing out stout.
You're too old Wing Co. Dad
Something's coming, something bad
I don't know what
Something's coming I have seen
Like T. Dene.
We've had our lot
It's only just round the bend
The beginning of the end
I'm getting out.

So you see, that's how it is. Still, I can't really leave you in the lurch can I? O.K. You can count on me.

That night there is a dance in the Officers' Mess at which Sniff determines to challenge Bernard and, after the dance, to disgrace him by drinking him under the table. However, at the dance, Stony meets and falls in love with Mascara, Bernard's daughter, who has recently come to the station to marry Nicho, one of the English instructors. To a background chorus of rich voices struggling to escape through rich handlebar moustaches, he sings of his love for Mascara.

STONY (*singing*):

Mascara!
The most ludicrous name I ever heard.

CHORUS: Mascara! Mascara! Mascara! Mascara!

STONY: And yet it's a beautiful song in a single word.

CHORUS: Mascara! Mascara! Mascara! Mascara!

STONY: Mascara!

This girl by my side is Mascara
Her most unusual shape
Made all the fellows gape
But me
Mascara!
I still fell in love with Mascara
And if you ask me why
The reason I'd reply
Is she.
Mascara!
Say it slow and it seems you leer it
Say it fast and nobody can hear it
Mascara! I'll never get used to Mascara
Mascara! Mascara! Mascara! Mascara!
Mascara! Mascara! Mascara! Mascara!
Say it slow and it seems you leer it
Say it fast and nobody can hear it
Mascara! I'll never get used to Mascara
The most ludicrous name I ever heard
Mascara!

STONY: I don't know what it is Mascara, but you've certainly done something to my heart tonight. Somehow I never thought about falling in love before.

MASCARA: But you must have done. What do you think about up there in the sky if not about love?

STONY: Oh, things.

MASCARA: What things? What about today, for example? What did you do up there today?

STONY: Come out on to the porch and I'll tell you.
(*They sing*)

MASCARA: Tell me what, what you do up there all day;
No pining?
Don't you think, don't you dream of the
only girl for you
With her eyes of blue
Shining?

STONY: So you think that is all there is to it
You should come up one day and try to
do it.

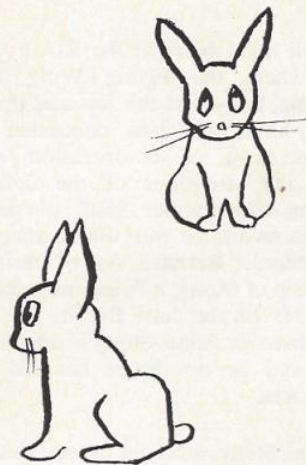
MASCARA: Stony! Stony!

STONY: We'll fly high in the wide blue yonder sky
And I'll let you try
Yourself.

MASCARA: I would love to do it.

BOTH: You and me!

TONY: Today, today was such a ghastly day
The aircraft I was in wouldn't play.
Today, today my mind was far away
At my home, in the barn, in the hay.
And then a sudden jolt restored me
To what before had bored me
One wing had gone astray
And there I was with nothing on the clock
But a name
Today.



"Well—what do you want?"

MASCARA: Today, today it nearly sent you grey
 But yet in danger you knew the way
 And here you are, the bravest man I know.
 Come to me, hero mine, I love you
 Your story and its ending thrill me
 With admiration fill me
 For all the boys in blue.

BOTH: Today, today, if only we could stay
 Just this way
 Today.

It is now that Stony tells her of the impending contest between Sniff and her father. She begs him to try to stop it taking place. This he promises to do and arranges to meet her at her house at 4 a.m. She and the other girls go there to wait for him and while they wait a playful argument develops between those who like life in the service and those who prefer the quiet civilian life, the former led by Benita and the latter by Mascara, who maintains that civilian life is by far the best posting that can come the way of any serviceman.

(They sing)

MASCARA: Civvy street! You lovely station
 Station of beautiful leisure!
 Always the union cover
 Always can stay late with my lover.

BENITA: Civvy street! You ugly station
 Station of negative pleasure
 Always the union striking
 Always the population biking.

CHORUS: Gee, Benita!

BENITA: And their bicycles clapped
 And all people lying
 And the stink of frying
 I like the life in the service
 Nobody chicken or nervice.

CHORUS: I like to be in the R.A.F.
 O.K. by me in the R.A.F.
 Everything free in the R.A.F.
 I can be me in the R.A.F.

MASCARA: I like our house in London.

BENITA: I've got a bed you can sleep on.

MASCARA: Hundreds of pastimes for the rain.

BENITA: Hundreds of people in each train.

CHORUS: Oh what a spree in the R.A.F.
 Just let me be in the R.A.F.
 Plenty to see in the R.A.F.
 O.K. by me in the R.A.F.



MASCARA: I like the parks of London.

BENITA: If there's a path you can walk on.

MASCARA: I've got two excellent feet.

BENITA: How do you get them over the street?

CHORUS: Better to be in the R.A.F.
 Everything free in the R.A.F.
 Very good tea in the R.A.F.
 Oh what a spree in the R.A.F.

But Mascara is in no mood for any arguing on this or any other topic. Anxious for her father's honour, she refuses to eat the snack prepared by the other girls. Thinking she must just need reviving after the long evening, they offer her one of 'Dr Melon's famous Revitalizing Pills' but she cannot face even that, explaining in this moving song just how she feels.

MASCARA: I feel lousy
 Oh so lousy
 I feel lousy and frowsy and sick
 And so drowsy
 That my brain is all confused and thick.
 I feel dizzy
 Oh so dizzy
 I feel dizzy and zizzy and ill
 And so lousy
 That I couldn't even eat a pill.

See the lousy face in the mirror there
Whose can that revolting mug be?
Such a lousy face, such a lousy shade,
such a lousy look, such a lousy me.
I feel finished and befuddled
I'm diminished and muddled—no grip
All I want
Is a lengthy, heavenly kip.

Meanwhile, at the Mess, the contest is about to begin. However, at the last moment, anxiety is expressed about the intervention of higher authority. In a rousing song they reveal how they would deal with such a situation and in fact everything settles itself quite satisfactorily.

SNIFF: . . . And if he comes, this is how we'll receive him.

(He sings)

Dear kindly Wing Commander
You've got to comprehend
It's just old Bernard's slander
That drives me round the bend.
He says he wants more ackers
That flying's just for fun
Nonsense! Rubbish! Shovelled by the ton.
Gee! Unit Commander I'm very upset
But all I'm trying to make him do is feel
some regret.
He talks through his hat as I'm sure you
agree
As any one of us can see.

CHORUS: We can see!
We can see, we can see
We can clearly see
All the dimmest ones of us can see
That's a pretty good story.

SNIFF: Let me tell it to the world.

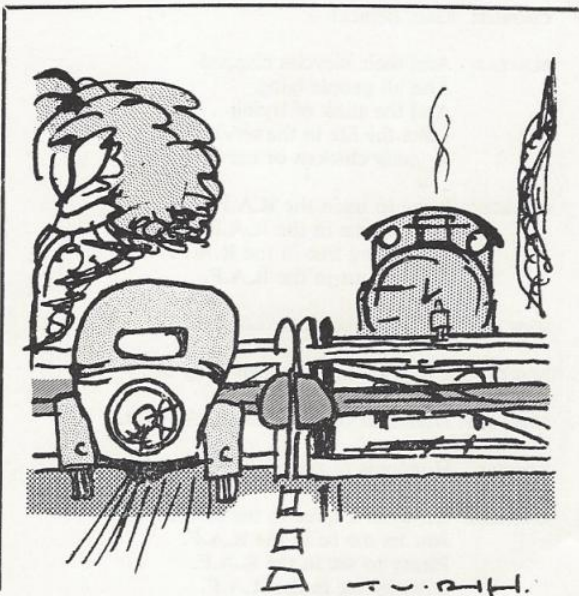
CHORUS: Just tell the P.M.C.

SNIFF: Dear kindly P.M.C., sir
There is no need to fuss
It's just 'twixt him and me, sir
That means to say just us.
It's not a free-for-all, sir
It's not a general fight
No, sir! Never! That would not be right.
Gee! Unit Commander, I'm telling you
straight
That fellow's talking nonsense at a fabulous
rate.
A doctor might help him so get the M.O.
If there's a cure for it he'd know.

CHORUS: Yes he'd know!
Yes he'd know, yes he'd know
Yes he'd surely know
And he'd find some place for him to go.

BERNARD: My father was a Pongo
My mother was a W.A.A.F.
My uncle left the Congo
To join the 2nd T.A.F.
My sister wed a fish-head
My brother's a Marine
That's why I'm so studious and keen.

CHORUS: Gee! Unit Commander, we really insist
Just haul him off and put him where he'll
never be missed
He's talked enough rubbish to spread as
manure
And so we think there'll be no cure.
There's no cure!
There's no cure! There's no cure!
There's no earthly cure
For the likes of him there is no cure.
The trouble is he's working
The trouble is he's backed
The trouble is he's shirking
The trouble is he's cracked
The trouble is he's followed
The trouble is he's lone
Wing Co., we've got troubles of our own.
Gee! Unit Commander, we're sorry we
spoke
This whole thing's been just nothing but a
two-sided joke.
We freely admit now that no one is right
So Unit Commander, good-night!



WAT TYLER RIDES AGAIN

THE Age of Revolution is far from dead, it is barely drawing its second wind. Now is the moment to look around and choose yourself a place for a coup. You want the usual amenities; privilege and grievance, hot and cold oppressed minorities and a population with good mob-potential.

Now how about England? It hasn't had a thorough-going blood bath for centuries. The place isn't exactly seething but so much the better for you. Just consider the set-up. There are some wizard stadiums for People's Courts of Justice—wired for television, too. The government is in the hands of Scotsmen, Welsh and Irish, whilst Coldstream Guards, Royal Irish Fusiliers and other foreign mercenaries oppress the land.

Quite clearly xenophobia and chauvinism is the keynote of our campaign and so we do need a rattling good catchphrase—you'll remember 'Let a thousand blossoms bloom' (or 'We all make mystiques') well 'Kassem the divider' is apparently a witty pun in Arabic and 'Nasser the hashish addict' is an absolute wow, but do you honestly think we could ever put over 'Antidis-anglicanisation'? Not to worry; we can cross that bridge when we come to it. But in the meantime get it translated into morse (semaphore's been done already and braille is so very limited)—we'll have ourselves a tune with tons of beat if nothing else.

The next move is to infiltrate the training colleges of the Defence Ministry. How about starting with cadres at Cranwell? They always sound ideally disgruntled there and we can also rely on inter-service rivalry—when Peron got his the Army mutinied and the Air Force bombed the Navy.

Next the fall-guy. All the longest innings are made after the fall of the first wicket (Trotsky you will remember was chopped. What did happen to Aref, or, come to that, Neguib?) so we set up the sucker, call him saviour of the nation then traitor to the cause and we're laughing.

Now the cover-plan. You get an awful lot of black looks on the Underground these days; 'Home Rule for London Transport' ought to set the ball rolling—then get a terrific pay-off on the slogan 'Hop on a Tumbriel.'

Encourage acts of civil disobedience like standing all the way through the National Anthem and a working-to-rule campaign like wearing woollen caps when going to church or insisting that only an employee of the railway opens the carriage door, and you can also run a clandestine newspaper—call it 'Rerum Novarum' for laughs, don't use such glossy paper as *The Journal* but keep the same type-face and print in three columns and we'll capture the intelligentsia too (until they miss the adverts for rude books they'll never know that they've not been reading the *New Statesman* or *Time and Tide*).

What's that? You off? You're right; not good to be seen together too much. See you when they storm the Athenaeum.

COMPETITIONS

No. 79—Public Relations

Competitors are asked to compose an advertisement for the Royal Air Force College for publication in the *Sunday Excess*, with a view to attracting the 'right type.' Limit 10 words.

A prize consisting of a plaster wall-plaque representing a bust of the Mess Manager will be awarded to the best entry. Consolation prizes will consist of Barbers' Shop gift vouchers.

Report on Competition No. 76 (Pastimes)

Competitors were asked to propound a new form of punishment to be included in the already comprehensive array of attractive pastimes available to Flight Cadets. An overwhelming number of entries was received, the best of which were unfortunately unprintable; however, after much deliberation, our prize (a plaster wall plaque representing a bust of the Mess Manager) went to:

Fred Spoons, Esq.,
101 The Condemned Huts,
Cranwell.

Hard Liquor

It must be realized from the outset that this punishment will never be awarded but should be included as a deterrent to undesirables.

For excessive abstinence: Not less than seven days' Hard Liquor. To consist of seven pints of Best English Ale to be consumed daily between 1800 hours and 1815 hours under the auspices of

the Wines Member. Failure to retain the said ale will automatically result in the award of a further seven days. All costs will be met out of Mess Funds (now standing at £15,000).

Other worthy contributors were:

Circuits

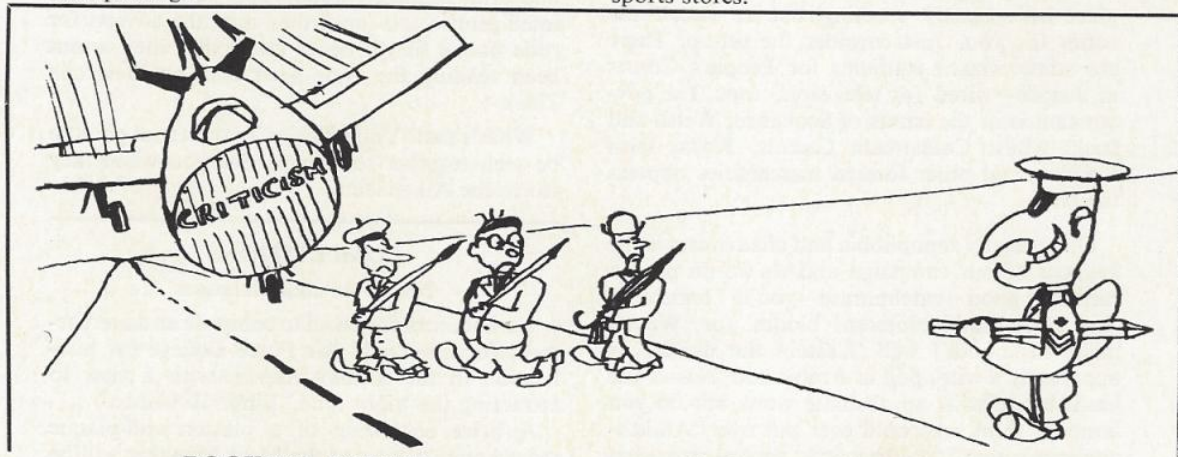
To be awarded in more obvious cases of blatant indolence. At 0500 hours daily the offender will complete 10 inverted circuits of the clock tower. Dress is to be half a pair of pyjama trousers, blue, thin, and a left AP bootful of cold porridge.

Character Building

In cases of pernicious lack of those qualities which go to make an officer and a gentleman, a course of Character Building may be awarded. This will consist of the viewing four times daily (0500 hours, 1700 hours, 1900 hours and 2100 hours) of the motion picture 'Twelve O'Clock High.' Dress is to include ceremonial sword and receptive expression.

One entry we felt must be included. We could, however, only reproduce the closing sentence:

'Iron Maidens can be obtained from most good sports stores.'



BOOKING OFFICE

WHERE TO AFTER THIS?

Military Origins of Drill, an ANTHOLOGY OF ARMY TRADITIONS OF BYGONE TIMES, Vols. I and II. Sigrid Ivenbrother. Stathead Quartos, 10s. 6d.

Sigrid Ivenbrother marks his imminent withdrawal to the comforts of civilian life with the publication of the first two volumes of a mammoth treatise on British army traditions. If these first two chapters are any indication, then the reader appears to have many entertaining, as well as morale-bolstering, hours before him. The price is more reasonable than at first appears. Re-reading, I found, reveals many of those delightful snippets of wit and culture that so mark the man of action. If one feels oneself only slightly acquainted with the less well known facts of latter-day army practices, these two volumes will prove informative in a quite novel way.—
L.R.M.D.

MOAN. Ed. D. O. Fess. Kranas Press, 9s.

This is much the same as what we read in the official organ of the A.Y.M. movement, *Journal*. Youthful rebels express their disgust at the Institution, of which they are probably glad to be

part, with almost traditional fervour. This collection puts the movement in its true perspective, showing once and for all how tame, even dutiful, the Rebel really is. By careful pruning where necessary, the editor, with many contributors, has shown the Rebel is limited in spite of himself.

—S.P.R.T.

YOU CAN'T WIN. West Camps, 20s.

Now here is a grand blood-and-guts trilogy in the traditional pre-Suez swashbuckling style.

Here is a collection of tales to set the blood racing, the eyes dancing, the teeth on edge. The scene is the hot, ever-dangerous Middle East and in brilliantly evocative chapters we watch true



blue-blooded Englishmen sweep through to add yet more lustre to the story of British feats of arms as Vital Interests are defended, aggressors trounced and freedom restored to the loyal democrats that are left.

Throughout these tales there runs the theme of Joint-Service action, yet clearly great pains have been taken to suggest realism. This is the present for the Serviceman with wide interests, perhaps a Marine.—P.O.F.C.

AT THE PLAY

THE HOME FRONT (*Section*)
OUR NATIVE TONGUE (*Wilderness*)

Another of those ever-popular war plays, this time most notable for its realism and stark humour, is *The Home Front*. The authors spare no pains to emphasize the grim brutality of actual contact with the enemy, played with earnest enthusiasm by Bruni Chapman. The theme is presented on two levels.

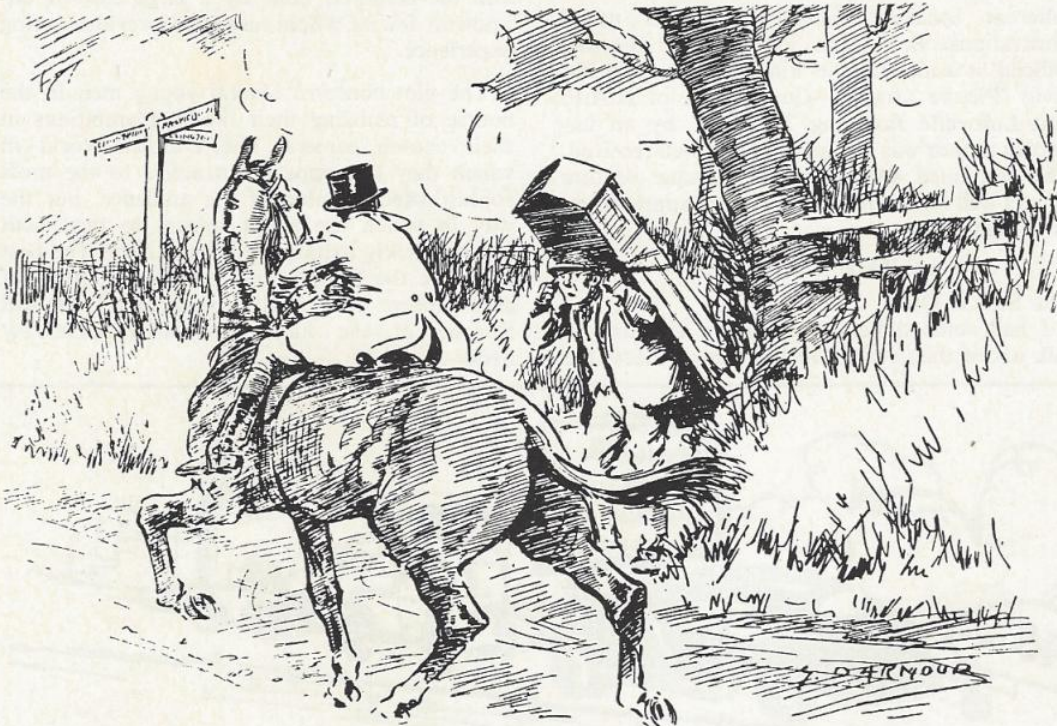
For solid entertainment there is a small cast of comic performers whose parts have little

profundity and almost nothing to do with the plot. None is particularly notable, although different sections of the audience find themselves the objects of various players' special attentions, the reason for this being in the production (by Dennis Frank). Names to mention include Mockers MacCall, who rocks the house time and again with the catch-phrases for which he is justly famed. Abraham String, whose parry and thrust of skilled repartee arouses the delighted sympathy of us all; and the Brothers Bee, Poor John and Laverick, who delicately balance the indiscretion of their fellows against their own kindly reserve.

The second level, on the hard rocks of which the play is also built, contains all the deepest conclusions of those who conceived it. Couched in vivid symbolism, the authors strive here to warn us of the horrors of the war which they are now engineering. To this end a Captain is included in the cast, who voices this warning with illumination and figures awful to behold;

CHESTNUT GROVE

G. D. Armour drew for the Journal in 1927



Sportsman on very fresh horse (to man suddenly appearing with grandfather's clock on his back):
"Confound it! Why the deuce don't you wear a wrist-watch?"

he is for us probably the most significant man in the cast. But somewhere in the shadows lurks a figure, haunting the stage while taking little part in the proceedings. It is the mystic diva Shudas-ji who wanders stealthily by at vision's edge; his eye is felt somehow on every member of the audience, and of all warnings he is the most terrible to those who hope to live by the sword.

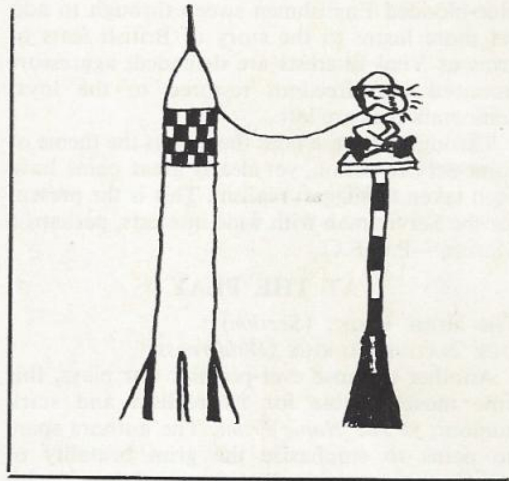
The Humanity Workshop Group have begun another of their excellent series to promote culture among the underprivileged and less fortunate of Britain's youth. It really is extraordinary how obviously popular these little gatherings are, especially in view of the comparative inaccessibility of the site chosen for them.

This time the programme is concerned with English literature of the middle Twentieth Century, as covered in J. H. Barnes' lavishly illustrated *Manual*, published in 1950 and reprinted again in 1953 by the Group's parent organization. Under the able guidance of producer W. C. Watts, some very interesting instruction is offered. The meeting takes the form of short lectures in the drily off-beat, gaily boyish, or intellectual Burnsian styles of the different speakers, interspersed with useful illustrations. B. Clear's ever-popular 'Formal Official' is a model of its kind and the short but vivid 'Picture Graphs—Comparison of R.A.F. and Luftwaffe Bombing Tonnages' by an unknown author was also particularly well received. The continued success of this unique venture augurs well for the revival of literary appreciation in Britain.

AT THE PICTURES

THE SKY IS OURS

I had some difficulty in finding anything to talk about this week, which I think reflects the



decrepit state of our film industry. In fact only one film commends itself to my attention at the moment; while not at first sight a very prepossessing production, *The Sky is Ours* (Director: C. Ville Cervantes) seems to be particularly intended for the younger members of the audience. The story is mostly narrated off-screen, and the acting is done by a large cast of unknowns, few of whom have had previous acting experience.

The plot concerns several young men in the course of realizing their life-long ambitions in their chosen careers. The Utopian world in which they live appears attractive to the most sophisticated member of the audience, but the way in which the script refuses to deal with reality quickly irritates with its naivety. The best parts are the flying scenes and a few titbits of alien culture occasionally thrown in. I am still amazed at the film's popularity.—ANDREW SPOON.



THE
ROYAL AIR FORCE
COLLEGE



JOURNAL

CRANWELL DECEMBER 1959

VOL. XXXI NO. 3

THE
ROYAL AIR FORCE COLLEGE
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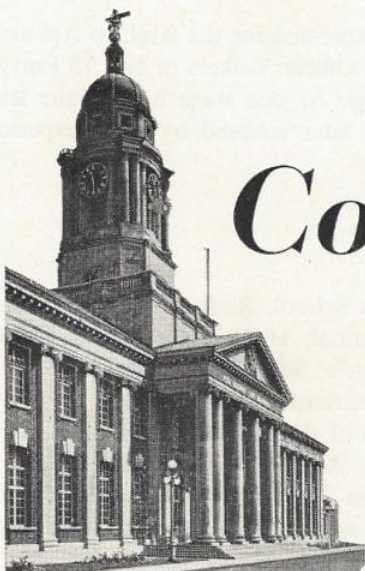
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THE JOURNAL

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



Turn left at the M1



College Notes

THE Queen's Colour was paraded on Her Majesty's birthday, 13th June. On the same day the Chief of the Air Staff, Sir Dermot Boyle, G.C.B., K.C.V.O., K.B.E., A.F.C., was the guest of honour at the prize-giving at Sedbergh. In his speech he said:

'In the world today there are probably greater opportunities for initiative and discovery than there have ever been before, even though mankind is already probing into outer space. There is, indeed, a grave danger that if you get too keen on outer space you will miss what lies between—how to live your own lives here on earth. I am not going to tell you how to do it. I have not yet found that out for myself, but it is very important and deserves all the attention you can give it. There is a tendency to think that because science and technical developments are so important, man is less important. The scientists are putting into our hands powers for destruction as well as for peaceful purposes which require enormous character on the part of the men who are going to employ them. That is why character has become more important and not less important. . . . You won't get to the top on degrees. There is another side to your life. Remember that it is not true to say that if you have no interest in science you are no value to the world—it is often the very opposite which is the case.'



The passing-out parade of No. 75 Entry was held on 28th July. The Reviewing Officer was Air Chief Marshal Sir Harry Broadhurst, K.C.B., K.B.E., D.S.O., D.F.C., A.F.C., Commander, Allied Air Forces Central Europe. For the first time a Commissioning Service in St Christopher's Church formed part of the occasion.

Wings and prizes were presented to No. 75 Entry on 27th July by the Commandant.

In the Summer term much enthusiasm was expressed for the Arch to Arc air race sponsored by the *Daily Mail*. Eventually Under Officer Volkens of No. 75 Entry was selected to join the team from R.A.F. Duxford. At one stage he was the leading competitor, but his excellent performance was later eclipsed by more experienced entrants.



Visitors to the College have included:

On 4th May the Headmasters of Hele's School, Redruth County Grammar School, St Clement Dane's Grammar School, Hemel Hempstead Grammar School, Devonport High School, Hardy's School, Dorchester, Southfield Grammar School and Manchester Central Grammar School.

On 13th May the Principal Air Chaplain of the Royal Australian Air Force.

In May members of the Royal Swedish Air Force visited the College and took part in a wreath-laying ceremony in the Airmen's Chapel of Lincoln Cathedral. The party was delayed by bad weather, and visits to local Bomber Command stations were arranged at short notice.

Two parties of cadets from the United States Air Force Academy visited the College as part of a European tour. The second of these arrived from Paris on 18th June. On the afternoon of that day, the Chief of the Air Staff and General Thomas D. White, Chief of Staff of the United States Air Force, came to Cranwell. General White took the salute at a review of the Cadet Wing, during which the Queen's Colour was paraded. The following day was occupied with visits to Lincoln Cathedral and Belvoir Castle, and with some light-hearted sports—cricket and softball.



An Air Ministry Information Officer and an Air Ministry photographer were at the College from 22nd to 24th June taking colour photographs of College activities for publicity purposes.

On 2nd July the Headmasters of Canford School, Sherborne, Haberdashers' Aske's, Kingston Grammar School, Wellington College, University College School; the Secretary to the Appointments Board, Liverpool University, a member of the Public Schools Appointment Bureau, and the Careers Master of Canford School.

On 8th July the Assistant Commandant and a party of cadets from the Italian Air Academy.

The Sailing Club on the Trent



During the Summer vacation the first joint-Services Commonwealth exercise to take place in this country was held at Cranwell.

Visiting preachers last term included:

On 3rd May The Right Reverend Lord Bishop of Grimsby.

On 31st May The Reverend F. E. H. Trevor, B.A., A.K.C., Assistant Chaplain-in-Chief, Flying Training Command, who was paying a farewell visit to the College before leaving the Royal Air Force.

On 12th July The Venerable F. W. Cocks, M.A., Q.H.C., Chaplain-in-Chief of the Royal Air Force.



There was the usual large number of visits made by flight cadets during the term and the vacation.

On 7th May the Equipment cadets of No. 76 Entry visited Lyneham for two days.

On 26th May Equipment and Secretarial cadets visited Olympia to see the Business Efficiency Exhibition.

On 10th and 11th June No. 77 Entry visited the School of Infantry Demonstration.

From 17th June the Equipment and Secretarial cadets of No. 75 Entry were attached for six days to a station in Transport Command and to the Royal Air Force Record Office respectively.

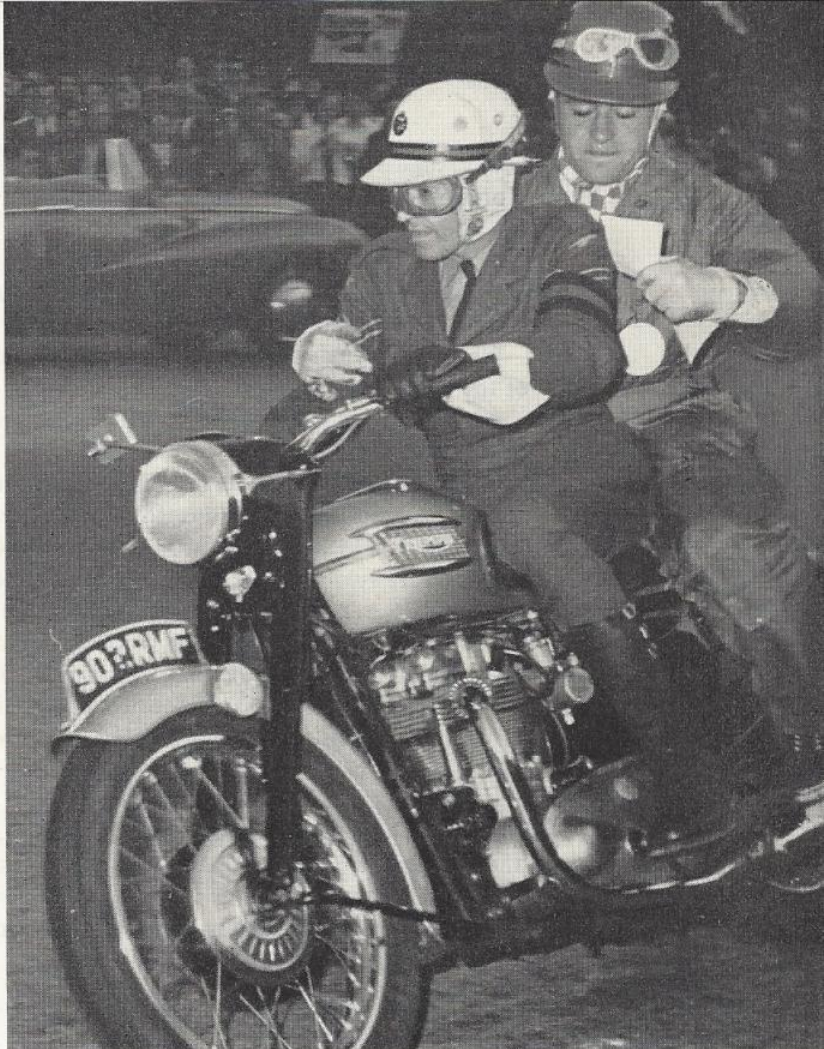
From 22nd to 26th June the Equipment cadets of No. 77 Entry visited Royal Air Force Waddington.

For 13 days from 29th June the Equipment cadets of No. 75 Entry were detached to No. 16 M.U., Stafford, and the Secretarial cadets to local Royal Air Force stations.

From 1st July the Equipment cadets of No. 76 Entry visited Stanlow Oil Refinery for three days.

On 16th July the Secretarial cadets of Nos. 75 and 76 Entries visited John Player Ltd, Nottingham.

During the Summer vacation members of the staff and flight cadets of the College made the following visits:



Under Officer J. Volkers pulling 'G' in the London to Paris Air Race

5th August to 14th September a flight cadet of No. 78 Entry went on the 1959 Norwegian Expedition (Norped), which was organized for the Royal Naval Colleges by the Royal Naval Tactical School.

5th to 11th August members of the staff and flight cadets of No. 77 Entry flew to Gutersloh in a Beverley of Transport Command, and visited units of the British Army of the Rhine.

9th to 26th August two officers and 22 flight cadets made a liaison visit to ships of the Mediterranean fleet.

4th to 12th August two officers and ten flight cadets visited N.A.T.O. Headquarters and units.

28th August to 5th September five officers and 47 flight cadets (and one officer and six technical cadets of the Royal Air Force Technical College) took part in 'Gauntlet 4'—an initiative test in the Outer Hebrides.

From 21st July to 7th August Squadron Leader Walsh, B.E.M., had charge of a party of 25 A.T.C. and C.C.F. cadets and eight cadets from European countries, including three who have now come to Cranwell with No. 81 Entry, on an exchange visit to Canada. Under the auspices of the Air Cadet League of Canada, they toured the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario, visited several Royal Canadian Air Force stations and were accorded a number of civic receptions.



On the 7th May Flight Lieutenant D. F. Moffat, Officer Commanding 'F' Flight, won the Wright Jubilee Aerobatics Trophy presented by the Royal Air Force Association to commemorate the fiftieth year of powered flight. This was the second time Flight Lieutenant Moffat had entered the competition, and the first time that the award had come to Cranwell.



The printing dispute delayed publication of the Summer number, but with luck and good government we shall in future burst into print at our usual decent intervals. It might be worth mentioning that work on *The Journal* is not a stop-and-start affair; rather, it is like the cynical poet's description of the English winter—'ending in July, to recommence in August.' As this issue goes to press now, in mid-October, last summer's *Journal* has not yet appeared to give customary warning to the Editors that they had better purge their style or burn all contributions.

Flight Lieutenant D. Moffat



At the start of the Autumn term the College numbers 286 flight cadets, including 40 navigators and 26 flight cadets training for the Equipment and Secretarial Branches. The new entry, No. 81, is 52 strong; of these four are training as navigators.



On 23rd May the College beat the Royal Air Force Technical College at tennis, athletics and cricket. In the fixture against the Royal Naval College Dartmouth on 30th May we won the cricket, swimming and water-polo, and a week later against the Royal Military Academy Sandhurst we won the swimming.



Solo

'C' Squadron won Knocker and the Ferris Drill Competition. Ferris was judged on 26th June by two officers and three n.c.os from the Royal Marine depot at Deal. 'C' Squadron continue as Sovereign's Squadron for the Autumn term.

During his three years as Business Manager, Flight Lieutenant A. Farquharson saw the financial position of *The Journal* steadily improve despite a ten per cent rise in costs of production, and a fall-off in advertising revenue. For his unobtrusive efficiency, and not least for his friendship, *The Journal* staff, though sorry to see him leave, wish him and his family well on their posting to Yatesbury.



The Journal is pleased to record that in the Queen's Birthday Honours List the names of five members of the Cranwell staff appeared. They were:

- Wing Commander J. Cassell, awarded the O.B.E.
- Wing Commander A. R. M. Watts, awarded the O.B.E.
- Flight Lieutenant R. E. Mackie, D.F.C., awarded the A.F.C.
- Sergeant R. S. Heath, awarded the B.E.M.
- Mr F. J. Collins, awarded the B.E.M.



The Survival Camp of No. 80 Entry was held in the Cairngorms this summer. Despite malicious rumours to the contrary, the Headquarters staff of the camp were more energetic than any, with a sprightly dash up Cairngorm itself and several hand-to-hand clashes with the enemy in the mess tent. An enjoyable time was had by all, even No. 80 Entry.

It is mooted that the Senior Entry will revive the traditional review at the end of this term. This light-hearted skit has been in abeyance for several terms, and its return is sure to be welcomed by those who appreciate humour emanating from life at the College.



A new system of financing the College Society and its multifarious functions was introduced recently. Instead of subscribing to separate activities according to preference, flight cadets' subscriptions take the form of a block sum at a standard rate each month. This system is advantageous in two respects. It makes for certainty in the income of the College Society Fund, and it means that a member of the College automatically becomes a member of the Canoeing Section, the Film Society, the Mountaineering Section and all the others alike without further financial commitment.



During the Summer vacation two flight cadets of No. 79 Entry were taken on a fascinating voyage to Spain as the guests of Harveys of Bristol. Having expressed their interest in the origins of sherries, the firm gave them priority treatment to gain first-hand experience of the production and shipment of their most excellent wines. A report of this enterprise appears elsewhere in this edition of *The Journal*.



The athletics stadium has been frequently used this summer. At the Station Sports, held on 27th May, the Pearson Rogers Cup was carried easily round the corner into West Site by a sprightly team which realized the hope of the last compiler of College Notes, that the trophy's rightful home might be with those who know the meaning of *mens sana in corpore sano*; the present compiler judged the children's races and has never had so many young ladies chasing after him so fast. Flying Training Command (Inter-Station) Athletic Championships were held at Cranwell on 9th and 10th June, and those of Bomber Command on 17th June.



Changes are coming to Cranwell. Work has already begun on the fourth wing of the College, promised by the Prime Minister when he visited us on 1st April. The new wing, though constructed with the same style of bricks, the same type of Portland stone and Westmorland green slates, which should soon weather into the older parts, is not an identical replica of the other three, for it includes no Squadron Commander's flat.

Several other building projects are either in the planning stage or approved in principle. They include a new instructional block, a new church to replace the old hangar which has served God and humanity so long, a new Sergeants' Mess, a new Airmen's Club, a new swimming bath and gymnasium, and a new school for the children of serving personnel.

Passing-Out Parade of No. 75 Entry

*Speeches by Air Chief Marshal Sir Harry Broadhurst,
K.C.B., K.B.E., D.S.O., D.F.C., A.F.C., and by the Commandant*

ON Tuesday, 28th July 1959, the College welcomed Air Chief Marshal Sir Harry Broadhurst, K.C.B., K.B.E., D.S.O., D.F.C., A.F.C., Commander-in-Chief Allied Air Forces Central Europe, as the Reviewing Officer at the passing-out parade of No. 75 Entry.

Once again the weather was unkind to the Cadet Wing and there were two heavy rain-showers during the parade. Senior Under Officer T. F. H. Mermagen commanded the Cadet Wing, while the Squadrons were commanded by Senior Under Officer T. C. Elworthy, Senior Under Officer M. Freeman and Under Officer M. J. F. Shaw.

At 1128 the Reviewing Officer arrived and 16 Vampires of the Advanced Flying Wing roared overhead in the customary fly-past.

After the advance in Review Order the Reviewing Officer presented the Sword of Honour to Senior Under Officer T. F. H. Mermagen, the Queen's Medal to Under Officer M. J. F. Shaw, and the R. M. Groves Memorial Prize and Kinkead Trophy to Senior Flight Cadet W. R. Donaldson, R.N.Z.A.F. He then made the following address:

The Reviewing Officer's Address

'Gentlemen, before I say anything I must congratulate you on a really most magnificent parade. It has been a great honour to be a Reviewing Officer to it and from long experience I know much hard work goes into these parades and I'd like you to know that it's the best I have seen in my memory. I congratulate you on the exquisite performance of your drill and the credit you have been to your College on this occasion.

'Now when I was told I would be required to give you an address, or deliver an address I think is the right expression, I took counsel. I did the sort of thing the Conservative Party were accused of doing the other day on nationalization—I took a poll on ex-Cadets to see if I could find out what went on in your minds while being passed-out. I got the most surprising results; so surprising that I won't mention them here. I quite expected I would get that result because I have known what has gone on in my own mind



S.F.C. W. R. Donaldson, R.N.Z.A.F., receiving the Groves Memorial Prize from the Reviewing Officer

when I have been standing listening to advice on a parade after rather a lot of standing to attention and being at great tension. I asked my own A.D.C. what he was thinking about. "Well, really nothing, sir. After all, we had been on parade for an hour. I was concentrating on standing up straight."

'With those encouraging results I tried to think of something to say to you. I suppose traditionally I have to call on my own experience to see if I can give you some advice and encouragement. Well, when you chose to come into a Service I assume that most of you had realized what it all meant. There is no quick and easy answer to fame and fortune. There are no bonus share issues or Littlewoods to be won. The Service asks of you pretty well everything you've got. Your devotion and your

complete loyalty, and I suppose you get no more out of it than you put into it. When you find that you are putting yourself first then it's time to take a pull at yourself because if you don't the rot sets in, and to use a vernacular you've had it in a large way.

'Service means sacrifice and you will constantly be sacrificing your own interests and those of your family in order to do your job. And of course when you first come in you have a pretty turbulent life—a lot of courses to do, posted about, and you will have moments of being completely fed up. And families, of course, are always a big problem on these occasions and my advice to you on this particular subject is to try to steer clear of getting married too soon if you really want to do your stuff. Very simple advice to give but not very easy to follow.

'Now I do congratulate you on your choice of Service. If you look at the job the R.A.F. has in our country's modern idea of defence, the deterrent, of which the R.A.F. is the keystone, you couldn't have looked for a better job or a greater mission in life. For the first time our object in life as a country is to stop war from happening, and when I look back on what happened in the last two of those we went through, I don't think we ever really want to take part in another one. Well, that is your job. You have come into a Service whose whole object in life is to stop another war from happening and I cannot believe there is any better job in life.

'Now when I said you mostly give to the Service, of course you get a lot out of it, but you get it in a different form. You get the easy friendship and comradeship from a lot of magnificent chaps which you couldn't get in any other walk of life and it means more than anything in cash or kind. There is nothing in life like comradeship and friendship; that is what the Service gives you if you put yourself into it.

'Now in the R.A.F. you've got a fascinating and thrilling job ahead of you. Unlike any other Service the sharp end is relatively small and so the real function of the Service is concentrated in a few chaps of which you will be mixed in amongst the few. It just so happens that in our method of fighting we have these terribly expensive aeroplanes and weapons, a small force with catastrophic capability and enormous flexibility, to fly anywhere at any time and in the shortest possible space of time. But the sharp end is very small, and being small it

becomes terribly important, and as you will be a few of the few chaps given this job to do you will become very important people. Within a matter of months you will find yourself captains of fighters with the most devastating weapons hung underneath your wings, you will find yourself in bombers, in "V"-bombers carrying the most ghastly weapons of destruction, and transport aircraft capable of carrying one hundred-odd fully armed soldiers and so on. Whichever role you take up you will be a small part of a very small number carrying with you a very large part of the country's defence.

'Now your job, wherever you go, is not only to be efficient and to learn to use these weapons to the best of their capability, but also to look it. Your job is to go round the world and sell the Air Force because any other alternative is quite unthinkable. We must stop the next war from happening.

'Now when we come to the future, if you read the papers and listen to a lot of armchair strategists and such-like mines of misinformation one could get worried about the future, but I personally am not at all worried about it. In fact I think it brighter than ever it's been. I think the future of manned vehicles is startling in its possibilities. I think and I believe that this present era of unmanned rockets as we call them is just a phase in science which is still in its infancy. We are only on the fringe of this business. I was reminded of this on Saturday. I am in France, as you know. I turned on my television set. I am not very good at French; I don't use it very much, but I often switch on in the hope that the French might produce some pictures which live up to their standard of entertainment. I switched on at a documentary of Bleriot and watched this thing with the funny aeroplane flying about and the old-fashioned methods of the day. Well, I thought, that happened after I was born. Fifty years. What on earth does the next 50 years hold? I think it quite nonsense when people talk about the aircraft having reached its peak, and so on and so forth. When we think what has happened in 50, what can happen with this greater, swifter defence in the next 50 years? Just your life time I hope.

'So I have no worries about the future and I don't suppose you look into the future very far. I know I never did. You think more of tomorrow and how to make Mr Lloyds, or whatever it is, meet your outgoings at the end of the month. But when people talk to you about the end of flying as we know it today, well,

of course, flying will finish as we know it, but I think of the senior American officer who visited this establishment the other day, when asked what he thought of manned space vehicles said, "Well, I used to think nothing of them, but now I go out and look at that little old moon 240,000 miles away getting nearer every day."

"Well I think that about sums it up. I have talked enough to talk the rain out anyway."

"But I must congratulate you on passing-out—on what I know has been a pretty rigorous three years. I wish you every success in your life ahead, which I know is going to be thrilling and exciting, and to some of you present will perhaps present the ultimate challenge. Having had a look at you today, seeing you on parade, knowing the background that this magnificent College gives you, I am quite content in my mind that you will do your stuff in the great traditions of this Service of ours. So I wish you the best of luck, each and every one of you."

Presentation of Wings and Prizes

On the eve of the passing-out parade, at a ceremony in the College Lecture Hall, the



S.U.O. T. C. Elworthy with the Reviewing Officer during the inspection

Commandant presented wings and individual prizes to members of the Senior Entry. In his address he said:

"Commander-in-Chief, Ladies and Gentlemen, I should like to start by saying how glad we at the College are to be able to welcome the parents, relatives and friends of the passing-out entry, and I'm sure that in this my Commander-in-Chief joins me. It is so nice to have you all up here for these graduation ceremonies, of which this wings and prizes ceremony is, of course, but the first. It is, too, the least formal—a gathering of those concerned most intimately with this step of transition from cadetship to officership. I cannot say now, however, as I and my predecessors have been able to do in the past, that it is the one family affair amongst the ceremonies. For, as I hope you know, tomorrow at 10 o'clock there will be held, in our churches, short Commissioning Services which we hope most sincerely all families and friends will attend with the passing-out entry. I am pleased to say that His Grace the Bishop of Lincoln has graciously consented to take part in that to be held at St Christopher's. These services will precede the ceremonial parade, of course, which is the most public of our proceedings, and in a sense, their culmination.

"But now I'm sure you will all join with me in congratulating those who have just received their brevets, both pilots and navigators, and the equipment and secretarial cadets, on the certificates I've just presented to them. These are the tangible evidence of a course well completed and the entitlement to take part in that most worthy and honourable of objectives—the maintenance of peace for our country and the Commonwealth—or in default of that, in their first line of defence.

"I should like to congratulate too (and I'm sure you all join with me) the squadron prize winners, especially "C" Squadron for achieving the honoured position of Sovereign Squadron for the fifth time in succession and for being the winner of the Ferris Trophy for drill for the third time in succession. These are no mean records to increase or to stop. I'm sure that those who are to remain here will do their best, dependent on their Squadron, to achieve the one or the other.

"Finally, amongst our congratulations, I offer them to the individual prize winners. Some have received their prizes this evening; others will do so at the hands of your Reviewing Officer tomorrow. You've done very well—but so,

I believe, have you others who have tried; for you too have had success; and you must be better as a result of your efforts. Anyway, may your gains be but the prelude to greater successes in the very much larger life you're about to enter.

'Now, it's my privilege to speak to and about you, the Senior Entry, tonight—even if for the last time. Firstly, I'd like to remind you that you have achieved a number of notable first and seconds. There are a number I doubt if I'm meant to know about, and even if I were, I wouldn't wish to record them here. But amongst those I hope you will remember with pride and pleasure are the following:

'You led the parade last April on the first occasion that a Prime Minister in office has visited one of the Service Colleges. And I know he enjoyed it and was impressed by it.

'You in the ground branches are the first to sit for the Chartered Institute of Secretaries Final Exams—a worthwhile qualification (which I hope you will all hear soon that you have gained).

'You are the first post-war entry to wear mess kit at the College. I hope you have enjoyed doing so as much as I have enjoyed seeing it—and seeing its effect on others.

'You are the first entry to have taken part in a trip by the College to Canada and the U.S.A. where, if I may say so, I thought you conducted yourselves admirably in the interests of your Service and country. May you always do so, wherever you may be.

'You were, I think, the first to risk Gilbert and Sullivan—and had a well-deserved and very entertaining success.

'You were almost certainly the first to endure, as seniors, 56 days of fog in one winter—and to help get in 4,400 hours' flying in one month this term to make up for it.

'You've been the second biggest entry to pass-out and the second since the war to carry out the not inconsiderable duties of seniors for two terms.

'Although you've been presented largely with these firsts and seconds, I think you've dealt with them well and with commendable initiative, the like of which I hope to hear of you in the future.

'You have a "last" too. You'll be the last entry to pass-out of the main College building as it is today, and has been for 25 years. It's momentous to see work actually starting on the

Fourth Wing—incidentally by the same firm who built the foundations in 1929-30.

'You'll note I said "the foundations"—not the superstructure. That was built by a different firm. So, I suggest, it is with you and the College. The College has provided, it hopes, sound foundations. It doesn't pretend to have done more. The superstructure must be built by you, yourselves, on these foundations. But I realize that at the end of a course you may well be inclined to sit back and relax, having had, in your view, a surfeit of learning. I hope you'll resist the temptation; for nothing could be more damaging to the Service's and to your own interests.

'Lord Trenchard who, of all people, obeyed his own precepts, said once to a passing-out entry:

"Believe in yourselves. Believe in the Service. Each one of you must do his utmost in his particular job and make that efficient. Without that you can do nothing; with it you can do anything."

And this is, of course, as true now as it was when he said it. To be efficient one must learn—and you must all start off from here with the resolution to do so; and to develop your character and abilities along with your knowledge and experience.

'As I've said, we at the College believe we've done our utmost to establish the right sort of foundations in each of you. The aim has been that in the future you will develop into the right sort of officer to command and to lead our Service in the changing conditions it will undoubtedly meet in your time.

'And, indeed, by graduating from this College such is your responsibility. You've all had a significant advantage in being trained here and, whether you like it or not (and you should like it), people will be looking to you throughout your careers to set the standard amongst your contemporaries; and you will be judged by the Service by the way in which you do so.

'Of course, it's not only by learning that you will meet these responsibilities. The fact that you show yourselves willing to learn provides example only in the first instance. But you must put your knowledge to good effect in the practical sense if it is to be effective. In other words you must be prepared to lead both by example and by knowledge. And you have been trained to lead or command, if you will.

“To exercise this leadership you will need, too, to plan soundly and to analyse thoroughly what is required. Without planning there can be no direction or control. And control and direction depend in turn on obtaining the confidence of those being directed and on the example set by the director. You will find, too, that the director, or in our parlance the officer, who has the confidence of his subordinates is the one who will learn first of those many things that can upset so easily the best of plans. I am thinking in this instance of the personal problems that can beset people and cause them to take their eye off the ball—possibly with disastrous results.

“It’s the officer’s job to know of any such problems that can and do worry his subordinates. Without doing so he cannot be a leader and, as I have said on another occasion, we can hardly expect men, of the intelligence we need in our Service, to serve in it if they are not led by good officers.

“You have been shown here what is required of such officers. It’s now up to you to practise what we have preached—and to develop far beyond that, too, for we do not have a corner on all ideas. And, even if there were no other reasons, you have been introduced to the humanities here because being a good officer is in itself an art. You will progress in a Service of growing technical complexity and with growing responsibilities. For this you require the ability to understand the sciences of course. But the humanist approach is needed too—both because of the complexity of world affairs and also because, regardless of the weapons you must master, there’ll always be the common factor—your men. Without them the weapon and the policy must be ineffective.

“To meet all these demands you will need to have great loyalty. A loyalty that must amount to selfless devotion. You aim to serve the Queen. This demands the highest standards of behaviour both on and off duty that you may always uphold the tradition of the Service to which you have the honour to belong. In this Service you will always be very much individuals. But at the same time you will be very much members of a highly skilled and united team. And as such there is nothing you cannot achieve.

“In closing I will quote Shakespeare:

“There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.”

“All of us here hope that you are on that tide and that you will prove to be worthy guardians of your Service.”

Commissioning List

No. 75 ENTRY

General Duties Branch

- T. C. ELWORTHY, Senior Under Officer: Rowing (Captain, Full Colours).
- M. FREEMAN, Senior Under Officer: Golf; *The Journal* (Sub-Editor); Dramatic (co-production and acting); Motor Club; Film.
- T. F. H. MERMAGEN, Senior Under Officer: Sword of Honour and R. S. May Memorial Prize; The J. A. Chance Memorial Prize; Cricket (Full Colours); Hockey (1st XI); Rugby (Captain 2nd XV); Golf; *The Journal*; Debating; Dramatic; Ski-ing; Jazz Band; Film.
- R. J. BARRETT, Under Officer: Swimming (Captain, Full Colours); Golf (Captain); Water Polo (Captain, Full Colours); Soccer (Full Colours); Sub-Aqua; Chess.
- J. CLEAVER, Under Officer: Modern Pentathlon (Captain, Full Colours); Boxing; Fencing (Vice-Captain, Full Colours); Riding (Captain); Mountaineering; Canoeing; Ski-ing; Music; Dramatic; Motor Club.
- J. LAYCOCK, Under Officer: Dickson Trophy and Michael Hill Memorial Prize; Rugby (Vice-Captain, Secretary and Full Colours); Cricket (Full Colours); Film; Choral; Bridge.
- D. J. LOVERIDGE, Under Officer: Soccer (2nd XI); Swimming (Half Colours); Water Polo (Full Colours); Motor Club (Secretary and then President); Pot-holing; Film.
- J. J. MCMAHON, Under Officer: Cross-Country; Athletics; Gliding; Canoeing; Engineering; Radio; Motor Club; Dancing; Film.
- P. D. OULTON, Under Officer: Rugby; Motor Club; Choral; Jazz; Film; Gliding.
- M. J. F. SHAW, Under Officer: Queen’s Medal; Philip Sassoon Memorial Prize; Tennis (2nd VI); Beagling; Fine Arts; Gliding (Cadet Deputy); Canoeing; Film.
- T. V. RADFORD, Under Officer: Golf; Rugby (2nd XV); Fine Arts (Secretary); Dramatic (Set Designer); Jazz; Film; Motor Club; Sub-Aqua; *The Journal*.
- M. H. SMITH, Under Officer: Victoria League Award; Fencing (1st Team); Gliding; Sub-Aqua; Golf; Film; Dramatic; Jazz.

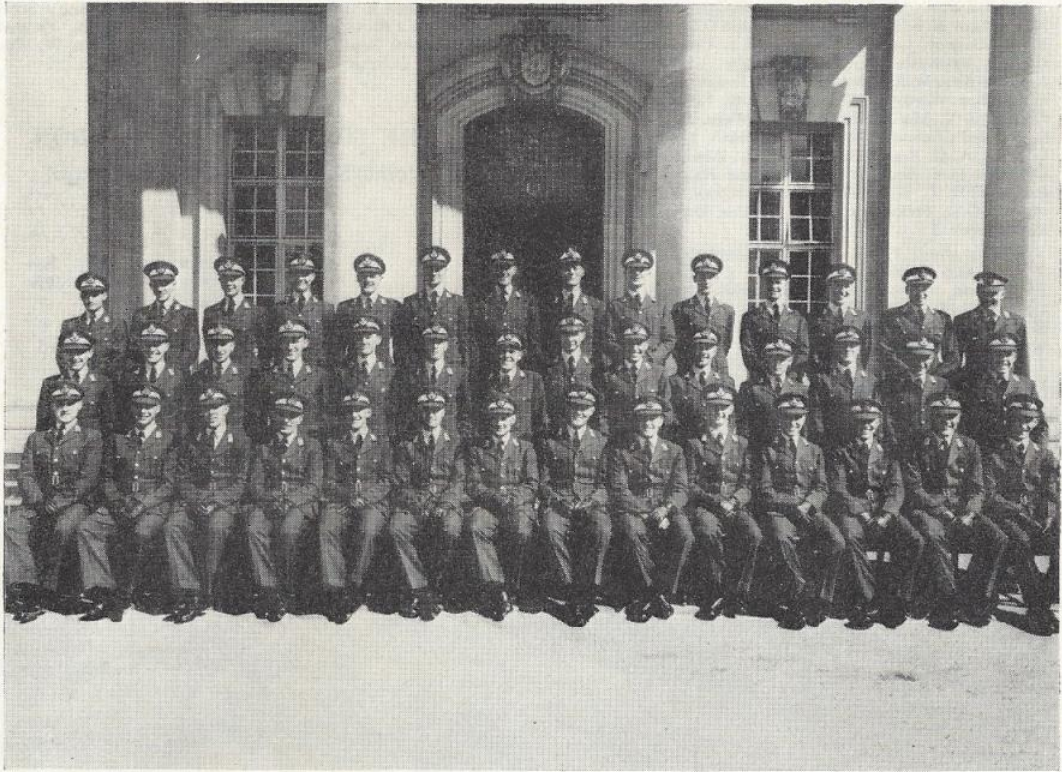
- J. F. C. VOLKERS, Under Officer: R.U.S.I. Award; Ecole de l'Air Award; Tennis (Vice-Captain, Full Colours); Squash (Full Colours); Photographic (Secretary); *The Journal*.
- N. C. ADAMSON, Senior Flight Cadet: Rugby (3rd XV); Film; Ski-ing; Music; Sailing; *The Journal* (Sub-Editor).
- P. G. BLAKE, Senior Flight Cadet: Shooting (Full Colours); Sub-Aqua; Film; Golf.
- P. J. BLEWITT, Senior Flight Cadet: Soccer (Full Colours); Sailing; Jazz; Choral; Film.
- B. J. CHEATER, Senior Flight Cadet: Dramatic (Stage Manager); Choral; Motor Club; Film.
- R. CLOKE, Senior Flight Cadet: Soccer (Captain, Full Colours); Tennis (Captain, Full Colours).
- R. B. CROWDER, Senior Flight Cadet: Canoeing (Secretary); Choral; Music; Film.
- W. R. DONALDSON, Senior Flight Cadet: R. M. Groves Memorial Prize and the Kinkead Trophy; Air Ministry Prize for Commonwealth and War Studies; Royal New Zealand Air Force Trophy; Hockey (Full Colours); Swimming (Half Colours); Photographic; *The Journal*; Bridge (Secretary).
- P. D. EDWORTHY, Senior Flight Cadet: Air Ministry Prize for Navigation; Soccer (1st XI); Wildfowling; Field Shooting; Mountaineering.
- M. J. D. FULLER, Senior Flight Cadet: Hockey; Boxing; Dramatic; Film.
- J. GELDART, Senior Flight Cadet: Swimming (Full Colours); Soccer (2nd XI); Squash (2nd V); Film; Motor Club.
- J. GRAHAM, Senior Flight Cadet: Badminton; Film; Jazz; Fine Arts; *The Journal* (Sub-Editor).
- R. D. GUNNING, Senior Flight Cadet: Rugby (2nd XV, Captain); Cricket; Music; Choir; Fine Arts.
- D. HALLER, Senior Flight Cadet: Squash (1st V, Full Colours); Riding; Engineering; Film.
- A. C. LANGMEAD, Senior Flight Cadet: Rowing (3rd IV); Motor Club; Sub-Aqua (Captain); Film.
- D. W. LEE, Senior Flight Cadet: Cross-Country (Vice-Captain, Half Colours); Athletics; Golf; Operatic; Choral; Ski-ing.
- F. W. MITCHELL, Senior Flight Cadet: Hicks Memorial Trophy; Hockey; Cricket; Film; Music; Motor Club.
- J. R. MORGAN, Senior Flight Cadet: Shooting (Vice-Captain, Full Colours); Printing (Secretary); *The Journal* (Sub-Editor).
- J. R. OWEN, Senior Flight Cadet: Rowing (Vice-Captain, Full Colours); Swimming (Half Colours); Athletics; Golf; Jazz (Secretary); Film.
- W. H. SMITH, Senior Flight Cadet: Modern Pentathlon (Full Colours); Fencing (Full Colours); Cross-Country (Half Colours); Riding (Captain); Motor Club.
- C. E. STAREY, Senior Flight Cadet: Beagling (Whip); Dancing; Field Shooting; Wildfowling.
- I. W. STRACHAN, Senior Flight Cadet: Gliding (Captain, Lewis-Lloyd Trophy); Music; Photographic; Riding.
- C. J. STURT, Senior Flight Cadet: Rugby; Hockey (Full Colours); Cricket; Tennis; Film (Secretary); Motor; Ski-ing.
- P. J. VEAL, Senior Flight Cadet: Badminton (Captain); Choral; Music; Sailing.
- M. E. WILLIAMSON, Senior Flight Cadet: Hockey (Captain, Full Colours); Cricket; Motor Club; Film.
- A. A. G. WOODFORD, Senior Flight Cadet: Abdy Gerrard Fellowes Memorial Prize; Cross-Country (Captain, Full Colours); Athletics (Full Colours); Gliding (Deputy); Motor Club.

Equipment Branch

- R. G. MEREDITH, Senior Flight Cadet: Air Ministry Prize for Equipment Studies; Shooting (Captain, Full Colours); Hockey; Photographic; Sailing; Film.

Secretarial Branch

- J. B. S. MEEK, Under Officer: Air Ministry Prize for Secretarial Studies; Rugby (1st XV); Cross-Country; Athletics; Choral (Secretary); *The Journal* (Sub-Editor); Film.
- C. A. RAINBOW, Senior Flight Cadet: Arnold Barlow Award; *The Journal* (Editor); United Nations Discussion Group (Chairman); Photographic (Secretary); Debating (Secretary).
- H. M. STROUD, Senior Flight Cadet: Hockey; Cross-Country; Ski-ing (Captain); Motor Club (Treasurer); Film.



THE SENIOR ENTRY, SUMMER TERM, 1959

Back row (left to right): S.F.C. R. Cloke, S.F.C. F. W. Mitchell, S.F.C. P. G. Blake, S.F.C. P. D. Edworthy, S.F.C. M. E. Williamson, S.F.C. D. Haller, S.F.C. D. W. Lee, S.F.C. P. J. Blewitt, S.F.C. R. G. Meredith, S.F.C. A. A. G. Woodford, S.F.C. W. H. Smith, S.F.C. C. E. Starey, S.F.C. I. W. Strachan, S.F.C. M. J. D. Fuller

Centre row (left to right): S.F.C. R. B. Crowder, S.F.C. J. Graham, S.F.C. C. A. Rainbow, S.F.C. B. J. Cheater, S.F.C. J. R. Morgan, S.F.C. J. R. Owen, S.F.C. H. M. Stroud, S.F.C. A. C. Langmead, S.F.C. J. Geldart, S.F.C. C. J. Sturt, S.F.C. R. D. Gunning, S.F.C. N. C. Adamson, S.F.C. P. J. Veal, S.F.C. W. R. Donaldson

Front row (left to right): U.O. J. Cleaver, U.O. P. D. Oulton, U.O. T. V. Radford, U.O. J. J. McMahon, U.O. M. J. F. Shaw, S.U.O. M. Freeman, S.U.O. T. F. H. Mermagen, S.U.O. T. C. Elworthy, U.O. J. F. C. Volkers, U.O. M. H. Smith, U.O. J. B. S. Meek, U.O. D. J. Loveridge, U.O. J. Laycock, U.O. R. J. Barrett

CADET WING LISTS

PROMOTIONS NO. 76 ENTRY

'A' Squadron: Flight Cadet Senior Under Officer T. C. Porteous.
Flight Cadet Under Officers M. J. Graydon, H. Coriat, B. Potter.

'B' Squadron: Flight Cadet Senior Under Officer J. S. B. Price.
Flight Cadet Under Officers R. E. Johns, P. J. Symes,
A. P. S. Jones.

'C' Squadron: Flight Cadet Senior Under Officer E. H. Hunter.
Flight Cadet Under Officers H. D. Herd, R. M. Trowern,
P. J. Maitland.

NO. 81 ENTRY

A' Squadron: P. J. Atkins, St Peter's School, Bournemouth.
N. B. Baldwin, Peter Symonds', Winchester. R. Cane, Bournemouth School. R. D. Cole, Stamford School. W. M. N. Cross, Leeds Modern G.S. R. E. Davies, Llanelly Grammar Technical School. J. C. Fittus, Earls Colne G.S., Colchester. M. S. Herring, Wellington College. F. J. Hoare, Tredegar G.S. A. J. F. Hunt, Hampton G.S. D. S. Lanigan, Taunton School, Southampton. B. P. Nicolle, Elizabeth College, Guernsey. J. Nottingham, Archbishop Holgate's School, York, and Locking. A. Q. M. Ross, Allhallows School, Devon. I. H. Shurdom, Jordan. C. J. Thomson, Campbell College, Belfast. J. E. C. Williamson, Epsom College. R. A. F. Wilson, Tonbridge.

'B' Squadron: M. J. R. Balgez, Jordan. G. P. J. Burden, Nottingham H. S. J.H. Currie, Bedlington G.S., Northumberland. M. A. Gaynor, Lancaster R.G.S. A. J. Gowing, St Lawrence College, Ramsgate. C. Granville-White, Cheltenham College. J. V. Harding, Solihull School. M. N. Jensen, Brentwood School and Bishop Wordsworth's School. J. G. Lumsden, Ampleforth College. J. V. McCarthy, Dulwich College. M. S. J. McKinley, St Edward's School, Oxford. F. Milligan, Ulverston G.S. and Locking. A. G. Pearce, St Philip's G.S., Birmingham. P. V. Pile, Churchill H.S., Southern Rhodesia, and Halton. D. J. Sawyer, Bristol G.S. T. H. Sindall, Rossall School. G. J. R. Sutton, Harvey G.S., Folkestone. A. R. Tinkler, Oakham School and Lutterworth G.S.

'C' Squadron: C. B. Adcock, Loughborough College S. R. M. Annett, Kingston G.S. N. G. Bing, Brechin H.S. P. Coulson, Batley G.S. I. Fazakerley, Quarry Bank H.S., Liverpool. H. F. J. Fetherstonhaugh, Downside. D. Fradley, King Edward VI G.S., Stafford. C. S. Greensted, Cranbrook School. M. Hanslip, King Edward VII G.S., Kings Lynn. T. S. Keats, Bec G.S., London. R. P. O'Brien, Salesian College, Farnborough. J. G. Parnaby, Whitgift School, Croydon. R. J. M. Patterson, Nairn Academy. G. Pitcher, Lowestoft G.S.

and Halton. B. Priest, Sutton G.S. V. Rees, King's School, Grantham. P. G. Sturt, Canford School. R. B. Thomson, Christchurch Boys' H.S., New Zealand, and Halton. W. Wood, Worksoop College.

THE SOVEREIGN'S SQUADRON

Points Scored in the Summer Term

		'A'	'B'	'C'
		Sqn	Sqn	Sqn
		Pts	Pts	Pts
Knocker		4	1	7
Ferris		2	5	8
Chimay		9	3	6
Total		15	9	21



'Superna Petimus?'

THE QUEEN OF THE BATTLEFIELD

By

Group Captain E. H. LYNCH-BLOSSE

'Morale' said Major-General Fuller, about 40 years ago, 'is indeed the Queen of the Battlefield,' and many other great military commanders have said the same thing in different words. For instance:—

'I call morale the greatest single factor in war.'—Montgomery.

'The morale is to the material as three is to one.'—Napoleon.

'An army without morale is nothing but a collection of unhappy, frightened men.'—Slim.

Indeed, so much has been written—and spoken—about morale and leadership that one cannot but feel diffident about adding to it; however, as far as the Royal Air Force is concerned, technical developments are so rapid and exciting and the demand for technical knowledge is so insatiable that the need for correspondingly high standards of leadership is often overlooked. The fact is that progress in technical fields is creating morale and leadership problems almost as great in extent as the technical and scientific advances themselves; and in seeking high standards of professional knowledge in its officers the Royal Air Force must also demand from them very high standards of leadership.

In the past, morale in the Royal Air Force has always been highest in the operational squadrons—in the front line—but will this be true in future, in Thor, Bloodhound and Blue Streak squadrons? They also will be in the front line, but much of the activity and excitement of flying and of achieving the task and of the 'operational spirit' in such units, be they many or few, will not be there and can only be replaced, morale-wise, by good leadership. The aim of the missile is to deter and continued successful achievement of the aim must result in boredom and frustration. In short the fewer aircraft there are in the Service the greater the morale problem and the only solution lies in the leadership qualities of the officers.

In his memoirs Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery says that, on an average, out of ten men in a section two will be leaders, seven would much prefer to follow and one would much

rather not be there at all. In the maintenance of morale in future a greater responsibility is going to fall on the two than has been the case in the past and the fact that Cranwell cadets must, after graduation, invariably be in the top two rather than in the other eight is the justification for this article.

What is morale? It is difficult to define but many people have tried; here are some of the attempts and you can take your pick.

'A spirit of cheerful obedience to the common good.'

'The general spirit or state of mind of a group of men as reflected by their behaviour under all circumstances.'

'Fitness of mind for the purpose in hand.'

'The intangible spirit of any body of men or women.'

'A measure of collective willpower to succeed that permeates all ranks of a force.'

I have jotted these definitions down over a number of years and unfortunately I cannot acknowledge their authorship. It is clear, though, from all of them, that morale is a state of mind and I think myself that the second definition gets nearest to the truth. However, as a matter of interest, I read in a paper on Work Study recently that scientific research had revealed the inadequacy of many current definitions of the term and that experts had developed a new one: here it is:—

'Morale is an attitude of satisfaction with, desire to remain a member of, and willingness to strive for the goals of a particular group or organization.'

In his book *Defeat into Victory*, Field-Marshal Slim says that there are three foundations of morale—spiritual, intellectual and material,

'and that is the order of their importance. Spiritual first because only spiritual foundations can stand real strain. Next intellectual, because men are swayed by reason as well as feeling. Material last—important, but last because the very highest kinds of morale are often met when material conditions are lowest.'

It is seldom easy for a Service officer to deal with spiritual matters. Service life and training militates against thought and discussion of truth, beauty, beliefs, etc., but the fact is that all men are motivated by these things. What pilot, however extrovert, has not been moved by the beauty of flying at dawn or at sunset? Who among us is not stirred when we hear the National Anthem, or the skirl of the bagpipes; or when we see the R.A.F. Ensign or the Union Jack fluttering in the breeze? We are all proud of being British, and we would all of us fight for what we believe to be right. Even as I write I feel diffident about mentioning such things in the context of our practical everyday world of parades, lectures, flying and what have you, but I am sure you know what I mean; it all adds up, perhaps, to a belief in God, the Queen and the Royal Air Force and it is what R.A.F. officers must try to instil in the hearts of those who serve under them.

The intellectual basis of morale centres round the aim and its achievement, and here attention to the individual is the key to success. Everyone knows, or has read, of the extent to which the achievements of military leaders like Mountbatten, Montgomery, Harris, Slim and others were due to their ability, first, to see the true aim and, secondly, to get across personally to their troops that aim and how it was to be achieved, and the feeling that each man had a part to play in its achievement. When the aim, and the reason for it, is known to all, success is within reach; nothing succeeds like success, whether it be in winning a battle, going solo, getting an instrument rating or passing a final handling test and, when it is achieved, all those who have contributed must receive their share of praise. Equally important is the allocation of blame, and great care must be exercised in apportioning blame when things go wrong. It is too easy to criticize, to tear off strips and to distribute rockets, but indiscriminate or unjust apportionment of

blame is bound to have an adverse effect on morale

The importance of this intellectual basis of morale is much greater now than it used to be. Since the first world war the educational, intellectual, social and financial gaps between officers and men have been narrowing and the process is likely to continue. Indeed it is possible, in the missile age, that some technical tradesman might be better qualified educationally than their officers and this fact alone gives fresh impetus to the need for high standards of leadership among the latter.

With the third basis of morale—material well-being—the average officer is on much more familiar ground, since the emphasis during officer training is on this rather than on the other two. Freedom from bodily distractions such as fatigue, cold, discomfort, dirt, hunger, thirst—all officers are well aware of the need to look after the physical well-being of their subordinates. But there is more to it than this; just as much attention must be paid to the emotions as to the senses. Boredom, for instance, financial or domestic anxiety, or frustration are usually present in some degree and much can be done to relieve them by good organization and suitable (and sensible) attention to work programmes, welfare, the elimination of petty restrictions and avoidance of over-supervision.

So it is clear, I think, that preoccupation with technical and scientific progress in the Royal Air Force must not lead us to neglect a less practical but no less important facet of Service life—morale. Morale problems of the missile era can only be solved by insistence on the highest standards of leadership from officers.

I have, unfortunately, written nothing new—I have only re-stated some well-known facts, but in doing so I have tried to emphasize that the Queen of the battlefields of the past will also reign over the launching pads of the future—only more so.

'Quotes' from Survival Crew Reports

'It was now 1500 hours and we had plenty of time, so we decided we must have water if we were not to become delirious.'

(Place—Inverness-shire—Scotland. August 1959)

'We were fortunate enough in finding an old tin bothy with an extremely good command of the landscape—here we celebrated Flight Cadet —'s 21st birthday.'

'At 2155 hours we were greeted by the sight of Flight Cadet — running as fast as he could up stream hotly pursued by about 11 or 12 soldiers.'

'The enemy stripped us of all our belongings—they ate our chocolate right in front of our eyes.'

'For the second time I was made a prisoner and for the second time they ate my chocolate.'

'"Good morning, Ma'am"—and the old lady pointed and said, "Look, dear, it's those three again".'

'We soon found the others—largely by following our ears; for there was a terrible din being made, it sounded more like a garden party than an RV.'

A LIFE IN THE DAY OF

OR

l'après midi d'un fawner



P. SMITH



SMYTHE



SMYTH



P SMYTHE



JONMAN



PUMFREY

BEING a Socio-Politico-Neo-Neo-Realist Appraisal of Current Western Democratic Doctrine, Written Without the Bias of Personal Experience.

'Psst . . . Heard anything about P.T.?'

My name is Fred Thursday. I'm a trick psychologist. One ordinary day opened quietly. So did the door. It was the mental sick parade. This guy staggers in. He's a Flight Sergeant. He looks like hell cooled down. A crack on his face (what happened to the poor sucker's mouth?) opens. It speaks:

'Doc. You gotta help me. I just read this.'

A grubby magazine falls from his nerveless fingers. I look at it.

'Under the Nazis enormous numbers of people were compelled to spend an enormous amount of time marching in serried ranks from Point A to Point B and back again to Point A. This keeping of the whole population on the march seemed to be a senseless waste of time and energy. Only much later was there revealed in it a subtle intention, based on a well-judged adjustment of ends and means. Marching diverts men's thoughts. Marching kills thought. Marching makes an end of individuality. Marching is the indispensable magic stroke performed in order to accustom the people to a mechanical, quasi-ritualistic activity until it becomes second nature.'

'Psst . . . Know whether P.T.'s been cancelled?'

'You know, he's shrunk since last term.'

'Really? Pity it's not faster.'

I could hear the lunatic babble outside the room. A demented Squadron Leader was muttering to himself.

'Bolshy cadets. (Sob) I can't stand it. That entry.'

'All of them. Everyone. (Sob) Hah! I'll get 'em.'

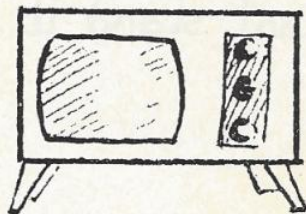
His condition was poor; his neurosis . . . I'd met his type before. The cure was easy. I told him:

'It is normal that young men should be rebellious and should thumb their noses at authority. It can even be said to be desirable, for authority is apt to go bad if it is not challenged. But the rebelliousness is often artificially boosted by the senselessness of the restrictions they have had to undergo; and if they have been made to show respect for authority merely because it is authority there will be a much greater impulse to show that they no longer have any respect for it or for the demands it supports.'

'Psst . . . Reckon P.T.'s probably been cancelled.'

The very texture of the fabric of the tapestry shifts and dissolves in a kaleidoscope of colour and sound. But through it, like a silver thread among the gold, vibrates one chord of nonsense.

It was Humffrey Lumphry Pumfrey (No relation to Humpty Dumpty.) The table stood on the



For those who can't leave it

floor. The floor stood under the table. Naturally. Flight Cadet H. L. Pumfrey paced the floor of his tiny, neat, but squalid room. The mat showed signs of wear, and H.L.'s brow was corrugated as his clammy hands grasped a crumpled copy of last month's *Tattler*, posted to him by his daddy, Air Commodore Humffrey Pumfrey. What with the big house to keep up (and his mind flashed back to the happy days at Crantonville) they could only afford the one.

There are lots of girls who don't pet in parked cars. The woods are full of them.

'How could he have done it,' he groaned, 'I suppose he needs the money,' his shaking hands opened the glossy pages. The print glowed before his red-rinsed eyes as the very words burned into his brain with un-British brutality and even seemed to blur the glorious pictures in his mind of himself triumphantly leading the pack back at Cranmoor School.

'As well as providing worthless knowledge, the function of a prep. school is to instil into its inmates precisely the wrong values. A useful start is made in fostering the fallacy—which will be carefully sustained for the next ten or fifteen years—that athletic prowess is more valuable than intellectual ability. Several thousands of hours are frittered away on the art of kicking or hitting balls of all shapes and sizes in appro-

priate directions. A mysterious divinity known as the Team Spirit is also religiously worshipped. The purpose of this is to remove any last trace of individuality that might unfortunately remain. Through it, a boy learns never to act on his own, only as one of a group. Often it proves impossible to shake off this pernicious doctrine on emerging into more adult society.'

We few, we happy few, we band of brothers.

'Hey . . . What's this about P.T. being cancelled?'

A slow-talking girl met a fast-talking city slicker. Before she could tell him she wasn't that kind of girl, she was.

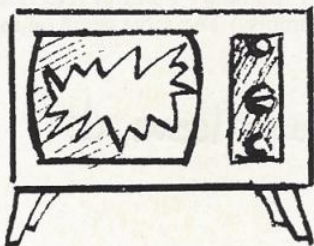
'Well, we can always join the Cuban Popular People's Free Democratic Socialist Republican Air Self Defence Force.'

'Strange; I thought you were a fighter, boy.'

My name is Edgar Lust, Flight Lieutenant. It was H. L. Pumfrey on a charge again. Deep in the annals of the Cadets Record; Office, Northern Ireland Yard, I found his record card. As I pored over the charges I knew that outside the door Pumfrey was waiting, waiting, waiting; biting his nails; shaking; wondering what went on within. I knew what went on within. This way Pumfrey will confess. . . .

His record card makes interesting reading:

Charged with assaulting a Flight Sergeant with a loaded shooting stick. Pleads he thought F.S. was being insubordinate. F.S. had nine (9) stitches in region of navel.	Admonished (first offence).
Having toothpaste in his toothbrush... ..	Dismissed (had no toothbrush).
Resting feet on back of chair whilst watching television	1 day's Rollcalls.
Leaving dirty washing in the hand-basin, to soak for the morning inspection ...	2 days' Rollcalls.
Allowing his hat to fall off on Ceremonial Parade	14 days' Restrictions (Pumfrey is in 1st XV, excused restrictions on Wednesdays and week-ends).



For those who can't stand it.

1st XV, eh? Well, he can't be such a bad chap after all—probably accident-prone. Better call him in. Mmm. . . . Think I'll welcome him with my most disarming smile. . . .

'As I entered his office and saluted, the Flight Commander had a demoniac and sadistic leer on his face, and his opening words were filled with menace.'

'You know, Pumfrey, don't you think you ought to try a bit harder? Fancy being charged with having a fingerprint on the inside of your left sliding brass on a Ceremonial Parade.'

'But, sir,' blurts Pumfrey, 'it wasn't a fingerprint, sir.'

The Flight Lieutenant's mind twists and distorts at this malicious remark, aimed at his personal integrity, awareness and sense of values. Better give the lad a dose of official spiel. Should wake him up.

'Pumfrey, I really think you ought to appreciate the significance of Ceremonial Parades by now. Don't you realize that "Ceremonial Parades are important in that when you are participating, you as a cadet will stand and act in company with all your contemporaries at the College? They are occasions also on which the cadets as a corporate body represent the College. Your *esprit de corps* and the Royal Air Force College itself will be judged by your efficiency on these occasions." Four days' restrictions; carry on.'

'Psst . . . Fellows . . . P.T.'s cancelled.'

'Er, Flight Sergeant About this Flight Cadet whatsisname—er . . . Pumfrey, that's it. I'm interested in this latest case of his. What are your impressions?' (Thinks—hope he has some; I certainly haven't.)

'Well, sir; at first I thought his Personality/Manner was Pleasant/Sincere, sir, but now, sir,

I think he tends towards the Sulky/Resentful, sir. His Attitude when Corrected, sir, used to be Grateful, sir, but now it's distinctly Resentful/Sulky, sir. And as for his Energy/Forcefulness, sir. . . .' (Thinks—'ope 'e knows what that lot means; I don't.)

Later:

'What on earth do you mean, you want to appeal against the punishment? You can't do a thing like that. It isn't done. I mean. . . . Well, it just isn't. . . . Unheard of. . . . Absolutely.'

'But, sir, I have definite proof it wasn't a fingerprint.'

'Good heavens, lad, I'm not interested in proof. Not interested at all.'

'What was it then?'

'It 'was a big toe print—a left big toe print, sir.'

'A what?'

'No, sir, a left big toe print, sir.'

'Well how on earth did your left big toe print get on your left sliding brass on a Ceremonial Parade?'

'But that's just it, sir; it wasn't mine, sir.'

'Don't you normally wear your own brasses on parade?'

'No, sir. I mean yes, sir. I mean the left big toe wasn't mine, sir.'

(Thunder off.)

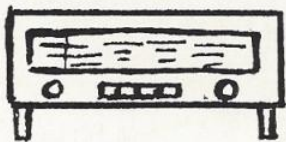
JIM: That girl sitting behind me at the pictures last night must have been a film censor.

FRED: Why?

JIM: All she kept saying was 'Cut it out.'

'But, sir, we were definitely told it was cancelled.'

H.L.P.



For those who haven't got it

'Quotes' from Survival Crew Reports

'The two people made their way quickly and with quite a bit of noise into the wood. I therefore presumed they were our Section Officers.'

'There were a lot of bird calls being given out all over the place, and it sounded more like dawn than 2330 hours.'

'Since we did not expect to meet the railway we now became uncertain as to whether we were travelling in the right direction.'

'Flight Cadet — was in the middle of the crew and suddenly shouted "Break." From that moment we never saw him again.'

'I waited for transport—no transport came.'

'TO GIVE AND NOT TO COUNT THE COST'

They did not know us, nor we them,
Yet for us and for our freedom
They gave their lives. Prompted
By the memory of those who had gone
And the thought of those to come
They gave all that they possessed.

Nothing they withheld, but everything
Passed down to posterity.
They died that we might live,
That we might be free and happy,
That we might have a land to call our own.

Their cry was always 'King and Country!'
With never a thought of self. And on
They sailed, and on they marched,
And on they flew, with never a glance behind;
Until, the battle won, they lived in glory,
Or in anguish died.

Died? No, not they. Oh yes,
Their bodies passed away, but still
They live, in heart, in mind;
As much as we, they live.

Indeed, their lives they gave to us,
And so in us they live.

Oh you, by whom we live,
Let it never be said that we forget you,
Nor take your sacrifice for granted.

In spite of all that seems, we are
A grateful younger generation.

Ay, younger, but who is the older?
It cannot be you, for many of us
Have counted as many summers.

But who of us has lived as well?
You had each one birth, one life, one death;
The last you chose, the rest you gave to us.

And all we have to pay is the price
Of being born to inherit this gift,
A gift which cannot be reckoned
In pounds and pence
The gift is life, the debt is all, the payment, to live well.

J. D. C. ADAMS.

Sherries from Spain

BY an order of 14th March 1517, and renewed in 1530, the Duke of Medina Sidonia granted special privileges to Englishmen who went to Seville, Cadiz or Jerez de la Frontera to buy wines. This is only one example of many pieces of evidence which show that during the 16th Century the fame of the Jerez wines was greater than any other. Since then Spanish Sherries (the word is a corruption of the name of Jerez) have become increasingly popular, and the British now drink better sherry, and more of it, than any other country.

Sherry itself is a blended still wine produced in and around Jerez de la Frontera in Andalusia, from the juice of white grapes grown in the surrounding countryside. The wine can differ in colour from that of pale straw through shades of gold and amber to a rich, dark brown. On the palate it can be very 'dry,' extremely sweet or anything in between. Its bouquet or 'nose' varies tremendously and yet remains distinctive. The quality of the sherry depends entirely upon the shipper, for it is his skill and experience which enables him to produce, year after year, a blend of sherries which is unerring in colour, taste and bouquet. To do this he uses a unique method known as the 'Solera system.'

The town of Jerez, situated 25 miles north-east of Cadiz, is a pleasant town of Renaissance buildings with an old city wall and many beautiful churches built around the minarets of earlier Moorish mosques—present-day reminders of the Moorish victory at Guadalete twelve and a half centuries ago. In Jerez, especially in the shippers' premises or 'Bodegas' where the wine matures, is to be found the generous hospitality so characteristic of the great wine-producing areas. Outside the town is open, undulating country and the slopes are covered by the vast vineyards which supply the sherry grapes.

These vineyards are owned and cultivated mainly in the old-fashioned way by small proprietors who sell their produce to the shippers. The vines themselves are small, straggling bushes, four or five feet high and planted in seemingly endless rows. As far as the eye can see the hills are covered with vines, and here and there are dotted the gleaming white pressing houses. The soil is very suitable, and the vines

are not hampered by severe frosts and heavy rains as is the case in the more northern wine-producing areas. If the crop is to be a good one it is essential that the vines receive rain in the month of March and then, beginning in May, the grapes will ripen as the sun becomes hotter and hotter. The harvest is during the first and second weeks of September, by which time the vines are laden with bunches of plump, sweet white grapes each weighing several pounds. They are taken by cart to the building where they are to be pressed and are then tipped into wooden troughs (lagares) approximately twelve feet square and three feet in depth. The pressing is done by men wearing special boots which have nails driven sideways into the soles, and as they work they often sing to the accompaniment of a guitar. The boots are worn so that the pips and stalks are caught between the heads of the nails and are therefore not crushed. As the wine pours out of the drain-holes in the trough walls it is strained and then funnelled into new casks, for just as the Bible says that new wine should go into new wineskins, so should new sherry go into new casks. These are then taken to the bodegas by lorry, and it is here that they will remain for many years, in order that the sherry can be matured and blended. To mark the gathering of the harvest there is held in Jerez a three-day 'Fiesta' during which the whole town makes merry.

The bodegas are high, cool, cathedral-like buildings, whitewashed inside and out, and are quite dark except for piercing shafts of sunlight from the round windows. Each bodega has its own name which is often that of a saint such as 'San Rodrigo,' 'San Benito,' and each contains only one or two types of sherry. The wines are stored in three or four tiers of lightly bunged casks, containing a hundred and ten gallons, which are made in the shipper's own cooperage. Skilled workmen use the age-old methods to shape, bind and seal the butts which are made out of American oakwood. As the majority of the casks are not returned to Spain once they have been exported a large firm may manufacture up to 5,000 a year.

The new wines ferment for about three months and it is not until the end of this period that the shipper can tell what type of sherry the wine will

produce. For several years the young wines are allowed to stand by themselves in order to mature, and during that time a white, frothy film will form on the surface of the sherry in the butts. This is known as the 'flor' or flower and appears during the first Spring following the harvest. It is actually a type of secondary fermentation which lasts for about eighteen months and if allowed to remain will help to produce one of the two main types of sherry—the Finos. These are very pale in colour and have a characteristic 'dry' taste. In order to stop the growth of the 'flor' small quantities of grape brandy are added, so that the Olorosos, which are very dark and sweet, have the highest percentage. Temperature plays an important part in the blending of sherries, and so the Finos will always be found on the bottom, and therefore the coolest tier, then the medium wines, with the Olorosos on top.

After four or five years by themselves the new wines are sent to the different 'solera' bodegas for blending. These soleras are composed of rows of butts containing a particular type of sherry laid down as a basis, and year after year the younger wines are laid down. When a portion of the older wine is drawn from one of the butts it is immediately made good with wine from a younger row, which in turn is replenished with a still younger wine. In this way the solera is being constantly refreshed with younger wines which inherit the virtues of the older, more mature ones. At the same time the identity of the whole is retained. The wines of several soleras are then blended according to the style of sherry it is wished to produce. The wines may be inspected only three or four times a year and this is done by an expert who can tell in a moment what condition they are in. To obtain a sample he uses a ladle with a long, flexible handle, and it requires a considerable amount of skill to transfer the liquid to a glass without spilling a drop. Whenever it is found necessary to clear the sherry of impurities, a rather surprising operation is

carried out. A special earth is mixed (known as 'tierra de vino') and a measured quantity is mixed with the sherry. The earth absorbs the impurities and settles on the bottom of the cask. As the casks are rarely moved and as the wine is pumped from the top of them the earth does not affect the quality of the sherry in any way.

On his premises the shipper keeps a few casks of very old sherries which he uses for adding perhaps more colour or 'body' to a blend, and these have such names as Gerado, Heriberti, and Pedro Ximenez—which is an extremely sweet, thick wine made from dried grapes.

The solera system not only attains its object of marrying younger wines with older but also ensures that one shipment of sherry does not vary from another, so that the public can rely upon their favourite brand having the same body, bouquet and flavour year after year.

From Jerez the mature sherry is taken by road to Cadiz from where it is exported by sea to either London or Bristol. It is this latter town's long association with sherry which has given rise to such famous brand names as 'Bristol Cream' and 'Bristol Milk.' The sherry is bottled in this country and a large amount is re-exported, especially to the United States of America.

Since it is impossible to copy the sherries which are exported from Spain it is mandatory under British law that those brands masquerading under the name of 'sherry' should clearly state the country of origin. This in recognition of the fact that the production of Spanish Sherry is based upon many centuries of skill and experience.

We should like to thank John Harvey and Sons Ltd., of Bristol, for giving us the opportunity to visit Jerez de la Frontera, and also their Spanish associate, Senor Jose Ruiz-Mateos, for his generous hospitality during our stay.

D.O.C-W.
M.J.D.

'Quotes' from Survival Crew Reports

'The previous day gave us an introduction to a particularly vicious species of carnivora—probably the Scottish gnat which had apparently been starved for some time.'

'The crew organized a strategic withdrawal with some considerable velocity. The infantry were much faster and effected a capture some half a mile later.'

Psychological Warfare in the Malayan Emergency

IT does not matter how clever propaganda may be, how much it satisfies one's own feelings or how much it angers and depresses the enemy, unless it makes him alter his plans to the other's advantage it is a waste of effort.

In planning a Psychological Warfare campaign the aim must be clearly established and maintained. That aim may be to cause panic and confusion, mutiny or flight. In Malaya, the aim is to destroy Communist morale, and induce terrorists to surrender. But as a rule soldiers do not desert if they think they will be victorious or if they are expecting ill treatment from the enemy. Therefore, we have to convince the terrorists that victory is impossible and that if they surrender they will be well treated.

Propaganda reaches the terrorists by several channels. The radio, press and cinema can persuade the people not to support the terrorists, either morally or materially, while voice aircraft and leaflets can reach the terrorists directly.

Valettas were used as the first voice aircraft in March 1953. They were found to be too fast for good reception of the messages on the ground. In early 1954 they were replaced by Dakotas. Later that year two Austers were added to the flight, now called the Voice Aircraft Flight and based at Kuala Lumpur.

The message to be broadcast is recorded on a continuous tape which is played back through a tape recorder in such a way that it can be repeated indefinitely. For example, 19 feet of tape will record a 27-second message and a three-second pause before being repeated. Because of this time limit, which has to be imposed due to the speed of the aircraft, the message must be kept as short and simple as possible. Here is a typical message which may be broadcast in a variety of dialects and languages, the most usual being Mandarin, Hakka, Malay and Tamil:

'Hello Chuah Ban Hin,
Hello Chuah Ban Hin,
Listen carefully.

Your comrade Ah Tish Yu has just come out.
Follow his good example.

If you surrender now you will be well treated.'

The aircraft are fitted with four 500-watt Tannoy speakers which give a range of about 3,000 yards when flying at 2,500 feet. Large areas

of jungle can be quickly covered by using a square-search technique.

Leaflets are widely used as a means of distributing propaganda and many hundreds of thousands have been dropped over the jungle.

The following is a translation from a widely used leaflet intended to alienate the rank and file from their leaders.

Qualifications of a Leader

- (1) Big eyes to watch the faults and movements of the lower ranks.
- (2) Small ears so that the complaints of the men are not heard.
- (3) Big mouth to give orders, talk about so-called freedom and equality and to eat a major portion of the food.
- (4) Small chest to avoid bullets.
- (5) Big stomach to store all the food he eats.
- (6) Small fingers for untying knots.
- (7) Big bottom to sit on all day while the men are out risking their lives collecting food and subscriptions.

Qualifications for a Model Soldier

- (1) Blind eyes so that the mistakes and bad habits of the leaders cannot be seen.
- (2) Big ears to listen to false propaganda and orders.
- (3) No mouth so that it is unnecessary to eat or talk.
- (4) Big chest to stop bullets aimed at leaders.
- (5) Small stomach to minimize consumption of rice and not feel starvation.
- (6) Rough hands for manual work.
- (7) Big feet to march through the jungle, up mountains, through swamps and rivers.

Another leaflet often dropped on small targets where wounded or diseased terrorists are known to be:

Do you need a Doctor?

If you are wounded can you get medical treatment? Your answer is unfortunately 'No.' You can only hope and pray that you will get better or that you will die quickly.

The government gives the best possible medical treatment to any member of the security forces who is wounded.

The government is willing to extend such medical treatment to any member of the com-

unist organization who is sick and wounded and requires help.

If you are sick or wounded, contact the people and ask them to take you to the nearest police or military post or come down to any road and stop a car and ride to the police post.

We offer you what your own organization cannot give you. Immediate medical attention. Don't leave it until it is too late.

Since voice aircraft started operating in 1953, over 1,500 communists have surrendered. This is

not due to the aircraft alone. Defeat, hunger and lack of support from the Malayan people, as well as the intensive psychological campaign, has broken the terrorist army.

There are now only about 700 left. They have been beaten. Their former struggle for power against the Malayan government has been reduced to a struggle for survival in the Malayan jungle.

CHUAH BAN HIN
(*Royal Malayan Air Force*)

'Reflections'

WITHIN a few days of this being published I will (I hope) pass out from the Royal Air Force College. I write 'I hope' not through any sense of modesty but because one's position as a Flight Cadet is ever vulnerable. One strong impression I will take away from Cranwell is that, at a place that is trying to teach young men to take a long-term view, one's continued existence as a Flight Cadet is never assured.

I do not think that one can give any objective assessment of the value of the course until some years after finishing it. However, this will not preclude me from offering some criticisms thereof. After nearly three years at Cranwell I know nothing about airmen and precious little about the Royal Air Force. These seem to me to be very important subjects. In my opinion we should all serve for a short time, e.g. six weeks, in the ranks before entering Cranwell and should have more instruction about and visits to operational stations so that we know something of the day-to-day running of a typical R.A.F. station.

I have heard many cadets express the opinion that as we have to study so many subjects we do not gain a worthwhile knowledge of any of them. I disagree with this view because it seems to me that a broad outlook and a knowledge of the world are among the first requirements for an officer.

I have the impression that to get through at Cranwell the first requirement is not to be brimful of initiative or wonderfully intelligent but rather to have the ability to avoid making serious mistakes. One can pass out of Cranwell without exerting oneself overmuch so long as one

does not irritate any of those people who matter.

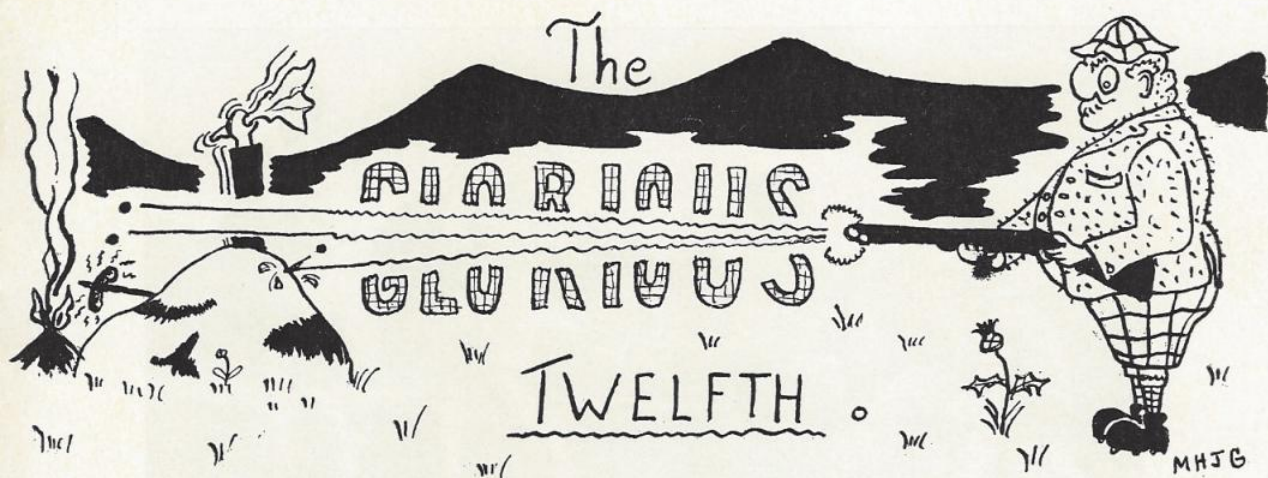
What of the personality of the typical Flight Cadet? I must first say that my colleagues at Cranwell have been, collectively speaking, just about the finest conglomeration of people I have ever come across. There are, however, certain conventions at the College which irritate me greatly. The first among these is the 'One of the chaps' complex. Sufferers under this delusion believe that the way to become a really good chap is to have the lowest possible moral standards and to get drunk whenever the slightest excuse is offerable. Regrettably, this philosophy has many adherents. Another tendency which is unfortunate is a movement towards overspecialization and narrowness of outlook.

What has Cranwell done to me? This I find very difficult to decide, because between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one one is bound to change considerably no matter what one does. I think that, in common with most people, the College has made me a little more self-confident, a little more couth and a little broader in outlook.

In a typically hot-headed younger generation way, I shall never be able to understand the reasons behind many of the things that go on at Cranwell, but I am only too ready to realize that I owe much to the Royal Air Force College. I can honestly say that I have never for one moment regretted coming to Cranwell.

I would like to end by thanking the members of the College staff at every level, for they rarely receive any appreciation of their endeavours, on behalf of the Flight Cadets. Thank you.

D.L.



THE 12th of August 1959 will surely go down in the annals of the Royal Air Force as the culminating date of one of its most important and glorious campaigns.

It all started on the 31st July when sixty cadets from the 'Drill and Ceremonial Academy,' Lincolnshire, were brought to the Scottish moors.

The first eight days of their visit were spent in organizing an extensive campaign and their training for the same consisted of the basic and advanced elements of game beating and poaching. A base camp was set up about three miles from Aviemore, Inverness-shire, from where the campaign was conducted.



'Follow that man'



The first brace?

At first, green-clad figures, tramping well-concealed routes at high speed, could be seen for miles around on the mountains encompassing Loch Morlich (pronounced in English, Lake Moorlik!). Here the intrepid young Englishmen were taught how to move quickly, quietly and inconspicuously but with their eyes wide-open for strangers and conceivable escape routes, they themselves introducing Squire and gamekeeper recognition as an added programme of instruction—later to prove invaluable! As the days passed the increase in their aptitude was evident to all locals, and beyond the range of one mile the sounds of singing and whistling were completely drowned by the pad, pad, pad of 'Boots, cold, wet weather' along the dusty roads.

The culmination of their training was a four-day application of skills, the object being to completely depopulate the moors of grouse in the face of opposition from gamekeepers and the like. In the event, the Lairds proved incapable of dealing with the green menace, and eventually the Seaforth Highlanders were called in to wage war on the Sassenachs. However, they had equally little success and, eking out a miserable existence on their iron rations and sterilized water, the military were forced to watch the

grouse being driven off the moors by the booted terror. Communications in the district were also overrun to such an extent that 'pongo' dared not move on the roads where he would have been hopelessly out-numbered.

When, at last, the army were forced to take reprisals they cunningly captured four of the Academy's Officers 'playing at boats' on the River Spey, brutally removing their boots. However, aided at every turn by the locals the menace was always one jump ahead, although one of the number suffered, nobly defending his English right to refuse porridge at breakfast.

The final moves of the game were played out when the night of the eleventh was drawing to its close. The green horde, advancing in line abreast over the featureless moors, drove the grouse over the heads of the enemy. The 'pongo' defeat was turned to rout when they were out-numbered and taken in the rear by the volleys from the assembled Lairds who, punctually at midnight, heralded in the twelfth. Both grouse and military were taken by the brace.

Till the end of time that day will be remembered by the Royal Air Force as the most glorious of glorious Twelfths.

H.C.

'C. I. S.'

When it was decided to extend the Cranwell course to three years it was also necessary to decide what to do with the cadets of the Equipment and Secretarial branches. The truth is that it does not take anything like three years simply to teach an Equipment or Secretarial officer how to perform his specialist duties and in consequence the E. & S. programme had become notorious for the hours of Private Study it held.

Once Air Ministry had reaffirmed that it was still considered valuable for other kinds of training apart from flying to be carried out at Cranwell an old dream of a past Senior Tutor (E.S.A.) was re-examined.

Years ago he had explored the possibility of training his cadets to leave Cranwell with a civilian professional qualification, but came to the conclusion that the course was too short and had to abandon the plan.

The Director of Studies, Mr Antony Constant, M.A., therefore asked the current S.T.(E.S.A.)—Wing Commander, as he was then, R. J. Walker, D.S.O.—to resurrect this idea to see whether it would now work in three years.

From the beginning it was obvious that the most appropriate training would be in accountancy and the allied crafts of the professional administrator. The choice of courses was reduced to a handful by omitting those that proved to be mere façades and those at the other end of the scale that required candidates to undergo an apprenticeship in articles.

The course that best satisfied all requirements was that of the Chartered Institute of Secretaries, a body formed in 1891 and which was granted its Royal Charter in 1902.

The then Flight Lieutenant, N. E. Bishop, was instructing at West Site at this time and as he had himself taken this course and indeed passed it—a distinction of some relevance—he was chosen to negotiate with the Institute and draw up a suitable Instruction Syllabus.

Out of his conversations with the late Dr A. M. Allen then Secretary of the Institute, the course that is now administered took its shape and some very important innovations were derived.

Flight Cadets were exempted from the Institute's preliminary examination on the strength of their R.A.F. College entrance qualifications and an official C.I.S. Examination Centre was established at Cranwell. Air Force Law was introduced into the C.I.S. syllabus as the 'specialist law subject' for all Air Force candidates. This latter concession, besides benefiting the College candidates, also helped many serving officers, for it was made available to all C.I.S. candidates who had a minimum commitment of ten years yet to serve in the R.A.F. As examiner in Air Force Law, the Institute appointed an officer of the Directorate of Legal Services.

Some final financial complications of examination and registration fees were settled and in August 1956 Air Ministry approved the entire scheme.

Cranwell candidates would offer at the Intermediate examination:

- | | | |
|-----------|---|-----------------------------------|
| Section A | { | Economic Theory |
| | | Accountancy |
| | | General Principles of English Law |
| Section B | { | English |
| | | Secretarial Practice (Meetings) |
| | | Air Force Law |

and at the Final examination:

- | | | |
|-----------|---|------------------------------|
| Section A | { | General Secretarial Practice |
| | | Public Administration |
| | | Accountancy |
| Section B | { | Advanced Economics |
| | | English Mercantile Law |
| | | Air Force Law |

and after a minimum of six years' Air Force service (including service as cadets) successful candidates may be elected as Associates and would then be entitled to use the initials A.C.I.S.

The scheme was introduced with the arrival of No. 75 Entry and the E. & S. members promptly disappeared from the social scene. Modifications to the syllabus were suggested in the light of No. 75 Entry's experience and E. & S. cadets are now reappearing in the various sections of College societies and activities.

It is felt that the C.I.S. training amply satisfies both the immediate aim of the College Syllabus that Cranwell cadets shall be

'at least as well equipped as, and preferably better equipped than . . . short service officers. . .'

and also the long-term aim that such a cadet should be

'led to cultivate the capacity for logical

and objective thinking, firm judgment and clear expression . . . sufficiently an educated man to comprehend the broad as well as the narrow professional view.'

And it may well be that with the extension of the course the C.I.S. syllabus will be viewed as something of a portent.

C.A.R.

RESULTS TO DATE

ENTRY No.	INTERMEDIATE									FINAL		
	1ST ATTEMPT			2ND ATTEMPT			3RD ATTEMPT			1ST ATTEMPT		
	Pass	Partial Pass	Fail	Pass	Partial Pass	Fail	Pass	Partial Pass	Fail	Pass	Partial Pass	Fail
75	2	2	-	-	-	2	2	-	-	-	1	2
76	2	1	5	3	1	2	2	2	1	-	1	4
77	3	1	1	-	-	2						
78	1	2	-									

NIGHT BY THE RIVER

A SHORT STORY

BIG BEN struck one, the note resonating in the night air. An owl hooted somewhere far down the Embankment. The River was high and reflected the lights of the occasional car crossing Lambeth Bridge to my left. The pavements were deserted and glistening from the rain earlier in the evening, which had now abated to a fine drizzle, making the tarmac into mirrors and the night cold. A light breeze rustled the trees, the Autumn leaves falling onto the pavement. I shivered and drew my cloak closer about me.

A couple walk by arm-in-arm, pause for a moment to say goodnight to the watchman sitting huddled over his brazier on my right, then go on their way. I have no business with them. Behind the watchman the tools and bricks of road repairs drip into the puddles beneath them. From down-river comes a burst of noise as a train crosses Hungerford Bridge, a caterpillar of light suspended in space above the dark abyss of the Thames.

The watchman coughs and takes his pipe from his pocket. An old man with windswept features, stained teeth and gnarled hands, the red scarf knotted round his throat standing out in con-

trast to his old blue jacket and patched trousers. His bald head is bare to the weather. An old man guarding his pile of bricks as if they were life itself. He lights his pipe with his last match, throws the box away and moves closer to his fire.

Big Ben strikes the quarter and I notice the red light shining from the tower. Parliament is sitting late tonight. Not my Parliament but yours. The drizzle stops and the owl hoots. A policeman walks slowly down the street, trying a door here, shining his torch there. His gruff goodnight is echoed by the watchman as he rises, stretches, and goes into the hut behind him. The street is quiet, and the time has come, I can wait no longer. I walk slowly to the fire and stand behind him as he comes out of the hut with his sandwiches. He does not see me until I touch him.

He turns, fear in his eyes, coughs and clutches at his chest. His sandwiches fall and he falls beside them, a dark form on the wet road. As I turn to walk away the red light goes out and the sound of cars can be heard from Parliament Square. Your Parliament, not mine. My name is Death.

M.C.T.

GAUNTLET IN HEBRIDES

1ST MAN: Sixty-three!

2ND MAN (*he has an unquenchable thirst for knowledge*): Sixty-three what?

1ST MAN: Midges. Midges; I hate the. . . .
(*His discourse is interrupted by a voice which oozes softly from lips scarcely blemished by the hot tin of an inferior-quality drinking mug. The interrupter is a humanist.*)

3RD MAN: Are you killing them?

2ND MAN: No, he's giving them flying lessons.
(*He grins smugly, licks the index finger of his right hand and moves it vertically downward.*)

3RD MAN: They're certain to get the chop then if his flying is anything to go by.
(*Another shroud stirs and the occupant, sensing a professional mud-slinging session, tactfully changes the subject.*)

4TH MAN: Ouch!

1ST MAN (*put off his stride by the change of subject*): I wonder what the others are doing now?

5TH MAN: I expect they've reached the nearest Radar Station and are having a hell of a party in the Mess.

3RD MAN: I hope they get hangovers then.

5TH MAN: I saw one lot pass our bus.

4TH MAN (*cynically*): Were they walking?

5TH MAN (*quoting, for he is an educated man*): 'Very, Very good.' No, they were in a Land-Rover. In fact, they're probably in Stornoway now, feeding the seals—or being fed to the seals.

2ND MAN (*having stopped laughing at his last joke*): Do you think 'THEY' will be bitter?

(*Instinctively his fellow travellers know what he means by 'THEY.' For the word is pronounced with meaning as by the disciples of Orwell and Hoggart.*)

4TH MAN: 'They' will never know.

2ND MAN: What about the reports then? What are people going to say in their reports? 'The truth will out.' (*he quotes again through habit.*) The Islanders talk anyway.

3RD MAN: We're all using initiative aren't we? That's the whole idea of the thing. 'They' can't complain. 'They' should be more specific.

2ND MAN: We shall have to walk across that peat bog tomorrow, though. There's no other way.

(*There is a silence as the words came into their minds and the sleeping bags shudder involuntarily.*)

5TH MAN: There must be another way.
(*There is a slight hint of panic in his voice.*)
Where is the map?

(*It is tossed over to him by the rather disinterested 3rd Man, who is dreaming of his last Summer holiday in the Sewers of Vienna.*)
There is no way out. We shall have to walk.

2ND MAN: The old Ghillie said that he had seen Arin and Navin on their way to the rendezvous. I wonder which way they went?

5TH MAN (*profoundly*): It's all right if you like the scenery.

4TH MAN: I don't mind looking at the scenery but I do object to walking over it.
(*They are now resigned to their ordeal and they prefer to reminisce—disjointedly.*)

3RD MAN: That was a nice girl on the steamer.

4TH MAN: Yep.

2ND MAN: These Locals can certainly knock the hooch back. That chap in the pub, the one with a wart on his nose, put back six doubles in half an hour. I counted them.

5TH MAN: What about the fellow fishing on the pier. They let him sit there all day and didn't tell him there were no fish for miles around.

4TH MAN: Why didn't they?

5TH MAN: Because it was Sunday.
(*The 1st Man rejoins the discussion. He has shaved that morning and has a sense of not belonging to the party.*)

1ST MAN: I hear one team slept in a Temperance Hotel last night. It must have been quite an experience for them.

4TH MAN: There is also a rumour flying around the Isles that the foreshore at Loch Maddy was ablaze from end to end one night.

5TH MAN: If it's a rumour now, it will be a legend tomorrow.

(*The Curtain falls. The episode from the lives of five men together in hardship closes—suddenly and dramatically—for such is their existence.*)

THE END

'ONE HUNDRED AND ONE'

'CHARLES DARWIN is 101 this year.'

'Is that so? Who is he?'

'Who is he! Why, my dear Henry, Charles Darwin was the greatest naturalist—er, naturalist who ever lived. He devoted his life to uncovering the secrets of Mother Nature's past, which she had successfully concealed until Charles started poking his nose into them.'

'Oh, Rodney! You are coarse.'

'Don't interrupt me, boy. In the early twentieth century he severely shocked the Victorian world by announcing the facts of life to the general public and openly discrediting the universally accepted theory that the world was created in seven days. You will find this theory published in the Book of Genesis, Chapter One.'

'You fascinate me. But tell me, Rodney, what are you talking about?'

'Organic Evolution.'

'Oh.'

'Darwin said that a species has limits. I will expand that statement. Let us consider a bean, a large bean. If we plant the bean and nourish it, it will soon bear fruit.'

'Beans aren't fruit.'

'In future I will ignore such absurd interjections, but when I say fruit I mean, well—more beans. To continue. If we select a few of the biggest beans produced from our original bean and plant them we will get a crop of large and healthy *Leguminosæ Vicia Faba*.'

'I thought we were talking about beans.'

'*Leguminosæ Vicia Faba* is beans.'

'Oh.'

'The result of this experiment is that even after hundreds of generations of selective bean breeding our final beans will not be appreciably larger than the original bean. This is proof that the characteristics of a species do not change because of its environment, however favourable that environment may be.'

'Rodney.'

'Yes, Henry?'

'What bearing does that profound statement have on the present world situation?'

'You ignorant shower. It means that species must have changed some other way, otherwise the whole human race would not exist. You and I would still be a couple of monkeys swinging in trees.'

'Let's go Ape!'

'What's that?'

'Never mind.'

'Charles Rover Darwin discovered that evolution had occurred by a long series of mutations.'

'What are mutations?'

'Jabberwockys, pigs with wings—and things.'

'Oh.'

'These mutations arise from a slight rearrangement of the molecules in the genes. The majority of mutations are freaks which die at or soon after birth. But occasionally a mutation occurs which proves to be an advantage to the animal.'

'You mean like a man with very long legs?'

'And what's special about that?'

'He can run faster, you know "survival of the fittest" and all that.'

'Simple child. There are better examples than that. Let us consider a prehistoric giraffe.'

'Why prehistoric?'

'They had short necks. Many years ago a mutation occurred and a giraffe was born with a very long neck. In times of drought this giraffe could still find food by eating the leaves off trees, so while many other giraffes died of starvation, the long-necked giraffe survived. Soon his offspring succeeded the short-necked giraffes. That is why today's giraffe has a long neck.'

'I don't believe you.'

'You can't just not believe me. Darwin practically proved it. The whole of organic evolution occurred by a series of similar mutations over a period of millions of years. A mutation is the beginning of a new species. If that new species is well adapted to its environment it will survive, and if the...'

'Rodney, you are a bore.'

'No I'm not. You are just a pleb. You haven't got the inquisitive disposition of the *Intellectual*, in fact you don't even want knowledge.'

'You owe me a drink.'

'You have had two already. I'll buy you one tomorrow.'

'I'm fed up with you. I'm going to talk to someone else.'

'Who?'

'My Squadron Commander.'

'What about?'

'Flying.'

G.H.



ROULETTE, the most popular sport of the French Riviera, is utterly depressing when one is losing, smugly satisfying when one is winning, and a most boring game to watch. But the reasons that this so-called 'game' draws such great crowds into the casinos of the Cote D'Azur are that no skill is required, it is internationally understood, there is not much else to do anyway, and for a mere three and fourpence worth of green plastic and an incredible amount of good luck, a fortune can be made in a couple of hours. It was with the latter reason in mind that I found myself seated at table No. 3 in the Salon Ordinaire of Monte Carlo Casino early in August.

On reaching the 'Principauté de Monaco' last year, it was rather frustrating to discover that minors were not allowed in the gaming rooms, and it was only by a considerable amount of cajoling and crossing of palms with francs that I was allowed to step inside these famous gaming halls. This year, however, all that was changed.

The Monte Carlo Casino is divided into two gaming rooms or 'Salons,' the Salon Privé and the Salon Ordinaire. The latter is referred to as 'the kitchen' by those who use the Privé, and the minimum stake is two hundred francs. In the Salon Privé the stakes are very much higher, running into millions of francs and consequently the tables are less crowded and all the patrons have a seat. Most need one anyway. Here may be seen the famous and infamous of international society (except Lady D., of course), American oil tycoons, Greek shipowners, French aristocracy, and even the odd Englishman. But no Monagasques. Prince Rainier will not allow them to waste their money. It is not uncommon to see somebody coolly throw a 1,000,000 franc plaque across the green baize to a croupier, and, if the right number comes up, to see him give the croupier a similar plaque as a *tip*!

The atmosphere in the Salon Ordinaire is unique. It is one of tense drama blending with the happy-go-lucky air of the average holiday-maker. This varies from evening to evening according to the manner in which the tables are playing. If the tables are winning the gaming hall is a mass of people feverishly darting from one table to another, vainly trying to win back that thousand francs.

Eventually, having lost their last chip, they leave with a sad, disillusioned expression on their faces. And the doorman does not help much, with his 'hard luck, son, come again tomorrow' smile, smugly touching the peak of his cap.

If the tables are playing well, and in my opinion tables can be found which seem to be following a pattern, the atmosphere is one of keen expectancy, broken only by sighs and squeals of delight from American ladies when the winning number is known. Large crowds lean and strain to see the little white ball roll indecisively along the edge of the divisions, and eventually topple into one. Then comes the big pay-out, the croupiers deftly flicking the chips across the tables with miniature rakes, piling them up, and pushing them over to the lucky winners.

However, to expound the intricate theory of roulette. The table has the roulette wheel at one end and the betting board, covered with green baize, at the other. A roulette wheel is very carefully made and balanced and contains 37 divisions, 0 to 36 inclusive, 18 of which are red, the remainder being black. The betting board also has these numbers in separate squares, forming a block of squares arranged in three rows of 12. The 0 has a separate division at the top, next to Nos. 1, 2 and 3.

Also on this board are drawn other divisions which stand for the red numbers (shown by a

large red diamond), the black numbers (shown by a similar black diamond), the first 18 (MANQUE), the last 18 (PASSE), the odd numbers (IMPAIR) and the even numbers (PAIR). Divisions at the bottom of the table are drawn to enable one to select the first, middle or last twelve.

A bet may be made by putting a chip or chips in any one of these different divisions, or on a considerable number of combinations of divisions, the odds adjusting themselves accordingly. The more common methods of placing a stake are best shown by a diagram. It will be noticed that the maximum odds paid are 35 to 1. So the casino can never lose. A table can sometimes lose during a evening, but it usually makes up the deficit the following day.

			0			
PASSE	1	2	3	MANQUE		
	4	5	6			
	7	8	9			
	10	11	12			
PAIR	13	14	15	IMPAIR		
	16	17	18			
	19	20	21			
	22	23	24			
◆	25	26	27	◆		
	28	29	30			
	31	32	33			
	34	35	36			
P	M	D				
12	12	12				
			D	M	P	
			12	12	12	

The betting board

There are a few more combinations, such as astride the line between the black diamond and PAIR, or astride the line between MANQUE and IMPAIR, but since the odds are only $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 1, it is hardly worthwhile. After winning a useful 'float' on the side divisions, I soon started placing chips that would include a bank of three numbers, *transversale pleine* in fact, and if one of these

numbers came up I would receive a further 11 chips.

Whilst the game is in progress, the head croupier sits on a high chair near the wheel, at the top end of the table. He is supposed to memorize every bet that is placed in case a player claims that he had not been paid. He is really an umpire and his decisions are final. There are three other croupiers, one on either side of the table and one at the bottom end. Their job is to place bets for players and also to rake in the proceeds after a throw.

One of the croupiers at the side will, when most bets have been placed, gently spin the wheel and flick the white ball round the inside of the wooden bowl, in the opposite direction to that in which the wheel is spinning. He will call out '*Messieurs, faites vos jeux.*' When the white ball slows down and is about to leave the wooden bowl, he shouts '*Rien ne va plus,*' meaning 'No more bets, please,' and as the ball settles into a division he will declare the number, also its colour, whether it is in the first or last half, whether odd or even, and in which dozen. Those chips that do not win are raked in, and the winners have their claims settled. The croupiers, dressed in dark blue suits and bow ties, move clockwise round a table every ten minutes, the head croupier leaving each time to take his place on another table. They get into trouble if they do not move around frequently, and so every effort is made to make the game fair.

On the whole the croupiers say little and have blank, expressionless faces, except the younger ones who watch pretty girls vainly trying to reach over to place their bets. That sort will be quick to offer their assistance in every way possible. They become annoyed when English and Americans try to speak French to them, and growl at you to speak English. When a bet has been placed on a single number, and it wins, the player usually tosses a chip to a croupier as a tip, and the cry goes up '*Merci, monsieur, pour les employés.*'

The game becomes boring very quickly but the interest is held in watching the characters around the table, particularly those seated, who have notebook and 'system' cards at their elbow. They jot down the result of each throw, and from these make some sort of deduction which will help them win on the next throw. I particularly remember two little old French ladies, rather shabbily dressed, but bright-eyed, who worked as a team, one doing the mathematics, the other placing the bets. One had the most miserable expression on her face, and tears almost came to

6
5
4

EN PLEIN
Odds 35-1 on No. 5

6
8
7

À CHEVAL
Odds 17-1 on
Nos. 8 or 9

9
8
7

**TRANSVERSALE
PLEINE**

Odds 11-1 on
Nos. 7, 8 or 9

9	12
8	11
7	10

EN CARRE

Odds 8-1 on
Nos. 8, 9, 11 or 12

3	6
2	5
1	4

**TRANSVERSALE
SIX**

Odds 6-1 on
Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 or 6

12
12
12
0

**LE PREMIER
DOUZE**

Odds 2-1 on
Nos. 1-12 inclusive

her eyes as she nagged ceaselessly at the croupiers, and only flashed a half-smile when her number came up *'en plein.'* Another character was a short, well-dressed Frenchman who eased up behind the head croupier and loudly commanded him to put about ten 1,000 franc chips on various positions, laughing and joking with everyone, and lapping up the attention he received.

I noticed two more men who worked as a team on different tables, but without any apparent system. One would place a high-value chip on a simple chance position, leave it there, and place another bet on another table. He would then return to collect his winnings (if they were there to collect), consult his pal and go to another table and do likewise. They both seemed to be successful over an evening's play.

I call my system super-sensory perception (it sounds better than 'luck'), and I found that by watching a table one could sense a particular

way in which the throws came up. I would find a table where the throws seemed to be numbers which progressed roughly down the board, such as 2, 7, 15, 19, 26, 32, 35 and when I was satisfied that I could intercept this 'travel' down the board I laid a bet on a *transversale pleine*, such as 10, 11 and 12 or 25, 26 and 27. In fact I usually laid two chips on two different groups, in order to cover a larger section of the board. As I used this system successfully four evenings running, doubling my winnings each night, I was well satisfied with it. Other interesting bets were made on sequences. Three numbers came up consecutively, 8 then 18, then 9. I thought the next one would be 19 and, sure enough, it came up. This happened also with 7, 14, 21 and then—yes, 28. But I suppose it is all just luck, really. There is no kind of fiddling possible and all the roulette wheels are changed each day. It may have been beginner's luck, but I was well satisfied with 11,600 francs!

C.R.G.

Schwartz Katz at Eleven o'clock

THE party assembled at Victoria Station with ample time to board the train to Dover, ample time, that is, if one knew Victoria Station intimately and was a sprinter of international class. However, everyone managed to get on the train and the Canoeing Section's trip to Germany was under way.

Most of the kit and the canoes were already at Dover and these were duly collected and put on the boat for Calais. The crossing was uneventful for most, consisting largely of duty-free cigarettes and light ale. For Flying Officer Grayson and Billinge it was a case of near-hysteria. Whilst sipping a gentle beer in the 1st Class bar they were joined by a character armed with a brown paper parcel and a three-day beard who proceeded to make and devour a jam sandwich with no implements other than his bare hands, displaying great skill and a wonderful lack of self-consciousness.

Everybody was delighted to see at Calais, the Workobus, dead on time, complete with a hungry-looking Edwards. Not so delighted, however, when the Customs chief demanded that the 'coffin' be opened. After a thirty-minute search for a 'tournavis' he examined one hairy blanket and a battered mess tin, not exactly a sinister cargo. To load seven passengers and a fantastic amount of gear into, onto and about the Workobus, at first appeared impossible, but of course it all went in somewhere. No one having any French money the Workobus was pointed straight at Belgium and the party descended on Ostend. Ostend is rather like Brighton, being by the sea and English the language spoken there. The only detectable differences are that in Ostend things cost much more and there are no lavatories.

From Ostend 115 kms. without a gear-change brought the Kraftwagen up the motorway to Brussels. Brussels was a sea of blazing neon and warranted a swift look round. Leaving Brussels at around midnight we could find no camp-sites and so it was that a Belgian peasant on his way to work was treated to the sight of O'Rourke emerging from his sleeping bag. The poor chap was heard to mutter '*Pas un bel vu*' as he hastily averted his eyes from this nauseating sight.

A few more 'Kays' took the wagon to Luxem-

bourg, which is beautiful, scenic, picturesque and asleep. There is no truth in the rumour that the Town Hall clock is an H. S-m-e- 'E-e-i-e.' From Luxembourg the Dormobile rolled into Germany and along by the Moselle to Trier, which is the oldest town in Germany, and apparently the centre of a religious festival, or something. The Trier camp-site was surrounded by a high barbed wire fence and the gate locked at 2200. It was there that after five minutes impaled on the top of a 12 foot fence at 0100 a certain Flying Officer decided that escaping could safely be left to Richard Todd after all.

The canoes were assembled at Trier and the real business of the expedition got under way. A total of 100 kilometres was covered down the Moselle via Trittenheim, Bernkastel, Traben-Trarbach to Bullay. The river provided interesting canoeing for all the crews and even some sailing in places. Curry and Simpson did the last leg to Bullay in an astonishing time, aided by a creditable portage which cut 10 kms. off the distance. Eidsforth and O'Rourke paddled steadily throughout the whole trip, but when Flying Officer Grayson and Penny were crewed together speed was not considered essential and much admiring of the scenic beauties was done. The Moselle valley is truly one of the loveliest parts of Germany, being liberally plastered with vineyards, gashausen, schwartz katz, sundials, swein wurstchen, madchen, etc.

At Bullay it was decided that the Moselle could echo no longer to such cries as 'Pass the bottle, Paddy,' 'Be angry,' 'Spunned,' and 'Why don't you learn to steer, chief?' so the kit was packed once more and the Dormobile clattered off to Cologne, via Coblenz and Bonn. Then from Cologne to Brussels and back to Ostend. Of the Dunkirk-to-Dover crossing the least said the better, but it was dreadfully long and a very tired lot of canoeists arrived at Dover.

From what was a highly successful trip several facts emerged. The Kiwi is a cooking bird; that semi-mobile vegetable the triffid is always either asleep or hungry; navigators can organize; the Moselle is worth visiting and it is possible to get by with '*zwei biers bitte*' and '*omelet au jambon*' as one's total knowledge of foreign languages.

B.A.O.R. VISITS, AUGUST 1959

ON 5th August 57 flight cadets, mostly from 77 Entry, left Barkston Heath in a Beverley for the annual B.A.O.R. visits. After a 1½-hour flight we landed at R.A.F. Gutersloh. From here the party split into eight groups, each to visit a separate Brigade of B.A.O.R. A report on what befell one of the groups follows.

After lunch at Gutersloh Flight Lieutenant Gibb and Flight Cadets Dent, Evans, Halkes, Howard, W. J., Peaker, Sheppard, Turner and Webb boarded a bus to be taken to the 1st Battalion, The Royal Leicestershire Regiment at Sennelager. We fondly imagined a comfortable mess and easy access to Hanover. In fact we found ourselves being shown to our tents in the centre of a vast wooded plain, with rain pouring down for the fifth day in succession to swamp the ground, our tents and our spirits.

The Sennelager Ranges are large areas of sandy heath and scrub. They have been used for tank driving and infantry training since the days of Hitler's Panzer Divisions. For the next three days we went on exercises with various units training on the ranges. The Seaforth Highlanders

introduced us to the self-loading rifle, and watched us fire off in half an hour their week's supply of ammunition. The 10th Royal Hussars lent us their Centurion tanks to drive, and we discovered the vices of their crash gearboxes. With 640 horse-power under his right foot Flight Cadet Sheppard still succeeded in stalling; Flight Cadet Peaker achieved the impossible and actually got the brute into top. The Royal Scottish Fusiliers showed us how to repel a night attack, and the Leicesters demonstrated infantry defence to us with the Mobat and 3-inch mortar.

On the 8th August we left Sennelager in our bus again and went at breakneck speed to Munster to stay with the 10th Royal Hussars. (We later discovered that our driver, 'Mad Heinrich,' was ex-Luftwaffe and was not converting very well from aeroplane to bus!) The next day he took us to visit the Möhne Dam. We were interested to learn that the local population still have no idea as to how the dam was breached. The Germans made a very gallant effort at an invisible mend, calling in the original craftsmen to work with the original



stone. Unfortunately for them the cement set a different colour from the rest of the dam, and the breach is still plain to see.

Our last two days were spent learning about tanks and radios with the Hussars, and visiting Java Battery, Royal Artillery, for a demonstration of the deployment of a 25-pdr Field Battery. We also found time to acquaint ourselves

with the charms of Munster, such as they are, and do the inevitable shopping for presents. Then we met the other parties at Gutersloh for the flight back to the dreary, drizzly plains of Waddington. To judge from the happy, smiling faces after we had been through Customs the visits were thoroughly enjoyed.

M.C.T.

WEB-FOOTED CROWS

DURING August twenty-two flight cadets had the good fortune to visit the Royal Navy in the Mediterranean. At Malta the majority joined the cruiser H.M.S. *Gambia* which became their floating home for the next three weeks.

On board ship the cadets soon settled down to learning the way of life and the intricacies of the ship's equipment. At the time the ship's company were working Tropical routine, which meant that the working day finished at noon. This seemed very civilized and serious thought should be given to instituting this elsewhere.

Cadets received instruction on every facet of seamanship and gunnery, which included such diverse activities as knotting codline (or shine as a vulgar landlubber would call it) and the loading and firing of naval guns. In fact the College now possesses the only competent 4-in. gun crew in the Royal Air Force. They proved themselves by outshooting the Royal Navy in a target practice held off the Maltese coast.

Five sundrenched days were spent in Ajaccio, a piece of the French Riviera transplanted on to the south-west coast of Corsica. The arrival of H.M.S. *Gambia* coincided with the 190th Anniversary of the birth of Napoleon. A spirited speech was given by the Mayor of Ajaccio from the balcony of the Hotel de Ville. While explaining the resurgence of France under General de Gaulle, the mayor, with typical Gallic fervour, twice attempted to throw himself over the edge of the balcony, which seemed to please the crowd immensely.

Corsica itself is an island of incredible beauty, whose west coast provides the finest stretch of coastal scenery in Europe. But the real Corsica is the mountainous interior and the land of the maquis—a great expanse of flowering thorn and shrubs covering hundreds of square miles. In the Spring the maquis is a blaze of colour with sweet scents that are carried far out to sea. For this reason the island has long been known to travellers as the 'scented isle.'

A trip across the mountains in a French naval

bus to the bathing beach at Porto provided both scenery and excitement. Even the French driver, who had already hit a wall and unseated a motor-cyclist, admitted that one could not take one's eyes off the scenery.

The voyage from Corsica to Italy provided the cadets with an opportunity to carry out sea watches. These were at night and meant either four hours on the bridge or four hours in the engine-rooms. On the bridge it was very quiet, dark and lonely. In the engine-room it was both noisy and heated to one hundred and thirty-five degrees Fahrenheit. On both counts cadets were glad to reach Italy.

Livorus, or Leghorn as it is known in English, is a sprawling commercial port. It is not primarily a tourist centre but from a geographical point of view it is well placed for visiting central Italy. Cadets took full advantage of this and made trips to Pisa, Florence and Rome.

The highlight of the visit to Livorus was the children's party given on board H.M.S. *Gambia* by the ship's company. The decks had been covered with swings, roundabouts, slides and Aunt Sally stalls. In the afternoon coachloads of Italian children from the local orphanages poured on board with their accompanying nuns. The party was a great success, language proving the only difficulty. One cadet was found hurling a child backwards and forwards on a swing under the impression that the child's cries of 'Basta, Basta' meant 'Faster, faster.' A nun managed to rescue the child and explained: 'For heaven's sake stop, I've had enough!'

The party and its ensuing feast of cakes and lemonade was popular with the children and their hosts. Prompted by the nuns the children formed into choirs and sang beautiful unaccompanied children's songs for half an hour after tea. But the memory that cadets will cherish the longest was the look of gratitude in these orphans' eyes for even the simplest pleasure.

The next day we sailed for Malta and home.

T.C.

TEN QUID AD ÆTERNITATEM

SHORTLY after the beginning of term some members of the Senior Entry began thinking of leaving Cranwell.

This is not in itself unusual. They were, however, thinking constructively and the next day a Loose Minute was displayed in the last bastion of democracy, the Senior Entry anteroom.

This historic document read—

75 ENTRY MEMORIAL

They shall remember us

1. Clearly we must mark our passage through Cranwell.
2. It would not be in keeping with the peculiar spirit of 75 Entry simply to make one of the traditional presentations — Candelabra, 'Silver Fund' donations, ashtrays and the like. 'Things,' Volkers has said, 'distinguished only by their banal mediocrity.'
3. I suggest it must be something embarrassingly disconcerting, something quite useless, something outrageous.
4. Some time ago an Entry donated a huge, ugly Moose's head—now that was ideal, but it was a once-only thing, and how many know of it today or even remember which Entry it was?
5. Now if for example we collected some money and invested it with a bank we could give instructions that out of the interest a nosegay of violets should be sent to the College—in perpetuity.
6. A fiver at 4 per cent. would keep it going for ever and ever. They shall remember us—they could never ever forget.
7. The more outrageous the presentation the longer it will take to arrange—write your suggestions below.

Clive

(At least those are the broad lines of what the historic document said. A similar censorship has been exercised over the minutes that follow, we start, for example, at No. 3. It is fascinating to note how the spirit of the scheme mellows.)

No. 3

Violets would indeed be enchanting, but the temptation for Mess secretaries, present and future, would be to throw them into the waste-paper basket or the dustbin or—anywhere, on

arrival. It will not be a case of 'they shall remember us' but 'he alone will curse us.'

Martin

No. 4

Fair enough. Send them to the Senior Entry, or the Squadron Commanders—the Senior Squadron Commander, perhaps, Suggest someone.

C,

No. 5

Whilst I do agree with the above comments I suggest a stuffed vulture would be more appropriate. Perhaps the answer is a stuffed vulture clutching a bowl of violets.

Brian

No. 6

Assuming that there will always be a soft-hearted person with authority on the staff surely a parting gift of two white mice, one male and one female, would enable 75 to be remembered for many, many years.

Without a penny being invested the gift would recur with a far greater regularity than violets and everybody would be happy—including the mice.

Martin

No. 7

Why not rabbits?

There then followed a series of observations about rabbits, stuffed and unstuffed vultures, mice and other creatures, the broad (very broad) lines of which you can well imagine—until—

No. 12

Pray let us disabuse ourselves—now there's a phrase—of these animals, they confuse the issue. Let us never forget the trenchant words of Mr. Khrushchev

'Noah took on all sorts of animals

This made things difficult for Noah'

Incidentally violets were just a passing fancy. It could be geraniums, turnips, iced cakes, anything. But it must be inexpensive and infuriating. Suggestions please.

C.

No. 13

Deadly nightshade.

Nick

Nos. 14, 15, 16, similarly—and then—

No. 17

How about this then? A cactus to the Commandant on every 28th July. A cactus is suffici-

ently disconcerting—which is what we want—without being blatantly offensive—which we do not want. Moreover these things are quite a novelty; the cactus collection at the Lodge could become a feature of Cranwell. This thing should be under way by mid-term. Could we have a referendum now?

A column of signatures follows. With some comments.

I recommend prickly-pear type cactus—it reproduces heartily and it is quite indestructible.

M.H.S.

I already possess a cactus reproducing at a vast rate—its services are offered free of charge.

A.A.G.W.

As luck would have it the delivery system of the

very first cactus completely broke down and only after many adventures did the brave little thing—its name for the moment escapes me—reach its destination.

Thus it was done. A collection finally produced £10 which was invested in 5 per cent. Defence Bonds—which have a bonus tax-free dividend in a (comparatively) few years and this and any unspent interest will be reinvested to provide against the day when inflation (or increased demand) hits the cactus industry.

Until then or the Trump of Doom (whichever is the sooner) every twenty-eighth of July will bring a cactus to the Commandant with a card inscribed 'From 75 Entry, with love'—words that will carry a fresh nuance if ever a member of that Entry gets to the Lodge

The most famous Service names of all nationalities have passed, and will pass, through the doors of

*Cranwell Post Office
and Store*

(in the shadow of the College)

J. W. & Stanley Robinson

Established 1916 —and we continue to serve

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

I observed last term and on peeping at your papers I see that again this term your drama critic has made use of a recondite Latinism.

Surely, this at the height of the successful campaign to rid our educational system of this antique horror is sheer obstructionism, reactionary, even retrogressive.

Please give me satisfaction on this point.

BLACK SHUK.

Dear Black Shuk,

First let me thank you for writing to us. It has been so long since the editor had a letter we were beginning to wonder if it was something we'd said.

Now I know you and you know me and you know that I will defend to the last Filter Meeting any man's right to his own gimmick. Please therefore bear with us. In just a few years' time *The Journal* might well be all Russian or Chinese or perhaps Arabic and then *forsan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit*.

Ed.

OLD CRANWELLIAN NOTES

ANNUAL REUNION

The annual Old Cranwellian reunion was held this year on 6th June. The rather bleak, gusty day was no new experience to the various generations of Cranwell cricketers who actually began their game on time, a great surprise to everyone. Tennis, squash and golf were played against the cadets in the afternoon.

Before dinner the portrait commissioned by the Association of Marshal of the Royal Air Force, Sir Dermot Boyle, was unveiled in the Hall of Fame. Air Marshal Sir George Beamish spoke in his capacity as President of the Association and Sir Dermot replied.

The dinner was attended by 140 Old Cranwellians, a post-war record, and afterwards the guest of honour, Marshal of the Royal Air Force, Sir William Dickson, reminisced on his Service career.

The F.G.S. sustained many until the early hours of the morning and once again Group Captain F. E. Nuttall and Squadron Leader W. Bangay defended that establishment after most had surrendered.

The following represented the Old Cranwellians against the College:

Tennis—Sqn Ldr K. Williams, Sqn Ldr C. P. Francis, Flt Lt A. F. W. Keeley, Flt Lt R. A. C. Goldring, Flt Lt A. G. Bridges, Fg Off T. N. King.



Back row: Plt Off P. P. W. Taylor, Flt Lt J. Holdway, Fg Off P. D. Cliff, Flt Lt K. R. Briggs, Flt Lt J. B. V. Collins, Fg Off T. E. Close
Front row: Flt Lt R. A. Streatfield, Flt Lt L. R. Francis, Flt Lt W. E. Close, Gp Capt L. G. Levis, Flt Lt A. D. R. Dawes

Squash—Gp Capt T. N. Stack, Gp Capt E. H. Lynch-Blosse, Sqn Ldr F. R. Lockyer, Flt Lt B. Watson, Flt Lt J. Leary.

Golf—Air Chf Mshl Sir Theodore McEvoy, Gp. Capt F. E. Nuttall (Retd), Wg Cdr A. D. Panton, Flt Lt B. W. Weskett.

DECORATIONS

We congratulate the following Old Cranwellians who received honours and awards in the Birthday Honours List:

C.B.: Gp Capt A. H. Humphrey (1939).

G.B.E.: Air Chf Mshl Sir Claude Pelly (1920).

C.B.E.: Gp Capt P. E. Warcup (1934).

A.F.C.: Sqn Ldr C. M. Bruce (1946).

PROMOTIONS

We congratulate the following Old Cranwellians who have recently been promoted:

Air Chf Mshl the Earl of Bandon (1923).

Air Mshl Sir Edward Chilton (1924).

A.V.M. D. R. Evans (1930).

A.V.M. C. T. Weir (1931).

Air Cdre S. W. B. Menaul (1936).

Gp Capt J. O. Barnard (1936).

Gp Capt R. B. Morison (1938).

APPOINTMENTS

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

Air Mshl Sir Edward Chilton (1924) to be A.O.C.-in-C. Coastal Command.

Air Mshl W. H. Kyle (1928) to be A.O.C.-in-C. Technical Training Command.

A.V.M. D. J. P. Lee (1930) to be Commander Air Forces, British Forces, Arabian Peninsula.

A.V.M. T. A. B. Parselle (1930) to be S.A.S.O. at Bomber Command.

Gp Capt R. G. Stone (1931) to H.Q. 2nd T.A.F.

Gp Capt R. T. Frogley (1935) to R.A.F. Driffield to Command.

The following have recently been located:

Flt Lt. R. D. Bates (1952) at Oxford U.A.S.
Flt Lt M. J. Hardy (1952) at R.A.F. Flying College,
Manby.
Flt Lt G. F. Poyser (1952) at R.A.F. Syerston.
Flt Lt T. H. Sheppard (1952) at E.T.P.S. Farn-
borough.
Flt Lt I. D. Brimson (1952) at R.A.F. College,
Cranwell.
Flt Lt J. K. Jennings (1952) at R.A.F. College,
Cranwell.
Flt Lt A. P. J. Dodson (1949) at R.A.F. Little
Rissington.
Flt Lt C. H. Salway (1952) at R.A.F. College,
Cranwell.

BIRTHS

We congratulate the following on recent additions
to their families:

Sqn Ldr C. J. S. Wood (1947)—a son
Flt Lt I. H. F. Walmsley (1948)—a son.
Flt Lt B. Jones (1952)—a son.
Flt Lt J. R. Whittam (1954)—twins, a son and a
daughter.

DEATHS

We regret to have to record the deaths of the
following:

A.V.M. G. B. Beardsworth (1923).
Air Cdre G. I. L. Saye (1925).
Flt Lt M. H. Standen (1948).
Fg Off P. E. Wormall (1955).

MISCELLANEOUS

A portrait of Air Marshal Sir Richard Le R.
Atcherley now hangs in the Hall of Fame.

Squadron Leader W. J. Bangay has now retired
and has been made an honorary life member
of the Old Cranwellian Association.

The Old Cranwellian editor would like to receive
articles from Old Cranwellians on any subject for
inclusion in *The Journal*.

The Managing Editor apologises for errors in our
last issue involving the name of Group Captain
T. Rivett-Carnac, the title of the late Lady Longmore.



I'm on the move again but my account
is with the National Provincial and the
Manager is very understanding.
Wherever I am, I just drop him a line
and I know I can rely on his help.

Open an account with the
National Provincial
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Potholing in Derbyshire, Yorkshire and Germany

The College Potholing Section held two meets in Derbyshire during the Summer term, both of which were very successful. Despite the unavoidable shortness of such meets, they provided valuable experience for the far more ambitious expedition to Lancaster Hole in Yorkshire.

This expedition was attended by seven cadets, namely, Styles, Lloyd, R. H., Oliver, A. R., Oliver, J. R., Pinney, Nixon and Cleave. The party, equipped with immersion suits, arrived at the top of Lancaster Hole at half-past eleven on the Saturday night. The descent of the 110-ft. vertical pitch which led to the cave took an hour and a half. The party then penetrated as far as the Colonnades during the next hour and from there went on to the Graveyard. This is an area of 1,200 square feet, covered by innumerable isolated stalagmites which, by their similarity to tombstones, present quite a sombre and deathly spectacle.

The party then passed through two boulder chokes down to a stream passage. Here we waded waist deep through water in a passage of great beauty with curious formations formed by the action of water over centuries.

At Fall Pot a mug of chicken soup containing a high proportion of mud, and which under normal circumstances would have tasted absolutely insipid, was prepared by Styles. It tasted delicious.

Another passage running along the stream passage 150 to 200 feet above, and from which

the stream was visible, was now followed and from thence, via the beautiful Minarets, the party reached Stock Pot.

For two and a half hours sleep was attempted at Stock Pot while we vainly awaited the arrival of some potholers from a local caving club who were to take us through the famous Easegill Caves. They failed to arrive and most of us spent the hours beating one another and running round in small circles in an effort to keep warm. By half-past three on the Sunday afternoon the last man was up out of the cave and we set off on our return journey.

This meet was probably one of the most successful yet, and is the kind of expedition the Potholing Section wants to do more of in the future. Our only regret was that it took most of us all day Monday and the best part of Tuesday to recover.

The activities of the College Potholing Section during the summer leave took place around the old and beautiful Bavarian city of Nürnberg, famous for its cakes, sausages, and as the scene of the International Military Tribunal. The rendezvous was effected at Nürnberg station where Flying Officer Perry and Cleave arrived from England, and Styles, Oliver, A. R., and Oliver, J. R., arrived in the College Dormobile from Austria. The first two were forced—most reluctantly, one can imagine—to spend the night prior to this in the station's beer bar, which stayed open all night, and which apparently con-

SOMEWHERE TO EAT

Mon Plaisir in Monmouth Street—a very tiny restaurant with no cover charges. Wonderful food and the proprietor welcomes you to bring your own wine.

Cheap yet adequate food and cheap wine at Nick's Havangah—a Greek restaurant in Bateman Street. Samos white wine at 10s a bottle is recommended.

The Stockport in Basil Street, Knightsbridge—rather 'debutantish' but serving interesting food.

Isow's restaurant in Brewer Street (Wardour Street end) has excellent food and below there is 'The Jack of Clubs.' This is not actually a club and anyone can take advantage of the good band and floor. It is licensed until 2 a.m.

Wonderful Indian food at the Taj Mahal in Romilly Street. (Curry is not the only Indian dish!)

Perhaps a little more expensive, but undoubtedly

well worth it, is the Cafe Bleu, just off Romilly Street. Here the food and service are excellent—and the scampi even more so.

Next door is the Chez Auguste, also very good, with shady alcoves for those whose epicurean philosophy is broad.

Now if you want excellent, inexpensive Italian food with no frills try the happy family at Trattoria Toscana in Frith Street, but if it's a gala day go to the Monseigneur in Jermyn Street and tell Mr Vincent that you come from Cranwell.

If you find yourself down Greenwich way and you fancy a steak, then take a stroll along the front, past the Naval College and power station. Once those monuments are passed the Cutty Sark Tavern can restore your faith in human nature. It is a small dockers' pub with the restaurant 'on the upper deck.'



College potholers with potholers from the Nuremberg and Munchen groups

tained much of an educational interest, especially in the early hours of the morning.

Our contact was a certain Herr Süß. After endless inquiries and patrolling the streets of Nürnberg for hours on end, we eventually, with the aid of a very attractive blonde, found our man at the 'Naturhistorische Gesellschaft.' He was of great assistance and spent a whole afternoon getting us plans of the best caves in the area, writing letters of introduction to cave owners, and mapping out an elaborate route which would enable us to see all the best caves in the area.

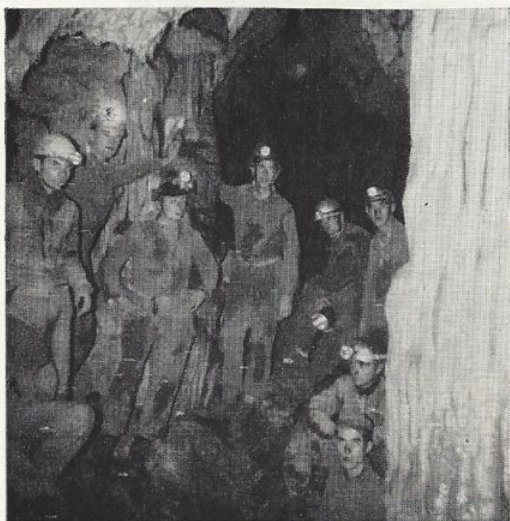
Herr Süß had just returned from a successful expedition to the Finkinschaft, the third deepest cave in Germany and situated on the Zugspitze. We left him that first day being lionised by Nürnberg newspaper reporters. We even managed to get our names into a local newspaper in this connection. Before leaving, we arranged to meet up with Herr Süß and cavers from the Nürnberg and München groups for a bi-national meet which was later to prove the most enjoyable potholing of our stay.

Our first cave was the Steinamwasser cave, in the Auerbach region. A novelty of this cave was that at the entrance was a pub and the cave entrance itself formed a cellar. The prospects were, therefore, not unduly alarming when on returning to the entrance after several hours we found ourselves locked in. This cave was largely a joint determined network and almost entirely of horizontal development.

A journey southwards in the Volkswagen Microbus, which we had hired from a firm in Nürnberg, brought us to the Königstein area. Here we explored two caves, namely, Maximilians-Grotte and Schelmbachsteinlock. The first was a three-dimensional network of small passages of a purely solutional nature, but completely inactive. The second consisted of two large rifts. We were greatly interested in some long-eared bats we found who seemed to rather resent our intrusion into their realm of perpetual darkness.



Colonnades in Lancaster Hole



In the Schonstein Brunsteinhole

Our camp was by a lake in which hundreds of carp swam tightly packed together. They provided us with a good breakfast one morning.

Camping near the lake side, Cleave suddenly heard a rustling sound and thought he saw a deer in the rushes. Seizing a tent pole he advanced stealthily towards the dark object which could now be seen moving quietly in our direction. He raised the pole above his head, ready to strike—and Flying Officer Perry, with the innocence of Moses in the bullrushes, emerged.

Our next move was to the Schonstein Brunsteinhole, where we met up with Herr Süss and large numbers of German potholers from the Nürnberg and München caving groups. This cave, our hosts informed us, was one of the best in Germany. Although not nearly as extensive as many English caves, it possessed some vertical development and many magnificent formations. We made two expeditions to this cave escorted by a colossal number of Germans.

'Oscar' was a German potholer about seventy years of age, who chain-smoked cigars while potholing. As he had a rather rotund profile, many of the tight squeezes offered great resistance to certain parts of his anatomy. Betting as to whether the cigar would be alight when he got through such and such a narrow squeeze proved quite a popular pastime.

Our last cave was Bismarksgrotte. A cave for which we had to return to the Königstein area. Once again our German hosts demonstrated their

willingness to give us every assistance by arranging for one of their number, a young German who had spent about a year surveying the cave, to show us around. This was a remarkable cave. It honeycombed an entire hill, and in many places contained pure crystalline sand. Apart from a chimney at the exit it contained little of technical difficulty. The spongework corrosion on the walls, however, made some rather violent and painful contortions necessary in places.

Our meet, for which, with our inadequate knowledge of the German language, the catch phrase had been 'We go in der höhle,' ended and was voted as most successful by all of us. We parted with our German hosts with the understanding that, circumstances permitting, we would see them in England for more combined expeditions some time in the future.

A.R.O.

RIDING

For the first three weeks of last term there were virtually no horses in the stables. However, Mr Edgely eventually acquired four which soon aroused interest amongst the riders. After some hurried training sessions by the squadron teams the Jorrocks competition was held on the afternoon of Sunday, 7th June. For almost the first time in memory the weather was perfect, and with the horses in good humour a keen, but rather short, competition resulted. 'A' Squadron took the trophy, previously held by 'B', with 'C' as close runners-up. The following Sunday provided some excellent, and some amusing, riding in the Royal Air Force Modern Pentathlon Championships. Unfortunately the spectators could see only the start and finish of each ride as the course went round the wood at the corner of the north airfield in order to make it more exacting.

As these competitions are so much enjoyed, it is felt amongst the riders that there should be more than just the Jorrocks competition held once a year. There is no doubt that more competitions, however small, would help to raise the rather low standard of riding at the College.

D.J.W.

SAILING SECTION

The Sailing Section benefited from the good summer, but there were times when more wind would have been welcome. The number of cadets allowed down to Farndon each Wednesday was increased to almost twenty at times and there were never any boats idle on these occasions. At the beginning of term four boats were

immediately in commission while a further fortnight was required for the fifth to be made thoroughly 'seaworthy'. On Saturdays a fair number of cadets went sailing even when the team was away. Sundays also found a few enthusiasts sailing and sunbathing at Farndon.

The six sailing fixtures were all away, since we still do not possess sufficient boats of the required standard to have home races. The matches won were against Welbeck College,

Dover College, and H.M.S. *Worcester*, whilst we lost against R.A.F. Shawbury, B.R.N.C. Dartmouth, and R.M.A. Sandhurst.

The last three Wednesdays of term were devoted to inter-squadron sailing for the Waterman Cup. An instructive and enjoyable time was had by all, and 'C' Squadron were the victors. The whole term has been generally most enjoyable and successful.

P.M.B.

Mountaineering in Derbyshire, Scotland and Austria

During the Summer term the usual two visits were made to Stanage Edge, Derbyshire. The attendance was excellent, and although conditions were gusty for the first visit several hours' constructive rock climbing were obtained.

In the first week of the vacation two cadets from the Mountaineering Section attended a Royal Air Force mountain rescue training course near Glencoe in Scotland. The course lasted a week, during which time much knowledge and practical experience of rescue techniques was obtained. Rock climbing practice was also gained on Buchaille Etive Mor, a well-known ridge dominating the entrance to Glencoe from Rannoch Moor. A visit to Ben Nevis was unfortunately cancelled due to bad weather. Both the cadets have recommended the course as being instructive and very enjoyable.

The Mountaineering Section's main undertaking for the year usually occurs in the Summer vacation. This year was no exception, and ten cadets attended a high alpine mountaineering course at Heiligenblut in Austria. The College



On the wall of the Fuscherkapof



The Wiesbachhorn

Dormobile was used for the transport of the equipment and some of the cadets to Austria, and gave very good service despite the climb of over 8,000 feet on the way. The course lasted for seven days and those participating learned much about snow and ice climbing. At first there was some disappointment as the course seemed to be just a little too basic, but towards the end of the week we had some quite good climbs. These included the Gross glocker of 12,400 feet and the north ice-wall of the Fuscherkapopf, a 1,200-foot peak. The weather was not particularly good, and much of the climbing was done in cloud. Several people, though, managed to get quite badly sunburned. The value of the snow and ice course will, it is hoped, stand us in good stead for a visit to Glencoe during the winter.

The number of members has increased during the past few months and in the Autumn term it is hoped to have at least three rock climbing Sundays in Derbyshire. The section's equipment is now almost sufficient for all needs, the only shortage being a good hemp abseiling rope. Finally, our thanks go to Flight Lieutenant Loat, our officer-in-charge, for his useful advice and aid during the past two terms in obtaining equipment.

K.E.

FILM SOCIETY

The Film Society was formed in 1955. Its aims were then stated to be:

- (i) The encouragement of interest in the film as an art and as a medium of information and education.
- (ii) The promotion of the study and appreciation of films by means of lectures, discussions and exhibitions.

In the intervening period these aims have been so modified that the majority of cadets considered that the society existed principally to provide cheap entertainment on Sunday evenings. Moreover, it was assumed that the provision of entertainment and the pursuit of the aims of the society were somehow contradictory; consequently the selection of programmes was uneven, and often unworthy of the attention of a genuine film society.

The guiding committee of the society is convinced that entertainment will be enhanced rather than lessened by an effort to realize the original objectives of the society. The first steps have been made this term by being more adventurous in the films offered. With such a

large membership it is quite impossible to satisfy all the people all the time, but more real support as opposed to mere attendance has resulted from the change in approach.

The films shown this term have ranged from early silent films to a 1958 prizewinner, and included productions from six countries. The inclusion of silent films was at first received with veiled hostility, but the audience was converted by the final reels of Harold Lloyd's *Safety Last*, and completely conquered by Buster Keaton's *The Navigator*, which was probably the most popular film of the term. On the other hand, René Clair's *Italian Straw Hat* was too slow for the general taste. A modern French comedy, Jacques Tati's *Monsieur Hulot's Holiday*, using much of the techniques and showing some of the genius of silent comedies, was considered a success. The two films which made the most powerful impact were the famous 'Odessa Steps' sequence from *Battleship Potemkin* by Eisenstein, and *The Seventh Seal* by Sweden's Ingmar Bergmann. We have had many requests for more films from these directors. Other films shown were *A Man is Ten Feet Tall*, *The Third Man*, *The Unknown Soldier* from Finland, *The Wild Ones* and *Gervaise*.

Next term we hope to include more variety and interest in supporting films and also to hold discussions, attend lectures and viewing sessions.

G.P.

FINE ARTS SOCIETY

The Summer term proved to be both exciting and disappointing for the Fine Arts Society. This apparent paradox may be explained by the fact that although, at last, we were able to go sketching in the more picturesque local villages on Tuesday evenings, the number of members taking advantage of this fascinating and satisfying art form were relatively few. The few, mainly from the Senior Mess, who did sketch locally were pleasantly surprised and elevated by the amount of colour and interest which they found in the villages along Lincoln Edge. Indeed, as we discussed our work and 'finds' in the villages' pubs before returning to College for supper, many 'pro Patria' southerners were forced to admit that some of Lincolnshire compared favourably with their own counties—a veritable victory.

Indoor painting was rather interrupted by the Summer term night flying programme. However, whenever possible Vaughan Radford managed

to 'realize' his abstracts which obviously fascinated him. Ian Hutchinson, a skilled oil colourist, also produced some paintings of the College which were much admired at the end-of-term exhibition.

The exhibition which opened two days before the passing out of No. 75 Entry was intended to show the work of all societies. Consequently the Fine Arts, because we had our own exhibition recently, gave pride of place to the Photographic Society who put up a fine show.

During the Autumn term we shall descend (ascend?) to the Junior Mess where a studio has been prepared in Building 109. In our new surroundings we should, with the expert guidance of Mr Foster and the support of the Junior Mess members, be able to produce some satisfying work.

J.S.H.

GLIDING AT THE SUMMER CAMP

The Summer camp, held at R.A.F. Netheravon from 30th July to 11th August, broke all previous records with a total of $15\frac{1}{2}$ flying hours per head. This was due mainly to the presence of the club's new aircraft, the Olympia, and to the prevalence of excellent soaring conditions during most of the camp.

Aircraft taken were the Sedbergh, Prefect, Tutor, towing Chipmunk, and the Olympia, whose arrival was delayed till the 6th August while a new canopy was made for it.

Camp participants arrived on the evening of Wednesday the 29th, and the 30th was spent rigging the gliders, and giving everyone an airfield familiarization trip. That evening we were introduced to the Mess by the Station Commander, Group Captain Jones, and, in the bar, we heard of Albert, the Station Ghost. Albert is really a poltergeist, whose appearance seems to follow a sojourn in the bar by the observer.

Flying proper commenced on Friday. On the first aero-tow of the day, Pilot Officer Strachan made Lasham, 51 km. away, with a flight time of 6 hours 5 minutes. Flight Lieutenant Bridson made the same flight that morning, being airborne for three hours. Lightfoot gained his 'C' in a flight lasting 80 minutes, during which he reached 4,000 feet, and many flights of over 30 minutes were recorded; the two-seater Sedbergh being four times airborne for more than 50 minutes. An excellent day's gliding was celebrated in the bar that night. (This day turned

out to be the best day's gliding had on the camp, with a total of 22 hours 46 minutes' flying.)

Saturday was a reasonable day, but no flights of significance were made. A forecast of rain stopped gliding in the early afternoon.

On Sunday, Pilot Officer Strachan, returning from an hour's soaring, crashed his Slingsby Kite on approach. The pilot sustained little injury, but the value of the aircraft on the open market dropped abruptly to £10. On a happier note, that afternoon, Barringer got a 5,000 feet gain of height on a short cross-country to the Folland Aircraft Co. airfield at Chilbolton. Bromhead obtained his 'C' in a 15-minute flight in the Prefect. Pitchfork gained his 'C' on Monday, reaching cloudbase at 3,500 feet. Both the Sedbergh and the Tutor did the same, the former entering cloud.

Four trips of note were made on Tuesday, three of them being in a T.24 Eagle 'imported' from R.A.F.G.S.A. at Andover with Flight Lieutenant Sharman as 1st pilot. Holmes took first launch of the day in the Prefect, and soon contacted strong lift in which he reached 7,000 feet. He eventually landed at Cheriton, 51 km. away to the south-east after being in the air for two hours. Montgomerie got his 'C' in the morning, flying the Tutor.

The 7th and 8th days of the camp added $24\frac{1}{2}$ hours to the total, and saw Flight Lieutenant Taylor complete his Silver 'C' with a trip to Lasham. Flight Lieutenant Ayers did a 61 km. triangle, but was unable to photograph his turning points, and thus 'lost' the flight. He made 61 km. the next day, after an unsuccessful 5-hour attempt lasting 2 hours 15 minutes by Flight Lieutenant Wade. On the 5th August, a Prestwick Pioneer from R.A.F. Upavon visited the camp, and everyone was given a flight in this fascinating aircraft.

Friday the 7th was yet another good day. Many creditable times were recorded and cloudbase at 4,200 was reached on four occasions, but several cross-country attempts were frustrated by a shortage of barographs. The day's totals were 57 launches and 22 hours 22 minutes.

Holmes was away at 1100 hours in the Olympia on Saturday for a 5-hour attempt. After many ups and downs he eventually landed at Yeovil airport after being in the air for 5 hours 20 minutes. During the trip he reached 7,200 feet, which gave him a gain of height of 5,500 feet. This flight, coupled with his flight to Cheriton, completed his Silver 'C.' That day there were once again many good flights, with

heights of 4,000-5,000 feet being reached. The College C.F.I., Group Captain Lynch-Blosse, obtained his 'A' and 'B' Certificates in the Tutor.

Sunday and Monday brought bad weather, and gliding was only carried out for about two hours on each day. On the latter day flying was cancelled for one hour while a parachute drop was in progress on a nearby dropping zone. The same thing happened on Tuesday, when gliding operations were also hampered by intermittent showers.

Not yet mentioned are the many excellent flights made by Flight Lieutenant Bridson, the officer-in-charge of the camp. His 6,000 feet height climbs and one- to two-hour flights became almost routine, and he seldom failed to complete a trip without one of his well-known aerobatic sequences. He also raised the club's out-and-return record to 216 km. Many thanks are due to Master Pilot Brown, who flew our towing Chipmunk for us.

Throughout the camp, officers and cadets were accommodated in the Mess at Netheravon, and enjoyed a very high standard of living, as well as the use of a well-stocked bar, things which in themselves made the camp very pleasant. This, coupled with plenty of flying, meant that the camp was the most successful for many years, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all who took part in it.

M.B.

CANOEING

At the start of the Summer term the section had three moderately trained crews and a vast multiple of prospective canoeists. There were four type doubles, one being new, and a few miscellaneous craft. We were faced with the problem of providing adequate time on the water for all members and yet to keep some crews in training for long-distance races. The section was fortunate in that some of the new members had a little experience.

The first fixture was on the Great Ouse, from Bedford to St Neots, a distance of about 15 miles. Cleaver and Willis put in a creditable time in the senior doubles, as did Curry and Pardoe in the junior event despite a large handicap. Maden and Maitland were unfortunate in hitting an uncharted underwater obstacle and sinking soon afterwards. However, the insurance on the damaged skin proved invaluable later.

The next race was the Worcester race on the 21st of June, a distance of some 20 miles on the Severn. Three crews were entered and all

had a good outing with creditable times, although they were rather outclassed. The last fixture, the 'Against the Tide' race on the Thames, was a gruelling five miles downstream from Westminster steps and then back again against the tide both ways. The race was on the 19th July and was preceded by a lot of hard training. The three crews formed by Curry and Pardoe, Eidsforth and O'Rourke, and Simpson and Stephens, did extremely well.

Despite scarcity of craft and training difficulties, the foundations were laid this summer for good and, it is hoped, successful canoeing next season, provided of course training can be continued throughout the winter and spring. Some more craft would be a great advantage. Rigid tubs are needed for *ab initio* training, collapsible canoes for touring and some K2s for serious racing. Unfortunately, as is usual with this section, there is little likelihood of there being any money for this sort of re-equipment.

P.M.

AEROMODELLING SOCIETY

The abolition of individual society subscriptions this term has provided the club with a considerable number of new members. In spite of this the number of models produced for the end-of-term exhibition was not as high as we had hoped. Nevertheless, the exhibition models are extremely creditable efforts.

There has been a growing interest in radio-controlled models. Three were built this term, but one was unfortunately damaged beyond repair. When we eventually move into Building 109 we intend to work with the Radio Society in the construction of a multi-channel transmitter, which will give members much more scope with their models as far as design and performance go.

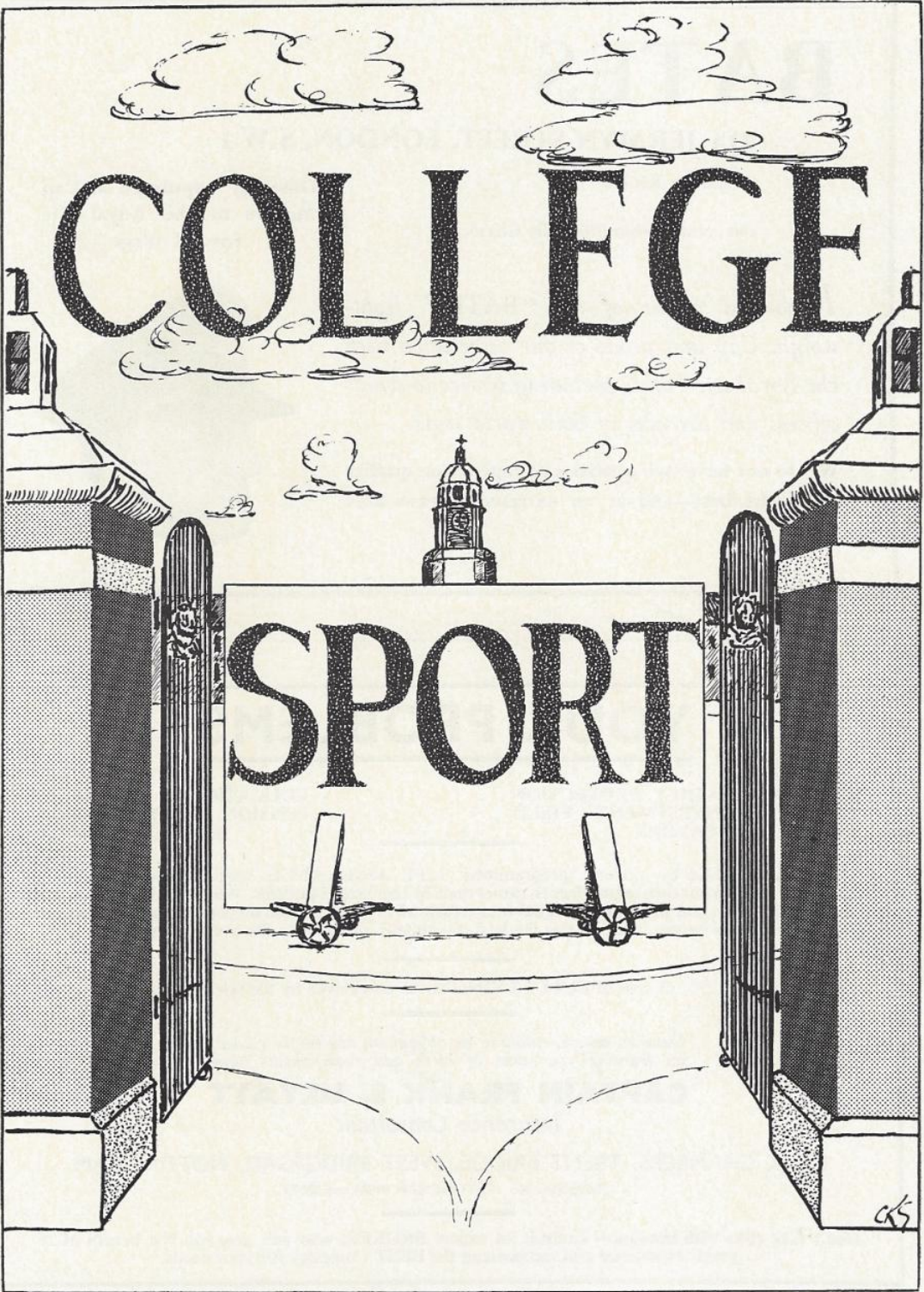
Work on the twin-engined project ended abruptly at the beginning of this term, with the suspension of the leading constructor. However, if time allows we shall re-start it next term.

Our hopes of occupying Building 109 have been dashed yet again which is a great pity, as members had fully expected to move in early in July; but the end is definitely in sight now. We should be established in our new club room by the end of September and this, plus the advent of the dark winter evenings, should provide a great stimulus to activity.

W.J.H.

COLLEGE

SPORT



INTER-SQUADRON WATER POLO

This year 'A' Squadron were the favourites for the competition, having three members of the College team as well as a large support of proficient swimmers. However, as so often happens in inter-squadron competitions, they were hard pressed in their games with 'B' and 'C'. The first match was between 'A' and 'C' Squadrons, and it was only by close marking and hard tackling that 'A' won by eight goals to five. Benefiting from their lessons learnt against 'A' Squadron, 'C' went on to win their match against 'B'. There only remained the deciding match between 'A' and 'B', which had all the spirit, if not the skill, expected from the inter-squadron sports. This match was full of thrills, and desperation for the initiated, and only after 14 minutes of hard playing did 'A' Squadron emerge the victors of the match and the competition.

One thought left with one after these matches is that it is unfortunate that more time is not set aside for the squadrons to practise this sport, since it requires more skill than is immediately perceptible to the casual onlooker.

A.T.

ROWING

During the Spring term we lost Barlow and Pope, two of our best oarsmen. This loss was to show itself during the season, as without a summer entry there were no new members. Our plans for entering the Amateur Rowing Association 'Head of the River Race' had to be cancelled as we could not borrow an eight. Time was found during the Easter leave for some training at Molesey Boat Club and this proved invaluable as so much time had been lost in the spring due to poor weather.

Our first fixture was a combined entry for Chester and Northwich Regattas over Whit week-end. This was the first time that the senior crew raced in their new coxed four. Both senior and junior crews were unsuccessful, which proved that more regular training was required.

The entry for the Royal Air Force Championships at Marlow consisted of the junior crew and a junior sculler. In the first round the junior crew met R.A.F., Medmenham. At the start they lost half a length, but then

proceeded to wear down their opponents by steady, strong rowing. In the last two furlongs the pace began to tell on Medmenham and our junior crew went ahead to win by half a length. Our sculler was beaten in the first round by strong opposition, but showed promise for the future. The semi-final for the junior crew was against R.A.F. Wyton. It ran almost exactly as the first race, the junior crew winning by one length. In the final the junior crew rowed very strongly and soon increased their early lead to beat R.A.F. Yatesbury easily.

At Nottingham Regatta the following week-end the senior crew were drawn against the Nottingham and Union crew which had beaten them at Northwich. By this time the senior crew had more power and confidence in their rowing and the race was much closer. The junior crew tended to relax after their win at Marlow and only managed to win one heat.

The senior crew began to find their true form at Peterborough and Newark Regattas, but unfortunately this was rather late in the season. At Newark they rowed well in the first round and beat Boston Rowing Club by two lengths. In the semi-final they gave Nottingham Britannia a hard race, eventually losing by three-quarters of a length. The junior sculler also had some success at Newark by winning his first heat by two lengths even though his course was somewhat erratic.

The senior crew raced B.R.N.C. Dartmouth at Dartmouth on the 6th July. Conditions on the course were rough, but the crew rowed well together and won easily. The crews were as follows:

Senior Crew: F.C. Walker (bow), F.C. Wingfield, S.U.O. Elworthy, S.F.C. Owen (stroke), F.C. Webb (cox).

Junior Crew: F.Cs Miles (bow), Loveday, Evans, Bonnor (stroke).

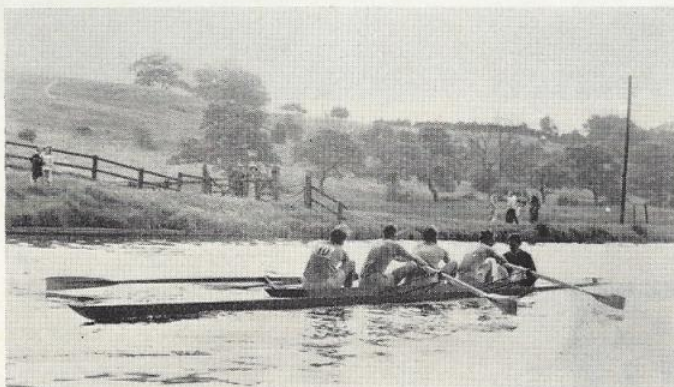
Junior Sculler: F.C. Lucking.

INTER-SQUADRON ROWING

Conditions were perfect for the Inter-Squadron Regatta. 'A' Squadron won once again, but by a much smaller margin than last year.

RESULTS

'A' Squadron	19 points
'B' Squadron	17 points
'C' Squadron	0 points



The first crew at Northwich Regatta



The College Rowing team

ATHLETICS—SUMMER 1959

At the beginning of the season with many of last year's team still available and a full fixture list ahead, it appeared that the team should be fairly successful. Two projected fixtures, however, against Ecole de l'Air and R.A.F. Germany, were cancelled at short notice, and left gaps in the fixture list, the effects of which were felt when the climax of the season was reached with the annual triangular fixture against B.R.N.C. Dartmouth and R.M.A. Sandhurst. The rate of competitive matches was, therefore, discontinuous, and caused loss of performance ability.

The first match of the season was away, against IMPERIAL COLLEGE, and produced no outstanding performances on the part of the College team, but the stiff competition made everyone realize how much training was needed. The following match was against CARRES G.S., and at this early stage of the season Slade threw the javelin a distance of 140 ft. 2 in., a performance which he did not better by the end of the season. A team fielded by the LEICESTER COLLEGES OF ART AND TECHNOLOGY was extremely strong, some members gaining positions in the British Games held the following week, and the College team lost easily, although by now it was beginning to show some form. By the time of the HENLOW match, the KNOCKER had fulfilled some purpose in revealing two sprinters, Wade and Harris, who supplemented Wratten and Symes, and eventually replaced Symes altogether. HENLOW were very narrowly beaten by 3 points, and it was during this match Simpson achieved his best jump of the season, reaching 22 ft. 0½ in. The station sports necessitated the cancellation of a fixture against KESTEVEN, but the relay team were kindly allowed a run out and did their second best time of the season in competition. In competing against BOSTON A.C. Woodford established a new College record of 9 min. 47.8 sec. in the 2 miles, with very determined

running. Hutchinson, the captain, also began to perform near last season's best by putting the shot 40 ft. 3½ in.

Until now the weather had been very reasonable, but the MILOCARIANS had to compete against a high wind as well as a stronger College team, eventually winning by a fairly narrow margin. Training was seriously disrupted at this stage by three days' exclusive use of the track by Flying Training Command, followed by mid-term break and a further three days' use by Bomber Command for their championships. The team, therefore, was in extremely bad form when it met WELBECK, but even then the opponents produced results that in some instances would have been hard to better. In a triangular match against LEICESTER and NOTTINGHAM Universities the conditions were ideal, and this was probably the climax of the season as regards performances, six bests being attained, of which Laming broke the College record for the 120 yards hurdles, putting up a new time of 15.7 sec. Hallam, just out of hospital after being hit by a discus during KNOCKER training, showed surprising form by beating the ground record for the pole vault at 12 ft. 6 in., and could have gone higher but for his commitment to the 440 yards, in which he dead-heated for second place in a time of 53.2 sec. This was his first run over the distance. Another triangular match against BOMBER and FLYING TRAINING COMMANDS was to be the final run out before the annual triangular against DARTMOUTH and SANDHURST. Although the College team were last by a substantial margin, Herbertson achieved his best time of 2 min. 3.6 sec. in the 880 yards, and the relay team, composed of Wade, Symes, Wratten and Harris, their best performance of 45.8 sec. After the Dartmouth and Sandhurst match, which was relatively early in the season, there was extreme anti-climax resulting in heavy losses against Wellington College and at Guernsey against the CHANNEL ISLANDS A.A.A.

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MODERN PENTATHLON

Modern Pentathlon only really comes into its own in the Summer term, but there are usually a few warming-up competitive training sessions in the Spring term. We were invited to take part in two of these meetings in the form of triathlons—shooting, fencing and swimming are the most beneficial—one held at Halton and the other at the Royal Marine depot at Deal. The matches this year gave the beginners their initial taste of competition Pentathlon and showed where the weaknesses lay.

The training for the Summer term was designed for the two annual matches—the Cranwell-Sandhurst match and the Royal Air Force Championships. The Sandhurst match was not until the first week-end after half-term, so training started quite gently for the initial three weeks. We felt that more competition experience was needed and consequently tried to arrange a match with Cambridge University, but as it was a last-minute affair it was impossible to fit in. However, the Sandhurst match had by now loomed into a definite reality and our standard was still on the low side, so we concentrated on match technique as well as pure fitness.

Having just recovered from half-term we spent the next week-end at Sandhurst. Oxford and Cambridge Universities and the Royal Military College of Science also sent teams. In the competition the Sandhurst team gained such a fantastic lead on the riding that although we won the swimming, shooting, fencing and running they were still handsomely in the lead by the end. Senior Flight Cadet W. H. Smith came first in the Cranwell team.

The Royal Air Force Championships were being held three weeks later so the time was spent in ironing out as many weaknesses as possible. Special attention was paid

to the riding after being shown up by Sandhurst. This year we were not limited in the number of teams and individuals we could enter, thus enabling everyone to compete, including Flight Cadets Porteous and Coriat who were in the team last year. The competition was, as usual, enjoyed immensely. The College teams came third and fourth respectively, second place being taken from us by a team of instructors and pupils from Syerston. Senior Flight Cadet W. H. Smith again came first in the Cranwell teams and seventh in the overall and individual results.

In looking back on the past season three points stand out which must be remedied as much as possible next year: we must have more people training, otherwise the competitive spirit tends to wane if a place in a team is almost guaranteed: there ought to be more biathlon and triathlon matches: and lastly our greatest weakness, riding, must be remedied during the winter months.

Flight Lieutenant J. McLeod, who has been the officer in charge of Pentathlon for the past two years, is now handing over to Flight Lieutenant G. M. Turner, who was once himself in the team as a cadet.

D.J.W.

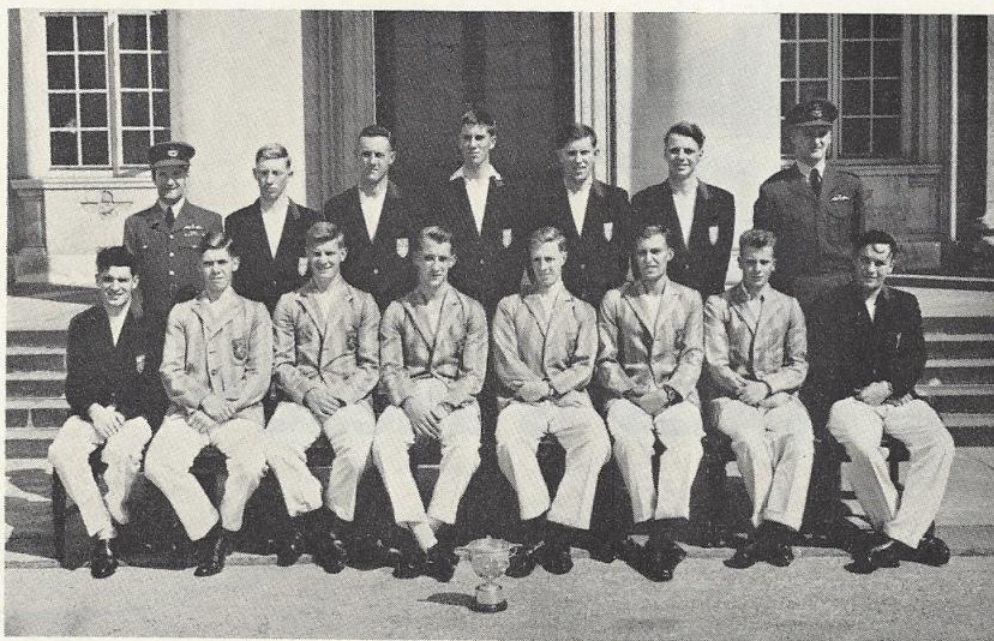
SWIMMING TEAM REPORT

The results achieved by the swimming team this season indicate the success of the team in its matches. This was due primarily to a welcome influx of swimming talent to the College from 79 and 80 Entries, which provided the majority of swimmers.

The first fixture of the season, against City of London School on 9th May, was probably the most exciting, eventually ending in a draw after the College narrowly won the last race of the match by 0.1 of a second. Two other matches provided exciting finishes, the away fixture



The Modern Pentathlon team



The Swimming team

against Bishops Stortford College being narrowly and unfortunately lost by two points, and the away match against Newcastle Royal Grammar School ending in a draw. It was this match which provided the highlight of the swimming season, and the team members, accustomed to the scale of northern hospitality, were once again indebted to the hosts and their parents for a memorable stay in Newcastle.

Several College records were broken during the season, Nelson breaking the 220 yards freestyle, Adams the 100 yards freestyle and Peters the 100 yards backstroke.

The number of swimmers who conscientiously trained throughout the season, yet seldom represented the College, was considerable, and thanks are due to them for providing competition and opposition so very valuable in the successful training of the more regular team members.

With regret we saw the departure this season of the captain and vice-captain, Under Officer Barrett and Senior Flight Cadet Donaldson, but we look forward with confidence to the 1960 season.

Colours were awarded to Senior Flight Cadet Geldart, and Flight Cadets Adams, Peters and Jackson at the end of the season.

RESULTS

Date	Opponents	Swimming	Water Polo
May 9	City of London School	... 40-40 (d)	
27	Lincoln A.S.C.	11-4 (w)
30	R.N.C. Dartmouth	... 47-21 (w)	7-2 (w)
June 6	The Leys School	... 36½-29½ (w)	15-3 (w)
10	Bedford Modern School	... 39½-33½ (w)	9-8 (w)
17	Workshop College	... 50-31 (w)	
20	Bishops Stortford College	... 28-30 (l)	3-11 (l)
23	Boston A.S.C.	7-7 (d)
24	R.G.S. Newcastle	... 46-28 (w)	10-5 (w)

Date	Opponents	Swimming	Water Polo
July 1	Boston A.S.C.	5-6 (l)
4	R.M.A. Sandhurst	... 57-37 (w)	3-5 (l)
7	Oundle School	... 46-30 (w)	10-0 (w)
8	Lincoln A.S.C.	3-5 (l)
11	R.G.S. Newcastle	... 40-40 (d)	8-2 (w)
18	Saint Paul's School	... 35-28 (w)	8-6 (w)
21	Sleaford A.S.C.	... 47-21 (w)	6-9 (l)
22	Welbeck College	... 31-26 (w)	14-1 (w)

INTER-SQUADRON SWIMMING

Reversing their heavy defeat of the previous season 'A' Squadron this year won the inter-squadron swimming with a total of 27 points, 'C' Squadron coming second with 19 points, and 'B' Squadron third with 14 points. In spite of the seemingly wide margin in points some entertaining racing was produced, and both the College 220 yards freestyle and 100 yards freestyle records were broken during the course of the afternoon.

DARTMOUTH SWIMMING

This year the Dartmouth swimming team was not as strong as it had been in past years. Thus, the College swimming team was able to win all the events swum, eventually winning the match by a margin of 47 points to 21 points, and the water polo match by seven goals to two goals.

SANDHURST SWIMMING

Although they were swimming in a pool longer than that in which they usually perform, the College swimmers proved to be faster than the Sandhurst cadets in most events. Thus, the College eventually won the match by 57 points to 37.

In the water polo match, however, Sandhurst provided stiffer opposition and they won a very closely fought game by the margin of five goals to three goals.

C.R.D.

The team wish to thank Squadron Leader DAVIES, and the athletics officer Flight Lieutenant LEWIS for their training advice, Flight Lieutenant O'REILLY for his help and advice in fixture planning before leaving the College, and the P.F.O. staff and many others who prepared the track and officiated at home fixtures.

P.S.

**TRIANGULAR MATCH v. DARTMOUTH
AND SANDHURST
held on 27th June, 1959**

Although the track badly needed rain to improve its condition after a dry spell combined with KNOCKER, it appeared that it might persist throughout the day and spoil the match. Fortunately the cloud broke up in the late morning, offering near perfect conditions in which to compete. The team fielded by the College was not as strong as in previous matches, and any misgivings as to performances were founded by the final points scoring.

As usual the match began with the 120 yards hurdles, and LAMING, running below form, was second in a time of 16.3 sec. Further prospects temporarily looked better in the 2 miles with WOODFORD leading practically all the way and winning easily in 9 min. 49.9 sec.—a good 20 yards ahead of his nearest rival from B.R.N.C. In the 100 yards, however, TREMBATH of R.M.A., having won the hurdles, completed the double, winning in 10.3 sec. with College competitors in the rear of the field, as was the case also in the 220 yards. Running within 0.2 sec. of his best, HERBERTSON was beaten into third place by his two R.M.A. opponents in the half-mile, in a time of 2 min. 3.8 sec., the winning time being

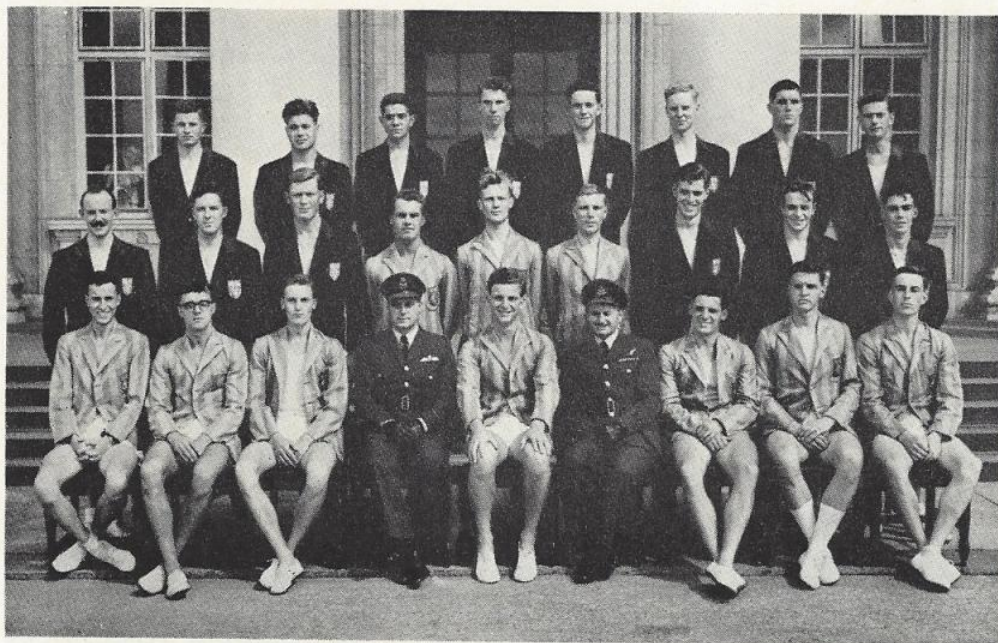
1 min. 59.2 sec. WOODFORD, also running near his best in the mile, came in fourth with a time of 4 min. 36.8 sec., a good performance especially since it was after the 2 miles.

In the meantime R.M.A. had been building up a substantial points lead in the field events, winning the shot, discus, javelin, hammer and high jump. GREEN threw his best in the discus, coming second with a throw of 121 ft. 6 in., but perhaps the best performance of the afternoon was seen while KOTEL of R.M.A. easily out-jumped his opponents with a winning leap of 6 ft. 4 in. In the hammer, PEARSON also achieved his best throw of the season with a distance of 103 ft. 4 3/4 in., gaining fourth place, while LAMING won the triple jump at 41 ft. 2 in., this time beating KOTEL, his opponent in the high jump, who was second.

With two track events to be run, and a field event to be completed it was obvious that R.M.A. would win, but at this stage the College and B.R.N.C. were still holding each other. The 440 yards provided a close finish with 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th runners finishing within 0.1 sec. of each other. Of these SYMES was third in 53.5 sec. and HALLAM fifth in 53.7 sec. HALLAM had then to compete in the pole vault and as a result struggled over 11 ft. 4 in. to win, well below his season's best performance of 12 ft. 6 in. The 4 x 110 yards was run with the weather breaking into rain, and the final positions settled on the following points scoring.

R.M.A. Sandhurst ...	148 points
B.R.N.C. Dartmouth ...	93 points
R.A.F.C. Cranwell ...	86 points

Post-mortem failed to reveal conclusively whether the College team was experiencing an 'off day', was stale, or



The Athletics team

beaten by superior performances. Whatever spectator opinion may be, it was a good competition, which after all is the essence of the Olympic code.

P.S.

RESULTS

Opponents	Points		Opponents	
	College	Opponents		
Imperial College	(a)	63	87	(l)
Carrs G.S.	(h)	78	35	(w)
Leicester College of Art and Technology	(h)	47	66	(l)
R.A.F. Technical College, Henlow	(a)	84	81	(w)
Boston A.C.	(h)	53	40	(w)
Milocarians	(h)	—	—	(l)
Welbeck	(a)	—	—	(l)
Nottingham University	(a)	106½	112½	(2nd)
Leicester University			96	
Bomber Command	(h)	77½	155	(3rd)
Flying Training Command			98½	
B.R.N.C. Dartmouth	(h)	86	93	(3rd)
R.M.A. Sandhurst			148	
Wellington College	(a)	—	—	(l)
Queen Elizabeth College	(a)	—	—	(l)
Channel Islands A.A.A.			—	

CRICKET

Once again the College 1st XI has experienced a mixed season, beating Dartmouth in a thrilling finish and losing to Sandhurst in the last minute of extra time. This can probably be attributed to lack of balance. Once again, while we have numerous batsmen and medium-pace bowlers in the College, there was only one effective spin bowler, the newcomer, Terrett, who progressed greatly during the season, but who, one feels, still needs some experience before he becomes a really good off-spinner. The side was led by potentially its best batsman, Price, who, while

showing his class on a number of occasions, failed to score his coveted century. Gothard and Bullocke, however, did score centuries and when Gothard and Graydon were batting one could be sure that there would be no lack of action.

The bowling was opened by Mackay, who bowled extremely well at a brisk pace but lacked luck. The seam bowling of Graydon could be relied upon to be accurate and lively and he was rewarded by a number of wickets. Probably our most reliable bowler was Laycock, who looked fast to no one but the batsman and was a prolific wicket-taker.

We have been fortunate to find a specialist wicket keeper in Pegg, who has amazed us all with consistent and acrobatic performances. On the subject of fielding, mention must be made of the antagonistic and energetic efforts of Gothard near the wicket.

No account of cricket at Cranwell would be complete without a mention of Fred Simpson whose tenth season here this was, and to whom College cricket, once again, owes much. Thank you, Fred!

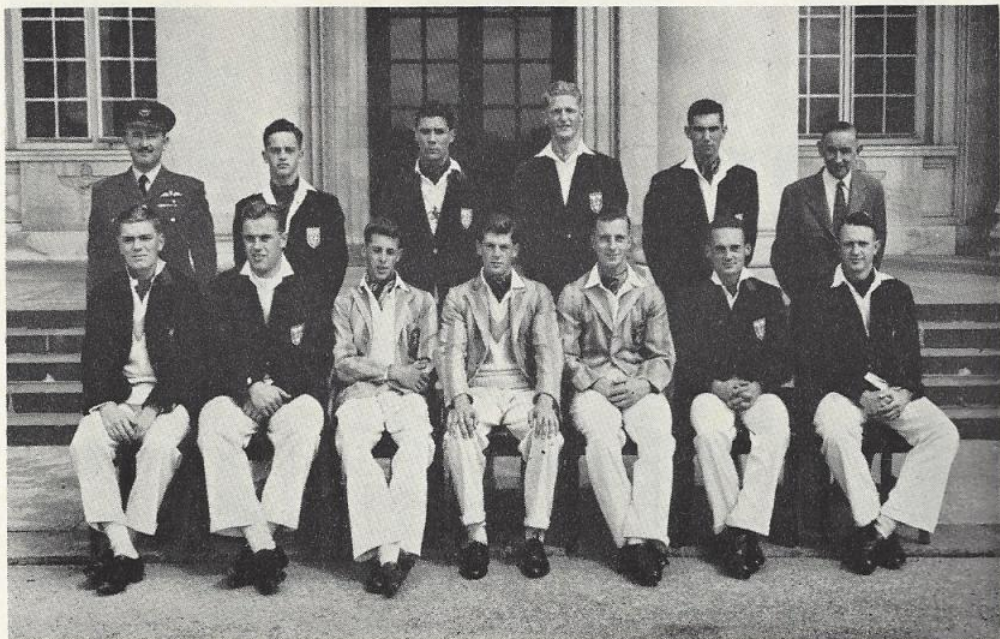
Our thanks are also due to Flight Lieutenant Loat who once again gave us his backing and support.

B.N.

SAILING

The first term of this season has once again been very successful thanks to the excellent sailing weather, although more wind would often have been appreciated. The number of members allowed down to Farndon has been increased and boats were never spare. Enthusiasm was, as last season, sharpened by weekly inter-squadron sailing which brought out many points for instruction.

So far this season we have had six matches—all of which, unfortunately, had to be away fixtures through our present lack of suitable boats. Out of these we won



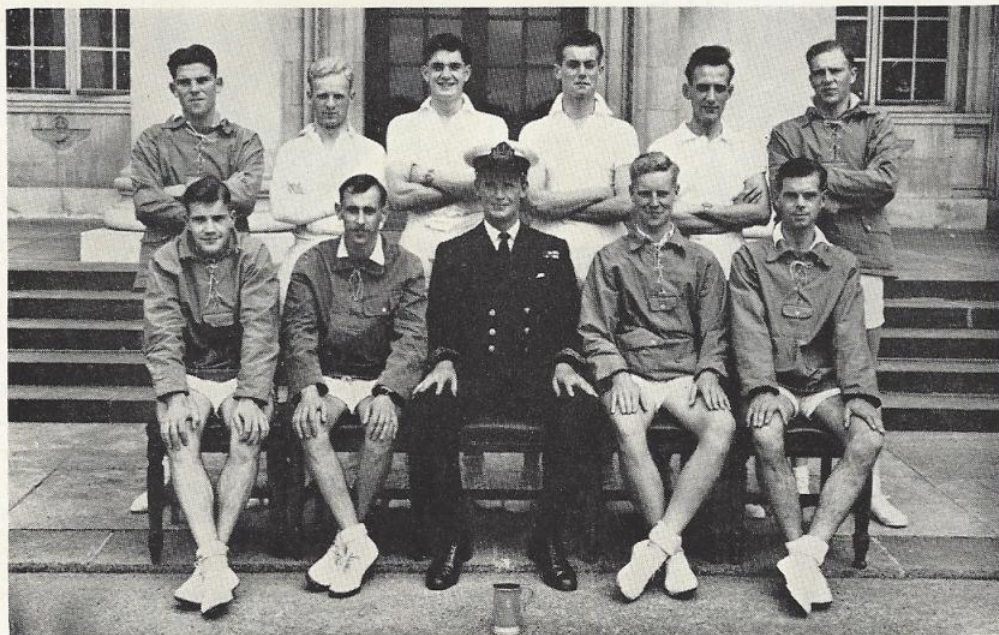
The Cricket team

against Welbeck and Dover Colleges and against H.M.S. *Worcester*, but lost to our rival establishments R.M.A. Sandhurst and B.R.N.C. Dartmouth and also to R.A.F. Shawbury. In the Inter-Squadron Regatta 'C' Squadron retained the Waterman Cup after three afternoons' racing. Next season it is hoped to arrange some 'home' fixtures since we are at last obtaining a number of Fireflies; these will be more evenly matched

than our present four Nationals which are to be sold.

We should like to thank Mrs Colahan for presenting the Waterman Cup and also both Lieutenant-Commander McCarthy and Flight Lieutenant Northway for their great help and encouragement throughout the season.

S.A.



The Sailing team

TENNIS—SUMMER TERM, 1959

During the Spring term, members of the tennis teams managed to have some pre-seasonal practice on an indoor court at the East Camp gymnasium. Although the teams appeared to be no stronger than those of the previous season, it was hoped that a better start would be made by early practices. The result was that in our first few games we played reasonably, but still not up to the standard of our opponents.

During the season our ability on the courts fluctuated considerably. We won on two or three occasions and we also had some narrow defeats, but generally we were beaten by sides of far superior tennis players. Towards the end of the season we excelled ourselves on two occasions and almost beat the Royal Naval College at GREENWICH, and RUGBY School, two very strong sides.

The second six was a little more successful, and won most of its matches. Our first inter-service match was against the Royal Technical College, HENLOW. This we won 7-2 in gusty conditions at HENLOW. The Royal Naval College, DARTMOUTH, proved to be as strong as ever, and beat us soundly by 8 games to 1 on our own courts. Later on in the season we fared little better against the Royal Military Academy, SANDHURST. Playing on excellent grass courts at SANDHURST we were defeated by 7-2.

Apart from the lack of any real talent amongst the tennis players at the College, there were some reasons for our many defeats during the season. The main reason was the old story of lack of practice. We were fortunate if we could obtain three hours' practice a week; NOTTINGHAM High School, we were told, normally had at least 12 hours. The standard of our courts was another problem; the surface deteriorated rapidly during the season and made it very difficult to play true shots. Finally, it was not until near the end of the season that we obtained the services of a coach and by that time it was too late to achieve anything positive. Next season it is hoped we will have all-weather courts, and the services of a coach at the beginning of the season.

In the inter-squadron competition, 'C' Squadron were once again successful. They beat 'A' Squadron 7-2 and 'B' Squadron 5-2. 'A' Squadron played well in the final match beating 'B' Squadron 6-3. Our thanks go to Squadron Leader WALSH for his guidance and interest during the season, and also to Major CLARK for helping us at practices. We look forward to a more successful season next year.

Teams: 1st VI: S.F.C. Cloke, U.O. Volkens, F.Cs Edwards, Lamplough, Greenwood, Leedham. 2nd VI: F.Cs Read, Hickman, Oliver, A. R., Manville, Dixon, Deakin, Oliver, J. R. K.J.E.

SHOOTING

Our first competition was the Lincolnshire Rifle Association Prize Meeting, held at Beckingham on 10th May. At this meeting the College team won the Lincolnshire Royal Air Force Challenge Trophy against strong competition from other Royal Air Force Stations in the county.

As usual we sent a team to Bisley for the R.A.F. Championships and Trenchard Cup, but there were, however, no outstanding victories. Our annual match against Sandhurst shortly afterwards was unfortunately lost, 1,044 pts. to 929 pts.

The inter-squadron match was shot on 8th July at Beckingham, the first occasion for some time that a full-length range has been available for the match. The result was: 'A,' 506 pts; 'B,' 492 pts; 'C,' 424 pts.

This term we have had to bid farewell to Mr. F. J. Collins, our coach, who has done so much invaluable work for the section in his many years at Cranwell. We would like to thank him most sincerely for his unflinching help and enthusiasm, and wish him every happiness in his retirement. In saying good-bye we congratulate him on the award of his British Empire Medal. His new address is Flat 2, Walcot, Lydbury North, Shropshire.

The team this season has been selected from S.F.Cs R. G. Meredith (Captain)*, P. G. Blake†, F.Cs I. R. Sinclair*, M. C. Turner*, R. M. Prothero*, R. L. Banks†, I. J. C. Hill†, P. A. Nelson, J. R. N. McEvoy*, G. J. Hyde.

* Old Colour.

† Colour Awarded.

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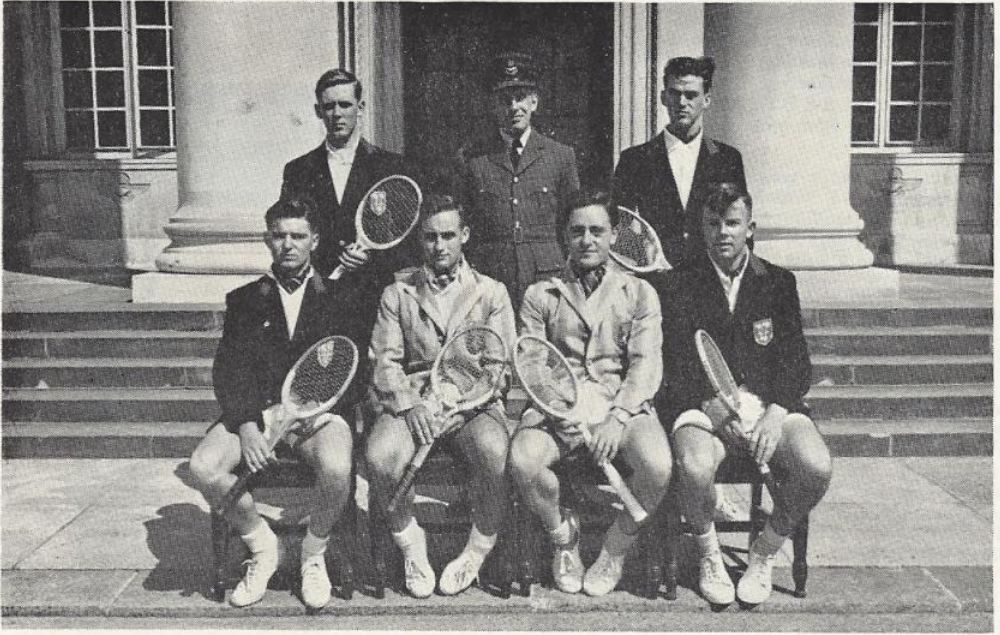
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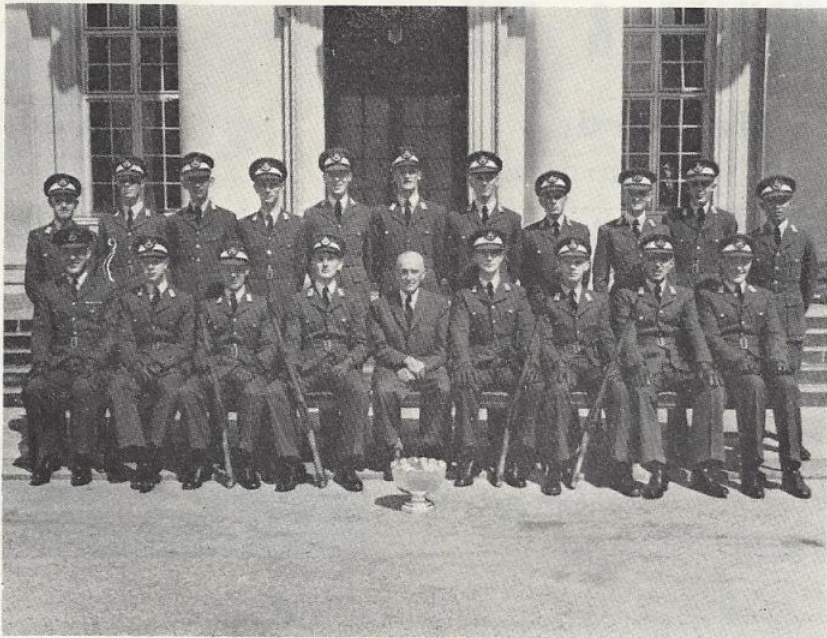


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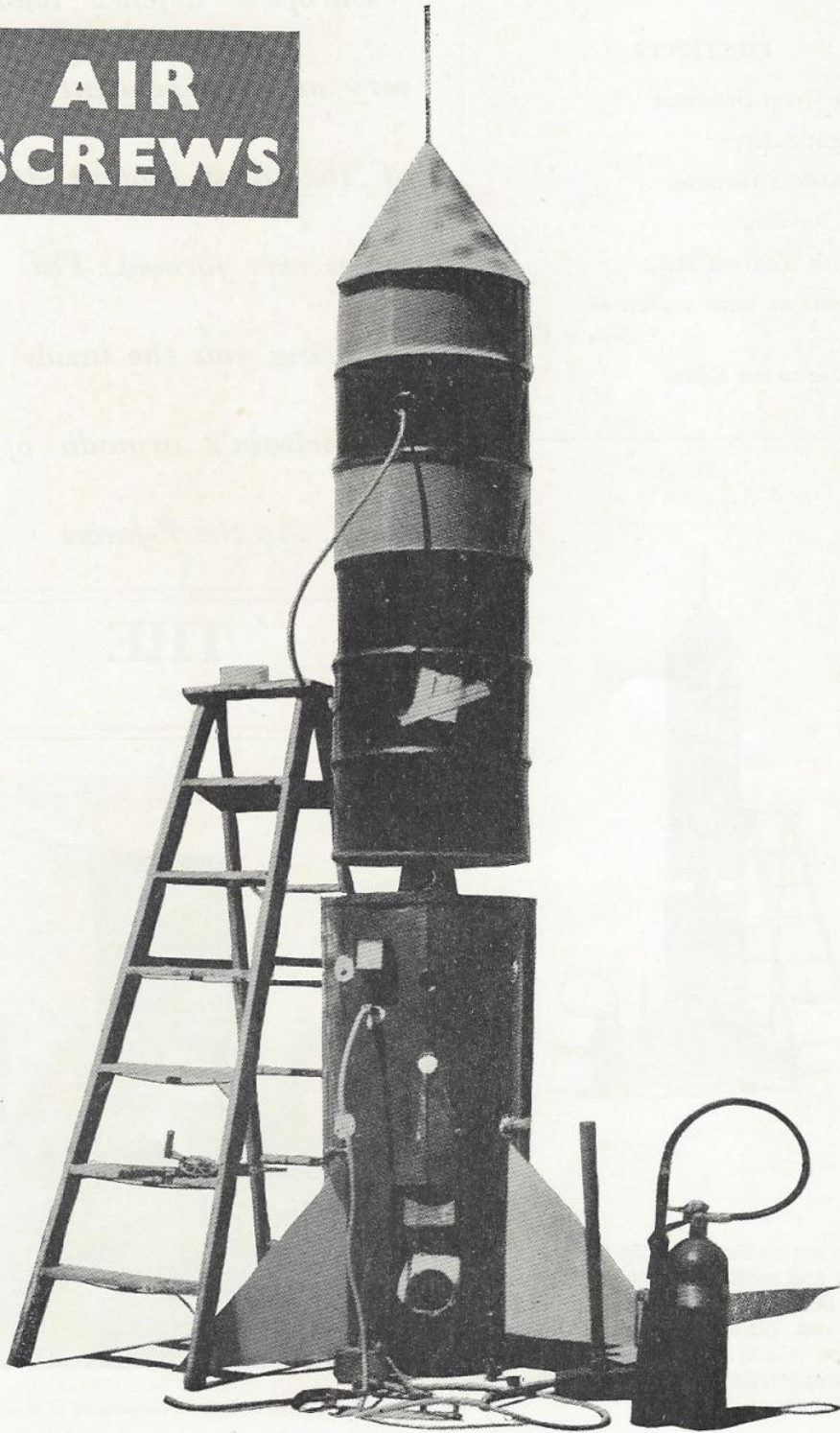


The Tennis team



The Shooting team

AIR SCREWS



CONTENTS

The Great Deterrent
Flight Safety
Squadron Histories
At Random
Teach Yourself Met.
A note on some aspects of
Space Flight
Letter to the Editor



Our Cover:

Britain is not so far behind in the space race. The newest and most powerful ballistic missile, the Yellow Belly, has the finishing touches put to it at the vast plant of Chemical Industries, Walthamstow (C.I.W. Ltd). Delivery to units of R.A.F. Transport Command should take place early in 1973.

Europe's defence today is very much dependent on one of the most potent bomber forces ever formed. This week we bring you the inside story on Britain's armada of the skies . . . the V-force.

THE



Bombing-up is the most complicated of processes



The aircraft with which the Squadron is equipped

GREAT DETERRENT

by **FLIGHT LIEUTENANT A. R. SMITH (Retired)**

THIS, the umpteenth edition of *Air Screws*, is privileged to present yet another on-the-spot account of one of the fighting arms of our Royal Air Force.

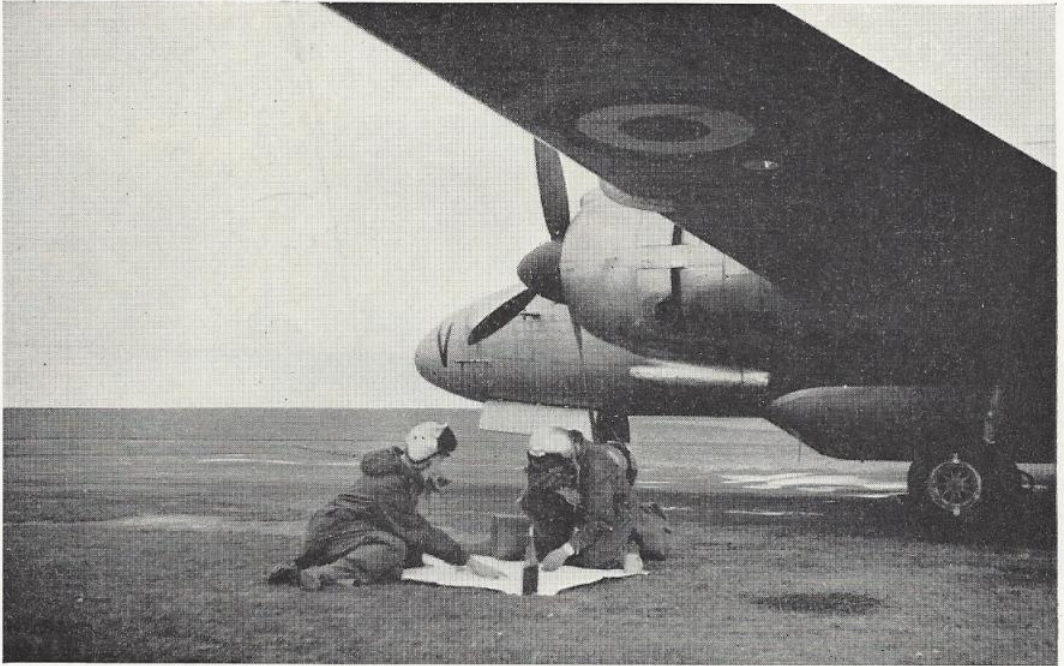
Whilst it is intended that this article should reveal as much as possible of the night-to-night life of this squadron of the V-force, it must be appreciated that certain considerations of security and official policy preclude any mention of some of the more breathtaking exploits of this body.

This squadron is equipped with aircraft ideally suited to its role, as this article will reveal. Although our illustrations feature a later mark, known as the Varsity, we must begin by describing its precursor—the Valetta. An indication of the depth of research and magnitude of effort involved in the development of this aircraft is that it has been in existence since 1947 and even now is rarely serviceable. Involving the use of the most recent research developments the Valetta is a monoplane. Single-engine reliability is ensured by the use of two Bristol Hercules and asymmetric flying is of great importance with this type of aircraft. Various new bondings and glues are used in the construction of the aircraft and crews are

now desperately familiar with their in-flight use. The Varsity is a development of the aircraft just described and involves several advanced modifications such as wing fences and a smoother finish, especially on the fuselage. Britain's V-force is indeed keeping pace with the refinements of high-speed flight.

As the Varsity becomes pre-eminent, so it is that the Valetta must assume new roles to justify its existence. Latest of these is the air tanker, and a completely new method has been devised in order that the Valetta's astro-domes can best be utilized for this task.

But enough of the aircraft; let us turn to the men who automate this machine. We find ourselves ensconced in the vastness of Lincolnshire in a primeval building of doubtful origin, which has managed to withstand the onslaught of many years of nature's worst. Here are some of our experiences with the squadron. We start our day at 7 a.m. and after eating in the refectory we at once plunge into the daily round. Fitness is so essential that co-ordinated physical evolutions are performed from 0750 to 0830. To the casual observer these closely resemble the ceremonial



No effort is spared at Met. Briefing and Flight Planning



The Ultimate Weapon

head-shrinking dances of the Jivaro Indians, and in fact we are convinced that the sequences are automatic since the orders are quite unintelligible and are given by a gentleman who seems quite despairing at times, so often does he nod his head.

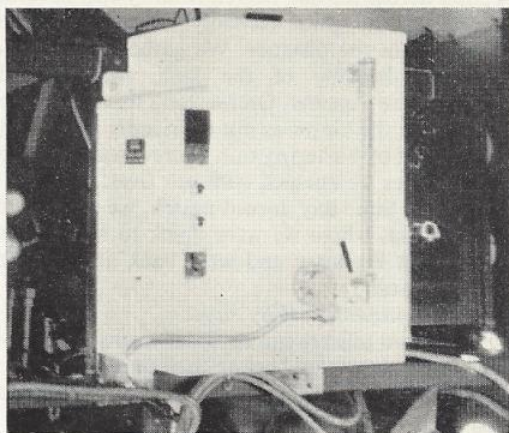


The E.C.M. operator

By 0930 hours we are at our airfield which is situated in a place so inaccessible and barren as to appear unlike anything operational. This is indeed the security officer's dream. No effort is spared at met. briefing and flight planning to ensure that every detail is considered. Instant readiness is one of this squadron's specialities



The aircraft and the weapon



The 'T' Box

and to see their scramble is an unforgettable sight. On the alarm of scramble! scramble! scramble! the resources of the entire unit are mobilized and all efforts are directed to becoming airborne with what is the ultimate in weapons. Bombing-up is the most complicated of processes and that it is achieved with such alacrity is no doubt due to the excellent training received at the hands of the Weapons Section. The weapon, code name Brown Windsor, has a peculiar propensity for landing on its tail, hence the name, stand-up bomb.

An indication of the incredible pace at which these men live is that very often they fall asleep at the controls of their aircraft. To prevent the overshooting of turning points a special device has been invented known as the Chronometer, alarm,



Squadron 'Scramble'

Mk. 1, which the pilot merely sets to the hour at which he wishes to wake. To be introduced shortly is a Chronometer, alarm, Mk. 2, which has a specially soft alarm so that the pilot is not disturbed when it goes off. We may expect this equipment to be the subject of further modifications.

Behind this squadron is a vast organization, so complex that even the *Daily Excess* is unable to succour the nation with juicy tales of its adventures. As most people know, V-force crews are fed on a special diet and here we found this jocularly referred to as Nutty's slack. A further indication of the depth of learning and width of achievement of these men is that they all write over 1,000 words per week on Commonwealth History, the instructor of which is NOT jocularly referred to.

These days of austerity and general elections mean that the ideal is tempered by the expedient and so it is that these men spend more time performing the above-mentioned contortions than they do in the air. This perhaps explains their motto 'Porcus Ineptus.'



Desert Adventure

Flying Officer Kite and Pilot Officer Prune were the crew of a Vampire which was involved in a novel accident over the Lincolnshire desert. Their adventures in attempting to return to civilization prove how important it is for all aircrew to know the principles of survival. Their story is told here by Flying Officer Kite.

We were on a low-level sortie over the Lincolnshire desert when there was a sudden loss of power due, we later discovered, to a cow being sucked into the intake. We made a successful

ejection and then began our long trek back to civilization.

We had covered at least three miles and were feeling pretty exhausted before we came across some friendly tribesmen. Naturally we found it rather difficult to make ourselves understood but eventually we managed to convey to them that we were 'bird men' from a 'great white bird,' which had 'fallen sick' and that we wished to be shown the nearest settlement.

We were conducted by the native chief (for so he appeared to be) to his hut where we were given food and drink. The following day we set out with a guide across the flat, barren countryside. Several hours later our guide excitedly indicated a plume of smoke in the distance. We gathered that this was the dwelling of the king, the dreaded Lincolnshire Poacher. On reaching this village we found that the king was not as friendly as we had hoped, but by bartering our aircrew watches and bone domes we escaped with our lives.

After a three-day forced-march, we reached a town at last where we were quick to search out the British Embassy and were back at our unit within a week.

Wing Commander Why says:

These two officers can consider themselves very lucky in that they got back to their unit so quickly. I know just how difficult the Lincolnshire desert can be.

Both officers seem to have coped extremely well in their unusual emergency but I am not at all happy about the surrender of aircrew watches and bone domes. Watches are invaluable as torches for night marches and there is no substitute for a bone dome for holding water in a desert flood. I would have been inclined to hang on to these. However, this is perhaps rather wishful thinking in such difficult circumstances and these two officers are now with us again. Well done, Kite and Prune!

Squadron Histories

No. 1410 Squadron has seen service in both Heligoland and Hong Kong. Sea is found at both these places, and the Junk on their badge indicates the number of pilots who had to be fished out of the water off Kai Tak. Their motto is 'Self sufficient'—another reminder of their long service. The unit is at present based in Queensland and is equipped with Tiger Moths.

At the beginning of the third year of the war No. 4307 Squadron was stationed, prior to embarkation for the Isle of Wight, at Edinburgh. To remember this period a heraldic rock was

chosen as the badge motif. The Squadron, whose motto is 'Surprise, surprise,' is based today at Llanthwick-na-Cadwallda.

At Random

Think it over

While climbing after take-off, the pilot of a Valetta T.3 felt the control column move forward and backward. The movement continued, together with faint screams, for three-quarters of an hour until the aircraft reached 18,000 feet, when it stopped. The occurrence was reported at the end of the flight. The resulting investigation of the tail unit revealed a Flight Sergeant lying asphyxiated on the control connections. The Flight Sergeant had been helping to hold the tail control unit access panel adjusting plate in position while it was being fitted to the aircraft. This plate, the only entrance to the rear of the fuselage, had been reported as difficult to fit. The airman responsible has been awarded 14 days' detention, subject to confirmation.

Wing Commander Why says:

This pilot, by conscientiously reporting the matter directly to his Commanding Officer that evening, saved himself from what might have been a calamitous situation. He was placed in this position by pure thoughtlessness.

This is a flagrant example of careless checking on the part of the ground staff concerned. The unfortunate Flight Sergeant was a valuable fully trained Drill Instructor, engaged in maintaining the Royal Air Force deterrent weapon. In this case the Sergeant in charge would have been more correct in using an airman of his crew: indeed I find it difficult to understand in what way the Flight Sergeant was connected with the checking of the aircraft. This does not make the Sergeant immediately responsible for the incident, and all the members of the ground crew have since left the Royal Air Force and no longer live in this country. Work is in hand at the moment to try to standardize this particular inspection system.

The real culprit, of course, is the recruit who failed to mention the absence of the Flight Sergeant when declaring his parade state, dismissed his section for the drill period without authority, and failed to control subsequent indiscipline when the accident was reported. It seems to me that the recruit was altogether unaware of his responsibilities. Quite apart from the individual consequences of his negligence, he should have realized that such lowering of the

standards of the Service will lead to ultimate mediocrity, and will inevitably bring the whole Service into disrepute. We can afford neither.

Of mice and men

The pilot of a Meteor on a high-level formation detail was flying at 30,000 feet when he felt a constriction in his oxygen tube which was cutting off the flow. Undoing his connection he found a mouse in the tube. Quickly smashing the case of his artificial horizon and extracting the gyro he lined the case with his flying gloves, put the mouse inside and made a rapid descent to ensure that it did not get a chance to suffer from anoxia.

Wing Commander Why says:

I can well imagine his surprise! However, I am glad to see that his actions in the circumstances were above criticism. Kindness to dumb animals is too often lacking in aircrew personnel. Incidentally the sequence followed by this pilot has been accepted as standard and pilots' notes have been duly amended.

Behind your backs

The pilot of a Beverley landing at a strange airfield said in his report on the events concerned: 'I made a normal approach and touchdown and as I knew that the runway in use was a short one, I applied full reverse pitch as soon as the aircraft was firmly on the ground. Before I could reach out to close the throttles again, the aircraft had taxied backwards into the undershoot area.'

Wing Commander Why says:

This chap was too slow in appreciating the full effect of his reverse pitch. It's the old, old story. This device is excellent when used properly but one must use outside references in conjunction with it. Remember, if the ground outside is moving from the tail to the nose, you are going backwards.

Lights out

Air Vice-Marshal B. Concise was flying at 15,000 feet at night in a Meteor 8 when he noticed that his tail light was not working. He at once sent out a PAN call and made a diversion to the nearest master airfield. He made a smooth landing after a normal circuit and approach.

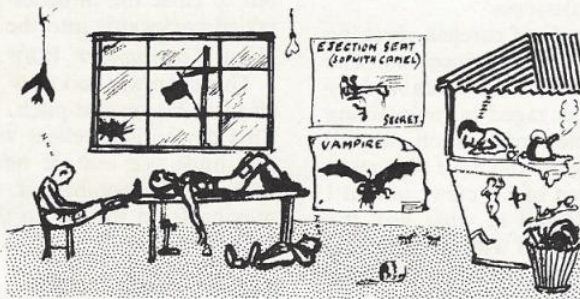
Wing Commander Why says:

Good show, sir! A tail light not working means that the glass may be broken which means in turn that falling pieces of glass may cause damage to other aircraft in the vicinity. In getting his aircraft down with the minimum delay possible, this officer showed commendable airmanship and set a splendid example.

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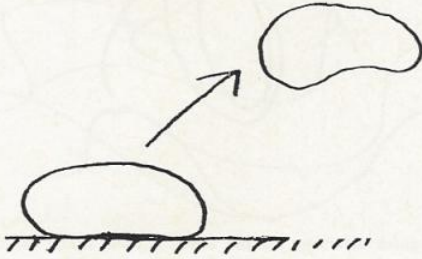
For a free sample, pay us a visit sometime

TEACH YOURSELF MET.

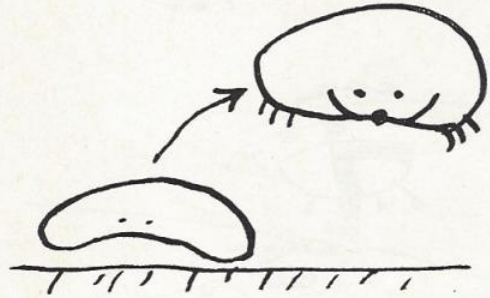
*The Fifth amazing article in our
great series of amazing articles*

Dear readers, have you ever sat through a lecture on Meteorology without losing consciousness by falling under the spell of that hypnotic voice which all Met. instructors possess? You have? Splendid! Have you then, ever failed to be amazed by the collection of mumbo-jumbo and pseudo-scientific terminology with which any well-equipped Met. lecture room is filled? Of course not! Before your very eyes you watch a

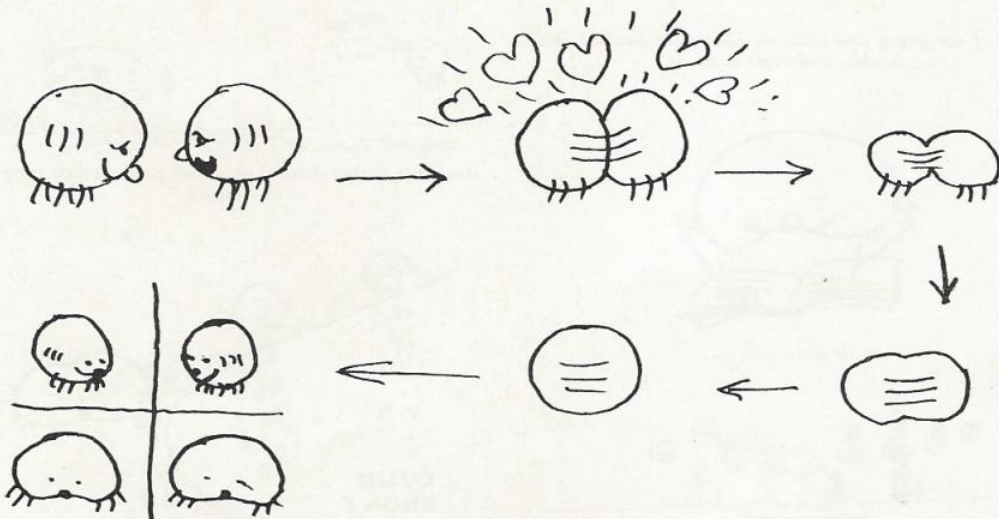
bubble of warm air take shape on the blackboard, and rise gracefully over some steaming metropolis, carrying with it with graceful ease the usual collection of bus tickets, old men's hats, and gliders. It is as though a cloud were an inanimate collection of water vapour droplets, having neither sense nor feeling. This is not so. Let us watch a typical bubble of air rising and forming a cloud:



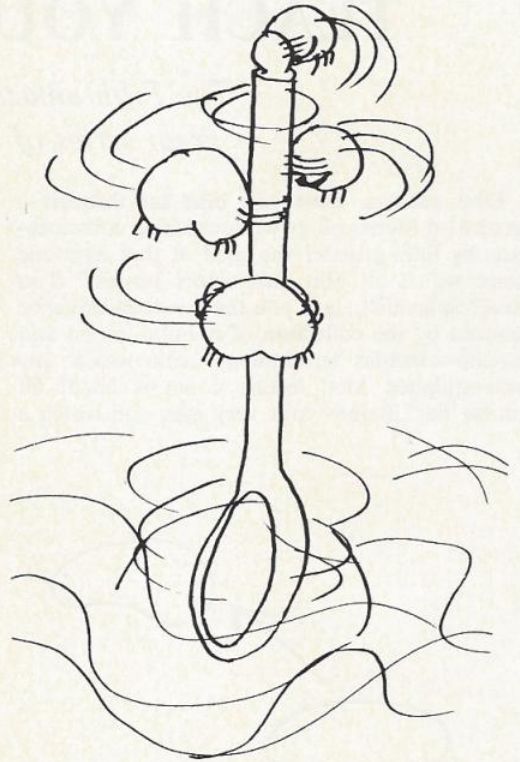
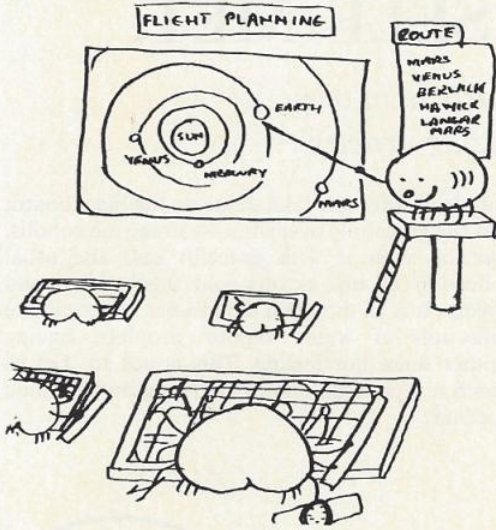
The bubble of hot air rises . . .



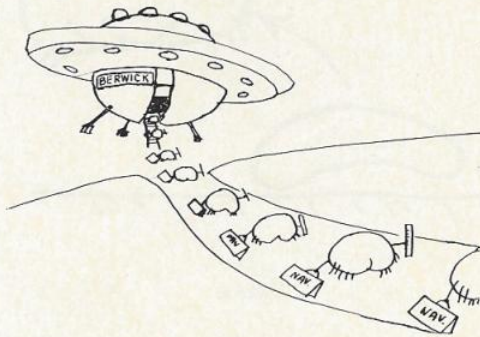
. . . like so



There he is just itching for adventure—and it is not long before he finds it



'Irregular stirrings in the lower layers' takes on a new meaning ...



Each of our young and virile cu-nims must face the same troubles and trials as we do



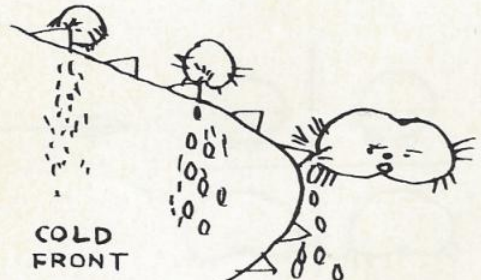
And what do they think of us as they go about their carefree, ethereal way?



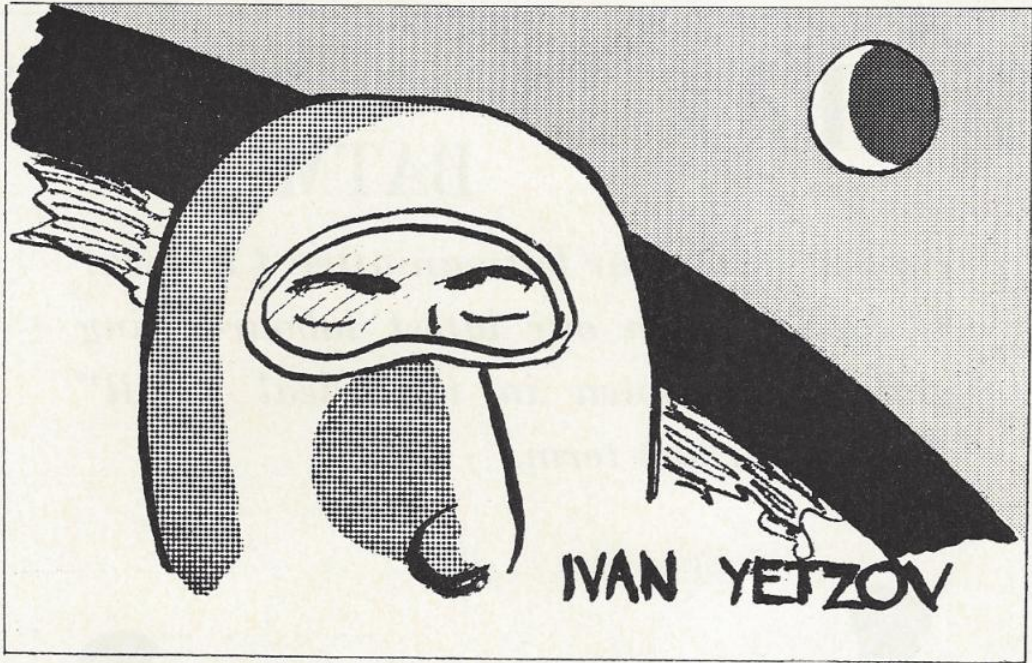
Or worse still ...



Cere parades



So next time you see 'Scattered Showers' spare a thought



A note on investigations into certain aspects of Cerebral Degeneration such as might be encountered in Space Flight

AN eminent scientist has said 'The problem nowadays is not how to get a man into space but how to do something useful with him when you have got him there,' and that indeed is the crux of the problem which I and my colleagues have been studying for the last five years.

Five years ago nobody knew what it felt like to be exposed in space, neither, of course, do they now, which is hardly surprising really as no one has tried it yet. The opinion was voiced in many seemingly well-informed sections of the scientific world that man would find it uncomfortable, even unpleasant, under conditions of zero temperature, pressure and gravity. This we proved irrefutably; such is the course of true scientific enquiry.

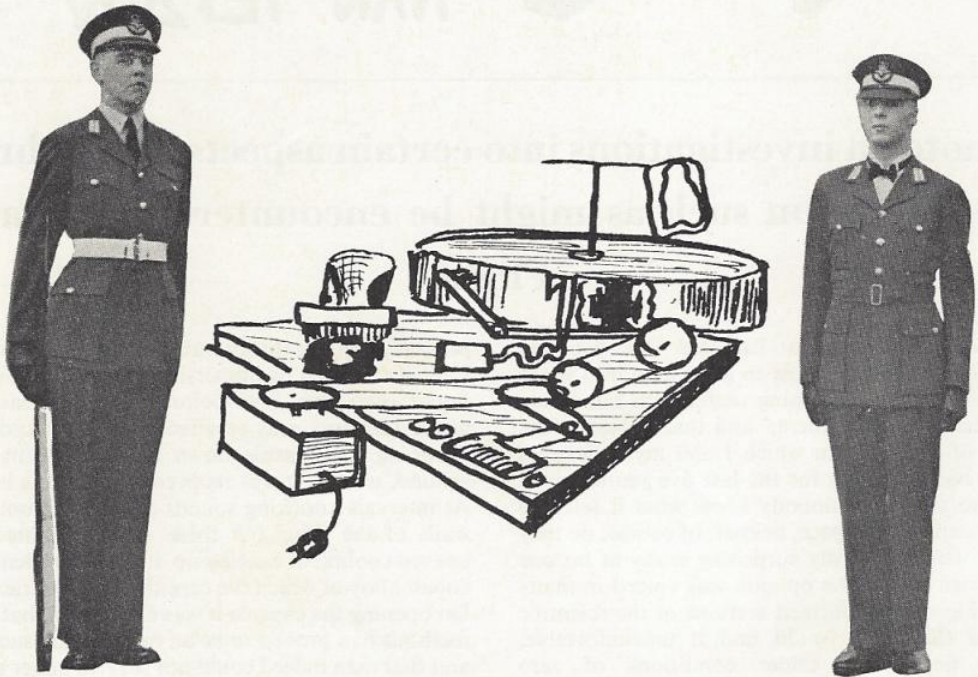
An airtight capsule was constructed and in it was placed (having first, of course, cut a hole) my late colleague Professor Daniel O'Learity of the Department of Exhausted Cavities and Home Plumbing Engineering, Newcastle. The orifice was sealed and the capsule exhausted by the simple

process of letting the air out; the desired temperature was reached by immersing the tank in boiling liquid hydrogen, and before it could heat up again the zero gravity effect was produced by dropping the capsule down a long hole in the ground, whence it was recovered some time later. At intervals knocking sounds emanated from the walls of the thing but these were attributed to uneven cooling or heating up of the molybdenum-cobalt alloy of which the capsule was constructed. On opening the capsule it was discovered that our methods had proved to be an outstanding success and that man indeed could not survive under such conditions. Having established this fact beyond all reasonable doubt it was left to others to try and devise some means of ensuring that man would survive long enough in space to do something useful.

No one expects anyone to be happy out in space, but the result of having to exist for any length of time under these artificial environmental conditions devised by the genius of modern

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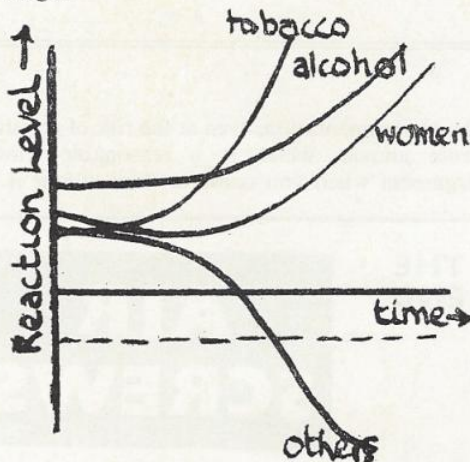


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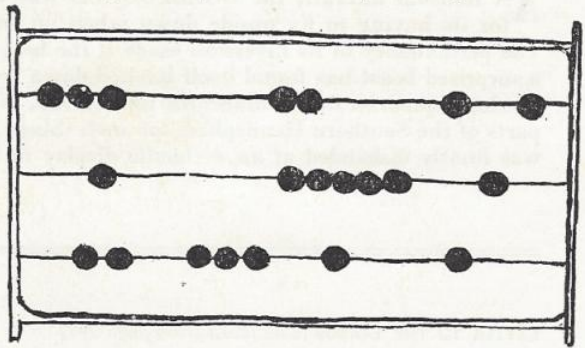
science, is likely, present thinking indicates, to be little short of very depressing. This has not been fully appreciated because during controlled experiments in high-flying rockets it has been found that mice can exist in a state of supreme happiness while walking round a rotating drum under conditions of zero gravity, this, of course, means very little, but then again everyone knows that it does not take very much to keep the average, well-balanced, healthy mouse happy. We thought of trying to prove this but decided that the results would probably have been inconclusive and thus of little real value.

A feature of the problem which has obviously not occurred to many scientists is that they dare not let their space pilots, or victims, or what have you, turn as much as a hand to improve their already somewhat precarious position. The result of fiddling, just ever so slightly, with even the least significant of controls is likely to be permanent and unpleasant to the victim. The scientist might worry but then he would never get to know about it. Thus in order to have the slenderest chance of survival the pilot must remain supremely self-controlled and keep away from the control panel which will, with any luck, be completely automatic anyway. 'Fine,' you will say, 'that isn't so difficult; monkeys have done it; what's the difference?' We agree but let it pass, let it pass. However, we have conducted experiments in which subjects have been maintained under conditions of zero sensory stimulation (nothing to do or feel or see or smell or taste or hear) for varying periods. They have then been presented with a representative selection of situations and stimuli to which their reaction has been measured. The results have been tabulated over a large range of subjects and the graph below shows the average:—



This indicates that in order to achieve anything useful when he gets to wherever he is going, the spaceman, if I may be permitted to call him such, must be given something with which to occupy himself. To this end our recent researches have been directed. Many ideas have been forthcoming from the more enthusiastic of our well-meaning supporters. Television was mooted, tested and rejected as being even more depressing than nothing, and anyway anything but the best space set gets interference from the Martian commercials which are in extremely poor taste. Mescaline-induced comas were also suggested, but resulted only in the complete wrecking of some of our most expensive apparatus (a set of log-tables, I believe). Many hundreds of ideas were tested and rejected. But at last, in conjunction with the psychological division of *R—d—s D—g—st*, that doyen of scientific journals, and the Occupational Therapy correspondent of the *Daily E—p—ss*, we have achieved a major break-through into a completely new field of occupational time-wasting.

Such is the complete novelty and originality of this concept that it defies explanation. Suffice it to say that the apparatus devised has the advantages of lightness and small size, although it has to be manufactured to extremely low tolerances and is therefore very expensive to produce. This machine, the result of all these years of heart-breaking labour, can only be described pictorially thus:—



and will, we think, accompany man to the utmost limits of the universe.

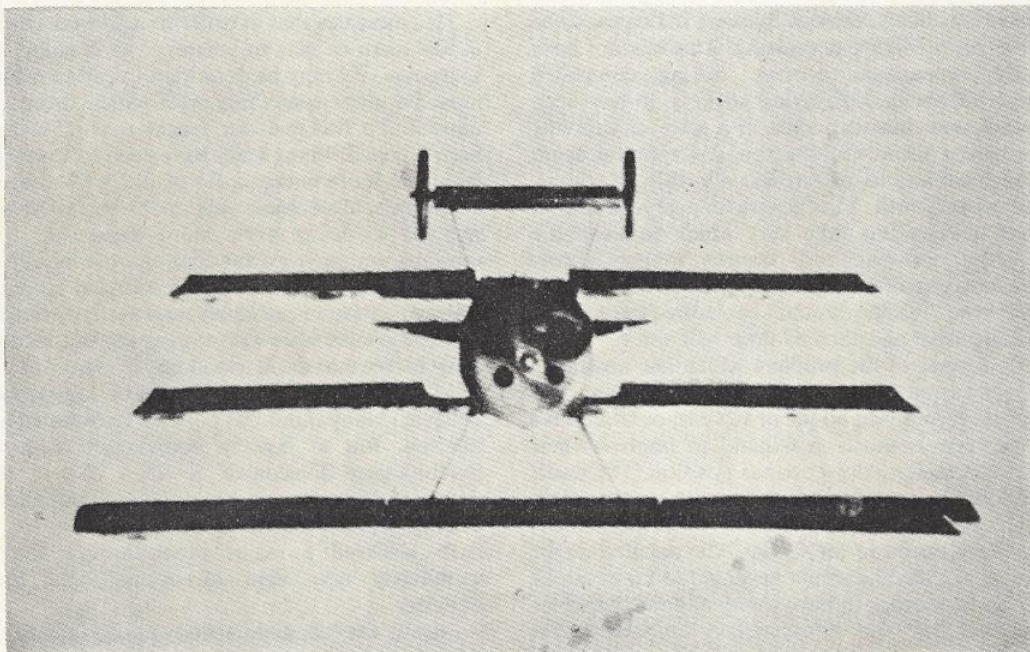
LETTER TO THE EDITOR

FLIGHT LIEUTENANT DILLON

Dear Sir,

I read Flight Lieutenant Carp's article on the use of depilatories by Fleet Air Arm pilots using pressure breathing apparatus, with considerable interest. However, I find myself unable to agree

(Continued on page 298)



BETWEEN THE WARS

AN unusual aircraft, the OZZLEOZZLE was designed for service in the U.K. This accounts for its having to fly upside down when on service with No. 999 Squadron in the Antipodes. The permanency of its inversion made it the best tiger-hunting aircraft in the Far East and many a surprised beast has found itself hacked down from 50 feet with a hail of machine-gun fire. Top-scoring Squadron in the Mahratta meet, 1929, No. 999 Squadron soon became famous in other parts of the Southern Hemisphere for such things as whale killing and mass crashes. The Squadron was finally disbanded at an aerobatic display in Sydney in 1931.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR (Continued from page 297)

with him in his prognostications as to the possible side-effects of the use of such chemicals, about which, I might add, virtually nothing is known.

Reading between the lines of Mendel's treatise on the particular heredity of units or genes as observed in hawkweed (a totally unsuitable subject), I have come to the unassailable conclusion that Carp may be dangerously misguided in his opinions. I would even go so far as to opine that the nautical aviators be forced to ration their

facial ornamentation, even at the risk of perishing from anoxia, which is a reasonable enough argument when you come to think about it.

**THE
END**

**AIR
SCREWS**

