

THE
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ROYAL AIR FORCE COLLEGE
JOURNAL**

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<i>Notes</i>	Flight Cadet R. B. Thomson

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Vampires in Hangar 30



College Notes

AIR CHIEF MARSHAL SIR THOMAS PIKE, K.C.B., C.B.E., D.F.C., has succeeded Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir Dermot Boyle, G.C.B., K.C.V.O., K.B.E., A.F.C., as Chief of the Air Staff. The *College Journal* for November 1955 records an apt remark made by Lord Trenchard to the first Commandant of the College, Sir Charles Longcroft: 'All of us older folk are either Army-minded or Navy-minded. I shan't be happy until I see one of your fellows sitting in my chair.' We have now seen two of our fellows sitting in his chair; Sir Thomas Pike is the second Chief of the Air Staff who was commissioned from Cranwell. We offer him our congratulations on his appointment, and our good wishes to Sir Dermot for a long and happy retirement.



In the middle of last term Mr Antony Constant, who had been Director of Studies since January 1953, and is an Associate Member of the Old Cranwellian Association, left the College to take up a new appointment at the Ministry of Defence as an adviser to the Minister. Thus, he will be able to maintain the close interest he has always shown in the careers and well-being of young men joining the Services and also, we hope, his contact with the College.

The task of Director of Studies is never an easy one and Mr Constant was faced throughout his tour of duty with particularly difficult problems. The years of his stay were very much years of change. In January 1956 the Vampire training sequence with its great demands on the already overcrowded curriculum was introduced. This sequence had hardly become fully established before new changes connected with Entry standards and the academic content of the course were being proposed. Mr Constant devoted a vast amount of time and energy to the unravelling of these

problems and to ensuring that the highest possible standards were set so that the course would enhance Cranwell's high reputation and be sought after by prospective cadets, and also would appeal to parents and headmasters.

At the same time as plans were being made for the improvement of the course, consideration was also being given to the provision of the long delayed new instructional block. Mr Constant was inevitably heavily involved in the many battles which were fought over this, and the final design which has been approved owes much to his influence.

In the midst of all these tasks he still found time to promote and improve the leisure and cultural activities which are now so much a normal part of College life.

Both he and Mrs Constant, whose enthusiastic participation in College life will long be remembered, take with them the best wishes of the College.



The passing-out parade of No. 76 Entry was held on 15th December. The Reviewing Officer was General Sir Francis W. Festing, G.C.B., K.B.E., D.S.O., A.D.C., C.I.G.S. Wings and prizes were presented by the Commandant on 14th December.



On 5th October two Sterling sub-machine guns were presented to the College by the Sterling Sub-machine Gun Company. They will be used for instruction in ground defence training.

On the same day the Commandant presented Mr F. J. Collins, M.M., with the B.E.M. awarded to him in the Queen's Birthday Honours List. Mr Collins served in the King's Royal Rifle Corps through the first World War, winning the M.M. in 1918 and being mentioned in despatches. He retired from the Army in 1935 with the rank of Warrant Officer, and became Civilian Armament Instructor to No. 1 Armament School, Royal Air Force Eastchurch (Isle of Sheppey). In 1949 he was transferred to the Royal Air Force College so that his experience would be more readily available to the Service's shooting teams. He has won the King's Prize (final badge) three times and trained three Queen's Medallists. Mr Collins retired from his position of College Shooting Coach and Armament Instructor in July.



Mr and Mrs F. J. Collins with the Commandant shortly after the ceremony in which Mr Collins received his B.E.M.



The Cranwell M.T. Section recently won the Air Ministry and the Flying

Training Command M.T. Efficiency Trophies. Air Marshal H. D. Spreckley, K.B.E., C.B., Controller of Engineering and Equipment, presented these awards on 28th January to Flight Lieutenant J. E. Greenaway. In his address the Air Marshal congratulated all members of the Section, both service and civilian, on their fine achievement. This is the first time that these trophies have been won by the Royal Air Force College.



The Journal is pleased to record that the names of several members of the Cranwell staff appeared in the New Year Honours List. They were:

Squadron Leader J. Baseley, awarded the M.B.E.

Squadron Leader T. J. Thomas, awarded the M.B.E.

Squadron Leader F. G. Agnew (now serving at H.Q. Flying Training Command), awarded the A.F.C.

Flight Sergeant J. G. R. Prag, awarded the B.E.M.

Sergeant M. Belza, awarded the B.E.M.

Flight Lieutenants D. S. Bridson and D. F. Moffatt received the Queen's Commendation for Valuable Services in the Air. Sergeant J. M. Steward was awarded the Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief's Commendation; and Sergeants F. R. Sawers, R. J. Weatherley and G. A. W. Whithead and Corporal D. L. Murphy received the Air Officer Commanding's Commendation.



We congratulate Wing Commander C. Murray, Squadron Leader J. Baseley and Squadron Leader D. I. O'Hara on their promotion.



Last term 'A' Squadron won Knocker and the Ferris Drill Competition, and therefore took over from 'C' as Sovereign's Squadron. 'B' Squadron won the Chimay Cup.



Against the Britannia Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, we won the soccer, shooting and badminton, and lost the rugby and cross-country. Cranwell won all the fixtures with the Royal Air Force Technical College Cadets, Henlow, and in the meeting with the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, the soccer match was drawn, the badminton cancelled, we lost the cross-country and won at rugby and shooting.



Air Marshal H. D. Spreckley, K.B.E., C.B., presenting the M.T. Trophies to Flight Lieutenant J. E. Greenaway

Visitors to the College included:

On 24th September Mr E. Holloway, Secretary to the Economic Research Council, who gave a lecture on 'Automation.'

On 24th September the B.B.C. Northern Orchestra.

On 1st October the Headmasters of King's School, Ely, Highgate School, Lincoln School and Dolphin School, and the Principal of King William's, Isle of Man.

On 5th October Professor C. A. Coulson, F.R.S., who lectured on 'Science and Religion.'

On 15th October Officers of the Staff College, Bracknell.

On 9th November Air Commodore M. W. Palmer, Director of Legal Services, who lectured on 'Criminal Law and Public Opinion.'

On 12th November Officers of the Staff College, Andover; the Headmasters of Berkhamsted, Latymer Upper School, Merchant Taylors', Barnard Castle School and Mount St Mary's College, Sheffield, the President of Prior Park College, Bath, two Housemasters from Ampleforth and one from St Peter's, York, and the Careers Master of Leeds Grammar School.

On 19th November Mr R. B. Fairn, who lectured on 'What is prison for?'

On 26th November Professor N. S. Mott, F.R.S., who gave a lecture on 'The Mechanical Strength of Solids.'



Visiting preachers last term were:

On 20th September The Reverend E. W. P. Ainsworth, C.B.E., M.A., Principal of the Royal Air Force Chaplains' School.

Summer, 1959

On 8th November The Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Grantham.

On 29th November The Reverend W. E. G. Payton, M.A., who was a recent Church of England padre to the College, and was making his first visit to Cranwell as Assistant Chaplain-in-Chief to Flying Training Command.

On 4th October The Reverend W. T. Armstrong, M.A., Rector of St Nicholas' Church, Lincoln.

The Queen's Colour was paraded on the first Sunday of term, on Battle of Britain Sunday and on Remembrance Sunday. The Service



for Battle of Britain Sunday was followed by a Commemoration Service in Lincoln Cathedral. On 13th December there was a Festival of Nine Lessons.

No. 76 Entry were the second entry to attend a Service of Dedication on the occasion of the commissioning of flight cadets. The Service begins:

But thou, O man of God . . . follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness.

Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life.

BRETHREN, we are met in the presence of God and before this congregation to dedicate to the service of God and the Royal Air Force these men who are at this time receiving Her Majesty's Commission, and I bid you to ask for God's blessing on them and their work.

The Bishop of Lincoln spoke the Dedication:

TO THE END that those who shall enjoy the special trust and confidence of our Sovereign Lady Queen Elizabeth as commissioned officers of the Royal Air Force may, with their own mouth and consent, openly before God and this congregation, promise that by the grace of God they will endeavour faithfully to frame and fashion their lives on the principles of Christ's religion, so that by word and deed they may be wholesome examples to the men and women committed to their charge, and be dutiful and fearless leaders in the service to which they are called, it has been thought good to ask as many as shall find it in their hearts to answer.

WILL YOU GIVE your faithful diligence so to discharge the duties that shall be laid upon you as Officers in the Royal Air Force as to be a safeguard to Her Most Gracious Majesty, the due order of this Realm, and the great trust committed to your charge?

Answer: I will apply myself thereto, the Lord being my Helper.

WILL YOU MAINTAIN and set forward whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are of good report, wherever you shall be appointed to serve?

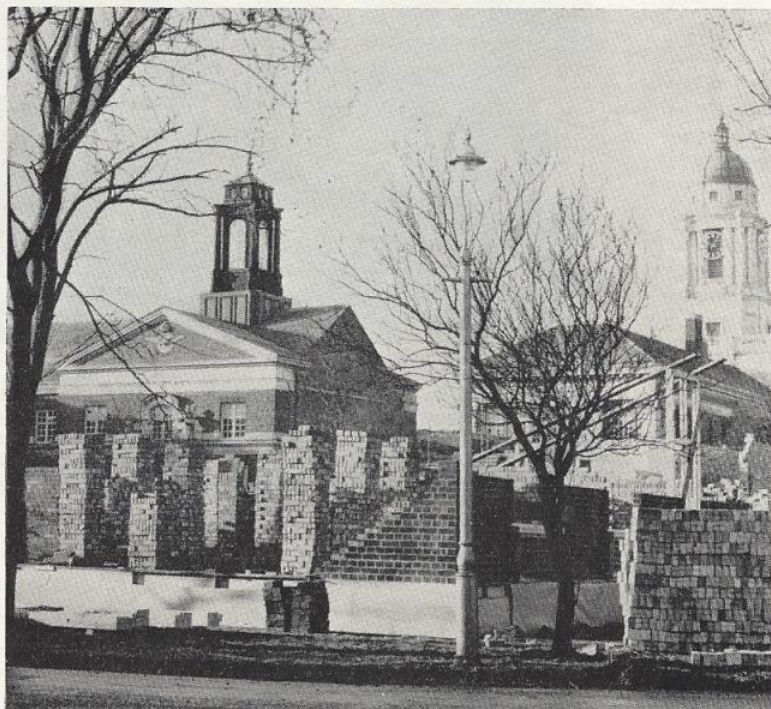
Winter, 1959

Answer: I will do so by the help of God.

A short history of the Church of England at Cranwell is being compiled. Any useful facts and reminiscences would be welcomed, and should be addressed to the Church of England Padre.



On 14th September the Secretarial cadets of No. 76 Entry were detached to a local Royal Air Force Station for 13 days.



On 15th September the Secretarial cadets of Nos. 77 and 78 Entries visited the National Cash Register Company, Lincoln.

On 28th September the Secretarial cadets of No. 76 Entry went on a five day visit to the R.A.F. Record Office, and the Equipment cadets of No. 76 joined Royal Air Force Abingdon for six days.

On 1st October 45 officers and 44 flight cadets attended an address at Little Rissington given by the Chief of the Air Staff to officers and cadets of Flying Training Command.

On 5th October the Equipment cadets of Nos. 77 and 78 Entries visited No. 1 Movements Unit and the Joint Services Air Trooping Centre, Royal Air Force Hendon and stayed for three days.

On 6th October the Equipment cadets of No. 76 Entry were detached to No. 16 M.U. Stafford for 17 days.

On 12th October the Equipment cadets of Nos. 77 and 78 Entries visited No. 7 M.U. Quedgeley for three days.

On 14th October an officer and 16 flight cadets visited Oundle School.

On 21st October an officer and 11 Navigation flight cadets attended a lecture at the Institute of Navigation.

On 22nd October an officer and 17 Navigation flight cadets went to the Annual General Meeting of the Institute of Navigation and attended a lecture there.



465 YEARS' SERVICE

Four hundred and sixty-five years is the total served at the College by the gentlemen in the photograph. Reading from left to right, with the date of joining the College in brackets, are: Front row: Messrs A. Broughton (1923), A. V. Pell (1921), J. Green, B.E.M. (1920), E. Curt, B.E.M. (1920), F. Mayhew (1921), A. E. Owen (1922) and F. G. Priestley (1923). Back row: Messrs F. Ety (1928), J. Dunn (1926), C. Collishaw (1926), B. D. Hobson (1927), F. J. Randall (1929) and H. Doughty (1929). Mr Harmston (1920) was unfortunately sick at home when the photograph was taken



'A' Squadron taking over the Queen's Colour

On 28th October an officer and 32 flight cadets visited Welbeck College and Worksop College and 5 flight cadets paid a visit to Loughborough College.

On 30th October an officer and 16 flight cadets visited Jesus College, Cambridge.

On 10th November 15 officers and 45 flight cadets of No. 77 Entry visited Royal Air Force Feltwell.

On 13th and 14th November an officer and 15 flight cadets visited Messrs. J. M. McCorquodale & Company Ltd., printers of *The Journal*.

On 14th November 8 flight cadets visited King's School Rochester.

On 18th November an officer and 16 flight cadets visited Oxford.

On 21st November an officer and 14 flight cadets visited Bootham School.

On 23rd November the Equipment cadets of No. 78 Entry were detached to Royal Air Force Waddington for five days.

On 1st December 10 officers and 35 flight cadets of No. 78 Entry visited Royal Air Force North Coates.

On 1st and 2nd December the General Duties flight cadets of No. 76 Entry visited English Electric Aviation Limited at Warton.

On 2nd December 3 officers and 16 flight cadets went on a liaison visit to the Royal Air Force Officer Cadet Training Unit at Jurby.

On 5th December an officer and 24 flight cadets visited Leicester University, 9 flight cadets went to Imperial College London, and 5 flight cadets paid a liaison visit to the Royal Naval College at Greenwich.

During the vacation parties of officers and cadets from the College pot-holed in the Mendips, mountaineered in Glencoe and ski-ed at Zermatt and at Nanders in the Austrian Tyrol.



Cranwell Little Theatre presented 'Dandy Dick' on 10th and 11th November, and the College Dramatic Section produced 'My Three Angels' on 7th and 8th December. A review of the College play appears elsewhere in this issue.



At the start of the Spring term the College numbers 279 flight cadets. The new entry, No. 82, is 51 strong; of these four are training as Navigators and five are Equipment or Secretarial cadets.



The College Society has at last acquired accommodation of its own and movement into Block 109 (the old N.A.A.F.I. building next to the Junior Mess) is proceeding apace.

Now the Fine Arts, Photographic, Radio, Engineering and Aeromodelling Sections all have homes—some for the first time and some having come in from far flung outposts scarcely within the camp boundaries. When the move is complete, the Society will have a useful asset and some struggling Sections will have room to work in a new peace and security.

In addition, the Printing Section have new accommodation in the old Station Defence building, where they are probably to be joined by Graduation Ball decorations and Folk Music experts.



It is with the deepest sympathy for Air Commodore H. Eeles, C.B., C.B.E., who was Commandant from August 1952 until April 1956, that we record the death of his wife, Janet, who died on the 30th January 1960.

In the June issue of 1956 we wrote:

'Mrs Eeles, as the second post-war chatelaine of The Lodge, played an unflagging and apparently tireless part in the life of the station and the county. Both as an individual at The Lodge and as the representative of Cranwell as a whole, we thank her for her outstanding grace as a hostess.'

For the July issue, 1957, Mrs Eeles wrote an article which ended:

'At last the time came for us, too, to move on. As we drove away down the Ancaster Straight, I looked back at the College tower shrinking on the horizon, and remembered my misgivings on first seeing it. How absurd they now seemed! I had wondered how I could fit into such a male world: I was now so deeply dug into it that to leave was a painful wrench. We had had a wonderful time in every way—met interesting people, made many friends, learnt a great deal, and I had had, above all, the great satisfaction of taking part, in a small way, in my husband's job—the best job he ever had. So, if other wives feel, when their husbands are posted to Cranwell, that it's a Man's Place—let them take heart. There's plenty for them there, too.'

Passing-Out Parade of No. 76 Entry

*Speeches by General Sir Francis Festing, G.C.B., K.B.E.,
D.S.O., A.D.C., and the Commandant*

ON Tuesday, 15th December 1959, the College was honoured by the presence of General Sir Francis Festing, G.C.B., K.B.E., D.S.O., A.D.C., Chief of the Imperial General Staff, as Reviewing Officer at the passing-out parade of No. 76 Entry.

Unfortunately, the weather was blustery and overcast, which was very disappointing for both the guests and those on parade. The Cadet Wing was commanded by Senior Under Officer T.C. Porteous, and the Squadrons were commanded by Senior Under Officer J. S. B. Price, Senior Under Officer E. H. Hunter, and Under Officer M. J. Graydon.

When the Reviewing Officer arrived at 1128, 16 Vampires and 4 Meteors of the Advanced Flying Wing roared overhead in the customary formation fly past.

After the Advance in Review Order, the Reviewing Officer presented the Sword of Honour to Senior Under Officer T. C. Porteous,

the Queen's Medal to Under Officer P. J. Maitland, and the R. M. Groves Memorial Prize and Kinkead Trophy to Under Officer R. M. Trowern. The Reviewing Officer then made the following address:

The Reviewing Officer's Address

'Gentlemen, I am extremely honoured to represent Her Majesty The Queen at this parade and ceremony. I am also very honoured, from a personal point of view, because my father served in the Royal Flying Corps.

'Firstly, I would like to congratulate all ranks on a very excellent parade. As you may imagine, I attend many parades and I have not seen a better; and I know what a tremendous amount of work that represents, not only by the cadets but by the instructors.

'There are four things that I want to say to you, which are quite short, but I think are worth drawing attention to when you pass out and get your commissions. Each is represented by something that has happened this morning.

'There is the College Colour, which represents loyalty to Her Gracious Majesty. As officers it will be your privilege and task to show the way in that loyalty. I don't think I need emphasise it. We all love and revere our Sovereign.

'The second is your devotion to your country and that, in a sense, is represented by this College, situated in a proper countryfied part of England. If you look back through the history of our country you will find that it has been something living. Living all the time, and history still is living.

'Many times have we appeared to be reaching a pinnacle of greatness and many times have we had to leave it and drop from it. In the Middle Ages, about the time of King Edward III, we were the most powerful nation on the Continent and half of France and the Low Countries were part of the British Crown, and then we were driven forth. Nevertheless, at the time of Queen Elizabeth, our forebears discovered, to a great extent, the New World, and here again we established the mastery of the sea, which served us in good stead. And then, after the Dutch Wars we again lost a good deal of our position. All through the 18th century a colonial empire was



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



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

created and it's an interesting speculation what would have happened if the United States of America had not gained her independence. That was a severe blow and we were at a very low ebb until Rodney's victory. In the 19th century we expanded world wide and a period of tremendous riches, prosperity, and power took place and now, as a result of being bled white in two world wars we are much more hard up than we were and some of the external trappings of greatness may appear slightly reduced. But don't let's feel that that is the end—of course it isn't the end. The future is with us. And under a second Queen Elizabeth I am sure that we shall advance to greatness and we will lead the world in the things that matter, which are not necessarily riches and wealth.

'And that brings me to the third point, where you and I have got to do our stuff. And that, in a sense, is represented by the efficiency of your parade. All of you who are going to be officers in the Royal Air Force will have the task, and privilege, of teaching our men and fighting the Queen's battles. Having seen you on parade I have no doubt that you will be worthy of that task.

'And finally, the fourth point, on which I

shall merely touch, is the spirit of dedication. All of you who are passing out and graduating this time I understand have been to church this morning. None of us can ever make really good officers unless we are prepared to regard the profession of arms as a vocation. It is not a mere profession to make money, to give one a pension, to occupy you or even to interest you. It must be, if it is to be a rewarding life, a life of dedication. Dedication to your Service, dedication to your men and, above all, dedication to your Queen and country.

'Well, it is my privilege, as I said to start with, to take this parade, and I finish by wishing you all the best of good fortune in your life.'

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 first of all how very glad we of the College are to be able to welcome the parents, relatives and friends of the Passing-out Entry. It is so nice to have you up here for these graduation ceremonies—of which this is but the first of course (and the least formal)—not that that makes it any the less important. Traditionally, too, this particular occasion is primarily a family affair and so, without your presence, much of the gilt would be taken from the gingerbread. I say this despite the sincerity of our own wishes for the future of the young officers about to start their productive—and we hope distinguished—careers in the Royal Air Force.

'Perhaps I may remind you at this point that there is one other family occasion amongst the graduation ceremonies. Before the ceremonial parade tomorrow, there will be held in our churches, Services of Dedication—Commissioning Services—for the Passing-out Entry. We do hope you, too, will attend these services.

'But now, I'm sure you will join me in congratulating both the General Duties cadets, who have just been awarded their Wings, and the Equipment and Secretarial cadets on the certificates I have presented to them. Admittedly these awards may appear but the visible symbols of three years of hard work and of professional competence. But they are more than that, they symbolise, too, the right to take a place in the privileged ranks of those who serve, through God, our Queen and country, with all the responsibilities that entails.

'I think the variety amongst the specialisation of the awards is worth noting. The Royal Air Force College is primarily the establishment that trains a hard core of officers for the Service. I think it is obvious from the very nature of the modern Service that there is need for specialisation—within the officer core. Thus it is surely right that men of ability and character of many different specialisations should have, from the beginning, the opportunity to train together in the finest environment the Service can offer. I am sure our Service is strengthened by this system.

'But if I may return for a moment to what else has gone on so far this evening.

'Many of you will know that this is an especially happy occasion for "A" Squadron. They have at long last attained the honoured position of Sovereign Squadron. I should explain that I say "long last" for it is the first time for five successive terms that "C" Squadron has been ousted from this coveted position. A tremendous record.

'I, for one amongst many, have always been impressed by the keen rivalry between the Squadrons. In particular by the way in which they manage to combine enormous courtesy and fair-mindedness with virtual ruthlessness in doing the other side down. And all this without any detraction from fair play. It is, in fact, a fine

spirit in the way it is applied and one which, of course, is most desirable—indeed necessary—within the College.

'Perhaps I should say, too, that the result, as usual, was close run; and may it always be so. I should like to record, too, how successful "B" Squadron have been. They won no less than three inter-squadron trophies.

'I would extend too, our congratulations to those who have carried off the individual prizes and honours. These are hard come by; and you have done very well; but the achievement of these awards by certain individuals does not, in fact, detract from the achievements of those of you who did not win, but who tried; your efforts must have increased your own ability.

'Now it's customary on this occasion for the Commandant to speak to, as well as about, the Passing-out Entry. As you are the third entry to whom I have had the opportunity to do this, I make no apology if, in essence, I repeat myself from a previous occasion. The basic qualities of officership, of some of which I would speak, do not change in a year and a half—the time I've been here.

'Tonight, as my vehicle, I intend to use first of all two incidents from your earlier days. To wit, your survival camp in the Hartz Mountains, but from a slightly different angle to that we were given at last Friday's Guest Night.

'The first relates to one of your number who apparently spent two hours looking for a track that actually he was walking on. I have great sympathy towards that chap even now. But I think the lesson is worth appreciating by us all. It's perfectly true that there are as many things in life right under our noses as there are on any mystic horizon—if only we care to look for them.

'The Service is to be your life. I have found it, in common with many others, a tremendously stimulating one; and I don't think that there is any doubt that you will too. But it's not much good looking only at the far distance. You must master your immediate task before you look for the further ones. A trite observation, perhaps, but many have tripped up through failure to note it.

'The second incident relates to those of you who inadvertently (I wonder) crossed the East German border during that same camp—or so *The Journal* records. I won't try to determine whether this was deliberate brinkmanship; but whatever it was it was a false appreciation—a failure to analyse all the facts correctly.



The Reviewing Officer presents the Queen's Medal to Under Officer P. J. Maitland

'Heaven forbid that anything I should say should dampen your adventurous spirits. You're taking your place in the Service in an era when, I'm glad to say, such spirits are at as big a premium as they've ever been. But the nature of things is such that the need to be certain of consequences is even greater now, perhaps, than it has been in the past. So I intend this illustration to be no more than a reminder to you that power of logical thought, which I hope we've instilled in you here, is an essential quality in those who have responsibility such as, with effect from mid-day tomorrow, you will have.

'These responsibilities are those of a leader. For those of you entering the General Duties Branch, they do not begin or end with your time in an aeroplane. For those of you entering into the ground branches, they do not begin or end in your section.

'Above all, I believe, the proper exercise of these responsibilities depends on character. And development of character must come primarily from within.

'Fundamentally, this character requirement must be one of reliability. This, of itself, depends upon definable traits. These traits are, I suggest, unselfishness, industry, humanity, loyalty, and determination.

'Unselfishness is no more than putting personal considerations aside in the interests of the common weal. It's difficult to see how a true member of a "Service" can do otherwise, of course.

'Industry is no more than the determination to master and see a job through thoroughly. Obvious, perhaps, but in the Service we are, and we're dealing with people who follow a way of life as much as a profession. Almost everything we do or don't do, affects someone else either directly or indirectly. The result can be on Air Force effectiveness—on welfare, on work, or even on safety. In the Service, therefore, we must approach every task with the realisation that our actions, however minor in themselves, can be far-reaching. And if they can be far-reaching, they must be whole-hearted; and so, Q.E.D., they require industry and determination.

'Self-evidently one cannot be a leader without an understanding of humanity; for, after all, the essence of leadership in practice is handling people, which surely one cannot do without treating them as individuals. So I include humanity amongst my character traits that go to make up a leader.

'Next is loyalty. Loyalty works in both directions. It applies upwards and downwards—to an officer's superiors and subordinates alike. The

wishes or orders of those in authority must be carried out as though they were your own. But in carrying them out the officer must not allow his own welfare or interests to militate against the interests of those in his charge. In fact—the reverse. This is unselfishness again, as well as loyalty, of course.

'All these traits require, too, sound judgement. Good judgement is the result of clear thinking; and this is the only sound basis that I've discovered for making correct and balanced decisions. Basically, of course, it depends upon common sense. But obviously, as the problems become more complicated, it depends too on professional knowledge gained through industry and experience.

'All this is no more than a very potted version of what we've tried to show you during your three years here, by example, by environment and by lectures. But in the last resort this development of leadership qualities must depend upon you. And nobody thinks that the job is easy or has been completed here. I would remind you in this context of the words of His late Majesty King George VI, when he presented his Colour to the College in 1948. He said: "The way to the stars is not easy, and it is only by application, hard work and devotion to duty that you will reach the heights." Prescient words, gentlemen, on the edge of the space age.

'Now I realise I've been stressing the moral aspects of leadership to the virtual exclusion of the physical. But I do not intend to belittle the latter. Moral strength does, in fact, often depend on physical fitness—particularly in a profession such as ours, which can demand both strength and endurance of both varieties.

'In the ultimate, though, I think Falstaff put it in perspective. He said, in Shakespeare's Henry IV:

"Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to choose a man?"

Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk and big assemblage of a man!

Give me the spirit, Master Shallow."

'It is on such spirit that our great Service has relied and will rely. With the right spirit we will meet our destiny—the security of our nation and the Commonwealth.

'I don't fear for it if you continue as you have started. And you will know, gentlemen, that our collective and our individual wishes go with you.'



THE SENIOR ENTRY, AUTUMN TERM, 1959

Back row (left to right): S.F.C. D. Packman, S.F.C. F. R. Styles, S.F.C. J. W. Hulland, S.F.C. V. B. Howells, S.F.C. C. J. Horsley, S.F.C. D. Lawrence, S.F.C. A. R. Read, S.F.C. M. J. Porter, S.F.C. W. B. Maden, S.F.C. E. R. Perreaux, S.F.C. P. A. Billinge, S.F.C. C. S. Parkin, S.F.C. R. H. Holmes
Centre row (left to right): S.F.C. M. A. Johnson, S.F.C. B. Johnston, S.F.C. I. F. C. Hutchinson, S.F.C. A. L. Hooper, S.F.C. J. N. Herbertson, S.F.C. I. Weddle, S.F.C. M. R. Smith, S.F.C. C. Green, S.F.C. T. A. Pearson, S.F.C. J. A. Horsfall, S.F.C. A. M. L. Maxwell, S.F.C. D. M. O'Herlihy
Front row (left to right): U.O. B. Potter, U.O. P. J. Maitland, U.O. P. J. Symes, U.O. R. M. Trowern, U.O. H. D. Herd, S.U.O. J. S. B. Price, S.U.O. T. C. Porteous, S.U.O. E. H. Hunter, U.O. M. J. Graydon, U.O. R. E. Johns, U.O. H. Coriat, U.O. A. P. S. Jones, S.F.C. R. E. Gardner

ODE

(With sincerest apologies to
Thomas Gray)

*On a distant prospect of the Royal Air
Force College*

Ye distant hangars, Cranwell towers
That crown the windswept plain
Where old tradition still inspires
To march in Trenchard's train.
And ye that the bleakest brow
Of Barkston Heath, the expanse below

Of square, of block, of hut survey,
Whose cheerless aspect all among
Drift heedless Flight Cadets along
Their prepared way.

Ah! happy heaths, ah! foolish friends,
Ah! drill we loathed in vain.
On whose precision still depends
Flying an aeroplane!
I feel the blasts that from thee blow
Deep in my soul a chill bestow.
If I shrink not to tell the truth
Add memories of wasted hours
And visions too of wither'd flowers
The blooms of misspent youth.



PRIZEWINNERS, DECEMBER 1959, AFTER THE PARADE

From left to right: Pilot Officers T. C. Porteous, P. J. Maitland, J. S. B. Price, R. M. Trowern, R. E. Gardner, E. R. Perreaux, A. P. S. Jones, B. Potter, V. B. Howells, H. Coriat

CADET WING LISTS

PROMOTIONS

'A' Squadron: Senior Under Officer M. J. Barringer, Under Officers J. S. Halkes, T. J. Allen, R. J. Howard.

'B' Squadron: Senior Under Officer N. Bonnor, Under Officers R. K. C. Melville, M. A. B. Collin, A. C. Tolhurst.

'C' Squadron: Senior Under Officer P. J. Kemp, Under Officers M. B. Bullocke, K. B. Willings, K. J. Edwards.

No. 82 ENTRY

J. A. Bayliss, Watford G.S. D. H. Bennett, Salesian College. A. H. Blake, Leamington College. P. D. Bleasdale, Kendall G.S. B. A. Bliss, Gresham School. R. D. Brown, Cray Valley Technical School. P. E. Busfield, S. Rhodesia. A. D. K. Campbell, Strathallan. D. E. Carter, Bournemouth G.S. M. A. Chappell, Vaynor

Penderyn G.S. I. R. Christie-Miller, Malvern. P. W. Crook, Isleworth G.S. I. C. H. Dick, New Zealand. R. W. Giles, Ardingly. J. I. Gilson, West Buckland. M. C. S. Harris, Wyggeston G.S. H. W. Herford, Wellington. E. J. F. Hood, Harrow. N. J. Hughes, Jerrards Senior Sec. C. N. Hulse, Applegarth G.S. J. Jayatilaka, Malaya. P. R. C. Jones, Dauntseys. I. O. Junor, Robert Gordon's College. W. J. Kemp, Windsor Boys. K. B. Latton, New Zealand. K. G. Lilley, North Gate G.S., Ipswich. I. Malhas, Jordan. D. Maslin, Bablake. R. Moore, Tudor Grange G.S. B. S. Perera, Ceylon. J. M. E. Pym, Sandown County G.S. S. K. Quek, Malaya. C. S. Reynolds, Millfield. J. D. Rostron, Haslingden G.S. M. V. Seyd, Repton. M. P. G. L. Shaw, Felsted. R. B. Smith, Exeter. K. I. Stewart, New Zealand. C. J. Stock, Bishop Wordsworth. S. R. Thompson, Hanley High School. P. S. E. Tootal, Ottershaw G.S. A. L. Wall, Bicester G.S. A. Weaver, Ampleforth. S. W. S. Yarrow, Tettenhall College G.S. J. J. O. Zayyad, Jordan. W. L. T. Forde (S), Sierra Leone. R. Mitchell (E), Bolton G.S. J. R. N. Ogle (E), Abingdon. M. R. C. Sims (S), Clifton College. B. P. Swatton (E), Magnus G.S.

The Slow March



OLD CRANWELLIAN NOTES

HONOURS AND AWARDS

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

- K.C.B.*: Air Marshal W. H. Kyle.
K.B.E.: Air Marshal H. D. Spreckley; Air Vice-Marshal G. L. Worthington.
C.B.: Air Vice-Marshal E. M. F. Grundy; Air Commodore T. W. Coslett; Air Commodore R. I. Jones.
C.B.E.: Group Captain H. J. Cundall; Group Captain P. B. Hatfield.
A.F.C.: Squadron Leader T. L. Kennedy.
Queen's Commendation for Valuable Services in the Air: Flight Lieutenant J. H. Turner.

PROMOTIONS

Since our last issue the following promotions have been announced:

- A.V.M. T. U. C. Shirley, C.B.E., M.I.E.E., F.R.Ae.S.
A.V.M. P. G. Wykeham, D.S.O., O.B.E., D.F.C., A.F.C.
Air Cdre W. D. Disbrey, C.B.E., A.F.C., A.F.R.Ae.S.
Air Cdre A. R. D. MacDonell, D.F.C.
Air Cdre J. W. Bayley, M.B.E.
Air Cdre E. M. T. Howell, A.F.R.Ae.S.
Gp Capt I. R. Campbell, A.F.C.
Gp Capt P. R. Casement, D.S.O., D.F.C., A.F.C.

APPOINTMENTS

Since our last issue the following appointments have been announced:

- Air Chf Mshl Sir Thomas Pike, K.C.B., C.B.E., D.F.C., has been appointed Chief of the Air Staff.
Air Cdre P. L. Donkin, C.B.E., D.S.O., has been appointed Air Officer Commanding, R.A.F. Hong Kong.
Air Cdre A. G. Powell, A.M.I.E.E., to Signals Command as Senior Air Staff Officer.
Air Cdre W. I. C. Inness, O.B.E., to Headquarters, Coastal Command.
Air Cdre T. B. de la P. Beresford, D.S.O., D.F.C., to be Senior Air Staff Officer, British Forces Arabian Peninsula.
Gp Capt C. R. Lloyd, O.B.E., to British Joint Services Mission, U.S.A., as Chief Intelligence Officer.

Gp Capt D. P. Kelly, D.F.C., to Plans and Policy Division, S.H.A.P.E.

Flt Lt D. W. Lowe to No. 4 Joint Services Trials Unit, R.A.F. Support Unit, B.F.P.O. 151 (Edinburgh Field, S. Australia).

Flt Lt T. H. Sheppard has completed the E.T.P.S. course and is posted to the Armament Flight at R.A.E., Farnborough.

MISCELLANEOUS

Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Longmore

A portrait in oils of Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Longmore, which he has kindly presented to the College, now hangs in the Commandant's College office.

BIRTHS

We congratulate Flt Lt and Mrs P. McLeod on the birth of a son, Simon Andrew.

R.A.F. LECTURERS

Two distinguished Old Cranwellians were chosen to lecture in the United States and Canada. Air Vice-Marshal Sir Laurence F. Sinclair, Commandant of the Joint Services Staff College, lectured on 'A British View of Allied Strategy for Cold War, Limited War, and General War,' at the U.S.A.F. Air War College at Maxwell Air Force Base, Alabama, and the R.C.A.F. Staff College, Toronto. (Alabama, 1st February; Toronto, 4th February.)

Air Vice-Marshal T. A. B. Parselle, Senior Air Staff Officer, Bomber Command, visited Alabama on 11th February and Toronto on 15th February, to give a lecture entitled 'Offensive Capabilities and Employment of Royal Air Force Bomber Command.'

ITEMS FOR INCLUSION

All Old Cranwellians are reminded that the Old Cranwellian editor will be delighted to hear of any news to include in this section of *The Journal*. People often write to say how sorry they are that we have overlooked promotions, new appointments, marriages, births, decorations, etc., but it would be more helpful if they wrote earlier to tell us of these things. With the best will in the world it is impossible to keep track of all who have graduated from the College, and any help that our readers can give will be most welcome.



Sir Dermot Boyle

**HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
D.F.C., as Chief of the Air Staff
Sir Dermot Boyle, G.C.B.,**

**Marshal of the Royal Air Force
Sir Dermot Boyle, G.C.B., K.C.V.O.,
K.B.E., A.F.C.**

Born at Durrow, Abbeyleix, Queen's County, on 2nd October 1904, Sir Dermot was educated at Saint Columba's College, Dublin, and the Royal Air Force College, Cranwell, from which he was commissioned in 1924. He returned to Cranwell for two years prior to the war as chief flying instructor.

He served in Bomber Command during part of the war at Headquarters as an Air Staff Officer in June 1940, on his return from France, and later commanded No. 83 (Bomber) Squadron at Scampton until early in 1941, when he was appointed Assistant Secretary to the Committee of Imperial Defence. In January 1942 he was given command of the bomber station at Stradishall, Suffolk, and later became Senior Air Staff Officer of No. 6 (Bomber) Group at Abingdon, Berks. He was S.A.S.O. of No. 83 Group, 2nd Tactical Air Force, from May 1943 to April 1945, and afterwards com-

manded No. 85 Group, 2nd T.A.F., for three months. He became A.O.C. No. 11 Group, Fighter Command, in July 1945, and after taking the 1946 course at the Imperial Defence College was Assistant Commandant of the R.A.F. Staff College, Bracknell, for 18 months before going to the Air Ministry. In April 1951 Sir Dermot became Air Officer Commanding No. 1 Group, Bomber Command. Late in 1952 he led the Royal Air Force tour of goodwill to Latin America by No. 12 Squadron Canberra jet bombers and captained one of the Canberras as pilot throughout the flight of over 24,000 miles.

In September 1952 he flew a Canberra bomber from R.A.F. Station, Binbrook, Lincs, to Malta and back in 6 hours 5 minutes flying time, at an average speed of 485 m.p.h. for the 2,914-mile journey.

On becoming Chief of the Air Staff in January 1956, Sir Dermot piloted a Canberra on a 20,000-mile tour of R.A.F. units in the Middle and Far East, and in January 1959 made a similar tour of 22,000 miles, flying a Canberra B6.

In 1956, in a message to the Commandant of the College, Sir Dermot said:

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

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

has been pleased to appoint Air Chief Marshal Sir Thomas Pike, K.C.B., C.B.E., with effect from 1st January 1960, in succession to Marshal of the Royal Air Force K.C.V.O., K.B.E., A.F.C.

Air Chief Marshal Sir Thomas Pike, K.C.B., C.B.E., D.F.C. Sir Thomas was born at Lewisham, Kent in June 1906, and was educated at Bedford School and the Royal Air Force College, Cranwell, from which he was commissioned in December 1925.

During the war he served in the Directorate of Organization at the Air Ministry until 1941 when he took command of No. 219 (Fighter) Squadron with which, in a few weeks, he won the D.F.C. for skilful night interceptions of enemy aircraft over Britain, destroying one on his first patrol and soon afterwards three more to win a Bar to the D.F.C. Later that year he joined Headquarters, No. 11 Group as an Air Staff Officer for night operations duties. From February to August 1942 he commanded R.A.F. North Weald, and then returned to No. 11 Group as Senior Administrative Officer.

In May 1943 he took command of No. 1 Mobile Operations Room Unit for service in the Middle East and North Africa. Early in 1944 he became Senior Air Staff Officer, Desert Air Force, and in June 1945 returned to Britain to command No. 1 Officers' Advanced Training School. Later he became Director of Operational Requirements at the Air Ministry for two years, before taking the 1949 course at the Imperial Defence College. He became Air Officer Commanding No. 11 (Fighter) Group in January 1950, then Deputy Chief of Staff (Operations) at Headquarters, Allied Air Forces Central Europe, followed by Assistant Chief of the Air Staff (Policy), and in August 1956 Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief Fighter Command.

Sir Thomas Pike





The Senior Members of the Association attending the Dinner were Air Commodore Prince Visishta Svasti (second from the left), Air Chief Marshal the Earl of Bandon, Group Captain P. A. Hughes and Air Marshal Sir John Whitley

Old Cranwellian Reunion in the Far East—1959

We are indebted to Group Captain P. A. Hughes for the following account:

On Thursday, 10th December, Old Cranwellians stationed in the Far East gathered at the Tanglin Club in Singapore for their annual reunion. This was the eleventh consecutive year in which a reunion has been held, and the first time the Tanglin Club has been the venue. The evening was an unqualified success so it is hoped that the Club will offer its hospitality again in the future.

The Senior ranking Old Cranwellian attending was our Commander-in-Chief, Air Chief Marshal the Earl of Bandon, K.B.E., C.B., C.V.O., D.S.O., who presided, but he and all of us were delighted that a member of his senior term in 1922 was also present—this was Air Commodore Prince Visishta Svasti, Royal Thai Air Force. It was an honour to have him there, and a real pleasure to meet such a distinguished and charming Old Cranwellian. We also took advantage of the presence in the Far East of the Inspector General of the Royal Air Force, Air Marshal Sir John Whitley, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., A.F.C., to invite him as our Guest of Honour. It was a great pleasure to all that he accepted. The remainder of the party was made up of two officers of the Royal Ceylon Air Force

whom we were very pleased to meet once again (Flying Officer Ratnayake and Flying Officer Rajapaksa) and an ex-officer of the Royal Thai Air Force (Mr Sudhi Somsiri—1955-58), Flight Lieutenant G. X. E. McLeod of the R.N.Z.A.F., stationed at Tengah with No. 75 Squadron, Flight Lieutenant Orton (1951), who arrived on the day, *en route* for Australia—a bit of good fortune for him, and all of us, and Flight Lieutenants M. H. D. Broad, R. J. Littlejohn, J. R. Coleman, P. Deakin, J. D. Hutchinson, P. Carter, R. Dyson, J. I. Barrow, N. R. C. Price, J. S. F. Salmond, J. A. Tucker and P. L. Gray.

Regrettably none of those invited from Hong Kong, India, Burma, Pakistan or Australia was able to be present.

After an hour getting into the mood, during which the pace was set by the Commander-in-Chief, whose fund of new stories and good humour seemed inexhaustible, we sat down to an excellent dinner in air-conditioned comfort. The C-in-C. proposed the toasts 'The Queen,' and 'The College.' Reminiscences were swapped thereafter. The Club closed at midnight—however, despite firm action by Club officials it was 1 a.m. before the party could be finally persuaded to depart, still in great good humour.

THE COMET 1

We are privileged to print the following extract from Great Aircraft by Wing Commander N. Macmillan, O.B.E., M.C., A.F.C., published by G. Bell and Sons, price 21s.

THE first certificate of airworthiness ever granted to a jet airliner was issued for the 36-passenger Comet 1 on 22 January 1952. On 4 February B.O.A.C. took delivery of its first production Comet, and on 2 May 1952 the first passenger jet airliner service opened between London and Johannesburg. It staged through Rome, Beirut, Khartoum, Entebbe and Livingstone and completed the 6,724 miles' journey in 18 hours 40 minutes flying time and 5 hours more for stops. From 1 July the use of Cairo instead of Beirut cut the distance by 450 miles and the time by one hour.

On 11 July another route was opened between London, Rome, Beirut, Bahrain, Karachi, Bombay and Colombo. This journey of nearly 6,000 miles was flown in 16 hours 35 minutes and intermediate stops added another 5 hours between terminals.

On 14 October 1952 the London-Singapore route opened with landings at Rome, Cairo, Bahrain, Karachi, Calcutta, Rangoon and Bangkok. It took 20½ hours' flying to cover this route of 7,761 miles, plus 7 hours on the ground en route. Flying westward the clock times between terminals were 19¾ hours and eastwards 34¾, owing to longitude local time differences.

Later the route was extended to Tokyo.

Passengers were loud in praise of the speed and comfort of the Comets. There were no other jet airliners in service in the world. They creamed the passenger traffic, flew at higher seat bookings for each journey and afforded B.O.A.C. the prospect of making profits the Corporation had never known before.

On 26 October 1952 a Comet taking off from Ciampino airport at Rome in darkness and rain overran the runway. One of its 35 passengers was slightly injured. A similar accident befell another Comet leaving Karachi on 3 March 1953, but with only a ferry crew on board; unfortunately it had more serious consequences. The cause of both accidents was quickly found to be a ground stall from pilotage error in making the take-off run with the tail too low. You remember how the Wrights found trouble with excessive camber in the wings of their second glider; and also how in the design of the Canberra, camber was discarded in favour of a symmetrical wing

section? The Comet, for the same reason as the Canberra, also had a symmetrical wing section. These wing sections do not possess the attribute of cambered wings in creating lift at slow speeds and big angles. To obtain the lift for take-off from a symmetrical wing it was necessary for it to meet the airflow at a small angle. In these two accidents the pilots did not raise the tail high enough to bring the wing to its efficient small angle; as a result it never generated enough lift for take-off and so overran the runway.

There was also a secondary cause. The air ducts in the wing roots' leading edges were so shaped that almost horizontal airflow was necessary to obtain maximum inspiration to develop full power. When the take-off was made with the tail too low not enough air was fed to the compressors to enable the engines to give their full thrust at the very moment when it was most needed to overcome the poor lift of the wing.

These accidents brought to light an example of detail which theoreticians could not foresee, nor experienced test pilots discover because their handling was too precise to admit of careless take-off attitudes. Everyday handling by ordinary pilots was needed to produce the evidence of this previously unknown take-off condition and its attendant dangers.

The critically narrow attitude angle for safe take-off was widened by giving the leading edge of the wing and the upper arc of each air duct a slight downward curve (nicknamed 'droop snoot'). This slight entry camber induced an efficient air flow over the wing and into the ducts throughout a wider range of wing angles without adversely affecting the aircraft's performance in flight.

Meanwhile, the 13th Comet first flew in August 1952 as the improved model 1A. Additional wing tankage took up to 7,000 gallons of fuel. This lengthened Comet 1 stage-lengths of from 1,500 to 1,750 miles by 20 per cent. The power of its Ghost engines was raised 10 to 12 per cent by water injection. Its permissible all-up weight rose by 10,000 pounds to 115,000 pounds and it carried 44 passengers. Five Comet 1As were bought by two French companies, two by the Canadian government.

Everything was going smoothly. Passenger loads were running at 80 per cent of capacity. Then a mysterious accident happened to a Comet from Dum Dum airfield, Calcutta, flying towards London. Weather was reported bad before take-off, but Comet procedure was to climb above the weather. This one flew into a severe electrical storm, wherein tremendous air turbulence can occur. About 6 minutes after take-off the aircraft crashed, killing all 37 passengers and six crew (including stewards).

It was assumed that that Comet crashed in a violent air storm just as a ship may similarly founder at sea. Passengers continued to fly happily in Comets. One of my friends and his wife returned from Singapore to London by Comet at the beginning of January 1954. He telephoned and told me what a wonderful journey it was, fast and comfortable, the best he had ever known by land, sea or air.

We have seen that the Spitfire cockpit was pressurized for flight at great heights; the Superfortress' crew compartments were pressurized; the Viscount had overall crew and passenger cabin pressurization. But the Comet's pressurization was $8\frac{1}{2}$ pounds to the square inch, the Viscount's $6\frac{1}{2}$. Because it flew higher, the Comet's internal pressure relative to that of the outside atmosphere was as great as and probably greater than in any previous or contemporary aircraft and the stress of this high pressurization had to be sustained by a larger area of structure.

Because of its speed and the high rate of airline utilization no aircraft had ever before encountered such conditions as those the Comet endured by these frequent alternations in pressure loadings to keep its cabin atmosphere equivalent to not more than 8,000 feet irrespective of flight altitude. To provide the advantage of speed with these comforts of warmth and controlled humidity, smooth and quiet transit at low cabin height, all of which attracted passengers to fill the Comet's seats, this new kind and condition of pressure loading was applied and relieved 16 times in each London-Singapore return journey.

The next incoming Comet from Singapore left Rome for London at 0931 on 10 January in good weather. It carried 29 passengers, including Chester Wilmot, the Australian who became known as a B.B.C. war correspondent. The crew of six was captained by Alan Gibson with more than 5,000 hours' piloting experience and over 150 hours in Comets. His routine followed the normal power-climb and reporting back to Ciampino ground control. At 1000 hours he

reported from over Orbetello beacon at 26,000 feet. A B.O.A.C. Argonaut piston-engined airliner was in the neighbourhood. Its captain received a signal from Gibson beginning: 'Did you get my . . .' There the message ended, abruptly, not from external interference, but within the Comet when its fuselage suddenly failed through metal fatigue at a rectangular-shaped direction-finding-aerial window in the forward roof.

'Explosive decompression' was instantaneous. The supercharged atmosphere within the fuselage rushed through the rent, the rent became a split, the split became a ripped-wide-open panel. The gushing air sucked all the movables within the fuselage, including its inmates, towards the opening; some were thrown through it; impaction on parts of the interior killed others; their suddenly distending bodies tore further lesions in their tissues.

Disintegration followed. The fuselage fell in three parts as the portions beyond the front and rear spars broke off. The outer wing sections fractured unequally and fell separately. Fuel streamed from torn bag-tanks in the broken wings and the main central engine portion of the fated aircraft fell like a flaming torch. The calamity occurred slightly south of Elba. A few island people saw burning wreckage fall into the sea.

Storm did not cause that crash. If any of its occupants knew what broke their Comet in the air none survived to pass the knowledge on. Boats from Elba picked up 15 bodies, some mail, and some pieces of the aircraft. Italian doctors said the bodies indicated death, prior to burning, from injuries due to violent decompression and from being thrown forward and up by rapid deceleration.

All Comets were grounded immediately. The Royal Aircraft Establishment was charged with scientific investigation. The Royal Navy sent salvage ships to recover other bodies and parts of the aircraft; this work, aided by underwater television cameras, was concluded in August, when all parts required for the investigations had been obtained.

At Farnborough the scientists began to build a huge water tank, large enough to contain a Comet fuselage. When completed, the wings projected through seals in its sides. Hydraulic jacks applied loads to the wings to simulate those sustained in flight. The fuselage was subjected to pressure reversals similar to those borne by it during climb, pressurization, descent and normalization. In the course of minutes this simulator imposed on the complete Comet structure the stresses of several hours of airline flight. The test

continued day and night. No man spared himself in the search for the truth. They were scientific detectives seeking the robber of structural strength, the thief of Britain's tremendous progress in the practical application of aeronautical science.

The de Havilland Aircraft Company instituted prompt research into all probable causes of structural failure, checked all their original research, found no reason to doubt the virtues of their aircraft. They had not tested and did not then test a complete aircraft (for which, until they, too, built a water tank, they had no facilities other than flight); but they had tested appropriate parts of its structure, and these static tests added up gave them reason for the belief that in the Comet there was a safety factor of $2\frac{1}{2}$ against metal fatigue. All imaginable causes of failure, including the explosion of a time bomb, wing or tail flutter, failure of the turbine engines, faults in the hydraulic control system were examined and dismissed. New and rigorous tests resulted in the rapid incorporation of several modifications to strengthen existing Comets.

On 5 March the Air Safety Board reported to the Minister of Transport and Civil Aviation that no exact cause of the Elba crash had been found, but modifications to cover every imaginable contingency had been made and there was no evident reason why the modified Comets should not resume passenger services. The Air Registration Board shortly afterwards made a similar report.

Comet passenger services were resumed on 23 March, but it was noticeable that fewer passengers booked for them.

On 8 April 1954 a modified Comet departed from Ciampino, Rome for Cairo with 14 passengers and seven crew. It power-climbed to about 35,000 feet and there began its cruise-climb. It had come up through cloud layers, but not turbulent ones, and the aircraft was then above them. Its captain was reporting normally, until, above the sea, north of Messina Strait, between Stromboli and the mainland of Italy, it suffered the same swift, sombre disaster. The wreckage fell into water too deep for salvage operations.

Comets had then flown a total of 30,000 hours on airline service. Again all were grounded. Now the scientists worked more feverishly than ever to solve the mystery. At length their water-tank test-Comet showed metal fatigue failure at the corner of a rectangular window in the cabin. In order to prove that this was not an exceptional failure the fuselage was repaired and the tests were resumed. Again there was failure at a

window corner. This appeared to be conclusive. But to substantiate the water-tank test it was essential to find the same flaw in the Elba wreckage and it was not evident in any of the parts already recovered.

Models of Comets made to break up in flight were air launched. The scatter of the parts was analyzed and referred to the flight track of the Rome-Elba aircraft. This indicated a new search point where salvage operations might recover still missing parts of the fuselage. The Royal Navy acted on this information and recovered the centre of the fuselage and the engines and later, 600 yards away, the tail.

All the wreckage was then assembled in a hangar at Farnborough. There the wrecked Comet was rebuilt with all its marks of fire, sea water, and abrasions from many concussions. The same initial fatigue failure was found at the aerial window, whose cut out in the forward roof was of the same shape and size as the cabin side windows. It was then possible to synthesize the occurrence as I have described it above. There was a public inquiry; the findings of the Royal Aircraft Establishment and of its director, Sir Arnold Hall, were accepted. Indeed, they were indisputable.

In effect the evidence was that the Comet 1 had a life of about 1,000 hours of flight. No airline could afford to buy aircraft with such a brief working life, especially when they cost over £500,000 each. No passenger would be willing to fly in aircraft overshadowed by the risk of complete, unannounced collapse.

These two terrible accidents were the death knell of the Comet 1. B.O.A.C. returned their remaining Comets to the de Havilland Aircraft Company. Union Aeromaritime de Transport, a French private operating company which had followed B.O.A.C. in using Comets, returned their two Comet 1As from the Paris-French Congo service. Air France, the third Comet user, returned three 1As from their Paris-Middle East-French Africa routes. All these aircraft were a loss to their companies and to their manufacturer. Only the Royal Canadian Air Force had the courage to keep the two Comet 1As they had bought; these they had rebuilt in accordance with the discoveries of the investigation, and thereafter continued to use them successfully.

It was a fearful blow to the de Havilland Aircraft Company. They had led the world, shown the world, pioneered the jet airliner when others doubted. Their recompense was the loss of precious lives and of great treasure and of the long start over rivals which their initiative and

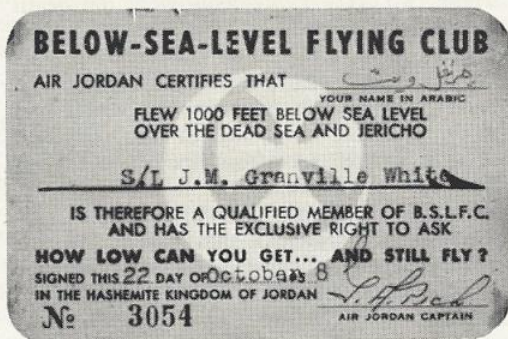
courage had given them. But now they could rebuild the shattered Comet dream on fully awakened lines, armed with knowledge which could perhaps never have been gained without their enterprise and loss; for the scientists had not suggested that the Comet should have been subjected to the methods of testing to which they resorted when pressure of events bore them irresistibly to it.

No one had any reason to believe the structure was less strong than all the pre-flight static tests had indicated. No one knew that repeated pressurizations would impose loadings that static tests could not properly probe. But out of after-wisdom was created the knowledge to build safely for the future; that knowledge was freely available to all the aircraft manufacturers in the world, a gift from the de Havilland Aircraft Company and the British Government. Water-tank dynamic testing became standard pre-flight procedure for pressurized cabin aircraft everywhere.

Two design doctrines were established: the need to establish equality of strength throughout each and every part of an aircraft relative to the load each and all parts have to bear so that the complete structure is everywhere equally strong; secondly, the art of building such a structure to fail safe, so that no failure anywhere can be catastrophic. Following out these doctrines makes an aircraft safe everywhere and avoids the earlier penalty of excessive weight in some parts while other parts of lesser strength might fail. With such design it is possible for an aircraft's life to be

accurately assessed and determined and covered by an adequate safety factor. The sequence is that such an aircraft must not exceed its safe flying life even if it may appear to be in perfect superficial condition. Future jet airliners are likely to be sold and bought on condition of a guaranteed safe life, whose extent will have a bearing on the purchase price.

THE AUTHOR: Wing Commander Macmillan is a Scotsman internationally known as an airman and author. He is Deputy Lieutenant of Cornwall with over twenty years' service in five different commissions, and a lifetime associated with flying since he saw the 1909 Wright, Bleriot, Antoinette, Santos Dumont and other early aircraft fly—and crash! He fought with the H.L.I. for 16½ months; learned to fly with the R.F.C.; fought in France and Italy as a reconnaissance and fighter pilot, was officially credited with eleven air victories; graduated at Gosport Special School of Flying; was an R.A.F. flying instructor of fighter pilots; commanded a special mobile emergency unit of the R.A.F. He was flying instructor to Spanish Navy and Army air forces; pilot of first World Flight Expedition; first pilot to fly from London to Sweden in a day; speed prize-winner at first International Light Aeroplane meeting; first British pilot to fly across Andes; first test pilot to make official diving tests and to spin-test float-planes. One of Britain's leading test pilots for fifteen years; widely travelled as pilot and air and war correspondent; has flown in a great variety of landplanes, floatplanes, flying boats, amphibians, autogiros, helicopters and jets, from Maurice Farman to Comet and Canberra. R.A.F. Member of Cornwall Territorial and Auxiliary Forces Association since 1947 and twice Vice-Chairman (Air). Commanded Cornwall Wing A.T.C. 1945-58. One of the founders of the Guild of Air Pilots and Air Navigators, a first Warden, Deputy Master 1934-5, and today a Liveryman of the Guild. *Great Aircraft*, his twenty-first volume, took three years to write: he believes it to be his best so far.



23rd February 1960.

Dear Sir,
BELOW SEA-LEVEL FLYING CLUB

I am enclosing a photograph of an unusual flying club card, which I obtained in Jordan during the summer of 1958 at the time of the Jordan/Lebanon crisis.

The Dead Sea is in fact 1,300 feet below sea level and it is fascinating when low flying passing through 0 feet then to continue descending and having to mentally calculate one's height above water level —1,300 feet by the following method:

Ht. above water level = Altimeter reading minus minus 1,300 ft.

If you publish my enclosed photo in the *Journal* some other amusing flying club cards might come forward as Old Cranwellians have flown and trotted over most parts of the globe.

Yours sincerely,

J. H. GRANVILLE-WHITE, R.A.F.,

Squadron Leader.

Headquarters Fighter Command,
Royal Air Force,
Bentley Priory,
Stanmore, Middlesex.

THE MALAYAN EMERGENCY

THE emergency started in the Federation of Malaya and Singapore in June 1948. It was brought about by the Malayan communist party in its attempt to overthrow the Government by armed force and terrorism with the aim of capturing power and establishing a communist Republic.

Before the emergency, the communists, in penetrating and dominating the newly formed trade unions, were trying to disrupt the country's economy by fomenting strikes and unrest. However, after a meeting in Calcutta of Asian communist leaders, their tactics switched to armed terrorism. The real reason for this move is not known for certain, but it is believed that it was motivated by the internal needs of the party as well as having been ordered by the Cominform. The excuse the Malayan communist party used for starting this 'armed struggle' is that it was fighting as the champion of the peoples of Malaya against colonialism, although the achievement of independence brought no end to their fighting.

From the start of the emergency, the communists have relied upon certain elements of the population, particularly in the rural areas, for food, clothing and money. The people were intimidated to provide these supplies by a campaign of murder and threats. To protect the public from the communists and also to separate from the communists any sympathizers they may have among the rural inhabitants, the Government has resettled the rural communities into wired and defended New Villages.

This policy has deprived the communists of their source of supply and has given police and Army patrols freedom to hunt them relentlessly in the jungle. A campaign of food denial by means of strict control of the movement of food, medical supplies and other articles essential to the terrorists has greatly impaired the communists' fighting power and morale. From the start of the emergency until the end of December 1957, 6,484 members of the communist terrorist organization had been killed or had died in the jungle, 1,253 had been captured, and 2,019 had come over to the side of law and order, making a total elimination of 9,756, leaving some 2,000 still in the jungle. The success of the security forces has made it possible to declare as 'White Areas' some 29,280 square miles out of the total area of 50,915 square miles in the Federation.

Over 50 per cent. of the country's population now live in 'White Areas' in which most of the restrictions imposed under emergency regulations have been lifted. The number of terrorist-inspired incidents went down from an average of 16.6 incidents per day to 0.57 incidents per day in 1957. More and more 'White Areas' are being declared as the emergency lessens; by the end of 1959 the number of terrorists left in the jungle was reduced to about 700 and the incident rate has now reached an almost negligible figure.

In consequence of its severe losses and the strong public reaction against its policy of terrorism, the Malayan communist party has made an attempt to limit terrorist activities so as to husband its dwindling strength and shed the stigma of hatred that indiscriminate terrorism has created. Political changes taking place outside the jungle, leading to the first Federal elections in July 1955, and culminating in the attainment of independence for the Federation on 31st August 1957, have deprived the terrorist organization of its political excuse for continuing terrorist activities and have greatly impaired their morale. Thus in mid-1955 the Malayan communist party made its unprecedented move to end the emergency by an offer to hold peace negotiations. This offer was rejected by the Government who instead tested the sincerity of the offer by declaring an amnesty on 9th September 1955. The terms were, that provided the terrorists laid down their arms and surrendered as a body to the Government, its members would not be prosecuted for offences committed in the past under the orders of the communist terrorist organization, but would be given fair treatment by the Government. Those who wanted to leave Malaya would be given the means to do so. Others who wished to remain in Malaya would first be investigated, and upon satisfying the Government on their loyalty to Malaya would be given assistance to return to normal civilian life.

The amnesty was rejected by the communists. Instead they stepped up their peace campaign and talks were eventually started in Baling, a small town in Northern Malaya. There the chief minister accompanied by the chief minister of Singapore adhered to the terms of the amnesty and rejected the proposal of the secretary general of the communist party that the terrorists be permitted to come out of the jungle unhindered

and that the party be officially recognized. The counter-demands of the communist leader were designed to give his rebels complete freedom and prestige that would enable them to embark upon a political campaign of subversion that had already been planned in great detail. In February 1956 the amnesty ended. When the Federation became independent in August 1957 the Prime Minister offered a new amnesty which expired on 30th April 1958.

Improvements in the emergency situation have reached such a degree that it is now possible to travel in freedom and safety on virtually all the main roads in the Federation. Now Malaya looks forward to the end of the emergency. The good money (around a million Malayan dollars a day) spent on fighting the communists can then be used to make Malaya a better and more prosperous nation.

Brainwashing in Korea

BRAINWASHING is an art scientifically conceived and developed by the Russians. It was first used by a Russian Nobel Prize Winner, a scientist called Pavlov, who carried out research on the 'higher nervous activity' of animals. He found that, if he could get a dog's nervous system to break down, a conditioned reflex could be impressed on its brain. Thereafter, all its actions could be controlled. Lenin was the first to realize the applications of Pavlov's discoveries, and he encouraged Pavlov to write a book on the subject. The results of this were soon demonstrated publicly in the sensational treason trials of 1936, where prominent Soviet citizens publicly denounced themselves and pleaded for their own extermination. It had continued success in the U.S.S.R. in the hands of the secret police who were now becoming experts in the art of mind attack.

Little, however, was heard of brainwashing methods until near the end of the Korean war when sufficient ex-P.O.Ws had escaped to tell the Allies what was happening. Their stories were backed up and amplified by the exchange of prisoners at Panmunjom in 1953. It was found that all P.O.Ws had gone through roughly the same treatment. They had walked for days to get to their P.O.W. camp. There they were interrogated and re-interrogated, beaten, and then well looked after, starved, well fed and then starved again. This 'persuaded' many prisoners to sign confessions and broadcast propaganda over the communist radio. How did the communists achieve this?

The mechanics of brainwashing are quite simple and have been known and used indivi-

dually for centuries. They are hunger, fatigue, tension, fear, threats and sheer violence. These actions can be used to channel the mind into either 'learning' or 'confession'. 'Learning' is the study of communism itself, but includes criticism, and self-criticism. But in both fields the preliminary actions are designed mainly to confuse the patient's mind, so that he loses touch with reality and accepts anything that is told to him.

Hunger is present in all forms of brainwashing and ranges from outright starvation to planned malnutrition. The amount of food normally given in the Korean P.O.W. camps was just enough to keep the body alive, but not enough to keep the brain functioning properly (this system was also used on the Chinese soldiers themselves). For special prisoners, the amount of food needed to keep a man alive was carefully calculated. It was then cut by one-third, and extra food given for 'confessions' or military secrets.

Fatigue on its own can often cause the required nervous unbalance that the communists required, and it was used in full measure in Korea. Prisoners were made to work over-long hours and then spend more time after work playing 'games' and 'studying.' Dr Henry Laughlin found that, with prolonged wakefulness 'the individual becomes increasingly dreamlike and out of contact. He is more amenable to suggestion, more apt to carry out the demands of those who would have him undertake certain specific behaviour.'

Fear and tenseness can make a prisoner do anything that his captors wish him to do. The usual method in Korea was to leave a prisoner in solitary confinement for prolonged periods with the knowledge that he had done something

wrong. But he was not told exactly what, and for weeks or even months he was left alone, worrying and wondering what he had done wrong. After a while he did not think about whether he should confess or not, but rather about what he should confess! After a few months of this, the prisoner feels almost glad to be interrogated, and he is often helpful to the interrogators. If he isn't, then he goes back to solitary confinement. During this time the prisoner's mind has been getting worse. Gaps appear in his memory and he is not sure of facts. He is not even sure if he has committed the crime with which he has been charged. He is ready to accept a new ideology, and the sudden friendliness of the interrogators convinces him that he should become a communist. First of all, however, he must cleanse himself of his crime by confessing his guilt. . . .

Threats and actual violence were the final measures employed by the communists against P.O.Ws. Those who would not, or could not, confess or give military secrets were tortured with the maddening, nerve-racking thoroughness that many orientals possess. Some, in fact, were finally pushed over the screaming edge of insanity to commit suicide, or were simply killed by torture.

Whatever the methods used, the aim of the brainwashing was the same: the confession. The Chinese, in fact, regarded the word 'confession' as meaning 'to be in conformity with': to be in agreement with the rules, and to submit to their hierarchy. They used confessions extensively for propaganda purposes and also to bring about further confessions from other prisoners. The confession was the climax of the brainwashing period, and everything was done to lead the prisoner along the path of mental bewilderment until he finally accepted the communist doctrine and confessed.

But, just as there is a definite technique to brainwashing there is similarly a technique of defence against brainwashing, largely built up from the experiences of P.O.Ws in the Korean war. They managed to build up their own defences so well that only 23 P.O.Ws opted to remain in communist hands after the war. This defence is conducted mainly along the lines of :

- (a) Faith.
- (b) Clarity of mind.
- (c) The closed mind.
- (d) Purpose.
- (e) Occupation of the mind.
- (f) Confidence.
- (g) Adaptability.

All these play an important part in keeping the mind alive and immune to suggestions from the interrogators. Most prisoners agreed that faith was the greatest defence against brainwashing. The communists always tried to convince their prisoners that they were alone, deserted by their country, their friends and their God. If a prisoner began to believe this, he was lost. If he managed to retain his faith in his religion, or his country and his way of life, then he was unlikely to break down under interrogation.

Similarly a clear mind cannot be brainwashed, for, as Pavlov showed originally, the mind has to lose its old ideas, and be confused, before it can accept new, originally alien, ideas. If the prisoner can maintain his grasp on what he knew and believed, he can think rationally, and he can see through the interrogators' arguments when they try to prove that A is not A, but B. If the prisoner can be brought to believe that sometimes A is not A, but B, then he is half-way to confession. Confusion is the first requirement in brainwashing, and clarity of mind is the best safeguard a prisoner can have.

If the prisoner could completely close his mind to the arguments of the communists so that he didn't even begin to consider them, then he could withstand interrogation. The best way to do this was often to try to keep the mind occupied with something else—some prisoners even had pet flies and spiders! Adaptability of the mind and a good sense of humour often helped the prisoners to keep a sense of proportion. They were always inventing new and ingenious ways of keeping their minds occupied while the communist indoctrinators were attempting to confuse them—and so they survived.

The communists obtained a large number of false confessions by using brainwashing. It is generally thought, however, that if the troops had been taught about the conditions which they might experience after capture, the communist successes might have been greatly reduced.

Brainwashing, or, more appropriately, mind attack, can be fought. There is a definite defence against it and this defence should be taught to troops in exactly the same way as military defence and defence against bacteriological and gas warfare are taught.

C.J.A.

CORRECTION

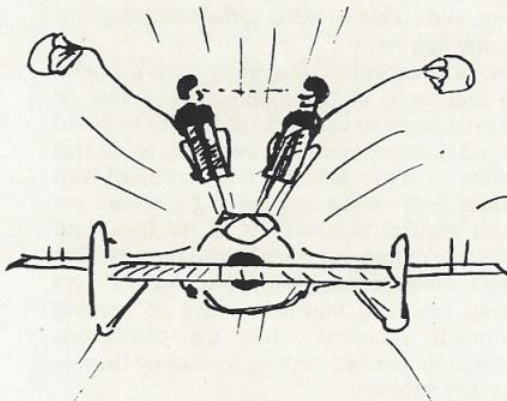
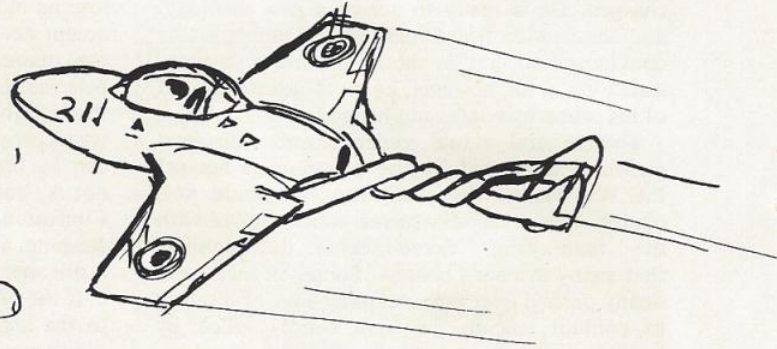
In our last issue we referred to the late G. I. L. Saye as an Air Commodore. He was in fact an Air Vice-Marshal.

"ITS ALL IN THE BOOK"



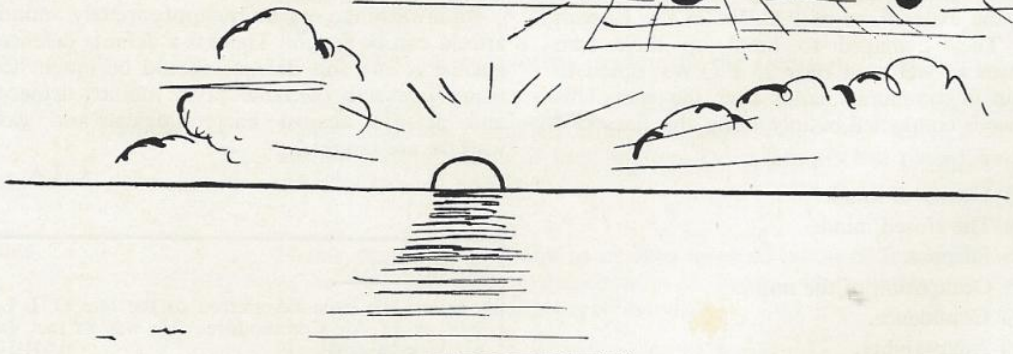
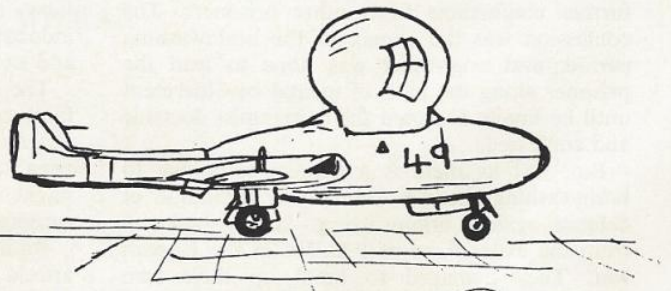
'It is better to taxi the aircraft boldly'

'Spinning up to a maximum of four turns is permitted'



!the second pilot should eject first..!

"After landing turn the pressurisation off.."

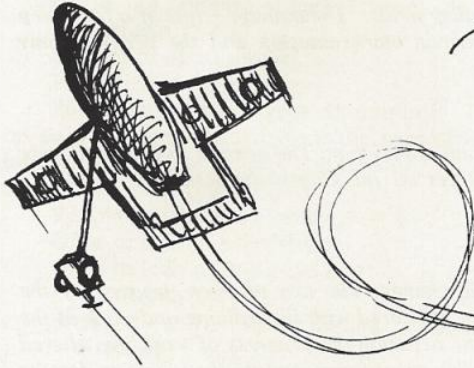
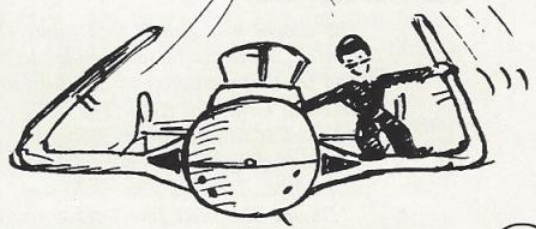


"The ditching characteristics are believed to be poor.."

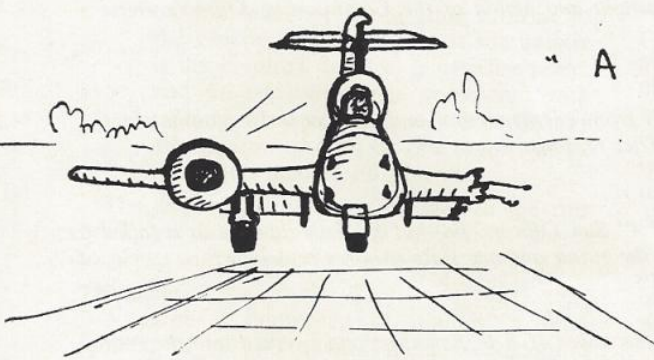
"All leads incorporate quick releases which are automatically broken on ejection..."



... and commence triangulation..."



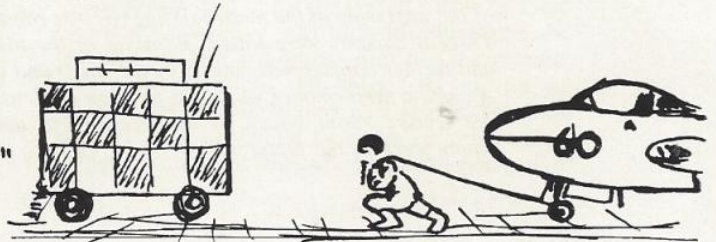
"When the engine is running smoothly have the ground starter battery disconnected..."



"A single engined landing presents little difficulty..."

75H + 155.60.

"The threshold should be crossed at 105 kts..."



TWENTY YEARS AGO. . . .

Mr. Carolin, a well-known civilian member of the College staff, has kindly allowed *The Journal* a sight of some entries in his diary.

6th June 1940

'The Luftwaffe paid its first visit to Cranwell. A small force of raiders dropped a salvo of bombs on the Southern Aerodrome at 11.20 p.m. Although night flying by pupils was in progress, there was no damage. (On the previous night, a salvo dropped near Byards Leap failed to explode.)'

18th/19th June 1940

'The alarm was raised last night. The nearest spot to Cranwell where the bombs fell was at Anwick, some six to seven miles to the east. It was a perfect night, with a full moon. The Anwick road from Ruskington to Sleaford and on to North Kyme runs west to east almost in a line with the main Cranwell road. The village of Anwick is situated near the middle of this road much as Cranwell is situated on its main road. The German pilot might have mistaken Anwick for Cranwell. No loss of life was reported and there was only slight damage to the frontage of the village post-office. Time: 2 a.m.-2.20 a.m.'

'During the next few weeks, sporadic visits to the Cranwell district by enemy aircraft were made, bombs being dropped harmlessly into surrounding fields. The damage—loss of a few sheep and small fires in fields—was not flattering to German marksmanship and the decoy dummy aerodromes have completely misled the raiders.'

30th/31st August 1940

'As darkness fell, incendiary bombs were dropped soon after 9 p.m. The nearest to Cranwell were at Holdingham and 500 yards west of Ermine Street on the Caythorpe Road "S" bend. No damage of any description was done.'

3rd September 1940

'After 12 months of war Cranwell life shows little change. The loss of sleep incurred by the necessary periods spent in the shelters has in no way interfered with the training and work of the station which goes ahead smoothly and apace. On one occasion the progress of work was altered for some pupils, a Saturday was reckoned as a Sunday programme and on the following day the Saturday programme was carried out; this allowed more rest after a disturbed night and is mentioned here in appreciation of the thought and action of the Commanding Officer, whose telephone must be a positive nightmare.'

3rd July 1941

'Cranwell has continued to enjoy immunity from enemy action and it is now 12 months since the shelters were occupied for any but practice reasons.'

17th/18th August 1941

'One incendiary bomb fell on the roof of "A" Sqn. Officers' flat but did little damage as it failed to penetrate. It was swiftly removed from the gutter and one slate requires replacing.'

18th March 1942, 2100 hours

'Whitley bomber of No. 3 O.T.U. fouled the tower of A.B. Squadron and swerved into the roof of the west wing of the main building (lecture room). Tanks were full and fire caused much damage. Three occupants were killed. Removal of the many gallons of water pumped in was a problem and further damage was caused by the water and the efforts made to conduct it out of the building. A cinema performance was on at the time otherwise the loss of life may have been heavier because the lecture room struck by the aircraft was used as a dormitory for 30 S.F.T.S. pupils, all of whom were at the pictures.'

The Compleat Softballer

by Izaak W. Robinson, U.S.A.F.

SOFTBALL is a popular American game, played out of doors from early April until late September. It is designed as a safer substitute for baseball and requires a smaller pitch. The object of the game as in many American games is to win (in an honourable fashion). Players on one side may heckle and harass players on the other side short of physical violence.

Treatment of umpires

Either side may heckle the umpires; however, a player may not

Curse an umpire (loud enough to be overheard);

Spit on or at an umpire;

Kick dirt on an umpire;

Shoot, knife or bludgeon an umpire;

on pain of being ejected from the game by the umpire or the late umpire's successor.

A player may to an umpire

Recommend a good oculist;

Offer to fetch a wheelchair;

Offer to loan a seeing-eye dog;

Look fiercely at;

Swear at softly while facing in another direction;

Kick dirt at (but not on);

Spit in the general direction of (but not at or on). Whether the spitting is done in the general direction of or at the umpire is the umpire's decision, a very fine point, and no standard angle considered with existing wind conditions is accepted by all umpires, or even by one umpire at all times and against all players.

The above rules are not included in the rule book, but are more handed down from player to player and umpire to umpire.

The game

A game is composed of innings, a term familiar to all but football and polo fans, and each innings is composed of a turn at bat and a turn in the field for each side, each team (side) being allowed three 'outs' per innings. The home team bats last. A game ordinarily lasts seven innings, but by prior arrangement between teams it may last five or nine.

The diamond (pitch)

The diamond is roughly as follows in layout: a square, 60 feet on a side with the corners called home *plate* (not base), 1st, 2nd and 3rd bases, in order. The batter stands on either side of home plate (one batter at a time). Behind home plate is the catcher (wicket-keeper), in the centre of the diamond stands the pitcher (bowler) in what is called the pitcher's box, a circle. The other players occupy the infield and the outfield:

Infield

1st baseman ... Short extra cover.

2nd baseman ... Mid-off.

Short-stop ... Mid-on.

3rd baseman ... Mid-wicket.

Outfield:

Right field ... Long-off.

Centre field ... Between right and left.

Left field ... Long-on.

These positions are not rigid and are shifted as necessary with succeeding batters, base runners, home team and visitors, and according to many criteria—the shifts being directed by the manager, or captain, or coach, or catcher, depending on who is in charge. (For further information of who is in charge—watch ITV on Sunday night.)

The pitcher delivers the ball to home plate underhanded so that the hand holding the ball passes the leg at a distance of not more than six inches. The ball should pass over some part of home plate at a level above the knees and below the shoulders of the batter in his normal batting stance. This three-dimensional area of space is known as the strike zone. A ball tangent to the strike zone is considered in the zone. A pitched ball not passing through the strike zone is a ball. Four balls to a batter on one turn at bat before something else happens, and the batter gets a free trip to 1st base, and the batter becomes a base runner.

The batter tries to hit the ball in such a fashion that it goes into fair territory—the 90 degree arc between 1st and 3rd bases—and hits the ground before being caught. He then tries to run to 1st base before the fielders can recover the ball and throw it to the 1st baseman or some other fielder covering 1st base who can be in possession

of the ball and touching the base before the runner arrives and touches the base. Should the batter safely reach 1st base he becomes a base runner. Should he be able to safely pass 1st base and arrive at 2nd base or 3rd base or all the way to home plate without being touched by the ball in the possession of a player on the fielding team he has done better than just to 1st base. Note that after safely passing 1st base he must be touched with the ball by a fielder, or pitcher, or the catcher, while to be safe at 1st base he must arrive before the ball is in possession of a player who is touching the base (usually with his foot). If the succeeding bases are occupied by or authorized to another player of his team he need not be touched by the ball and he is forced out when a fielder has the ball and is touching the base which the base runner should be occupying.

A run is scored when a player safely arrives at home plate before three outs are made on his side in that innings. A run counts one point and the team with the most points wins the game. There is no other way of making points.

Fair and foul balls

These terms apply to a ball hit by a batter after the delivery by the pitcher. A ball is fair when, after being hit by the bat, it first touches the ground within the 90 degree arc mentioned above and remains in the fair ball area until it comes to rest or passes 1st or 3rd base. Any other hit ball is a foul. A foul hit counts as a strike, except that a foul ball may not be the third strike and retire the batter. A pitched ball is a strike when it is swung at and missed, whether it passes through the strike zone or not, or if it passes through the strike zone and the batter does not swing the bat at it. Three strikes and the batter is out.

How to be out

A batter is out when:

He has three strikes (bowled out);

He looks at the catcher before the pitcher delivers(?);

He hits a fair ball which is caught before it touches the ground (caught out);

He hits a foul ball which rises higher than his head and is caught before it touches the ground (caught out);

He hits a ball which touches him before it touches the ground;

He carries the bat to 1st base;

He hits a ground ball which is caught and delivered to a player standing on or touching 1st base before the batter touches 1st base (run out);

He hits a fly ball which can be handled by an infielder when a base runner is on 1st base or any other configuration of base runners which could cause a force out of a base runner.

A base runner is out when:

He leaves contact with his base before the ball leaves the pitcher's hand when the pitcher is delivering to the batter;

He is tagged with the ball when not on base;

An opponent with the ball occupies his base and all succeeding bases are occupied by or authorized to another base runner;

He leaves the base paths (the line between bases) to avoid being tagged with the ball;

He advances on a caught fly ball without tagging the base after the ball is caught and a fielder with the ball touches his base prior to his return;

He wilfully obstructs a fielder attempting a fielding chance;

He is hit by a fair hit ball while not touching a base.

If a player runner is removed from the game by an umpire, or an injury, he is not out. The substitute player takes his position and the situation remains unchanged.

If a batter has four pitched 'balls' or is hit by a pitched ball, not by his own effort, he shall be entitled to 1st base and all base runners shall be advanced safely to the next base.

Before a game commences each manager will present to the umpire the batting order for his team. The players will bat in this order throughout the game. If a substitution is made the substitute bats in the order of the player substituted for. Should a player bat out of order he is out.

At least two umpires should be used, one behind the catcher to call balls and strikes, and the other to call the bases. The balls and strikes umpire can also call the plays at home plate. As many as three may be used to call the bases. The umpire closest to the play shall have the deciding voice.

A base runner in advancing must touch all bases in order (with the toe or foot suffices), or if he misses a base and a player on the other team in possession of the ball touches the base prior to his return he is out, provided that play has not resumed and another pitch has been delivered by the pitcher.

Tips on playing

Catcher: Wears a mitt, mask, chest and leg protectors; signals pitcher what type of pitch to deliver, fast or slow, high or low, inside or

outside, strike or ball, type of spin, etc.; places fielders according to pitch requested and batter's ability.

Pitcher: Doesn't pitch until all fielders are in position; backs up catcher and covers 1st base when 1st baseman takes a fielding chance; looks pained when umpire calls a pitch a ball, looks smug when a strike is called; may chew tobacco when pitching if it doesn't make him sick.

1st base: When accepting a throw from a fielder keep toe on the base if possible and lean far in direction of throw to allow catch to be made as soon as possible; stop all wide throws as possible as a passed ball or a bye can allow all runners to advance; may chew tobacco if qualified (see instructions for pitchers above).

2nd base: With a runner on 1st base determine with short-stop who will cover 2nd base, being prepared to accept a throw at 2nd base to force the runner on 1st base and rapidly throw to 1st base to put batter out (this is a double play and is a good thing; a triple play is even better but they happen only about twice a year).

Short-stop: Same as for 2nd base, but on the other side of 2nd base.

3rd base: Play quarter distance from 3rd to 2nd base, shifting deep or shallow right or left for right- or left-hand batters.

All infielders should constantly be aware of which base is appropriate for the next play. The major criterion is to keep the opposition from scoring. In cases of doubt throw to home plate if a runner may score and to 1st base to retire the batter if possible. If the runner has passed a base little can be gained by throwing to that base. Nothing is ever gained by throwing to the outfield or to the spectators. The ball is in play from the moment the pitcher steps into the box to deliver until it is returned to him and he is out of the box (he may place it in play by throwing to a base to attempt to pick off a

runner). The ball is out of play when a foul is hit or when time is called, as for an injured player.

Outfielders: Play deep or shallow, shifting left or right according to the batter and his ability; back up the infielders and each other; watch catcher for instructions; do not throw all the way to the infield in the air, plan your throw to bounce once before it arrives at the player thrown to; may chew tobacco if qualified (unless experienced do not attempt chewing tobacco as you may get excited and swallow it).

Batters: Grip the bat firmly at or near the small end, using a grip similar to a non-overlapping golf grip; hold bat so that trademark is up when you swing to align grain of wood with the ball or the bat and wrist may be broken (wrists mend but a good bat is hard to repair); have bat poised and off the shoulder when the pitcher starts to deliver; swing level and 'break' wrists just prior to contact; keep eye on ball and don't lean back when swinging or you will strike out for sure (striking out can get embarrassing and doesn't help when you are trying for a larger salary the next year); do not swing on bad pitches; be prepared to *drop bat* and run to 1st base on a fair hit ball.

Base runners: Be prepared to advance fast on a fair hit; tag base after caught flies; keep contact with base until after ball leaves pitcher's hand, then you may take a lead towards the next base; follow instructions of baseline coaches (just outside 1st and 3rd bases).

Coaches: Be ready to advise base runners as to: hold up, take another, take two, all the way, steal a base; stay out of fair territory and in coaching box when ball is in play.

Coaches may chew tobacco as they are not playing and it doesn't matter if they get sick or not. They may also argue with umpires because if they get thrown out the game continues.

THE BATMAN'S LAMENT

You are sent to the Block and shown up the stairs,
There are boots and shoes—dozens of pairs.
You scoop them all up, eager to start,
When you put them away you are right in the cart.
You haven't a clue what his feet are like,
Well, if he can't walk he can borrow my bike.
You get down on your knees to clean under the bed

And when you get up take a crack on the head.
You clean all your buttons, what a fine job you've
made,
Then you clean them again for the jankers parade.
At last it arrives, the day that you dread,
It's the day you've dreamt about in your bed,
It's the As Comm's inspection day

When all your bits are hidden away.
 About ten minutes before he is due
 Along comes the Fligh Lieu with another or two—
 His job to see all is shining and bright
 And they carve up your floors from the left to the
 right.

The As Comm arrives, what a day to choose,
 We are sweltering there in our best blues.
 You throw open the door with a feeling of pride,
 And a flaming great cobweb hangs inside.
 The As Comm looks up with a frozen stare
 And you wish to The Lord you wasn't there,
 Then someone kicks up the end of the mat,
 You grin to yourself—you've been warned about that.
 And after all the sweat and toil you've had
 You say to your mate 'Not too bad, Jack,
 But I hope the so and so don't come back.'
 You stagger off home, eager to sleep,
 When a sound you hear just makes you weep,
 What, night flying again, O God what shall I do?
 So you stick your head under the pillow till two.
 You are in Mess tonight—that's a cert,
 The boss is strict, a little curt,
 The waiter's air is I am it,
 You follow behind—the perfect misfit.
 You are dodging about nearly looping the loop,
 Well anyway that's got rid of the soup.
 A voice says 'Waiter, what is the wine?
 It's something you can't pronounce, the ——.

So you unwrap the bottle while he takes a look,
 Why couldn't I be out with the cook?
 You get in to silver now you're one of the band.
 When a voice from behind says 'Use your left hand.'
 Your mates all grin and you feel such a clot,
 When down on the floor goes the whole flaming lot.
 Then for prospects one, and two,
 We did the unifix with you.
 It was 'Good morning, sir,' the dreaded hour,
 'Will you take a bath or shower?
 'Oh, I think it's a bath for me,
 But first of all where's my tea?'
 The Tannoy is blaring, but no one has heard,
 If it's an Air Marshal that's wanted, or Mayhew, or
 Bird.
 No it doesn't really matter if it's A, B or C,
 There isn't much credit for a batman like me.
 Many great men have trained within these walls,
 Some now departed to unknown Halls.
 To most of you here their memories remain
 For their pictures hang there, in your own Hall of
 Fame.
 But let us move on, we can't dwell in the past,
 So let us just hope this College will last
 To train some of the men our country need,
 To help to protect us from envy and greed.
 Our employment secure, well, all is now said,
 May we be always well paid and always well fed.

Submitted by 'Taffy' of the Junior Mess.

CHEMICAL RESEARCH LABORATORY

Report on a New Element

WOMAN

<i>Symbol</i>	Wo
<i>Accepted Atomic Weight</i>	120
<i>Physical Properties</i>	Boils at nothing and may freeze at any minute. Melts when properly treated. Very bitter if maltreated.
<i>Occurrence</i>	Found wherever man exists, seldom in the free state.
<i>Chemical Properties</i>	Possesses great affinity for gold, silver, platinum and precious stones. Violent reaction when left alone. Dissolves easily into tears. Able to absorb great amounts of food matter. Turns green when placed beside a better-looking specimen.
<i>Uses</i>	Highly ornamental. Useful as a tonic in acceleration of low spirits and as an equalizer of the distribution of wealth. Is probably the most effective income-reducing agent known.
<i>Caution</i>	Highly explosive when in inexperienced hands.

Society and the Soldier

*'He that would govern others
First should be the master of himself.'*

(Massinger, 'The Bondman,' I, iii)

MAN is 'a political animal'; it is in his nature to be so, and this paper will try to relate the officer, especially the ex-Cranwell cadet, to the society he serves—the Service to the organization of the State of which it is, in a sense, a microcosm. We are frequently muddle-headed on this topic, if indeed we think of it at all; it is always as well to examine our preconceptions at fairly regular intervals, even if the process is sometimes more revealing than we would choose. In any case, such an examination must be controversial and its object, in this instance, is to provoke discussion rather than to try to propose too facile remedies.

It has been recognized for at least four centuries that the world is composed of 'haves' and 'have-nots'; this has become political cliché without anyone having determined exactly what it is that *is* or *is not* possessed. Is it material possessions? Material well-being? (Not quite the same thing, these two.) Is it liberty (whatever that means)? Is it ability, birth, power, rank, position, station, or what is it? As accurate a summing-up as any may be found in the works of A. A. Milne: 'Some do, little Piglet, and some don't, and that's all there is to it.' Nonsense, in fact, seems as valid as sense in an argument which has nevertheless preoccupied political philosophers for many years, so where is one to start?

We must start with human beliefs; even if fallacious, illogical or downright foolish, beliefs are real to their holders in that they form the basis of action. We may recognize as chimerical much that appears real to others, but to deal with it (and them) we must behave as though it had being.

'To conquer political power,' claimed Marx, 'has become the great duty of the working classes.'¹ A cynic might ask whether our definition of the 'working classes' is 'those sections of the community which habitually go on strike' and whether the advent of bourgeois socialism and the Welfare State has left any 'have-nots' in this sense. Socialism has developed—or, perhaps, been perverted; its original aim, to ameliorate poverty, became intellectually and emotionally confused with the promotion of equality, first used as a means to that end. As

complete equality does not exist (until men are identical they cannot be equal) those who believe they 'have not' still stand by Marx. By the 1890s, Engels had realized that violent revolution might, after all, be unnecessary: the development of Socialism by legal means might achieve the purpose better. The current outbreak of 'wild-cat' strikes suggests that some sections of the movement are beginning to doubt the efficacy of political and are returning to the concept of economic action as the way to conquer power.

What is the position of the flight cadet in this kind of society, whose centre is envisaged as a constant class war? He is a member of an hierarchical and authoritarian body which is pledged to the support of democratic institutions; he is, on the face of things, in a somewhat illogical position, and it is hard to see how a convinced democrat (as opposed to one whose belief in the system is merely the result of a mild intellectual exercise) can have let himself arrive where he is.

A recent College debate on 'Censorship' pointed to an awareness that 'liberty must be limited in order to be possessed,' but what kind of organization can we sensibly propose from the position in which we are? The answer lies in something resembling the relationship between the good officer and his men; the good of the people does not require that they should rule themselves for they are at least as likely to be misled by slogans and bring about their own ill through misrule as to achieve a new Utopia. Democracy is government by the nursery and is inefficient; dictatorship has too many proved dangers; oligarchy, the rule of the few, is left us. This need not be oppressive, neither need it veer to an indeterminate do-goodism. *Salus populi suprema est lex*²; very much of socialist theory need not be anathema at all.

We have ventured at least far enough into politics and it is time to come back to the Service. Even if one of the advantages of democracy is its proliferation of checks to the handling of

¹ Address to the First International: London, 1864.

² 'The well-being of the people is the chief law' Cicero, *De Legibus*, III.

power, no military organization can begin to run if it is to be run by committee. 'Who is to rule?' is no less a problem of the Service than it is a problem of State.

It has been said in this *Journal*³ that we have reached the point in time when we may well find serving under us men who are better educated than we are. The answer that is proposed is 'higher standards of leadership'; this needs expansion—indeed it merits much longer discussion than can be given it in this context, but some things are clear at once. When the last Chief of Air Staff said at Sedbergh in the summer of 1959 that leadership does not necessarily go with university degrees he made a remark which, while true, could mislead, for nor does it necessarily go without them. What matters is not whether the leader is highly qualified academically, but whether he has the calibre of mind that would have enabled him to become so. If the men who are to lead us are not as capable mentally as those who have gone through university to industry, the civil service and elsewhere, then the Services' future is in dangerous care; the decisions they must make must be no less far-reaching.

There is another point. It might well be argued that our rulers are the Cabinet and the higher bureaucracy; these recruit from a fairly limited field and despite the theory of democracy, the central government of this country is already a loose-knit oligarchy. Senior service officers must work on the political level, and they will not do so effectively if they are the mental inferiors of those with whom they have to negotiate.

What we must look for is an oligarchy at the head of the Service (and, by analogy, of the State) whose selection is based on intellectual capability. These men must have all the classical requirements of leadership and a deeper, more acute, more trained mind as well; only the more stupid will try to interpret this as government by third programme.

Marx believed that the democratic republic, founded on universal suffrage, was the last bastion of the old order. Engels foresaw world war, 'famine, pestilence, general demoralization . . . hopeless confusion of trade, industry and credit ending in general bankruptcy; collapse of the old States and their traditional State-wisdom to such an extent that crowns will roll by dozens on the pavements and there will be no one to pick them up.'⁴ This nineteenth-century view of Armageddon has become outmoded. Lenin, Rutherford and Cockroft have lived and

worked since then, and no one can doubt that the State and the Services must be directed by our best brains. Society, that is, must be prepared to send some of its most capable men into the Services. At present it is uneasy about doing this or even unwilling to do so; we cannot expect the State to believe it before we have become convinced ourselves.

Although this paper has expressly disclaimed the task of proposing remedies for our situation, one hint may be given. In practical terms, the problem is to attract the right people (and especially, for us, to attract them to Cranwell). The answer cannot be simple and does not lie solely in enhanced conditions of service or in more generous pay scales (though these will no doubt help); the difficulty lies rather in the status accorded to the Serviceman in the eyes of the community. This is not a problem which is open to quick solution, nor one that can be resolved by the Services on their own, but only in concert and by integration with society. That is why it is so important that we should ourselves understand the nature of our relation to society and know what we and the rest of society want of each other.

This may all seem unfamiliar to some, or even unwelcome. None of it is very new; Plato thought of it first. J.F.C.

³ Gp. Capt. E. H. Lynch-Blosse: 'The Queen of the Battlefield,' Vol. 31, No. 3.

⁴ F. Engels: Preface to Borkheim's *In Memory of the German Martyrs*.

(Continued from opposite page)

The Hicks Memorial Prize

The trophy is awarded in memory of Flight Cadet John Lawrence Orly Hicks, and is awarded to the flight cadet who is adjudged, in competition, to be the best aerobatic pilot of the Senior Entry.

The Air Ministry Prize for Equipment Studies

The prize is awarded to the flight cadet who obtains the highest marks in examinations in Equipment subjects. The award consists of a grant of £10 to be expended on items approved by the Commandant, the principal item to be inscribed and engraved with the College crest.

The Air Ministry Prize for Secretarial Studies

The prize is awarded to the flight cadet who obtains the highest marks in examinations in Secretarial subjects. The award consists of a grant of £10 to be expended on items approved by the Commandant, the principal item to be inscribed and engraved with the College crest.

Flight Cadet Prizes and Awards

When an Old Cranwellian mentioned that the Kinkead Trophy was awarded for squadron flying in his day we thought it would be of interest to list the principal prizes and awards granted to individual flight cadets at the end of their senior term:

The Sword of Honour and R. S. May Memorial Prize

The Air Council awards the Sword of Honour to the flight cadet who is recommended by the Commandant as having most distinguished himself in leadership and in general influence for the good of the College while in residence at Cranwell. The R. S. May Memorial Prize was a bequest in the will of Flight Lieutenant R. S. May of £150 per annum to be shared between the winners of the Sword of Honour each year.

The Queen's Medal

The Medal is awarded to the flight cadet who is placed first in the final order of merit. This order of merit depends upon the results of all aspects of training.

The Philip Sassoon Memorial Prize

The Air Council perpetuates a memorial prize originally given by Sir Philip Sassoon, Under-Secretary of State for Air. The prize is awarded to the flight cadet recommended by the Commandant as the best all-round cadet, excepting the winner of the Sword of Honour. It consists of a monetary grant, to be expended on items approved by the Commandant and suitably inscribed and engraved with the College crest.

The Abdy Gerrard Fellowes Memorial Prize

The Air Council perpetuates a memorial prize originally given by Mr R. C. Fellowes in memory of Captain Abdy Gerrard Fellowes. The prize is awarded to the flight cadet showing the greatest proficiency in mathematics and aeronautical science and engineering. It consists of a grant of £10, to be expended on items approved by the Commandant, the principal items to be inscribed and engraved with the College crest.

The Air Ministry Prize for Imperial and War Studies

The prize is awarded to the flight cadet showing the greatest proficiency in Imperial and War Studies including English. The award consists

of a grant of £10, to be expended on items approved by the Commandant, the principal items to be inscribed and engraved with the College crest.

The R. M. Groves Memorial Prize and Kinkead Trophy

The prize is presented in memory of Air Commodore Marsland Groves and consists of a monetary award of £15 and a set of bound volumes to the value of £5 containing a portrait of Air Commodore Groves, a reproduction of his autograph and a suitable inscription. The prizewinner will be the first in order of merit for flying.

The Dickson Trophy

The Tours Schneider Cup, won at Tours in 1910 by Captain Bertram Dickson, R.F.C., has been presented by his sister Mrs Wills Gordon to be held as an award for a degree of excellence in connection with flying. It will be awarded to the flight cadet who shows most proficiency in instrument flying alone.

The Michael Hill Memorial Prize

This prize is awarded to the flight cadet who wins the Dickson Trophy. The value of each prize shall be determined by equally sharing the income of the Trust between the prize awards made during the year.

The J. A. Chance Memorial Prize

The prize is presented in memory of Pilot Officer John Anthony Chance, and consists of a grant of £10 to be expended on items approved by the Commandant, the principal item to be inscribed and engraved with the College crest. It is awarded to the flight cadet who obtains the highest position in both terms work and examinations throughout the course in drill, physical training, ground service training, the Squadron Commander's assessment and flying.

The R.U.S.I. Award

The Council of the Royal United Services Institution presents free and full membership of the Institution for five years to one flight cadet on passing out. It will be awarded to the flight cadet whose work on his selected subject is considered by the Commandant, on the advice of the Director of Studies, to be the most meritorious.

(Concluded at foot of opposite page)

For Lorne

(A mythopœic epic)

Nightmare.

Terror. Scarlet. Blood. Steel. Flesh. Void. Terror. Nightmare. Hell. Horror. Maelstrom of conflagration and inferno of holocaust.

A face looms out of the dank, dark, dismal distance; grows larger, nearer, distorts, diffuses, dissolves, congeals, re-forms—foetal, like rotting in reverse. It is the face of B.Big—that hideous aspect, expanded insanely, filling the whole receptive horizon, overwhelming, crushing, killing, insufferable. Still it grows B.bigger. Recoil. No—extinguish it. Roaring steam. Collapse.

'Then I was floating on my back in a river of peace under bridges of silence. It came from nowhere and flowed nowhere. Then there was no river and no I. The I had ceased to exist.'

This plethora of imaginative fantasy, of vivid infra-conscious experience, of dream allegory murdering reality, is the nightly turmoil of an innocent youthful mind, stressed far beyond the limit of proportionality. But who?

A young gentleman insinuates himself up to and around a gleaming chromium thing. Low of brow, crafty of eye and crooked of limb, he advances with the loping tread of a starving wolf, peering furtively about him, as though in constant terror of ambush; slavering at the mouth, which hangs loosely over his receding chin; clutching under his ape-like arm a burden of curious and unaccountable shape. Forthwith there begins a baying and growling and yapping as of the jungle at moonrise, 'Waddayawan ifyadoanwan murne,' he seems to say.

Outwardly their marriage seemed ideal, yet she had to put it to a test.

This recent hoisting of the academic standard really was rather a worry. Take humanistics first examination syllabus for example: 'Can you romanize into Gwoyeu Romatzyh sentences and/or short pieces of conversation dictated to you? A knowledge of Bokmal is helpful, and you should show a familiarity with both Katharevousa and Demotiki as well as akavski and jekavski, though Nynorsk can be ignored. If you are not sure how to transcribe into Kanamaziri, supplying ons and kuns into the bargain, then you've had it, mate.'

'I hear the administration is trying to stop necking at Grad Balls.'

'Really? Next thing you know they'll be trying to make the cadets stop, too.'

Flight Cadet's initial interview: the first young idealist enters. Thinks—must put him at his ease.

'Uh . . . Well . . . (snap) Like, y'know, huh . . . (snap) . . . make with the seat, man . . . uh, I dig like you, uh, dig us for cornballs, huh? . . . Ain't so, man . . . uh, we dig like real cool with the hip-talk, man. . . . You gotta dig like this pad is groovy like home, huh. . . . It's a gasser, man. . . . Get disorganized will ya! . . . Okay, well, uh, just play it cool, man . . . uh, get splittin' for the crazy pit 'n' blow horn like wild, man, huh? (snap).'

Further thinks: 'Hm . . . didn't take long with young Adamin, but I used up all my phrases from the Mirror. Hope he "got the message," Ha! Ha!'

Adamin thinks: 'I say, the whole situation is not half strange, is it not? Entirely dissimilar from my expectations. One would never have thought it from that magazine I was reading.'

There was something she had to find out, and only one way to do it.

Say! What crazy guy wrote this, anyway?

Steer straight to good grooming with this latest car gadget. Nail clippers—auto key—safety ring, combines handy nail clipper with safety-lock key holder, plus extra key blank for your auto. (State make of car.)

Snaps open with STARTLING SPEED. Giant Italian Stiletto. 'Faster-than-the-eye-can-see.' Will be the centre of conversation wherever shown. Direct import. Bone handle. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Give yourself a hideous head . . . terrifying CAVE MAN MASK. Life-size mask makes you the 'ghoul' of the gang. Fiendish, eerie mask. Scares the pants off people. Be a hit at parties, office, etc. Other *lifelike* masks: Cannibal, Ape, Frankenstein, Devil, Tramp, Clown. Order today.

Hey Fellas—THE REAL McCOY! You've heard about this beauty before, but we'll bet you've never actually seen one. Yes—it's a GENUINE FUR-LINED CHAMBER-POT. You'll have to go some to beat this.

SHE'S ALL YOURS!! TODAY'S PILOT STARTS ON JETS!! This is it! Solo for the first time. Start with cockpit checks—instruments, oil pressure, take-off trim. Good. Brakes off . . . a quick look around . . . full throttle. Faster . . .

faster . . . gently back with the stick . . . up and away in a steady climb. This is living! Steady though, we've still got . . . to . . . land.

Whassamadder wid you guys, anyway? You all crazy or somethin'?

'Would you like to come in and meet my family? They should be awake in a few hours.'

A scintillating speaker is lecturing on discipline. '. . . Moan, drone, moan . . . punctuality . . . groan . . . what we need is *élan* and extra poise . . . do as I say, not as I do . . . moan. . . I apologize for being late, gentlemen . . . drone, drone . . . lead by example . . . be particularly strict on lounging about with hands in pockets . . . er, like me . . . groan . . . the root of discipline, gentlemen, is self-discipline . . . moan, drone . . . the root of drill is discipline . . . groan . . . the root of self-discipline is drill . . . moan, drone, groan . . . and vice versa. And as for morale. . .'

Like most of the class, Adamin is not with it. He is furtively scanning his copy of the stele of Ankh-f-n-Khonsu under the table. "The Nature of Horus being "Force and Fire," his Aeon should be marked by the collapse of humanitarianism.' To make matters worse, at the back of his mind beats inexorably the primitive rhythm, the primæval lyric; 'Waddayawan ifyadoanwan murne.'

That nauseating, stuffy, glutinous smell, composed of a thousand effluvia, a thousand noisome exhalations—*mille délicates puanteurs*—at certain times pervades the place and emanates from the squalid, fetid corridors. But then a morphosis from vomity brown speckled with green to a vomity green speckled with brown is always welcome.

'Mr Pumfrey, sir, Mr Pumfrey! . . . Where were you last Saturday morning, sir?'

'Last Saturday morning?'

'. . . Aye, hoots mon, an' then I was passed by this wee black Riley an' I can guarantee you here an' noo it was doing over a hundred miles an hoor. Oh! by the way, I hear the phrase "phase in" has been phased out. . . .'

'You there, you in the back rank, the thick'ead that grinned! Go on—put that in your *Journal*.'

'Flight Sar'nt?'

His face relaxed from the death-mask he usually wears for the early-morning cybilene rites. As his body mechanically performs its part in the age-old ritual, his mind is normally free to roam. But the shrieking off-key trumpets and the throbbing up-beat drums relentlessly remind him of what he had been desperately trying to forget. Now, although he can see the

others marching beside him, their movements seem contorted as if they are encompassed with bi-iliac garlands. Although his eyes are alert for the microstithotic Flight Sergeant, jagged rhythms squirrel through his brain and guttural phrases ring in his ears. 'Waddayawan ifyadoanwan murne.'

'Why were you running away from that coupé last night?'

'I wasn't running away. I was being chaste.'

'Okay, so now who's got a fixation, huh?'

He had a weakness for women—and it was her job to exploit it.

An' the bee-what in the tee-mother of the trothodoodoo.

'Oh, but my deah, it's different for a man.'

Cooking lasts longer than kisses.

'There's a hand on the end of my leg.' Freak!

Each of them was a victim of the terrible loneliness that is bred of an unforgotten love.

For pity's sake, stop!

ENOUGH.

The peace of night arrives once more at Cranwell. All is calm; all is tranquil. Except Flight Cadet Lorne Adamin. He, poor innocent, is in an emotional turmoil. His prayers, which usually come so easily, tonight seem so difficult. '*Detur mihi evidens signum praestige praeter naturalis, praecipio hoc.*' No, he can't concentrate. It's terrible.

'And unto ye, O forces of Akasa, do I now address my Will.

In the Great Names Exarp, Hcoma, Nanta and Bitom.

By the mysterious letters and sigils of the Great Tablet of Union.'

No. Useless. Hyperomphalologically speaking.

Sorrowfully he re-read the portentous notice which had inspired and fired him to such heights of enthusiasm. '. . . improve through the performance of gymnastic exercises and the stimulus of healthy competition, the standard of physical fitness of all cadets. The emphasis being on muscular co-ordination, mobility, agility, balance and motivation. Motivation being the will to do and the incentive to succeed in a task. . . .'

The print glowed before his red-rinsed eyes as the very words burned into his brain with un-British brutality. They melted and dissolved, and in their place he seemed to see, staring mockingly from the page, 'Waddayawan ifyadoanwan murne.' Only too well he remembered the world to which he no longer could return. The Royal Command Performance would no longer be the pinnacle to which he

stroke. . . . But what of this new world he had entered, of the deep, deep blue and the high, high sky? No, he was no longer a man fit for high command. He did not have the qualities which mark a young man as one who could go right to the top. He was no longer able to grasp every opportunity for development . . . mental, technical, yes . . . physical, no!

He thought sadly of his gluteal parts, his pelvis that had been his manager's pride. Well muscled with long sessions in the espresso bars, it had not stood up to the rigours of Kno . . . and though he knew the tortures he had suffered he could not bring himself even to think of its name.

Once oestrogenic and platypeloid, he was now useless—fit only for the wheelchair. Why had he not been content with his lot? 'Materially, he'll enjoy life on a scale few civil careers can match.' Ha! Rock 'n' roll had been raking in thousands. But he had chosen to abandon that empty existence, thinking nothing of money. Mere money means misery. Think not of money, child; think of better things.

But . . . No! No! He mustn't think it . . . evil thought. Stifle it. Impossible. It shudders through him with an incessant battering beat. Shrieking at him from all around. Inescapable. WADDAYAWAN IFYADOANWAN MURNE. H.L.P.

EXTRACT FROM AN ARTICLE IN
"THE SUNDAY TIMES" NOVEMBER 4 1917

by COL. LORD MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU

The Possibilities of the Air

Now no one, however enthusiastic on his own subject, can claim that one single arm in war can always win without the co-operation of other arms. This is true of the Navy and Army today. But I do say deliberately that superior air power has now become an absolutely necessary prelude to victory. This may seem a bold statement, but let us recall what our pilots can do now, and what functions they perform. They act as highly trained scouts and bring back nearly every day written descriptions and photographs of nearly everything that stands or moves behind the German lines. They prevent, as far as they can, similar action by the enemy's pilots. That work is an extended use of the functions of cavalry. They pursue or suddenly attack, as the case may be, cavalry, guns, and infantry resting or on the march; that is another function of cavalry. In fact, nearly all the functions of cavalry will in future be performed by aircraft.

Superseding Cavalry

Just now it is being said that cavalry in large numbers must be kept for the purpose of pursuing a demoralized enemy, for getting behind his lines when once they have broken, and turning a defeat into a rout. I venture to say that this could be done in most countries by a sufficient

number of aeroplanes carrying bombs and machine guns over a wider area and in a way which would create more demoralization than that which can be produced by cavalry, however efficient.

Now there is yet another function of aircraft—long-range bombardment. They can bombard already points as distant as nearly 200 miles from their starting point. That is the function of long-range artillery much extended. They can also bombard points of military importance nearer the front, such as the enemy's billets, munition dumps, railway stations, and any other military objectives; that is the function of the field and other kinds of artillery of moderate range. There is this limitation, however. Aircraft cannot set up a barrage behind which troops could advance, nor can they, when shooting at a given object, yet attain the marvellous precision which is obtained by the gunner.

But aircraft, while it can perform a good many of the functions of artillery and cavalry, cannot yet occupy and hold positions like infantry—not yet. This is almost the only serious exception which must be made, and this is only a temporary exception, for aircraft will before long convey large numbers of men as raiding parties, and some day thousands of men will be flown to prearranged points swiftly and silently. That time is not yet, though it is near.

‘KNOW THYSELF’

A dialogue. Scene: Cell Block 79. Time: Early 1984

Sebastian I wish I knew. I am groping, not like a blind man but a blindfolded man. A handkerchief has been tied over my unwilling eyes by an authority that I resent, one that knows I would see the unjustifiability were the handkerchief ever removed. Like the blind man I, too, can sense the light of day, but unlike him my veil is occasionally lifted and I am granted periodic glimpses of the track I am treading, but these only increase my inner turmoil. True it is the track I chose and I know the place I must strive to attain. My trouble is that in the distance I see another path leading there whilst mine never seems to do so. Indeed it diverges more and more. I cannot leave my road as I love the means too much. It is the end that I neglect.

Hugo I think I know what you mean, Sebastian. I could sum up my state of mind with three words ‘I don’t know.’ Can you remember the saying on the wall at Delphi? ‘Know Thyself.’ If what I imagine to be my spiritual self met my true spiritual being I do not think the reality would be recognized, partly because of its flattering aspect (houses divided against themselves will not stand). In fact I am being spiritually rent by conflicting claims.

Sebastian That’s interesting, because Old Francis suffered from the same disease, only he never knew it. He just sort of found himself here, and then in the words of that little poem that I was struggling with the other day—you know, I read it to you. In fact I was rather proud of it in my naïve sort of way, especially the first line: ‘He couldn’t take it. They said his attitude was wrong.’ Anyway, the relevant bit went ‘But they trumped up false charges, petty accusations, until he sank as one who swims too hard against the flood.’ Pretty callous, I admit, but grant me this much, that though Francis never knew how he came to get here, neither did he know the aim of his presence; he at least had a conscience. He saw the wrong about him and cheerfully, for conscience’ sake, ‘he left before they took away the shattered fragments.’ I am sure he felt ‘they had bereft him of his manhood, but they claimed he merely could not take it.’ I idealize, certainly, but it is necessary to express my feelings.

Hugo Perhaps I am too keen, Sebastian, or shall I say ‘was,’ because my enthusiasm for my vocation leads me to commit the greatest sin recognized by the establishment; this may seem a bit ludicrous to you but I try to think in my muddled sort of way about my environment. It surprises me that they should object to that. It’s really so myopic. My confused cogitations may, I hope, lead me to a real inner confirmation of my choice of profession and give me a greater will to serve, for in that lies the way to greatness as the first among us are our servants. If I cannot come to a conclusion that strengthens my original decision I shall be a very brittle reed anyway. Houses built on sand crumble when adverse winds blow and I want any edifice I build to be based on something sounder than that. Mental blindfolding imposed by authority merely means that faulty material is not exposed to the revealing light of self-analysis, nor is it tempered by the objective view of circumstances.

Sebastian Cheer up! *Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis.* Which being interpreted optimistically means that things will get better and our outlook will change.

Hugo That may be so, Sebastian, but you mistake me. It's not the hardship that I fight, that is merely irksome. Anyway, life may become even worse and more dismal. Think, for instance, of manning a rocket site, which is but one of the physical enactments of the principle of deterrence. To quote a recent article in *The Journal*, our greatest victories will be rather barren successes, 'continued achievement of the aim must result in boredom and frustration.' Furthermore, a successful deterrent, though preventing the ultimate evil of warfare, necessarily involves the preparation for something doubly fruitless in that first one does not wish it to occur, and secondly if it does one's efforts will have been unrewarded.

Sebastian Let me console you. If our task is going to be physically unrewarding in the accomplishment, it will be all the more rewarding spiritually as it will give you an opportunity to show your men by personal example how to overcome those two arch-enemies—tedium and lack of purpose. I do feel, however, that I must get to know myself first and where I stand with respect to all this, but I realize I shall not be able to give tongue nor pen to my introspection. My superiors will give me guidance in my mental agony. Were I to reveal them they would recognize it merely as symptoms of faulty outlook.

Hugo You are quite right. Old Francis expressed himself and they got him for heresy. They have sharpened the chopper since then so don't let your head roll too.

J.A.D.W.

Stricken Comrades

Quarter to seven and feet on the square:
I turn over and marvel that I am not there.
Command echoes raucous; unwilling obey
Greatcoated forms at the break of the day.

Yes, break of day; the hangar looms rude
O'er expanses of concrete and buildings crude
That echo the gusts and the shrilling blast
That 'tween blocks one seventy and eighty has
passed.

There stands hut fifty—hallowed hall
Where thoughtless, nigh soulless, automatons all,
We squash down its floor at our Sergeant's
commands
In angry obedience to all his demands.

Though angry and pow'rless half slumbering I lie
My comfort is charmless, for less lucky than I
Ten hapless souls are bashing the square
But mine is the sorrow, though I am not there.

Sloth soon replies, 'Just stay where you are,
You're resting quite careless, in indolence far

Thrive lieth more comfort,' tho' my true soul
replies
I must share their hardship—its sweat and its
sighs!

They halt and they march and they turn twice
about
Then halt again, right dress—what meaneth that
shout
That pierces my slumbers? I should have known
better
They answering 'Sir' to Flight Cadet Letter.

Yes, letter for law for all spirit is lacking
It's polish on buttons and on boots the blacking
That are the hallmarks of virtue. The soul of a
man
Is of value far less than a kit layout plan.

Quarter to seven and the break of day,
I just fell on my knees and tried to pray,
Not just for myself, but the blokes on the square
Who are learning a little what thou hadst to bear.

THE FACTS OF LIFE

(Just in case you have forgotten)

'**A**H! come in, you've brought a bottle, good, just what we want. Who was it you said invited you? Oh, well, I don't suppose it matters but I don't think he was invited anyway. No, don't go, it is my party. It's a lousy party, one room for a party. I know of a much better one in Chelsea. Oh, I thought that was your Ford, in that case you had better stay I suppose.'

The ground floor front room, or parlour, of a semi-detached house in New Malden or Surbiton. This house was built, along with many others, in the late 'thirties. This room was, until recently, the best and most rarely used room in it. Then the slightly over-stuffed, squarely built, beige-coloured three-piece suite was rarely sat upon. The fluffy, semi-circular rug that stands on the carpet in front of the marblish fireplace was rarely trodden on, and the mahogany upright piano, with built-in candlesticks, was rarely played; now it doesn't work.

As you enter the room from the hall from the front door, you have on your left a wall, and flowery wallpaper. This wall bisects the house and against it stands the piano, on its top there is a sort of lace antimacassar, covered for the moment with a fantastic range of glasses and bottles of all shapes and sizes, some with old cigarette ends lying in the bottom of them. If, once you are inside the room, you turn right you face the bay window in which sits the settee. Even the window-sill has a few glasses, and one smouldering cigarette, burning a dark brown groove into the white paint of the woodwork. Then on your right there stands a sideboard, part of another suite; on its mahogany veneer surface the glasses have had to leave room for three or four plates of sandwiches, sausages on toothpicks, and pasted biscuits. A solitary defiant beer-can nestles in a bed of fish paste and sliced bread.

The two armchairs sit together, by the wall. A gramophone pushes languid notes from one of the corners. There are about twenty or thirty people in the room, most of them are sitting around the walls. On the gramophone Eartha Kitt is singing:

'Sous les ponts de Paris . . .'

Two or three couples are dancing, they don't move much, just stand close together and sway jerkily.

The people are all about twenty and all the same.

All the girls have long hair, or an urchin cut, most of them have it dyed. They wear loose shirts or last year's '*dernier cri*.'

Coloured stockings and poppet plastic bead necklaces are essential. The men, or boys, or in-betweens, also have their uniform: cavalry twill trousers, suede chukka boots, dirty stiff collar and old corduroy jackets, green and faded.

The dancing couples continue muttering, or pretending to mutter, to each other, Eartha Kitt continues:

'I want an old-fashioned house . . .'

The lights flash on and off now and again and each time they go off a chorus ensues:—

1ST VOICE: 'Grow up, can't you?'

2ND VOICE: 'Don't give us none of that kid stuff.'

3RD VOICE: 'Ow would you like a punch in the fag 'ole?'

and so on, varying from obscene to sophisticated.

1ST VOICE: 'Throw the lights can't you?'

2ND VOICE: 'Look here, I'm trying to get to sleep.'

3RD VOICE: 'Who's swiped my bottle?'

1ST VOICE: 'Will you leave the lights alone?'

3RD VOICE: 'Half a bottle of whisky I had, right here it was.'

Etc., etc.

Eartha Kitt has given way to 'My Fair Lady' and the party settles down, except for a few people who wander around begging for a drink or cigarette.

In the corner, snuggled close to your best friend is your girl friend. 'Alas, poor girl,' you might say to yourself, 'drunk and defenceless,' but you would be wrong, she's cold sober, and that's much poorer.

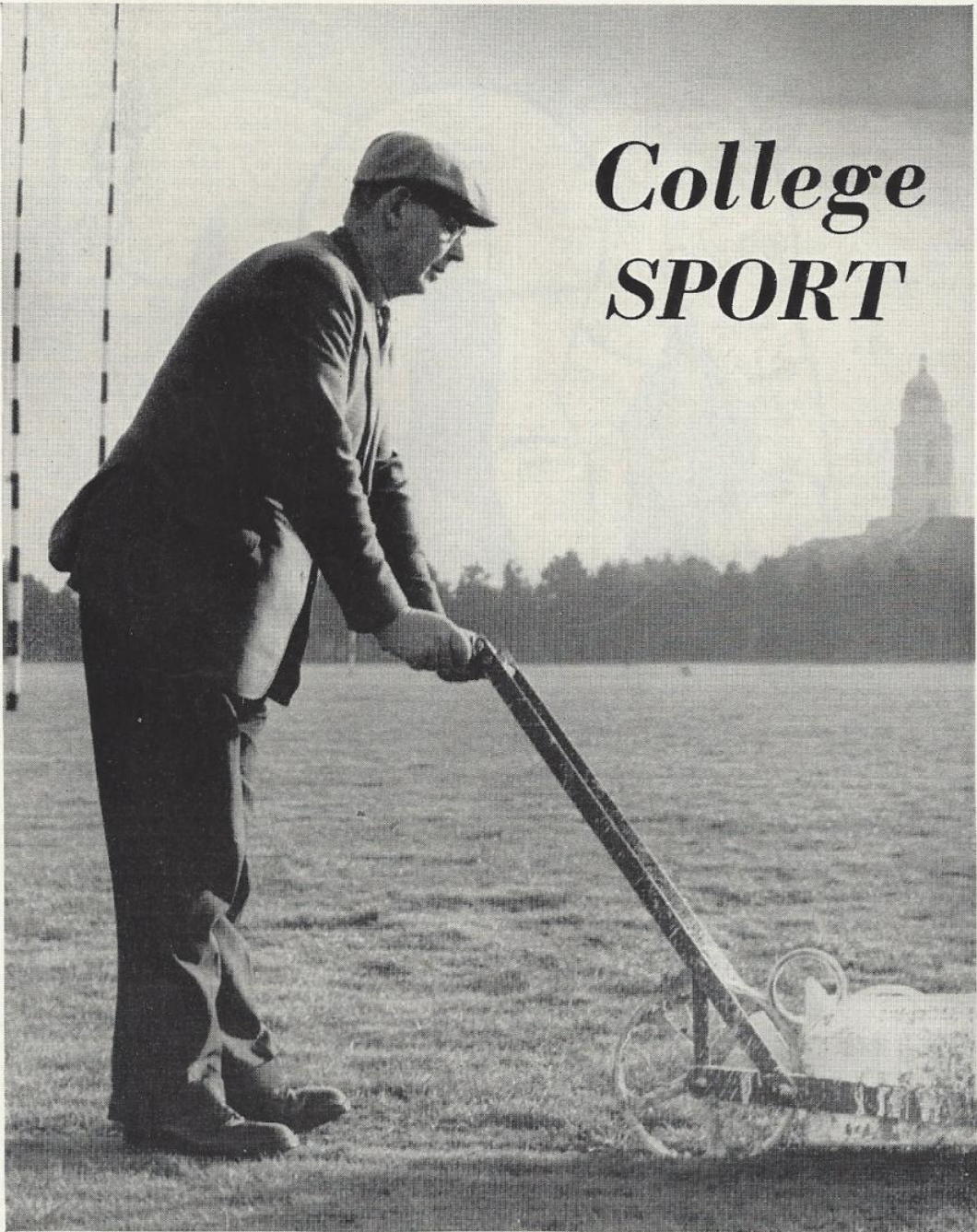
Moral: With friends like these you don't need enemies.

She took a lipstick
From her handbag
A deep red lipstick
And a mirror—
The pale pink lips
Darkened as deftly
She repaired her mask.
No tears
No sideways glance
As she drank her wine.
Outside the flailing wind
Disturbed the harmless flakes
Falling gently
In the empty street.
Fingers trembling
She found a cigarette.
She lit
The cigarette;
And yet no tears
No sign of recognition.
Without a word
Or glance
She stubbed her cigarette—
Stood up
Took up her handbag
And leather gloves
Without a word
Or glance
She left slowly—
In the flurrying snow—
She left.
And me?
I cried.

AFTERMATH

by Trebor

College SPORT



... COLLEGE SPORT



RUGBY

On the passing out of 75 Entry, only one player left the previous season's 1st XV, consequently no re-shuffling of the team was necessary and members were experienced team-mates. The vacancy was eventually filled by a member of 81 Entry.

This Entry provided plenty of support for the College teams and it was because of their large numbers interested in rugby that on occasions four teams played on one afternoon. Unfortunately the excellent weather of the summer lasted far too long into the autumn as far as rugby was concerned. The hard ground covered with wire-like grass caused grazes and bruises which did not encourage hard tackling. However, the 1st XV, with promise of a good season ahead, started well with an 18-3 win over London Scottish 2nd XV.

London Scottish 2nd XV (Won 18-3)

The match took place in London on a pitch that was quite soft in isolated places; however, on the whole, the surface was almost as hard as that of the College pitches.

The pack started the match in a very sluggish manner, showing little push or co-ordination. But as the game progressed so did their enthusiasm and soon they were winning more than their share of the ball. The three-

quarters showed their ability when fed with the ball and played a fast, open game with good passing movements often accompanied by skilful direction changing. Wratten scored two tries, one of which proved his ability to outrun the average player. Graydon and Slade also scored tries and Edwards failed only once to convert. In the last few minutes of the game Flight Lieutenant McLeod broke through in the centre and scored an unconverted try for London Scottish.

R.A.F. Cranwell (Won 16-0)

The pitches had just experienced their first rain of the season, but only enough to keep the grass alive a little longer. Melville scored first after receiving the ball from a combined passing movement between the scrum and the three-quarters; this was followed by Wratten and McKay making a try after a fast passing movement down McKay's wing. Goodman scored from a scrum two yards from the goal line and Stevens scored from a miss-kick by the Cranwell full-back ten yards from their line. The final tries were picked up in the last few minutes of the game which seemed to prove the fitness of the College team—a result of Knocker Cup training. In a game where few penalties were given the strong crosswind caused passing to be poor and even this improved later in the game.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

Sandhurst

The overnight fog gave way to a mild morning, with conditions suitable for both sides to give of their best in what was expected to be a close game. The early minutes confirmed this expectation, as both sides looked dangerous in attack. Goalkeeper Leppard flung himself at the feet of an on-rushing Sandhurst forward to stop what looked a certain goal, and had to receive attention from the trainer. After remaining for a few minutes he was compelled to retire, and was not allowed to resume because of concussion. This was before 15 minutes of the game had elapsed. Right-half Terrett took over the position in goal, and Nicolle dropped back to wing-half. After this, Sandhurst seemed the more dangerous side, as was to be expected, but before half-time it was clear that Cranwell intended to make a fight of the game. The forwards Deakin and Thomson, who had played very few games this season because of injury, somehow managed to find gaps in the Sandhurst defence and to appear in all positions. Just before the interval Thomson with a fine solo effort forced the Sandhurst goalkeeper to bring off a good save, just edging the ball round the post for a corner. Meanwhile, the defence had been having a hard time. Nicholle did a tremendous amount of work in his new position, and showed a lot of positional sense; Glasgow made full use of his speed and recovery powers to cover the middle and subdue his own winger. Hunter played a true skipper's part, and in goal Terrett made no mistakes in a position completely new to him.

At the interval there was still no score, but it seemed doubtful that Cranwell could survive such constant

pressure. As things turned out, however, the second half was far more even than the first. Sandhurst took the lead with about ten minutes gone. Terrett did well to advance out of goal and smother a low, hard cross from the right; the ball ran clear from underneath his body as he rose, and a Sandhurst forward put the ball in the empty goal. One expected this to dishearten Cranwell, but with some 20 minutes to go they equalized. Thomson received a ball on the right from Deakin, worked his way to the near post and coolly lobbed the ball into the far corner of the net. The result was uncertain to the end, though the Cranwell forwards had two opportunities in the closing minutes which might have given them victory. Still, under the circumstances, a draw was a satisfactory result.

Only those who have played nearly a whole game with a man short can realize the effort this demands of the remaining ten. The Cranwell side, to a man, met these demands. One wonders why they can't play as hard, every game, with a full side.

Dartmouth

This game was played on a ground well covered with grass, heavy from rain, and sloping from goal to goal. A strong wind blowing across the ground made the conditions even less conducive to good football. The Cranwell side mastered these difficulties much more quickly than their opponents and played a game well suited to the conditions. Together with the determination shown by the whole team, and an outstanding display by Leppard in goal, this laid the foundations of a sound, if somewhat flattering, victory.



THE SOCCER TEAM

*Back row : Mr Simpson, M. Head, R. Trowern, D. Leppard, P. Deakin, B. Nicolle, Sqn Ldr G. F. Porter
Front row : I. Dorrett, R. E. Gardner, T. Pearson, E. H. Hunter (Captain), T. Terrett, G. Glasgow, J. Laming*

Opening exchanges were even; both defences made errors with the slippery ball and both goals had narrow escapes. After about 10 minutes Cranwell, playing with the slope and wind, seemed to be the stronger side. They shot more frequently than the Dartmouth forwards, whose good midfield play often broke down near the penalty area, where Pearson was in command throughout the game. They used longer passes to bring their wingers more into the game; they were generally quicker to harry their opponents and seize on loose balls. The enthusiasm of Gardner at centre-forward was rewarded when he robbed the Dartmouth centre-half and shot from almost 20 yards. The ball curved in flight, the Dartmouth goalkeeper could not move quickly enough to cover properly, and the greasy ball slipped through his outstretched hands for the opening goal. This was a tonic to the Cranwell side, whose consistent pressure in the last 15 minutes of the first half was rewarded, and Gardner scored from close range after again seizing on a loose ball.

The second half opened sensationally. In the first minute Gardner beat two opponents in a direct run for goal, and shot just inside the post as he was challenged about 15 yards out. Thereafter the issue of the game seemed settled; though Dartmouth pressed strongly for long spells they could not manage to score, because of fine defensive work by captain Hunter and his colleagues, Glasgow, Pearson, and, especially, goalkeeper Leppard. The Cranwell side always seemed more dangerous when they attacked, and Head, who had been injured before half-time, cut in to convert a brilliant cross by Laming

on the half volley before the goalkeeper could move. Ten minutes from time Laming did well to put the ball in the net from an acute angle, but was adjudged offside.

In a game where everyone played hard, where inside forwards covered the length of the ground, and half-backs dominated the danger area; where, in short, team work and spirit reaped their reward, special mention should be made of Leppard and Pearson in defence—easily their best game of the season—and of Gardner's hat-trick.

The future looks even brighter as the junior entries provide far more players than the senior ones.

CROSS-COUNTRY

Dartmouth

We lost our annual fixture against B.R.N.C. Dartmouth, held this year at Dartmouth. The race was run in a downpour and very heavy conditions. The extremely hilly course was something quite new to the whole team.

Sandhurst

In the match against R.M.A. Sandhurst, run on home ground, W. Wood ran well to be first home for the College. However, Sandhurst, fielding a very strong team, including two representatives of the Army's Cross-Country team this year, managed to win quite easily.



Presentation of the trophy after the Sandhurst soccer match

INTER-SQUADRON

Rugby

'A' v. 'B'

This first inter-squadron match was outstanding for two reasons; first the number of penalties granted (and missed), and secondly the lack of bloodshed which is usually a feature of these 'needle' games. 'B' Squadron won by 5 tries to 'A' Squadron's single try and a drop goal.

'C' v. 'A'

'C' Squadron's seemingly overwhelming side was kept from crossing the 'A' Squadron goal line until the closing minutes of the game. Spectators were forecasting a draw when 'C' scored and converted; they also kicked a penalty goal. 'A' did not score.

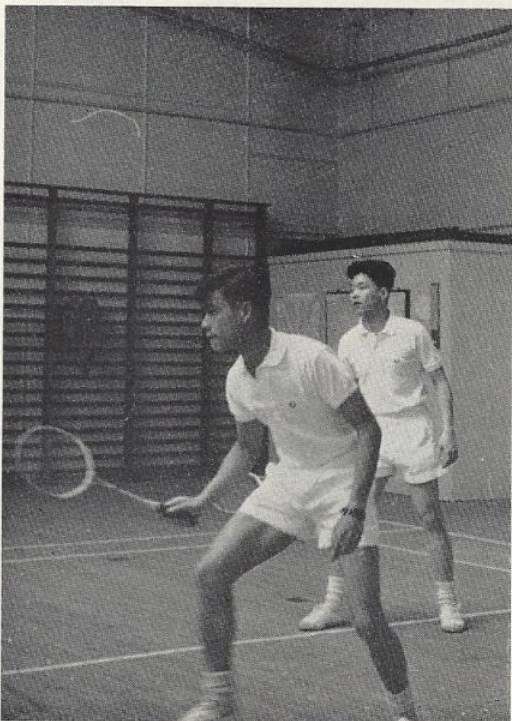
'C' v. 'B'

Both squadrons, having beaten 'A' Squadron, were given equal chances of winning the deciding game, but it was 'B' with their heavier pack who came out on top, winning by 12 points to nil.

Badminton

The inter-squadron trophy was won by 'A' Squadron who succeeded in beating both 'B' and 'C' Squadrons in a hard-fought contest.

Results: 'B' (8) v. 'C' (1); 'A' (9) v. 'C' (0); 'A' (6) v. 'B' (3).



Flight Cadets Chuah and Theseira in action

RUGBY

B.R.N.C. Dartmouth (Lost 16-6)

The annual fixture was played at Dartmouth and took place on a day when a strong wind was blowing and conditions were rather heavy for good open rugby. The College kicked off with the wind behind them and were soon well into the Dartmouth half, where two easy penalties near their posts were missed. Mackay organized the first try which was made by Boulton; after a three-quarter movement with the ball going out to the right wing Mackay made a forceful dash into the opposing 'twenty-five' where weight of numbers almost stopped his rush. However, his kick ahead was collected by Boulton, who easily scored. The try was not converted. Cranwell also scored a penalty goal which was conveniently placed, but Dartmouth immediately retaliated, and the score at half-time was 6-3 in favour of Cranwell.

Palmer of Dartmouth dominated the lineouts and loose scrums, but the College pack seemed slightly stronger when binding for set scrums. However, in the second half, the College pack lost their force, and consequently our three-quarters did not receive any service with which to prove their latent ability. A 'pushover' try between our posts and the easy conversion gave Dartmouth the lead. This they enhanced by another try from a 'tap' penalty and a conversion, followed by another penalty. Tackling proved to be the Cranwell 'bugbear' and we had no answer to the Naval 'man mountain'.

R.M.A. Sandhurst (Won 6-5)

During the match the pack kept the play in the Sandhurst half for quite a time even though playing into a stiff breeze; it was on one of the rare occasions that they entered our half, that Sandhurst pounced upon a loose ball and Churcher scored quite easily. This was converted by Rose. Wratten and Mackay replied with a sparkling passing movement which ended with a try by the former; unfortunately this was not converted, and Sandhurst had a two point lead at half-time. The College only needed time to neutralize their faults, and Boulton proved this by repeating Churcher's performance and scoring an unconverted try between our opponents' posts. In the last few minutes of the game, Rose forfeited a chance of victory for Sandhurst by missing a penalty. This proved to be their last opportunity and the game finished a win for Cranwell.

R.A.F. Technical College (Won 16-3)

Although Cranwell won this game, it was not the convincing victory that the score suggests. The scrum lost much of its push and only once provided that extra shove to gain a pushover try shortly after the start of the game. Graydon joined a three-quarter movement from his position at full-back and after moving deep into the Henlow twenty-five gave a perfect cross-kick which was taken by McCarthy two yards from their line—the touch-down was made between the posts and converted. An infringement by the Cranwell hooker gave Henlow an easy three points which they badly needed. Shortly after, one of their centre three-quarters left the field because of a head injury and Henlow began to fight back fiercely with their 14 men. Symes and Edwards scored in the second half, with fast movements; Edwards completed his on his back with the ball at arms' length.

Both 1st and 2nd XV's enjoyed the friendly but hard games with the Station teams and look forward to next term's return fixtures.

Rosslyn Park Extra 1st XV (Lost 8-3)

This game saw our hopes of an undefeated season dashed to the ground, in fact the worst ground that most of us had yet played on. The game became a battle between the packs on a concrete-like surface, and Meads took a heavy pounding behind the scrum. The only remarkable fact about this game was its lack of injuries; although Lloyd sprained his wrist badly we were fortunate that nothing more serious occurred. The College scored first with a penalty kick; then a try and a goal put Rosslyn Park ahead. Our efforts to save the match were in vain, and the final score was 8-3 in favour of our opponents.

Blackheath 2nd XV (Lost 21-16)

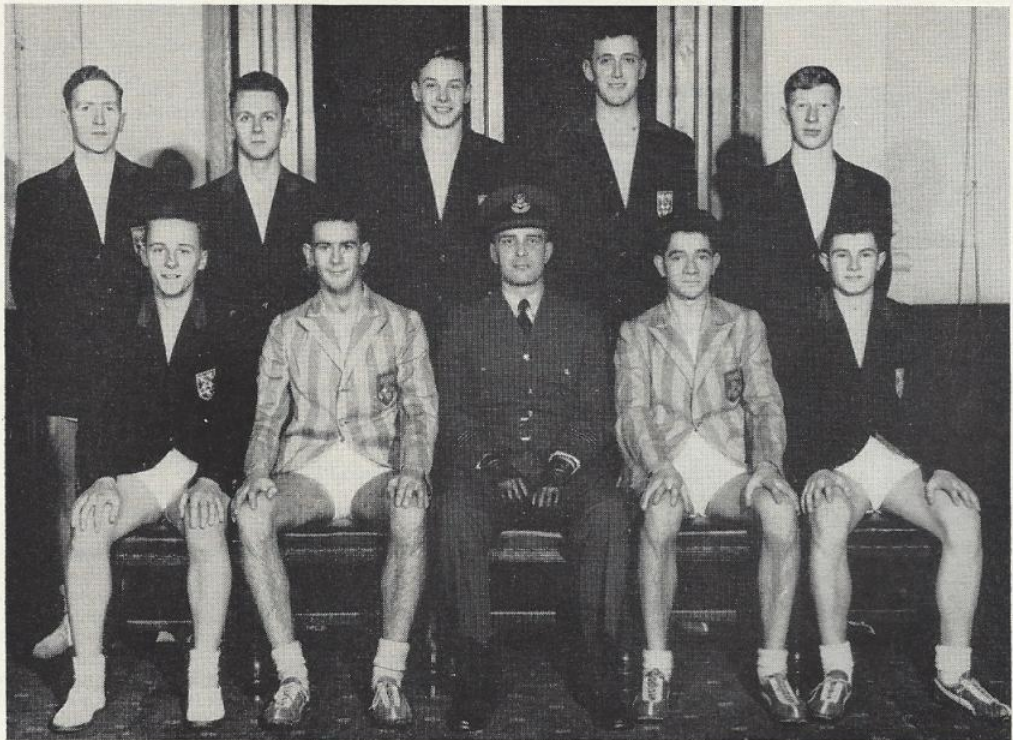
On Saturday, 7th November, Blackheath visited the College; unfortunately they had difficulty in finding their way and had two players stranded in Peterborough. However, two members of 81 Entry nobly filled their 'prop' positions in place of the unfortunate 'strays.' Both played well during the match and earned the thanks which they received from the Blackheath captain. On the afternoon of 'the hottest day in November for 28 years' it was Cranwell who opened the scoring within minutes of the kick-off—Mackay scored on the wing, and it was converted by Melville. Blackheath scored

next and later went ahead with a penalty goal. An excellent push by the scrum with the ball being held in the second row, put one of their wingers offside near the Blackheath line and Melville again kicked a useful 3 points.

Throughout the game Blackheath had scored frequently and remained those few points ahead and this lead was increased in the closing stages. The opposition's hooker dominated the set scrums and their tall second row forward the line-outs. Melville was kicking exceptionally well, and the general verdict seemed to be that it was a fine game to watch even though the hard ground made it agony to play in.

Harlequins Extra 1st XV (Won 8-3)

This fixture was played in London on a pitch that had been well cared for and further improved by the first impressive rainfall for weeks. The 1st XV played an inspired game that was fast and full of good open movements, and our pack had the edge on their opponents in the 'tight' scrums. This game was the first in which chances were unnecessarily thrown away. With no score, the College was given a penalty five yards from the Harlequins' posts, and it would have been a simple matter to kick for 3 points. The 'tap' penalty that was taken instead resulted in failure owing to lack of practice in the manoeuvre and Harlequins cleared the ball easily. With our superior push in the scrum several opportunities of 'push-over' tries were lost in the first half



THE CROSS-COUNTRY TEAM

*Back row : W. L. McKee, R. Saar, A. Fern, P. G. Pinney, I. H. Nelson
Front row : W. Wood, W. G. Chapman, Sqn Ldr J. Sandford, C. B. H. Hardie, J. Hambleton*

because of the ball being fed to the three-quarters instead of being held in the back row. Just before half-time Edwards picked up a loose ball and scored easily—he also converted it putting Cranwell 5 points ahead at half-time. Morale was high, and for the first time we seemed to be near to victory; indeed in this half, play was mainly in the Harlequins' half of the field. Edwards scored an unconverted try by breaking through in the centre and outrunning any challengers.

In the closing stages of the game the Harlequins' right-winger scored an unconverted try after being mistackled twice.

Oundle School (Won 29-0)

Although the pitch at Oundle was not as suitable as that of Harlequins, the going was reasonably soft and 'gave' to falling bodies. Touch-line criticism said that this was not a particularly exciting game to watch, but this was undoubtedly due to conditions and the fact that the College three-quarters were playing superbly, as the score suggests. Mackay scored three good winger's tries; Stephens, following the ball well in the loose, got two more and Boulton also scored. Boulton's score was somewhat of a 'copybook' try with a quick break, change of direction and pace and finally outrunning the Oundle full-back to the line. Though 18 points down at half-time the Oundle team's spirit never flagged and indeed their efforts were more evident in the second half. The Oundle scrum, although younger and probably less experienced than that of the College, was amazingly good and tested Cranwell to their limit.

Stoneygate (Won 19-6)

Both the regular scrum-half and fly-half were not available for this match, and a strong wind down the length of the pitch only made the position worse. However, the Stoneygate wing-forwards were relatively slow, and didn't unduly worry our substitute scrum-half, Evans, who played well throughout the game, made good use of the wind and on one occasion caught the ball after it had bounced from his own kick ahead, and scored easily. Despite the adverse wind conditions Edwards was again kicking well, and scored two penalties and converted two tries; Lloyd also scored after a long run down his touch-line.

With our opponents scoring only a penalty and an unconverted try, the final result was a win for Cranwell. During the match, the College pack was the backbone of the team, but it was only because the opposing hooker was consistently being penalized for not bending properly that Cranwell saw so much of the ball from the tight scrummages.

Worksop College (Won 14-3)

On a surface that was very suitable for rugby, the bad effects of the hard ground earlier in the season became evident in the manner in which the members of the team were tackling. This and the poor handling were significant in the match, and many opportunities were thrown away. Wratten, McCarthy and McKay all scored; Edwards converting one and Boulton kicking a drop-goal—the first of the season! During last season, this method of scoring was attempted only twice, one of which was successful. It seems a great pity that players all too infrequently remember that valuable points can be gained by this method. Tomes made his debut for the 1st XV in this fixture and after a slow start showed that with practice he would be able to hold his position in the team.

Jesus College (Won 14-6)

Melville was not available for our annual fixture with Jesus, and as they have a 'giant-sized' reputation

in the line-out his absence was particularly noticeable. However, Edwards opened the scoring for Cranwell with a penalty goal. Our opponents retaliated swiftly by equalizing with an unconverted try, and pulled ahead when they scored again just after Wratten had left the field with a leg injury. Edwards scored and converted a try between the Jesus College posts after dodging and weaving his way through their defence—it may only have been 20 yards, but he must have doubled that by his twisting run. Wratten returned to the field and surprised all by scoring (even with a handicap) and Mackay followed him just before the final whistle.

Royal Air Force XV (Lost 18-16)

This match proved to be the best of the season and the frequent scoring by both sides kept spectators guessing about the result until the final few minutes. The R.A.F. XV scored first with an unconverted try which was followed by Wratten scoring after intercepting a pass and outrunning the full-back to the goal line. McCarthy, who somehow managed to become involved in one of our three-quarter movements within the R.A.F. twenty-five, scored a try which was converted. Soon afterwards poor tackling allowed a centre breakthrough by the R.A.F. to develop into a scoring movement. The game was developing into a fast, hard struggle and scores by Wratten and Symes made this more obvious by their speed and thrust. By two quick consecutive tries, our opponents took the lead in the closing minutes. Throughout the game both sides had been playing equally hard and open rugby, but the R.A.F. XV did not manage to convert any of their tries at all. This and the poor tackling on the Cranwell side made the game exciting, and if chances had been grasped when offered, the College would have been nearer to beating a team that usually has an overwhelming win over them.

Oxford Greyhounds (Lost 6-0)

The four-hour journey to Oxford didn't help the team's condition and we lost to a superior team on the wettest ground of the season. Our regular scrum-half was not available, and a game which was as tough as this seems a harsh place to give experience to a stand-in. It was the same old story of bad tackling and superior line-out work which caused the Cranwell defeat and the match was obviously one for the forwards. The uncertainty of the passes from the scrum-half caused the whole of the three-quarters line to get out of phase, and created a headache for the fly-half.

Another failure of the College became obvious; the allegedly 'quick' penalties were not nearly quick enough, consequently the opposing team had time to get into position before Cranwell were 'on side.'

O.C.T.U. Jurby (Won 9-3)

The journey to the Isle of Man was made by air and this was the first time that a Cranwell side had met its fellow cadets at rugby. With both wind and sloping pitch to our advantage, the pack fed the three-quarters well and Harris scored on the left. With no other score in this half, it would seem that we had not used our advantages of situation and weather to their fullest. However, both sides were equally matched and points were hard fought for.

Jurby used the strong wind from the kick-off by kicking the ball from the centre spot over our dead ball line—an amazing kick even with a wind. They kept us penned within our half, and only a breakout by Wratten, who intercepted a pass and scored easily, relaxed the pressure. The superior ability of their kicker earned them 3 points from a penalty in the College half.

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INFORMATION REQUIRED. May I suggest you should let me know your date of birth, whether married or single, dates of birth and sexes of children, rates of pay and next increase, and how much you can afford in addition to any existing outlay. If you have any Policies in force, I recommend you to let me inspect them and tell you whether they are good value. In any case they may affect the type of new Policy you should consider. With this information, I can give you recommendations which you can accept or reject as you please.

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The College scrum again proved to be 'as safe as houses' and completed the score with a long forward rush and a touch-down by McCarthy.

Scunthorpe (Won 9-3)

The last match of the season resulted in a win for Cranwell. Mackay, Wratten and McCarthy each scored tries. This showed the general trend of play during the season—the three-quarters getting the tries, but the scrum working hard in support and scoring themselves.

The 2nd XV under M. Evans' captaincy showed considerable spirit and through frequent training sessions achieved a good standard of physical fitness. The injuries in both 1st and 2nd XVs caused a considerable drain on the teams' potential and on paper the season's results do not justify the efforts involved.

Both 3rd and 4th XVs were very inconsistent because of injuries and again results do not do justice to the efforts involved.

The players of the 1st XV take this opportunity to thank Squadron Leader Harris for his efforts in binding us together as a team, and also Mrs Harris for her generous hospitality to the team when arriving back at College late from away fixtures. The teams would also like to thank Wing Commander Watts for his efforts to better their standard of play, and all other officers who assisted in any way whatsoever.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

At the beginning of the season, the team suffered a serious setback when three regular players were injured. It was not until they returned, just before the Dartmouth match, that the side settled down and played with more confidence. Despite the loss of Baker, probably the most polished player in the side, a few days before the Dartmouth game, our decisive victory stabilized the team, and led to some entertaining football.

The defence, which started the season shakily, improved as the backs, Hunter and Glasgow, gained positional sense and confidence in each other. The forward line lacked finishing power throughout the season, but improved once its composition became more settled. The return of Thomson later in the term certainly gave some punch to the right wing. Gardner, who did a tremendous amount of work in the centre, was top goalscorer, and will be missed next term, as will Pearson, at centre-half, whose intelligent use of the ball prompted many of the attacks.

Colours were awarded to Gardner, Pearson, Dorrett, Leppard, Thomson, Deakin and Terrett.

The 2nd XI suffered, not from injuries but from lack of players. The shortage of soccer players in the College is acute. However, the team showed promise at times, but the universities usually proved too strong.

Credit is due to Trowern for keeping together an inexperienced side, and for sacrificing his chances of a first team place, which his play often warranted, in order to captain the 2nd XI. All soccer players wish to thank Squadron Leader Porter and Mr Simpson for their invaluable assistance throughout the term.

CROSS-COUNTRY

The cross-country team suffered in the Autumn term from injury and illness amongst its foremost members and also from inconsistent performance by our fourth, fifth and sixth string runners. The interest shown by the new Entry did not make up for the loss of our captain the previous term. W. G. Chapman has now taken over this post.

The start of the season saw very warm, dry weather, with a very hard surface to run on. This was an advantage

to some, especially those fond of road or track running, but not to those who seem to gain cooling and lubricating from the cold, damp, muddy atmosphere of Lincolnshire! It was not until after the mid-term break that the real cross-country weather descended upon us. This was when the injuries started to make themselves felt.

Towards the end of term our 'middlemen' improved considerably and we finished with two comfortable wins over the Imperial College, London, and Kesteven T.C.

Both J. R. Hambleton and W. Wood have had some good runs this term, though they have been rather inconsistent in their running.

We welcome Flight Lieutenant J. K. Jennings as officer-in-charge. An Old Cranwellian, he was once a prominent member of the College team.

The team was: Flight Cadets W. G. Chapman (Captain)*, C. B. H. Hardie (Vice-Captain, Secretary)*, A. Fern, J. R. Hambleton, P. G. Pinney, W. Wood, W. L. McKee, I. H. Nelson, R. Saar, D. Fradley.

* Full Colours.

BADMINTON

Having established itself last season as an equal to the other major sports, badminton went from strength to strength during this term. Not only did the team do well, but even greater interest was stimulated within the College and, indeed, during the term badminton was one of the sports included in the Chimay Cup—this in itself is proof of the progress it has made. The successful pairings of last season were continued and improved with practice. In the first match of the term the College 1st VI had a convincing win against Carre's Grammar School; however, this standard of play was not extending the team and with the prospect of more difficult opposition in the future, we were in need of some energetic practice.

Without doubt the most difficult fixture of the season was against the Malayan Teachers' College at Wolverhampton. Even though we lost heavily it was felt that experience had been gained and the only way in which to raise the general standard of play was to tackle opponents who would ensure that the team played at its best continually. The 1st VI had several good wins during the term, among which were those over R.A.F. Technical College, B.R.N.C. Dartmouth and Leicester University.

Badminton is a sport in which concentration is all-important and there was a lack of this in some matches, which is reflected by the scores. However, this was not a serious fault, and concentration can be acquired by practice as can skill and timing, two other essential factors in the game.

A second team was started as an experiment, and it is hoped to continue with it if sufficient players reach a suitable standard of play in the course of the season.

The team consisted of Geach*, Raeside*, Greenwood, Chuah, Theseira and Mighall.

* Full Colours.

RESULTS

Carre's Grammar School	(h)	7-2	(w)
Kesteven Training College	(h)	5-4	(w)
Malayan Teachers' College	(a)	1-8	(l)
R.A.F. Cranwell	(h)	6-3	(w)
Kesteven Training College	(a)	6-3	(w)
R.A.F. Cranwell	(h)	6-3	(w)
B.R.N.C. Dartmouth	(a)	5-0	(w)
Nottingham University	(a)	3-6	(l)
R.A.F. Technical College	(h)	5-0	(w)
Leicester University	(a)	7-2	(w)

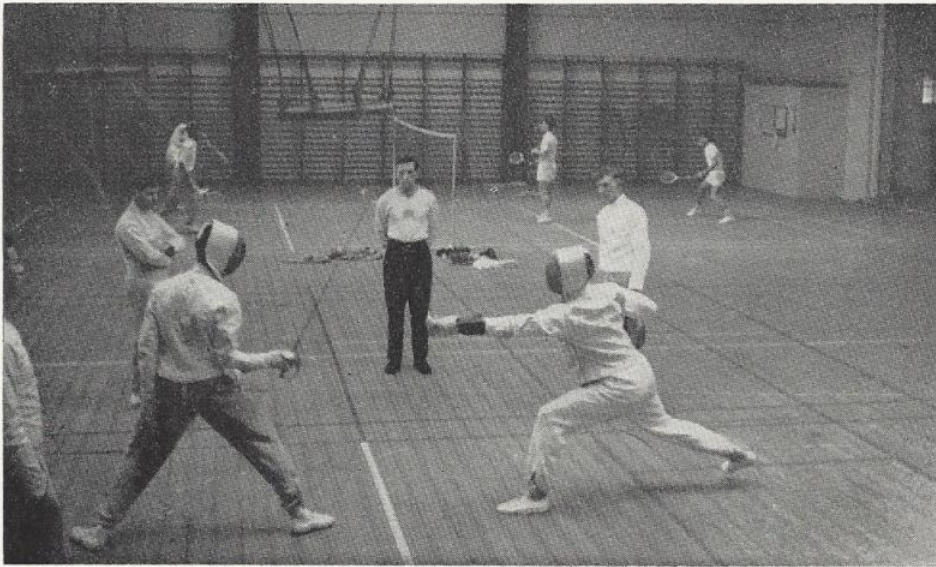


THE RUGBY TEAM

Back row: E. L. Gothard, K. J. Edwards, J. V. McCarthy, I. Weddle, P. J. Symes, A. P. Stephens, W. J. Wratten,
 Sqn Ldr T. R. Harris
 Sitting: R. M. Bayne, R. G. Slade, M. J. Graydon, R. K. C. Melville, P. J. Kemp, A. A. Mackay, P. M. de W. Boulton,
 C. J. Booth, P. R. Tomes



A hard tackle in the Sandhurst rugby match



Fencing practice in the College gymnasium

SHOOTING

This term has seen a period of intense activity on the part of the .22 team. The first two weeks were spent in concentrated practice in order to train a team of suitable standard for success in the inter-Service College matches later in the term.

The inter-Squadron match was shot on 18th November. The results were: 'B' 372 pts.; 'A' 371 pts.; and 'C' 367 pts.

After varying results in matches against Oundle School, University College, Fettes College and Nottingham University, we succeeded in equalling last year's record by beating R.M.A. Sandhurst and B.R.N.C. Dartmouth, and we also won our match against R.A.F.T.C. Henlow.

In our present strength we look forward with confidence to further successes in the spring term.

The team this term has been selected from Senior Flight Cadets I. R. Sinclair*, C. S. Parkin*, Flight Cadets M. C. Turner*, K. J. Dearman, R. M. Prothero*, P. A. Nelson, R. L. Banks*, G. N. L. Hyde, R. McEvoy*, P. S. Loveday, M. H. J. Goldring, J. V. Harding, A. J. Gowing.

* Full Colours.

RESULTS

Oundle School...	782-766 (w)
University College	774-783 (l)
Fettes College	785-763 (w)
Nottingham University	765-764 (w)
B.R.N.C. Dartmouth...	780-764 (w)
R.A.F.T.C. Henlow	781-750 (w)
R.M.A. Sandhurst	768-761 (w)
Imperial College	763-781 (l)

FENCING

This term membership of the fencing team has not been consistent because less experienced fencers have been given a try out with the first team. We hope to offset the loss of Coriat, Porteous, Potter and Smith, who have passed out with 76 Entry. There have been

no outstanding successes this term, but it is pleasing to record that neither have there been any outstanding failures. We are pleased to welcome a new sabreur and foilist in Thomson of 81 Entry. He has done very well this term. Next term brings the Sandhurst, Dartmouth and Ecole de l'Air matches.

RESULTS

1st v. Hatfield F.C.	12-16 (l)
1st v. R.A.F. Swinderby	22-5 (w)
1st v. St Paul's School	21-6 (w)
2nd v. St Paul's School	15-17 (l)
1st v. Nottingham University	22-5 (w)
1st v. Westminster School	13-14 (l)
1st v. King's School Rochester	22-5 (w)

THE SOVEREIGN'S SQUADRON

Points Scored in the Autumn Term

		'A'	'B'	'C'
		Sqn	Sqn	Sqn
<i>Chimay</i>		Pts	Pts	Pts
Rugby...	...	4	20	12
Soccer...	...	4	20	12
Fencing	9	3	15
Badminton	15	9	3
Shooting	2	10	6
Total	34	62	48
<i>Prince of Wales Trophy</i>				
Ferris	8	2	5
Knocker	7	4	1
Chimay	3	9	6
Total	18	15	12



Zermatt and the Matterhorn



ZERMATT — 1959

DURING the Christmas leave a party of one officer, 16 flight cadets and one technical cadet had a first-class winter sports holiday at Zermatt, in Vallais, with the Royal Air Force Ski Club. The party met at Victoria at 7 a.m. on the 22nd and joined other members of the Ski Club who were in the same travelling party. We then went to Gatwick Airport by train, and after the weigh-in, various formalities, and a half-hour wait, we boarded a Trans-Air Viscount. Next stop—Geneva.

It was a very comfortable flight, though there was a lot of cloud below us. As we sat back in our reclining seats, watching the three stewardesses, or should I say flight-hostesses? serving coffee and duty-free cigarettes, I could hear murmurings to the tune of 'Pigs were never like this.' The flight took two hours, and by 1230, Central European time, we were in Geneva. Customs and unloading did not take long, and we were driven to the station in a machine not seen in this country—a coach with a trailer.

We skirted Lake Geneva in the train and passed through Lausanne, Montreux, Aigle, Scion, to Visp. There we changed to a smaller train and wended our way up a seemingly endless valley until, at 1830, we rolled into Zermatt. Fortunately our hotels were a mere 100 yards from the station, so we headed off for food and warmth. The party was divided between adjacent hotels, the National Bellevue and the Gornergrat and after dinner, recce parties were sent out to explore the village. During the course of the evening, such places as the Walliserhof, The Jug, and Chérie's, were found, and noted for further action. The National Bellevue sported a very nice bar and a first-rate dance band, so we did not do too badly.

Those who wandered around found out many things apart from the hostelrie with the cheapest beer. Zermatt has no public motor transport, in fact no cars at all, only sleighs, horse-drawn. The sleigh-drivers were either very staid or completely mad, and Ben Hur did not get a look in!

The next morning we hired our ski-ing equipment, and for the rest of the day caused havoc on the nursery slopes. Those who had skied before found that the knack returned in time, and the novices looked enviously at six-year-old children calmly coasting past at 30 knots! That evening the Ski Club of Great Britain held a cocktail party in the Schweizerhof which the majority of the party attended. After dinner a great discovery was made—a party of 28 American students in the Gornergrat, and to cap it, they were all female! Contact was established that evening during a dance at the Bellevue, and life looked very rosy for some.

During the day we had had good opportunity to take stock of our surroundings. Zermatt, which consists mainly of hotels and pensions, is situated in a steep valley in the shadow of the Matterhorn—surely the most photographed mountain in existence. There are many shops in the town with everything for the huge tourist population.

On the 24th we had our first day of instruction with the Ski School. There are 84 ski instructors in Zermatt, easily recognizable by their red sweaters. We were divided into five classes, ranging from beginners to 'those who knew.' Then the fun started. The beginners disrupted proceedings all over the nursery slopes, while the

more advanced classes headed for the Sesselbahn, the chair-lift up to Suregga. Suregga is at about 7,000 feet, 2,000 feet above the Zermatt, then, by a 15-minute trip on a ski-tow, Blauherd is reached, another 1,000 feet up. Gradually, as time went by, we began to 'get the message,' and the instructors stopped feeling that we would never make it. On Christmas Eve many attended the Midnight Communion service in the English Church above the village.

Christmas Day was overcast and snowy, and it was not very pleasant up the mountain, but nevertheless, we kept at it all day. Everyone had been bitten by the bug, and did not want to stop. In the evening, after Christmas dinner, many ventured into the Gornergrat where a sign said 'Room 32—Come up,' and there was a party!

Previously, the cadet party had been asked to provide a choir for the Carol Service on the Sunday evening, and on the Saturday we held a practice. The result was very pleasing, and the service the next day was very much appreciated by the many English guests.

Sunday the 27th was a rest period from ski-ing, as there were no classes, but for some it was a black day indeed—the American party left for Vienna. Indeed, for days some were seen to mope around, disconsolate! However, after that, all energies were devoted to ski-ing.



As time progressed, and we had more lessons, we tried to imitate the 'skis parallel, spring in the knees!' style of the instructors—with varying degrees of success. However, individual styles emerged such as the 'straight down, and to hell—CRASH—with the consequences' technique, and the 'what, me turn?' outlook.

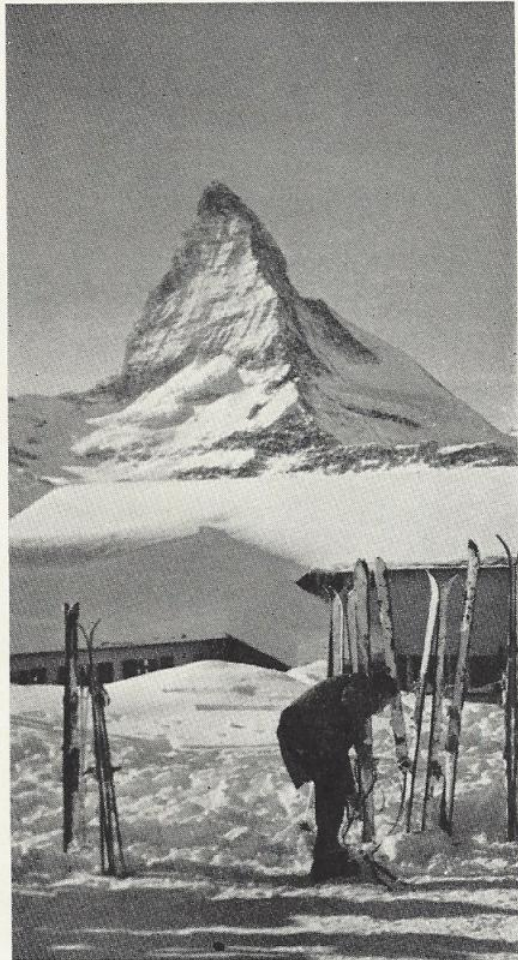
However, the techniques of the turn and the emergency stop had to be mastered as there were hundreds of others on the slopes.

Zermatt, though having a small basic population, has a huge influx of tourists over the Christmas period, and everyone tried to get onto the Gornergrat Railway simultaneously. This railway takes one up 5,000 feet in about 50 minutes, and there is a 12-kilometre run down to Zermatt. We never got near the 6½-minute record for the run. The R.A.F. Ski Team who were training there tried, but we never heard the result.

In time there arose a new shout on the slopes—'Le Crazy Air Ay Eef!' This meant—'Get out, but fast!' Between the six of us in our class we had an impressive score of breakages—four skis, two pairs of trousers, and a Frenchman!

The beginners soon got into the swing of things. At first they were amazed how tiring it was, but then as they progressed they got more and more enjoyment out of it. The instruction was very good, and soon they were up the Gornergrat with the rest of us, negotiating such places as the 'Wall of Death' and the 'Gallery.'

The Swiss New Year of 'St Silvestre' is quite an event, and makes up for a quiet (?) Christmas. The National Bellevue was packed to capacity, and the revelry went on till the wee small hours. Needless to say, there was no Ski School on New Year's Day.



By this time arrangements had been made for a ski-race on our last day. Everyone practised hard, some using the Schwarzee, one of the hardest ski runs in Switzerland, as a training jaunt. On the day the skis were well waxed, and at 1250 the 12 competitors took off, with a flurry of snow and small feathers, with $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles to go. The massed start was hair-raising enough, but avoiding the bodies at 40 knots was worse. The winner was Bromhead, with Blomfield close behind. The remainder came in, covered with snow, but unhurt.

On the last afternoon nine of us did a tour of about 12 miles before we had to hand back our

equipment and start packing ready for the trip back.

On the last night a raclete and fondue party was held in one of the hotels. Raclete is raw steak which is cooked in boiling fat and then spice, while fondue is a cheese dish. There were isolated parties all over the town, mainly the 'last fling' type.

On the 5th we were up very early and, after the usual coffee and rolls breakfast, boarded the train. It was a very sad party that left that day, and almost everyone vowed to return next year. We arrived back in London tired—yes, but convinced of one thing, it was the best holiday we had had in a long, long time.



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.

AN INNOCENT IN IRELAND

(By kind permission of the Field Shooting Society)

THE Dormobile left the College straight after the passing-out parade on December 15th on the first stage of its trip to Eire, crewed by two members of *The Journal* staff. That was the first hazard of the trip: the others just followed naturally—generator failure, bad drivers (everybody on the road except us), lorries overtaking at 60 m.p.h. on the M.6 and other minor obstacles like the Pennines, Manchester, Lancaster, etc.—but we made Heysham Harbour with 30 seconds to spare. We then had to wait, true B.R. fashion, four hours before the boat left. However, my next recollection is of waking up as we docked in Belfast, and going out onto the deck to watch the dockers busily engaged in talking. This was the first indication we had that the Irish are very similar to the English in many respects. The drive through Belfast proved that they have a touch of the Parisian in them too.

On arrival at Aldergrove we had a very entertaining talk with the Station Adjutant, who told us that our firearms certificates had not yet arrived, and with the Station Commander, who told us that even if we did by some chance get the guns into Ireland, we certainly wouldn't hit anything with the type of shot that we had brought. Slightly discouraged, we went out to meet the Super-pig which was bringing the rest of the party over from Barkston Heath. They had all obviously had a good time at the Grad Ball the night before. Morale was at an all-time low, but fortunately the erring certificates turned up and we set off happily down the wrong road out of the Camp. This set the pattern for the rest of the trip down to Ennis.

Somehow or other the errors must have cancelled each other out, because we eventually reached Armagh, which was on our route. Here we stopped for a Customs check and a quick meal in a nearby café. The highlight of the meal was undoubtedly the deathly silence which followed the echoing rattle of 'Pig-pen's' poker dice on the metal table-top. I think we made a big impression on the locals. On the way out of Armagh we were stopped by two policemen in best Interpol style. One had his hand inside his raincoat on a pistol-shaped bulge, while the other stood a few paces behind him holding his left hand behind his back. This, we soon found out, held a sub-machine gun. We were obviously

near the frontier. The contrast between the machine-guns and concrete of the brand-new Northern Irish frontier post and the little wooden Customs shack on the Southern Irish side of the border bore testimony to the I.R.A. activities, but there were no visits from them while we were there (much to the disappointment of some members of the party who had their B.B. shot all ready).

Once in Eire, we made quite a good speed along the road, hindered only by the Irish; I think we timed our visit badly, because we had obviously arrived on the Irish National Road-Tearing-Up Day . . . We were helped, however, by the sign-posting, which in Northern Ireland had been a bit erratic, but here was non-existent. We stopped after the frontier only to buy petrol and apples. Thereafter we went on, somewhat haphazardly (accompanied by comments from the pilots at the back enquiring why 'with so many — navigators on board, none of them knew where we — well were') until, many hours later, we accidentally arrived at a place called Ennis, which happened to be our destination. Behind us we left a trail across Ireland of apple cores, suitcases, tyre-marks, frightened Irishmen and bolted horses (we were getting quite accurate with the apple cores).

At the hotel a very efficient manager (who probably owned the Blarney Stone) arranged everything for us, and next day we went out shooting accompanied by a genuine Irish ghillie who spent his spare time gambling and distilling illicit Irish whiskey. The fact that he usually only got about two hours' sleep a night didn't seem to affect his ability, and he had an uncanny way of producing whatever type of shooting we asked for. On our first day he thought we could do with some practice, so he took us to a big lake (or lough) and raised some duck very successfully, but we weren't good enough and we missed most of them. The coots, however, were quite easy, because if we missed them as they flew past about a foot off our gun barrels, then we reached up and, grabbing them swiftly by the tail, beat their brains out on the rocks.

Flushed by our success, we demanded to go snipe shooting. Snipe shooting, I had been told, was quite tricky; whoever said it was an idiot; it is, in my opinion, damn near impossible. The

snipe we shot at were all obviously old hands at the game. When we first arrived they showed themselves coyly and settled back into the immense bog ahead of us. We all lined up eagerly and started walking towards them and the bog. Then the inevitable happened; I tried to wade across a six-foot deep bit of bog. This was what all the snipe were waiting for; while I swam across the ditch they all flew off, killing themselves laughing at having found another sucker. There were, incidentally, four other suckers that afternoon, but five snipe died of heart failure, or something, when shots were fired in their general direction. Or perhaps they just died of laughing. We decided not to go snipe shooting again, although Mike seemed quite at home in the bogs.

We didn't really fare much better at duck shooting. Most of it was in the daytime, but the shoots most easily remembered are the morning and evening duck flights which we always attended. At our first evening flight I sat among some very hard rocks in near pitch-darkness in a howling gale while a rainstorm passed overhead. I didn't get anything, but saw three ducks and nearly shot the ghillie's dog twice. The second evening flight was no more successful. As Mike and myself were the two most junior members of the party, we were the ones detailed to sit among some rocks about 50 yards out from the shore in the river Fergus. We had been sitting there for about one and a half hours, hearing ducks whistle past us, above us and nearly in between us without seeing a single one, when a golden plover alighted on the rock beside me. While I was deciding whether to shoot it or merely beat its brains out with the butt of my gun, it flew off. Numb with cold and half mad with frustration, I decided to shoot the next thing I saw moving. Mike nearly got his brains blown out. The morning flights weren't much better, but I did nearly shoot a hare instead of only nearly shooting a golden plover. . . Some people were more successful and bagged quite a few ducks and, one memorable morning, even a goose was shot. This was one of a skein which most of the party got a shot at (except me; I was at the other end of the lake). This particular goose got the benefit of several maximum 1's from Sabine and Barringer. According to my reckoning it died three times over because it simultaneously

- (a) received a pellet in the heart;
- (b) reached its critical wing loading and plunged earthwards to break its neck;
and
- (c) died of lead poisoning on the way down.

Our daylight duck shoots were slightly more successful, but we always experienced difficulty in raising the duck properly and in getting them to fly over us within range. On the only occasion when we didn't have the ghillie, I volunteered to walk round to the other side of the lake (or lough) to raise the duck over there. The distance which looked like half a mile was nearer two miles, and I wasn't helped by some thickets of thorn bushes which would have done credit to darkest Africa for impassability. After having struggled through my third clump of thorn bushes that day, I saw the duck sitting in the water about 50 yards from me. It looked rather lonely; the others must have heard me coming. But it was accompanied by about a dozen coot, which I made up my mind to shoot. A shout brought absolutely no reaction, but a shot disposed of the nearest coot, and raised the others. They all flew towards me (away from the other guns), but I managed to turn them by downing the lead coot with my right barrel. I was then lucky enough to get the duck with the left—and it fell into the biggest clump of thorn bushes available. I decided to go home. This time I went around the other side of the lake (or lough) to avoid the three big clumps of thorn bushes. I think I nearly made the right decision, because there was only one clump on the other side. Unfortunately it was a miniature forest about a mile long. My New Year's resolution is never to go shooting without a ghillie.

On our last day we were able to borrow a rowing boat from the Irish Fisheries Trust and this was used all afternoon while we took it in turns to row furiously up and down the lake (or lough) chasing ducks and coot and letting loose miniature broadsides at anything that moved. The main disadvantage of this was the proximity of the gun barrels to the rower's head. Despite all our efforts Mike still had his head at the end of the afternoon. 'Pig-pen' provided the highlight of the afternoon with his quick draw on a surfacing coot; he literally blew it out of the water at about four yards' range.

On our last evening in Ireland we went to a woodcock flight-line. We didn't wait very long before I shattered the evening quiet with a left and a right aimed vaguely upwards. No one was more surprised than I was when a woodcock fell to the ground. I ruined the effect, however, by following this up and shooting at a falling cock that 'Pig-pen' had already killed. After that things settled down to the usual chaos with everybody shooting at anything that moved. At one stage

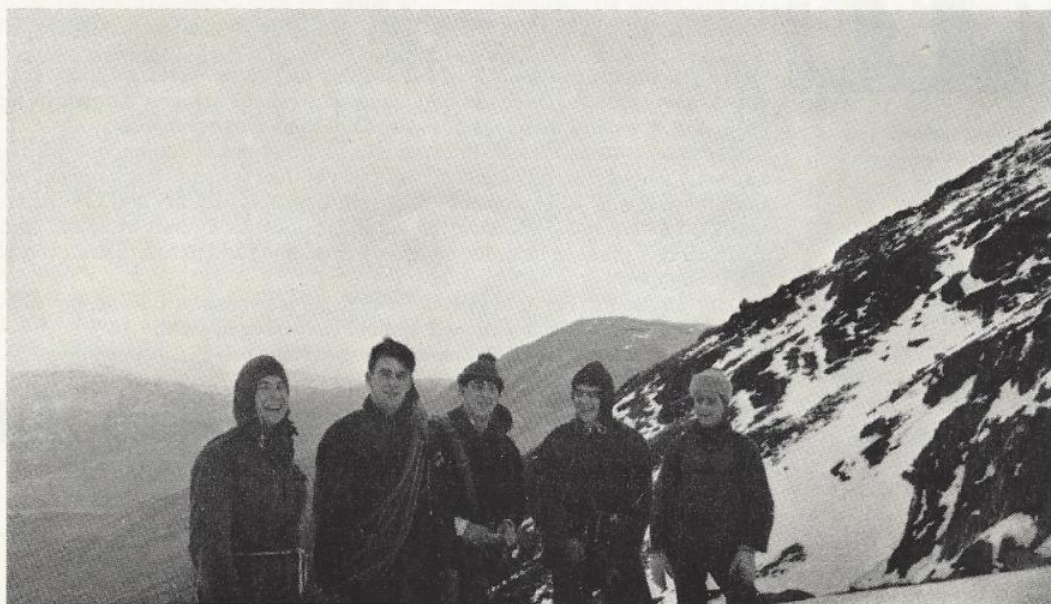
it was almost raining lead pellets, but we justified it by bringing back four cocks.

During our stay in Ireland we did some 'good things,' like the shooting down of the cocks and the goose, and some 'bad things,' like tramping through the hotel dining-room one evening

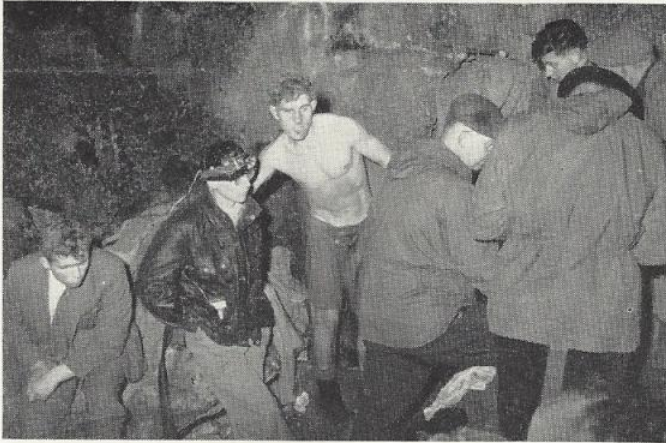
while a formal bridge session was in progress. But even if our filthy waders and wet anoraks did clash at times with the residents' dinner jackets and evening dresses, we got on quite well with them, we made a lot of new friends, and we all want to go again next year. Yes, even me!

P.B.

Mountaineering—GLENCOE 1959-60



Potholing Section



Who's wearing my sh-sh-shirt ?

During the Autumn term the section held two meets, one in Yorkshire and one in Derbyshire, and three flight cadets spent a week of the Christmas leave exploring Mendip caves. All these meets were very successful, especially the Yorkshire trip, which brought unforeseen publicity to the six cadets who eventually returned, with a liberal coating of Yorkshire mud, a mere 14 hours after their leave passes had expired.

Yorkshire, 10th-12th October 1959

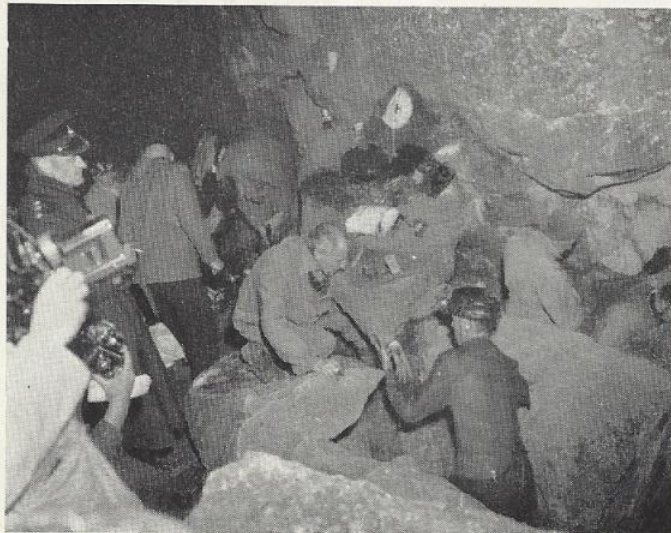
In the Workobus, five members of the party, Flight Cadets Banks, Pinney, Oliver, J. R. and A. R., and Nixon, A. F., drove to Yorkshire, picking up Senior Flight Cadet Styles, who had been playing hockey in Sheffield, on the way. The destination was Kettlewell in the Yorkshire Dales, where we arrived at about half-past ten on the Saturday evening, parking the Workobus before continuing the trek up the valley to the notorious Providence Pot.

Clambering up the rocky valley in the moonlight proved to be quite an experience in itself, but we finally arrived at the entrance to the Pot at about midnight.

Progress was very rapid until we encountered the 'Blasted Crawl'—200 feet of just that! Three-quarters of an hour saw us through the crawl, beyond which progress became much easier and more interesting. Several fine formations began to manifest themselves, especially at the aptly named 'Stalagmite Junction,' where we met the stream which we hoped to follow through the miles of Dowber Ghyll Passage and eventually out through Dow Cave. So we hoped! Four hours after entering the cave we arrived at a spot marked as the half-way point, and so we took the opportunity of having a 'brew up,' a tasteless type of soup heated over

fire-lighters. Nevertheless there was a plentiful supply of chocolate to supplement it.

Suddenly the character of the cave changed completely. No longer was the stream flowing down the floor of a comfortably wide passage; instead it made its way along a course that was very high, but narrow in the extreme. We soon found that the only part large enough to admit a human body was right up against the roof, where the walls were sufficiently far apart, but the



[By courtesy of the *Daily Express*

Fame at last

absence of a floor presented rather a problem and we had to resort to chimneying sideways with our feet pressing against one wall and our backs against the other. Conveniently wedged rocks afforded us occasional resting places, and after several hours of this exhaustingly slow progress we were able to descend the 50 feet between two sheer walls to the stream below, now knee deep and very cold. Spirits were high as we reckoned that we were on the final stretch of passage before Dow Cave, but we were soon to find that the system had earned its notorious reputation. Wading along in the ice-cold stream, sometimes immersed up to our chests in water, we continued to search for the elusive Dow Cave. By now time was beginning to worry us; we were almost at the end of the time which we had decided to allow ourselves for the trip, and there was still no sign of the end—indeed conditions were worsening. Halted up to our waists in water by the ever-narrowing passageway we made the decision to return.

After climbing out of the stream passage and chimneying along the traverse for a short way, we met a party of five potholers from Leeds, who assured us they knew the way out through Dow Cave and offered to lead us. We accepted their invitation and once again set out across the Terrible Traverse, only to find after another two hours that we had made little progress and the Leeds potholers seemed exhausted and unsure



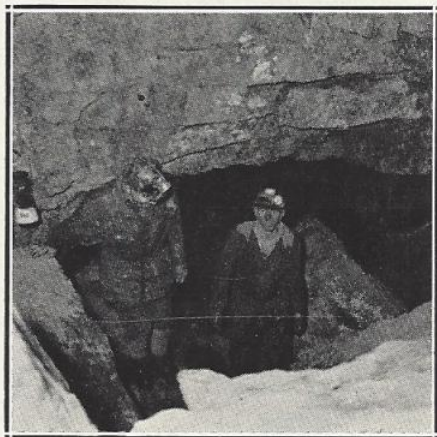
I wonder if they've missed us at College

of their position. Time had reduced our supply of batteries and it was now evident that there was insufficient for the whole party to return safely. Styles and Oliver, J. R., taking the remaining batteries, set out to bring help.

There was now an interminable wait for those left behind, cramped together on a rock ledge, in saturated clothing, and no food and only one candle for light. Time was passed in pummelling each other and endeavouring in vain to sleep. Eleven hours later rescuers arrived with hot coffee and food, and we set off for the last time down into the stream, now swollen as a result of rain, and out into Dow Cave. This was not without incident, Pinney falling from the Traverse, but the depth of the stream averted what could have been a nasty accident. At 6 a.m. the first of the party emerged into the pale light of dawn, and a welcoming battery of Press photographers. Eventually we extricated ourselves and the party, once more united, embarked on the long journey back to Cranwell 14 hours late.

Despite the strenuous and exhausting experience, we felt that we had learned a great deal from our mistakes and look forward to employing this knowledge in our future expeditions.

P.G.P., R.L.B.



It was hell in there

In the Mendips

Visit of College Potholing Section to the Mendip area, Somerset, 16th-23rd December 1959

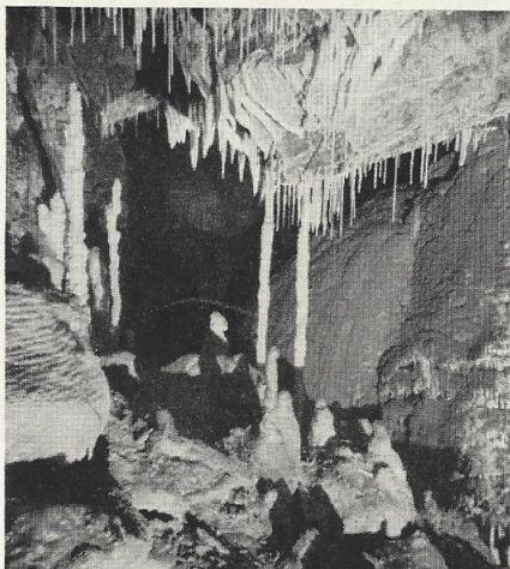
The College Potholing Section held a meet in the Mendip hills during the Christmas leave which was attended by Flight Cadets Banks, Lloyd, R. H., and Cleave. Despite the rather

inclement weather a fairly full programme was carried out, aided by the use of private transport and the Wessex Caving Club's hut.

The first trip, down Eastwater Swallet, was descended by the more arduous Twin Verticals Route because the Dolphin Pot descent has been most effectively sealed off by a heavy roof fall. This reputedly dry swallet was found to be rather damp, and all emerged soaked to the skin.

Longwood Swallet was the next hole to receive our attention, and this time we were equipped with immersion suits, providing protection in the wettest of conditions. This swallet is well worth a visit because it provides some good climbs, not to mention squeezes, and there are several attractive formations in it. The aftermath of a heavy rainfall prevented us exploring the adjoining August Hole.

We were fortunate in obtaining a trip down St Cuthbert's Swallet, access to which is controlled by Bristol Exploration Club on behalf of the landowners. This cave, after an extremely tight entrance pitch, opens out into a series of intricate chambers and passageways, many containing formations that would put any to be found in commercial 'show caves' to shame. Cleave and Lloyd spent several hours attempting to transfer the impressions gained to celluloid, whilst Banks spent an equal time clambering around trying to achieve a flood-lighting effect with a small electric light.



Peatman's Temple in Swildons Hole

On the final day the party visited an old friend, Swildons Hole, one of the best known of the largest Mendip caves. Descents were made as far as the Mud Sump in one direction, and Sump One in the other. Although the fine calcite formations were losing some of their splendour because of contact with hundreds of muddy hands, they gave an impression never to be forgotten.

This trip fittingly rounded off a very successful meet. On the whole we had been lucky with the weather during the week, and benefited greatly from having a comfortable hut to use as a base.

R.L.B.

Film Section

This term the section has studied the cinema art much more carefully. Points arising from some of the term's films were discussed after the showings. Later on in the term a group of cadets saw Eisenstein's film *The Battleship Potemkin*, prior to visiting the Lincoln Film Society for a concentrated session on Eisenstein and his films.

The ten main films this term included several prize-winning foreign films. *Paisa*, an Italian film, and *Kanal*, a Polish film, were chosen to show two different sides of the second World War. Bergman's film *Wild Strawberries* was very difficult to understand because of bad sub-titling. At the end of term we showed another Italian film, *Umberto D.* Although this film was very depressing the audience seemed to appreciate its message.

Five American films were shown this term, starting with the classic western *High Noon*; this film never loses its appeal. For our comedy we had *The Marx Brothers Go West*. These comedians are becoming very popular at the College and we are getting another of their pictures next term. The great Gene Kelly musical *An American in Paris* brought a full house. An interesting point about this film was that it introduced an unknown dancer, Leslie Caron. The next picture, *The Defiant Ones*, was made by the recently formed production company of Hecht, Hill, Lancaster, and told the story of two runaway convicts, one white and the other coloured. Our best American picture was *East of Eden*. Unfortunately the copy we showed was in reduced cinemascope and black and white. The main star in this film was the late James Dean, acting in the true method style.

Two more comedy films that we showed this term were the *Lavender Hill Mob* and *The Sheep has Five Legs*. The British comedy, starring Alec Guinness and Stanley Holloway, was very popular. In the French film Fernandel played

all five starring parts himself. This called for some clever photography in the final scene because all five characters appeared together.

Several documentary films were shown with these main films. Two particularly good ones were *A Divided World* and *Paris à Nuit*. Because cartoons are so expensive they have not featured so prominently this term, but several hand-made ones by Norman McClaren have been shown.

K.C.Q.

Dramatic Section

'My Three Angels'

On the 7th and 8th December 1959 the Dramatic Section of the College Society presented *My Three Angels*, which on the night your critic was present was received enthusiastically by a capacity audience. The play, by Sam and Bella Spewack, is based on a French piece, and has, we fear, suffered in translation. It nevertheless remains an entertaining comedy, permeated by a sardonic vein of *gauloiserie*. The angels are three very long-term convicts in Cayenne, employed about the general store managed by a not very successful middle-aged French shopkeeper. The plot lies in the twists of fortune arising from their attempts to protect the shopkeeper from the inquisitorial owner of the store, who, on Christmas Eve, has arrived from France to inspect his property, and from their endeavours to smooth the path of true love between the owner's nephew and the shopkeeper's daughter.

In our celibate establishment, the ladies of the cast were necessarily wives or daughters of the staff. They are deserving of our gratitude for making possible the production of a normal play. Pat Sharratt, as the capable Madame Dulay, wife of the ineffectual shopkeeper, acted competently, if with a little more restraint than the part demanded. Jill Rowson, in the role of the attractive young daughter of Monsieur Dulay, had only to be her natural self and succeeded so well in doing this that the hesitations of her reluctant lover became increasingly incomprehensible. Joyce Nabarro, as the aptly named Madame Parole, gave us an agreeable sketch of a lady whose reluctance to settle her debts baffles poor Monsieur Dulay but who is no match for the angels.

Robin Phipps played the shopkeeper, Monsieur Dulay, with a sincerity and understanding which evoked real sympathy from the audience. But the stars of the cast were undoubtedly the angels, incarnate in Messrs Tony Terrett, William Howard and Melvyn Evans. They brought a zest

and *dablerie* to their roles which led some cynical observers to comment that they were not so much acting as portraying their natural selves. Be that as it may, they were collectively and individually in excellent form.

Colin Paterson, as the malevolent and dictatorial owner of the store, played his part so realistically that the audience was not only unmoved but thankful when he met his well-deserved fate at the hands, or should we say teeth, of the angels' pet snake. His dutiful nephew, Paul, was played conscientiously by Graham Bridges. We hesitate to appear critical of his performance for this was an impossible part to sustain convincingly. No young man with blood in his veins could have resisted the approaches of Miss Rowson, in docile deference to his uncle's dynastic wishes. With more experience and a greater measure of relaxation this young actor will certainly enjoy more sympathetic roles. Chris Booth, the embodiment of the necessary and inevitable *coup de théâtre* which rounded off the play, was as dashing and gallant a young officer as we would have expected him to be.

All the backstage staff deserve congratulations on a competent, smooth production which could only have been the result of much hard work and careful attention to detail. In particular, the set was realistic and convincing, by far the best we have seen at the College for many years.

A.R.M.W.

Sub-Aqua Section

This section had a setback at the beginning of the Autumn term in that the swimming pool was empty for the first fortnight. This made training rather difficult! However, we managed to maintain our numbers with the arrival of 81 Entry, and we concentrated during the term on training as many new members as possible in the use of the aqua-lung. At the same time more senior members continued to practise their underwater technique.

During the Easter term the section will be unable to operate outside because of weather conditions, but it will continue to have training periods in the College swimming pool to further familiarization with the aqua-lung.

We hope to liaise with the Lincoln Police so that they may use our equipment and have the help of the section in any of their operations where they require underwater equipment.

At Easter we plan to spend a week in Jersey as the guests of the Jersey Sub-Aqua Club, where we anticipate gaining more success than we did in the Summer leave.

M.J.W.

Gliding Section

During 1959 we experienced our most successful season ever. This was due mainly to the excellent weather conditions and the first full season with the Olympia.

A record number of launches and hours flown was logged and more cross-country miles completed. Another record that can be claimed is the number of certificates gained. Three Silver 'Cs' were completed and nine new Silver legs attained. Sixteen 'C' certificates and about thirty 'A' and 'B' were also gained. Numerous club records were also beaten.

The two most outstanding flights by cadets were both achieved in the Olympia. Senior Under Officer Barringer missed his five hours by two minutes while soaring locally, but did manage to obtain his Silver height. And Senior Flight Cadet Holmes did the longest cadets' cross-country of the year from Netheravon to Yeovil; the trip took five hours.

This report would not be complete without mentioning Flight Lieutenant Bridson. His new stunt this term was to fly formation with Chipmunk—inverted!
G.R.P.

Chess Section

After the summer respite from battles of much complexity that would make the War Studies Team shudder, the Autumn term started very quietly for us. By the time of our first match against Sleaford we had a vague idea of how to play and lost by 5 points to 1. The second match against Horncastle, who included a county player, was a slight improvement, being lost by 6 points to 2 over 8 boards. Lincoln provided some very strong opposition for the four players who travelled there, and we lost by 3 points to 1.

The standard of our chess improved during the term, and the losses did not discourage us. To prove this we won our last match of the term, which was against Ruskington, by 4 points to 2.

The Spring term holds more promise of being successful as the team has benefited from its past experience. The section has found much new talent and is looking forward to avenging its previous defeats.
R.R.L.

Fine Arts Section

In the Autumn term the section moved into the new studio in the College Society Building and, once our impedimenta had come to rest in the appointed place, we were able to put paint to canvas once again.

Being in the Junior Mess area has its advantages for we now get plenty of support on Tuesday evenings and members of the Junior Mess seem more sympathetic and less blasé when it comes to artistic expression.

The work produced was often of a surprisingly high standard with an excellent sense of colour and design in all forms, whether it was abstract or still life. This is probably due to the influence of Mr Foster, our tutor.

Just before half-term several members of the section visited the Tate Gallery. This visit proved to be of good value for, although the current Swiss Exhibition was disappointingly dull, apart from some excellent Klees, the new downstairs galleries of the Tate were rich in first-rate modern paintings of all schools.

I think it is worth mentioning that at the end of term two members designed and painted the set for the Dramatic Section's production of *My Three Angels*, and their efforts were well received by both audience and critics (if the two can ever be separated or defined at Cranwell).

J.S.H.

Engineering Section

The Engineering Section has acquired a very useful room, fitted with a large stove, in Building No. 109. This room is being equipped as a workshop, and, with the completion of final arrangements, the shop will be opened to members later this term. It should be noted also that every encouragement is given to make use of C.I.W. and in fact this facility will continue to provide the backing for our new small shop.

Existing facilities include a Bridges' drill with every possible attachment, a 'Selecta' home workshop and a $\frac{1}{4}$ -in. Wolf Cub drill. There is a carpenter's set which contains a complete range of wood-working tools, and there is the usual selection of metal-working tools, such as hacksaws, hammers, files, vices, drills, reamers, spanners and so on. A good choice of nuts, bolts, screws and nails is also available. Our lack was workbenches, but we now have six of these.

But what are the members expected to do with these tools, and what does the section do? The answer to these questions is that the section exists for the members, and not the members for the section. Members of the section may make anything, within reason. Syndicates with a worthwhile project such as ultra-light aircraft, astronomical telescope, go-kart, will receive special consideration.

It is important that all concerned appreciate at once that all tools are accountable and are

held against the charge of the Section Secretary. It is only fair, therefore, that tools should not leave the building and that every care is taken of them.

J.C.

Field Shooting Camp in Ireland

The Autumn term, 1959, provided the best shooting season at Barkston Heath Airfield for several years. Pheasants, hares and partridges were all plentiful. On one afternoon alone we saw about eighteen pheasants—probably more than we saw altogether in 1958.

The partridges were generally very wild, but in spite of this there was never a day when there was none in the bag. Hares were always abundant on the farmland at the western side of the aerodrome, yet we did not shoot as many as one would have expected. They normally appeared to present fairly easy shots, but most of our members had difficulty in hitting them.

The pheasants gave us the best sport of all. One of the fields had a patch of kale growing in it, and this generally held the birds well. One afternoon in the kale a cock pheasant got up and flew down the line of guns. Eight barrels were fired at it, but it continued unscathed! The total bag for the term was eleven pheasants, nine partridges, and fifteen hares.

And now for the 'Christmas Camp.' It was far from being a 'camp.' As a change from shooting on the Wash at Holbeach, the section went to Ennis, Co. Clare, in Eire. Geach and Burton took the College 'Dormobile' to Aldergrove by the sea route, while the main party flew from Barkston Heath, taking off at 9 o'clock on the morning after the Graduation Ball! The journey from Aldergrove to Ennis can best be described as 'eventful,' mainly because of our own high spirits and the lack of sign-posting in Ireland. We were not helped by the fact that half the Irish seemed to be tearing up the roads while the other half were driving carts round blind corners on the wrong side. On our arrival at the 'Old Ground Hotel,' where we were staying in Ennis, an excellent meal was awaiting us.

The hotel management kindly arranged for us to hire a local ghillie. This personage was, by way of a pastime, an illicit whiskey distiller. Without him we would have been hopelessly lost in a mass of lakes and bogs joined up by tracks which all looked alike. Under his guidance, however, we

usually shot more in a day than were shot in a week at Holbeach. The coot in particular were easy to shoot, but the duck proved quite difficult. Most of us got wet feet while plodding through the snipe bogs; and on one occasion Flight Lieutenant Davis almost disappeared completely. Yet Sabine thrived in the Irish bog and shot down more snipe than the rest of us put together.

The highlights of our stay were undoubtedly the shooting of the section's first goose and its first woodcock. Throughout the whole trip we enjoyed a marvellous diversity of shooting, and a generous amount of the famed Irish hospitality every evening. Holbeach will probably not see us next year either!

P.J.B.



Under Officer Howard and the ghillie

Photographic Section

Last term, most of the section's equipment was transferred to the new darkroom in Hut 109. This darkroom is now operating, although there is still a considerable amount of tidying up to be done. The main feature is the layout of the room which allows work to be carried out without unnecessary movement.

The new enlarger has proved to be excellent and very high quality prints are being obtained from it. The use of multigrade paper is being tried out this term. If this proves to be successful then it is intended that the section will maintain stocks of this paper to supply to members.

We are grateful to three people for their assistance to the section. First to our guiding officer, Flight Lieutenant Hennessey, for his advice, secondly to Flight Lieutenant Gilliat for his help in starting the new darkroom, and finally to Pilot Officer O'Herlihy, of 76 Entry, who carried out most of the initial work in turning the room we were given into a new darkroom.

K.G.E.

Dancing Section

During the past term the Dancing Section has flourished and can boast an average weekly attendance of 25 members, with, as usual, the preponderance of them coming from the Junior Mess. It is unfortunate that greater support does not come from the Senior Mess; perhaps the distance between locations can account for this, but it is hoped that the numbers from this part of the College will increase next session.

It was decided at the beginning of term that the section should concentrate on the three basic dances (waltz, foxtrot and quickstep) and it is heartening to see such confidence in the movements of regular attenders—a sure sign of progress. The introduction of an occasional old-time dance has met with enthusiasm and this experiment may now be considered as a regular feature of the section's meetings.

Lincoln School of Dancing again provided our instructor in the person of Mr Highton, and his expert attention was appreciated by cadets and partners on more than one occasion. We extend our thanks to all those ladies who so kindly assisted by acting as partners, and we trust that as the instruction progressed, they, too, found that new steps and movements were as much fun as they had anticipated.

J.F.R.

Debating Section

Twelve months ago, in a report to *The Journal*, my predecessor pointed out that the College Debating Section had proved an astonishing force throughout the land, and he cited numerous examples of world-wide reaction to its policies as declared in the results of its motions. Trusting implicitly in the truth of his statement, I was not a little shaken when the summer produced such sublime weather, in spite of the fact that the section had failed to decree it, not only in the few months prior to the sunshine but since September 1952, when the first records in my possession begin.

During the Summer term the House had little chance to rectify matters as, of course, it does not meet between April and September, but things began to look up when exactly four days after the General Election it decided that the voting age should not be reduced to eighteen. I am delighted to report that its views have since been fully endorsed by the British Government. A fortnight later the assembled House decided that tolerance was not synonymous with

indifference, and the international repercussions of this finding are too numerous and obvious to be enumerated here.

At Lincoln Training College the section (except for one misguided soul) decided to man to marry Diana Dors rather than Mrs Beeton, but were severely outnumbered in this by the ladies (who should surely know best). Incidentally, it is interesting to note that during the last seven years, Ava Gardner and Marilyn Monroe, as well as Diana Dors, have vied with the empress of the kitchen for the affections of the House. Of these, only Miss Monroe has emerged victorious.

Good luck to Arthur Miller and a Happy Easter to you all.

C.R.P.

Mountaineering and Rock Climbing Section

Since our Meet in the Austrian Alps last summer, the Mountaineering Section has continued its usual programme of rock climbing in Derbyshire throughout the Autumn term. Four Meets were held in all and were well attended, although private transport had often to be used.

The first three Meets were held at Stange Edge—a gritstone escarpment unsurpassed in its uniform steepness and cleanness. The edge varies between 40 and 80 feet in height and is fissured both horizontally and vertically, giving an almost infinite number of climbs of varying grades. Most members found they could expect to do about five climbs in an afternoon. Last term J. Wingfield had the misfortune to fall from under an overhang when on the Zigzag



Flake Crack, a climb which he had done easily enough several times before. Fortunately he was not badly hurt.

For the first time we also tried another Derbyshire Edge—Gardom's Edge, overlooking Baslow. The steeply dropping ground below the escarpment coupled with its commanding position gave to the majority of the climbs that superb situation and exposure which make the climbing of them so exhilarating. One particular climb of interest, which four of us completed, was the Stomach Traverse, on Overhang Buttress. This was more reminiscent of a pothole than a rock climb as it entailed a short crawl in a horizontal fissure.

Over the Christmas leave five members of the Mountaineering Section spent a very pleasant and interesting week at Glencoe. We climbed eight peaks, including the following climbs—Aonach Eagach, Ben Nevis, Buachaille Etive Mor, Bidean nam Bian and Sgor Dhearg.

The Mountaineering Section looks forward to an active year of the usual pattern, rock climbing during the terms and extensive expeditions during the leaves in Scotland, on the continent of Europe, or even farther afield.

Finally, our thanks again to Flight Lieutenant Loat for his continued help, advice and support in everything we do. J.R.O.

Radio Section

The Radio Section is now installed in part of Building 109 and is in possession of a wide selection of tools which enables members to produce radio equipment of a varying nature. The test equipment in the laboratories on Science site is also available to members.

The section is divided into two groups: constructional and transmitting. Equipment can be borrowed from the section for constructional work and kits may be obtained at reduced cost. We have an 1154/55 transmitter-receiver station and it is hoped that members will be able to obtain their transmitting licences.

The section also undertakes the repair and maintenance of cadets' receivers. The workshops are always open and new members are very welcome. R.A.K.C.

Bridge Section

This term the section has again been hampered by the low attendance at meetings, but those who have come have continued to struggle with the Acol system under the able guidance of

Flight Lieutenant Boyle. This system has only with difficulty displaced the 'intuitive' system, which makes for greater amusement, but which for some inexplicable reason seems to lead to defeated contracts.

As the only section in which members can legitimately make money, however small the amount may be, Bridge deserves better support than it is getting. Perhaps now that 'Hancock's Half-Hour' no longer clashes, the meetings will be more popular. I.D.

Music Section

Once again the Music Section has been endeavouring to bring a breath of culture to the College.

The record library continues to increase the size of its stock. Borrowers can now make their weekly selection from nearly two hundred long playing records. The diversity of the music is enormous; all tastes are catered for.

The section has continued to arrange visits to concerts, visiting two in Nottingham during the Autumn term. At one of these we were able to see in action that most acrobatic of conductors—Sir Malcolm Sargeant. A small group also visited the Royal Festival Hall to hear a performance of Handel's *Messiah*.

Attending a London performance is a new venture which we hope will become a regular event. G.B.

Printing Section

For the first time for some years the Printing Section has operated on something more than a casual basis during the Autumn term. Although the standard of the work achieved still leaves room for improvement, widely differing jobs have been undertaken in an attempt to gain all-round experience.

Unfortunately the section is due to move its quarters in the Spring term which will inevitably involve some disorganization, but it is hoped that the new accommodation will prove more permanent than the previous 'homes.'

The most satisfactory thing is that the section is working and the request for jobs is so heavy that some have had to be refused. P.G.

Historical and Geographical Section

The section was able to make only one visit this term because of other College engagements. This visit was to Lincoln Training College to

attend a lecture entitled 'Problems of Land and Peoples in Nigeria.' We are grateful for the help and co-operation of the Lincoln Geographical Association in arranging such visits. The scope of the section is limited by the College policy of restricting visits when any loss of training time is involved.

R.W.A.W.

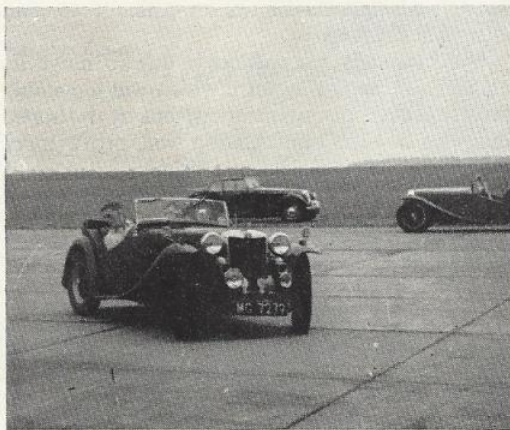
Choral Section

At the beginning of the Autumn term the section decided it would attempt to produce *The Mikado*. It was realized that this would be a large undertaking and that two terms would be needed. Early in the term the section began to rehearse in earnest and recruits, both male and female, were eager to come forward and help. By the end of term preliminary casting was completed and much enthusiasm was shown by the chorus, whose work has been steadily progressing.

It is hoped that plenty of help will be forthcoming on the technical side and we hope to better our performance of last Easter. K.J.D.

Motor Club

Almost as soon as we arrived back at College for the new term we discovered that the local Road Safety Council had arranged a rally on the hard standing of the South airfield, and, despite the fact that the police were much in evidence, a good number of flight cadets entered to represent the College Motor Club in the various driving tests and obstacle events. These consisted of accurate parking, garaging, stopping in given distances from high speeds, and road-



Senior Flight Cadet Geach at the Rally

worthiness tests. A great attraction was the reaction tester, and from some of the results it was obvious who had been on the bottle the night before.

Later in this term, on 18th October, the College M.C. and the Officers' Mess M.C. held a Combined Rally for the first time, organized by Flight Lieutenant M. R. Williams and Senior Under Officer E. H. Hunter. In fact it was more of a gymkhana, with such events as regularity trials, blindfold driving, reversing and garaging in the shortest times, and a tyre-torturing event around chairs and oil drums. There were about 40 competitors and two classes, for pre-war and post-war cars. Senior Flight Cadet Hulland won the former in his yellow and black Austin 7 and Flight Lieutenant Pettey won the latter in a Renault Dauphine. A most enjoyable afternoon was spent by all concerned and no doubt more combined rallies with the Officers' Mess will be arranged in future.

Of the films shown during the term perhaps the best one was *Time to Stop*, an account of the Girling Brake Testing Department and Track. The tests were shown using a T.R.2 fitted with instruments at the back to measure time to stop at different speeds, road adhesion, and brake pedal pressure.

Next term we hope to show more films on motor racing and rallying and possibly on maintenance, and also we hope to arrange a visit to the skid pan at Hinkley, and organize one or two rallies.

C.R.G.

Motor Cycle Section

Since the reorganization of the R.A.F. College Society which took place last term, everybody in the College has become a member of every section without involving himself in any extra expense, and so many more people are becoming interested in the facilities of the Motor Club. To cope with the added work it has been decided to allocate the various jobs to a number of flight cadets rather than make them the responsibility of one person.

As a result of this policy there is a Motor Cycle Section which in fact covers all people who own powered two-wheelers, and the aims of this section are outlined here. The rules of the Royal Automobile Club prevent our section from taking part in the road rallies organized by the Motor Club, and there are not really enough of us to organize our own. However, we can take part in the gymkhanas and manoeuvrability tests, and in future ones there will be special motor cycle sections.

N.C.V.I.

THE
ROYAL AIR FORCE
COLLEGE



JOURNAL

CRANWELL

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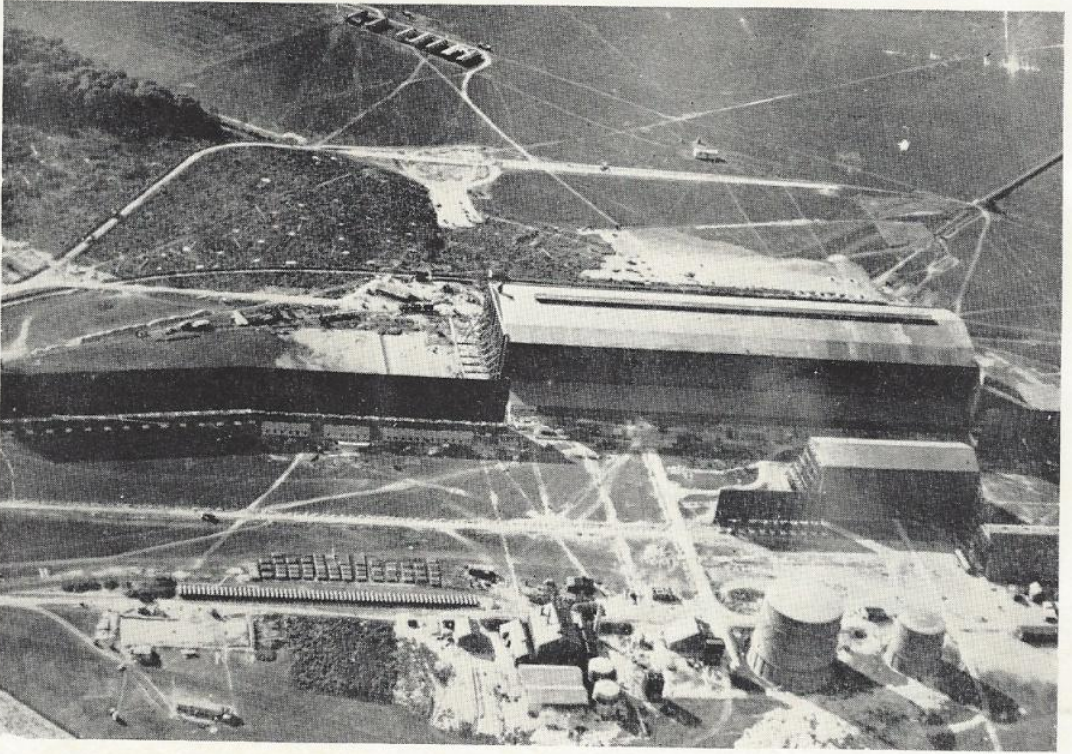
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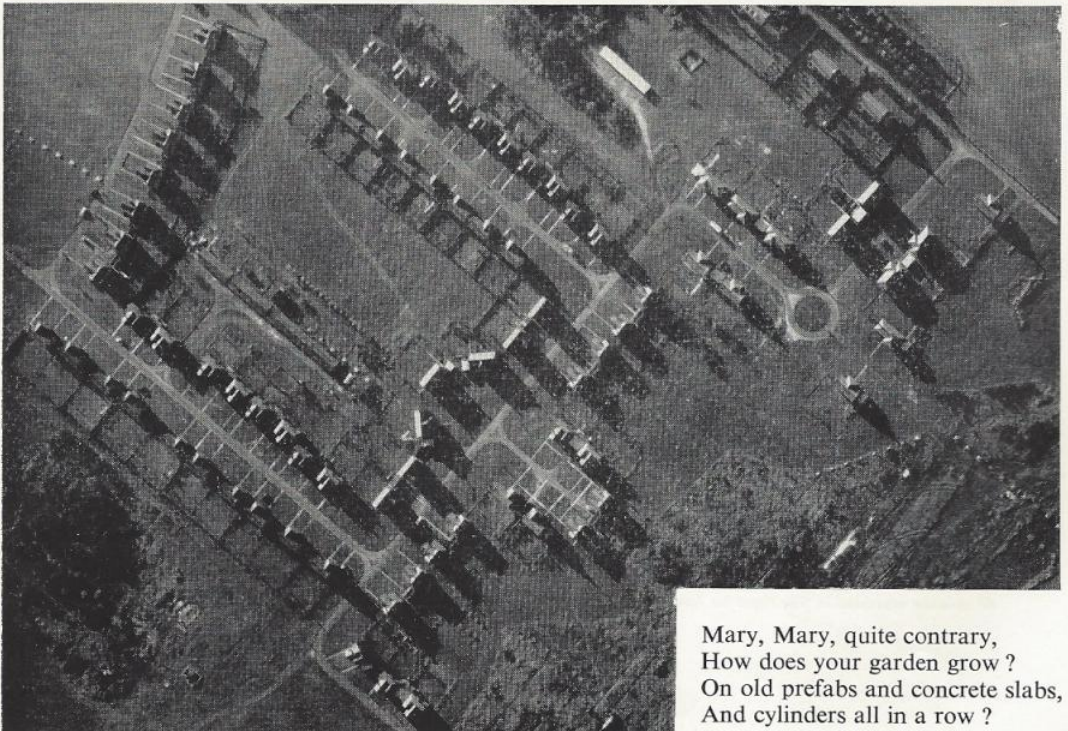
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BRISTOL WOOD, 1914—AIRSHIP BASE



BRISTOL WOOD, 1960—MARRIED QUARTERS



Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
On old prefabs and concrete slabs,
And cylinders all in a row?



College Notes

IT is hoped that No. 80 Entry will start training on the jet Provost next term; thereafter, beginning with No. 81 Entry in January next year, all entries will train exclusively on these aircraft from their fifth term. Eventually there should be about 60 or 70 jet Provosts operating from Cranwell, and flight cadets are expected to log about thirty-four hours a term. After graduation, therefore, cadets will in future be posted to an advanced flying training school. To give flight cadets experience and to sustain their interest in flying before they reach their fifth term, all cadets will fly six hours a term in their second, third and fourth terms in Chipmunks, with a view to going solo on the last trip. Because of these changes, the runways and taxi-tracks at Barkston are being made up to jet standards, and so the flying wing there has been moved for the moment to Spitalgate and the navigation squadron has found a temporary home at Cranwell.



After an interregnum of several months, we are happy to welcome Mr J. A. Boyes, M.A., as Director of Studies.

Mr Boyes was born in 1924 in Sao Paulo, Brazil, where his father was the representative of a Manchester engineering firm. He went to school at Rugby, and in his last year there captained the Rugby XV and the Cricket XI. He won a scholarship to Clare College, Cambridge, and went up in 1941 for one year before war service. Joining the Royal Navy, he was commissioned as a Sub-Lieutenant, R.N.V.R., and took Gunnery courses at Devonport and Whale Island. His first ship was H.M.S. *Nubian*, one of the old Tribal Class destroyers, in which he served as Gunnery Control Officer for a year, and completed two North Russian convoy trips. He then



Mr J. A. Boyes, M.A.

headmaster of Kendal Grammar School in Westmorland, which is the home county of his own and his wife's families. Leisure time in the next five years was largely spent climbing the mountains and sailing a G.P. dinghy with the Windermere Yacht Club, and he is a devotee of the Lake District.

Mrs Boyes is a Cambridge graduate in English. They have two daughters, aged nine and seven.



At the beginning of last term there were 280 flight cadets on roll at the College. The new Entry, No. 82, is 50 strong; of these, 41 are training to be pilots, four are Navigators, and there are three Equipment and two Secretarial cadets.



Of the sports matches against the Britannia Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, held at Cranwell on 13th February, the Cranwell successes were in Fencing and Basketball; we lost at Squash and the Hockey was cancelled. The College won the

Hockey and Soccer matches against the Technical Cadets, Henlow, on 27th February and lost the Cross-Country. Playing against the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, on 12th March, we won the Hockey, Fencing, Badminton and Station Soccer, and lost the Squash.



The fortieth anniversary of the founding of the College was celebrated quietly. The Queen's Colour was paraded at a church service on 7th February, when the Reverend Leslie Wright, C.B.E., M.A., officiated.

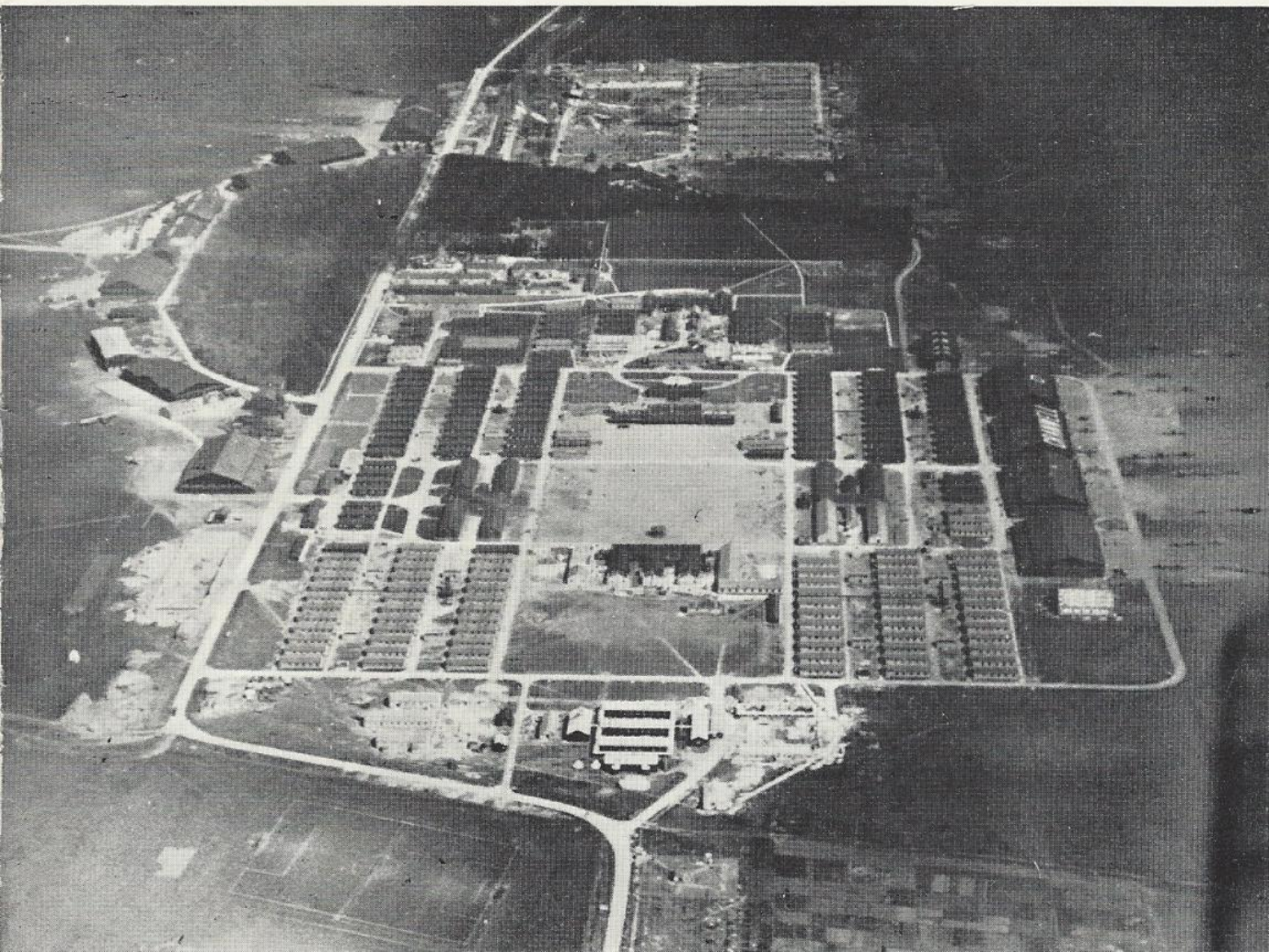


Now that the College's long missing fourth wing is almost complete, it has been decided, on many grounds, to revert to the old practice of having four squadrons. Autumn 1960 will, therefore, see the rebirth of 'D' Squadron.



Cranwell now has a flying club. The plan for a club—though not the club itself—has been in the air for some time. Quite recently a Tiger Moth was bought from

Cranwell circa 1914



ex-47 Squadron (Abingdon) and there are now 35 members eager to fly. Twenty-two of these are airmen who hope to take their private pilot licence. The charge for officers and n.c.os is 34s. an hour, and 26s. for airmen, who are subsidized from P.S.I., which also lent the £300 needed to buy the aircraft.



On 23rd February there was a parade with prayers to mark the occasion of the birth of the Royal Prince.



Station sports teams, composed of officers, n.c.os and airmen (as opposed to cadets), had a fairly successful winter season. An all-amateur station Association Football team, besides playing strong professional teams from Scunthorpe, Boston and Nottingham, reached the final of the R.A.F. Senior Cup, which they lost 5-3 to Melksham, and were runners-up in the Lincolnshire Services League Division I.

R.A.F. CRANWELL STATION XI

Front row (left to right): Corporals R. A. Davey and A. J. Barber, S.A.Cs G. H. Palmer (Captain), T. J. McGeown, B. Walmsley, N. G. Cotton. Back row (left to right): Sqd Ldr D. D. W. Nabarro, L.A.Cs J. S. Bradwell, J. Scott and S. Strachan, S.A.C. M. S. Vanstone, Flt Lieut P. A. Cooper, Mr Topley, Secretary





Gp Capt E. H. Lynch-Blosse with Maj Davis and Col Osborne, U.S.A.F., during the successful visit to the United States

The station rugby team reached the semi-final of the R.A.F. Senior Cup, only losing 6-5 to Stafford after playing all but five minutes of the game one man short.

The hockey team lost 3-1 in the area final of the R.A.F. Cup to Watton, and the basketball team lost 53-34 to Hereford in the semi-final of the R.A.F. 'B' Competition.

We offer our congratulations to Flight Lieutenant N. J. Galpin, a flying instructor of the College, on becoming the Royal Air Force skiing champion at the championship held at Zermatt in January.



Last term there were three interesting social events in the Officers' Mess: on 13th February, an informal dance; on 17th March, a St Patrick's Day guest night; and, on 25th March, a formal ball. Not necessarily as a result of these events, the Mess is being redecorated. There have also been sporadic attempts to camouflage West Site. Some connoisseurs of architecture are ingrates enough to suggest that this is painting the lily; others deduce that the construction of the new instructional block is even more imminent than ever.



On 10th January 'C' Squadron handed over the Queen's Colour to 'A' Squadron.
On 12th February the Commandant addressed the staff.

On 28th and 29th March the Choral and Dramatic Sections of the College Society performed Gilbert and Sullivan's *The Mikado*. A report of the occasion appears elsewhere in this issue.



The tradition of annual exchange visits between the Ecole de l'Air and the College was maintained this year when a party of three officers and some thirty cadets from Salon-de-Provence under the command of Commandant Chesnay came to Cranwell

on 3rd March for a visit lasting three days. Although the notable object of the visit was to play the usual rugby and fencing matches, with the visitors eager to avenge their defeat of last year, the more comprehensive aim of promoting closer understanding between both nationalities can easily be adduced. The day after their arrival was spent at the College itself, and, besides a look at 'Flights' and the College workshops, it included a fencing match, narrowly won by the visitors, and the rugby match in which the Cranwell XV overwhelmed the French side. The visitors were guests at a *diner formel* in the College, and suitable mementos were exchanged, which bore witness to a convincing *entente cordiale*.

Cambridge was already the scene of various undergraduate activities in aid of the World Refugee Year, when an Anglo-French party from Cranwell arrived on the Saturday to glimpse the life of an English University town. Lunch was taken in Trinity College, and, after time for shopping, the party returned to Cranwell. In the evening, cadet hosts took their French guests to Nottingham for an informal evening, while the visiting officers were entertained in the Officers' Mess.

There was a record number of officers and flight cadets at the airfield on Sunday morning to speed the French party on its way. That the visit had been thoroughly enjoyed there can be no doubt, but whether it was enjoyed more by the visitors or by their Cranwell hosts is another question.



Visitors to the College last term included:

On 28th January the Arts Council's Opera for All who gave a performance of *The Barber of Seville*.

On 2nd February Mr W. J. Taylor, the Under-Secretary of State for Air.

On 4th February the Headmasters of King Edward VII School Lytham, Trinity College Glenalmond, Trinity School Croydon, Gordonstoun, The Royal Grammar School Worcester, Westminster School, Beaumont College, Wycliffe College, Denstone College, and George Watson's College.

On 8th February Mr William Clarke of *The Observer*, who gave a lecture on 'U.N.O., The New World Power'.

On 29th February the Caryl Jenner Mobile Theatre, who performed *The Importance of Being Earnest*.

On 8th March a team from the Joint Services Amphibious Warfare Centre to give a demonstration.

On 10th March the Headmasters of The Boys' Grammar School Hitchin, Seaford College, Wimbledon College, and Westminster City School.

On 14th March General Habis Majali, Commander-in-Chief of the Jordanian Armed Forces.

On 15th March Mr P. St. J. Wilson, who lectured on 'Government and Industrial Relations'.



Visiting preachers last term were:

On 14th February The Reverend Canon M. H. R. Synge, M.A., Precentor of Lincoln Cathedral.

On 6th March The Reverend A. B. Webster, M.A., Warden of Lincoln Theological College.

On 20th March The Reverend T. Ryder, M.A., Assistant Chaplain-in-Chief, Fighter Command.



Cranwell is to have a new permanent Church of England church within the next year. The church is to be in a style in keeping with the main College building and will be sited to the east of the Orange. Its internal design will provide for services which will be in accordance with tradition and which include the College Band; and it could be used for combined services with members of other denominations. The capacity of the church will be between 400 and 500 people including the Band and the choir. It is hoped to have models available for inspection at the Annual Old Cranwellian Reunion.



THE FLYING INSTRUCTORS, BARKSTON, BEFORE THE MOVE TO SPITALGATE

Front row (left to right): Flt Lt J. L. Spatcher, Flt Lt K. R. Briggs, Flt Lt B. S. Northway, Flt Lt E. Barton, Flt Lt W. N. Baggaley, Sqn Ldr S. H. Worton, Wg Cdr J. F. J. Dewhurst, D.F.C., A.F.C., Sqn Ldr J. B. Blackett, A.F.C., Flt Lt A. A. Hutchinson, Flt Lt W. E. Close, Flt Lt Jennings, Flt Lt C. H. Saheey, Flt Lt C. N. Sankey
Centre row (left to right): Flt Lt D. D. Angus, Flt Lt J. F. Gale, Flt Lt W. E. Waite, Flt Lt E. S. Denson, Fg Off B. B. Burdett, Fg Off M. B. Hawkins, Flt Lt L. Meadows, Flt Lt I. K. McKee, Fg Off D. F. Southern, Fg Off R. J. Kemball, Fg Off B. F. A. Clinch, Flt Lt D. Milburn
Rear row (left to right): M.P. Jackson, W. T., M.P. Drown, R. W., F.S. Webster, A. M., Flt Lt B. A. P. Anson, F.S. Tizzard, A. P., M.P. Massey, K. T., M.P. McCue, P.

No financial provision has been made for the church's interior embellishment, and to ensure that the furnishings accord with the church's central place in our corporate life, and maintain the standard set by the College, a fund of £20,000 will have to be raised. Among the many items required are altar rails, pews, panelling, altar frontals, alms dishes, stoles, lectern Bible, altar cross and candlesticks. Many of these will be required before June 1961, when the church should be consecrated, and so financial help is urgently needed.

The Roman Catholic church at Cranwell will also be needing funds very shortly, as it is moving into larger and permanent accommodation.

Readers who are willing to help this work are invited to subscribe. Cheques, made payable to 'The Cranwell Church Embellishment Fund' should be sent to: Mr J. Tanner, Honorary Secretary, Old Cranwellian Association, Royal Air Force College, Cranwell, Sleaford, Lincolnshire. Cheques intended for the Roman Catholic Church fund should have 'Roman Catholic' added after the word 'Fund.'



Among the many visits last term to places of local or national interest were:

On 11th January the Equipment Cadets of No. 80 Entry to No. 35 M.U., Heywood, for three days.

On 15th February the Secretarial Cadets of Nos. 77 and 78 Entries to the Record Office for five days; and the Equipment Cadets of those Entries to No. 16 M.U., Stafford, for five days.

On 29th February the Equipment Cadets of No. 77 Entry to Royal Air Force, Lyneham, for three days.

During the Easter vacation the Survival Camp of No. 81 Entry was held in the Cairngorms. Other jaunts and jollities were a trip to the United States, a visit to the Mediterranean Fleet, a look at the Army in Germany and the Navy at Portland, and glimpses at Royal Air Force stations in the United Kingdom. And four flight cadets took part in the Royal Military Academy's expedition to the Kufra Oasis.



This year the first World Aerobatic Competition will be held in Czechoslovakia. Flight Lieutenant J. R. Ayers, a flying instructor of the College, has been asked to organize a team to represent Great Britain. The aircraft, which will be provided by the Tiger Club, with its headquarters at Redhill, are specially modified Tiger Moths known as 'Bishops.' Flight Lieutenant Ayers, who is an Old Cranwellian, has had considerable experience of aerobatic competitions. He won the Brabyn Trophy at the end of his C.F.S. course two years ago; he was placed second in the National Glider Aerobatic Contests of 1958, and in 1959 competed in the Glider Aerobatic Contest and in the Lockheed International Aerobatic Contest. In this last competition he flew a Tiger Moth of the Tiger Club.



Cranwell's earliest building is now taking on a new lease of life. The Clock Tower long surmounted the College's drill hall, which over the years has changed function

many times, latterly humbly serving as a garage. It is now being refurbished and will revert to its former glory, resounding to the unchanging noises of instructors and instructed at their drill.



One of Cranwell's most famous landmarks is scheduled to disappear this summer when the Post Office moves to a permanent site at East Camp and the familiar old green building is demolished. Mr and Mrs Robinson, who have lived in 'the shadow of the College' for so long, will be moving to a house in the neighbourhood.



Old Cranwellian Notes appear under College Notes because we thought it would make a change. And there is always the chance that someone who normally skips Old Cranwellian Notes might read them if he comes across them casually in College Notes (if anyone reads College Notes), and vice versa (if anyone reads Old Cranwellian Notes).



APPOINTMENTS

- Gp Capt G. W. Petre, D.F.C., A.F.C., to R.A.F. College Selection Board as President.
Gp Capt D. B. Hatfield, C.B.E., to the Ministry of Aviation.
Gp Capt P. W. Cook to the British Embassy, Rangoon, Burma, as Air Attaché.
Gp Capt G. ff. Powell-Sheddon, D.S.O., D.F.C., to the Department of the Air Member for Supply and Organization.
Gp Capt R. P. R. Powell, D.F.C., to R.A.F. Staff College Directing Staff.
Gp Capt J. B. Tait, D.S.O., D.F.C., to Headquarters, No. 13 Group.
Gp Capt R. K. Jeffries, O.B.E., to the Ministry of Aviation.
Gp Capt T. R. Burne, D.S.O., A.F.C., to Headquarters, Fighter Command.
Wg Cdr A. R. Wright, D.F.C., A.F.C., to Headquarters, F.E.A.F.



MARRIAGES

Our sincere congratulations and good wishes go to:

Flt Lt M. J. Hardy (62 Entry)—Miss Ann Lambert, married Saturday, 21st May 1960, at Worthing, Sussex.

Flt Lt R. B. Gubbins (62 Entry)—Miss Margaret Mundy, married Saturday, 14th May 1960, at Rheindahlen (Headquarters, 2nd T.A.F.).



Old Cranwellians who were unable to attend this year's Annual Reunion will be interested to know that the possibility of reprinting the List of Graduates was

discussed. Plans are in hand for a revision which will bring the list completely up to date with more full and accurate details, both alphabetical and by entries. If this project is eventually approved the format will be as for earlier issues, to match the College Journal, but it is hoped to reduce the price substantially. Ideas for making the List more interesting and useful, or notes of any previous errors or omissions, will be gratefully received by Mr J. Tanner, Royal Air Force College, Cranwell, Sleaford, Lincolnshire.



Squadron Leader H. R. Radford (50 Entry), who is now stationed at Boscombe Down, won the McKenna Award at the Empire Test Pilots' Training School at Farnborough.



After a very long period of gestation the College Museum has at last made an appearance. The start is a small and humble one compared with the efforts of our sister colleges, but despite this we have hopes of great things fairly soon.

The success of this project, however, rests largely in the hands of Old Cranwellians, who are most earnestly requested to seek high and low for items suitable for inclusion. Especially wanted are specimens of honours and awards won by Old Cranwellians.



The following senior flight cades were appointed Under Officers at the beginning of the current term:

- 'A' Squadron — M. C. Turner
- 'B' Squadron — B. C. Johnson
- 'C' Squadron — W. L. McKee

YES, SIR!

'You see, Sir, I was born to fly.'

'Yes, but there's more than just flying, there's all sorts of other jobs, you know, and every other tour is on the ground.' He's just trying to put me off, cunning tactics these selection chaps use.

'That's O.K., Sir, one has to take the rough with the smooth.' I laughed nervously. He wasn't amused, he just stared at his little bit of paper with all my startling achievements on it, his wings seemed to twitch.

'You don't want to be an officer you want to be an airframe driver,' came the challenging reply. His eyes flickered, taunting me. I've really done it now, I thought, my brain clouded over.

After what seemed an endless silence I blustered out my contradiction.

'Oh no, Sir, it's just that the maniacal desire to fly sometimes overwhelms me,' I lied, trying to extricate myself.

These memories came back to me as I sat in the cockpit of the shining new Provost. This is really living, my dream has come true at last, to pierce the azure sky, to soar, glide, float and climb among fluffy clouds.

'I'm not good enough? that's impossible, you see I was born to fly, Sir!' Others, however, had different ideas.

'Oh yes, Sir, I've always wanted to go into insurance. I was born to insure.'

COPING WITH A HORSE

Those who have been defrauded by unscrupulous second-hand car dealers might reflect after reading the story below that their lot is no worse than that of gullible people who in the old days used to buy horses from gypsies. Supporters of the R.S.P.C.A. and similar organizations might view the biography of the horse with some distress.

The story itself has been translated from a work called Virgin Soil Upturned by Mikhail Sholokhov, the most famous living writer in the Soviet Union and the doyen of Soviet literature.

C.L.

OLD man Shchukar was absolutely delighted at being appointed permanent driver at the collective farm headquarters. He was given charge of two stallions which had previously been the property of wealthy peasants and were now destined for use on official journeys. 'Look after them like the apple of your eye,' said Yakov Lukich, the chairman of the collective. 'They must be part and parcel of your own body. Don't go too fast with them, don't force them. This grey one is a pedigree and the sorrel one here is a real Don Cossack. There won't be very many trips to make and they'll be going to stud fairly soon. They're your responsibility.'

'Now will you tell me, please,' answered old Shchukar, 'do you honestly think I don't know how to look after horses? I've had a lot to do with them in my time. More horses have passed through my hands than there are hairs on a man's head.'

But to tell the truth two, and only two, horses had passed through Shchukar's hands in all his life. One of them he had exchanged for a cow but with the other there occurred the following story. One day about twenty years before, Shchukar was rather more than tipsy and on his way back home bought this horse from some gypsies for thirty roubles. It was a mare and while he was negotiating purchase it seemed to him to be round-shaped, mousy in colour with drooping ears and wall-eyed, but on the other hand quite lively. Shchukar spent until midday the next day bargaining with the gypsy. They shook hands at least forty times in settlement about a price, fell out and then came to agreement again.

'It's gold, not a mare. When she gallops, you can close your eyes and you don't feel the ground under your feet. She's a bird,' swore the gypsy, and foaming at the mouth grabbed the drowsy Shchukar by the flaps of his coat.

'She's practically no teeth left, her eye's crooked, her hooves are cracked and she's got a sagging

belly. What do you mean by "gold"? All you can do is to shed bitter tears over her,' said Shchukar, condemning the horse in a frantic effort to get the gypsy to knock off the last rouble which was causing them to disagree about the price.

'And, what do her teeth mean to you? She'll want less fodder. It's a young mare. It's like a child that's lost its teeth after an unexpected illness. And what difference does it make to you if she's wall-eyed. Anyway, she's not wall-eyed. It's a scab she's got. The hooves will grow again.'

'She's a grey mare and not very beautiful, but after all you're not going to bed with her. I expect you'll be using her for ploughing. Just take a look and you'll see why she's got a fat belly. It means she's strong. When she runs the ground shudders around her, and when she falls she'll lie down for three days. Look, man, d'you really think you're going to get a racehorse for thirty roubles? You won't get a live horse for that price. You can have her when she's dead and the meat'll be yours for nothing.'

Well, the gypsy was a chap with a kind heart and after more bargaining he knocked off the last rouble and, even pretending to whimper, wiped his swarthy forehead with the sleeve of his dark blue coat.

The mare lost its earlier fire almost as soon as Shchukar took the reins. It followed in his footsteps reluctantly and desperately dragged its feet along with the utmost difficulty. Only then did the gypsy break out laughing. Showing a full set of white teeth, he shouted after Shchukar, 'Hey, you old Don Cossack, that horse worked for me for forty years and it'll serve you just as long. Feed her once a week or she'll go mad. My father rode her over from Roumania and before that she belonged to the French when they were running away from Moscow. She's a valuable horse!'

He shouted something else to Shchukar who was pulling his purchase along. Outside the tent the gypsy's children, noisy and as black as

jackdaws, were yelling away. The gypsy women were screaming and hooting with laughter. Meanwhile old Shchukar was on his way and not worrying about anything in particular. 'Well,' he thought to himself, 'I've certainly bought a horse with a belly and if I had the money I'd never have bought one like that. Yes, I've got a horse, I suppose. On Sundays the old woman and I'll be able to dash over to the market on it.'

But he had hardly managed to get to the next village when most extraordinary things began to happen to the horse. Shchukar turned round and gasped. Behind him there walked not the full-bellied, well-fed mare he'd bought but a skinny nag with its stomach distended and deep cavities over its rump. In the space of about half an hour it had almost got twice as thin. Crossing himself and whispering 'Holy, Holy, Holy,' Shchukar dropped the reins out of his hands, feeling as if his hangover had completely gone. As soon as he had walked round the mare he found the explanation for its incredibly swift emaciation. From under its bushy tail which, the devil only knows why, was sticking up so shamelessly, there occurred eruptive sibilant outbreaks.

'Ah, that's it, then,' groaned Shchukar, clutching his head, and only by pulling ten times harder at the halter did he manage to drag the horse along again. The same eruptive processes continued all the way up to the next village of Tubyansky and the road was marked with scandalous tell-tale traces.

Perhaps Shchukar would have got home to Gremyachy Log successfully if he had led the horse by the reins, but he had hardly reached the first peasant dwelling in Tubyansky, where he had a godchild and a number of Cossack acquaintances, when he decided to mount his purchase and ride it even at a walking pace instead of pulling it along by the reins. Suddenly there awoke in him unprecedented pride and his ever characteristic desire to brag and to show now that he, Shchukar, was no longer a pauper and was riding a horse, albeit not a very good one, but nevertheless one that was his own. 'Trr, damn you! Trying to play all the time, are you!', yelled Shchukar fiercely, noticing at the same time with the corner of his eye a Cossack friend coming out of a cottage opposite where he had stopped. With these words he pulled the halter and assumed an air of importance. This horse of his no doubt had been frolicking and kicking its legs way back in its dim and distant childhood, but at the moment had not the least

intention of playing. It stopped with its head inclined and sat on its hind legs.

'I've got to go past the godchild's place. Well, if his father wants to look, he can,' thought Shchukar, at the same time leaning over with his belly on the horse's sharp backbone. But at that moment something happened to him about which the Cossacks at Tubyansky talked for a very long time afterwards, for it was right here and now that Shchukar suffered an unheard of indignity, the legend of which has been kept up to this day and will no doubt be passed on to the next generation. . . . Shchukar's legs had barely left the ground when he found himself hanging on the mare lying cross-ways over its back and trying to sit up on it when the horse began to sway, there was an internal disturbance, and it just collapsed with its tail flung in the air. Shchukar fell flat over on to some dusty weeds. Jumping up angrily and seeing that the Cossack had witnessed his disgrace, he set the matter right by shouting. 'Still want to play, blast you, do you?', he yelled, kicking at the horse, which got up as if nothing had happened and stretched its head towards some tired weeds.

The Cossack who had been observing Shchukar was a great wag and a cheery fellow. He jumped over the fence and came up to Shchukar. 'How are you, Shchukar? Bought a horse, I see.'

'Yes, I've been had in a bit, perhaps I've made a mistake. She's a stubborn devil, you get on her and bang she goes on the ground. You can tell she hasn't been run in yet.'

With his eye screwed up the Cossack went at least twice round the horse and, taking a casual glance at its teeth, stated, dead seriously, 'Well, of course, she's not a trained horse, but she's got good blood in her. You can see by her teeth that she's at least fifty and the reason why nobody can cope with her is simply because she's of good stock.'

Shchukar, seeing that the man was friendly, ventured to ask, 'Tell me, Ignaty Porfirich, why is it she's got so thin all of a sudden? I'm leading her along and she just melts away in front of your eyes. There's a succession of blasts and she leaves marks behind her the whole way!'

'Where did you buy her, not from the gypsies, did you?'

'Yes, they were camping just beyond your hut, there.'

'That's how she got thin,' explained the Cossack, who knew a lot about horses and gypsies. 'They blew her up before they sold her to you. If a horse gets thin through old age they stick a reed into it before sale and the whole camp takes

turns in blowing until its sides get inflated and it looks round and full bellied, then they take the reed out and stop the horse up with an old rag or a corncob so the air won't come out. It's one of those blown up ones you've brought. The stopper probably came out on the road and so your mare began to get thin. You'd better go back and look for it and we'll soon blow her up again.'

'I wish the devil would blow those gypsies up like that,' Shchukar shrieked in desperation, and rushed off to the gypsy camp, but when he got to the top of the hill found that the tents and caravans that had been by the river had gone. Where there had once been a camp, a fire was still smoking blue and in the distance along a summer track grey dust was slowly disintegrating in the wind. The gypsies had disappeared just like in a fairy story.

Shchukar began to cry and came back. The kind Ignaty Porfirich came out of his hut again. 'I'll get underneath her and see she doesn't fall down again, and you just get on her,' he said. Wet from shame, grief and sweat Shchukar agreed and somehow mounted. But his disasters were not at an end. This time the mare did not fall but showed unexpected prowess and, as if she was galloping, threw out her forelegs and kicking with her hind legs lifted them above her back. In this way she carried Shchukar to the first turning. During this mad gallop he lost his hat and there were again those ominous noises as if something was being rent inside her. 'My God, I can't carry on like this!' Shchukar decided, and jumped off while the horse was still running. He went for his hat, but seeing that people were

hurrying along the street towards him rushed back and led the ill-fated mare which had shown such unexpected agility to the back of a farm.

Some children ran with him up as far as the windmill and then dropped behind, but Shchukar didn't dare to mount the gypsy's horse again. He made a long detour round the hill, so avoiding the village, but when he got to the top he was tired of dragging it along by the halter and decided to drive it in front of him. That was how he found out that the horse he had gone to such trouble to buy was blind in both eyes. She went on her way, heading straight for ditches and slopes, and, without jumping over them, fell, and supporting herself on her trembling forelegs, got up again breathing heavily, wending her way but in a very unusual manner, all the time describing circles. Shchukar, who was staggered at this new discovery, gave the horse complete freedom and saw that it went on and on describing circles in an invisible spiral. Now Shchukar guessed without having to ask anyone that the horse he had bought had spent its long and arduous life walking round a water pump and getting blind and old in the process.

Until nightfall he let the mare graze on the hill because he was ashamed to arrive home during daylight. The reception the slightly built Shchukar got from his wife, a corpulent woman and one fierce in reprisal, and what he went through for his unsuccessful purchase is clouded in mystery. The only thing known is that the mare soon got the itch and so, looking extremely unattractive, passed away one quiet midnight on the farm. Shchukar and his friend, the local shoemaker, sold the hide and got drunk with the money.

INDIAN INTERLUDE

FROM the courtyard shaded by banana palms came the strains of music and dancing. A woman's high-pitched voice sang: '*O Kali, cami wali tumho lakho pranum,*' which my firm's head *babu* or clerk interpreted to his new sahib as: 'Oh Goddess Kali, to thee I come a thousand times.' Something in the words or the intonation forced me to the window where I observed a solemn-faced young man playing a concertina, a young woman and a small girl of about eight years whose anklets tinkled as she danced. The silver rupee I threw to the performers ensured similar visits weekly for many years. Whether I was dictating a letter to a client, arguing with a brother attorney on the telephone, or putting off an importunate insurance wallah, I would

pause long enough to summon my dozing *chaprassi* and send him out with the usual coin.

There were many calls upon the time of a legal practitioner in a busy Eastern commercial centre. Principally concerned as I was with the litigation department of my firm, the Courts frequently claimed me. It might be a trade mark case in the High Court, for the city was a happy hunting ground for such pirates. Pharmaceutical preparations, motor tyres and other imported goods were fair game for the infringer. A sewing machine, complete with instructional booklet and outwardly an exact replica of a famous British make, could be procured in the bazaar at less than half the price of the genuine article.

An unwelcome call to the Magistrate's Court to defend a motorist client might keep me there far longer than the fee justified. I say 'unwelcome' because of the interminable delays and personal discomfort involved. I rarely went there myself if I could avoid it. Take three of Hyde Park's most militant orators, put them in a telephone box in the back streets of Covent Garden at a temperature of 105° with 97 per cent humidity, and you approach the conditions which prevailed in that Court. One left the precincts with much the same feeling as a survivor from the Black Hole might have had. (Incidentally a memorial to the victims of that tragedy stood on the original site a few hundred yards from my office, but the plaque was later removed by the mob in the first flush of national fervour after Independence.) The result of the hearing was sometimes apt to be depressing. On one occasion my client was convicted of careless driving. The facts were that he had knocked down a pedestrian who had crossed in front of a bus which my client was perfectly properly overtaking. The Magistrate's judgment appeared to be based on the proposition that my client could easily have passed the bus on its near side.

Pedestrians and ricksha-wallahs are not the only hazards for motorists in an Indian city. Cattle, given to the temple and therefore sacred, spend their lives roaming round the metropolis unhindered by mere mortals. An impromptu bull fight at a busy junction in the city centre is not uncommon and may cause an elaborate traffic jam. Petty thieves are another problem. A parked car always has to be locked, but this does not prevent such fixtures as the hub caps from being removed. When this happens the experienced will shortly afterwards visit the thieves' bazaar where, if he is lucky, he will recover his own property for a quarter the sum he would have to pay for a new set.

I soon discovered that I was likely to be consulted, not only by Indians and my fellow countrymen, but also by men of other races and creeds, including Chinese, Japanese, Mid-Europeans, Americans, Parsees and Armenians. Of these I came to have the greatest regard for 'John Chinaman,' as he is called, and always looked forward to his visits. His people are engaged principally in the barber, shoemaker and fancy goods trades, in all of which they excel. The Chinese in India do not appear to be politically minded. Indeed one *restaurateur*, not a client of mine, added to the profits of his legitimate business by returning to China for one month each year to sell sugar to the opposing

forces in the then civil war. The Parsees are a small but wealthy community who live mainly in Bombay, though a few are usually to be found wherever there is business connected with stevedoring or ship-chandlery. They are said to be descended from the Jews who remained in Babylon after their release from captivity. I was apt to feel a little impatient with the Japanese on account of the courtesies involved in meeting them. Bowing and hand-shaking before, after and sometimes during an interview took up almost as much time as the matter under discussion.

It was during religious festivals, when the Courts were closed, that I was able to spend the day in the office keeping appointments with clients. On one occasion a Marwari gentleman called to see me with his attorney to complete the purchase of some property. When I asked for the money in exchange for the documents the attorney explained that his client had only half the money and was awaiting the arrival of his brother with the other half. On my suggestion that to save time the available cash might be counted, the Marwari produced several thousand halves of treasury notes pointing out that due to mutual mistrust the purchase money had been divided in this way. In due course the brother arrived with the missing halves and the notes were remarried.

Marwaris are an important community of Central India who are to be found in powerful positions at all commercial centres and are probably the shrewdest business men in India if not elsewhere. In his will one wealthy old father cut off his youngest son with a pittance on the ground that 'he is a fool and cannot litigate.' The story goes that in response to a demand from the Income Tax Collector an employee of a Marwari firm handed over one of two sets of account books for examination with the annual returns. Unfortunately he handed over the wrong set. His employers therefore arranged to have them removed surreptitiously from the Income Tax office, after which they wrote a letter demanding their return. The Income Tax Collector had to admit their loss and finally agreed to a settlement of a sum as damages for negligence.

Occasionally, sometimes for quite long periods, life was apt to be complicated by such events as epidemics, riots and strikes. Each hot weather a battle was fought against plague or cholera which could never be controlled adequately on account of the enormous floating population—many of whom lived and had their being in the streets—

abysmal ignorance in matters of elementary hygiene, and the ease with which false inoculation certificates could be acquired. There was a bazaar rate for these certificates as well as for empty penicillin phials and blood plasma bottles. The latter, refilled with spurious material, found their way back on the market with consequent injury or loss of life to the ultimate recipient.

In time one became acclimatized to riots, though they could be most inconvenient, particularly for motorists. Not only did they cause extra congestion in the streets, but if one stopped at the traffic lights, brickbats, stones and similar missiles were apt to collect inside the car via the sunshine roof.

Strikes, although sometimes preliminaries to riots, usually took the more peaceful forms of picketing or processions. Once I unwittingly stepped out of my office straight into a procession. Before I could retreat the individual next to me in

the file firmly pressed a red flag into my hand, and there I was, a self-confessed Trotskyite, marching with the best of them. In the circumstances I felt it prudent to accompany the cavalcade which conveniently proceeded in the direction of my house. When a few minutes later the procession turned left, I was able to continue my homeward journey after returning the flag to my 'friend' who graciously accepted it.

As the devotee returns a thousand times to the goddess Kali, so one harks back to one's memories, recollections not only of work, heat and frustration but of pleasant times with good friends, both Indian and European. At that time as Assistant Solicitor I was the owner of a car and kept two polo ponies with a *syce* or groom for each. This mode of life was indeed pleasant, but it was to end on the 3rd September 1939.

G.F.K.

SOCCKER v. R.A.F. TECHNICAL CADETS, HENLOW

Result: Cranwell 7, Henlow 2

This was the second meeting of the two colleges in official week-end competitions, and the first to be played at Henlow.

The result was a fair reflection of the play and, from the Cranwell point of view, a reward for the higher standards of skill and spirit which had developed throughout the term. The skill was evident in the way that the side adapted its style of play to suit a pitch much shorter and narrower than those on which it was accustomed to playing. The overcrowding and over-kicking which one would expect to result from such conditions was happily infrequent, while the number of shots at goal was well above average. The spirit of the side was shown by the fact that it was not deterred by having the services of only ten fit men throughout the game, for Head, the outside-left, was injured in the very first tackle of the game, severely twisting a knee so that he could do little but hobble thenceforward. (This self-handicapping is becoming an all too frequent habit with the Cranwell soccer team in important fixtures—in four out of the last five games with Service colleges there has been serious injury to a Cranwell player!)

In the opening stages of the game both sides were uncertain and both missed fairly easy chances. After about 15 minutes Laming opened the scoring for Cranwell with a high lob which deceived the Henlow defence. The same player added a second goal with a shot from an acute angle about ten minutes later. Henlow replied

with a shock goal, after some confusion on the right flank left the goalkeeper unsighted. Blake soon restored the position when, playing with his usual tenacity and opportunism, he managed to tackle and dispossess the opposing right-back and score from close range. At the interval Cranwell deserved their 3-1 lead.

Soon after the interval, Henlow scored a good goal with more purpose and determination. For a little while the outcome of the game seemed far from certain, but Cranwell regained their confidence in the last half-hour, when Blake scored four more goals. The first of these was a fine solo effort; the second resulted from a good shot when being challenged, after a clever pass from Deakin; the third was an overhead lob from an intelligent centre by Thompson after a quick, short corner from the right wing; the last was scored from close range after some short inter-passing with the injured Head.

Blake has throughout the term become known as the marksman of the side, and certainly deserved his reputation on this day's display. He was, however, extremely well supported by the entire forward line and wing halves; Deakin and Thompson especially played in most constructive fashion. The defence played quite soundly, without being unduly exerted, and Leppard, in goal, had his quietest game for some time.

Team: Leppard; Rostron, Glasgow; Terrett, Dorrett (Capt.), Nicolle, Laming, Thompson, Deakin, Blake, Head.
G.P.



TOUT LE MONDE AU BALCON OR LES SANS CULOTTES DE LA CINQUIÈME

From our Special Correspondent in Paris

IN the French capital there are some fifty night clubs, cabarets, music halls, or holes-in-the-wall where a red-blooded lad can find the sort of entertainment so necessary for the maintenance of morale. Undoubtedly there are many other spots where one can enjoy the bare beauty of the *spectacle française*, untarnished by the cloaked vulgarity which bedevils the English stage. However, the tour in Paris follows the normal practice of being only two and a half years, and as one has to work, eat, and sleep at some time during this period, there are of necessity some gaps in the author's knowledge.

The temporary resident lucky enough to be posted to S.H.A.P.E., to A.A.F.C.E., to the

British Embassy, or to one of the quaintly initialled N.A.T.O. Agencies lurking in Paris has ample time to explore the whole field and make his own choice. The casual visitor, feeling duty-bound to sample the local night-life, is faced with a bemusing choice between the rival attractions of, say, *Le Sexy*, *Le Jockey*, *Le Lido*, *Moulin Rouge*, *Concert Mayol*, *Folies Bergère*, *Casino*, *Crazy Horse*, *Venus*, *Boule Blanche*, *La Villa*, *Le Zodiac*, *Monocle*, *Le Sex Appeal*, *Grisbi*, *Le Shocking*, *Mme Arthur's*, *La Tomate*, *Le Shako*, *La Nouvelle Eve*, *Narcisse* . . . and all the others. This article is designed to help him get the best value for his money, for there are a large number of night clubs whence one

emerges a sadder, poorer, wiser, but not greatly entertained, man. Before discussing specific night-spots, let us examine—on the precept that forewarned is forearmed—the basic rules of Parisian Nightlifemanship:—

1. Steer well clear of the 'Paris by Night' coach tours run by the travel agencies.
2. Buy a copy of the weekly entertainment guide, *Semaine de Paris*, at the corner book-stall; this will give you some idea of prices and also help you to choose the type of cabaret you wish to patronize.
3. Once there, endeavour not to be taken for an American tourist.
4. Endeavour not to be taken for an English tourist.
5. Remember that there may be an entrance fee (usually about 10s) and that thereafter you are usually expected to buy at least half a bottle of champagne for each member of your party. (The price is highly inflated—60 N.F. for a bottle retailing at 8-9 N.F.) Alternatively, one can buy individual drinks (beer, spirits) at a flat rate of 12 N.F. (17s 6d) per drink; in the long run it is usually more economical to go for the champagne.

6. Bear in mind that a 15-18 per cent service charge is to come on top of your champers bill, and that the programme seller, the usherette, and the cloakroom girl will be waiting for their cut of the ubiquitous 'service.'
7. Watch out for the wench in the clinging, cleaving blouse and the short, short skirt who prowls around the audience with camera and flash-gun at the ready. Not only are the photos she takes very expensive, but you'll probably appear pop-eyed through having paid too much attention to the voluptuous photographer as she bent forward over her viewfinder.
8. For drinks, never—ever—order whisky or gin, unless you are trying to empty your wallet; if some charming Brigitte, Giselle or Yvette joins you at your table, slip her a quick champers before she can wreck your finances by ordering 'un Scotch.'
9. Remember that, generally speaking, the managements prefer their customers not to handle the goods.
10. The show over, be warned to take a taxi-cab complete with meter (on which the starting charge should be 1.50 N.F.) and licence plate to get back to your hotel. Even they charge double fares after 2300 hours, but that is nothing compared with the charges of the marauding unlicensed 'hire-cars' which appear miraculously on the streets of Pigalle in the early hours of the morning.

Now from the general to the specific. The Queen of the Night Clubs is generally accepted to be the *Lido*, half-way up the right-hand side of the Avenue des Champs Elysées. It is not cheap, and a distressingly large number of its turns are designed to appeal to the trans-Atlantic visitor, but one probably gets better value for money than at any other show in town. It is also an eminently suitable spot if one is in the company of a lady. For a full evening's entertainment, arrive at 2030 hours when the dinner-dance starts; by French gastronomical standards the food is not outstanding, but should present no hardship to one schooled in the niteries of Lincoln, Sleaford or Newark. A table can be reserved in advance by phoning ELYsées 11-61. Dinner with half a bottle of champagne costs 46 N.F. a head, plus 18 per cent service—say £4 per person. One can dance during dinner and during the interval in the floor show, the first half of which begins at 2300 hours. The fabulous area-rule designed showgirls are local talent, but the dancers—'Les Bluebell Girls'—are nearly



all English; however, let not any ambitious flight cadet be encouraged by this: after duty they are more closely guarded than a Thor site.

The less opulent chap may prefer to dine at a bistro round the corner, and then go to the *Lido* for the floor-show only. For him, a 30 N.F. half bottle of champagne is mandatory and there is a surcharge of an additional 5 N.F. if he wishes to watch the second—and even better—half of the cabaret starting at 0100 hours. If you are man enough to spin out your half bottle of champers for three hours, you see the best show in town for about £2 10s.

The typical flight cadet doing the rounds (i.e. even less opulent and probably intent on having a night out with the boys) would do well to visit not a night club, but a music hall. Agreed, one doesn't have a chance to dance, but one does not have to buy expensive drinks and one gets three hours of what one really came to see. For as little as 3.50 N.F. (5s) one can get into the *Concert Mayol* in the Rue l'Echiquier (near the Strasbourg St Denis metro station); there is a matinée at 1500 hours and the evening show starts at 2115 hours. A good plan is to arrive about 2030 hours and to drop into the bistro on the corner opposite the theatre for a beer: for the next three and a half hours this will be your only chance to see the showgirls with all their charms hidden. They usually come across for a drink before the show. The box office opens at 2045 hours; book *Balcon—premier rang—à côté*; this will cost about £1 and will give you a seat overlooking the tiny stage and close enough to pat the girls on the head. The current show consists of 33 strip-acts around which sketches have somewhat flimsily been constructed. There is a half-hour entracte during which one can adjourn to the bar for beer and belly-dancing—2 N.F. extra.

The *Concert Mayol*—one of the oldest Paris theatres—is in the East End of the city, and after the show it is amusing to take a midnight stroll down the nearby Rue du Faubourg St Denis, towards the Seine. This thoroughfare is largely populated by the picturesque ladies whose departure from the public scene has made London rather less colourful in recent months. Having successfully negotiated their territory, one arrives in Les Halles—the central market area of Paris. Here, seek out the *Pied du Cochon* in the Rue Coquillière, an all-night restaurant renowned (as its name implies) for its pigs' trotters, and also its sea foods and the traditional nocturnal dish of Les Halles—*Soupe à l'Onion Gratinée*. (A word of warning to the motorist: do not take



your car into Les Halles at night, except on Sundays when the markets are closed. You may get in all right, and even find a parking spot before midnight; but after supping—at about 2 or 3 in the morning—you will find that every one of the maze of streets is blocked with huge 20-ton *camions* unloading fruit and vegetables.)

If the circumstances of your visit are such that you are left with the time, money and inclination to delve further into the *demi-monde* of entertainment, you could visit the first-rate music hall of the *Casino de Paris* in the Rue de Clichy, or examine the attractions at the cabaret of *Madame Arthur* in the Rue des Martyrs in Montmartre. Here the usual mandatory drink rule applies—6 N.F. for a drink in the bar, 15 N.F. in the main arena and 60 N.F. for a bottle of bubbly. The show starts at 2300 hours, and you will soon find that the cabaret artistes are not quite what they seem. On the other hand, appearances are less deceptive at *La Tomate*, *Le Zodiak*, *La Boule Noire*, or the *Cabaret des Capucines*: these are nooks where the show starts in mid-afternoon and the prices at about 5s.

So, young men, when, braced by the Lincolnshire air and the New Pay Code, you take wing to visit S.H.A.P.E. or your pen to write to the Air Attaché (Q.R. 1336 (1)(c) and all that), be guided by my words and the tenets of Night-lifemanship—and *Bon Appetit!*

I.R.T.

THE ROAD TO RISALPUR

In January of this year the Chief Flying Instructor, the acting Director of Studies and the Officer Commanding 'B' Squadron paid a liaison visit to the Pakistan Air Force College at Risalpur. A full report on the visit has, of course, been passed 'through the usual funnels,' but the following account of the journey and of the less formal activities of the team during the visit may be of interest to those who have yet to experience the new standards of passenger comfort in Transport Command, the pleasure and interest of a visit to Pakistan, or the kindness and the hospitality of the Pakistan Air Force.

IT was raining as we climbed aboard the Comet at Lyneham. The aircraft taxied out, took off and was in cloud almost before the wheels were safely tucked up into the wings. A few minutes and about 20,000 feet later, the Comet burst from the clouds into a clear sky. While we cleared the coast, the sun sank slowly into the weather and from the depths of the comfortable tip-back seats we sipped a welcome cup of hot coffee. Over France and across the Mediterranean the aircraft flew at 40,000 feet and at a grand speed of about 580 knots, and only occasional flashes of lightning from storm clouds far below us disturbed the quiet conversation, concentration on paper-backed novels or rummaging about in the excellent lunch box. Four and a half hours after leaving Lyneham we landed at Nicosia and stepped out into a soft, warm breeze, feeling fresher, I am sure, than when we got into the aircraft. Within an hour we were installed in a hotel in Nicosia and having a quick beer before the bar closed. Next morning by noon we were high over Turkey's desolate mountains, eyeing the wild, snow-capped peaks from a warm and comfortable cabin, and it was easy to appreciate the dangers and difficulties which must have faced the M.E.A.F. rescue organization after a Tudor had crashed in this area some months ago. A note from the Captain that the Caspian Sea was visible some 80 miles to port called to mind the strenuous adventures of the 'Russian who came from afar'—Ivan Skovinsky Skovar—and his implacable enemy, Abdul Abulbul Amir.

Soon the aircraft turned south-east and the mountains gave way to the arid rocky deserts of

Persia, scenery which was only relieved by a glimpse of Teheran. No doubt an author could do justice to the colour, topography and the whole vast brooding nature of this part of the world, but to us it resembled nothing so much as space fiction drawings of the surface of the moon.

We landed at Karachi at dusk to be welcomed by a P.A.F. Squadron Leader, passed with commendable speed through customs, immigration and medical authorities, and driven to Mauripur, the main P.A.F. base.

After a bath and a gin we spent the evening in the Mess talking to P.A.F. officers, sipping Beck's beer and dining with the Station Commander, an old friend of the C.F.I's. The highlight of the evening was the production by the barman, after much whispering, shuffling and rummaging behind the bar, of a mysterious bottle of home brew boldly labelled 'ABDAR'S FRONTIER FIZZ.' The taste, though not unpleasant, was indescribable, and our consumption of it limited (not by us) to a port glass full. Among the officers we met were two ex-Cranwell cadets of whom there are some ten in the Pakistan Air Force.

The next morning, after calling on the Commander-in-Chief at Air Headquarters, we were shown round the station. Commanded by a 34-year-old Group Captain, Mauripur has, in addition to the Air Headquarters, Sabre and Bristol Freighter squadrons, a Day Fighter Leaders' school, a T33 Conversion Unit, a B57 Conversion Unit, S.A.R. Whirlwinds and an amphibian aircraft—a mixture sufficient to daunt anyone, except the Station Commander, who accepts his responsibilities with engaging

sang-froid. The tour produced both thirst and hunger, so after cease-work at 1330 the former was slaked with beer and the latter satisfied by a large Chinese meal in Karachi. And so to bed to gather strength for New Year's Eve. This proved to be a splendid evening marred only by two disappointments, the first being that on arriving at one night club we were told by friends that 'we had just missed the belly dancer,' the other being that our recollections of the evening's events seem in retrospect to have become somewhat hazy.

However, there was little hazy about the four and a half hour ride in a Bristol Freighter to Risalpur next day. It was cold and noisy and was relieved only by an excellent lunch box, half an hour in the warm cabin with the pilot and occasional glimpses of the rivers Indus and Jhelum. The country was mostly desert—but at least it looked warm. Greeted by the Commandant and his staff on arrival we were whisked away to an inter-squadron cricket match and a welcome cup of tea—it was just like being at Cranwell. This was followed by a bath, a change and cocktails and dinner at the Commandant's house where we met several of the staff and their charming and exquisitely dressed wives.

The next morning was spent conferring with the Commandant and his staff and touring round the College. The Cadet Wing quarters and Mess are spartan by College standards, but spotless and impressively well ordered. After lunch (at which the main talking point was the fact that the C.F.I. drank orange juice) a visit was made to Kheski—a large and most attractive lake used for the cadets' boating activities. Shooting is forbidden there so the lake is a bird-watcher's paradise. Beneath a cloudless sky and with a back-drop of snow-clad hills we spent an idyllic afternoon, the peace broken only by the flapping of wings and an occasional oath from the D. of S. in the middle of the lake as he caught a crab.

That evening we dined with the cadets and were very much impressed with their bearing, their enthusiasm and their lively interest in Cranwell and the R.A.F. Their training, incidentally, which takes two years, follows closely that given at Cranwell, but only basic flying is taught—in Harvards. The two main prizes—the Sword of Honour and the Best Pilot's prize, presented by Air Marshal Sir Richard Atcherley when he was Commander-in-Chief of the P.A.F.—are magnificent pieces.

The next day was free from business so we flew in Harvards to Miram Shah, an old fort

at the foot of the hills along the North-West Frontier. The fort is occupied, as it has been for the last half-century, by the Tochi Scouts. Despite its turbulent past the fort is now a haven of peace, which is broken only by an occasional shell and, on the day of our visit, by the Colonel's pistol practice on the lawn outside the Officers' Mess. The latter cannot have changed much since it was built and the interior is cool, dark and furnished in red leather. The walls are lined with trophies and pictures going back fifty or more years—the length of time, incidentally, which the head bearer has served there (his father has just retired at the age of 98, since his hand was becoming a little shaky as it poured out the whisky). The airstrip and the tarmac within the fort area are now unoccupied except for occasional visits by P.A.F. Furies belonging to a squadron based at Kohat, but the visitors' book and other reminders recall the past of Wapitis, Harts and Audaxes of the R.A.F. squadrons which served there before the war.

We had hoped to be allowed to go out on a 'gasht,' or patrol, with the Tochi Scouts but the Political Agent vetoed the idea and we drank beer, picked oranges in his garden, and had an excellent lunch instead. As a memento we were each given a handsome ivory-handled dagger. This was made by Tochi craftsmen in the fort and was wickedly sharp. As one of the Tochi officers said, he would rather be hit by a bullet than stabbed by one of these knives. Apparently once you have got the knife firmly embedded in an enemy the technique is to thrash it about a bit. O.C. 'B' Squadron said he was going to use his to cut out red herrings at Squadron Commanders' conferences. The C.F.I. presented the College crest to the Colonel. Leaving Miram Shah with great regret—for our hosts' hospitality had been truly wonderful—we returned to Risalpur via Razmak, Tank, Bannu, Thal and Kohat, names which will evoke many memories for those who served in India before the war. Only those who have wrestled (on paper) with the Fakir of Ipi at Staff College can understand the thrill of visiting these places, but the most striking thing about the North-West Frontier now is the peace, with only an occasional sniper to keep the game going and to recall the turbulent past of this romantic area.

And so back to work on Monday, which included a visit from the foreign officers at Quetta Staff College. During the coffee break we were privileged to meet Army officers from Sudan, Indonesia, Australia and Canada.

By now the enormous meals and the litres of Beck's beer were taking their toll of our digestions,

and although we were walking briskly everywhere (instead of riding in a car which was laid on for any distance over 20 yards) the remedies promised on the outside of the Alka Seltzer bottle were insufficient and we had to resort to strenuous exercise. This included an inter-squadron hockey match; Pakistani cadets are very fit indeed and the pitches are very hard, so the final whistle came as a welcome relief. For the record, O.C. 'B' Squadron's team beat the C.F.I.'s—most untactful some might think. The latter stalked off in a huff to play squash with a nephew of Hashim Khan's and got even more soundly thrashed—but the indigestion was cured. This was just as well as that evening there was a guest night in the Officers' Mess. This proved to be a very pleasant affair, not least because the Mess is cool, well appointed and well run. R.A.F. Squadron badges carved on the walls in the main hall 30 or so years ago have survived the change of management. Some of the bearers too have survived over the years and they seemed to take great pleasure in recalling the past. One of them, beribboned with the Indian General Service Medal, anxiously enquired after the health and whereabouts of Flight Lieutenant Embry. After 'The Queen' and 'Pakistan,' the Commandant and the C.F.I. exchanged short speeches and the latter presented to the P.A.F. College a plaque of the R.A.F. College badge.

The next day we were taken to visit the Warsak Dam and the Khyber Pass. The former, a Canadian-built project of the Colombo Plan, is a most impressive affair which will eventually irrigate thousands of acres of land west of Peshawar. It will also provide power by means of four 240,000 watt generators. The same attention to safety that we found on P.A.F. Stations was evidenced here by an enormous notice stretched across the approach road to the dam: 'LET'S MAKE THIS THE SAFEST DAM JOB IN PAKISTAN.' The houses built and now occupied by the Canadians working on the project are likely to be taken over as quarters by the P.A.F. when the Air Headquarters moves into the area.

From Warsak we drove along the foothills and through the Khyber Pass up to the Afghanistan border. The wild, rocky scenery, the historic nature of the pass with its twin roads, the new one for cars, and the old and original one for camels, the picturesque forts and badges of British regiments carved into the hill-sides (and still beautifully kept) cannot fail to impress even the most extrovert mind. The ghosts of soldiers, from those

of Alexander the Great in the fourth century B.C. to the British who fought there over 2,000 years later, must miss the sound and fury of battle and content themselves with the rumble of the train, which goes through 34 tunnels in the 26 miles of its length.

At the top of the pass is Landikotal, where the bazaar cannot have changed in 1,000 years, except for the wrist watches, penknives and other modern trinkets on sale at the stalls. At the fort, manned by the Khyber Rifles, we had lunch and then moved on to the border. The smart detachment of the Khyber Rifles, with its shining brass, its neat parade ground with whitewashed guard-room and the erect, immaculate and fiercely moustachioed Pakistani scouts, contrasted most noticeably with the moronic and scruffy-looking Afghan soldier in dark green uniform standing dejectedly, rifle slung over shoulder, on the other side of the barrier.

A short stop for shopping in Peshawar on the way back completed a wonderful day. Peshawar, like London, has its traffic problem, but it stems from different causes and arises not so much from the number of vehicles as from their wide speed range. In descending order of speed, cars, scooters, horses, donkeys, bicycles, camels and bullock carts jostle for position and devil take the hindmost—or so it seemed.

The next day, after a final conference with the Commandant and his staff, we were taken to Taxila, the scene of ancient temples and monuments dating back to the time of Alexander the Great. This involved a drive of some sixty miles along the grand trunk road—built several hundred years ago—which stretches in an almost straight line from Khyber to Calcutta; a truly remarkable feat, and reminiscent, on a much larger scale, of the Roman roads in Britain.

Next day, after a four and a half hour flight, we were back in Mauripur in a hotter and dustier but still pleasant climate and in the day or so left to us we were privileged to visit the P.A.F. Staff College, of which the Commandant is Air Commodore C. B. E. Burt-Andrews, C.B.E., R.A.F. The building is a converted hospital and the result is a delightfully cool, spacious and well-equipped College with all mod. con. in the way of aids. Visits were also made to the Apprentice School at Korangi Creek and the Maintenance Base at Drigh Road. We also found time to visit some delightful clubs, night and otherwise. Suddenly it was time to go and we moved into the R.A.F. transit accommodation, known as Minwallah's Grand Hotel. This was

quite revolting, and when the Britannia was delayed for 24 hours we were glad to return to the company of our Pakistani friends until bed-time next morning.

We bade our hosts goodbye with great regret. Their hospitality had been wonderful and nothing had been too much trouble for them. We had visited them in their homes, their clubs and their stations and no doubt they were glad to see the back of us. It was impossible not to be impressed by the bearing, the youthful enthusiasm and

press-on attitude of all the officers and cadets we met. We were sorry to go.

By 1000 hours the next day we were airborne. What service, what comfort, what silence (comparatively)—all this and a hot meal too! The standards of passenger comfort in Transport Command have certainly changed from the days of the Hastings. Another night in Nicosia, an ugly dart at the runway at Lyneham, and we were back. It was snowing as we clambered down on to the tarmac.

E.H.L-B.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

29th April 1960

Dear Sir,

Squadron Leader Granville-White's letter in your Spring 1960 *Journal* (he was C.O. of No. 208 Squadron when given his Below Sea Level Flying Club Card) prompts me to send you a photograph of three Audaxes, of the same squadron, on the landing ground at El Lisan, located on the promontory of the same name on the south-east side of the Dead Sea.

The date of this 'sub-mare' but not 'sub-aqua' landing (3 points each, of course) is 16th July 1935. The other two aircraft were flown by Flying Officer (now Air Commodore) A. G. Powell (1931-32), and Flight Lieutenant (now Group Captain (Retd.)) R. W. K. Stevens.



I enclose a card presented to me by the U.S.A.F. Liaison Officer in Hong Kong in 1950 which you may care to publish even though it is not a club card.

Yours sincerely,

J. WORRALL, D.F.C., R.A.F.,
Air Vice-Marshal.

Air Ministry,
Whitehall,
London, S.W.1.



ELEPHANT AMOK

Kandy, 1959

ALL through the hot day the reverent and the curious came to Kandy. Thousands reached the ancient capital of Ceylon on foot, in bullock carts, in cars or in battered, windowless coaches from all parts of the island. To the Sinhalese and Tamils the journey was a pilgrimage through well-known countryside. To the planter, the tourist and the group of Servicemen from the R.A.F. Staging Post at Katunayake it was an excursion through a photographer's paradise of paddy, rubber, tea and coconut-studded valleys. All halted at intervals at roadside boutiques and rivulets to quench the thirst of throats and radiators. All arrived to swell the throng to witness the great pageant of the East, the final night of the annual Kandy Perahera.

By five o'clock in the afternoon the town was full. Every vantage point had been occupied for hours. But the streets were still filled with crowds streaming to and from the Dalada Maligawa, the Temple of the Tooth.

Everywhere was colour; the white sarongs of the men enhanced the brilliant saris of their wives and daughters. Everywhere was expectancy; the Sinhalese were awaiting their religious festival.

The waiting continued long after sunset. In the early darkness, some richer Sinhalese and European visitors dined on the verandah of the Queen's Hotel; the crowds settled into position ten-deep outside. The quiet ended as the head of the procession appeared suddenly, moving slowly through the multitude.

On each side torch-bearers lit up the scene; at the head appeared a group of whip-crackers, heralding the procession; then came the first group of Kandyan dancers and drummers— young men and boys bare chested but heavily garlanded. Every few yards they stopped for variations of the dances for which they are famous. Dance and drum provided the movement and grace of the pageant.

The majesty of the procession derives from the elephants. Soon they appeared, stately in dignity, gorgeous in jewels, silk and lace. A thousand eyes admired each elephant padding slowly by, but for the great elephant Rajah there was reverence. In the jewelled howdah on his back was the Casket of the Tooth of the

Gautama Buddha. The Perahera is held annually so that Buddhists may see the casket.

The procession was beautiful, regal and impressive; it was also repetitive. Admiration might have waned if it had passed by in all its length, but the final parade of the Perahera of 1959 was not completed. Raja, the elephant, ran amok.

Raja was not the Temple elephant bearing the Tooth Relic but a younger animal lent by a Sinhalese planter. Nor was he in the charge of his customary mahout, but led by a relatively strange though experienced elephant boy. Raja's mahout was in prison because he had ordered Raja to flatten one of his enemies—effective, and a pleasant change from the customary knifings.

Raja passed by the Queen's Hotel in docile fashion, but then trod on some of the flaming embers dropped from the torches. Immediately he swung round, trumpeting, and began lumbering back the way he had come, into the path of a group of drummers and dancers. The speed and strength of the contagion of fear became apparent; within seconds the fearful shouts of a few led to the screams of hundreds. The hasty retreat of the unnerved drummers became a panic-stricken flight of thousands. One drummer hurled himself over the verandah of the Queen's Hotel on to the table of former diners. Several climbed lamp-posts; scores jumped into the lake. The watching multitude became a fleeing horde. A screaming mob trampled and battered its way into the sanctuary of the hotel.

Gradually order reappeared. The other elephants quietly stood their ground; Raja was pacified and chained to a lamp-post. The crowds warily reappeared; the Kandyan chieftains conferred and the procession resumed.

But the second act of the performance soon ended abruptly. It was a re-enactment of the first but with a fatal close. To reassert their self-esteem, and the superiority of man over elephant, some of the Sinhalese began to taunt the captive Raja. The elephant withstood the goading for a very short while and then rebelled. With one heave he broke the chain which held him to the lamp-post. Then Raja ran wild and trampled a woman and her child to death before they had time to flee.

The crowd had never settled after the first mad rush. Now it stampeded. Fear became almost tangible. As the maddened elephant charged down the road leading to the Asgiriya Temple, the mob ran blindly, heedlessly, before it, trampling all in its path. As the shouts of the fugitives died away there remained the moans of the injured. Ambulance men and doctors appeared, but at least a dozen were beyond aid.

Raja himself caused no more harm after his initial rush. He was soon cornered in a side street and shot by a policeman. Dignified for most of his life, Raja was denied dignity in death. As he died, he fell sideways on top of a parked car and squashed it, but set off the car horn. The 1959 Perahera ended in death, disablement and farce.

S.H.G.

WASHED OFF A BRIDGE

A VERY common sign on the roads of Southern Rhodesia is found at the approach to road bridges over the river beds. It reads 'No traffic over bridge when water is over the guard-rails.' This excellent advice made me lift my eyebrows rather when I had first arrived in the country as 90 per cent of the rivers are completely dry for six months in the year.

Being rash enough to raise the point in a Salisbury tavern one evening and commenting that it seemed a bit of an 'Old Womanish' outlook on life, I was somewhat rudely informed that I was only a rooinek (Afrikaans for red-neck, a name reserved for new arrivals in the country) and had better watch out if I had any driving to do in the rainy season. As the man telling me this was a fellow graduate of Liverpool University and had been in the country only a few months longer than myself I thought he was leg-pulling, until he told me his story.

Jim is a surveyor employed by the Southern Rhodesian Government Service. He had gone out with a colleague in a Chevrolet Panel Van (not the flimsiest of motors!) to do some surveying in the Fort Victoria area of the country. It was raining lightly as they set off but this increased to a steady downpour. With their survey gang of Africans in the back they travelled for an hour or so in the hope that it might improve. However, as it seemed to be worsening, they decided to call it a day and return to camp.

It is very much ruwari (kopje) country in those parts and the water was by now flooding off the kopjes in waterfalls, and odd dips in the track were a foot deep and flowing fast. However, once off the vlei (shallow valley) and on to a higher track, the drive merely consisted of a sheet of water from two to six inches deep—not too bad.

After half an hour they regained the 'main' (dirt) road, and soon came to a concrete drift about thirty feet long over a spruit which normally flowed at a trickle, if at all.

The water was just at the top of the concrete guard-posts which are only about a foot above the road surface, lining both sides, so they decided it was no real risk. The driver engaged first gear and in they went. At the very middle the engine stalled. If they had thought of it they could probably have got themselves out on the starter in first gear—but they did not think of it!

It was then that they realized that the water, while only a foot or so deep, was flowing very fast and worse still was rising rapidly. Some of the boys who had climbed out to try and push clear found it impossible to stand in the water and clambered back or were swept away.

By now the spruit was flowing two feet deep and the van had been pushed up hard against the guard-posts. Jim, on the upstream side, had opened his window and was soon to be very glad that he had—the posts snapped suddenly and the van turned over. Jim baled out through this window at a speed which would have earned a commendation at any submariner school, closely followed by his friend. He went underwater, surfaced, and remembers sitting armchair fashion on the torrent as it went downstream at about twenty knots. Someone afterwards remarked it was fortunate he could swim—at the time it did not seem to make much difference! He missed two trees and then managed to grab a third and climb into the branches which he relates as being rather fortunate, there being a drop of about thirty feet just ahead.

He shouted for his colleague but the roar of the water and the rain made it impossible to hear anything. Some of the boys had also arrived in neighbouring trees, and between them they found Jim's colleague on a rock in midstream at the top of a second waterfall, where the water was raging over some boulders. With the aid of some thin branches they managed to get him across, albeit with some difficulty as he had a broken leg, to their clump of trees. By this time other cars

had arrived and, attracted by the remains of the poor Chevrolet which was standing on its tail, soon managed to rescue the survey team who, apart from the driver, had got away with nothing more than severe bruising.

After this recital I had to admit to a rooi-face (I do not know the equivalent in Afrikaans) and thought privately that crossing the Mersey river by the tunnel is not such a dramatic experience after all!
H.B.

ULTIMATION, MOTINISM, KERASH

(Excerpts from 'High Plight')

Note to new readers:—

This article is fully cenforized, pre-shrunk for your own protection, all explotives expunged. Printed on 'high-porosity' paper, it is the only article featuring 'full-length filter.' Beware of imitations. Only U.M.K. give you genuine Issues, unsullied by official 'fervour-blur.' U.M.K. beat fervour-blur.

Read on, read on, in majesty:

Gibble, gabble, hibble, hobble, tribble, trebble chance.

'Blimey, five past eight and they're still not here.'

'So what? They never are.'

'Huh, I'm not gonna sit next to him.'

'Look, someone's got to sit next to him. Grab that beer and move down.'

'If you're so keen why don't you sit next . . .'

Bang . . . BANG

' . . . to him, then?'

'Hey, sort yourselves out, they'll be here in a minute.'

'Some hope.'

'Hey, who won the rowing, he might ask. . . .'

BANG . . . BANG!

'ShurrrupSshhhHeygetthatbeeroffthetable-
Quiet. . . .'

DiddleDum, DiddleDiddleDaDum . . .

'Good evening, Pumfrey.'

'Good evening, sir.'

'Oh, sir, excuse me, sir. I think actually, sir, that you'll find your seat's at the far end, sir, in fact, sir . . .'

'Aye, it's always the same. Ah can harrrdy heerr myself ceet with that — band.'

Dissolve . . . to a high, long shot of rows of bowed heads, as if for execution. Cut to a small group in the centre.

'No, not cod again. Always half-cooked as well.'

'And cold.'

'Yeah, I'm not having any.'

'Are you getting a Messkit?'

'Well, as it's now a Senior Entry privilege to have to get one, I might as well . . . if I'm still here.'

'Wouldn't be so bad if they looked anything.'

'Yeah, those trousers.'

'Sir, the main course has arrived at the table. There are forty-nine of Bessemer Bill's case-hardened potatoes remaining. Would Cadet Van Pyre or any other gentleman care for activated sludge at this time, sir?'

'Er, negative potatoes. Please pass the peas, cabbage and cauliflower, that is to say, three greens. Did you get that? Three greens . . .'

'O.K., O.K., we went Stateside too, remember. And if you start off on flying again, Dick, I'll . . .'

'But why can't ah have another bottle of wine?'

' . . . and then he said "Yousir, yesyousir, thatflightcadetsir, flightcadetgennelmansir, whyyourunningsir?, whyyourunninglikethatsir?, you'relatesir, aren'tyousir?, you'relatesir. Why-yououlatesir?, whyyououlate? There must be a reasonforitsir. You'reonareportsir, onareportsir. Yournamesir, what is yourname?" I tell you, I nearly died!'

'Yeah, and don't forget that classic "We want guts, gennelmen, gutsgutsgutsgutsgutsgutsguts".'

'Do you mind? I'm trying to eat my dinner. It's bad enough as it is.'
Scribble, scrabble, fribble, frabble, gobble, gobble, chomp.

In these discreetly candle-lit surroundings, the young intelligentsia, the leaders of the future, the cream of Britain's cream, the inheritors of the few, the future guardians of our freedom exercise their social adaptability, conversing expertly and confidently with their superiors and fellows as they partake of meat and wine in accordance with the hallowed and gracious traditions of convivial good-living which are the cornerstone of their pride.

Slurp, Shlurp, grunt, chomp, munch, crunch, burp.
'E can't touch me, I'm Senior Entry.'

'I reckon it's not worth drinking at *all* if you're not gonna get drunk.'

'But, sir, how can you ever hope to understand what's going on in God's mind?'

'But I *insist* on having the right cups on my table.'

'Now look, a *true* artist is one who is willing to sacrifice *everything* for his art.'

'Even if it is inhuman, it's still the best way to get rid of foxes.'

'Yes, sir, but there's no *logic* behind compulsory religion, and anyway I would have thought it was blasphemous.'

'And how is the flying going, Pumfrey?'

'But don't you *see* . . .'

'But you must agree . . .'

'The thing is, sir . . .'

'But *surely* . . .'

Aromatic cigar-smoke drifts unavoidable across the tables. Port gleams through crystal. Genuine coffee, silky and smooth, ophidian devious, soothes the palate. Walt Whitman's key'd cornet shakes mad-sweet pangs through belly and breast. Architects of argument attain at last fruition in the sophistication of intellectual intercourse.

Fibble, snibble, bibble, gibble, moan, drone, groan.

'Ersir, wouldyoulikeadrinkwhatareyoudrinkingsir?'

'I noticed there was no one on the carpet this evening. Pity. Looks as though the new generation's growing up soft. Seem to think their energies should be devoted to maintaining a policy of total non-co-operation, despite their pride and a natural inclination to test their courage and strength against those trying to provoke them.'

'Ectually, sir, I've become convinced that our training here produces little more than a bunch of Russophobes and opsimaths.'

'Despite the praxis of stratocracy there is no such thing as the spirit of the law—just a lumber of jargon and precedent, nicely riddled with loopholes.'

'Cranwell is over-sexed and under-satisfied.'

'Form is an intuition of surface made by the sculptor imaginatively situated at the centre of gravity of the block before him. Under the guidance of this intuition the stone is slowly educated from an arbitrary into an ideal state of existence.'

'But I simply *hate* driving.'

'Arabic is so interesting, because where English and French are burdened with a plethora of homophones and homonyms, it simply abounds in homographs and heteronyms, which present a radical and perpetual inconvenience to its users.'

'And who won the rowing, Freymup?'

'Well, as Schoenberg pointed out in 1911, "The relinquishment of tonality implies a corresponding relinquishment of the structural processes founded upon the very principle of tonality; consequently early examples of works written according to the twelve-note system were necessarily brief".'

'Well, sir, the first thing I intend to do on passing-out is to forget I ever came here.'

'Are you sure you checked *all* the rooms?, because I haven't seen Hoy, Adamin or Purvoerd all evening. Maybe they went out to Fred's place for a meal.'

'Pssst . . . have you seen the latest copy of *Hypogeal Magazine*? . . . wild, man.'

'Oh, that was just one of my peripheral affairs, sir.'

'Obsession with the plurality of inhabited worlds, competitive tennis, infinity, solipsism, architectonics, orthoepy, gardening and Mendelism indicates a marked degree of metatropism and exaggerated over-compensation for an inferiority complex a mile wide.'

'Hey, our two Clevies are at it again.'

'Now listen, Pumfrey, we can't stop you *thinking* what you like, and on occasions you may even *say* what you like, but you certainly can't *write* what you like. And you must always remember that you, as cadets, stand nowhere. You understand? Nowhere.'

Dissolve . . . to super-close-up of dirty white dimpled surface. A hairy hand dabs at it. Track back to reveal a figure in alcoholic haze, pyjama trousers and bow tie.

'Huh, get all of two hoursh shleep before Sherry Parade.'

Crash of martial music. Cut to shot of College through main gates. Roll final credits and fade to black.

H.L.P.

THE EXPEDITION



TO KUFRA - 1960

THIS year a joint expedition to the Kufra Oasis in Libya was carried out by the R.M.A. Sandhurst and the R.A.F. College. Kufra is approximately 700 miles south-east of Benghazi, and has seldom been visited since the war, when it was a base for the Long-Range Desert Group. The College decided that it could afford to risk the lives of four volunteers, Under Officer K. Edwards and Flight Cadets P. A. Jenner, P. M. Riley and M. Sabine as our representatives on this expedition. The following is an extract from Jenner's personal diary.

Friday, 8th April

The modification to the Land-Rover fuel pumps being completed we left Benghazi at 0914 hours and followed the road down the coast to Agedabia. The land is flat for miles, but there are still long lines of trees, usually along the roadways. Even now the sun is quite warm. Outside it is pleasant, but the inside of the three-tonner cabin is a bit oppressive.

Passed through a small native settlement, called Geminir, at 1053 hours. Skyline is one straight unbroken line and the only things that seem to move are the telegraph posts not far from the road. The sky is a very pale blue with streaks of high cirrus cloud.

The countryside became more hilly down towards Agedabia. Passed through Agedabia and stopped just outside the town. Surrounded by natives, mostly children, yelling for 'backsheesh' or whatever they call it. Gave some sweets away to the children. Native settlement just shacks and shanties where apparently they cram in whole families.

After Agedabia the desert was flat and gently undulating with quite an overall coverage of tiny scrub bushes.

As the afternoon passed the ridges became wider apart and the scrub gradually disappeared until almost nothing of it could be seen. The dust kicked up by the trucks and jeeps is thick and white and cakes the eyes and face. Although the track we followed was very rough it gradually improved, until at times 30 m.p.h. could be maintained for minutes at a time. At 1620 hours we halted at the edge of a ridge to wait for a Land-Rover with a puncture. It was Pete Riley's Rover so I will give him a rough time when I see him. Just in time we skirted what seemed to be a minefield which was outlined by low, thin strands of barbed wire. If it had been dark we would not have seen them.

The desert floor is rubble of various sizes with a loose covering of pinkish-fawn dust. This dust gets kicked up, especially by the heavy trucks, and chokes the throat and nose and eyes. I have a good view as I am standing on a little platform in the three-tonner cabin and the upper part of me is stuck out of the hole in the top.

We stopped for the night at 1730 hours on a flat, hard sand plain. Sergeants Copeland and Willis cooked an excellent stew, and rum went well with the tea. The evening is very cool and clear; the sun going down rather rapidly leaves the ten vehicles a tiny cluster of lights in so much darkness. I am quite tired and a cigarette tastes wonderful. After a day's run of 162 miles our position tonight is $20^{\circ} 43' E.$ and $30^{\circ} 11' N.$

During the stop No. 5 Land-Rover and the Radio Land-Rover had wheel changes. The three- and one-tonners are doing very well and coping easily as well as the Land-Rovers. So far the desert floor has been quite hard; when we reach sand I fear we will bless the Land-Rovers.

Saturday, 9th April

The second day out we met with our first trouble. The desert became soft sand in patches and as the ridges became more frequent the going got worse. The three-tonners were the big trouble and many times we had to dig and use sand channels to get them unstuck. Once free, the drill was to grab up the sand channel, rush forward and wait until the truck seemed to be sticking, then throw it under the wheel. Once the lorry got into second gear it invariably pulled away for at least 25 yards before sticking again.

In the late morning of the second day we came across a mined fort of white stones which Captain Adami said had probably been built by the Turks.

We passed on and made reasonable going until a very bad patch of loose, fine sand in the form of a steepish hill. It was tufted with long, spiny grass and slowed every vehicle down, including the Rovers. I think everyone got bogged down in this, but on the other side the progress was much better and only now and again were we stopped.

By now we had penetrated well into the Serrea, which is said to be the largest featureless area in the world. Certainly there are flatter regions, but nothing could be more utterly devoid of any land form other than flat, gritty sand. Usually the sand is found underneath a very thin surface of fine pebbles and stones. Almost like ice to travel over, the top layer being just firm enough to walk upon without sinking in.

At 1230 hours we came across quite a large formation of rock which stuck right out of the desert. We stopped for biscuits, jam and cheese and then continued making very good progress, strung out in ragged formation over a distance of about four miles.

At 1730 hours we again struck treacherous sand when trying to cross a chalky ridge. The one-ton Signals Truck was stuck almost to its axles and we had some trouble getting it out. Even the Rovers were gingerly creeping about in four-wheel drive. After many tries at different routes over the ridge we found the only way was to retrace our steps and go all the way round the dip and work carefully upwards. We eventually got over the ridge and did fifteen more miles before camping for the night. By now everybody had caught the sun and was feeling some of the effects of it. I played noughts and crosses with Robin Letts in the sand. He was very good at it. Our camp was just below a ridge from which Jalo Oasis could be seen. It was at Jalo that we were to refill empty fuel cans. Water we hoped to get from a small water hole some miles south of Jalo.

Sunday, 10th April

Captain Adami's Rover and my three-tonner went to collect the petrol from the dump very near Jalo. They took presents for the Mudir of Jalo. I went with the two Land Rovers southwards to find the water hole to refill 13 jerricans. Captain Duckworth navigated and it was not very long before we saw a big Jebel with small tufted lumps about the place. This, we thought, was the water hole. We arrived there but no water could be seen anywhere. A tiny dip in the sand about 4 feet in diameter looked promising. We started digging. Five feet later the only sign of water was a slight dampening of the sand. We decided to go northwards to Jalo for the water. After 20 minutes or so we saw a solitary camel moving in the opposite direction to us. It looked so fine in the flat expanse, slowly rolling along. We came closer and saw it had two riders. We stopped and greeted them. They dismounted and Captain Duckworth asked them where the water hole was. They immediately pointed well to the



Where others have been before . . . an abandoned L.R.D.G. vehicle

east of where we had come so we could not have been at the water hole at all. Robin Letts had a ride on their camel—I paid with some cigarettes. The camel made some astounding noises and poor Robin took a long time to get on. He nearly lost his glasses and was sweating profusely by the time he had installed himself on the pack of baggage there. Needless to say the two natives were going to Kufra—just like that! We swallowed our pride and waved cheerio.

The approach to Jalo was very bad and we used four-wheel drive all the way. We eventually drove into the populated part of the oasis and immediately became the centre of interest of about 20 or 30 natives. It was hot there with lots of flies which could bite quite well. The natives didn't worry much and let the flies crawl in numbers round their noses, corners of their eyes and round their lips. Here I must point out that the oasis covers several square miles and is not just a romantic clump of palms with a crystal-clear spring flowing and exotic flowers here and there. Certainly there are palms—thousands of them—but usually they are quite widely spaced, covering a large area. The water, too, is always suspect and the doctor was chary of taking much. He tasted it, however, and said it was reasonable. Whilst moving the jeeps to the well—in full view with all our equipment, radio, etc., we got horribly stuck in the loose, deep sand which apart from the trees was the most noticeable thing about the oasis. While we were digging out Captain Duckworth was invited to drink tea with the Mudir of Jalo. We filled the water cans.

Apparently Jalo had been an Italian outpost before the war and the garrison was still well preserved though now it looked like a market place. I noticed how undernourished and heavily laden the donkeys were. I felt sorry for the wretched brutes. They were pretty mangy, too.

We finally left Jalo at about 1230 hours and took a northerly route out of it to circle round to the west for the base camp, thus avoiding soft sand.

On reaching the camp I had a cup of warm orange juice before the whole convoy moved off again.

This time I had taken Pete Riley's place in the Radio Land-Rover as he had got heat exhaustion. We were positioned at the rear of the convoy with the Assistant Quartermaster's Rover and the one-ton Signals Truck. This truck caused a bit of trouble and progress was very slow.

Our group of three vehicles gradually lagged behind and the distance increased as the afternoon wore on. By late afternoon we were about 56 miles behind and the sun was dropping. I was driving the Rover and as the sun went below the horizon we could only follow the three-tonner tracks on dipped headlights. Once or twice we stopped for the one-tonner, but on average we made good time. We all saw then a light on the horizon ahead of us in the general direction we were going. By now the main party had made camp for a good two hours. I found myself getting cold. At about 2030 hours we saw a red flare on the horizon and soon we made radio contact with camp. After another 45 minutes

we arrived and hot stew was waiting for us. During the late evening Sergeant Copely took a theodolite fix. The theodolite is very accurate, far more so than the R.A.F. navigator's sextant which is virtually useless in the desert.

Monday, 11th April

Before striking camp in the morning we did short 'sun compass' exercises. Travel in the desert is done by bearings on the sun compass which provides a visual indication when the driver is going away from his original required bearing. Also a heading is maintained for, say, 50 miles registered on the speedometer. Then a constant log of speedometer readings of at least two vehicles is desirable.

We were still in the Serrea, but hoped to reach the sand sea by nightfall. At mid-afternoon the sand got deeper and deeper and the convoy came to a grinding halt. It was decided that the three-tonners should try to find their own routes across hillocks of sand. Numberless times we had to dig out both Rovers and three-tonners. The afternoon was hot. My right foot began to swell and it hurt. I removed my shoe and drove with a sock on. We passed an old wrecked ambulance which probably belonged to the Long-Range Desert Group in the last war. The ridges became steeper, but the sand was not too bad in places. We made camp at about 1630 hours and dug a hole by a clump of peculiar palms. Lots of muddy water soon oozed into the hole but it was very cool on the feet. We paddled.

Now my foot is bad—I hope it will get better by tomorrow—as yet we are just on the outskirts of the sand sea. Tomorrow will be quite hard going.

(At this point, Flight Cadet Jenner was 'invalided out' of the expedition because of his foot, which was giving him considerable pain. He was flown out the next day to the Military Hospital in Benghazi. The rest of the expedition continued their journey to Kufra and back relatively uneventfully—a quiet piece of extremely competent desert navigation, for which they all deserve great praise.)

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FAREWELL TO THE PROVOST

SINCE this term is the last during which the piston Provost is scheduled to fly at the College, *The Journal* considers it most appropriate that a short note of adieu should appear in this issue.

The prototype of the Hunting Provost was first flown on 24th January 1950, and with modifications it was eventually accepted by the Royal Air Force as its standard basic trainer, followed by the Air Forces of Rhodesia, Eire, Burma, Iraq and the Sudan. In all, 461 aircraft were made. By no means all these were used for training purposes; some of those sold abroad carried two machine guns and an assortment of bombs, rockets or cameras. A few versions were installed with aerial cameras and used for survey work.

The Royal Air Force College first began using the Provost during 1955, when it succeeded the Chipmunk as the primary trainer. Since that time the Provost has seen numerous cadets through all the aspects of their basic flying with few complaints. Most students have found the Provost delightful and look upon it with affection as the first aircraft in which they have flown solo.

Although the entries now coming to the College have the pleasure of *ab initio* jet flying to look forward to, those who flew the Provost before graduating to jets are mostly grateful that they have gained piston experience, believing they are, as a result, more the complete pilot.

‘BUT SIR, THE BOOK SAID ...’



"REMEMBER TO KICK OFF THE DRIFT"

"THE GRASS IS NOT FIT FOR TAXYING"



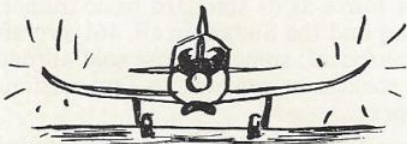
THINKS:
"I'LL MAKE
IT EASILY"



THINKS!!
!!!

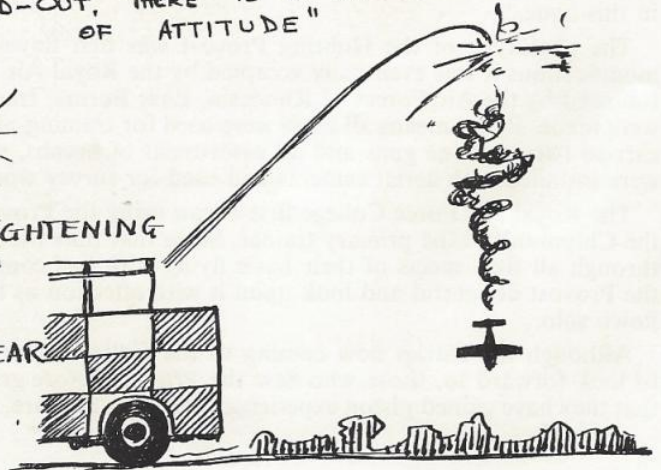


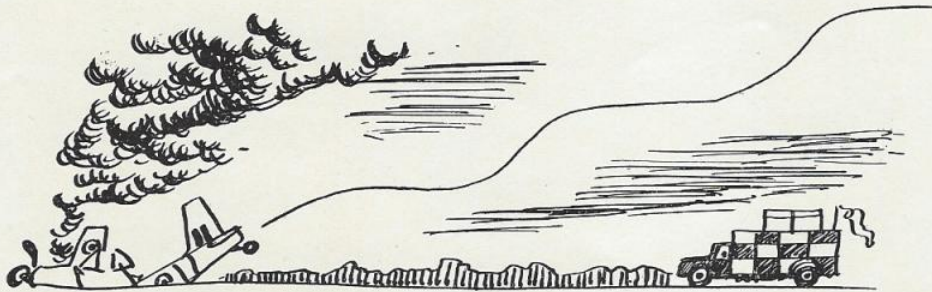
"ON THE GLIDE ROUND-OUT, THERE IS A MARKED CHANGE OF ATTITUDE"



"YES I HAVE BEEN TIGHTENING UP MY LOOPS, SIR"

"THE A.T.C WILL CLEAR THE CIRCUIT WITH A VEREY PISTOL"





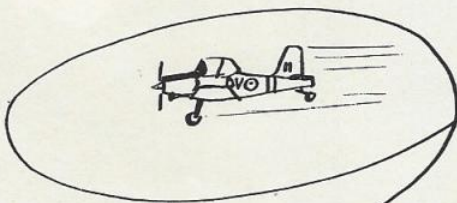
"FOR COMPLETE ELECTRICAL FAILURE AT NIGHT, DESCEND TO 200' ON FINALS EXERCISING THROTTLE CONTROL..."



"TO BALE OUT, LOWER THE SEAT FULLY...."



.... DIVE FOR THE TRAILING EDGE OF THE WING "WAP!"



"... INSTRUCTOR!"



RB + JB ,60

"..AND AFTER THE TRIP, WE'LL JUST NIP INTO THE W.A.A.F. QUARTERS FOR A QUICK DE-BRIEF "JAW" '60



(Reproduced by permission of the General Electric Company)

' BEGIN YOUR DESCENT NOW '

Looking south-west towards the Caribbean Sea with Puerto Rico at extreme left, Hispaniola at centre and Eastern Cuba at right. South and Central America lie on the horizon.

This photograph was taken with a camera mounted in the General Electric nose-cone of an Atlas I.C.B.M., fired over the Atlantic from Cape Canaveral in August 1959. Altitude above 200 miles.

PETIMUS ASTRA

OPERATION ORDER No. 28/79

References: G.S.G.S. 69252, Northern Hemisphere, Sheets 2-8, Scale 1:10,000.

Time Zone used throughout the order: Z

Task Organisation: Astronautical Research Command

1. SITUATION. A.R.C. Satellite Delta is scheduled to be in Minor Star servicing position after three months orbit, from 060010 Nov to 070030 Nov.
2. MISSION. To re-energise solar reactors on Satellite Delta, carry out minor meteor servicing in accordance with A.R.C. Tech. S.O. 21/78 and to slip satellite crew.
3. EXECUTION.
 - a. General Outline. Six Ferret supply missiles of No. 256 Sqn. are to be in position by 051530 Nov and are to be fired at hourly intervals from 052100 Nov to make good the orbital rendezvous path at a mean free fall level of Trop X45.
 - b. Re-entry and Base Landing. On completion of servicing, Ferret missiles are to be prepared for Brake Thrust Re-entry let-downs and approaches in accordance with R.C.S.O. 12/72, timing and frequencies as detailed in Command and Signal.

YES, the familiar pattern of an op. order, but while its layout conforms to the conventions of service writing of today, its content presumes to illustrate the possible role of a yet unborn Royal Air Force Command, charged with the responsibility of conducting Britain's future astronautical research programme. Before dismissing this as a rather wild and unjustifiable prediction, remember that next year a manned vehicle will make a free fall flight outside the earth's atmosphere, completing several orbits of our planet before returning for a controlled descent into the South Atlantic. This experimental flight will be the first of many sorties into near and outer space, culminating eventually with a manned landing on our nearest neighbour in space—the Moon.

The degree of Britain's participation in these experiments is by no means established, but it is very interesting and encouraging to note that two Commanders-in-Chief and a Chief of the Air Staff have expressed confidence in Britain's potential in the space race, intimating a significant role for the Royal Air Force in any future British space programme.

No one would be prepared to offer a definite prediction as to how long it will be before a manned vehicle lands on the Moon, although the late 1970s seems to be the American view and this is not contested as being an unreasonable estimate by the British Interplanetary Society.

One thing is certain and that is the ultimate requirement for pilots and crews for orbital flights, the operation of manned satellites and subsequently for deep space operations to the Moon and planets.

The real point at issue, however, is not the acceptance or rejection of this hypothetical role for a future Royal Air Force Command, but rather the instigation of a willingness to look ahead to the long-term future in the light of current research and development, and a resistance to any diversion of thought towards stagnant speculation of the immediate future.

Perhaps it is because of the very uncertainty of a future based on so many unpredictable variables that our minds automatically cling to the established memories of the past; we may analyse and marvel at the technical achievements of the past thirty years, but it is not so easy or

necessarily desirable to peer ahead to the 1990s.

The approach and development of the space age is likely to be very gradual, allowing considerable time for public adaptation and general acceptance of the idea. With the numerous satellite firings that have taken place to date, including a direct hit on the Moon, this process of space acclimatization is already with us and the achievements so far accomplished have finally removed any doubts as to the ultimate feasibility of manned space flight. If another artificial satellite is put into orbit tomorrow no one will be very surprised, but when *Sputnik One* first bleeped its way round the globe it was staggering news for the whole world. With a little imagination we can take this argument a stage further and reasonably assume that most aircrew of today would be somewhat alarmed at the thought of a four-day 'cross-country' to the Moon; in much the same way, Orville Wright would presumably have been bewildered had he been offered a high altitude sortie in a Bomber Command Vulcan. The situations are certainly analogous, if not identical, and they are separated by little over half a century in the march of time.

Fifty years is a minute portion of the estimated four thousand million year age of the earth; in fact an analogy attributed to Sir James Jeans makes the potential life of our planet of almost incredible length: Consider the Cleopatra's Needle obelisk on the Victoria Embankment, which is about 70 feet high; place a penny on the top and place a postage stamp on top of the penny. The column then represents the age of the earth, the coin the whole period of Man's existence and the stamp the length of time during which he has been slightly civilized. The potential life of mankind corresponds to a further column of stamps, certainly hundreds of yards and probably over a mile in height. Unfortunately the human brain is not designed even to begin to comprehend the future evolution and development of such an existence. But returning to our more modest fifty-year slice of time, the difficulties of speculation into the future and the incredulity of the human mind become readily apparent. It is almost alarming to realize that some of the greatest aviation pioneers themselves had little faith in the potential usefulness of the machines to which they tendered so much time and devotion. In the first decade of this century, Octave Chanute wrote:

'The question occurs as to what is to be the probable use to Man of these new modes of transit. We can already answer that they will

have no commercial value for the regular transportation of freight or passengers, as the useful loads will be too small and the trips too uncertain and irregular. We may, however, discuss their merits for sport and for war purposes, and leave it to the future to show whether new utilities are to be found beyond those of explorations of otherwise inaccessible regions. . . . Apparently the chief use for flying machines will be in sport. Their advantages will be their cheapness, as the cost need not exceed 5,000 dollars; also the superiority of their speed, which is now 40 m.p.h. and presently will be increased to 50 m.p.h. or more. Moreover, they are small and cheaply housed. Their disadvantages are that their useful loads will always be small, as their own weight increases faster than their total carrying capacity.'

If there is any conclusion to be drawn from these considerations, it is surely that complacency with the present is the potential enemy of the future.

Undoubtedly scientific research and development will mean the ultimate solving of the purely technical problems, but Man himself has often been labelled the weakest link in the chain—weak because his basic design limitations cannot be altered. His inherent vulnerability has to be protected by complex and expensive equipment almost as soon as his three dimensional movement becomes apparent; and achievements in the vertical plane so far are almost negligible.

With a background of several thousand years of earthbound captivity, it is hardly surprising that the prospects of flight beyond the protection of mother earth present some new and complex problems. However, it is the psychological as well as the physiological limitations which are liable to cause the greatest difficulties when Man ventures beyond the earth, no matter how well he is protected from the dangers of outer space. The thermodynamic problems of the heat barrier and atmospheric re-entry may shrink into insignificance when matched against the mysterious psychological reactions of the human mind when it is obliged to spend long periods completely divorced from its earthbound environment. Indeed, the 'mind barrier' could prove to be the ultimate complication and limiting factor in Man's conquest of space, resulting perhaps in the necessity to drug future astronauts in order to reduce the possibly terrifying phobias of outer space.

However that may be, it is obvious that any

opinion passed on this aspect of the subject at the moment is conjecture and based on the limited evidence obtained from the very few experiments that have so far taken place.

It is nevertheless not too early to prepare for this approaching renaissance, and condition our outlooks to the future, so that we are at least mentally geared for the time when the theoretical studies of the present mature into the practical experiments of the future.

A few moments of contemplation and thought forward into the next two or three decades, attempting to apply the lessons history has been so willing to teach, surely justify the conclusion that the ultimate fate of the Royal Air Force is not to be one of gradual contraction as the prospects of warfare become simpler and more horrific. It is reasonable to hope it will be the

reverse, and notwithstanding a certain reduction in conventional military aircraft and weapons, a growing research force will become established to pioneer Britain's experiments beyond the atmosphere into outer space.

Only time can provide the answer to such a question, but may we speculate that future historians, when writing the story of the twentieth century, justly praise the wisdom of the designers of the motto of the Royal Air Force, and indeed the motto of the Royal Air Force College, for choosing their words with such foresight, well knowing that while they would provide great inspiration for the moment, the day would come when their pure metaphorical significance would mature and indicate with literal accuracy the ultimate destiny of the Royal Air Force?

R.D.B.

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THE UNPREDICTABILITY OF THE OUTCOME

The Journal is privileged to print the following extract from Strategy in the Missile Age by Professor Bernard Brodie, author of the widely selling Guide to Naval Strategy. Strategy in the Missile Age is published by the Oxford University Press for Princeton University Press. This study was undertaken by the Rand Corporation as a part of its research programme for the United States Air Force.

‘CONSIDER the vast influence of accident in war,’ Thucydides reports the Athenian ambassadors as saying, ‘before you are engaged in it. . . . It is a common mistake in going to war to begin at the wrong end, to act first, and wait for disaster to discuss the matter.’ These words, written more than 2,300 years ago, might have saved much grief in the world if taken to heart by those who were tempted to believe otherwise. In wars throughout history, events have generally proved the pre-hostilities calculations of both sides, victor as well as loser, to have been seriously wrong. ‘Wars’ as a modern writer puts it, ‘are the graveyards of the predictions concerning them.’

Each generation of military planners is certain that it will not make the same kinds of mistakes as its forebears, not least because it feels it has profited from their example. Our own generation is convinced it has an additional and quite special reason for being sure of itself: it is more scientific than its predecessors. Today the American armed forces are eagerly exploiting science and scientific techniques not only to avail themselves of new military tools of increasingly bizarre characteristics, the enthusiasm for which is itself a departure from former ways, but also to predict and analyse the tactics and strategy of future wars. It seems also to be a fact that in this respect the armed forces of the United States are considerably in advance of those of other nations, including our enemies. If so, it is an advantage of very large proportions.

The universe of data out of which reasonable military decisions have to be made is a vast, chaotic mass of technological, economic, and political facts and predictions. To bring order out of the chaos demands the use of scientific method in systematically exploring and comparing alternative courses of action. When the method is true to its own scientific tenets, it is bound to be more reliable by far than the

traditional alternative method, which is to solicit a consensus of essentially intuitive judgments among experienced commanders. The new method does not throw out the best of the old, for it attempts to incorporate in an orderly fashion whatever is good in strong intuition, and the military commanders still consider and accept or reject its findings.

However, our experience thus far with scientific preparation for military decision-making warns us to appreciate how imperfect is even the best we can do. Those of us who do this work are beset by all kinds of limitations, including limitations in talent and in available knowledge. Where the object is to predict the future, for the sake of appropriate action, we simply cannot wait until all the relevant facts are in. Besides we can make progress only as we cut off and treat in isolation a small portion of the total universe of data and of problems that confront us, and every research project is to that extent ‘out of context.’ In addition, we are dealing always with large admixtures of pure chance. These are sometimes difficult to take into full account without seeming to stultify our results, and that human beings are naturally loath to do. The same is true of the large range of variables which deal with enemy intentions and capabilities. Finally, we are immersed in bias, our own and that of our clients or readers. With our audience, in spite of our strong efforts to be objective, we cannot avoid being influenced by what we know it likes to hear. Feelings of loyalty and friendship are involved, as well as a normal liking for applause.

The other reason for being cautious of our predictions is one that has been emphasized throughout this book: the utterly unprecedented rate of change that has marked the weapons revolution since the coming of the first atomic bomb. It has carried us far beyond any historical experience with war, and has moved much too

fast to be fully comprehended even by the most agile and fully-informed minds among us. Only someone very foolish could believe he had mastered the unknowns and uncertainties which becloud our picture of future war. The rapid changes which have already taken place in men's thoughts about the nature of nuclear conflict should prepare us for the realization that we have been, and therefore may yet be, entirely wrong on fundamentals in our official policies. The grave differences and disagreements which continue to prevail among our acknowledged experts are an additional warning of the same kind.

We know from even the most casual study of military history how fallible man is in matters concerning war and how difficult it has been for him, mostly because of the discontinuity of wars, to adjust to new weapons. Yet compared to the changes we have to consider now, those of the past, when measured from one war to the next, were almost trivial. And almost always in the past there was time even after hostilities began for the significance of the technological changes to be learned and appreciated. Such time will not again be available in any unrestricted war of the future.

Despite all this uncertainty, however, decisions have to be made. A military establishment has to be provided and equipped, and it must develop and refine plans for its possible commitment to action. We therefore proceed to do these things, with a good deal of bustle and also some real efficiency. We have been forced to revise our thinking about weapons; but unfortunately there is not a comparable urgency about rethinking the basic postulates upon which we have erected our current military structure, which in fact represents in large measure an ongoing commitment to judgments and decisions of the

past. In this book we have tried to do some of that kind of rethinking.

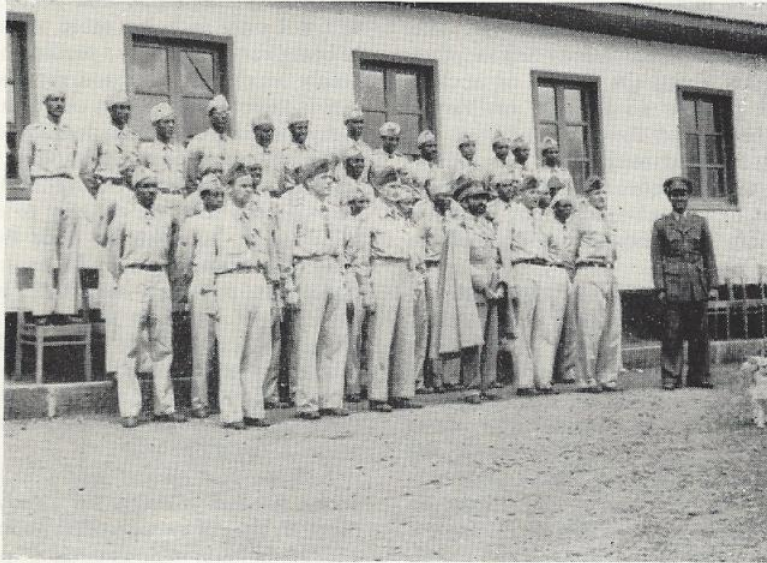
What we have done must convince us that Thucydides was right, that peace is better than war not only in being more agreeable but also in being very much more predictable. A plan and policy which offers a good promise of deterring war is therefore by orders of magnitude better in every way than one which depreciates the objective of deterrence in order to improve somewhat the chances of winning. Of future total wars we can say that winning is likely to be less ghastly than losing, but whether it be by much or by little we cannot know. As far as limited wars are concerned, they can have little more than the function of keeping the world from getting worse. There is little chance that the basic inherent strength of either the Soviet Union or Communist China can be drained off through wars that are kept limited in any meaningful sense of the term.

A large part of the world in which we live seems headed towards an almost unavoidable disaster, that of uncontrolled population growth, with its familiar vicious circle of poverty making for the almost unrestrained procreation which keeps people desperately poor. Another great part seems to have escaped that danger entirely by increasing its productivity much faster than it increases its population, and by demonstrating its capacity to restrain population growth. It is the latter area, however, the one in which we Americans are lucky enough to live, which is subject to the greatest danger of destruction from nuclear bombs. The two parts of the world share in common the fact that the chief menace facing each of them is man-made. Do they also share in common a bemused helplessness before the fate which each of them seems to be facing?

THE JOURNAL

The Royal Air Force College Journal is published three times a year, at the end of the Spring, Summer and Autumn terms. 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.

CRANWELL



ETHIOPIAN STYLE

YOU have arrived! It is 1600 hours, and the cloudless sky reflects a brassy sun. The C.47 has had a rough passage from Asmara, and you are a little unsteady as you walk to the low line of tin huts known as the Passenger Terminal. The tin roofs shimmer, and the flies buzz endlessly.

Arrival formalities take time, but eventually you are through and away to your hotel.

Addis Ababa at last. Your term is due to start in two days' time, so you are free until then to explore the town. When it will end is still in doubt.

Of course you are privileged. You must be of the Ethiopian aristocracy, able to speak English, and with sufficient means to support yourself for four years.

Your first new experience is your arrival at the Ras Hotel, managed by a tired young Swedish National who is trying hard to bring a little Western civilization to this city of corrugated iron roofs.

Two days later, and you are being bumped along in an old Land-Rover to Bishoftu, your future home. The thirty miles of one-time road take two hours to cover, but at last you are there.

Your first impression is good. The temperature

has risen; you are 4,000 feet lower than Addis, pleasant scenery is dominated by a large and attractive lake, and so far the Assistant Commandant has not imposed any restrictions.

A medium-sized wooden building is your dormitory, with the inevitable tin roof and a normal Air Force bed. Your clothes are meant to be worn, so there are no wardrobes.

The Commandant, a Swedish count, has been in Ethiopia for many years, and in fact organized the Red Cross supplies that were flown into Ethiopia during the Abyssinian Campaign. Quite naturally, he is a great favourite with the Emperor, and so he became the brains behind the Ethiopian Air Force and also its first Commandant. You are welcomed by him the next day.

The next few months pass quickly as you are given a thorough grounding in the applied subjects, and then the great day arrives—you begin to fly.

Your basic trainer, the Sapphire, is designed to give you confidence. It is a tricycle, with a de Havilland engine, and so easy to fly that no one fails the course. Your instructor makes sure that you come to no harm because he sits on the airfield when you are solo, and watches you perform. You know now why they always

have bloodshot eyes. It is not because of inverted flying. You also hope that you can understand him, English being the common language.

After forty hours you are fit to go solo, and the whole school turns out to watch. If it is successful, everyone gets the day off.

Two years later you graduate to the B.17 (not the U.S. bomber—another trainer from Sweden), and your troubles begin. For the next year it is dual, dual, and more dual, with your chances of ever going solo becoming more and more remote as the aircraft get less and less every week.

Finally, you eventually get a serviceable aircraft and soar into the air, alone for all of thirty minutes.

Your quarterly guest night is very impressive, held under a velvet sky, and the background music supplied by the military band and an occasional hyena.

From a large variety of foods you could select raw minced beef with appropriate native garnishings, or the very highly seasoned traditional dish 'wat,' all very easily disposed of with the assistance of 'tej,' a local brew of fermented honey.

Sport is limited to hunting, fishing and shooting together with swimming. The lake used for the latter was formed from a volcanic crater and provides good swimming.

The climax to four years' hard work (Cranwell please note) is the passing-out parade, reviewed by His Majesty the Emperor. Promptly at 0900 hours His Majesty takes off from Addis Airfield to fly the few miles to Bishoftu for the parade. The Empress, Crown Prince and other members of the Royal Family also emplane for the great day.

The whole school is paraded on the airfield and the usual ceremonies take place during the following two hours. Needless to say a few cadets are carried off the parade ground as the sun climbs high in the sky.

Commissions and prizes are handed out by His Majesty at a short ceremony, then all adjourn to watch a short flying display.

The great day is now at an end as His Majesty leaves for Addis in his Dove, and you now begin to worry about your posting, for you are the first entry, there is no squadron, and indeed there are no aircraft. *Badahina sanbitu.*

J.L.



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The sun vibrantly
Warms the sterile
Earth—
Sterile, yet hidden growth
Slumbers beneath the
Punished clods we see,
And thoughts of
Happier days flood
The sensitive,
Sensual
Cells of memory;
Of youth and love
And river parties,
Crystal streams, trickling
Through lofty woods
Copper-tinted,
Moss-carpeted;
Of summers past—
Cricket, crack of
Bat on meadows
Lately trod by
Melancholy
Cows.

And thoughts of
August evenings
Rich in darkness
Yet
Rustling with life;
Field mice scurrying
Through golden fields
Still shimmering
From the heat of day.
Lovers stroll
By high-hedged lanes—
No words, since
Looks suffice to tell
The love that fills
Their hearts.

‘ET EGO
IN
ARCADIA
VIXI’

by Trebor

ACTIVITIES and SOCIETIES



SPERLING

[By courtesy of Beken and Son

SAILING SECTION

SAILING ON SPERLING, EASTER 1960

During the Easter leave there were two cruises on the Flying Training Command yacht *Sperling*. Primarily they were to pick a crew for the Corunna Race this summer, although both crews had France in mind as an objective. However, after the first crew had made a fortuitous retreat while halfway to Cherbourg, it was left to the second crew to finally get there.

1st CRUISE

Cheered by the prospect of a 'low' moving in from the Atlantic, the first crew, captained by Flight Lieutenant Ward and consisting of Flight Cadets Adams, Gibson, Taylor and Cumberland, met at Portsmouth and drove to Hamble.

They had hoped to get to sea the following morning before first light. Unfortunately the boat's erring engine resulted in a delay of 24 hours. However, this gave them time to get to know the boat and enjoy the great hospitality of the R.A.F. Yacht Club.

The following day by about 11 a.m. they were at last away down the Hamble River. Once out in the Solent the engine was switched off and the boat was sailed. Progress was slow, for not only had the expected 'low' moved off north to Iceland, but also it had taken all traces of wind and left patches of fog in its place. The course was along to the eastern end of the Solent and out between 'the Forts' almost to Nab tower and then south.

By 2 p.m. 'the Forts' had been passed and the boat was then headed south down the eastern side of the Isle of Wight. What little sun there had been disappeared for the day and a steady downfall of drizzle began. Moving almost imperceptibly along, with rain and a steadily lowering visibility, there was more than one person in the crew who would have given much to have been in the warmth of the R.A.F.Y.C.

Each successive helmsman descended to the cabin cold and wet. However, the regular brew of tea revived everyone, so that they would be once more ready to go on deck to face the weather, the smug expressions of the rest of the crew, safely dry and warm inside, and the slow but very dignified progress of the boat through the water.

Dusk brought supper and preparation for the night. By this time the boat lay some miles south

of Ventnor, for the crew could see the red light on the end of the pier as well as the seemingly warm lights of the town. As it grew darker the navigation lights were lit and the fog 'warning system,' consisting of a large bell, an Aldis lamp and a box of flares, was made ready for use. Gibson and Adams went to sleep, while Cumberland and Taylor continued on watch until twelve.

Perhaps one of the supreme joys of ocean sailing is having to get up in the middle of the night with the prospect of four hours on watch.

At first, in Gibson's and Adams' watch, all was quiet except for several quiet snores and the occasional sound of fog-horns in the distance. It was very cold at that time and large quantities of clothing were needed. Latin American music and stew at about 2.30 a.m. were welcome means of assisting warmth.

Slowly a fog-horn seemed to be getting much louder astern and then the beat of the engines, a steady, deep-throated 'honking' noise, could be heard. However, when it seemed no more than a hundred yards away it turned to the north and around the stern. Everyone breathed more freely after that.

By next morning the position was no more than approximately 28 miles south of the island, and after a depressing weather forecast at 6.30 a.m. the captain decided to turn back. The wind grew steadily stronger and it was not long before the boat was making a steady five or six knots.

Although the fog had begun to lift and was only in patches, it was still thick enough for the St Catherine's hooter to sound and it proved a useful directional guide as there was some error in the compass. However, at about 11 a.m. it stopped, and with the fog that remained it was impossible to discover how far the boat was from the coast.

About a mile ahead the sea was breaking along a line parallel to the boat's track. There was some deliberation as to whether they were shallows or overfalls. It was decided they were overfalls.

They were shallows.

The engine for once played fair and they managed to get off very quickly. Having sailed west and then north for some miles, a landfall was made near Freshwater Bay, which is four miles east of the Needles.

In the sunshine which followed it was a grand

sight sailing along under the cliffs and around the Needles to enter the Solent, this time from its western end. The strong wind added an exhilaration to the sail, for as the wind was almost directly astern it meant that the boat could run to Yarmouth, where it was planned to spend the night.

All troubles seemed to be over when the harbour was entered on the jib alone, with the engine idling ready for use. However, when it was most needed in the few moments before mooring alongside the piles, it cut, leaving the crew to haul *Sperling* against the current into position. With the mooring completed and the boat tidied, everyone was ready for a festive evening sampling the very extensive night life of Yarmouth.

After a morning of shopping, postcard writing and coffee drinking, it was decided to spend the afternoon sailing in the large stretch of Solent between Yarmouth and Cowes. Once again there was plenty of sun with a strong wind. The crew had a most exciting time beating across the channel with the sea flowing along the gunwales and spray, which soaked everyone, lashing across from the windward bow.

At the end of the afternoon they went into Cowes harbour and moored against the piles there. With the prospect of gale warning for the area, it was decided to stay in Cowes the following day, a Sunday, and sail across to the Beaulieu River the day after. This gave time for two most enjoyable and amusing evenings in Cowes. Eleven p.m. is no time to have to row a dinghy.

A civilized hour on Monday morning saw the boat once more in the Solent when the wind gave the crew the chance to do some fast reaching up and down opposite the East Leap buoy until the tide was high enough to enter the Beaulieu River.

The channel is not very wide, so consequently the markers must be in line to prevent a boat running aground. Once was enough for this cruise and the channel was successfully navigated.

Woods come down to within a hundred yards of the river, but the wind behaved far better than ever it does on the Trent, so it was possible to sail right up to Buckler's Hard, which is three miles inland.

Friday was the last day and with a wind of almost force 7 the boat made the Hamble River in two and a half hours on a foresail alone. The first cruise was completed.

In the week the crew were very fortunate in experiencing sailing in many different conditions from strong winds to light breezes, as well as

weather which included rain, fog and a large percentage of fine weather. In fact the cruise was ideal in its aim of providing training for the summer race. Thanks are especially due to the captain, Flight Lieutenant Ward, for managing and teaching such a crew!

2nd CRUISE, 18th-24th APRIL 1960

The second crew for *Sperling* consisted of Squadron Leader Edwards, the skipper; Flight Lieutenant Toyne, the mate; and Flight Cadets Lumsden, Jensen and Giles, the plebeian remainder.

We all finally got together on the evening of Monday, 18th, and after making ourselves acquainted with the night life of Hamble (i.e. after a pleasant evening in 'The Bugle') we made the most of our last night in civilized surroundings and had a good night's sleep.

The next day we all moved our gear aboard and were shown the ropes by the skipper, but were frustrated in our attempts to get away early by the wind which was strong and gusting. However, we did get moving at last and about five in the evening the faithful 'donk' pushed us out through the congested moorings, down stream into the Solent, where we hoisted the sails, silenced the evil-smelling engine and abandoned ourselves to wind and tide. The wind had fallen off now and patches of sunshine and a fairly calm sea contributed to a very pleasant sail to Yarmouth, on the western end of the Isle of Wight.

We moored between two piles in the yacht basin at 7.30 and by 8 o'clock were investigating the 'local situation.' Two and a half hours later, the investigations over, we rowed a zig-zag course back to *Sperling*, feeling most contented, made a quick brew and then collapsed into our bunks for the night.

Eight o'clock the next morning saw a bleary-eyed apparition desperately juggling with bottles of milk, papers and loaves of bread in one hand, holding the dinghy painter in the other and trying to leap from a slippery ladder hanging down vertically from the quay; after some struggling, however, the precious cargo reached the *Sperling*—minus one sea-soaked loaf that was abandoned to the fishes—and a sumptuous (?) meal was had by all.

Ten thirty that morning saw us sailing out past the Yarmouth breakwater in a good sailing breeze, the boat with a 'bone in her teeth' and occasionally dipping her lee rail under. The trip across Christchurch bay was done under

full sail, outrunning all the motor boats afloat, giving the crew of the *Sperling* great satisfaction and a momentary feeling of superiority.

We eventually moored almost in the centre of Poole town—just opposite the 'Shipwrights'—and spent the rest of the afternoon taking advantage of the sun. We had a pleasant evening in search of a place that sold cockles or mussels—but had no luck.

At one in the morning the skipper decided that conditions were suitable for a channel crossing, so we pushed off with many thoughts of French cooking—amongst other things! Half an hour later we were sitting on the middle of a mud bank in the middle of Poole Harbour, not quite sure where we were, but thinking even more fervently of French cooking. There was a rising tide, however, and soon we were on course for Cherbourg, making a reasonable speed in a pleasant breeze.

We finally set course at three o'clock, with the wind almost dead astern, and decided on a suitable watch system with two people at a time doing two hours on and two off—twelve hours later, after much 'steely-eyed' sailing, Cherbourg appeared dead ahead—a tribute to the skipper's navigation considering the inaccurate helmsmanship—and an hour later we tied up in the basin, next to the Sandhurst yacht *Wishstream*.

The Cherbourg Yacht Club was most hospitable, and we were able to clean up a bit and use their showers. That evening saw us in the Café de Paris eating Lobster Thermadore and Escalopes de Normandie—an experience never to be forgotten, even if it did cost five times what our normal meals did!

The next day we did a bit of provisioning—solid and liquid; had a look around Cherbourg—meeting some of the skipper's friends in the forces; and spruced up the ship a bit. In the evening we had a small party on board with some Americans from the next boat and some French friends; and we finally turned in for a couple of hours before shipping moorings at five o'clock in the morning—bound back for Hamble.

As we left the outer wall of Cherbourg harbour behind, the wind was light, and it became progressively lighter as the sun rose. By midday we were becalmed in the middle of the Channel, surrounded by an absolutely calm sea, so it was a case of 'on with the "donk"', and we chugged on towards the Isle of Wight with the sails flapping listlessly. A breeze sprung up a little later and we were able to sail the last miles

round the Needles and up towards Yarmouth, where we moored just before midnight. The next morning it was just a case of inching slowly up towards Hamble in very light airs and a flat sea, and about midday we regretfully moored for the last time just opposite the R.A.F.Y.C.—followed after about ten seconds by the customs boat which had 'happened' along.

After that it was just a question of cleaning the boat out, packing our kit and bidding a sorrowful farewell—with many thanks to the skipper, who saved us from many 'boobs,' and to the R.A.F.Y.C. who were most helpful and hospitable from start to finish—a fine holiday!

C.R.A., M.N.J.

CHESS SECTION

The Chess Section has had a busy term. Eight matches were played of which two were won, five lost, and one drawn.

The team has varied considerably in standard throughout the term. This has inevitably led to a rather large number of defeats. However, none of the defeats was particularly convincing, and all the individual matches played have been very hard fought. The main criticism of the team's match technique is that the fatal slip that occurs in the middle game, and ruins a well thought out plan, occurred far too frequently. This was due to the lack of practice available for the team after sports had eaten into their spare time.

However, next season I am sure that the team will have improved considerably and that a higher proportion of the matches played will be won.

The Chess Section does not meet in the summer term, but will be active again next autumn.

R.R.L.

CANOEING SECTION

DEVIZES TO WESTMINSTER

None of us in the three College crews to enter the Devizes to Westminster canoe race fully realized just how much water lay between start and finish of this race. The course is 125 miles long, half of which is along the old Kennet-Avon Navigation, a now disused canal, and half along the Thames. This is not all, for along the route there are 87 locks, all of which necessitate portaging the canoe. In places the canal is shallow and littered with submerged snags.

The race started on the morning of Good Friday when our three crews set off in their heavily laden canoes. Each crew had to carry full camping equipment which brought the weight of the canoe to about 1 cwt.

On the first leg from Devizes to Newbury we were helped by a strong following wind which eventually brought rain with it. We passed through the dark Savernake Tunnel and started the descent towards the Thames. The locks came thick and fast, and we began to realize our choice of canoes could well have been improved. It was tiring lifting the canoes round flights of locks, for the rules stated they should go in the water between each set of gates. However, we all arrived at Newbury very tired some nine hours after starting.

To our great relief the next leg from Newbury to Marlow was in good weather. We made much better time now having learnt by experience the best way to save time at the locks. All this time we were learning the tricks of the game, but our third crew was in trouble and their canoe was unable to stand the rough handling, resulting in bits falling off it. They pressed on for some way and then, realizing the futility of continuing, had to give up.

The two remaining crews pressed on with Reading hoving in sight. We had our first real sense of achievement when we joined the Thames and with this came a growing urge to see Big Ben even if we had to swim the last bit. This wish nearly came true for the frame of one canoe suddenly became tired and sagged in the middle. Fortunately we had some repair equipment and we fixed it.

The Thames, even with its slow current, was a big improvement on the canal, and our speed increased. The locks now occurred about once every three miles instead of three times a mile. We reached Marlow that afternoon in good shape. It now seemed that the only factor governing our ultimate arrival would be whether the canoes would withstand the severe punishment of the last few locks.

After the prescribed rest period at Marlow we set off on the last of the three long legs, though there would be the final run from Richmond to London the following day. This time we had a head-wind and the resulting rough water which made the going more difficult. Our progress was further hampered by the very heavy Sunday traffic on the river. In places we were surrounded by armadas of sailing dinghies who seemed to us to put down the tiller without even looking to see if we were in the way. We survived this

ordeal but found the going hard and the exertions of the preceding two days began to tell. It became increasingly hard to sit still in the canoes between each lock—our hands were also blistered!

We arrived at Richmond that evening knowing we were only eighteen miles from our goal. We had passed our last lock and so this was to be a final sprint. And a sprint it was—the College crews distinguished themselves by coming in fifth and sixth. We felt tremendously elated as we walked up the steps at Westminster, since we had regarded this race as an experiment. We had learnt a lot about course racing and in so doing had gained tenth and eleventh places out of a field of 32 starters. Next year we shall build the faster rigid canoes and try again.

D.J.C.

RESULTS

	<i>Placing Paddling Time</i>	
D. Curry and C. Adams	... 10th	29 hr. 58 min.
A. Eidsforth and M. O'Rourke	11th	31 hr. 01 min.
H. Crone and D. Paul	...	Withdrawn

MOUNTAINEERING AND ROCK CLIMBING SECTION



Leaning Buttress Crack

Last term the Mountaineering Section held four meets in Derbyshire.

The first was planned with the intention of 'doing something different' and was to be the ultimate in climbing meets. Heavy snowfalls in the Peak District of Derbyshire suggested to



Abseiling

us that here was the chance to tackle a ten-mile Alpine route, with a variety of snow and rock climbing. Due to these recent heavy snowfalls it was surprising that we even reached the Peak District, but we did, in conditions of semi-blizzard. We headed up a large contour leading on to the peak, but soon found ourselves floundering around in four feet of snow. Struggling on, we soon found some large cornices and Bayne gave a spectacular demonstration as he back-slid down 20 feet in endeavouring to mount the crest of one of them. Other than providing us with the experience of sometimes nearly swimming in powdery snow, this expedition achieved very little.

The remaining meets were all on Stanage Edge. Climbs of note were Black Slab, April Crack

and Christmas Crack, Hollybush Crack and Flying Buttress, said to be the most popular climb on Stanage. This buttress was also used on two occasions for abseiling and this proved extremely popular as the last 30 feet was a free abseil.

On the last meet Gaynor and Lee distinguished themselves in escorting down the face a young lady, who was bewailing the fact that she was stranded at the top. They assured her that the route was fraught with all sorts of horrible dangers and she must hang on tightly to them to avoid hurtling into space. She was not told that 50 yards to the left the ridge disappeared.

Other mountaineering activities included a visit to the Twelve Pins in Connemara, when time was taken off from pot-holing to climb Derryclare and Bencorr. The former provided ideal rock climbing.

Gaynor also spent a very fruitful week in the Lake District and completed about 90 climbs, some of them of a severe grade.

The Mountaineering Section looks forward to a programme of extensive rock climbing during term time and mountaineering during the vacations. This summer it is hoped to visit Turkey for climbing in the Toros Range.

J.R.O.

FILM SECTION

As usual the Society had a busy term; ten main films were shown, each backed up by a 'short.' Foreign techniques were seen in *The Cranes are Flying* and *The Witches of Salem*. One disappointment was that a film on the work of Vincent Van Gogh arrived in a black and white version instead of colour; the comments of our more artistic members may be left to the imagination. To cut expenses, a secondary film, *Louisiana Story*, was obtained from an oil company, it proved such a success that others will be borrowed in future. Despite this we still manage to run through a generous allowance and it has been decided to charge all members 5s a term. This works out at 6d per showing, not an unreasonable price.

The term was not without humour; Buster Keaton and the Marx Brothers had the audience in fits, proving that the old gags still produce laughs. *Twelve Angry Men* was generally acclaimed as an excellent film and, for once, a few people showed the urge to discuss it. The Society is now succeeding in its aim to foster interest in good films, but this does not mean that they are all dull. Far from it; the Society

provides very good entertainment value, and attendance has increased considerably over the past two terms. Finally, to those who wish to know the programme for the term it is suggested that they read the notice boards and not resort

to asking the projectionists at tea on Sundays. As to whether the film is 'good' or not, it is pointed out that all films hired by the Society are good.

R.E.N.

POTHOLING SECTION



Caption invited!

SPRING 1960

With the passing of the winter the Potholing Society were able to have a very full and varied term. The great support shown, especially in the Junior Mess, has enabled many new cadets to get good experience in spelaeology. Being able to pothole through the night has given us much help, and in the summer the advent of Society weekends will enable all those capable to make a major trip in either Wales or Yorkshire.

Derbyshire, 14th February 1960

Twenty cadets spent a Sunday afternoon in Derbyshire, after a lightning departure from the church parade in a hired bus. Winter was there in force. Two parties were dropped at Carleswalk, which is a reasonably dry cave, while the remaining two groups drove through fast drifting snow to Giant's Cave where the snow lay knee-deep. We succeeded in penetrating through to the siphon, but violent flooding

stopped us going on, so we explored the side passages, getting soaked before the walk back to the bus. Nature was against us throughout, but even so it proved a successful meet for those being initiated to this fascinating sport.

Yorkshire, 30th-31st January 1960

The first major meet of term was taken in a weekend trip to Lancaster and Providence Caves in Yorkshire. Transported by Dornobile and two cars, the party of two officers and fifteen cadets met in Skiptons at 9 p.m. on Saturday evening to go their various ways.

Those raw to the intricacies of reputation were shocked to find that the hole into which a stream was pouring, surrounded by dripping snow, was none other than Providence Pot. Not offered an alternative they climbed down this 25 feet waterfall to go feet first in a narrow squeeze into the cave; 'aided' in their struggle by the weight of water pushing on their shoulders, as it, too, negotiated the squeeze. The thought of retreating up this



Potholing in luxury

bottleneck again was the deterrent against giving in, and throughout the following eight hours we had some very energetic and pleasant caving in this fascinating system. Most pleasant of all was the famous 'blasted crawl,' a 200 feet squeeze near the entrance chamber, which took just over 100 minutes to negotiate. The return was even worse, for the larger members of the party found one narrow bit like a non-return valve. This was solved with two people pushing from behind and two pulling in front, the hapless one between feeling like a tug-of-war rope going through a needle. Still, all was well when two officers and six cadets, perhaps misshapen but definitely happy, returned to Cranwell that night. It had been a demanding but successful meet.

The remaining cadets had tackled Lancaster Hole, which opens into England's largest cave system. Their entrance was little better than ours, as the 110 feet vertical ladder descent was the same as that those irritant 'drips' take in pursuing gravity. Soaked, they pushed into the main system, deviating to see Fall Pot, another entrance. They then set off down the main system, arriving at Oxbow Corner three hours later. This high-level passage goes along about 150 feet above the stream passage, and at the time the noise and vibrations were so great it was obvious there was a very large flood below. Indeed, this



Spartacus?



Strictly for moles

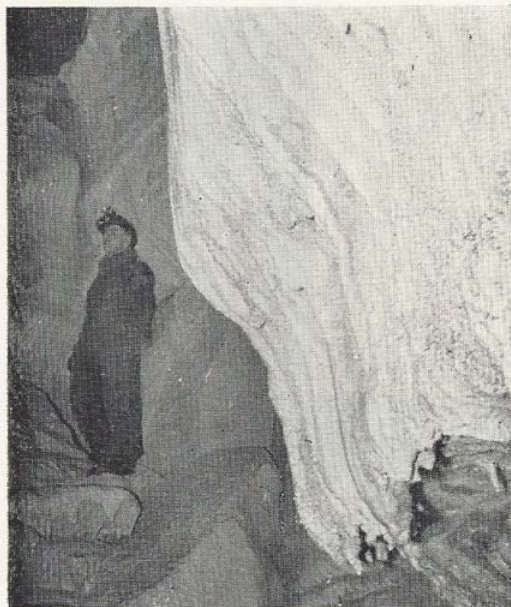
was so, for at Oxbow Corner they faced a river, 25 feet higher than usual, flowing swiftly with a strange and eerie quietness into the dark void beyond. The way forward was blocked, but the water enabled them to have a quick brew-up of coffee before returning. Two hours later they had traversed back over the main passage to Fall Pot, from where they clambered down to see the flood 40 feet higher than usual and even more violent. From here the return to the entrance pitch was made via the Colonnades, the Graveyard and the Stump Cavern. It had been a long trip, nine hours, but was great experience for all.

P.G.P.

Wales, 12th-13th March 1960

Our next weekend trip after our visit to Yorkshire was in the form of an excursion to Agen Allwedd cave (better known as Aggy Aggy) in Wales. As usual on these weekend trips we left immediately after lunch on the Saturday. The party, which consisted of Banks, Cleave, Lee, Oliver, A. R., Oliver, J. R., and Pinney, moved swiftly across England in Lee's gleaming Ford and Bank's super-economical Alvis.

After an hour's stop at Stratford-on-Avon the party continued on its way and found the cave entrance at midnight after some difficulty. The entrance to the system proved quite interesting. This was mainly because it involved a prolonged 'squeeze' of about 100 yards in length. It was tight, wet, angular, ran on different levels,



Pollnagollum

and called for some quite violent contortions. Most of us sweated profusely in our 'goon' suits and in some places the broader members of the party literally had to breathe out to get through.

Eventually we reached the master cave. Here we were immensely interested to find hundreds of gypsum crystals growing on their spikes out of the cave floor.

A passage going downwards from the master cave brought us to a very impressive stream passage, which we followed for a considerable distance.

We returned by the same route as we had entered the cave and emerged, after eight hours underground, into a cold, foggy, drizzling, Welsh Sunday morning. Most of the party being fairly cold and wet, we hurried back to the cars which were about a mile away.

After taking a few photographs, in one of which Cleave allowed himself to be photographed lying in a puddle, we set off back to Cranwell.

Ireland, 6th-12th April 1960

Undoubtedly, the highlight of potholing activities last term was the very successful trip to Ireland made by Cleave, Lloyd, R. H., Oliver, A. R., Oliver, J. R., and Thompstone. Most of the planning for this trip was done by Lloyd and things worked out very well. Our caving took place near the little town of Lisdoonvarna, County Clare, famous for its sulphur baths, illicit distilleries, and its proximity to the mighty cliffs of Moher.

Our activity revolved around the two caves Faunarooska and Pollnagollum. These two are, respectively, the deepest and the second largest cave systems in Ireland.

Our first trip was down Faunarooska. An incident which caused us some concern occurred when, while assembling our kit at the top of the pothole, Thompstone completely disappeared. Anxiously we searched the shale holes which marked the path of the cave but to no avail. After an anxious hour the elusive Thompstone still had not reappeared. Suddenly, however, we were intensely relieved to see a helmeted head appear out of a hole in the ground for its owner to inform us that he 'had just been doing a little caving.'

Faunarooska provided a long, narrow stream passage which wound downwards along interminable waterfalls for several thousands of feet to a depth of 308 feet. A total length of 5,543 feet makes it quite an impressive pothole.

An incident which catered for what was probably our rather warped sense of humour was when Cleave, who was at the head of the party, stepped down onto a flat slab of rock. The rock was of dissolving limestone and he slid on it only to be brought up sharply looking over an immense void. It needed only the dropping of a few stones and the shining of our lights down into the darkness before we realized that we had reached the 74 feet pitch which is a feature of the cave.

A hundred feet or so of previously unexplored passage was found while exploring the passages around this area.

Pollnagollum provided us with three excellent caving excursions. The first of these was a 'round trip.' This involved an abseil down into the mouth of the cave. The cave, which normally carries an enormous quantity of water, had been swollen by recent rain and in many places we found we had to inflate our immersion suits and swim. A further 'abseil' was then required through a small rock 'window' in the Poll Ardua passage (discovered originally by Cranwell potholers) to take us down to a level of about 30 feet below in Branch Passage. We proceeded along Branch Passage into Pollnagollum and in another 40 minutes or so we were once again in daylight.

Our second excursion was highly successful in that we discovered a previously unentered passage leading to a beautiful little grotto. Correspondence with Bristol University Spelaeological Society has been made over this discovery, which was made by Lloyd, who was directed by

Cleave to a small hole in the roof of Pollnagollum main stream passage. Later we had a most interesting time exploring the labyrinth of passages which make up the Pollnagollum system. We managed to follow the upper reaches of this cave and then went downstream to where the stream disappeared under a bedding plane. Lying as flat as we could possibly make ourselves we crawled down in the water, which filled most of the passage, to where the stream disappeared under the bedding plane. Unable to go any further downstream, we saw, by shining our lights down to where the water disappeared, an interesting collection of rubbish which, among other things, boasted of a large china pot and a dead sheep.

On our third trip Lloyd and Cleave spent two hours taking photographs of the newly discovered passage and grotto. Meanwhile, Oliver, A. R., Oliver, J. R., and Thompstone proceeded upstream in Poll Ardua. Here again a great deal of swimming was called for, this time in a 'pear-shaped' passage in which most of the air gap above the water was filled with white foam. The cave then widened out into vast dimensions and we spent an interesting two hours exploring before we joined Cleave and Lloyd. The party then proceeded downstream, and Lloyd and Cleave continued to the lowest reaches of the cave. The evidence that the whole region had very recently been completely flooded, plus the fact that they had to get through a very low and narrow section of passage to get there, did not encourage them to stay long.

By way of a change and to see some more of Ireland, we motored up through Galway to the Connemara Mountains, where an enjoyable few hours were spent climbing on Bencoor and Derryclare, two of the 'Twelve Pins.'

This trip to Ireland ended as a most successful and enjoyable holiday.

A.R.O.

GLIDING SECTION

The unfavourable weather during the Spring term damped the enthusiasm of many potential glider pilots, but recently more from the junior entries have been coming out. Soaring conditions this term have been generally non-existent. Barringer and Zotov have made flights of about an hour, and, of course, a certain flight lieutenant borrowed the newly finished Olympia and landed an hour later saying, 'There's plenty of

lift about—you chaps just don't know how to use it.'

The Easter camp, which was to have been held at Cranwell, had to be cancelled through lack of support, due to service visits and similar activities.

Refurbishing the Olympia has been the term's main job. It was stripped right down and cleaned; all worn parts were replaced; it was re-instrumented, and finally carefully polished. It has been brought to such a standard that it is now hard to think of any further improvements. With the coming of better weather it is hoped to use this aircraft for cross-country flying, especially during the summer camp, which we intend to hold at Netheravon.

A flat site was decided on for the summer camp, after the success of the last one at Netheravon—we averaged ten hours per pilot—and the abortive half-term leave spent by Barringer, Zotov and Flight Lieutenant Richardson at Dunstable. Barringer's attempt at his five-hour Silver 'C' qualification petered out after two hours due to lack of wind. It is proposed to take one aircraft of each type, including, if possible, the Chipmunk, and in view of the previous success an outstanding camp is anticipated.

D.V.Z.

HISTORICAL AND GEOGRAPHICAL SECTION

In the last issue of *The Journal* it was stated that the scope of this Section was limited by the College policy of not allowing visits where loss of academic training time was involved. This was an understatement, since at the end of the Spring term it was decided that the Section be dissolved for the same reason.

The local visits which had until the end of the Spring term been arranged by the Section will now be arranged by the appropriate academic instructors.

The Section gratefully acknowledges the support which it has received in the past and regrets that it is no longer able to carry out its aims.

R.W.A.W.

MUSIC SECTION

The Winter term is usually the Music Section's most active and last term was no exception. The long, dark evenings gave more time for

listening to gramophone records and consequently the number of cadets borrowing records from the College library was greatly increased.

During the term the concert season in Nottingham was in full swing and the Section took the opportunity of organizing visits to several of these concerts, in which artists of international repute were performing. All these visits were well supported by all entries.

G.E.B.

MOTOR CLUB

The Section started the Spring term under completely new management, and a whole committee was formed instead of the former 'President and Secretary' system.

We started with high hopes of rallies galore, gymkhanas and treasure hunts, particularly with local motor clubs. However, we were disappointed in this, for we soon found out that, under the present system of weekends and late leave, it was virtually impossible for us to accept any of the many invitations received. It also became evident that we could not arrange any ambitious rallies ourselves, as the Royal Automobile Club require so much prior notice that it is impossible to plan to suit College requirements.

However, if we are included in the 'activities weekend,' which unfortunately was not the case this term, we should be able to make plans.

However, we have a treasure hunt arranged, and if there is enough support, a visit to either a race meeting or a car factory, which should prove interesting.

S.A.H.M.

JAZZ SECTION

During the Spring term, despite exams and other conflicting conditions, the Jazz Section, as represented by the Jazz Band, at last realized some of its ideals and learned to play some tunes together. This is mainly due to the fact that 82 Entry provided the nucleus of diehards with essential instrumentalists.

After practising in secret, the band finally let itself loose on the world in the form of a public performance at the graveyard of former bands, Lincoln Training College. The evening was undoubtedly a success, and during the Summer term, the band fully intends to expand its activities in all fields.

N.R.H.

CHORAL AND DRAMATIC SECTIONS

'THE MIKADO'

by

W. S. GILBERT and ARTHUR SULLIVAN

(by kind permission of Miss Bridget D'Oyly Carte)

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

<i>The Mikado of Japan</i>	John Nottingham
<i>Nanki-Poo (his son, disguised as a wandering minstrel, and in love with Yum-Yum)</i>	Paul Jenner
<i>Ko-Ko</i>	Kevin Dearman
<i>(Lord High Executioner of Titipu)</i>	
<i>Pooh-Bah</i>	Ralph Gibb
<i>(Lord High Everything Else)</i>	
<i>Pish-Tush (a Noble Lord)</i>	Sean Maffett
<i>Yum-Yum</i> } <i>(Three sisters,</i>	Christine Foott Christine Greaves Jane Hudson
<i>Pitti-Sing</i> } <i>wards of Ko-Ko)</i> {	
<i>Peep-Bo</i> }	
<i>Katisha (an elderly lady, in love with Nanki-Poo)</i>	Christine Penny
<i>Schoolgirls</i>	
Elizabeth Hodges, Peggy Robinson, Angela O'Hara, Joan Porter, Dorothy Austin, Angela Gray, Lyn Cockshoot, Pat Cockshoot, Sheila Cooper, Betty Marshall-Hardy, Marion West, Susan Hopwood and Patricia Cooke.	
<i>Nobles, Guards and Coolies</i>	
Angus Ross, Chris Booth, Francis Hoare, Edward Cox, Roger Read, Roger Lloyd, David Conran-Smith and George Glasgow.	
<i>Musical Director</i>	Kevin Dearman
<i>Producer</i>	Matt Wright

AUGMENTED ORCHESTRA

Conducted by Flight Lieutenant R. F. C. Davies

(by kind permission of the Commandant)

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Organising Director of Music, Royal Air Force, for the loan of a string section of the Central Band Senior Technician E. Grant for his valuable assistance at rehearsals

<i>Assistant Producer</i>	Russell Williams
<i>Stage Manager</i>	John Tagg
<i>Assistants</i>	Scott Anderson, Bob Peters, Pete Goodman and Pete Riley
<i>Scenery</i>	Robin Geach, Mike Dunlop, Max Theseira and Ian Montgomerie
<i>Screens</i>	Ronald Bayne
<i>Lighting</i>	Mike Turner and Phil Hawken
<i>Prompter</i>	Dave Crwys-Williams
<i>Properties and Costumes</i>	Graham Bridges and Mike Dunlop
<i>Make-up</i>	Barney Bullocke, Mike Barringer, Richard Nickson and Bob Peters
<i>House Manager</i>	Melvyn Evans

When it was suggested that *The Mikado* should be produced there were some, your critic among them, who felt misgivings. We did not underrate the remarkable ability of flight cadets to achieve the smooth, competent production of a play with a minimum of rehearsal, but a Gilbert and Sullivan opera is a very different kettle of fish. It demands a sizable squad of young ladies, who are in short supply at the College. The combination of acting and singing makes far greater demands on the time and ability of players and producer. The grouping and movement of some thirty bodies on a stage with the modest dimensions of ours poses almost intractable problems. An accomplished conductor and a string orchestra are essential, but not easily found, even in an establishment having a resident military band.

These difficulties were triumphantly overcome in the production of *The Mikado* by the Choral and Dramatic Sections of the College Society on the 28th and 29th March 1960. We therefore deem it proper to print the names of all those associated with the production, for this was essentially a team effort in which those behind the scenes made a vital contribution to its success. We were singularly fortunate to have in Kevin Dearman, of 77 Entry, a knowledgeable, accomplished and enthusiastic musician who was both the musical director and a delightful Ko-Ko. He devoted many hours to rehearsing his principals and chorus. He sang his part with gusto and acted convincingly. On the production side we were equally fortunate to have Matt Wright, of 78 Entry, who brought to the unspectacular and unrewarding task of transforming the singers into competent actors and actresses much drive, enthusiasm and ability. Paul Jenner was a melodious Nanki-Poo and a suitably distracted and impassioned lover; Ralph Gibb was both vocally and in personal attributes a typical Pooh-Bah. They were ably supported by Sean Maffett as Pish-Tush.

All would agree, however, that the star of the performance was John Nottingham as The Mikado. Aided by an inspired make-up he made a striking impact both by his acting and stage-craft, but particularly by his singing. His magisterial, powerful, but controlled voice was well suited to his role, which was better performed than we have previously seen at an amateur production of *The Mikado*.

No lack of gallantry has caused us to consider the ladies after the men. Their roles in *The Mikado* are less onerous and they are traditionally listed in the order we are treating them. The three

sisters, Yum-Yum, Pitti-Sing and Peep-Bo, sung respectively by Christine Foott, Christine Greaves and Jane Hudson were, at first, a little tentative. But having overcome a nervousness very understandable in such young ladies they sang delightfully and acted most appealingly. Christine Penny was a suitably vindictive Katisha and mastered what is perhaps the most difficult role of the opera to act and to sing.

The chorus of schoolgirls, nobles, guards and coolies, upon which the success of any Gilbert and Sullivan opera ultimately depends, was well-trained and in good voice. We are especially indebted to the schoolgirls, who must have found it no easy matter to tear themselves away from their domestic chores sufficiently often to achieve their high standard of choral singing and acting.

The College Bandmaster, Flight Lieutenant Davies, conducted his orchestra, augmented by strings of the Royal Air Force Central Band, with real insight and precision and contributed much to the performance by his happy knack of radiating calm and confidence.

All the stage staff deserve our warmest congratulations for a very great deal of hard work and artistic effort. Without wishing to seem invidious we must make special mention of the make-up team headed by Barney Bullocke, for we have rarely seen more and realistic and apt make-up in *The Mikado*.

All in all, this was a most satisfying production, and we sincerely hope that other flight cadets will be inspired to follow in the footsteps of Kevin Dearman and his colleagues and bring to the College the delights of Gilbert and Sullivan.

A.R.M.W.

FINE ARTS SECTION

Once again we had an active term of indoor work in the studio which has lost its decorator's gloss and attained a more artistic label, that is to say the room is now colourful, well equipped and incredibly untidy. We have been helped in its decoration by the loan of some designs and paintings by students from the Nottingham School of Art which have proved valuable in noting techniques and giving us a means of comparison with our own work.

The Society met every Tuesday evening for an informal painting session guided by Mr Foster. The accent is on informality and indeed we have gained a number of 'floating' members who dash in with profuse apologies for their sudden

inspiration, paint furiously for an evening and then disappear for another fortnight's mental incubation before reappearing. They are just as welcome as the regulars who are able to resume their paintings after a week's lapse as if nothing had happened to them during their abstinence from the easel. Quite a few members, though, are managing to spend more of their free time during the week in the studio and thereby get full value from Mr Foster's teaching on the Tuesday evenings when he can criticize their efforts.

During the Summer term we hope to resume our sketching trips to nearby villages (which have excellent aids to inspiration) and, who knows, we may even hold an exhibition as an 'ample apologia' for our existence to prove we are worth more than our bid.

J.S.H.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION

During last term Flight Lieutenant Hennessey left us for Coastal Command and our new guiding officer is Flight Lieutenant Chandler. At a meeting in the last week of the Spring term it was decided to make preparations for an exhibition to be held in the Autumn term of this year. Consequently several people in the Society were appointed to help with various facets of the necessary preparation.

For this exhibition to be a success it will be necessary to ensure that all equipment available is in good working order and the facilities for working are as good as possible. Apart from this, only a minority of members are capable of producing a good exhibition print from start to finish and efforts will be made during this term to rectify this. Bearing this in mind, the main campaign for the Society, as a whole, will be to obtain as many photographs of aspects of College life as possible.

Last term only moderate success was achieved. The main problem is one of gaining enthusiasm and momentum in the Society. At present the Section lacks cohesion in its efforts and it is hoped that by delegating work amongst its members this will be remedied.

By working as a Section, work of better quality and quantity can be produced.

K.J.E.

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Hockey Team, Spring 1960



Fencing v. l'Ecole de l'Air

SPORT

HOCKEY

Although the season started off badly the play was not perhaps as poor as the results indicate. It often proved difficult to put out a full team following several suspensions and the play was necessarily limited to two teams. The first team was captained by Senior Flight Cadet Phillips and the second team by Senior Flight Cadet Allen, who was also the Secretary for the season.

In the Easter term, although several of the more minor matches were lost, both the Sandhurst and Henlow matches were won. It was unfortunate that the Dartmouth match had to be cancelled because of snow because it would have probably resulted in another victory.

The following were awarded their colours: Senior Flight Cadet Rowland (77C), Flight Cadets Canning (78C), Jenner (79A) and Green (80C). F.G.A.

R.A.F. Technical Cadets, Henlow, Match

This match was played on a well-prepared pitch and the weather was sunny but there was a strong cross-wind. The start was swift and a ball down the right wing resulted in a near miss for Rowland.

In the twelfth minute a similar movement developed and this time Rowland scored. From this moment on there were frequent attacks from Cranwell and practically always on the right wing. However, perhaps the Cranwell forward line was over-enthusiastic because there were five cases of off-side within a few minutes.

In the fifteenth minute came a hard, low shot from Jenner at centre forward, scoring Cranwell's second goal. Soon after this a free hit taken by Canning at right half resulted in another hard shot from Jenner but this one did not score. This shot was followed by more shooting by Jenner, most of it very wild.

Henlow began to attack and there was some fine defensive play by Quek. Further pressing by Henlow was halted by the full backs and Junor, the right back, advanced up the field sufficiently far to enable Phillips to have a quick shot at goal.

The second half bully-off was immediately followed by a corner. This corner resulted in another goal, this time being scored by Crumbie, the left wing.

Cranwell was now well on top and several attempts at goal were defended safely by the Henlow defence, which was working together very well. In spite of superior play by Cranwell the forwards were unable to repeat any of their previously successful movements. There were many opportunities but none of them was taken and even when they were attempted very poor shooting resulted.

Just before the end of the game, however, there was an extremely good movement carried out by Phillips which ended with a hard shot at goal by Jenner which was well saved by the Henlow goalkeeper.

R.M.A. Sandhurst Match

On a beautifully true pitch this vital match began at a cracking pace. Both teams settled down quickly and some fine open hockey was produced by both teams.

In the fifth minute, an attack originating in the half-back line produced a fine goal scored by Hill. Soon after this, however, the College right-half Canning was badly hit on the jaw and was removed to hospital. The team was reshuffled and play was resumed with the College playing with four forwards.

Sandhurst pressed home their advantage of numbers and only some fine defensive work kept them from scoring. With the inside forwards falling back to help the defence only Jenner and Hill kept the attack going. Jenner in particular was very unlucky not to score in several solo bursts.

Half-time came as a welcomed relief but it was short-lived for, on resuming, the tall, speedy Sandhurst centre-forward broke through and only a fine save by Annett prevented a goal.

At this period of the game the Cranwell play speeded up and some fine attacking moves were initiated by the captain, Phillips. It was during this attacking period that the College forced a penalty bully which Jenner converted to goal with consummate ease.

With every player in the team now going at full pace the result was never in doubt, but had a full team been playing the winning margin would have certainly been increased. I.J.

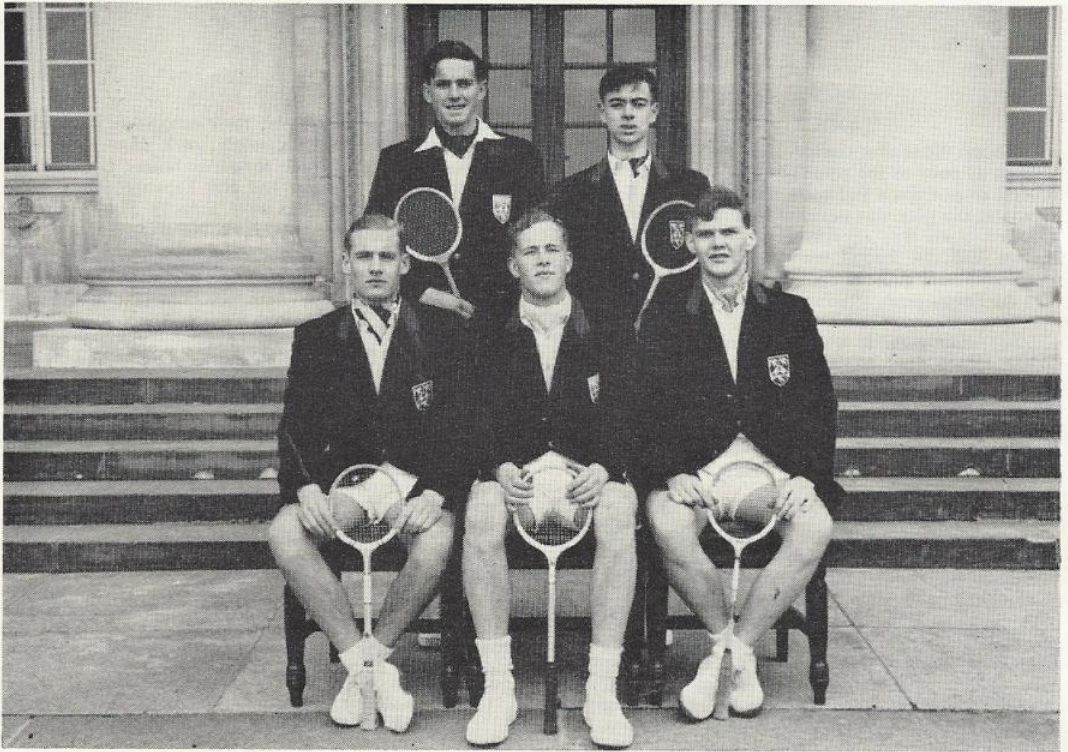
RESULTS

1959							
Sept. 12	1st XI	v.	Lincoln Imps	0-1	(l)
19	2nd XI	v.	Spalding	0-2	(l)
26	1st XI	v.	Brigg	0-2	(l)
	2nd XI	v.	Brigg	0-8	(l)
Oct. 3	1st XI	v.	Grimsby	3-9	(l)
	2nd XI	v.	Grimsby	0-6	(l)
10	1st XI	v.	Sheffield Univ.	1-4	(l)
17	1st XI	v.	Brigg	2-2	(d)
	2nd XI	v.	Brigg	2-0	(w)
28	1st XI	v.	R.A.F. Cranwell	2-5	(l)
31	1st XI	v.	Normanby Park	2-3	(l)
	2nd XI	v.	Normanby Park	1-1	(d)
Dec. 5	1st XI	v.	Kingston G.S.	0-12	(l)
	2nd XI	v.	Kingston G.S.	2-8	(l)
1960							
Jan. 9	1st XI	v.	Wisbech	0-6	(l)
27	1st XI	v.	Sheffield Univ.	2-4	(l)
30	1st XI	v.	Lincoln Imps	0-5	(l)
	2nd XI	v.	Nottingham	1-7	(l)
Feb. 6	1st XI	v.	Leicester Univ.	3-2	(w)
	2nd XI	v.	Leicester Univ.	2-0	(w)
10	1st XI	v.	U.C. London	0-0	(d)
24	2nd XI	v.	Notts Univ.	0-5	(l)
27	1st XI	v.	Henlow	3-0	(w)
	2nd XI	v.	Spalding	1-2	(l)
Mar. 9	1st XI	v.	Deacon's School	5-0	(w)
	2nd XI	v.	Deacon's School	7-0	(w)
12	1st XI	v.	Sandhurst	3-0	(w)
16	1st XI	v.	Leicester Univ.	3-2	(w)
	2nd XI	v.	Leicester Univ.	2-2	(d)

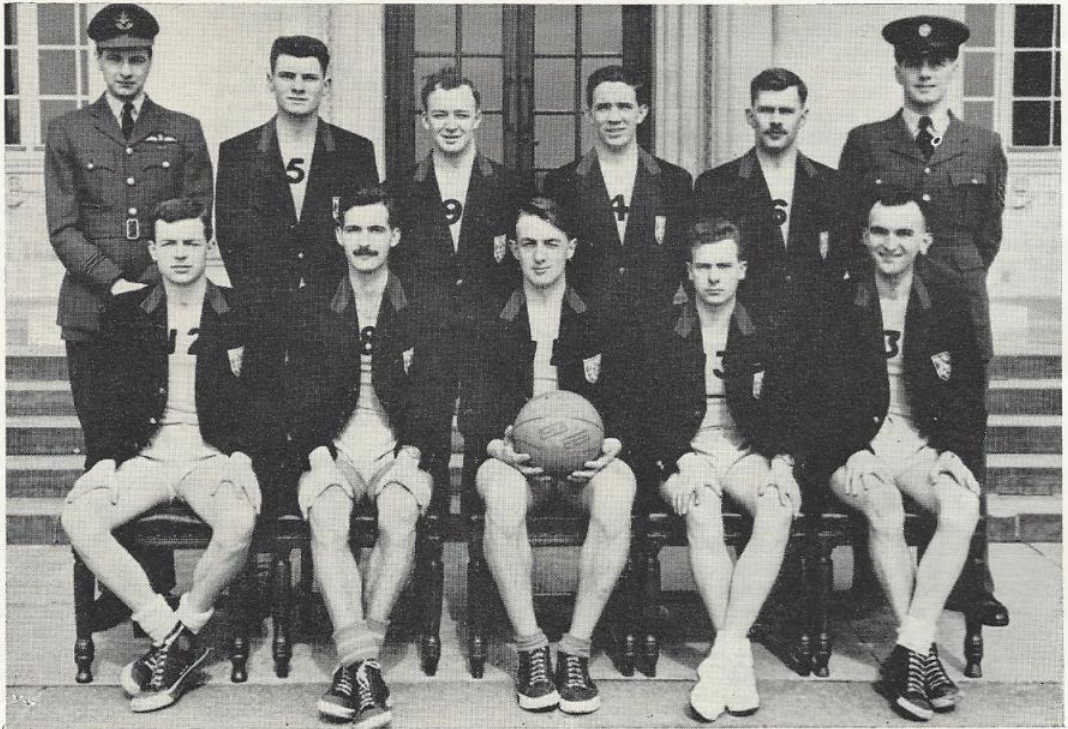
SOCCER

The term started promisingly as there were nine old players in the team, and Blake and Rostron soon fitted into the side. Blake was particularly welcome as the College had not possessed a good centre forward for a long time. In this position he scored many goals but his full potential was wasted due to the inability of the wings and inside forwards to feed him. Therefore Blake was moved to inside left and Thomson, possibly the best player in the College, was brought in from the wing to the other inside forward position. This strengthened the forward line considerably but on occasions matches were either lost or drawn by poor finishing by all forwards.

The half backs played well at times, particularly Dorrett at centre half; however, both wing halves were guilty of wandering too far upfield. They left the two



Squash Team, Spring 1960



Basketball Team, Spring 1960

backs to contend with three and sometimes four opponents. Besides playing consistently well Dorrett captained the side admirably. It is a long time since there has been such spirit in the team, and credit is due to the captain for this.

The backs, Glasgow and Rostron, found an understanding early on in the season, often the resultant covering destroyed an attack. Throughout the season Rostron played a sound game, his calmness in front of goal is most reassuring. Glasgow is capable of turning and recovering quickly and this helped him when he failed to intercept the through pass.

Leppard in goal continued to improve his handling and positional play, but on more than one occasion he allowed what appeared to be a simple shot to enter the net.

The season started well and the match against Scunthorpe showed promise. Unfortunately in three of the opening games the side relaxed its efforts in the last ten minutes and what should have been wins became draws. After initial successes the quality of play decreased until Blake and Thomson were moved to the inside positions. The improvement is demonstrated by the result of the Henlow match—the College won 7-2.

The 2nd XI experienced an unsettled term but managed to win as many matches as it lost. In a College of this size the 2nd XI must always be a team of 1st XI reserves. Thus whenever the 1st called upon a reserve the 2nd suffered. This meant that the 2nd XI could not play together as a team for more than two matches running.

Once again the universities proved to be too strong, but it is promising to note that schools were usually beaten by large scores.

D.E.L.

I would like to thank Leppard for all the administrative work he has performed so efficiently and Squadron Leader Porter and Mr Simpson for their advice and help. I am sure that if future captains can rely on support and advice as good as that which I received then they will enjoy the job as much as I did.

I.D.

RESULTS

P.24 W.9 D.5 L.10

1st XI

Scunthorpe G.S.	1-1 (d)
Lincolnshire Constabulary	Cancelled
Lincoln City Old Boys	Cancelled
Hull University	1-6 (l)
Westminster School	1-1 (d)
Lincolnshire Constabulary	2-2 (d)
Boston G.S.	7-1 (w)
Christ's College	Cancelled
Lincoln City School	4-4 (d)
Carre's G.S.	6-1 (w)
Henlow (R.A.F. Technical College)	7-2 (w)
Kings Lynn	5-3 (w)
Kesteven T.C.	5-6 (l)
Sheffield University	3-7 (l)
Leicester University	Cancelled
Icarus	Cancelled
Loughborough College	0-7 (l)
Lloyds Bank	2-4 (l)

2nd XI

Cleethorpes G.S.	1-4 (l)
Sleaford Amateurs	Cancelled
Hull University	0-7 (l)
Louth G.S.	5-4 (w)
Skegness G.S.	1-2 (l)
Boston G.S.	8-0 (w)
Christ's College	Cancelled
Lincoln City School	6-3 (w)
Carre's G.S.	6-1 (w)

Cleethorpes G.S.	0-6 (l)
Kings Lynn	0-1 (l)
Skegness G.S.	5-0 (w)
Sheffield University	Cancelled
Leicester University	Cancelled
Sleaford Amateurs	Cancelled
Loughborough College	Cancelled
Lloyds Bank	3-3 (d)

FENCING

With the passing out of 76 Entry in December we lost several of our best fencers, a sad blow with the more important half of the season to come. However, we need not have worried as, in the event, we had our best season for some time. We lost only two of our ten first team matches. In one of these defeats we were without our 1st foil team, who were competing in the East Midlands Championships.

There was an encouraging improvement among our less experienced fencers, all of whom are very keen. We held three full second team matches and won two. The enthusiasm shown by novices was most pleasing, as most people seem to think that the College cannot cater for beginners—an unfortunate fallacy.

In the East Midlands Championships a relatively inexperienced team did well to reach the semi-finals. If they could have overcome their awe of their opponents they might have done better! In the Individual championships Thomson was narrowly knocked out of a hard semi-final pool, while Peters proved that it is easier to get to the top than to stay there, losing his title and eventually coming second.

B.R.N.C. Dartmouth

This match was the first of our big matches and was held at Cranwell. The foil team started well with a 6-3 win, a lead which the sabreurs increased, winning 5-4. Woodhead seemed to find his form at last, winning two good assaults. The match ended with the electric epee which Cranwell also won 5-4, giving us victory by 16-11. Our thanks to Gomer Thomas of Grantham who presided in his usual excellent way.

L'Ecole de L'Air

This year we were hosts to a very little-changed French team, and on paper at least things looked bad for us. However, morale was high, and as usual there was a very keen rivalry between the two teams. After exchanging tokens the foilists got down to work and secured their usual 6-3 lead, which was immediately nullified in the sabre. The fencing in this was very close, and the result, 6-3 in favour of L'Ecole de L'Air, does not give a fair indication of the equality of the two teams. With an improved epee team we hoped to secure victory, but after a long and tense struggle L'Ecole emerged the victors 5-4, winning the entire match 14-13. No one would deny the fairness of this result, which was anything but a disgrace for the College team. The standard of fencing in this match was undoubtedly the highest of the season.

R.M.A. Sandhurst

After our narrow defeat at the hands of L'Ecole de L'Air we were confident we could beat the R.M.A., who beat us by the odd hit last year. The foilists once again provided a 6-3 lead, which was doubled by the epeeists, who, on this occasion, gave a very good account of themselves, also winning 6-3. Thus at the start of the sabre we needed only two victories to give us the match for the first time in some years. Our sabre team then

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proceeded to strike fear into the hearts of all Cranwell supporters by losing their first seven assaults quite confidently! However, with only two assaults left, sanity reasserted itself and we won both, giving us the match 14-13.

Colours were awarded to Woodhead, Le Cornu and Lucking, all of whom fenced well throughout the season, though they were sometimes a little slow in warming up. Thomson, too, deserves mention for consistent good fencing and versatility in weapons. He also spent a lot of time instructing novices to very good effect.

We would like to thank Major Robinson, U.S.A.F., and Sgt Williams for their invaluable help in making the season a success.

RUGBY

Lincolnshire's frosty leap year welcome not only further reduced our diminished drill programme but caused the first five matches of the term to be cancelled. The consequent lack of exercise coupled with the least strenuous of the Knocker competitions caused many players to be unfit for the first match.

The departure of Graydon, Symes and Weddle of 76 Entry left three vacant places in the team. There was too little practice to enable their substitutes to be selected on current merit and when chosen they had no time to practise with the 1st XV.

Cambridge LX Club—Lost 9-29

The team then was rather off balance, and overweight for the first match. Cambridge LX Club proved this by defeating us heavily. The biggest factor causing our defeat was our inability to stop their scrum half.

Westleigh—Won 14-6

Lloyd scored first from the bottom of a melee of players who caught him just as he went over their line. The try was the first of three which were unconverted. Another goal for us, against two tries, made the score 14-6 in our favour.

On a couple of occasions the vital pass was knocked on or missed completely and the ball cleared.

Westleigh scored from an interception attempt by our centre, who in fact knocked the ball on into their centre's hands. He scored easily.

Their second try was also rather fortunate for them. Their player lost the ball in a tackle as he went over our line. The referee only gave a try when one of their players, following up considerably later, grounded the ball.

Good use was made of kicking ahead in the second half, Kemp scoring from his own kick on one occasion. After a breakaway in the centre Kemp was again sent over between the posts. Edwards converted.

Bedford Wanderers—Lost 3-12

In the usual hard-fought manner of this fixture two goals and one penalty kick to one try left the team annoyed and unsatisfied.

L'Ecole de L'Air—Won 32-0

The College maintained its unbeaten record against the French by a 32-0 win. The amusing point of this game was the try Hoare scored 'in off the post.' However, this was not quite so entertaining as Simpson's 'striptease' in France the previous year.

The chances thrown away in this match have never been seen before. On at least two occasions two three-quarters were past the opposing full-back, each time one of them was caught—with the ball.

Grimsby—Won 17-8

The previous day's match had no marked effect on the team. Wratten scored twice, Edwards, Stephens and Hoare once. Only one try was converted. Grimsby had one goal and one try.

Both Edwards and Evans kicked well, gaining ground with each of their strategic kicks. Unfortunately our wings are never ready for the kicks and seem to run at half pace anyway—tries do not often come from the kicks ahead.

Our short penalties are still slow but practice is beginning to have effect.

Leicester University—Lost 0-12

A cold day, a muddy pitch and a shocking lack of spirit among the players gave the University the luck they needed. Four tries were scored and each seemed to inspire our team to more laziness. In the last five minutes 'we started playing' and gave ourselves the satisfaction of keeping play from our lines—poor consolation for a game which should have been won. I know some players were shocked by our performance. I hope the others were as well.

Uppingham School—Won 25-0

Five tries and two goals on a very wet pitch. Evans and Jones played well together in the second half as stand-off and scrum-half respectively. Wratten scored twice—both long runs with his speed being of great advantage.

R.A.F. Cranwell—Won 5-3

This was easily our best game this term. Each side was as good as the other; indeed it was just a missed conversion that caused the inequality of the final score. The Cranwell pack bound well in the loose and had a quicker hooker. The College fitness, however, caused honours to be equal in the scrum.

Mackay scored first from a kick ahead. Near the end of the game Cranwell scored a try. Edwards' conversion of the College try gave us victory.

Newark—Drew 5-5

Squadron hockey depleted our side for this match so it was not a truly representative XV that played. A goal each was quite satisfactory.

Loughborough College of Technology—Lost 0-3

A taste of the Leicester University match was apparent. The team seemed far too satisfied to just wander around a pitch following a ball. No fire or determination to grind our opponents down was apparent in this match. The odd try gave the score in their favour.


The 1st XV matches have not been sparkling displays since the Harlequins match at the beginning of the season. The last half of this season has been quite boring, apart from the Cranwell match.

Next season it is hoped that the team will be invigorated by a summer in which rugby can be forgotten.

As always Wing Commander Harris has striven to improve our efforts. We would like to thank him for this and hope that next season his task will be less tedious. The players also thank the other officers and n.c.os who referee our matches and help in other ways. Last but not least we thank our supporters whose encouraging presence is felt by all the teams.

SUMMARY OF RUGBY MATCHES

	P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	Pts.		Games Cnld.
						A.	S.	
1st XV	9	4	1	4	85	69	5	
2nd XV	9	2	0	7	84	84	5	
'A' XV	3	3	0	0	45	3	1	
3rd XV	7	4	0	3	100	33	3	
TOTALS	28	13	1	14	314	189	14	



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CROSS-COUNTRY

The team got off to a good start at the beginning of the Spring term with a comfortable win over Boston A.C. However, this form was not to last and our successes were equally mixed with our failures as we won five matches and lost five.

At the inter-varsity match in Essex on the 23rd January we encountered stiffer opposition and conditions than last year, and consequently the team finished further down the field, coming eleventh of twenty-three teams. This particular event was won by Cambridge University.

The Eastern Counties Championships were held on the North Airfield on the 13th February when there was a three-inch covering of snow on the ground, making the inevitably level course very slippery. The College team packed very well, the counting three one after the other, and we secured third team place as against second last season.

A notable change in the team this term was the far better packing, probably due to the two members of 82 Entry in our team, J. Bayliss and J. Gibson, who have raised the average standard of running. But the team still lacks outstanding runners.

The following cadets have represented the College 1st VIII:

W. G. CHAPMAN (Capt.). This term proved to be rather unfortunate for him. He had to spend the first half recovering from cartilage trouble in his knee. Then as soon as he became fit again, a broken ankle, sustained while ski-ing at mid-term, laid him low for the rest of the term. He has become the first non-playing captain the team has ever had.

C. B. H. HARDIE (Vice-Capt.). Once again this very strong runner ran very well for the College. He was always the first runner home for the team, and set up some good times in all weather conditions over both the old and new Cranwell courses.

J. R. HAMBLETON. Here is a runner who at times shows great promise for the future. However, he is rather erratic and it is very difficult to foretell whether he will lead in a race or whether he will bring up the rear.

P. G. PINNEY. Our New Zealander started off the term rather weakly, after the ravages of Hogmanay! Yet he suddenly, after about a month, improved greatly, and after that ran steadily for the rest of term.

D. FRADLEY. He is another runner who improved greatly during the term, and can now be relied upon to put up quite a good performance. He has been made Secretary for next season.

W. WOOD. Another erratic runner, who at times would surprise everyone with some fine runs. He seems to prefer the rather longer, heavier kind of course—Dartmouth excepted!

J. A. BAYLISS. A 'find' from 82 Entry, who has the makings of a strong cross-country man. To begin with he had the usual trouble in building up the stamina required for runs of seven miles, after having been used to shorter ones at school.

J. I. GIBSON. Another cadet from 82 Entry who ran for the College. He could be reasonably good if he got down to some hard training during the summer before the next season.

R. C. SAAR. A very steady runner, who has improved somewhat. He needs, however, to gain more speed to add to his stamina as a long-distance runner.

I. H. NELSON. A rather slow but steady runner. He seems to have slowed down rather this term, due, perhaps, to his insistence on training for swimming as well as running.

BASKETBALL

This term was the first for the College basketball team and, altogether, not one of outstanding success. However, there appeared to be no lack of enthusiasm among its members and, with sufficient training, the College should field a strong team next season.

A great deal of valuable coaching by Sergeant Reed, combined with good teamwork, enabled the team to gain a decisive win against B.R.N.C. Dartmouth. This was the only outstanding game of the season.

The team was selected from Flight Cadets C. J. Adams* (Capt.), J. Laurensen, N. R. Hayward, R. Gilpin, D. R. Jackson, H. Crone, K. Simpson, C. Adcock, J. Nottingham, J. Pym.

Although the results seem very disappointing the team was always up against first class opposition and valuable experience was gained by us all.

* Colour.

SQUASH

This term saw not a blinding run of successes, but rather the establishing and building up of a new team. Not a single player remained from the previous year's team, and one member, Bromhead, had been playing for only one year. Out of the term's nine matches, three were cancelled, two won, and the rest lost.

In fast courts we were always at a disadvantage for our own are very slow, and not many clubs seem to have slow courts. It was interesting to see in the Loughborough match that we were beaten not so much by skill as by movement around the court, and in the officers match we won for roughly the same reason. Towards the end of the season, and especially as the Sandhurst match approached, we were able to get a lot more coaching, and we should like to thank Flight Lieutenant Fraser, and Squadron Leader Thornton for their advice and encouragement.

In the match against Dartmouth, it was evident that their No. 1 string was very good. Apart from this game it was very much man for man, and with No. 5 to play the score stood at 2-2. Lamplough had a hard game, and was narrowly defeated by Trussell, who had originally come up to play hockey. Dartmouth team won 3-2.

Sandhurst squash team was without doubt better than ours, being especially strong at Nos. 1, 2 and 3. Conran-Smith had an even struggle at No. 4, but failed to win, and Bromhead did well to win our only game, leaving the score 4-1.

Looking objectively at each player, one would safely say that Wilson, at No. 1, would have been happy and more successful at No. 3; he met many first strings of county standard, and could not be expected to do better than he did. Seyd, at No. 2, was also a little out of his depth, and Bliss was outclassed at times playing at No. 3. Conran-Smith was in his right place at No. 4, having some very close games; Bromhead played consistently well at No. 5. At the start of the season Lamplough also played for the team.

After the experience of last season and after a lot of competition in the Autumn term, we can look forward, with an unchanged team, to a more successful Spring term next year.

BADMINTON

The arrival of two more fine Malayan players has made the Badminton teams better than ever before. Sandhurst and Dartmouth, our two most worthy opponents, experienced the winds of change. Our defeats by them in the past have now been replaced by scintillating victories.



Lovely girl with glass in hand. Muscovite with hand on stomach. Look of agony on his face. And you needn't look far to find the connection. It's in the foreground of the picture. The name on the label? Nutty's Spanish Dry—a sherry that always has the same effect.

NUTTY'S SPANISH DRY
of Sleaford

This term saw the growth of the 2nd VI, a project started the term before, and they took on some of our regular opponents whom the 1st VI had previously beaten rather heavily. Three matches were arranged for the 2nd VI. They lost to Nottingham University's 2nd VI by 8-1, but beat Fulbeck Badminton Club 5-4. The match against Carre's Grammar School was unfortunately cancelled.

The 1st VI confidently looked around for stronger opposition. In a match against the Sergeants' Mess the team won 8-1, and in a match against Rauceby Hospital we won 6-3. The most notable victory was against R.M.A. Sandhurst when we won 6-3. However, all our matches were not won; we lost to Nottingham University 6-3, Leicester University 6-3 and again 6-3 to the Malayan Teacher's College at Kirkby. The score here, however, does not give a true picture as every game was extremely close and several sets went to three games.

Two matches against Imperial College, London, and Nottingham Old Boys' Club had to be cancelled due to administrative difficulties on both sides.

The future in badminton is very promising. The standard of play is high, but we do need a little more practice and coaching to smooth out the remaining creases. In this we are grateful to Sgt Hall whose coaching is of great value to us all.

The 1st team consisted of R. Geach (Capt.), J. Raeside (Vice-Capt.), Chuah Ban Hin (Secretary), M. Greenwood, M. Theseira and R. Mighall.

The 2nd team consisted of Quek Seng Kiew, Jayatilaka, Cross, Burden, Gaynor and Carter.

RESULTS

		1st VI			
Jan. 22	Sergeants' Mess	(h)	8-1 (w)
27	Nottingham University	(h)	3-6 (l)
Feb. 6	Malayan Teachers' College	(a)	3-6 (l)
10	Rauceby Hospital	(a)	6-3 (w)
27	Imperial College	(a)	Cancelled
Mar. 9	Leicester University	(h)	3-6 (l)
12	R.M.A. Sandhurst	(a)	6-3 (w)
19	Nottingham Old Boys	(h)	Cancelled
		2nd VI			
Jan. 27	Nottingham University	(h)	1-8 (l)
Feb. 10	Fulbeck Badminton Club	(h)	5-4 (w)
24	Carre's Grammar School	(a)	Cancelled

SHOOTING

The Spring term saw a continuation of our previous term's successes. As can be seen from the results we won all our matches, a record unique in recent years. This was the benefit derived from concentrated practice, which included shoots on Wednesday evenings. Particular triumphs were our wins over Imperial College, London, Birmingham University and the Royal Military College of Canada.

As was the policy last year we commenced 303 shooting at Beckingham, and on the College 25-yard range, during the second half of the term, despite poor weather. This enabled us to start the Bisley Practice Camp, held during the Easter vacation, well prepared, and the scores were better. We have high hopes for the R.A.F. Championships in June.

The Inter-Squadron 38 Pistol competition was won by 'B' Squadron; Senior Flight Cadet Willis winning the individual trophy. Fair weather during this shoot enabled the competitors to achieve far better scores than last year.

Flight Lieutenant C. R. Salwey has now taken over as Officer in Charge of the club. We would like to thank Squadron Leader A. A. J. Hudson for all the work he has done for us in recent years.

Colours were awarded to Under Officer Bullocke.

The team was M. C. Turner* (Capt.), M. B. Bullocke*, R. M. Prothero*, R. L. Banks*, P. A. Nelson, J. R. McEvoy*, G. N. L. Hyde, A. J. Gowing, M. J. Shaw, A. D. K. Campbell.

* Colour.

RESULTS

		Points		
		For	Against	
R.M.C. Canada	...	789	775	(w)
Sleaford S.B.R.C.	...	779	768	(w)
Birmingham University	...	765	755	(w)
Loretto School	...	763	747	(w)
Nottingham University	...	587	568	(w)
Imperial College	...	773	766	(w)
University College	...	587	578	(w)

THE SOVEREIGN'S SQUADRON

Points Scored in the Spring Term

	'A'			'B'			'C'			
	Sqn	Sqn	Sqn	Sqn	Sqn	Sqn	Sqn	Sqn		
<i>Chimay</i>	Pts	Pts	Pts	Pts	Pts	Pts	Pts	Pts		
Athletics...	5	15	25							
Hockey ...	12	4	20							
Cross-Country ...	9	3	15							
Squash ...	15	3	9							
Basketball ...	15	3	9							
Shooting...	6	10	2							
Totals ...	62	38	80							
		'A'			'B'			'C'		
		Sqn	Sqn	Sqn	Sqn	Sqn	Sqn	Sqn	Sqn	
<i>Prince of Wales Trophy</i>	Pts	Pts	Pts	Pts	Pts	Pts	Pts	Pts		
Chimay ...	6	3	9							
Knocker ...	1	4	7							
Ferris ...	5	8	2							
Totals ...	12	15	18							

A HISTORY OF THE COLLEGE

A team of flight cadets of No. 79 Entry is preparing, under the supervision of the 'H' Staff, a History of Cranwell as a joint thesis. It is hoped that this may later be adapted for publication in roughly similar form to that of the recent book *C.F.S. Any Old Cranwellians* able to supply reminiscences, anecdotes or photographs, which they feel would enrich or enliven this History, are invited to send them to Flight Lieutenant D. B. Adams at the College.



From School to Sarndherst

THIS IS WHERE IT ALL BEGAN it was, in fact, his House Master who first recommended an Army career — and he has not forgiven him for it yet. How wonderful

to be back even for a brief visit and get out of S---d---st for a weekend. How right he was, too, to take his House Master's advice and bring his girl friend. Sarndherst accepts suitable boys from Public Schools

You may not know the driver . . .

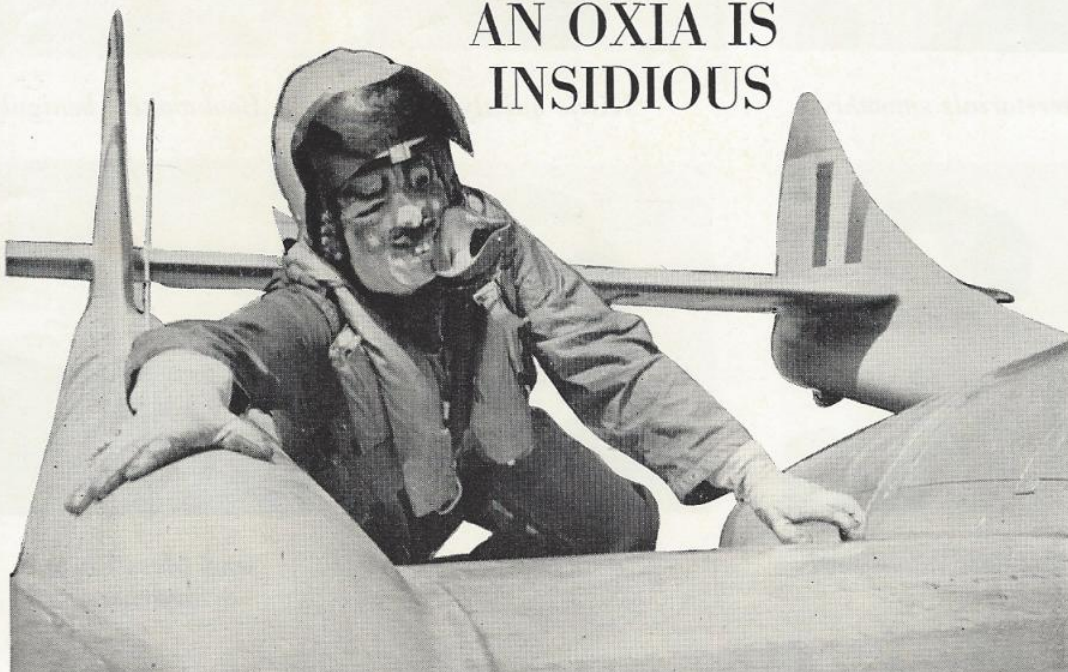


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. . . but you'll recognize the car

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Extroverts extensively



Navigators nautically



Secretarials smoothly



Kiwis quietly



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Intellectuals intelligently



Pilots peacefully

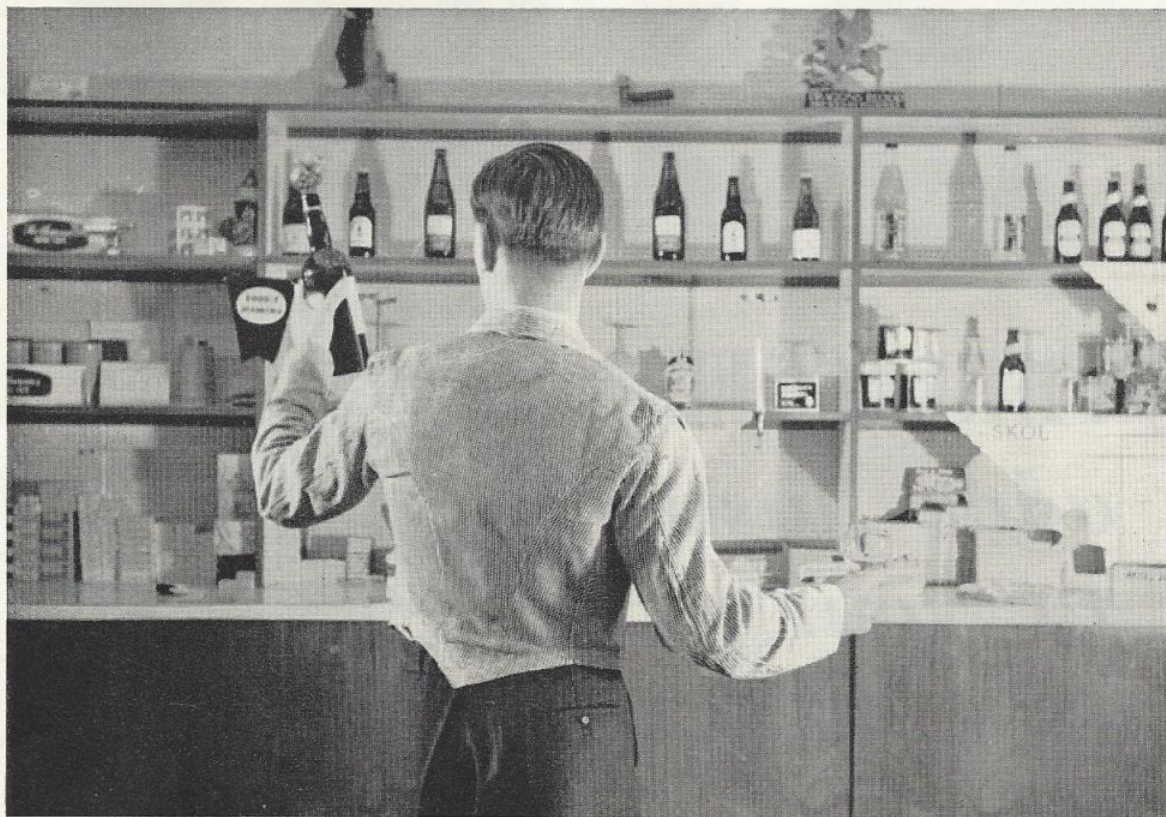


*and Mess Cheese
anywhere !*

B.U.A.C* doesn't care about you

*Better Upon A Camel

mon oncle **HUBERT HUBERT** *dit*

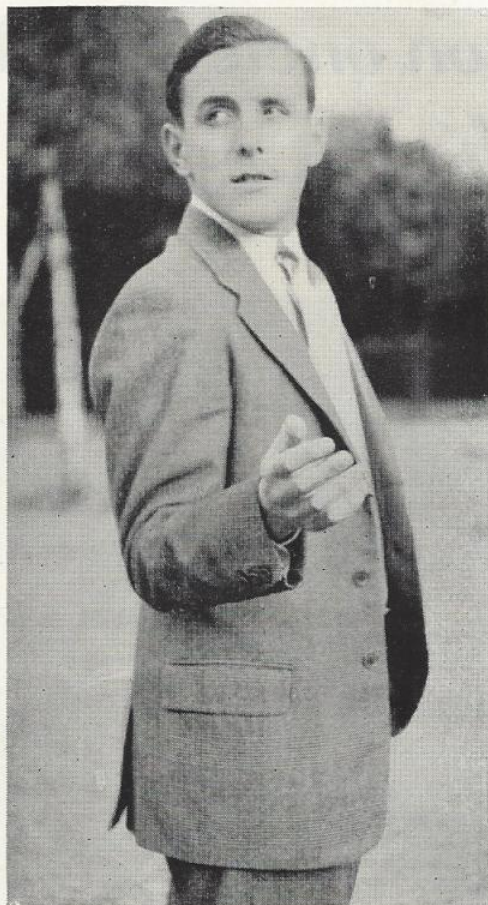


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grease and peanut
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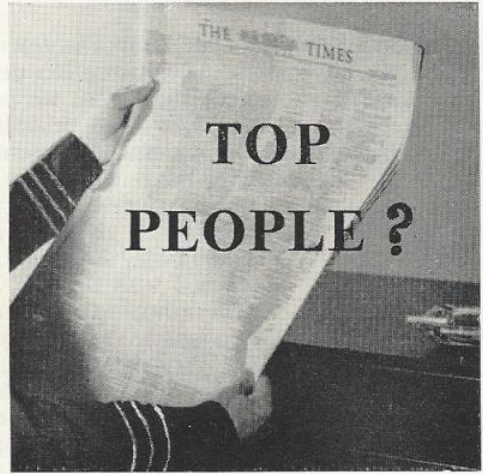
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80 ENTRY'S VISIT TO B.A.O.R.

LINCOLNSHIRE'S mid-April felt to your correspondent like west Wales in March. However, the shock of having to endure a black-thorn winter in north-east England was delayed for over a week. After winging our way across the Polderland of Holland, the waterlogged Netherlands were succeeded beneath us by a landscape of pine forests and numerous separate homesteads that looked truly Germanic. We finally touched down at Gütersloh and found ourselves revelling in the delights that are typical of an English May. The Entry divided into small parties and set off across a luxuriant countryside, heavy with blossom. Mountains lay invitingly to the east, but we never reached them, and we turned off to a cul-de-sac amid a sandy pine wilderness that was the Sennelager home of the 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards.

One day was spent with this spirited polo-playing cavalry regiment. Attempts to drive the Centurion tank met with varying degrees of success. One incompetent could hardly engage any gear but second, while another, slipping the clutch on a hill almost burnt it out and enveloped the machine in acrid smoke. At hitting small models 'hull down' in a sand-pit, all were expert. If a .22 mounted in the line of the main armament was at all an accurate simulator, we could boast an extraordinary degree of expertise in tank gunnery. The night with the Inniskillings was begun with an interesting exercise. We set out in two troops of Ferret Armoured Cars, and by homing on to the other's headlights the two troops had no difficulty in effecting a rendezvous. We then clambered down, and though one imbecile cross-country runner thought that nocturnal movement should be carried out at the rate of five minutes a mile, we soon settled that difference of opinion by splitting up into small groups, and set out to blow up the objective, a bridge over a stream. This was done in spite of a lively enemy reaction in the form of flares and pyrotechnics. These led one of our officers to approach the bridge, muffling his progress by wading down the brook. It was a damp, but not disheartened, Flight Lieutenant that emerged triumphant like Thetis from the waters, Thunderflash at the ready, only to meet one of his Flight Cadets walking down the first yards of roadway to the bridge. He was greeted cheerily with 'It's all right, sir, there are only three men out against us; two sleep, and they take turns to be the one letting off the flares.'

We then moved on to the 41st Field Regiment of the Royal Artillery at Lippstadt. We were shown all round the guns, and were given an excellent demonstration of battery deployment. Off duty we explored the town of Lippstadt, which slightly lost its appeal on being described as a 'Teutonic Sleaford.' It is true that the population were not exactly Anglophile, but that was inevitable as they had had to tolerate a British garrison for many years. Nevertheless, after a splendid guest night with the Gunners, we were shown round the vast brewery that undertook to slake the colossal thirst of the town. With megalomaniac Germanic exactitude we were told to a tenth of a litre the millions of hectolitres consumed. It was a distinctly pallid eye set in a jaundiced face that many cadets, tired after the previous evening's over-indulgence, cast over the frothing vats, as they grappled with their heaving intestines. That afternoon a navigation exercise took us to the Möhne Dam. Our wonders at its construction, destruction, and rapid reconstruction were interrupted by the soliloquy of our guiding subaltern. He was holding forth in loud English of the beauties of human architecture exhibited in a nearby female form. Unfortunately, he forgot that the Dam is the Mecca of all English-speaking peoples in Germany, and a clear cockney remark from the mother of the subject of his admiration made him feel distinctly *persona non grata*.

We ended our stay with the 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards. Impressive demonstrations were laid on with marvellous precision, except when one sand-filled mortar bomb landed in the middle of the R.S.M's hallowed acre, causing a considerable indentation. We visited nearby Düsseldorf. Its modern architecture was wonderful, especially one solitary skyscraper that rises to ethereal heights in the centre of the town. Some went to the fine new Opera house and others decided (and happily with success) to make a personal contribution to the improvement of Anglo-Germanic relations.

It was with sorrow, indeed, that we left the Army. We were very impressed by the hospitality and spirit of the regiments we visited. We were glad to have an extra two days in Germany at Wildenrath, during which we revived ourselves in tranquillity for the hardships of a new term. It also helped us better to realize the gratitude we owed for such an interesting visit. J.A.D.W

*Remember
P.O. Prune?*



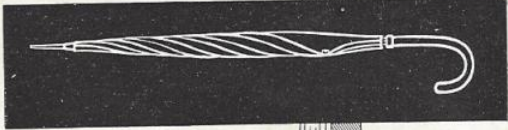
P.O. Prune says that guy'd got so many gongs he had to carry his own deviation card

**... which was before
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THE
ROYAL AIR FORCE
COLLEGE



JOURNAL

CRANWELL

AUTUMN 1960

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<i>Notes</i>	Flight Cadets T. Boucher, N. B. Baldwin and R. M. Annett

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THE JOURNAL

The Royal Air Force College Journal is published three times a year, at the end of the Spring, Summer and Autumn terms. 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.

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



On Monday, 25th July 1960, the College was honoured by the visit of Her Majesty The Queen and His Royal Highness The Duke of Edinburgh. Her Majesty reviewed the Passing-Out Parade of No. 77 Entry and presented a new Queen's Colour to the College



College Notes

‘Flight Cadets of the Royal Air Force College:

‘It is a great pleasure to me to have this opportunity of visiting the Royal Air Force College so soon after becoming its Commandant-in-Chief and of taking this Passing-Out Parade. Cranwell has a great reputation throughout the Air Forces of the world and many distinguished leaders of the Royal Air Force and other Air Forces received their training here. I am very happy to have this closer link with the College.

‘I already have a close link with you, for Colours are symbols of the personal relationship which exists between the Sovereign and units of the Armed Forces of the Crown. That is why I am presenting the College with this new Queen’s Colour today. It will be a constant reminder to all who serve at this College that they are entering my personal service for the protection and defence of the realm.

‘In war the Services are the guardians of the nation. In peace, they are the guardians of the nation’s good name in every kind of testing circumstance. This Colour, therefore, should also be to you a reminder of duty, of your duty to uphold our Christian principles in all circumstances against every kind of evil.

‘Finally, this Colour embodies the traditions of the College and of the Royal Air Force, traditions of steadfastness and devotion, courage and skill, intelligence and inventiveness. At this time of change and uncertainty, these qualities are more important than ever. Conditions may alter from day to day; but it was these qualities of the spirit which made the Royal Air Force, and it is they which will sustain it in the future.’

In reply to The Queen's speech the Commandant said:

'Your Majesty:

'This gracious presentation of a second Royal Colour to the College is an unprecedented honour to our Service which we all, past and present flight cadets and members of the staff, appreciate most deeply.

'That you have honoured us in this way, not only as our Queen, but as our Commandant-in-Chief, will be a constant source of pride to each one of us.

'We thank Your Majesty most sincerely for the confidence you place in this College, as symbolized by this new Colour and Your Majesty's gracious presence here today at the time of the graduation of No. 77 Entry.

'This confidence will provide us all, not only with a constant reminder of the present, but with inspiration for the future. In this we shall have new pride of service and a determination to be worthy of the gracious honour you have done us this day.'

HER MAJESTY ARRIVES AT CRANWELL

Left to right: Lady Euston, Sir Edward Ford, Sqn Ldr Carver, H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh, H.M. The Queen, The Rt Hon George Ward, Air Chf Mshl Sir Thomas Pike, Air Mshl Sir Hugh Constantine, the Commandant







Her Majesty inspects 'B' Squadron

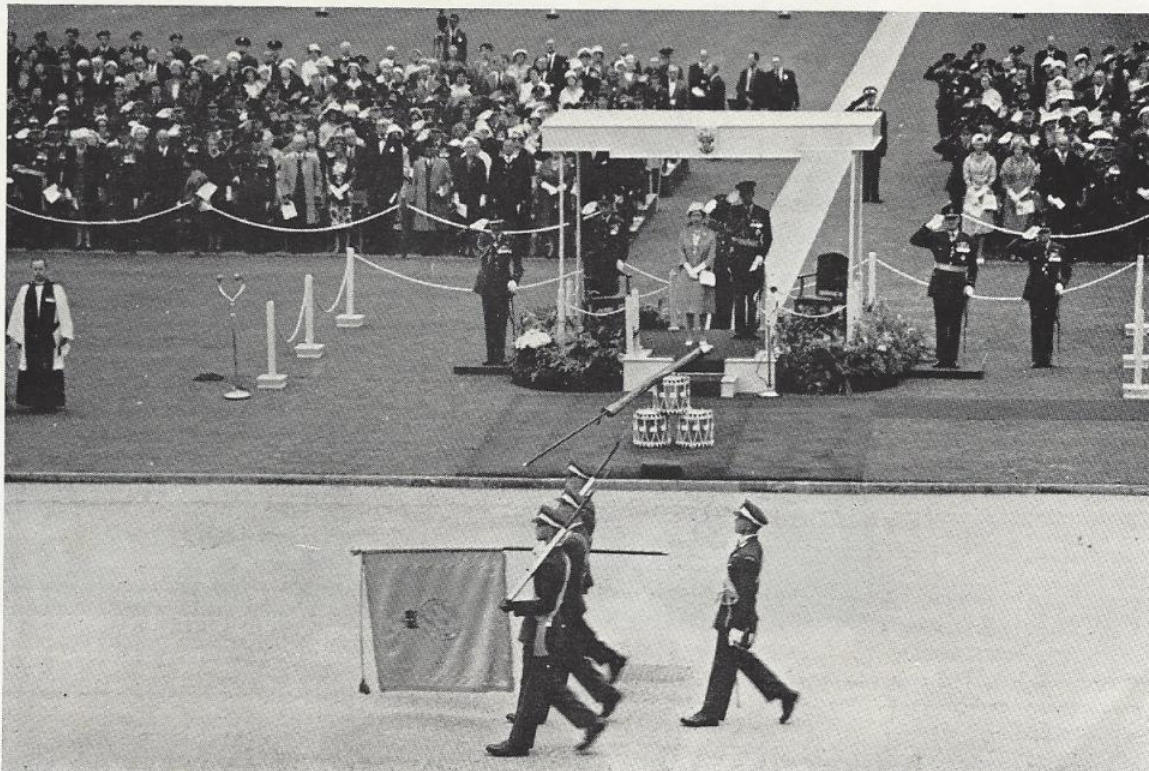
The Parade, which was commanded by Senior Under Officer P. J. Kemp, received The Queen with a Royal Salute. Her Majesty then inspected the three squadrons, which were commanded by Senior Under Officer M. J. Barringer, Senior Under Officer N. Bonnor and Under Officer K. B. Willings.

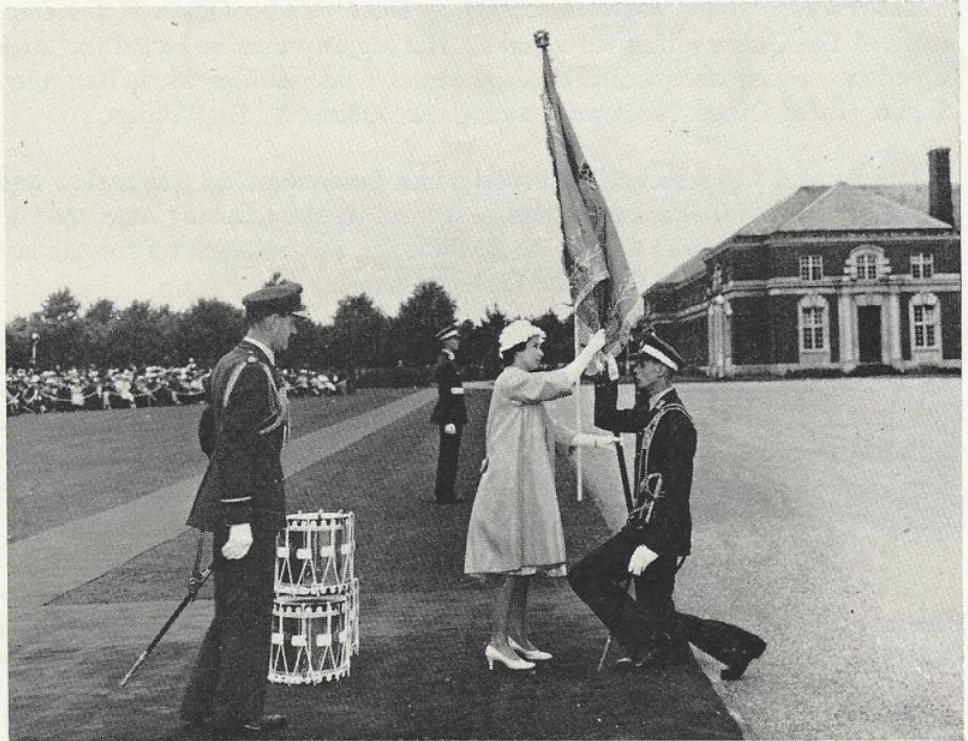
The Parade, which included the most junior Entry, marched past in slow and quick time; when the squadrons had re-formed at the receiving base, the Old Colour, borne by Under Officer M. B. Bullocke, was marched off for the last time, and later was laid up in the College Chapel.

Her Majesty then presented the New Queen's Colour, which was received by Under Officer R. J. Howard, and gave her address. With the Parade at the 'present,' the New Colour was slow-marched to the receiving base. There followed the Advance in review order and Royal Salute, after which Her Majesty presented the Sword of Honour to Senior Under Officer Kemp and the Queen's Medal to Senior Under Officer Bonnor.

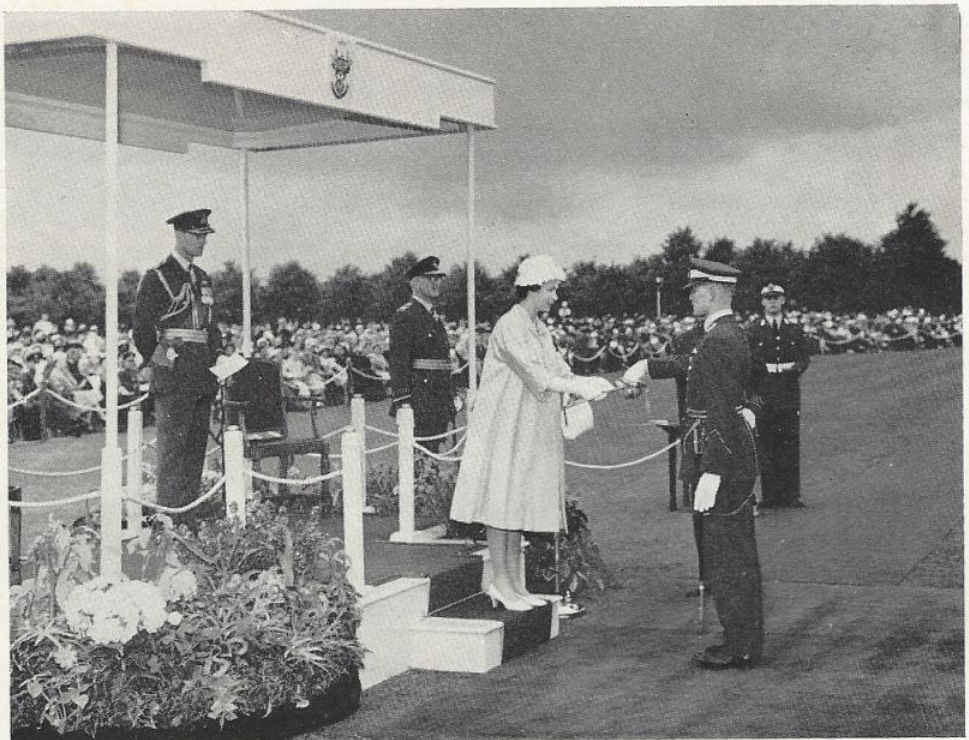
After the Parade the Royal Party made their way to the top of the new Queen's Avenue, where Her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh each planted a tree.

The old Colour is marched off for the last time





Her Majesty presents the new Queen's Colour, received on behalf of the College by Under Officer Howard



H.M. The Queen presents the Sword of Honour to Senior Under Officer Kemp

These words, spoken by the Chaplain-in-Chief, formed part of the ceremony of the Consecration of the New Colour:

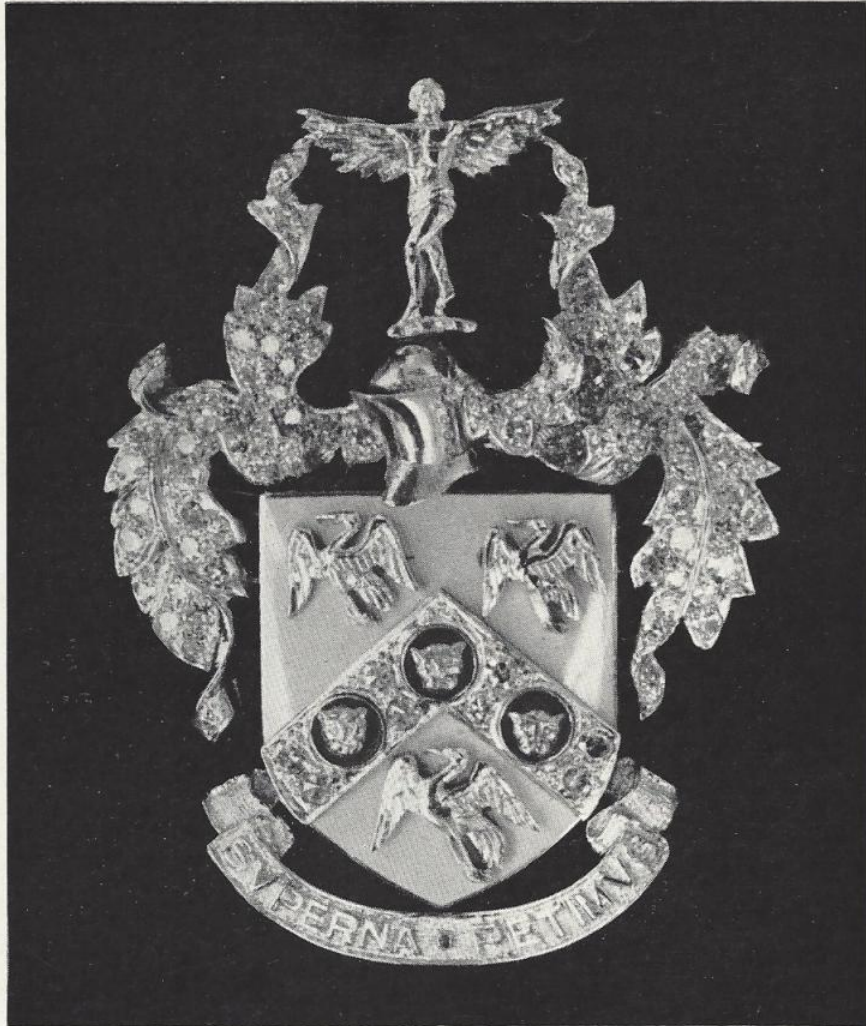
‘We are gathered here to consecrate this Colour, the solemn symbol of our loyalty, and with it ourselves, our service, and our life. May this Colour never be unfurled save in the cause of justice, righteousness and truth.’

‘Remember always that this Colour which we have here dedicated to God represents unto us our bounden duty to Our Queen and Country which is to serve her, her realm and our fellow citizens to the utmost of our power, to maintain as much as in us lies the gift of honour and the sanctity of man’s plighted word, to protect all those who pass to and fro upon their lawful occasions, to preserve order and good government after the example of our comrades who counted not their lives dear to themselves so that others may live in peace.’

‘Go forth into the world in peace: be of good courage: hold fast that which is good: render to no man evil for evil: strengthen the fainthearted: honour all men: love and serve the Lord, rejoicing in the power of the Holy Spirit.’



Her Majesty leaves the parade for the tree-planting ceremony



The Platinum Brooch

The Royal Party took lunch in the College, and the Commandant presented Her Majesty with a brooch subscribed to by past and present members of the College. The brooch, of platinum, was made by craftsmen of Garrard and Company, Limited, London. The scroll work surrounding the badge and the chevron are studded with diamonds; the cranes and lettering are in raised enamel.



Before leaving Cranwell The Queen and The Duke of Edinburgh inspected the Flying Wings, and were entertained by a display of aerobatics.



Review of the Flying Wings—Her Majesty with Wg Cdr C. F. Green

HER MAJESTY WATCHING THE FLYING DISPLAY

Front row (left to right) : Air Chf Mshl Sir Thomas Pike, The Rt Hon George Ward, the Commandant, H.M. The Queen, H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh, Gp Capt Lynch-Blosse, Lady Euston, Air Mshl Sir Hugh Constantine





THE VAMPIRE AEROBATIC TEAM

Left to right : Flt Lts Gould, Edwards, Ward, Whittam and Fg Off Bailey

During the course of organizing some of the day's arrangements, the College Administrative Staff occasionally faced the interesting problem of fitting the 2,490 spectators, who would be seated on the Orange if the weather was fine, into the 1,004 seats which would be available in the hangar if the weather was bad, and the long-range forecast was for rain. But on the day the sun shone so brightly that the dark glasses worn by Senior Tutor (H.) did not look out of place. Two thousand four hundred and ninety spectators sat in 2,490 seats and watched the best Parade in living memory.



The following message of congratulations was received from the Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Flying Training Command:



THE ROYAL PARTY DEPARTS FROM THE SOUTH AIRFIELD

Left to right: Sir Edward Ford, Lady Euston, The Earl of Ancaster, Air Mshl Sir Hugh Constantine, Air Chf Mshl Sir Thomas Pike, H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh, H.M. The Queen, The Rt Hon George Ward, the Commandant

‘You have every reason to be very proud, the Passing-Out Parade, the flying display, the lunch, and indeed all the arrangements that you and your staff made for the visit of Her Majesty The Queen and His Royal Highness The Duke of Edinburgh to the R.A.F. College today were carried out with meticulous precision and to the highest standards that we have traditionally come to expect from Cranwell. Please convey my heartiest congratulations to all concerned.’



Air Marshal Sir Hugh A. Constantine, who was a flight cadet of the January 1926 Entry

On the day before The Queen's Visit, Air Marshal Sir Hugh A. Constantine, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Flying Training Command, presented Wings and Prizes to No. 77 Entry.

After congratulating No. 77 Entry as a whole and the prize-winners in particular, Sir Hugh went on to emphasize the importance of sport and activities in Service life. Looking into the future, Sir Hugh continued:

'. . . the world has seen remarkable progress in the first 50 years of aviation. I think there will be equally great progress in the next 50 years. We are now entering the space age, and I don't think anything will stop men exploring space as they have explored the bottom of the sea and the highest mountains. In your time we shall probably be travelling to New York in maybe an hour. We shall see great changes, and a flying career offers a great challenge, for the R.A.F. will surely play its full part in the progressive years ahead.

'I am convinced we shall not have a third World War if the people of the West continue to realize that the deterrent policy is the right policy, and the great alliances N.A.T.O., C.E.N.T.O., and S.E.A.T.O. stand firm together against aggression.

'The R.A.F. today has the great moral task of providing the "V" Bomber Force, with the one aim of preventing war. At the same time you young men have got to master your trade and the art of war, and be ready for war—preparedness is also necessary if we are to prevent war.

'There is one further point I would like to touch on—one of our major problems is going to be to find sufficient young men of the right calibre to volunteer for aircrew. I am quite convinced that the scientists are going to provide the weapons and aircraft we need, but I am not so sure that we are going to find it quite so easy to get the right

type of men in the right numbers to join the Service. May I remind you, that you are our greatest recruiting inducement. We need more chaps like you as aircrew; go back to your schools and persuade more young men to join—tell them what a worthwhile career the R.A.F. is.

'Our officer corps numbers some 22,000, of which only 8 per cent are from Cranwell, a small percentage of the whole. So you will appreciate that, with the long training you have received, people will expect more of you. You must take the lead by personal example and at all times set a high standard. You have got over the first hurdle. Volunteer for any new task; accept responsibility eagerly; don't "pass the buck"; get into the habit of making decisions, even if some of them prove wrong; believe and have confidence in yourselves, and develop moral courage. At times it will be awkward to tell people what you think of them, but don't shirk your duty. Don't avoid difficult decisions just because they may be unpopular decisions.

'Next, it is very important for all of you to maintain a flexible mind. We are the youngest of the three Services and sometimes famed for unorthodox thinking—not a bad thing. Do not become rigid in your thinking. Understand your trade, your job in the air and get to grips with the Air Force and all its problems, but don't forget also to look outside at the part the Air Force plays in the future well-being of the country. Be ready and prepared for changes. Believe me, there will be many in the next 30 years or so, by the time you are about to become Commanders-in-Chief.

'I think it is true that you get out of life what you put into it, you will reap your reward according to what you put in. Our promotion system is, I believe, the fairest possible, but occasionally an officer will ask to see the Air Secretary to enquire why he has not been promoted. Inevitably he will be told "because your qualities and qualifications do not measure up to those of your contemporaries." Remember it is the impression you will make on your superiors which counts, but perhaps it is the impression you may make on your subordinates which may often provide the truer picture.

'Great opportunities exist for you in the Royal Air Force. It's a wonderful life. I certainly have never regretted my choice. I know that in the years ahead a variety of interesting tasks will come your way; flying in many roles, staff appointments, N.A.T.O. postings, exchange postings, duty as air attachés; you will see almost every corner of the earth.

'In life we can all expect our normal quota of luck. I think you have had a fair share already, and for this I think you should thank your parents for arranging matters in such a way that you should be at Cranwell at this particular time, to be reviewed by The Queen tomorrow.

'I hope you never forget what this great College has done for you and that you will return to Cranwell frequently. Some of you will return as Flying Instructors, as Housemasters, Assistant Housemasters and so on, to put back into the College something of what you yourselves have gained from it.

'I would like to congratulate you on your choice of career—you couldn't have made a better. Finally, I wish you all success and the enjoyment that I know you are going to have in your future life in this great Service of ours.'

Although preparations for The Queen's visit overshadowed all aspects of life at the College, day-to-day work proceeded much as usual. Visitors to Cranwell last term included:

On 12th May the Headmasters of St Paul's, Oundle, Brighton College, Bancrofts, and King Henry VIII, Coventry; the Senior Masters of Repton, Brentwood, Wolverhampton Grammar School, and Radley; a Housemaster of Aldenham; and the Careers Master of Royal Masonic, Bushey.

On 26th May the Director of Education and the Assistant Director of Education for Guernsey; the R.A.F. Member, J.C.E.; the Headmasters of Uppingham, The Leys, Dover College, and Guernsey Grammar School; the Senior Master of Bloxham; and the C.C.F. Master of Christ's Hospital.

From 30th May to 3rd June cadets from R.M.A. Netherlands.

From 25th July to 2nd August a number of Air Force cadets to attend the C.C.F. Camp at Cranwell.



Visiting preachers last term were:

On 8th May The Reverend W. E. G. Payton, M.A., Assistant Chaplain-in-Chief, Flying Training Command.

On 22nd May The Reverend E. Baker, M.A., Ph.D., President of the Methodist Conference.



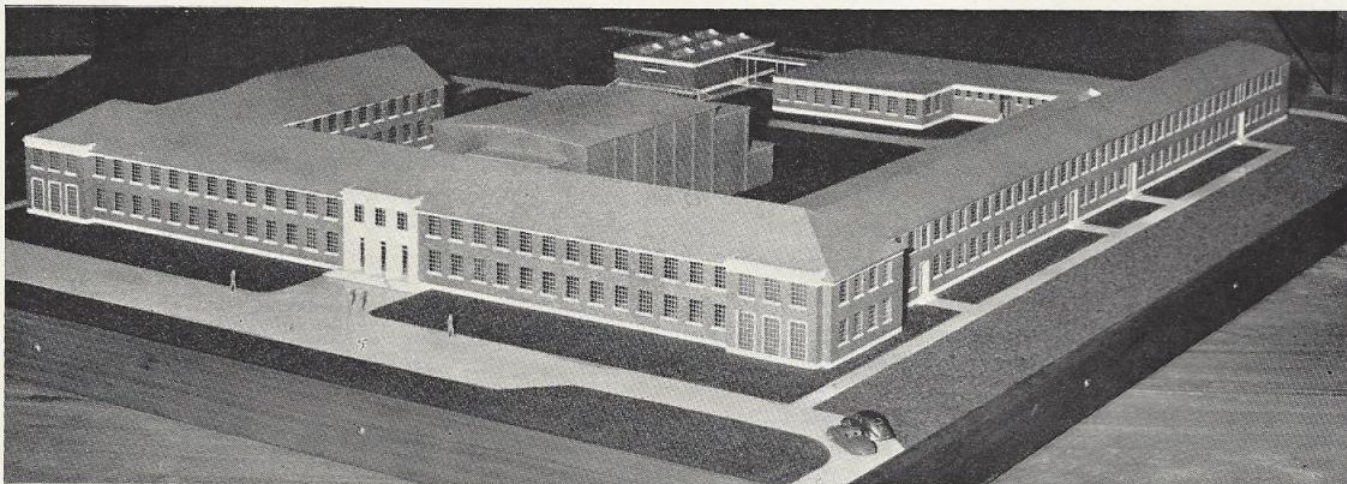
A few of the many visits made by flight cadets last term were:

On 5th May the Equipment cadets of No. 80 Entry to the Mechanical Handling Exhibition.

From 9th May a number of flight cadets to R.M.A. Netherlands.

On 16th May the Navigator cadets of No. 77 Entry to Thorney Island for 12 days.

An architect's model of the new Instructional Block which will rehouse West Site and Science Site



On 16th May the Equipment cadets of No. 80 Entry to No. 27 M.U., Shawbury, for three days.

On 19th May a dozen flight cadets to a Transport Support Demonstration at Abingdon, and the Equipment and Secretarial cadets of Nos. 77 and 78 Entries to the Business Efficiency Exhibition.

On 9th June flight cadets of No. 78 Entry to the School of Infantry.



The new Entry, No. 83, is 63 strong. Of these, 50 are training as Pilots, 8 as Navigators, and 5 are Equipment or Secretarial cadets.

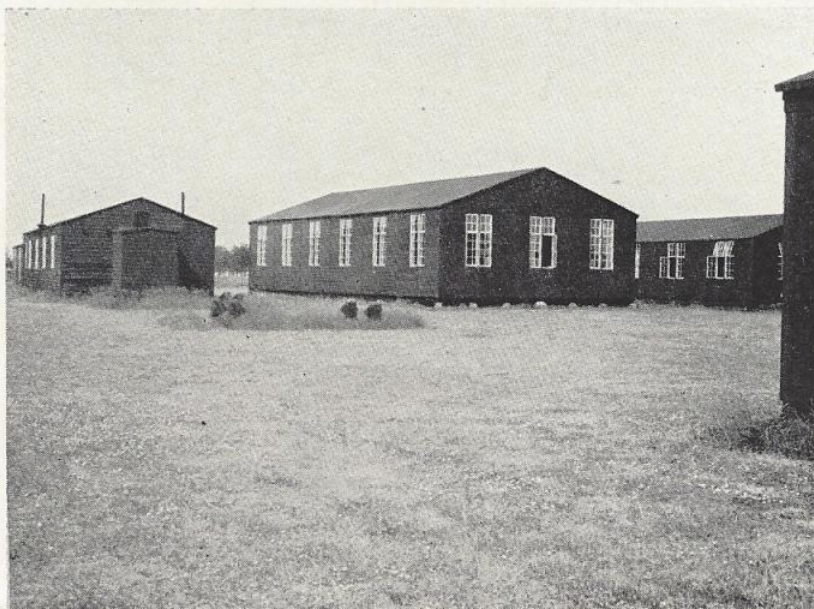


During the summer vacation parties of officers and flight cadets visited B.A.O.R., N.A.T.O. units in Europe, the Mediterranean Fleet at Malta, R.N. Portsmouth, the Joint Anti-Submarine School, Londonderry, the Elementary Parachute Training Course at Abingdon, the Fettes College Mountain Rescue Training Camp in Scotland. Flight cadets were shown the workings of Royal Air Force stations at Wyton, Finningley, Cottesmore, West Raynham, Stradishall, Leconfield, St Mawgan, Lyneham, and Abingdon. The Leadership Training Camp ('a rose by any other name . . .') for No. 82 Entry was held in Scotland.



The Queen's Colour was paraded on the first Sunday of term, 1st May, and on Her Majesty's birthday, 11th June.

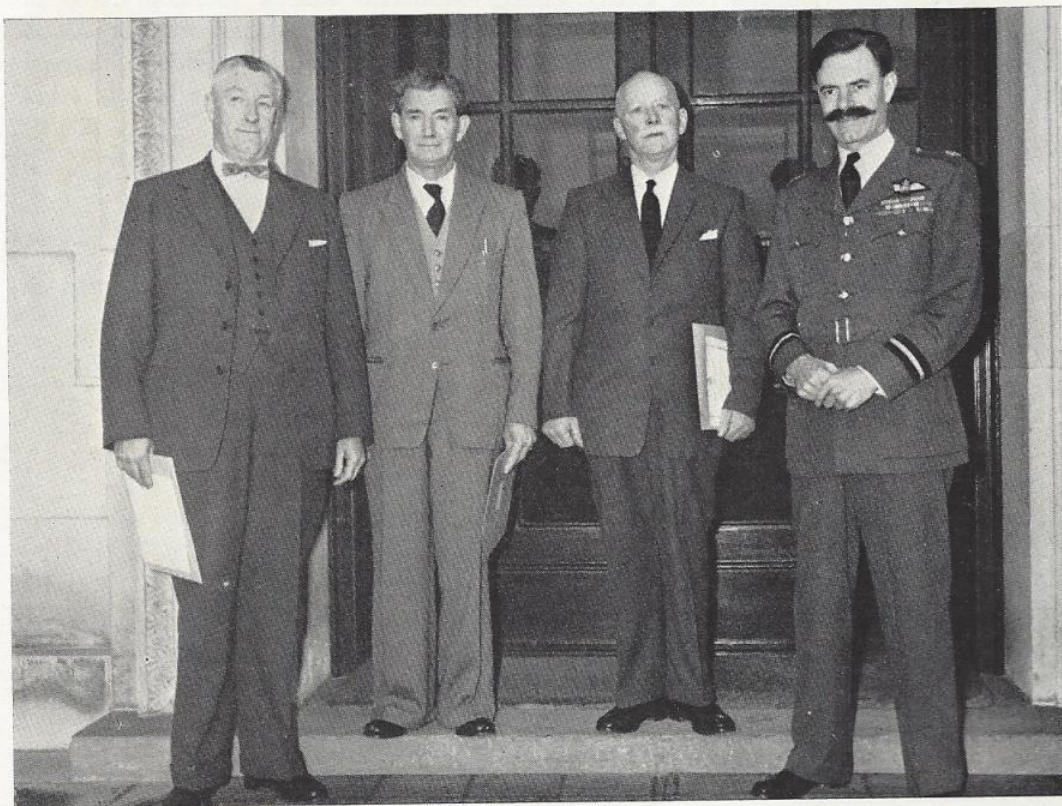
West Site, after its recent redecoration



Cranwell was well represented in Her Majesty's Birthday Honours List. Wing Commander R. Duckett, Senior Tutor (A.S.E.), was awarded the O.B.E. Flight Sergeant T. McCall (now serving in M.E.A.F.) received the B.E.M., Flight Lieutenant J. Loat, Navigation Instructor, was awarded the A.F.C. The Queen's Commendation for Valuable Services in the Air went to Flight Lieutenant G. D. Bain (now serving at R.A.F. Shawbury) and to Flight Lieutenant R. E. Pyrah, the Unit Adjutant. Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief's Commendations have been presented to Flight Sergeant H. W. Wheeler and Sergeant M. T. Murphy, and the Air Officer Commanding's Commendation to Corporal G. P. A. Warren.



The Cranwell Little Theatre has continued to flourish. The play *Epitaph for George Dillon* by John Osborne and Anthony Creighton was presented in the Astra Cinema in May; this was an ambitious choice which seems, on the whole, to



Messrs F. J. Brown, H. Gill and F. G. Mayhew after the ceremony in which the Commandant presented each of them with the Commander-in-Chief's Commendation for services to the College

have been very well received. Other activities have included play-readings and organized visits to the Theatre Royal at Lincoln. At the time of going to press, the Little Theatre are rehearsing for their autumn production of the farce *As Long As They're Happy* by Vernon Sylvaine.



In July the Cranwell Aeromodelling Club, which recently competed in the United Kingdom National Championship held at Scampton, won the Challenge Trophy awarded to the best station team in the Inter-Command Model Aircraft Championships at Debden. The Cranwell team also played a major part in winning the Inter-Command Shield for Flying Training Command.



In May, Flight Lieutenant J. R. Whittam, an 'H' Flight Instructor, was adjudicated second in the aerobatic competition for the Wright Jubilee Trophy, after tying for first place. Flight Lieutenant Whittam is a member of Cranwell's Formation Aerobatic Team, who gave a flying display on the occasion of Her Majesty's visit.



The station cricket team did well in the Inter-Station Championship last season; five players played regularly for Command, and Flight Lieutenant W. E. Close played for the Royal Air Force.



In its first three months of existence the Cranwell Flying Club has done some 220 hours. Four members have obtained their Civil Instructor Endorsements, and

'If at first . . .

. . . you don't succeed . . .



six others have gone solo. Four of the latter are approaching their hour qualification for their Private Pilot's Licence, and they hope to complete their tests by the end of the year.



It is with deep regret that we record the death of Pilot Officer W. H. (Bill) Smith (75 Entry) in a road accident on 16th May 1960.



Last term the Commandant presented the Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief's Commendation for Services to the College to Mr F. J. Brown, of the Junior Mess, who has been at Cranwell since February 1935, to Mr H. Gill, the Assistant College Librarian, and to Mr F. G. Mayhew, the Head Batman of 'C' Squadron. Mr Mayhew tells us that he arrived at the College on the Cranwell Express one evening in November 1921, when there was a foot of snow on the ground. He walked round the old Mess once or twice and would have gone back if there had been a train.



Flying Officer W. V. Nadin, a 'G' Flight Instructor, won the Royal Air Force Long-Range Championship at Bisley at the end of May. The Long-Range Championship is competed for in two stages, 15 rounds to count at 900 yards, and 15 at 1,000 yards. This was the fifth time that Flying Officer Nadin had competed at Bisley.

. . . send for the *Flight Sergeant* *

On 13th May 1960 a small group of officers, n.c.os and cadets took turns to break down the 'temporary' wall which separated the new wing of the college from the original building



We regret to record the death in a flying accident of Flight Cadet Peter Robin Tomes. Flight Cadet Tomes came to the College from Hardye's, Dorchester. He joined No. 80 Entry in January 1959 and was posted to 'B' Squadron. He soon made his mark at Cranwell and was well known and liked for his cheerful disposition. He played scrum-half for the First XV, and represented his Squadron at hockey and cricket. His death is a great loss to the Service, and to his family, and to the many friends he made at the College.



The station athletic team did very well last season. They won handsomely at Manby in the first round of the Inter-Station Championships, and in the semi-final held at Cosford on 27th July they failed by only four points to reach the final.



We repeat the appeal made in the last issue for donations to the projected Church of England Church at Cranwell. The following item is taken from a recent Air Ministry News Letter.

'Work is about to begin on the building of a new permanent Church of England Church at the Royal Air Force College.

'The old hangar church of St Michael and All Angels which has served the College for something like 40 years will be demolished and the new church erected near the site to the east of the main College building. Its architectural style will conform to that of the College building and the new Instructional Wing shortly to be built.

'The internal design of the church will provide for the perpetuation of the traditional pattern of worship developed at Cranwell over the last 40 years—which includes music by the College Band as well as the organ. Seating capacity will be for about 500, including the choir.

'Interior furnishings and embellishment will be of the highest standard as befits the church's central place in the corporate life of the College. No financial provision has been made for this purpose and a fund of £20,000 has accordingly been opened. Among the items required are panelling, pews, altar rails, frontals, altar cross and candlesticks, alms dishes, stoles, lectern Bible; many will be required before June 1961 when the church should be ready for consecration.

'Intending donors should send subscriptions to the Honorary Secretary of the Old Cranwellian Association at the College.'



Anyone who feels that Lincolnshire with its mists and bus services is a claustrophobic kind of place may gain some comfort from the knowledge that, according to an advertisement in a June issue of *The New York Times*, Cranwell is also situated

in the heart of the Berkshires 140 miles from New York and Boston. It is, furthermore, a camp for boys which offers a 'well-rounded program of recreation and cultural activities.' For this information we are grateful to a previous editor of *The Journal*, who spotted the item.



The new wing of the College has already mellowed and weathered into the older parts. This description of the original building and its surroundings, which is taken from *The Journal* for Autumn 1933, may be of interest.

'The College was designed by J. G. West, O.B.E., one of the senior architects of H.M. Office of Works, and consists of a group with a central block containing the cadets' mess, lecture hall, lecture rooms, library, recreation rooms, and laboratories, flanked on the east and west sides by the squadrons' quarters, which have accommodation for 150 cadets in separate rooms. These flanking buildings will be extended to house 200 cadets and are connected to the central block by one-storey structures planned to contain the principal lavatories and the entrances from the parade ground. The boiler house is separate and in the rear.

'The architecture externally and internally conforms to an English tradition. Externally the walls are faced with rustic and moulded brickwork with the more important features in Portland stone. The façade of the central block is designed on classic lines with a portico of six columns surmounted by a pediment and a tower. The tower is 130 feet high and is a landmark in the neighbourhood.

'The building lies 600 feet to the south of the road from Cranwell village to Newark and has a frontage of about 820 feet. The area in front of them has been laid out with drives in a large circle.

'Avenues of lime trees have been given by Sir Samuel Hoare, who was interested in the building during his term of office as Secretary of State for Air.

'The planning of the College called for directness and simplicity to obtain proper communication and relationship between its numerous sections, and an endeavour has been made to secure a satisfactory result by a symmetrical arrangement with the principal departments centred on axial positions. The cadets' recreation rooms, including the library, occupy the southern frontage of the central block overlooking the parade ground, and the importance of securing a similar aspect for the cadets' rooms in the squadron blocks has not been forgotten. No room occupied by a cadet or by an officer at the College is lighted solely from the north.

'Other aims have been to provide a collegiate atmosphere by the grouping of the cadets' rooms around quadrangles. The quadrangles in the squadron blocks are dominated by a pedimented feature and a lead-covered *flèche* reminiscent of the buildings of our older universities.

'The foundation contract was executed during 1929 and 1930 by Messrs Bernard Pumphrey, of Gainsborough, and the superstructure has been carried out by Messrs J. Chapman and Sons, of Leicester.'

Our congratulations go to the undermentioned Old Cranwellians on their recent promotion:

Air Marshal A. Earle, C.B., C.B.E., Air Vice-Marshal C. Broughton, C.B.E., Air Commodore R. I. Jones, C.B., A.F.C., Group Captain R. L. Wade, D.F.C., and Squadron Leaders K. V. E. Gilbert, P. Gilliatt, W. F. Jacobs, J. D. Leary, E. H. Leggett, E. V. Mellor, H. J. Ridout, I. L. Schwaiger and R. A. Streatfield.



Our sincere congratulations go to the undermentioned Old Cranwellians who appeared in the Birthday Honours List:

C.B.—Air Commodore J. N. H. Whitworth, C.B., D.S.O., D.F.C.

C.B.E.—Group Captain W. Pitt-Brown, C.B.E., D.F.C., A.F.C.; Group Captain B. P. Young, C.B.E.

A.F.C.—Squadron Leader P. J. Bardon, D.F.C., A.F.C.



The College has been greatly honoured to learn that Viscount Trenchard has agreed that the R.A.F. College Museum shall be entrusted with the safekeeping of many relics of his father, Marshal of the Royal Air Force the Viscount Trenchard, G.C.B., O.M., G.C.V.O., D.S.O. It is expected that among the items will be orders and decorations and many fascinating and important documents.

A later edition of *The Journal* will record full details of this historic and magnificent collection.



Graduates of the College are reminded that a new edition of the List of Graduates is in preparation, and are asked to send details of their current rank and decorations to: Mr J. Tanner, R.A.F. College, Cranwell, Sleaford, Lincs.



The College Museum, so long projected, is now a reality, having opened its doors for the first time on 25th July 1960.

No effort was spared to make this addition to the College's public rooms a place worthy in every way of those commemorated, and it has already been honoured with the safekeeping of a splendid and richly varied collection of items. It is recorded with pride that Her Majesty The Queen has graciously loaned three items.



The Annual Reunion was held this year on Saturday, 25th June 1960. Altogether some 130 members of the Old Cranwellian Association were able to put in an appearance and make their contribution to the fortieth year of the College by creating a new attendance record.

There was no Guest of Honour on this occasion; instead the Association was greatly honoured to welcome the Chief of the Air Staff, Air Chief Marshal Sir Thomas Pike, as its after dinner speaker.

Air Commodore D. F. Spotswood, chairman of the O.C.A., reminded the assembly that C.A.S. was the first Old Cranwellian ever to serve on the Air Council as D.C.A.S. He also reported to the Association the many and varied activities of the College in the past year, and was able to give a most encouraging account of progress on the new building programme. Models of the instructional block and the new church were on show.

The Association was also honoured to entertain as its guest the Bishop of Fulham, whose brother, Patrick Coote, was a Sword of Honour winner at the College.

The dinner followed, of course, the traditional menu of: Turtle Soup; Scotch Salmon; Roast Duckling; Strawberries and Cream; Savoury Egg.

The games results were:

Cricket: R.A.F. College, 201 for 8; Old Cranwellians, 205 for 6. *Tennis:* R.A.F. College, 6; Old Cranwellians, 3. *Squash:* R.A.F. College, 4; Old Cranwellians, 4. *Golf:* R.A.F. College, 2; Old Cranwellians, 2.



The Reverend Leonard J. Ashton took his leave of the College on 3rd October 1960, after a four and a half year ministry as College Chaplain, spent for the most part without an assistant chaplain in this large and scattered parish. He arrived at Cranwell in January 1956 to take over from the Reverend W. E. G. Payton, M.A. (who was leaving on posting to H.Q., 2nd T.A.F.), and conducted his first service on 5th February 1956—the month in which, he often told us, the roof of St Michael's sprang 27 leaks and 8 radiators burst!

Many and varied were the aspects of the peculiar ecclesiastical post occupied by Padre Ashton for so long. There were the Fellowship meetings held in St George's Church and the Y.M.C.A. (both East Camp) and the College Christian Fellowship, the Anglican Society, the Teen-age Group, the Sunday Schools, as well as confirmation classes, baptisms, marriages and burials.

His hearers in St Michael's at Matins were left in no doubt as to his outstanding ability as a preacher, and, outside the Royal Air Force, he enjoyed a well-deserved reputation, and was much sought after as a visiting preacher by parishes up and down Lincolnshire. He believed in presenting the quintessence of his message using three or four headings only, and if these could be reduced to three or four words so much the better. He did not think that the man in the pew would remember more than that.

He was an expert in, and practitioner of, humour in church, and would use it to arouse in his congregation a readiness to listen and collaborate. The following story is typical of those he regularly retailed in church:

Discussion between Padre and Teen-age Youth (aged 16):

PADRE: 'Well, John, and what are you going to do when you grow up?'

JOHN: 'I want to have a nice little tobacconists and sweetshop on Brighton pier, wife, kids, and maybe a car. . . .'

PADRE: 'And what about God?'

JOHN: 'What about God?'

He prized the many vacation-time postcards sent by thoughtful flight cadets from many overseas—and sometimes exotic—addresses.

Towards the end of his tour he was responsible for advising on the detail of the design and planning of the new College Church, and was, of course, present on parade in support of the Chaplain-in-Chief when the new Queen's Colour was consecrated and presented by Her Majesty.

His ability to mix with and 'get alongside' people in all walks of life has made him many friends at Cranwell, all of whom wish him *bon voyage* and a successful ministry as Senior Chaplain, British Forces, Arabian Peninsula, where he will always be pleased to welcome Cranwellians past and present.

The College extends to his successor, the Reverend T. R. Quin, M.A., and Mrs Quin and their family, a very warm welcome and wishes them a happy and successful tour at Cranwell.

Commissioning List

No. 77 ENTRY

General Duties Branch

M. J. BARRINGER, Senior Under Officer: Gliding (Captain); Engineering (Secretary); Archery; Field Shooting.

N. BONNOR, Senior Under Officer: The Queen's Medal; The Philip Sassoon Memorial Prize; The Institute of Navigation Trophy; Air Ministry Prize for Navigation; The Abdy Gerrard Fellowes Memorial Prize; The J. A. Chance Memorial Prize (Joint); Rowing (Captain); Badminton; Photographic; Radio; Motor Club; Dancing; Film.

P. J. KEMP, Senior Under Officer: The Sword of Honour; Royal New Zealand Air Force Trophy; J. A. Chance Memorial Prize (Joint); Rugby (Colours); Debating (Chairman); Film; Motor Club.

M. B. BULLOCKE, Under Officer: R. M. Groves Memorial Prize and the Kinkead Trophy; Cricket (Colours); Shooting (Colours); Dramatic; Motor Club; Film; P.M.C. (Cadets).

M. A. COLLIN, Under Officer: Rugby (College); Swimming (Half Colours); Canoeing; Riding; Film; Motor Club.

K. J. EDWARDS, Under Officer: Rugby (Colours); Tennis (Captain, Colours); Golf; Mountaineering (Captain); Potholing; Photographic (Secretary).

J. S. HALKES, Under Officer: Cricket (Captain, 3rd XI); Editor of *The Journal*; Fine Arts (Secretary); Music; Debating; Potholing (Treasurer).

R. J. HOWARD, Under Officer: Cross-Country (Secretary); Rowing (Colours); Field Shooting (Captain); Gliding (Cadet Deputy); Motor Club; Film.

B. C. JOHNSON, Under Officer: Boxing (Vice-Captain, Colours); Rugby (Captain, 3rd XV); Motor Club; Jazz; Film; Potholing.

W. L. MCKEE, Under Officer: Athletics (College); Cross-Country (College); Debating; Motor Club; Film; Gliding; Dancing.

- R. K. C. MELVILLE, Under Officer: Rugby (Captain, Colours); Athletics; Boxing; Wild-fowling and Field Shooting (Secretary).
- A. C. TOLHURST, Under Officer: Swimming (Captain, Colours); Water Polo (Captain, Colours); Rugby; Motor Club; Film; Photographic; Dancing.
- M. C. TURNER, Under Officer: Shooting (Captain, Colours); Potholing; Dramatic; Chess; Film; Choir; Motor Club.
- K. B. WILLINGS, Under Officer: Hockey; *The Journal* (Editor); Dramatic; Debating; Motor Club; Film.
- A. R. BELL, Senior Flight Cadet: Archery (Secretary); Jazz; Potholing; Film.
- R. F. BIRCH, Senior Flight Cadet: Rugby; Motor Club; Geographical; Film.
- K. J. DEARMAN, Senior Flight Cadet: Shooting; Fencing; Choral (Secretary).
- C. R. GEACH, Senior Flight Cadet: Badminton (Colours, Captain); Tennis; Squash; Motor Club (President); *The Journal* (Staff); Potholing; Art; Operatic and Dramatic; Film.
- M. D. EVANS, Senior Flight Cadet: R.U.S.I. Award; Rowing (Colours, Vice-Captain); Rugby; Dramatic; Film; Music; Jazz.
- W. J. HOWARD, Senior Flight Cadet: Rugby; Film; Motor Club; Potholing; Dramatic; Aeromodelling (Secretary); Fine Arts; Historical and Geographical; *The Journal* (Sub-Editor).
- C. C. LE CORNU, Senior Flight Cadet: Fencing (Colours, Secretary); Swimming; Water Polo; Film; Motor Club; Gliding.
- D. J. LIGGITT, Senior Flight Cadet: Rugby; Squash; Motor Club.
- R. B. LLOYD, Senior Flight Cadet: Rugby; Hockey; Film; Motor Club (Secretary); Gliding.
- R. R. LUCKING, Senior Flight Cadet: Fencing (Colours); Cricket; Rugby; Golf; Hockey; Rowing; Chess (Captain); Music; Film; Bible Study.
- C. R. PATERSON, Senior Flight Cadet: Hockey; Cricket; Dramatic; Debating (Secretary); Gliding; Motor Club; Film; *The Journal*.
- A. P. PHILLIPS, Senior Flight Cadet: Hockey (Captain, Colours); Film; Sub-Aqua; Canoeing; Motor Club.
- A. R. P. PHIPPS, Senior Flight Cadet: Music (Secretary); Fine Arts; Debating; Dramatic; Motor Club; Sailing.
- R. M. PROTHERO, Senior Flight Cadet: The Hicks Memorial Trophy; The Dickson Trophy and Michael Hill Memorial Prize; Shooting (Colours); Gliding (Secretary); Engineering; Dancing; Photographic; Motor Club; Film; Historical and Geographical; Music.
- J. D. G. ROWLAND, Senior Flight Cadet: Hockey (Colours); Film; Gliding; Motor Club.
- J. D. RUST, Senior Flight Cadet: Cricket; Rugby; Squash; Hockey; Film; Motor Club.
- A. SHEPPARD, Senior Flight Cadet: Victoria League Award; Fencing; Fine Arts; Music; Film; Motor Club; Debating; Gliding.
- P. F. H. WALKER, Senior Flight Cadet: Rowing; Potholing; Archery; Debating; Historical and Geographical; Music; *The Journal*; Motor Club; Film.
- M. J. WEBB, Senior Flight Cadet: Arnold Barlow Award; Rowing (Colours); Badminton; Sub-Aqua; Dancing; Archery; Film; Photographic.
- D. N. WETTON, Senior Flight Cadet: Motor Club; Dramatic Society.
- D. J. WILLIS, Senior Flight Cadet: Modern Pentathlon (Captain, Colours); Riding (Captain); Jazz; Motor Club; Canoeing.
- J. D. WINGFIELD, Senior Flight Cadet: Rowing (Colours); Rugby; Mountaineering; Sailing; Motor Club.

Equipment Branch

- F. G. ALLEN, Senior Flight Cadet: Hockey (Secretary); Cricket; Motor Club; Debating; Film.
- J. F. P. BROWNE, Senior Flight Cadet: Air Ministry Equipment Prize; Boxing (Captain); Swimming; Film; Jazz; Riding.
- C. R. DENT, Senior Flight Cadet: Rugby; Water Polo; Swimming (Colours, Captain); Sub-Aqua; Music; Bridge; Historical and Geographical.
- I. DORRETT, Senior Flight Cadet: Cricket; Soccer (Colours, Captain); Bridge (Secretary); Motor Club; Film.

Secretarial Branch

- T. J. ALLEN, Under Officer: Film; Motor Club; Historical and Geographical; Riding.

CADET WING LISTS PROMOTIONS

No. 78 ENTRY

- 'A' Squadron: Flight Cadet Senior Under Officer A. A. Mackay. Flight Cadet Under Officers M. H. Wilson, G. H. Glasgow.
- 'B' Squadron: Flight Cadet Senior Under Officer R. P. Hallam. Flight Cadet Under Officers R. W. A. Woodhead, N. C. V. Ireland.
- 'C' Squadron: Flight Cadet Senior Under Officer P. G. Pinney. Flight Cadet Under Officers D. E. Leppard, R. M. Bayne.
- 'D' Squadron: Flight Cadet Senior Under Officer W. J. Wratten. Flight Cadet Under Officers E. R. Cox, P. F. A. Canning.

No. 83 ENTRY

- 'A' Squadron: B. E. Allcorn (N), Eastbourne Grammar School.

R. C. Betts (E), City of Norwich School. R. H. Brawn, Wellingborough Grammar. R. B. M. Crooks, Blundell's School. M. Dales, R.A.F. Locking. R. B. Duckett, Hardye's School. K. A. D. Evans, King's School, Peterborough. P. G. Gainsford, Caterham, Surrey. D. R. Green, Colfe's Grammar School. C. C. Haysom, The Paston School, North Walsham. K. W. Jarvis, Grammar School for Boys, Dover. R. M. Lane, Grammar School for Boys, Gravesend. G. J. D. Maynard, St Edward's, Oxford. R. C. Moore, Collyer's School, Horsham. R. K. Piggott, Barnard Castle School. M. A. Wood, Heversham Grammar School, Westmorland.

'B' Squadron: G. A. Ayre, Slough Grammar School. W. N. Blair-Hickman, Woolverstone Hall, Ipswich. C. J. M. Carrington, The French Lycée, London, S.W.7. T. Eeles, Sherborne School, Dorset. K. L. Fitzpatrick, St Phillip's Grammar School, Edgbaston. P. P. Gilroy, Ulverston Grammar School. D. A. Griffiths, Chard School, Somerset. A. J. Jenkins (N), St Peter's School, Southbourne. B. E. Johnston (N), Saltash Grammar School, Cornwall. M. A. Latham (E), Marlborough College. D. R. H. McGregor, Haileybury and I.S.C. P. Millar, Malvern College. M. M. Morrow, Epsom. J. A. Porter, High School, Scarborough. R. C. Sierwald, Windsor Boys' School, Hamm, Germany. W. T. Whight, Tonbridge.

'C' Squadron: P. G. Azzaro, Chichester High School. J. J. Bowler, Priory School, Shrewsbury. C. C. Chacksfield, Peter Symond's School, Winchester. M. Davies (E), Forest Grammar School, Berks. W. S. Erskin-Crum, Eton. W. J. C. Fisher (S), Magdalen College School. E. S. Gorton (N), Dr Challoner's Grammar School, Amersham. H. A. C. Griffiths (N), Shebbear College, Benworthy, North Devon. I. C. J. Hughes, Plympton Grammar School. S. Ives, Rugby. K. A. Jones, Hove Grammar School. T. N. F. Liles, Christ's Hospital, Horsham. R. C. McKinlay, Portsmouth Grammar School. D. A. Needham, King Edward VI Grammar School, Retford. M. A. Radforth, St Francis Xavier's College, Liverpool. R. J. Ward, Highgate.

'D' Squadron: P. C. Bailey, Clifton College, Bristol. D. A. Bradford (N), Brighton, Hove and Sussex Grammar School. P. A. Cox, Cardiff High School for Boys. B. R. Debenham, Rickmansworth Grammar School. K. Evans, Merchant Taylors', Crosby. A. R. Freeman, R.A.F. Halton. R. C. Grattan (E), Brechin High School. C. P. Guest, Brockley County School, London, S.E.4. M. R. Jackson, Cardinal Vaughan School. J. D. Kendrick, Oldershaw Grammar School, Wallasey. I. D. Macfadyen, Marlborough College. C. J. Payne, Portsmouth Grammar School. P. E. Reddy, King Edward VI School, Bath. G. C. Shorrocks, Clitheroe Royal Grammar School, Lancashire. A. E. J. Weaver (N), Huish's Grammar School, Taunton.

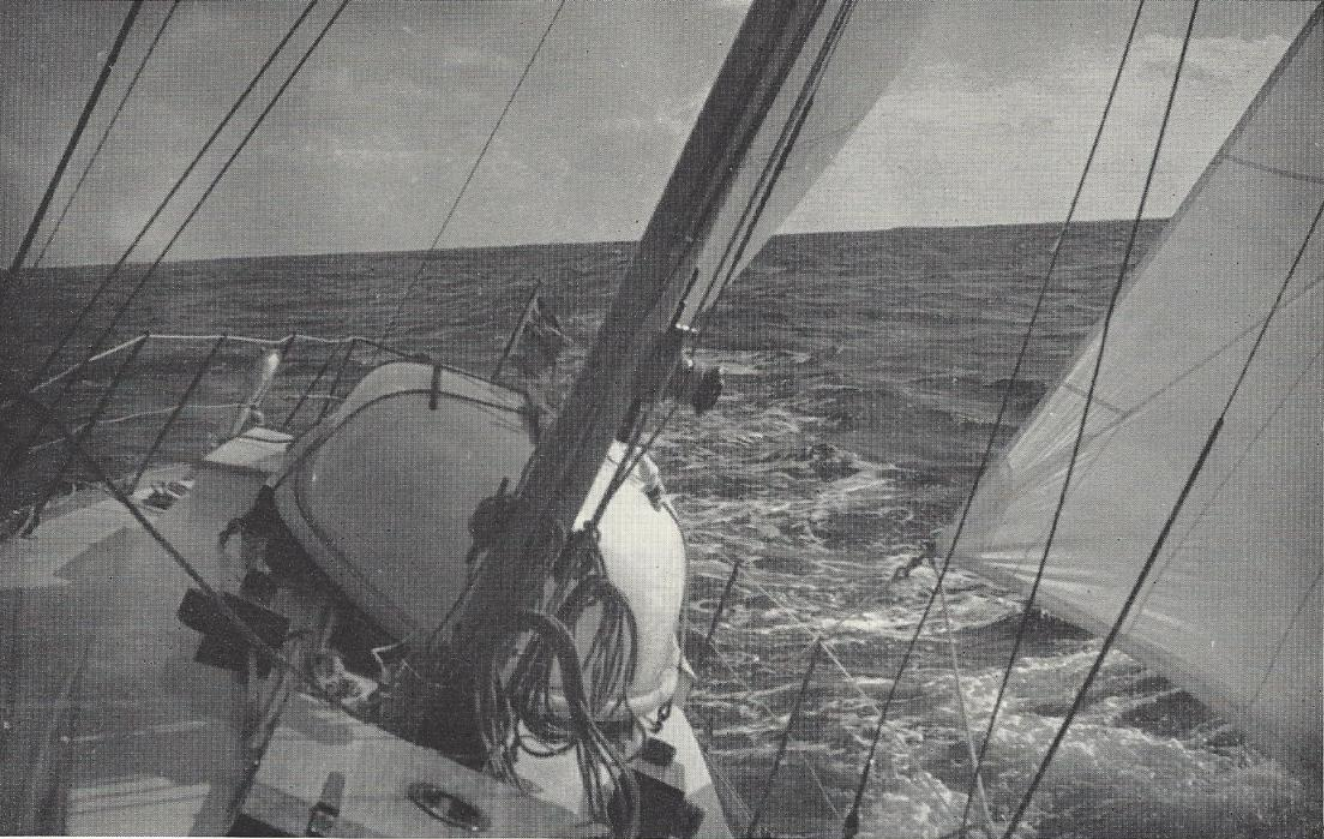


THE SENIOR ENTRY, SUMMER TERM, 1960

Back row (left to right): S.F.C. I. Dorrett, S.F.C. A. P. Phillips, S.F.C. R. B. Lloyd, S.F.C. F. G. Allen, S.F.C. C. C. Le Cornu, S.F.C. D. N. Wetton, U.O. R. K. C. Melville, U.O. B. C. Johnson, S.F.C. J. D. G. Rowland, S.F.C. C. R. Geach, S.F.C. W. J. Howard, S.F.C. A. Sheppard, S.F.C. D. J. Liggitt, S.F.C. M. J. Webb

Centre row (left to right): S.F.C. K. J. Dearman, S.F.C. M. D. Evans, S.F.C. R. F. Birch, S.F.C. C. R. Paterson, S.F.C. A. R. P. Phipps, S.F.C. C. R. Dent, S.F.C. J. D. Wingfield, S.F.C. P. F. H. Walker, S.F.C. R. M. Prothero, S.F.C. D. J. Willis, S.F.C. J. D. Rust, S.F.C. R. R. Lucking, S.F.C. J. F. P. Browne, S.F.C. A. R. Bell

Front row (left to right): U.O. M. C. Turner, U.O. W. L. McKee, U.O. K. J. Edwards, U.O. A. C. Tolhurst, U.O. M. A. Collin, S.U.O. N. Bonnor, S.U.O. P. J. Kemp, S.U.O., M. J. Barringer, U.O. J. S. Halkes, U.O. M. B. Bullocke, U.O. K. B. Willings, U.O. T. J. Allen, U.O. R. J. Howard



THE CORUNNA RACE

THE competing yachts started from Cowes on 6th August bound for La Coruna, a distance of just under 600 miles. On the R.A.F. yacht, *Jethou*, were Squadron Leader Edwards of Flying Training Command, the skipper, Flight Lieutenant Toyne, the mate, and Senior Flight Cadets Cumberland and Anderson, and Flight Cadets Adams and Jensen.

Unfortunately, as we subsequently discovered, the last of the good sailing weather for some time was used up in the racing and general festivities of Cowes Week, in which we had taken part. Particularly the Friday evening, when two of the crew saw twice as many fireworks as anyone else. However, the next morning the race was to start, so any fragile looks then were hidden in the last-minute activity.

For the first half of the race we wrote our own account as well as the ship's log and this describes much that went on:

'Saturday, 6th August

With 15 minutes to the starting gun at 1015 hours the mainsail and genoa were set and the engine switched off. Much to our surprise we saw a sailing dinghy bearing down on us, containing two eager photographers, Flight Cadets Lumsden and McKinley—at Cowes, we trusted, for the sailing!

In a very good position we crossed the line, set the spinnaker and were away towards Yarmouth and the Needles with the two pressmen going back into Cowes Harbour to their sailing.

1330 Passed the Needles, wind dropping to nothing.

1600 St Catharine's point bears 100°. Flat calm.

1700 Tide turning. Kedge anchor out.

1705 Sighed.

1805 Sighed again. Anvil Point visible in the haze 4-5 miles away.

2315 Tide turned again. Kedge up and back to drifting.

Saturday Night

Coffee seems to do much to relieve the horrible pain of waking at midnight or 4 a.m. and keeps one warm for at least ten minutes. It's a life of distractions—we saw two trawlers during our four-hour watch. Still, stars turn the thoughts to other things.

Sunday

1030 Calm. Kedge coming up or going down with each tide change. 45 miles in 24 hours! The spinners are out.

1200 Chicken for lunch. Making $2\frac{1}{2}$ knots. 220° N for Ushant (off N.W. Brittany). Mackerel fishing: Cumberland 4; Adams 3; Toyne 2; Jensen 2—a closely fought contest.

1900 Dinner—with a fish course.
Wind is getting up—speed now 3 knots.

Monday

0130 6 knots. Barometer now 998.5. The sea is getting up a little.

After breakfast we set the spinnaker and began to move really fast. Breakfast was mackerel (all cleared away by 7.30). It is a beautiful day with a choppy sea. On our port side are ships on the French coast shipping lane. We ourselves are 35 miles north of the Brittany coast.

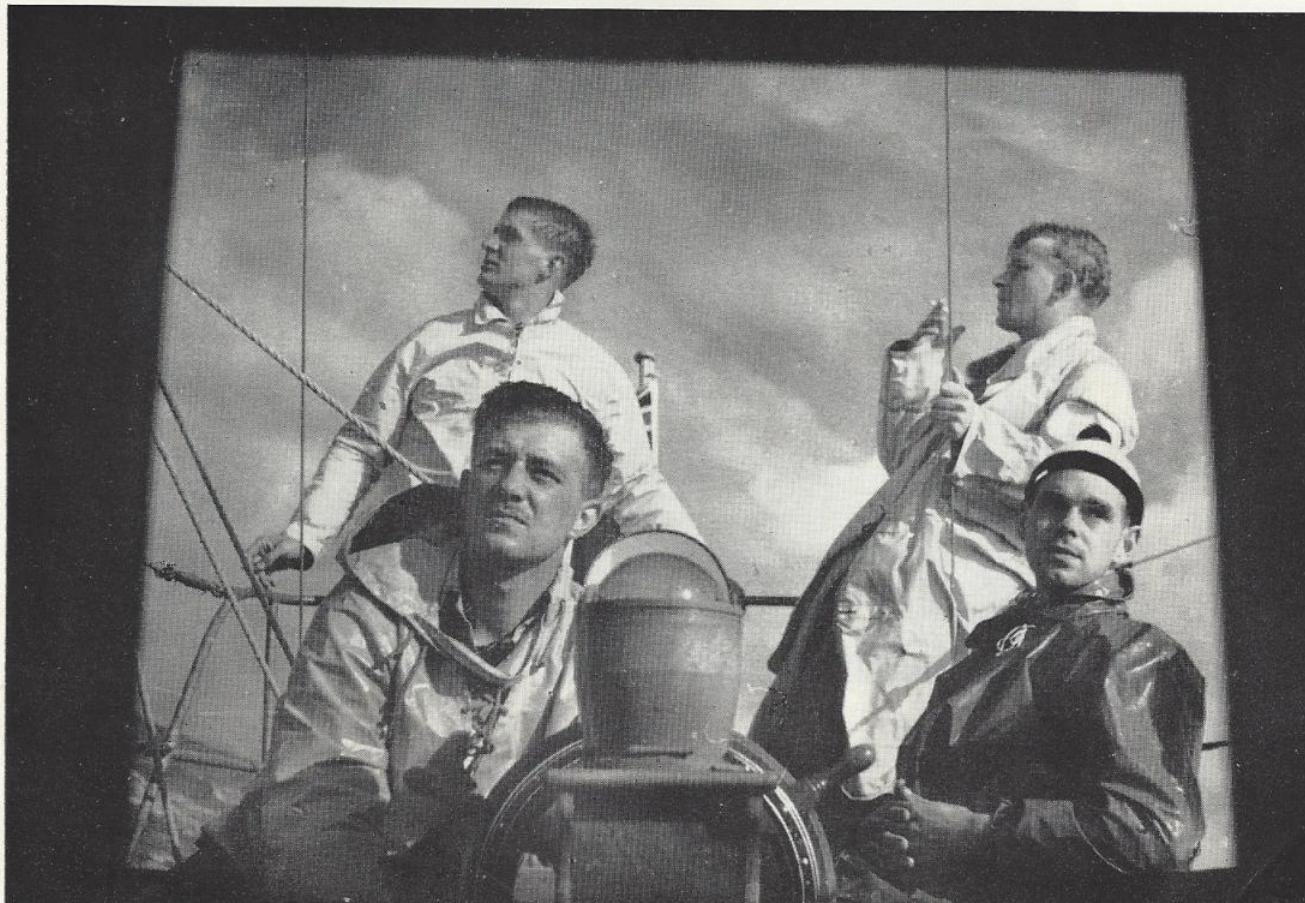
Just after I finished writing this afternoon the wind rose to about Force 4. The sea is quite high now. We have just had curry for supper—am feeling slightly uncomfortable. . . .

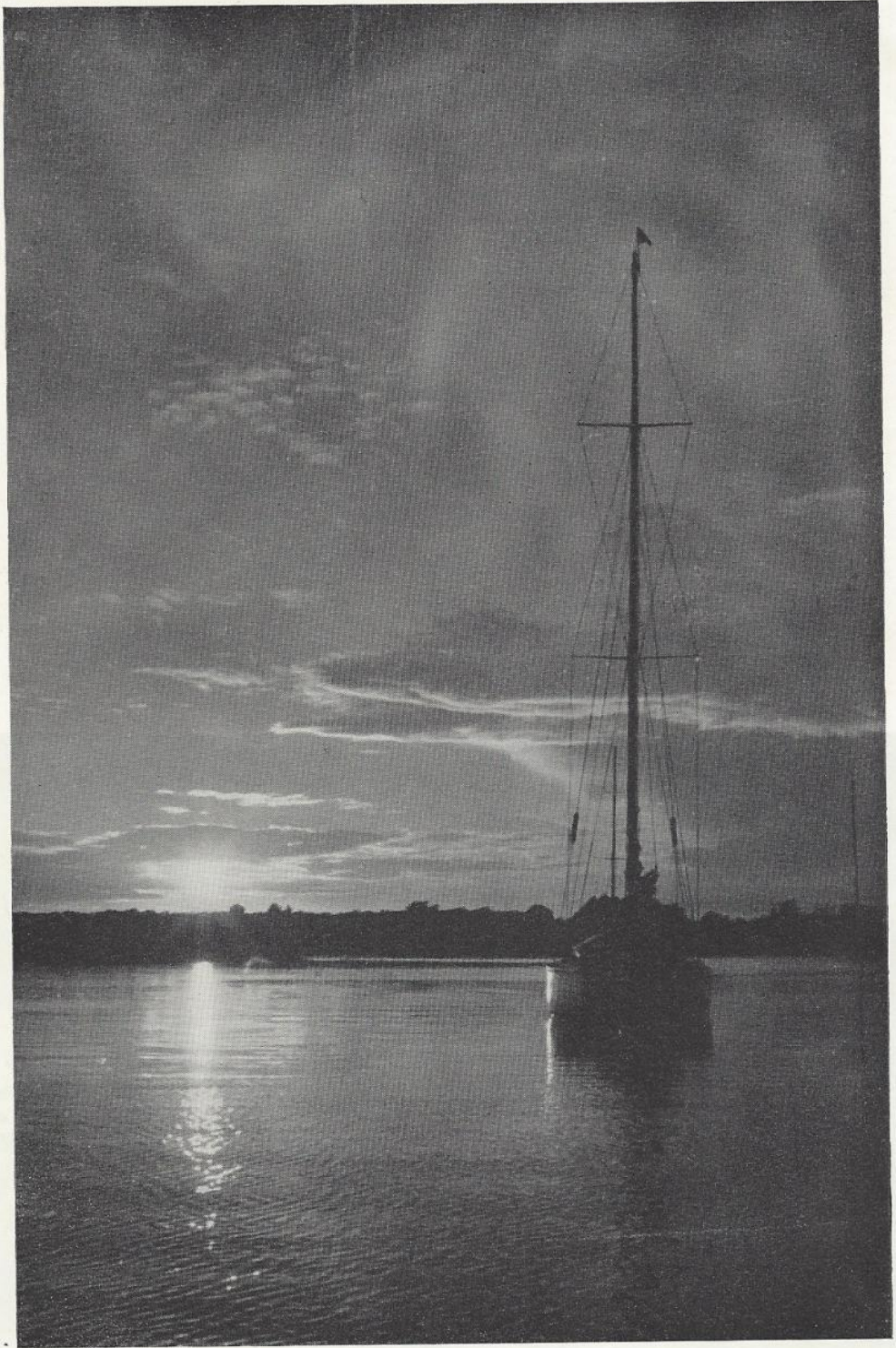
Here the account ends! However, part of the ship's log records a little of what happened.

Tuesday

0220 Picked up Ushant Light.

1530 Cleared Ushant, but tide of 5 knots pushing us back. Kedged with several hundred feet of line. Heavy sea—wind against tide.







2000 Cleared Ushant (into the Bay of Biscay). Wind rising now Force 6 from SW. (Our course SSW.)
Joints leaking on topsides. All "leak-proof" vents leaking.

Wednesday

(Log entries become less frequent.)

1015 Heavy seas. (Some crew members leaning over the stern rail.) Duty watch hampered by clouds of spray all the time.

Thursday

As Wednesday. Wind now Force 8. The watches seem longer and longer. One just seems to exist—from deck to bed wearing oilskins, as the blankets are soaked, and then back on deck. Who wants food? Who wants to live!

Friday

As Thursday. Less wind but very high seas.
Wind drops Force 8-0 in 16 hours. 150 miles to go.

Saturday

Force 7-8 again. 30-ft. waves. In sight of land.

Sunday

All Saturday night to round the last point. 20 miles to go—sailing very fast.
1920 Crossed finishing line (8½ days). Ship strained and planks springing under bows. Only 25 gallons water used.'

The hospitality of the Club Real Nautico (Corunna Yacht Club), the excellence of the restaurants such as the Fornos, and the friendliness of many of the people made up for the privations of the race.

In the three days we were in Corunna we were given dinner somewhere almost every night. During the day we looked around the shops, saw something of the Spanish Army and of the town itself. In the evenings we danced in the Yacht Club, packed with 'talent,' unfortunately accompanied by chaperones, or were shown some charming little cafés in the town.

Our return crossing of the Bay was less violent and much faster. Three and a half days after leaving Corunna we were berthed in the village of L'Abwach, north-east of Ushant, where the French-cooked lobster was savoured with relish.

Thirty-six hours later we sped out of the village under full sail and set course for St Peter Port, Guernsey, where we arrived next morning. We stayed here long enough for a good bath and an enormous meal, the biggest and possibly the best we had ever seen.

Next morning we were up at 5 a.m. to catch the tide, especially through the Alderney Race to Cherbourg, which we reached at lunch time in company with a French boat.

It was now Thursday, and as many of the crew wanted the week-end in England we set off at 6 p.m. on the engine. Unfortunately there was no wind, so it was motor all the way.

The sight of the cliffs of the Isle of Wight near Freshwater at dawn was wonderful, especially as the sea was so calm. Passing the Needles and into the Solent we ate the last of our French bread and almost all edible rations for breakfast. By 11 a.m. we were in the Hamble river.

A MAY WEEK IN HOLLAND

THE predominant feeling in the party of five flight cadets and one officer, which set out for the Royal Dutch Military Academy on a fine Monday in May, was a sense of great surprise at finding a legal opportunity to escape for five days from the confines of Lincolnshire. No one knew very much about the intended trip, but somewhere the magic words 'Tulip Ball' had been heard, and hopes were high.

At Blackbushe five extremely smart young men wearing khaki and carrying swagger sticks joined our Valetta transport and the party was complete. Since two of the Sandhurst cadets had never ventured off the ground before, the two intrepid navigators on the flight took great pleasure in

explaining to them the wonders of a modern 'pig,' and at the same time took care to show them the vital contents of the table tops. These, unfortunately, were not required. At 1500 hours we landed at Gilse-Rijen, some 15 miles from Breda, where the Dutch Academy is situated. The building itself is a seventeenth century castle still surrounded by the old moat, and set in its own frame of giant chestnut trees. Here we found to our horror that the unfortunate Dutch Air Force cadet is trained alongside the cadets from the army, and that the army outnumbers the air force by three to one, a near tragedy it seemed to the isolationists of Cranwell. Breda itself literally surrounds the Academy and the local



residents seemed quite resigned to the fact that every night their town would be drowned by a flow of young Dutch militarists seeking entertainment.

We soon learnt that cadets from several N.A.T.O. countries were converging on the KMA for the week, and true to rumour, for once, the ASSAU or Grand Tulip Ball was to take place late in the week. We soon realized that this annual occasion played a very important part in the Dutch cadet's life, which on the whole is a Spartan one, in which such things as a real live batman, or a room to oneself are dreams beyond all expectation. Nevertheless everyone was very cheerful, whether on account of the coming Ball or not it was difficult to decide.

We still had very little idea of our exact programme for the week, but the first evening one of our hosts happened to mention drink and five blue streaks were seen to be heading for the Ritz Bar in Breda. True, we went expecting to find alcohol, but on arrival we found a great deal more besides. Netty and Hetty, the nearest we could get to their names anyway, proved to be two of the youngest and most attractive barmaids ever seen, and we now appreciated why morale at Breda was so high. Unfortunately they were well trained to stay at their posts.

The day after our arrival the N.A.T.O. party was complete and soon the barriers of language became a veritable battlefield. Dutch to Italians in English, Dutch to French in Flemish, Belgians to Italians in French, and Cranwell with gestures and schoolboy French engaging all they could find in the most hilarious conversations. These 'battles' were first fought out in a luxurious coach, which was to become our constant companion in the coming week, on the way to the Delta Plan works near Rotterdam. Here we saw an architectural miracle in the making, for never before had we seen a scheme, started in 1957, hoping to reclaim many hundred square miles of land by 1975. Fifty-ton sluice-gates set in reinforced concrete 80 feet thick and stretching nearly two miles are being constructed, and to crown this a motorway will run along the top. We left footsore and staggered for an afternoon in Rotterdam, where we saw the indescribable beauty of beds of multi-coloured tulips, grown as only the Dutch know how. Indeed, at times we feared that the Italian Army cadets, dressed in light blue and purple, might decide they had found the perfect camouflage and carry all away with them. The Floriada Gardens and the 300 feet high Euromast, quite the highest spot

in Holland, are the latest additions to a city which only 15 years ago was a heap of rubble, and is now once more one of the most impressive in Europe. In the evening we returned to Netty and Hetty. Cranwell would do well to discover the secret of the discipline that kept these two young ladies so faithful to duty, or perhaps our technique was wrong.

The next day we visited an air base at Soosterburg, which is run jointly by the Americans and the Dutch, and here we were treated to an interesting ground and air display. After an excellent lunch we went on to see a Centurion tank servicing centre; this visit no doubt was included in order to satisfy the 20 army cadets in the party, who had shown such enthusiasm at Soosterburg that we felt sure that Sandhurst at least might find themselves faced with five transfer requests. Our day's journey was still not complete for we ended the day by visiting Arnhem and Nijmegen and enjoyed a drink overlooking the bridge, which once had cost so many lives.

Thursday, 12th May, dawned fine and warm, and the Academy and its visitors were awakened by the full cadet band parading the building playing what, to us, was a little too enthusiastic reveille. The day of the Tulip Ball had come. Before lunch we were received at a sherry reception by the Commandant of the KMA and were made to feel a very welcome part of this important day. At the strange hour of 3 p.m. we donned our wing collars, which were to be discarded again some 14 hours later. The evening began for us an hour later at another sherry reception where our fate, or so we thought, was to be decided, for here for the first time we were to meet the 50 young ladies from all over Holland who were to be our partners for the night. Once launched into the room 50 eager cadets quickly commandeered the most attractive girl they could find and began to lay the foundations for the rest of the evening. Within an hour many hearts were broken, and many disappointments carefully concealed, for at dinner, taken at 5.30 p.m., we found that the lady on our right was, for better or worse, our partner for the evening, and chivalry demanded that one stick to the rules. A certain officer on the trip, who has more recently inclined to green anyway, appeared in a similar hue when he discovered that his partner was a practising midwife, whilst the shortest cadet present was a little taken aback to find that his partner was a clear six feet. Meanwhile one could imagine a certain gentleman from Sheffield raising a silent

prayer about 'passes and glasses,' and wondering just how many kilograms there might be to the ton. It is worth pointing out that these situations could work both ways and in general Holland had provided an excellent selection of her female beauty. The Ball began at 9 p.m. after a review, and the decorations for it were truly magnificent; they had taken three weeks to construct and not only was every wall covered by the most professional designs, but there was a waterfall on the second floor and a 40 feet high fountain in the middle of the parade ground. The Ball itself was carried on in a mixture of nineteenth century pageantry and twentieth century rock 'n' roll, with a juke box in a glamorous cellar working Elvis and Acker overtime. By midnight one Cranwellian was seen to have carefully exchanged one sister for his partner and a mystified Dutch cadet was wondering just how such an exchange could ever have occurred. By 5 a.m. five happy but weary gentlemen went to bed.

On the last day of our stay we should have left for Amsterdam at 11 a.m., but the previous

night had taken its toll and the British Army showed a severe lack of stamina, but at noon we were on our way, complete with the indestructible swagger sticks. We spent the afternoon on a glass-covered water bus seeing the old-world splendours of Amsterdam from the canals, and even a thunderstorm could not spoil a fascinating tour. At night we spent our last hours in Holland discovering the secrets of Dutch night clubs and like places, and despite certain disagreements about just which place provided the best beauties, or perhaps the most scantily clad, everyone agreed that Amsterdam might be worth a second visit.

The next morning the Sandhurst and Cranwell parties set out for Gilse-Rijen, and with regret we saw a twin-engined, day-glo-clad November Bravo waiting to take us back from a visit which will stay in the memory for a very long time. We had been treated to hospitality that it would be impossible to better in its sincerity, and we only hope that the five Dutch cadets who paid us a return visit a month later found their journey just as memorable.



Cadet driving Centurion tank: 'I've got out of first gear (cheers off) . . . er . . . how do you stop this thing?'

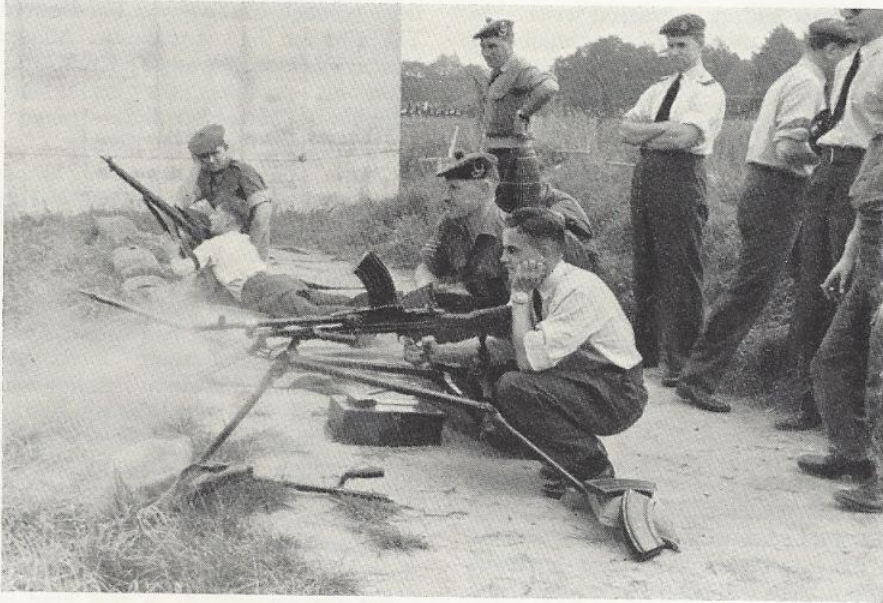
'Well you see I got the hang of this Saracen all right, but then Pete asked me to drive alongside Ralphy so that he could take some pictures of him driving his Cardinal [*self-propelled*

gun—Ed.]. Well that was fine, with Pete stuck out of the top of the Saracen turret taking photos, until Ralphy decided to turn right. Well, I was on his right, see, and I had to turn right too . . . straight into these two blasted slit trenches. . . .'

'Then I got talking to some 2nd Lieutenant

B.A.O.R. SUMMER 1960

Some vague
memories



and I started praising the XK120 and how marvellous it was to drive. He regretted "that I've never driven an XK120—always wanted to, of course—but I've got quite a nice little Merc.300SL outside and an XK150 back in London. . . ." Exit one deflated Flight Cadet.'

'So this old sergeant showed me how to start up this Centurion and how to change gear. So I got started up and everything went fine. . . . Unfortunately we were heading towards this big hawthorn bush at the time so the sergeant said

"Turn left." Unfortunately he hadn't included turning in his instructions on driving the thing. . . . Who wants a *big* hawthorn bush anyway?"

'Well I reckon I drink a lot, but this bloke downed five Pimms one after the other before eating.'

'So?'

'Before *breakfast*?'

'And what does this lever do? Oh . . . well, I've always wanted to fire a Bren gun. . . .'

SOME CRITICAL COMMENTS ON

'*Brainwashing in Korea*'

By a Psychologist

MY attention has recently been drawn, rather belatedly I fear, to an article on 'Brainwashing in Korea' appearing in the Spring 1960 edition of your *Journal*. While it is appreciated that considerations of space may have compelled the author to deal with the subject in very general terms, the effect, unfortunately, is rather misleading and inaccurate on several important points of fact. To be fair to the author he has

taken as his starting point a number of popular assumptions, and in this respect has committed no greater sins than the authors of several allegedly authoritative works. The basic assumptions are, none the less, invalid.

'Brainwashing' is not a Russian invention, nor was it used extensively upon British or other United Nations prisoners in Korea. The evidence for supposing that the victims of the sensational

Russian and East European treason trials were subjected to sinister psychological techniques is extremely flimsy and does not stand up to serious examination. Of course, the entire issue very much depends upon what is meant by 'Brainwashing' which is a journalistic, not a scientific, term. A few facts will, however, suffice to clarify the matter.

The term 'Brainwashing' was first popularized by an American journalist, Edward Hunter, who, in the early 1950s, published a book called *Brainwashing in Red China*. This is a journalistic account of the educational system imposed upon the Chinese masses by the new Communist régime. Hunter first heard the term used by Chinese refugees in Hong Kong.

The term is believed to have actually originated in February 1942 when Mao Tse Tung opened his first political academy, the purpose of which was to reform the ideas of his own party officials. Although the educational techniques developed in this school were subsequently modified and used with great success on captured Nationalist officers, the idea of indoctrinating prisoners—the essence of the Chinese Communists' Lenient Policy—had been tried out by Mao as long ago as 1927 during the period of his Kiangsi Soviet. This was at a time when a deep ideological rift existed within the Chinese Communist Party and between both its opposing factions and Moscow. The Lenient Policy, which was used upon the United Nations P.O.Ws in Korea, was the direct descendant of that used in 1927, and it owes nothing to Leninist or Russian influence. Thus, this kind of 'Brainwashing,' if such it can be called since it does not conform to the popular concept, is uniquely Chinese. It has no parallel in Russia where the current policy towards P.O.Ws originated in May 1942 when Stalin ordered his State Security organs to take over the custody and interrogation of prisoners from the Red Army.

Political and ideological education have never been a prominent feature of the Russian P.O.W. policy, though a relatively small number of Axis prisoners (including Koreans serving in the Imperial Japanese Army) were sent to 'Antifa' schools towards the end of World War II. Many of these former students became prominent members of the East German and North Korean régimes.

During the Korean war there were two distinct P.O.W. policies in operation. North Korea is, of course, a Russian satellite and in fact its P.O.W. Administration was headed by

three colonels of the Soviet Far Eastern M.V.D. The Chinese had a separate Administration, headed by General Wang Te Kung, who imposed upon his prisoners the traditional Chinese Communist Lenient Policy, strongly resisting any attempted Soviet interference.

Clearly, then, the sort of 'Brainwashing' associated in the public mind with the sensational treason trials, of which the public is aware of only Russian and East European examples, has little or nothing to do with the Chinese Lenient Policy, such as was used extensively upon United Nations P.O.Ws in Korea. It was through unjustified generalization, loose usage and ignorance that the term 'Brainwashing' was transplanted after the Korean war from the latter to the former. It then became a catchphrase which was used by certain authors to describe a largely mythical concept, namely, the idea that the victims of the Russian and East European show trial had been subjected to sinister psychological techniques.

But the explanation of this kind of 'Brainwashing' has in fact precious little to do with psychology. It is now known that it hinges upon a number of legal and interrogatory tricks. There can be little doubt that most, if not all, of these victims committed the acts for which they were indicted. The acts, however, are seldom indictable according to British standards of justice, but are made so by unscrupulous interpretation of arbitrary Soviet laws. The victim is not therefore confessing to something he has not done, but at most is accepting the heinous interpretation of indisputable actions. Obviously, this is a very far cry from accepting the Communist ideology as a whole or totally revising his attitudes and opinions or 'changing his brain.' If one studies the works of William Sargant, Jan Meerloo, and similar authors of so-called authoritative books, one finds that they always begin with the assumption that the victims' attitudes and behaviour have in fact been radically changed, and then go on to theorize as to how this feat was performed. Nobody has bothered to question their all-important basic assumptions.

The truth is that the Soviet technique contains more trickery than psychology, though it must be conceded that they are adept at using techniques that produce psychological effects. The criterion of a truly psychological technique is not, however, the ability to produce psychological effects systematically, but the ability to systematically exploit them in a psychologically significant way. And this is the major difference between the Russian and Chinese methods.

The Russians are adept at the former, the Chinese at both.

Only the Chinese have so far been able to make fundamental changes in the thought processes of some of their victims, thereby qualifying for the label of 'Brainwashing' in the popular sense of the term. But it is an exceedingly rare phenomenon and there was only one case of it among the British P.O.Ws in Korea. In this instance it did NOT result in any radical changes in the victim's attitudes towards Communism, which remained hostile.

Having said all this, I can now turn to the article in your *Journal*. Despite all that has been said to the contrary elsewhere, Russia is not the inventor of genuine 'Brainwashing,' neither has Pavlov anything to do with either Russian or Chinese interrogation techniques. Pavlov's theories are totally irrelevant. In so far as the Communists' techniques are based upon any theory, that theory is the Marxist interpretation of human behaviour, which, after all, is scarcely very surprising. It is this that supplies the common characteristics between the Russian and Chinese systems. The latter is in fact a purer interpretation of Marxist principles than the Russian, and it is by driving them to their logical conclusion that the Chinese have outstripped the Russians and arrived at a truly unique and psychologically highly sophisticated technique. The Russian methods have developed very little in principle since 1918, when the deputy chief of the Cheka, a man called Peters, endeavoured, without success, to 'convert' a British diplomat, Sir Robert Bruce-Lockhart. The details of this first attempt are to be found in Sir Robert's book *Memoirs of a British Agent*.

To say that little was known about 'Brainwashing' until 'sufficient ex-P.O.Ws had escaped to tell the Allies what was happening' is a gross simplification of the facts to say the very least. Had we relied upon these sources for our information we would indeed have remained in complete ignorance, because not one single United Nations prisoner managed to escape throughout the entire three-year period of the Korean war. A handful of prisoners were, however, repatriated through the front lines as a propaganda gesture after brief periods of captivity; most of them had been in North Korean hands and had therefore experienced the Russian, not the Chinese, policy.

By no means did all the P.O.Ws in Korea experience identical treatment. It varied enormously from group to group, even within the same camp and compound. Some received

no compulsory indoctrination at all, others only a little. Some were very badly treated, others, after a harsh initial period, lived in relative luxury, unmolested by their captors. On balance I would say that 82 per cent of them did NOT experience the sort of thing described in the article though all went through an initial period of extreme hardship which caused the deaths of 15 per cent of the total number of British prisoners originally captured.

The impression that they had all been 'Brainwashed' arose out of extensive propaganda activity on the part of two small, isolated, but vociferous groups of political turncoats. The first of these was the so-called 'U.S.-British P.O.W. Peace Organization,' otherwise known as the 'Peace Fighters.' Situated in Pyongyang, the North Korean capital, this group consisted of a mere 60 United Nations prisoners, 18 of them British, who professed to be the elected representatives of all those in captivity. This is despite the fact that they were almost entirely unknown to the men in the main prison camps on the Yalu River, well over 100 miles to the north. They had certainly never been elected. The second group was the so-called 'Central Peace Committee,' a rival organization set up by the Chinese in Camp No. 5 on the Yalu River. Headed by Marine Andrew Condron, the only British prisoner to refuse repatriation at the end of the war, this group was very much smaller than its Pyongyang counterpart, but was, in the end, much more effective. None of these amateur propagandists were subjected to vicious treatment, and it was on their own initiative that they went to the Chinese and asked them for extra lessons in politics and communism.

The Lenient Policy involved compulsory political indoctrination for all those in the main camps, but the programme fell flat on its face at an early date in Camp No. 1 where most of the British O.Rs were incarcerated. The reasons why the programme failed in this camp were, first, that as an educational system it was hopelessly alien to our men, secondly, the content was way above the heads of the majority, and thirdly, the programme, which was closely geared to a world-wide 'Peace' campaign, was unwittingly thrown out of gear by a spate of unsuccessful escape and rather more successful resistance activity on the part of a courageous minority of British O.Rs.

Thus the failure to indoctrinate these men was not due in any way to premeditated ideological defence mechanisms created by the prisoners themselves, but rather to accident and Chinese

ineptitude. The retribution heaped upon the active and not so active 'reactionaries' following the failure of the Lenient Policy effectively discredited Communist propaganda and blandishments and resulted in 18 per cent of the British prisoners being maltreated in the fashion described in the article. The subsequent confessions extracted from these brave men were not the result of any sinister psychological technique, but plain physical violence in ALL cases.

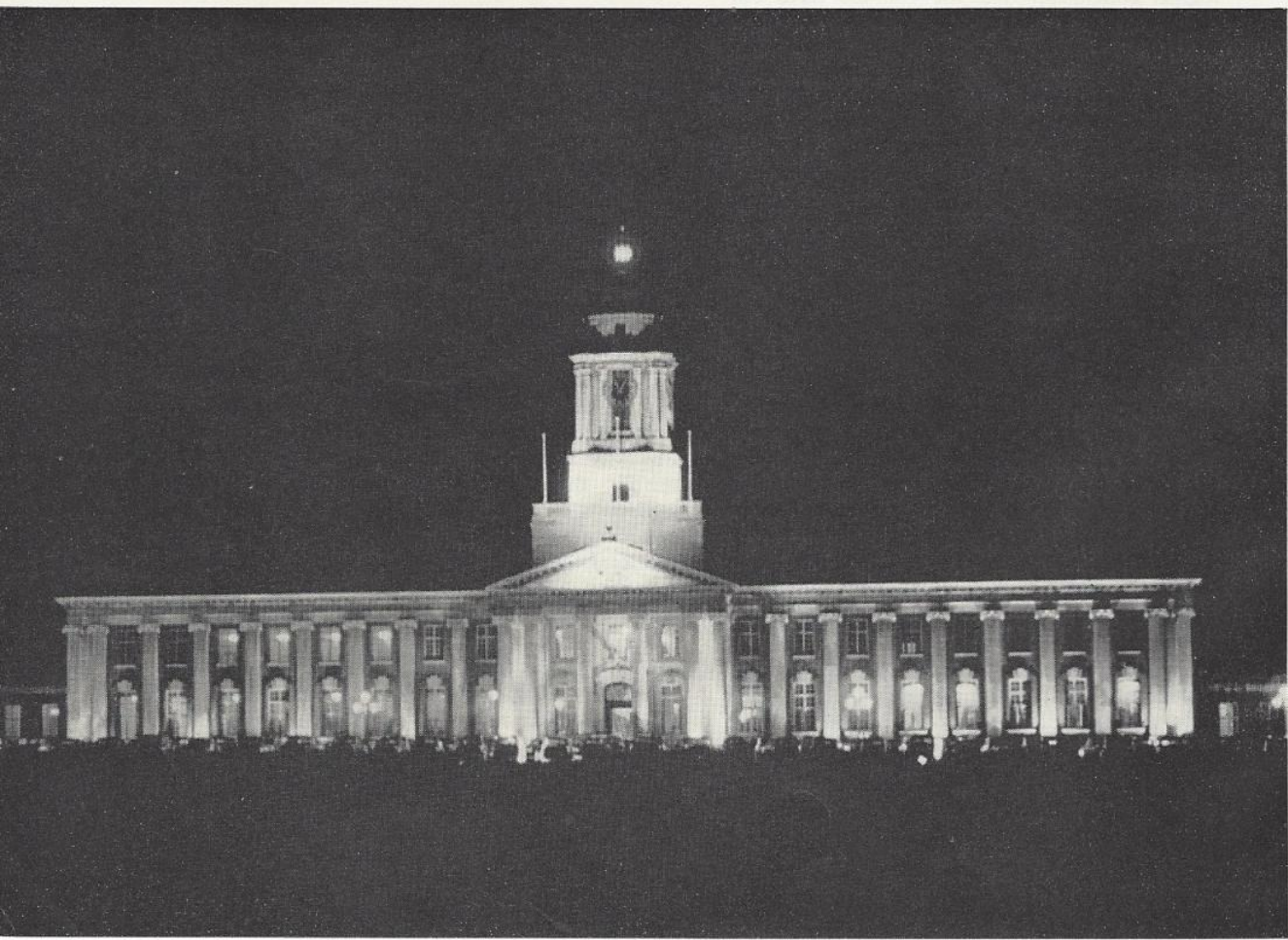
It would be foolish to give the impression that the majority of the prisoners had a cushy time. For a long period they had a hard struggle to

survive in deplorable living conditions and were harassed at every turn by their captors. It took a great deal of skill to avoid getting into trouble and in this respect the majority lived up to the highest traditions of the British soldier!

In conclusion, it is quite misleading to say that a clear mind cannot be 'Brainwashed.' The genuine Chinese technique depends to a very considerable extent upon the acuity of the victim's intellectual functions. This technique was never attempted on any of the British O.Rs, only upon a handful of the officers, all of whom were men of outstanding loyalty and intellectual ability.

CRANWELL BY NIGHT

The College illuminated for the 77 Entry Graduation Ball



BY TIGER MOTH TO BRATISLAVA



by Flight Lieutenant J. R. AYERS

The author running up his mount in preparation for the day's competition

WHEN the Aeroclub of the Republic of Czechoslovakia announced, early this year, that the first F.A.I. World Aerobatic Championship was to be held at Bratislava, it was decided by the Tiger Club to send a team of two or possibly four pilots to represent Great Britain. Mr Elwyn McAulley was given the task of organizing the venture and training the pilots. Tragically, he lost his life whilst on a practice flight and the author took over the task.

It was decided that the Lockheed Aerobatic Contest held at Bagington on 9th and 10th July would decide the two nominations, and, following the contest, the two were Flight Lieutenant Peter Phillips and the author, with Mr Michael Popoff and Mr Charles Boddington as reserves. By kind permission of the respective Commanding Officers, most of the training flights were carried out at the R.A.F. College Cranwell and R.A.F. Stradishall; Sywell and Redhill were also used as training grounds.

Finance for the trip was gradually solved by donations and contracts for aerobatic displays. Eventually there were sufficient funds, either in

hand or promised, to send all four pilots. Unfortunately, Michael Popoff had to drop out as the peculiar summer weather had upset his harvesting programme and he could not afford to spend any time away from his farm.

Planning the route to Bratislava had some problems. The two competition Tiger Moths had a maximum range of 180 nautical miles in still air and only a limited amount of baggage space. This meant using a Jodel D-140 for luggage, spares and for passengers. A visit to the Royal Aero Club Touring Department was followed by a visit to the Aeronautical Information Service at Pinner. Here, Mr Caisley, head of the A.I.S., was singularly helpful, and, with the best available information at our finger-tips, the following route was decided upon:

- Redhill-Lympne, clear customs;
- Lympne-Gosselies, clear customs;
- Gosselies-Frankfurt, clear customs;
- Frankfurt-Schwabisch Hall;
- Schwabisch Hall-Munich Main, clear customs;
- Munich Main-Linz, clear customs;
- Linz-Ivanka, clear customs;
- Ivanka-Vajnory.

The marginal leg was from Gosselies to Frankfurt with a distance of 160 nautical miles, and the alternate for this leg was Kohn (Wahn). The other legs were all in the 100-130 nautical mile region. As the Jodel carried 25-channel V.H.F., entry to Frankfurt was assured (or so we thought). Diplomatic clearance to cross the Czech border was obtained through the M.T.C.A. Visas were surprisingly easy to obtain and only required a couple of visits to the Czech Embassy in London.

On Thursday, 25th August 1960, having obtained a route forecast from Gatwick, the team set forth from Redhill on the 730 nautical mile journey to Bratislava. The flight plan gave the following crewing (which remained the same out and back):

Tiger Moth G-AOAA (The Deacon): The Author (Competitor);

Tiger Moth G-ANZZ (The Archbishop): Flight Lieutenant Peter Phillips (Competitor);

Jodel D-140 G-AOVZ: Norman Jones (Club Chairman), Charles Boddington (Competitor), Denis Cheeseman (Mechanic).

Responsibility for navigation lay with AA as it carried the least fuel, but for entry to major airports the lead was handed over to VZ for radio clearance at about five miles from destination.

The journey out was most enjoyable after the first 100 miles, when the low cloud and drizzle cleared to 8/8th blue sky. The trip out was not without its incident either. A Belgian Hunter from Chievres, with flaps down, tried unsuccessfully to formate on ZZ. At Frankfurt, after orbiting for 20 minutes waiting for instructions to land, AA ran out of fuel and had to force-land, hastily followed by ZZ. However, this had been anticipated by both pilots and neither came to grief. At Linz, the Senior Air Traffic Control Officer (whose English was of the American variety with a fine smattering of Saxon) plied us with steins of excellent beer and made our night stop there most pleasant.

Some buzzards, gently circling at 3,000 feet, were all that could be seen as we crossed the Czech border. Some ten minutes later we were having trouble with the Slovak language at Ivanka airport as we went through the customs and immigration procedure. Luckily, our interpreter, a woman doctor, had a fair grasp of English. Through her we discovered that each national team was being sponsored by one or more of the local factories. Our sponsors were the gas works and fish factory! (Accommodation and food were provided by the sponsors.)

All 29 competitors from 9 countries were staying at the Devin Hotel along with their mechanics, trainers and team managers. This arrangement proved most pleasant, for despite the language difficulties and the watchful eyes of team managers, quite a few international parties occurred in the evenings. One might add here that throughout the nine days spent there we detected no political overtures.

On the 28th August, in a rather Olympiad style, the contest was opened. A first-class air display was laid on for the 100,000-odd spectators and included such items as formation aerobatics by Mig.15s, Zlin Treners, Yak 18s, and sailplanes; individual aerobatics by competitors and mass parachuting. Feats of particular note were a genuine formation slow roll by the Zlin Treners, the vertical suspension by the nose beneath a helicopter of a glider and subsequent tailslide on release, and finally a circus trapeze act beneath a parachute from about 1,000 feet downwards.

Monday the 29th was the tragic day when Leon Biancotto was killed during a practice period. He had completed the first compulsory sequence and was making a second attempt at the second compulsory sequence after making a mistake during the tailslide. Whilst pushing up into the tailslide following the inverted spin the Nord 3202 went out of control and went into the ground in an inverted spiral dive. The exact cause was not announced, but structural failure in the elevator was conjectured.

The first compulsory sequence was flown off during the afternoon of the 30th. A strong northerly wind did not help, but not many competitors went out of the competition area. Most difficulty was experienced during the first three manoeuvres, namely:

A one and a half flick roll to the right;

A two and a half turn inverted spin to the left;

A three-quarter outside loop.

Several pilots spun in the wrong direction and none of the British competitors made the outside loop.

The second compulsory sequence, flown on the 1st September, involved a tailslide instead of an outside loop. The overall standard of flying was much higher, but again some pilots spun the wrong way and a few did manoeuvres out of sequence which earned no marks.

The voluntary competition day sounded the farewell to biplanes as mounts in international aerobatic competition. Up to this point, Verette of France on a Stampe was lying 2nd and Pawolka of Federal Germany on a Jungmeister



*Flt Lt Peter Phillips,
Charles Boddington,
Norman Jones, the author
and Denis Cheeseman*

was lying 7th; Albert Reusch of Switzerland, also on a Jungmeister, was well up the field and the three British were lying 24th, 25th and 28th. Czechs on Zlin Treners took eight of the finalist places and Boris Vasjenko of Russia on a Yak 18P was the only foreign finalist.

The nine finalists put up immaculate performances on Friday the 2nd during the finals fly-off. Only small mistakes could be detected and the seven judges must have had a hard task. However, no one was surprised to find that Czechoslovakia took the first six places and those competitors certainly earned their placings. During the voluntary group great use was made of the inverted flick roll to produce some highly unusual and intricate figures. Both Bezak and Blaha did a sequence which appeared thus:

Push up from the inverted;

Vertical inverted flick roll;

A stall turn and at the same time rotating through 360 degrees about the pitch axis.

Blaha, the Czech national champion, was unfortunately slightly off form and made a couple of small mistakes in positioning which allowed Bezak to beat him by a very small margin to become the first world champion.

Saturday the 3rd was a packed day for several pilots when they exchanged aircraft. The three British, Verette, and Price of the U.S.A. all flew the Zlin Trener, whilst Blaha, Stoklass and Souc tried their hands on the Tiger Moth and Yak 18P. Suffice to say that a vertical inverted

flick roll is easy to do on the Zlin.

The homeward trek started on the 5th and the weather was such that the British team had to divert to Vienna. The next day was not much better and at times low cloud and heavy rain forced the Tiger Moths down to about 100 feet or so above the Austrian forests. Frank Price, who had attached himself to the formation because he had no maps, considered the weather too bad and landed in a field some ten miles short of Munich. An attempt to complete the journey to England was made on the 7th, but when the cloud base dropped to about 100 feet with a visibility of about a mile near the Rhine, the formation diverted to a small grass airfield just outside Frankfurt. Norman Jones, in the heavily loaded Jodel, had to make a couple of passes before touching down on the tiny strip.

Ready cash was becoming short, but Thursday the 8th, after early morning fog, became fine and the forecast wind was only 10 kts from the NNW. This wind gave us a 20-minute margin on the long leg to Gosselies but it was enough, and four and a half hours' flying time after take-off from Egelsbach a rather weary formation landed at Redhill.

What did we prove and gain by going to Bratislava? We proved that Great Britain has pilots who are up to the standard required for international contests, given the right mount, and we gained both experience and some prestige by competing.

LA CORRIDA



MEN have fought bulls, either on foot or on horseback, for over 900 years. The bullfight in its present form is believed to have started in 1690 when Francisco Romero killed the first bull.

The bulls are wild animals, left to roam ranches where they are bred; at no time are they tended by man. The best bulls come from the Andalusia and Salam areas where water is scarce and the bulls must walk up to 20 miles for a drink. This constant exercise gives them enormous strength.

These bulls are essentially fighting animals. There is no other animal that has their combination of strength, tenacity and speed. Such is the fighting spirit of these bulls that the weaker ones do not survive the ferocious battles between themselves during the mating season.

THE SORTEO

On the morning of the *corrida* the head banderilleros of each matador gather at the bull pens. Here they divide the bulls as evenly as possible into three pairs. The numbers of the pairs are put in a hat and a *sorteo*, or draw, is made. This ensures that no one matador gets worse bulls than any other. A bull's appearance in corrals, however, often belies his performance in the ring.

The Toreadors

Matadors, banderilleros and picadors are the men who make the bull fight.

The matadors are young men in their early twenties or late teens. They are dedicated to their profession beyond the plane of the fantastic sums of money they earn. A matador at the height of his career like Louis Miguel Dominguin can earn £10,000 for an afternoon's work. In spite of their high expenses, a *traje de luces*, or suit of lights, costs £150, and the banderilleros' and picadors' wages (laid down by union rates), the stars are usually millionaires by the time they are twenty-five.

The peons or banderilleros are older than the matador by whom they are employed; they have a wealth of experience and knowledge about bullfighting. Their job is to run the bull when it first enters the ring, work the bull into various places in the ring where the matador wants it, and place the banderillas.

The picadors have an unenviable, thankless and dangerous task. Mounted on poor horses, they are sitting targets for the bull. Despite their heavy leg armour they can get badly hurt if the horse is upturned on top of them, and they stand a good chance of getting gored by the bull if the matadors and banderilleros are not quick enough making the *quite*.

The Parade

Bullfighting is about the only thing in Spain that starts on time. As soon as the president hangs a white handkerchief over the edge of his box the band strikes up, and *La Fiesta Brava* has started.

The parade is led by two alguacils, the president's messengers, dressed in traditional black. They canter in and ask the president for permission to start the *corrida*, sweeping their hats in salute.

Meanwhile the matadors have entered. They stand with the senior matador on the right, the second senior on the left and the junior swordsman in the centre. They have their dress capes wound tightly over their left shoulders and wear their *monteras* (small black hats).

Directly behind each matador stand his three peons. Behind them the picadors, with their long *varas* (lances), who are followed by the red-shirted *monosabios* (ring servants).

The end of the parade is brought up by the gaily decorated mule team that is used to drag the dead bulls from the ring.

Having obtained the president's permission to start the *corrida* the alguacils gallop back to lead the parade. To the tune of "Skies of Andalusia" the matadors, followed by their teams, strut, swagger or slouch across the sand. They halt before the president's box and salute him.

The matadors and their peons go behind the barrier and hand their capes to admirers to be draped over the *barreros*.

The senior alguacil then takes off his hat and holds it up to the president who throws down the key of the bull pen which the constable tries to catch in his hat but rarely does! Galloping over to the entrance of the pens he hands the key to the mayoral who is in charge of the animals.

The senior matador takes the 1st and 4th bulls, the second senior, 2nd and 5th, the junior, 3rd and last. After the 3rd bull there is an interval.

THE RUNNING OF THE BULL

At the sound of a trumpet the "Gates of Fear" swing open. There is a dramatic hush. After a short pause the bull, his neck muscles swollen with anger, charges into the sun-drenched arena. From the bull's neck streams a tiny cascade of coloured ribbons—the *divisa*—colours of the ranch that bred him. The three peons of the senior matador have stationed themselves behind the *burladeros* or escape exits. As soon as the toril gates have been shut the peons flap their capes to attract the bull's attention and run the bull from one side of the ring to the other.

The matador behind the pen is watching intently. He can learn a lot about the bull—whether it favours the left or right horn. Does he cut short his charges. Is it a dreaded *muervo* (cunning bull). When the matador has weighed up the animal he advances into the ring and the peons retire.

The First Capework

The matador grips the collar of his large magenta and yellow *capote* (fighting cape).

As the bull charges, the matador takes his stance for the classic Veromia pass. His feet do not move; only his body swings to avoid the murderous horns.

This part of the fight is very short. Nevertheless a good matador can bring much emotion and grace into it. The experts can tell exactly what kind of performance the matador is going to give and whether the bull is brave or cowardly.

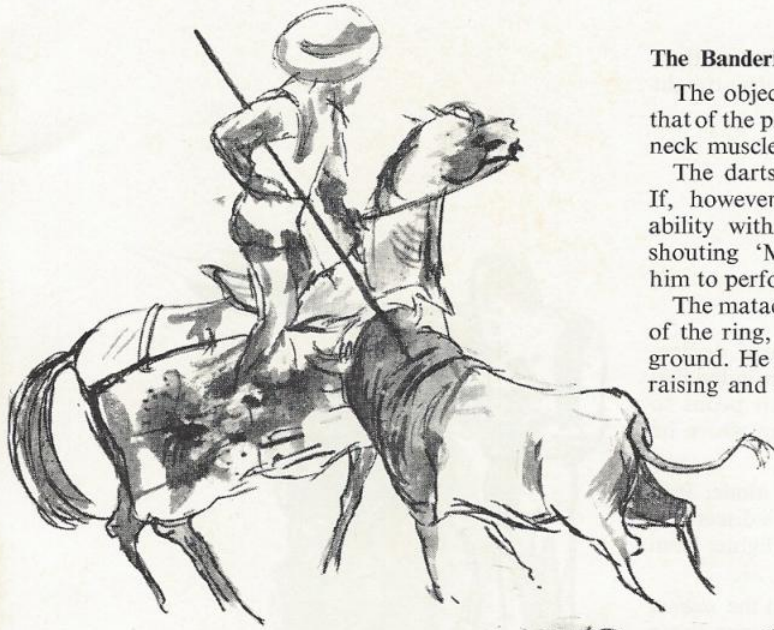
The Picadors

While the matadors and peons keep the bull's attention fixed, the two picadors ride in. The horses are blindfolded over one eye and are heavily padded. These pads have been used for many years and offer almost complete protection



—it is very unusual to see a horse hurt in the ring. The picadors themselves are in far greater danger.

The picador takes up his position behind the white line known as the *tercio*, and at no time may he cross this. No one likes the picing, I hate it, but it is essential for two reasons. First, to wear down the great hunk of neck muscle,



The Banderillas

The object of the banderillas is the same as that of the picing, namely, to wear down the bull's neck muscles. Normally three pairs are planted.

The darts are normally placed by the peons. If, however, a matador is renowned for his ability with the banderillas the crowd starts shouting 'Maestro! maestro!' as a signal for him to perform.

The matador, or peon, then stands in the centre of the ring, darts held high and pointing at the ground. He shouts to attract the bull's attention, raising and lowering his arms and springing up and down in the sand.

When the bull charges the man runs towards him in a quarter circle so their paths will cross; as the bull and man come together the bull lowers

and secondly to give the bull something solid to charge at and hit as opposed to chasing a cape which always moves away.

The matador, by a series of zig-zag passes in which no finesse is attempted, brings the bull onto the horse's withers where the picador jags him in the neck with his long *vara*.

A good matador will have the bull piced very few times lest he is spoilt, although theoretically four is the minimum number of *pics* required.

THE QUITES

After each *pic* the matadors take it in turns to take the bull from the horse. This is the time when they really indulge in fancy capework, each trying to outdo the other. For a good pass the matador should move as little as possible and the movements, especially those of the arms, should be slow. A bugle call ends the picing and starts the next act, probably the most graceful in the bull-fight.



his head to hook; the man puts his feet together, raises his arms high and drives the shafts straight down into the lowered neck.

THE MULETA

Having made the *brindis*—the formal dedication of the bull to the president or an individual in the crowd—the matador orders his peons to bring the bull into a part of the ring where he wishes to start his *Faena*.

For the first time the matador is alone. It is possible for him to fake the passes but a discerning crowd will soon spot this and boo the fighter from the ring.

There are many types of passes with the *muleta*—killing cloak—the most dangerous are those performed with the left hand alone, with the sword held in the right hand and not used to spread the cloth for a larger target.

The purpose of these passes is again to wear down the neck muscles so the matador can kill cleanly over the horn.

Sometimes the matador may have the bull under such control that he will kneel down before it and throw away his cloak and sword. These gestures are called *Adornos* and can be very brave and moving.

THE KILL

This is the moment of truth, when the bull has his first real chance to harm his opponent. It was at the moment of killing in the ring at Linares in 1947 that the great Manolete was caught by a bull named Isolara and was himself killed.

The matador draws the bull into the part of the ring where he has decided to kill and waits until the bull's four feet are square. If they are not it is impossible for the matador to drive the sword in.

Raising and lowering the *muleta* in his left hand he lifts his sword chest high and starts to run towards the bull, at the same time crossing the *muleta* over his body. This takes the bull's



head off to the left and enables him to go over the right horn and plunge the sword between its shoulder blades.

Often the matador fails to kill first time due to the bull moving or an inaccurate sword thrust. If the matador has made a sincere attempt to kill properly there is no disgrace in failing to drop the bull first time.

If the bull is still on his feet after three attempts to kill with the sword buried in his shoulders the peons whirl him round so that the embedded weapon will sever an artery.

If the bull is in such poor condition that it is impossible to deliver another sword thrust the matador uses a *descabello*—dagger sword. This severs the spinal chord which kills the bull instantly.

The peon always delivers the *coup de grâce* with his short dagger, the *puntillero*.



THE FINALE

The bull is dead!

If the matador has done well, the crowd cheer him and wave their handkerchiefs at the president, signifying they wish him to have one of the bull's ears. If he has excelled himself they may petition for two ears, then the tail and very rarely a hoof.

If the matador is conceded an ear the alguacil cuts it off and hands it to him. After the bull has been dragged out the matador parades round the ring holding high his bloody trophy while female admirers throw shoes, fans and skins of wine into the ring.

At the end of the *corrida*, if the matadors have done exceptionally well, enthusiastic supporters rush into the ring and carry them to their waiting cars.

The fight is over, the bulls are dead, but the "Gates of Fear" will open again.

I.C.C.

With thanks to *El Monosabio*

NATO VISIT, 1960

DURING the summer vacation Wing Commander Watts led a party of 5 officers and 30 cadets on a visit to North Atlantic Treaty installations in France and Germany. This was the second such trip to be made by Cranwell cadets, and most people had already formed private impressions of the trip from the lurid reports of their predecessors. On paper, however, the object of the visit was to enable cadets to see the organization and functions of N.A.T.O. forces in Europe and bring into perspective their theoretical study.

It was with some pride that we settled ourselves in the comfort of a Transport Command Comet and prepared for the relatively short flight to Wildenrath. Members of 78 Entry had been to this airfield twice before, so we felt almost at home; the 'friendly gestures' of an Old Cranwellian as he taxied past in a Hunter only made this feeling more evident. Laarbruch, which was the centre for the first part of the tour, also had its contingent of ex-cadets and indeed relished in the name of 'Wheeler Field' (derivation of this is a little obscure . . .). A total of four days was spent here with visits to other units which are integral parts in the N.A.T.O. chain of defence. It was from Laarbruch that a sortie was made to Düsseldorf; this was more of an exercise in attack than defence, but when things became somewhat hot the latter course was always advisable! I could write a short book about that evening's entertainment: however, the freedom of the Press isn't absolute in Britain and the editor has a difficult enough job as it is without adding that of censor to it. [Sub-editor's note: The author of this article *is* the editor!]

Much of the material and information which was given to us is highly classified and therefore a detailed account of the military aspect of the visit is impossible; suffice it to say that many eyes were opened to the vital part played by this Western alliance and to the operation of Royal Air Force squadrons within it. Although our stay at Laarbruch was extremely pleasant, the thought of the next calling point of the visit slightly clouded our appreciation of all that was done for the contingent by our hosts on the station. In retrospect I should advise all budding junior officers to 'go east young man' (but not too far . . .).

Perhaps it was a planned manoeuvre by the organizers of the visit, or on the other hand accidents do happen—however, one of the two Valettas which were entrusted with the job of

getting us to Paris (France) became unserviceable and consequently the operation had to be completed in two stages. This succeeded in increasing the blood pressure of those ten cadets who were delayed four hours in getting to Paris, but I'm sure that we appreciated it the more so because of our period of tantalization!

As it was a Saturday afternoon when we arrived, that evening and a complete Sunday were at our disposal to enjoy the pleasures of this beautiful and enticing city, which, I'm glad to say, everyone did. Monday saw the resumption of the more serious side of the tour, when the headquarters of AIRCENT at Fontainebleau were visited. It is from this formation, some 60 kilometres from Paris, that the control of the central air defence forces is exercised. It is amazing to see so many different officers from different member nations working, living and planning in such close harmony without any apparent difficulties, and producing a defence system which seems to be working. 'Seems to be' is rather a negative statement, but we have had nothing to disprove this as at the date of going to press. . . .

Cultural entertainment was catered for also, in the form of a tour of the Château of Fontainebleau under the able guidance of Flight Sergeant Collyer of the R.A.F. staff at AIRCENT. This individual was voted the personality of the trip; almost a walking caricature. I swear he knew more about the Château than the inhabitants did even when it was used as a home! It would be no adverse reflection upon him if it was said that 'he brought light relief to a subject which would otherwise have been overbearing.'

Our last day of duty was occupied by a visit to S.H.A.P.E., which academically was the most illuminating part of our trip. This was divided into two aspects, the military and the political. The latter aspect was situated at the Palais Dauphine in Paris only a short distance from our hotels.

At S.H.A.P.E. we were taken under the wing of Group Captain D. P. D. G. Kelly. An Old Cranwellian, he shepherded us throughout the varied and extremely interesting briefings which were given by an American, a Norwegian and a Belgian in turn. One aspect of the hospitality which proved most enjoyable was the excellent lunch provided for us, and by the time we were due to proceed to the Palais Dauphine, more than one member of the party was reeling under

the warmth of the 'hospitalité.' As things were running a little behind time (as they inevitably do when you are enjoying yourself) we had to say hurried thank-you's and depart *tout de suite* for Paris; even British drivers, once acclimatized to the French road system, feel a perverted sense of duty to outdo their French counterparts—as for the French driver, well, enough said. . . .

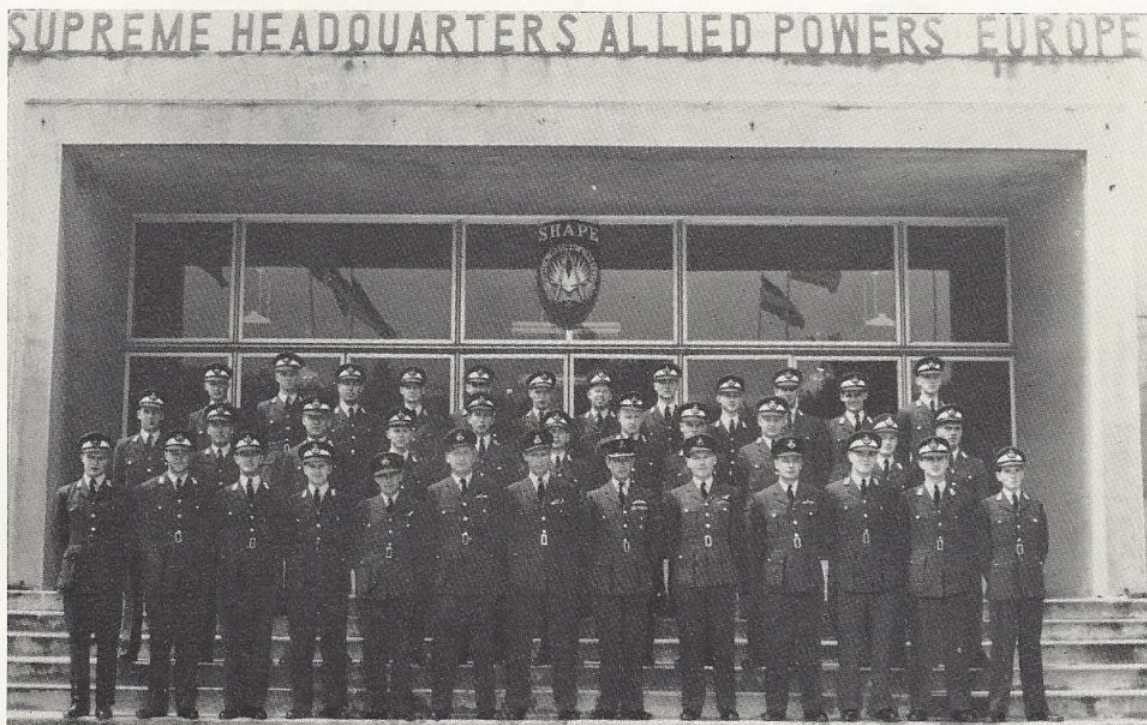
In keeping with its international flavour, the political background and organization was explained to us by a French-Canadian and a Dane. Both Mr Leiven and Mr Pontopitdan were extremely frank about their jobs and the organization which was the political taskmaster of this great Western alliance. Unfortunately the *vin d'honneur* which had been arranged had to be cancelled owing to lack of time. This, in its own way, was a blessing for more than one reason, mainly, however, as it allowed a publicity film called *High Journey* to be shown. Magnifi-

cent in air-to-air and air-to-ground photography, this proved a fitting end to our tour. I'm sure that I echo the feelings of all those who took part in the visit, when I say that it was more than just of academic interest. In fact it proved to be a bit of practical experience in 'nearly' all the aspects of N.A.T.O., both social and otherwise.

With only one more evening to spend in Paris, many were sad at the thought of having to leave, but all good things must come to an end. Next day at Orly Airport we bade farewell to France with a spectacular Comet take-off which must have turned the civilian airline captains green with envy—I believe they call it a 'max. rate climb.'

One consolation, at least; the sun was shining when we arrived at Waddington, although it did little to melt the hearts of Her Majesty's Customs and Excise representatives—I suppose we had to pay in some way for such a grand eight days!

Back row: S.F.C. J. Laming, U.O. P. F. A. Canning, S.F.C. K. C. Quin, S.F.C. G. Crumble, S.F.C. J. R. Oliver, S.F.C. A. J. Ross, U.O. M. H. Wilson, S.F.C. D. J. Taylor, S.F.C. M. C. Wright, S.F.C. W. G. Chapman, S.U.O. R. P. Hallam, S.U.O. P. G. Pinney
Middle row: S.F.C. A. R. Oliver, S.F.C. C. Blomfield, U.O. R. M. Bayne, F.C. R. C. Saar, S.F.C. I. E. D. Montgomerie, S.F.C. J. F. Raeside, S.F.C. R. Crabtree, S.F.C. R. L. Banks, U.O. D. E. Leppard, S.F.C. R. H. Lloyd, S.U.O. W. J. Wratten
Front row: U.O. G. H. Glasgow, S.U.O. A. A. Mackay, U.O. E. P. Cox, U.O. R. W. A. Woodhead, Flt Lt. G. P. Gibb, Flt Lt. P. J. Anstee, Wg Cdr A. R. M. Watts, O.B.E., Gp Capt D. P. D. G. Kelly, D.F.C., Sqn Ldr J. Walsh, M.B.E., Flt Lt V. Radice, S.F.C. B. J. Norris, S.F.C. P. J. Goodman, S.F.C. P. A. Nelson



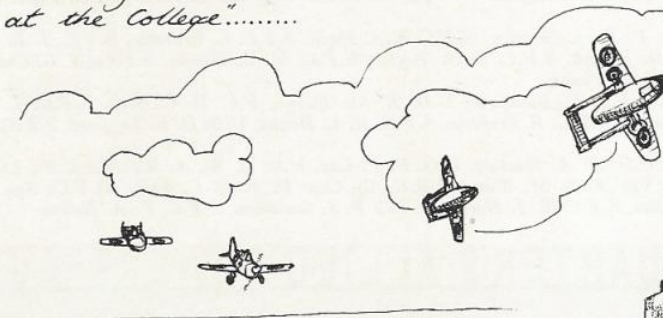
IT'S IN THE BOOK



*"A new sight is to be seen
at the College".....*



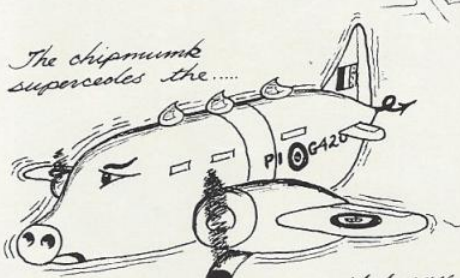
*"Recovery from the spin
in all cases is straight-
forward and easy."*



*"Some {prodigious
amazing} flying has been
done in these aircraft this
term....."*



*The N.A.A.F.I. has competition
on {South?} field too.....
{North}*

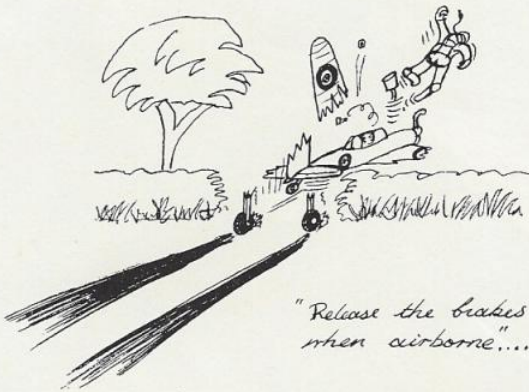


*The chipmunk
supercedes the.....*

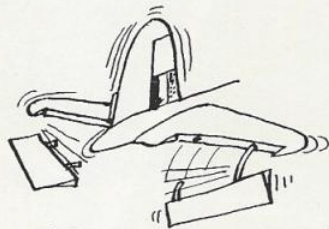
*as a pilot nav. experience
aircraft.....*



*"The brakes are effective in
running up procedure".....*



"Release the brakes when airborne".....



"In all cases warning of the approach of the STALL is given by slight elevator buffeting".....



..... "Ha! Instructor!"



"In the event of fire..... warn the crew!!!"

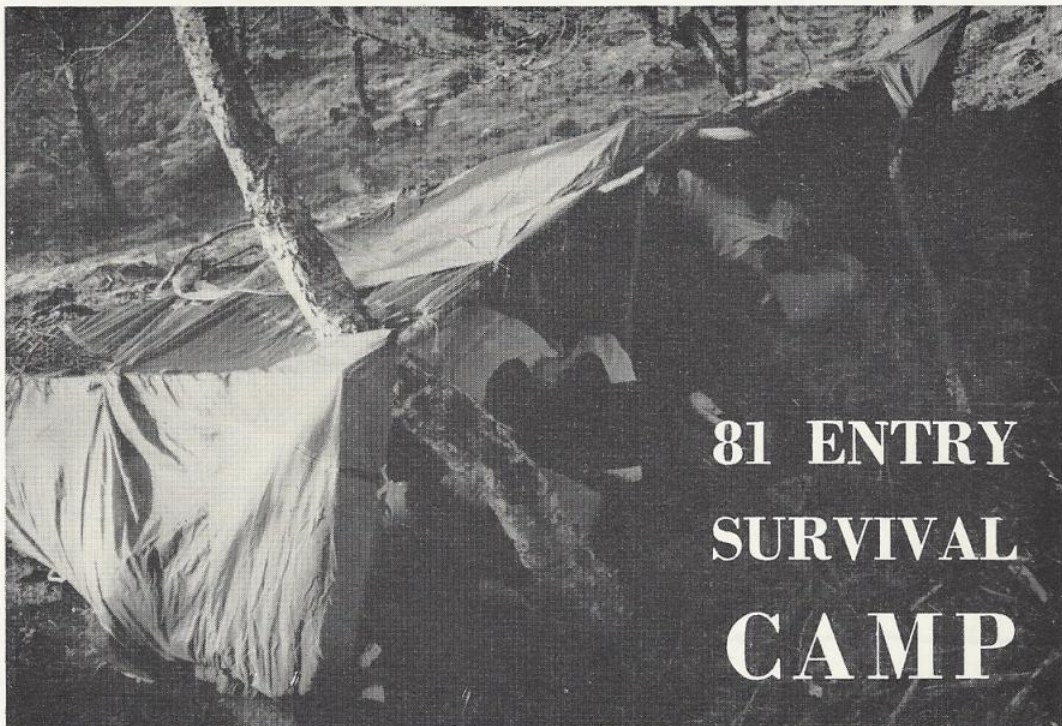


"The approach is long and flat and very little power, if any, is required!".....

..... and abandon the aircraft.



FEON
SEPT '60



81 ENTRY SURVIVAL CAMP

OUR action-packed saga of the North really starts at Cranwell on the 5th April. This being our last taste of luxury before leaving for the barren wastes of Scotland most cadets were to be seen invading the local area. The biggest thrill was, of course, to be let loose in the seething metropolis of S—. However, as yet no serious complaints have been received from the inhabitants of that town, so the trail of destruction cannot have been as great as at first feared. Rather mysteriously, everyone returned and had changed, packed and appeared almost in time to catch the overnight train to Edinburgh.

To our horror we did not arrive at Aviemore station until the following afternoon, when very many apprehensive cadets spilled from the train's coaches. This apprehension did not clear on the journey to the site, especially when the front wheel of one of the lorries went over the side of what seemed to be a very unsafe bridge on an equally rough track. 'But surely this is marked as a "B" road on the map? We must have a lousy Nav. on board.' Alas, we were soon to realize our mistake. On arrival at Base a

really good meal was provided by the Headquarters staff and the job of preparing the sites began. All the section sites were dotted along the side of what at this stage seemed a wonderfully picturesque lake. The weather was fine, we had eaten well, and even though it took a good ten minutes to battle our way into the sleeping bags, a lot of our fears had by now subsided.

It could be said that morale was high

This morale took a serious blow the next morning when a coating of ice was found on the water in the fire buckets; 22 degrees of frost had been recorded the previous night! No wonder we had had very little sleep. These first two days were spent in completing the sites and doing what the instigators glibly called a 'warming-up' period for the later exercises. As is usual in warming-up sessions, we poor victims were left limp and protesting, and the mountains which had looked so beautiful from the train had many far more colourful adjectives attached to them. The risks and discomfort of sleeping in hastily constructed A-frames that night only served to increase our vocabulary of adjectives.

The morning of the 9th was devoted to the customary team race. By this time almost every section had casualties in one form or another. In some cases the remaining members were able to have a brew ready for the sections' return. This was indeed a good thing, as without this incentive to rise up and take a swig, the bodies would no doubt still be lying clutching the flagpole, battered into insensibility. We had little difficulty in complying with the rather dubious suggestion that we rest our limbs that afternoon in readiness for the night exercise. After an assembly that evening, we moved off by sections at ten-minute intervals towards the starting point for the forced march, which consisted of a high-rate-of-knots march along a bleak Scottish road for a distance of almost three miles. Most sections made it within the half-hour, and the record set up by No. 80 Entry last summer was immediately shattered. This proves something—After this came the long haul along an endlessly uphill track, or so it seemed to our numbed brains. Few realized that this took us along the fourth dimension into the next day.

Morale was high?

Many, many hours' marching almost brought us to our eventual destination, but not before most sections had been bounced by a wandering band of vagabond p—s. A very kind gentleman led us to a rather secluded camping area by the side of a river. We willed ourselves to build shelters for each section without immediately falling asleep on the spot, and finally made the haul into the sleeping bags at 0615 hours that morning. We are still trying to work out whether we lost an hour's sleep or an hour's marching by the change from G.M.T. to B.S.T. that night. Concentrated kip followed until our own Florence Nightingale, in the very welcome form of Flight Lieutenant Lemon, appeared during the afternoon. The air was soon filled with the sounds of bursting blisters and sighs of relief.

At the preparation for the second night's march, the extra emphasis placed on the part of the briefing concerned with watching out for the enemy made some feel that this evening we would be left unmolested, but the scares on the first leg banished any bravado among the sections, especially ours. On the path to Loch Morlich we stumbled on a wonderful place for an ambush on our right. At the instant we stopped to listen some stones fell down a small bank—much to our terror! There was no point in breaking either way as we were in open country, so we just stood there quaking. After a few minutes of this we began to feel rather silly and someone

suggested we moved on. What happened five minutes after that was only made clear after an informal de-brief in the train back to College; at the time it was pitiful and chaotic. First we stopped at the instant of seeing an army lorry just beyond a croft—another good place to be bounced. At the same instant we heard footsteps behind us. 'Crikey! We're surrounded. *Break!*' Six bodies vanished into the heather. The footsteps turned out to be a second section. On seeing the lorry it stopped, heard more footsteps behind and broke the other way. A third section marched into view, saw the lorry, also saw many dark shapes at either side of the road, and promptly vanished vertically upwards in terror! What goes up must eventually come down, and when the third section did it scattered, one of its members kicking over a dustbin behind the croft in his bid to get away from the supposed enemy. Many minutes later we all realized what had happened, and after a hurried consultation a combined force of three sections surrounded the lorry. Flight Lieutenants Gilliatt and I'Anson were found to be inside, scared out of their wits by the strange noises and shapes surrounding them. Order was eventually restored and we crossed a bridge onto the main road. Apart from the appearance of a small number of cars which necessitated evasive action, and compared with recent events, the journey back to Base was pretty tame. We staggered in at 0130 hours the following morning and went straight to bed in the luxury of a bivouac.

Although we had been up for about three hours the following morning, we did not actually wake until around 1000 hours. The events of this day proved quite entertaining and instructive. Two sections of the R.A.F. Regiment had arrived to give us a very convincing demonstration of movement in the field; the first section showed us the wrong way to do it and the second the correct way. At another parade later on in the morning a Captain Russell was introduced to us and immediately scored a hit with the entry with his impressive bearing. His talk on movement and tactics went home all the better for this. The third assembly of the day was devoted to a thorough briefing on the coming evasion exercise, after which the general air of 'Oh Boy! Let's get at 'em. Let battle commence' prevailed.

The early evening was spent in making preparations for the cooking competition. In the case of our section, 'Sam's Arabian Caff' was founded—'the Soho of the North.' Entertainment was provided by the host in the form of a steaming

Arabian love dance with Bob as his partner, Vern being generally efficient as waiter except when his temporary bow dangled in the Commandant's soup. Luckily the Commandant deigned not to taste the prunes placed before him. Our Chef Mk. II had merely soaked the said prunes in water and had omitted to stew them! (He was shot at dawn the next day.) We were unable to tell the results of our efforts immediately, but as the Commandant was able to walk away unaided we felt nothing drastic had occurred—even to the extent of the hitherto unheard-of 'lentils' being used purely experimentally as the basis for the soup. (N.B.—In the interests of Caff security surnames have been omitted from the above account. If there happens to be any resemblance to anyone alive, dead or decomposing, we shouldn't be at all surprised.)

The late evening saw a very worried group of cadets feverishly plastering mud on their faces and hands, and generally preparing to do battle. By this time, of course, the high spirits had completely fizzled out and last-minute snacks joined the many butterflies in filling stomachs.

*Morale was *!***?/*?!!*

Little need be said of the actual evasion exercise itself, as it was not until much later that the individual stories were adapted to make crew reports acceptable. However, some of the choicest quotations might not go amiss here, although I cannot vouchsafe for the accuracy of some of the following:

'Dropped us off the blinking map, and even then we set off the wrong way.'

'I went into ze cowshed to keep warm but ze cow she refused to sleep wiz me.' Well, it all goes to show—.

'I had an awful job trying to explain why I didn't try to escape when the lorry stopped. I don't even remember it stopping—must have been asleep or something.' Or something?

The R—e gazed after the rapidly fleeing cadet. 'You know, it's not much fun when they escape.'

'It's O.K., chaps, we can cross the river here. It's not very dee——' (blup, blup, blup).

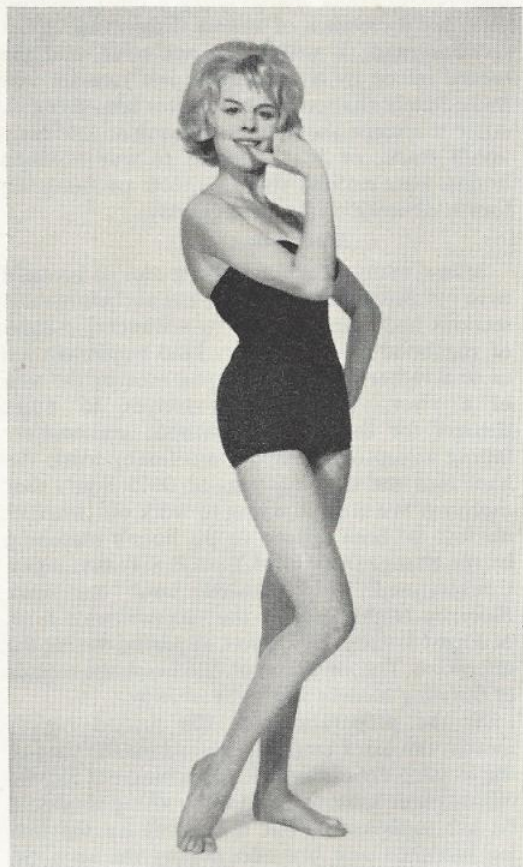
Morale—what's that?

Well, that was just about it. The morning following our return found us breaking camp and leaving the shores of what had at first seemed a wonderful scene, but which by now gave us nothing but nightmares. Even in the train back to Edinburgh the sense of being fugitives had not completely left us. Somebody happened to mention coffee-break and at the

word 'break' one dozing cadet woke and almost leapt onto the luggage rack.

It was a complete day after leaving Aviemore before we were able to set off from College to our respective homes, and get back to civilization again. Only one thought clouded the picture at this hour: we wondered what percentage of the entry would not be able to live up to its adopted motto—'They Shall Not Return.'

Morale—ugh!



TALKING ABOUT MORALE . . .

We don't know who she is. But if anyone should—how about letting The Journal staff in on the secret?

EXECUTIVES INCORPORATED

*'... the stars
which men aspire to but attain not.'*

JAMES FARRAR

CRANWELL, which continues to train only a hard core of officers of the highest calibre, strives to ensure that the Royal Air Force is provided with officers '... possessing the highest sense of duty and the greatest professional ability.' This is a passage that concludes a short explanation of the Royal Air Force College, and sums up, in part, the aims of the College.

To enlarge on these aims, I believe that the College has two purposes. The first is the immediate job of training a fully qualified pilot or navigator—'the greatest professional ability.' The second and long-term purpose is to give the cadet a broad enough background to enable him to develop during his service in the Royal Air Force. Eventually he must accept the responsibility, and see clearly the issues of high command—'the highest sense of duty.' Yet this cliché fails to allow a proper place to the intellectual part of the College training that should form a basis to meet the intricacies and problems of high command. These aims are not altogether complementary and will sometimes contradict one another.

Now let us examine some of the requirements of our service and see how Cranwell measures up to them. How far are the methods, used at the present in implementing the aims that I have described, going to satisfy the requirements of the future?

Two recent articles in *The Journal*, 'The Queen of the Battlefield,' by Group Captain E. H. Lynch-Blosse, and 'Society and the Soldier,' by Flight Lieutenant J. F. Clay, have argued some of the problems that will face the Air Force. I shall quote from both these articles because they state precisely and clearly an argument that I shall assume. '... 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.' (E.H.L-B.)

The technical changes in the Service impose equal, if not greater, challenges of morale and leadership. The most apparent of these changes is the reduction in numbers of manned aircraft

squadrons and the growth of the missile squadrons. An aircraft squadron has a tangible purpose, sorties are flown and the results are shared by both the air and the ground crews of the squadron. Yet a missile squadron cannot achieve these proofs—its complexity and technical background require a different spirit and pose a problem of morale.

Richard Hillary explains the mind of a pilot in *The Last Enemy*.

'The pilot is a race of man who since time immemorial have been inarticulate; who, through their daily contact with death, have realized, often enough unconsciously, certain fundamental things.

'It is only in the air that the pilot can grasp that feeling, that flash of knowledge, of insight that matures him beyond his years; only in the air that he knows suddenly he is a man in the world of men.

'"Coming back to earth" has for him a double significance. He finds it difficult to orientate himself in a world that is so worldly, amongst a people whose conversation seems to him "brilliant," minds agile and knowledge complete—yet a people somehow blind. It is very strange.'

The young pilot or navigator from Cranwell is professionally qualified in his own field; he has achieved the first aim of the College in his flying tour and lived in the spirit of Richard Hillary.

A missile squadron will make very different demands on him. No longer is he to fight the battle in the air, supported by those on the ground. He must fight it on the ground amongst the technicians. He will hold the executive post, appreciating the technical problems and procedures—and responsible for his flight or section. Like the equivalent junior officers of our sister Services, he will accept all the problems of man management, welfare and command—in short, leadership.

But these problems are highly complex, 'Indeed it is possible, in the missile age, that some technical tradesmen might be better qualified educationally than their officers, and this... gives fresh impetus to the need for high standards of leadership among the latter.' (E.H.L-B.) Not only the technician but the manual worker, the cook

or the fire-fighter have to be led. It will depend upon the leadership of the young officer to solve and keep solved the problems of morale in his own individual manner.

Then to the staff postings. 'Senior Service officers must work on the political level, and they will not do so effectively if they are the mental inferiors of those with whom they have to negotiate. . . . These men must have all the classical requirements of leadership and a deeper, more acute, more trained mind as well; . . .' (J.F.C.)

How do we attempt this calibre of mind and this leadership? I should answer—the first by intellectual pursuits and the second by practice.

Intellectual pursuits centre upon the academics. 'The course [at the College] is designed to suit the aptitudes of individual cadets; for those whose qualifications are on the Humanistic side a comprehensive course of Military Studies and languages of choice is given; in addition, enough hours on Scientific subjects are provided to enable the cadet to understand what the experts are talking about and to appreciate the nature and complexity of equipment associated with the operation of modern aircraft. For the scientist the course is designed to qualify him for an Associate Fellowship of the Royal Aeronautical Society; he will also do some Military Studies, sufficient for him to study the role of the Service in modern life.'

This latter I see to be the danger of the course, for the scientist by his training is likely to become too preoccupied with the technical job and give insufficient attention to the morale problems of his men and unit. The humanist, however, by his training, should be able to accept the executive care and responsibility for his men, as well as being competent enough to understand the technical subjects and command the procedure of a missile firing. The most technical problems of the missile are the affair of a specialist officer whose training is undertaken at the Royal Air Force Technical College, Henlow.

Leadership training is less easy to pinpoint. It should permeate the whole life of the College and be consciously present in survival camp, sport, societies, activities and Service training. I have been careful not to include drill in this context as it is viewed with such mixed feelings: 'Drill diverts men's thoughts. Drill kills thought. Drill makes an end of individuality. Drill is the indispensable magic stroke performed in order to accustom the people to a mechanical, quasi-ritualistic activity until it becomes second nature.' But: 'Drill is a powerful aid to discipline. It develops a sense of corporate pride, alertness, precision and readiness to obey orders instantly. Good drill in aircraft is directly fostered by the habit of drilling smartly on parade. Thus smartness on parade is not only a sign of good discipline but is a basic factor in raising the standard of performance of all Service duties.'

But whatever the peculiarities of the leadership system, some are born leaders and others have it in their power to become leaders; while those who will never lead are not selected for the College. Leadership training at the College provides a way of eliciting the powers of leadership—while experience, maturity and natural ability after the College will make the leader.

In conclusion, I would suggest that we are in danger of jeopardizing our long-term aim (of giving the cadet a broad enough background to enable him to develop for posts of high command) because we are giving some cadets a specialist technical training. Technical preoccupation must be no reason for avoiding the problems of morale in the missile era. These can only be met by good leadership.

I do not suggest that we should aim at producing a super managerial officer but rather an executive officer—a General Duties officer. 'What matters is not whether the leader is highly qualified academically, but whether he has the calibre of mind that would have enabled him to become so.' (J.F.C.)

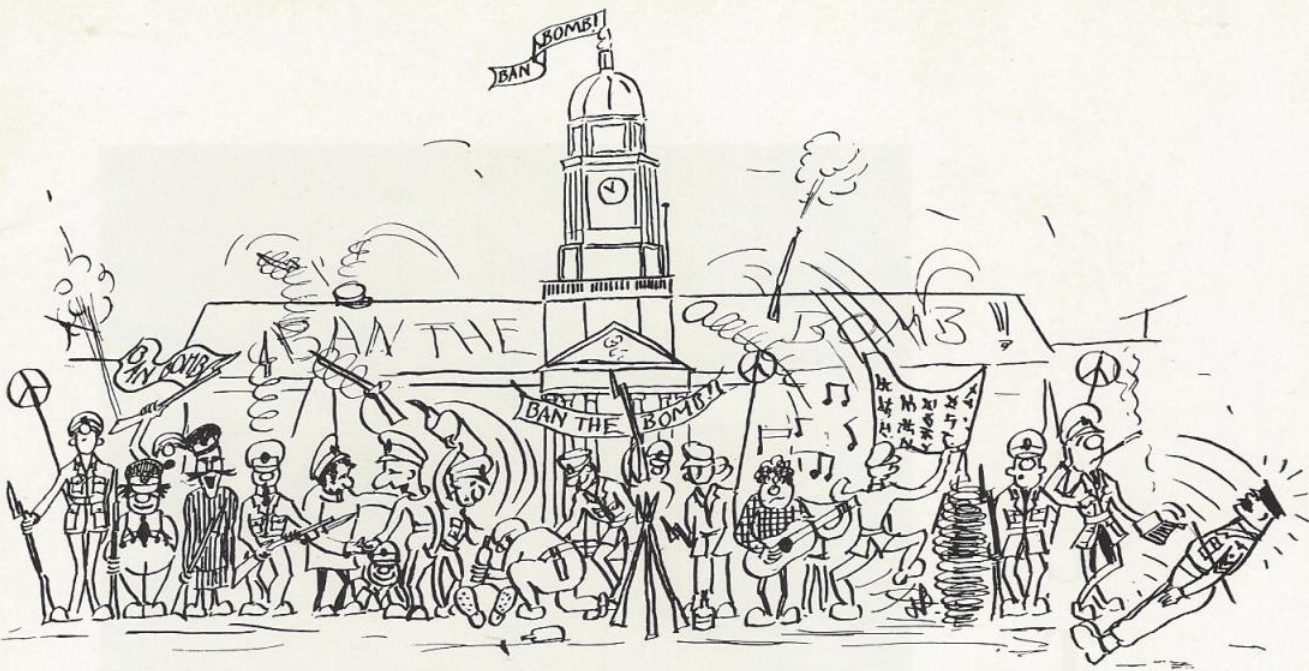
M.C.W.

GET YOURSELF A CHARACTER (continued from opposite page)

boot. Unfortunately many senior officers regard this approach of developing the inner man as tantamount to enjoying oneself and therefore confine one's artistic ability to landscapes and white webbing.

In this interesting and stimulating article I have mentioned briefly but two ways of developing character. There are, of course, many more, none of which I can think of at the moment. If, however, you have a personal problem, write to me, Dr Yes, c/o Astral House, Midwich, and I will send a reply in a plain white envelope with an enormous stamp on it saying 'sexy contents.'

If you're still puzzled or in trouble read Stanislavsky, or think of James Dean . . . dead.



GET YOURSELF A CHARACTER

CHARACTER is vital: the question is not 'Are you a character?' but 'Have you got character?' There is a difference, but it is incredibly subtle. Not everyone is born with character, but with careful ingenuity it can be attained, even by the most desperate.

The first requirements are a few gimmicks. A hat with a feather or an 'I've climbed Everest' badge pinned on it is a good start. I suggest that the 'hard man' technique is one of the best (and most expensive) lines to adopt. To become a hard man or 'a man of iron,' tough as hell, but with fantastic self-discipline, if you know what I mean, one needs only:

- 1 bottle a day (whisky or meths),
- 1 woman (never more, never less),
- 40 cigarettes a day (Gauloises or Capstan Strong),
- and a Bentley, a Railton, or a Bugatti.

If you think that sounds a bit ambitious try taking dope and playing a violin, wearing a 'deerstalker' and smoking a chewed-off meerschaum pipe. Obviously there is a vast range of possibilities, but don't forget the most important thing is a large bloodhound or a black Labrador. Can't you picture him, howling on the tarmac all night when your Tiger Moth is finally reported missing on your 999th mission? (Most men only do ten at one go, but you swore you'd carry on till your last breath or until the last man the enemy could find to answer your challenge was beaten and dead.)

The film fades out with a shot of the sun setting over Cranwell and a single bugler playing the Last Post, or massed Welsh choirs singing 'I vow to thee my country. . . .'

I digress—I'm afraid a man like you has no use, except one, for women. You take them with a blasé, slightly cynical, 'You're-not-a-bad-kid-but-I've-had-better' smile and then throw them back out of your way.

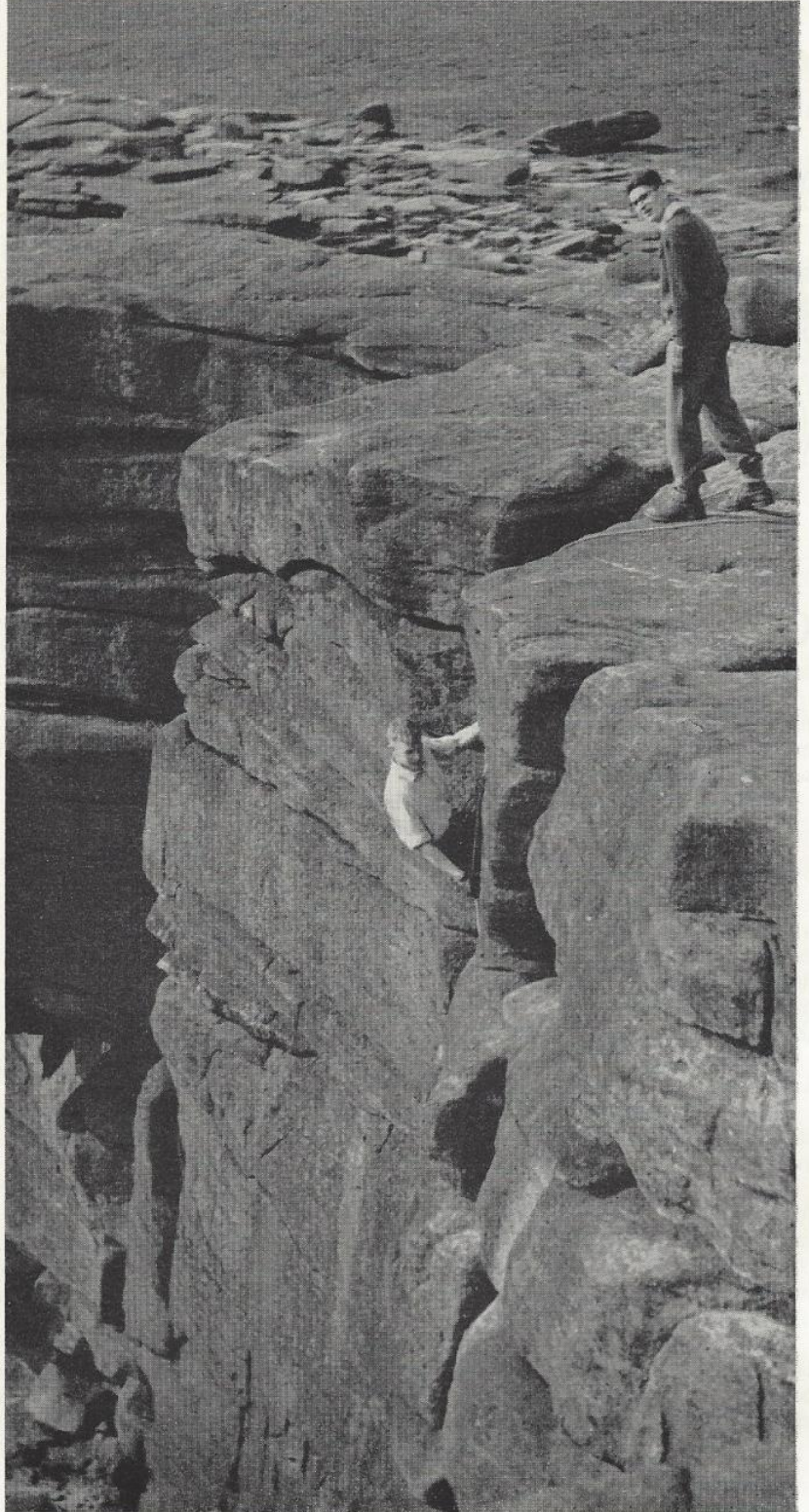
By now you're so — hard that you make James Bond look like a store detective, none of your friends talk to you and you've got ulcers, but man, you've got character. Of course, the hard man technique may not appeal to you. The beatnik approach is becoming very popular.

Your requirements, too, are far less expensive. An old pair of jeans, a cheap barber's bill, one battered guitar, a vast sweater, a second-hand book of assorted poems and a complete disregard for mess furniture will do for a start.

Thus equipped your first duty is a quick foray into Hut 109 to obtain your oils and canvases. Having scattered the canvases over the parade square, borrow your squadron n.c.o.'s bicycle. Now before you lies the golden field of action painting where many character-building hours can be spent grinding tubes of paint into canvases with the aid of a Dunlop Fort tyre or a cunningly placed cere

(continued at foot of opposite page)

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MOUNTAINEERING

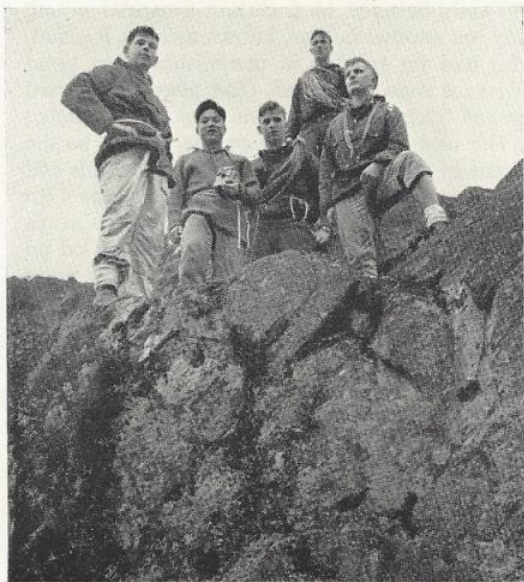
Summer Term, 1960

During the Summer term three Meets were held at Stange Edge. The pattern of these was a 60-mile dash to the Edge, arriving at about 3 p.m., and then concentrated rock climbing until dark, mostly in the Robin Hood area of the Edge. Attendance at the second Meet reached a peak of 20.

On one of these occasions Dixon was applying the principles of friction and dynamic climbing on Martello Buttress, famous for the fact that it has no good handholds or footholds just when one needs them most. As he approached the top he managed to topple over backwards into space, theatrically throwing up his arms and with a look of complete trust on his face. After several pendulous oscillations on the rope he managed to complete the climb.

Other climbs of note completed by many, and invariably led, were Black Hawk Slit, Physiology, Flying Buttress, Devil's Chimney and Heaven Crack.

Undoubtedly, our most successful Meet of the term was in the Lake District. Leaving after lunch on Saturday, we arrived at Langdale at about 6 p.m. and set up camp in a field. We then spent the evening climbing on Lower Scout Crag and then went to the local pub, introducing our



Sunday trippers?

celebrated climbing companion, Sherpa Chuah Da Tenzing, King of the Karakoram Cornices, to an impressed but not too sober climber of 'very severes.' During the night the pneumatic bell tent we were using confirmed the fact that it was not built to ward off a monsoon downpour but was, perhaps, a sunshelter. As the water inside the tent began to rise to a dangerous level, camp was evacuated and shelter sought in the porch of a nearby hotel where we were almost accused of housebreaking by an irate proprietor. The rain continued and we descended to Lake Windermere to brew up. We had all but decided to return to the College when the weather cleared and we could start climbing. We ascended Upper Scout Crag as a rope of five and Middlefell Buttress as a rope of six. At 4 p.m. we had to run down from the top of the ridge, jump into the Dormobile and dash back to the College, impeded by one puncture.

THE COURSE AT THE BERGSTEIGERSCHULE, ROSENLAUI

Our first day on the course—and it was just like being at College again; reveille was at 0630 hours and breakfast at 0700 hours. The continental breakfast proved quite inadequate for most people and it was only after frequent demands for more bread that we all left the table relatively satisfied.

The day's activity was to be rock climbing and we set off at a slow pace for the 'Klettergarten.' At first amazed at the slow pace of our guide, Werner, we all walked beside him, but he quickly had us in single file. The conversation slowly died as we mounted higher and people began to regret late nights in Paris and Scotland.

Finally we reached the rock garden at the foot of the Kleine Wellhorn and the rocks were soon swarming with bodies grappling upwards over various rock problems.

Rain, however, forced us to retire to a nearby cowshed where the theory and practice of roping up for rock and glacier work was explained and practised. For the simulation of the latter people hung from the beams on their ice axes, cocooned in ropes.

When the rain had stopped we had a lunch in which cold bacon (unanimously voted revolting)



The Rosenlauri

featured. Hot soup arrived, however, and saved the day.

Lunch over, we moved up to some climbs on the foot of the Kleine Wellhorn. Most of these were of grade 5 and safety ropes were used in some cases and proved invaluable as people fell off towards the end of the afternoon as hands and wrists became too weak for 'hand jams' and 'laybacks.' On the whole, however, our guide seemed to have a remarkable contempt for ropes and only hooted with laughter when he saw someone falling off or about to fall, whether roped or not. Most people were surprised to find themselves tackling grade 5 climbs or more completely unroped. It was here that was first heard our guide's famous expression, made when pointing at a flake of rock the size of a pea, 'Here ist a goot holdt. Eet ist not defficult.' A piton traverse gave most people an exhilarating introduction to pure artificial climbing.

The next day was spent on the glacier cutting steps upwards, downwards and sideways, cutting handholds, doing abseils forwards and backwards, banging in ice pitons and using crampons. We were also introduced to the screw ice piton.

During this day 'The Mad Ice Cutter,' alias Bleasedale, managed to break his ice axe clean in two when making Herculean strokes. This feat was only bettered by a certain muscular young lady, on another course, known as Miss Finland, who had no trouble in demolishing two good Swiss ice axes in a week. (But after all she had walked from Helsinki up into the Arctic Circle.)

The next feature of the course was to be the ascent of the Dossenhorn, and it was to this end that we started out on the morning of the 17th up to the Dossenhutte, perched up on the north side of the Dossenhorn. Part of the route led up an exposed rock buttress which was never more than grade 2 in difficulty.

It was about this time that the hirsute features of Deakin earned him the name of 'The Black Chap.'

The next morning the party rose at 3 a.m. so as to climb before the sun had time to melt the upper snow. A hurried breakfast of coffee and bread saw us away by 4 a.m.

The climb started through crisp snow as far as the rocky outcrop of the summit of the Dossenhorn. The route to the summit of this peak saw us negotiating parts of about grade 3.

Snow and ice, however, forced everyone to climb with great care. From this peak there was a terrific view of the Rosenlaugletscher, thousands of feet below us, the encircling peaks and the red glow of the just risen sun in the east. From here we were to proceed to the Rosenhorn. Appalling snow conditions on the glacier and bad weather on the summit forced the proposed climb of the Rosenhorn to be abandoned and the Renfenhorn, a lesser and far less impressive peak of only 10,700 feet, was climbed instead. The return journey was distinctive because of its unpleasantness, and as we traversed round the Dossenhorn some of the adjectives describing the joys of mountaineering became unprintable.

After a two-hour stop at the Dossenhutte we set off back to Rosenlauri. The return was uneventful except for a single incident which highlighted it. From the glacier there was a steep snow slope leading down the valley. It was decided by Werner that we should use this opportunity to glissade down the slope. This is a method of sliding down a snow or ice slope using only the feet and the ice axe behind, making a third leg. A happy confusion resulted when all the members of the party leapt enthusiastically on to the hard snow. Two unfortunate members, however, slipped, their feet shot from underneath them, and they hurtled downwards at an ever-increasing speed, to the accompaniment of unsympathetic and boisterous laughter from above. On reaching their terminal velocity they used their ice axes as brakes. This was successful. The ice axes stopped dead. They, however, did not. The two of them, Deakin and Winters, sailed down the slope at great speed, unable to do anything but watch the rocks go by. But, from the heap of amused onlookers, now picking themselves up from the first attempts to glissade, one stood out supreme. This was our leader. Erect and handsome, he amusedly watched the diminishing forms of the breathless wonders. But one was still not under control. This one, all arms and legs, like a spider doing semaphore, slid into the leader. Restitution was such that the first one stopped dead while the leader careered down the slope, eventually coming to a breathtaking stop on the boulders about 200 feet below.

"O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!"

This incident happily not resulting in any serious injury, Werner took us up to a promontory on the side of the Rosenlauri Gorge where we did an abseil. This was excellent



Poussant les pitons!

practice as it was for the full extent of a 120-foot rope and was over a most brutal overhang. All of us thoroughly enjoyed this experience. So ended a very interesting day.

The next day was to see us climbing the Kleine Wellhorn. This plan had to be abandoned because of heavy rain. The rain finally ceased at 9.45 and the party, headed by Werner, set out up the gorge. This time we had with us a large number of pitons and karabiners as it was anticipated doing some artificial climbing. On the way up Werner found another gigantic boulder which presented some very difficult rock problems. Next, Werner took us to the scene of our previous day's abseiling where we did some climbing. A. R. Oliver spent two hours

doing a piton ascent, using etiers, and, having swung down from 50 feet on one rope, gave an accidental demonstration of what happens when the piton one is hanging on comes out.

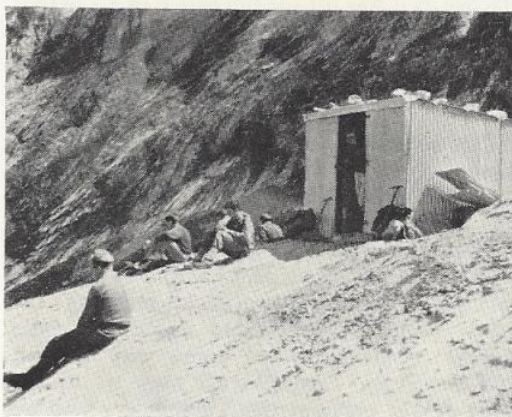
Thompstone also made a spectacular 'peel off' when his handhold came away in his hand. Observers say that, as he swung away from the rock on the top rope, he still remained in a climbing attitude. Other members did some very useful rock climbs using pitons for running belays nearby.

We ended our last day of the course with some further practice at glissading and the recovery action to be taken when sliding on a steep snow or ice slope. Everyone became quite competent at both these exercises.

The Saturday was spent in packing, sorting of equipment and writing letters. Bayne set off home via Saarbrucken, Flight Lieutenant Oakley set off in a very loaded car, and Deakin completed his European tour by scooter.

ROSENHORN

Four remained for further punishment—Gaynor, Adams, C. J., Oliver, A. R. and J. R. Our aim was to climb the Wetterhorn from the east and to do this we set off up to the Dossen-hutte, high up above the glacier. We climbed up in what we thought must be a record time of 2 hours 50 minutes and afterwards calculated our rate of work as 16 h.p. We decided to awake the following morning at 3 a.m., inspect the weather conditions and, if the night was clear



The Dossenhutte

and quiet, to set off around the glacier when snow conditions were at their best. We were not optimistic, however, as we had climbed up in the cloud the night before. At 3 a.m. it was duly confirmed by one gallant soul, who was courageous enough to get out of bed and open the window, that we were still enveloped in cloud.

At breakfast it was decided to set out to climb the Rosenhorn, a nearer and less ambitious peak, and hope for a clearing of the weather. At 6.30 a.m. we roped up and left, negotiated the col of the Dossenhorn and traversed around the Dossenhorn again, this time cutting steps for part of the way. After four hours of 'slogging' across the south of the glacier and skirting the 'Crevass Country' to the north of us, we arrived at the foot of the Rosenhorn where we had a meal of bread, honey, sugar and chocolate. Shortage of utensils was so acute that honey was spread with a rock piton, which must have improved the properties of both the honey and the piton considerably. We then started to ascend the corniced ridge leading to the summit which fell away sheer on the east side and steeply on the west side. The cornice was larger than we had seen so far and we had great difficulty in determining what was solid mountain and what projected over space. Happily, the sky had by now become cloudless and we could gaze over a sea of peaks and ridges of the Oberland from the Finsteraarhorn to the Monch. This was the most exhilarating part of our climb and lasted 1½ hours. We managed to move continuously, belaying each other as we went.

At the summit, at a height of 12,070 feet, little time could be spent as the cloud was lowering and had, indeed, already truncated the Wetterhorn. The condition of the snow was now rapidly deteriorating and so we set off back along our own footsteps, but now sinking up to our thighs in the snow.

We passed over the summit of the Dossenhorn *en route* and eventually reached the Dossenhutte, pausing only to wring out our socks and put them back on before descending along the now familiar route to Rosenlauri, arriving in the pitch-dark.

We had climbed and 'foot slogged' for 13 hours, but were saddened on our arrival to hear of the deaths of three Swiss climbers on the nearby Engelhorner ridge.

WETTERHORN

Our next excursion was to be the Wetterhorn, but this time we decided to approach from the south-west. To do this we had to reach a certain Glecksteinhutte, set high up on the mountain. At 1200 hours we left Rosenlauri and 'slogged' along the footpath leading ultimately to Grindelwald. On passing the watershed between these two villages we were suddenly presented with the Eiger-Monch-Jungfrau, but what intrigued us most was the notorious Eiger North Face or Eigerwand, to many the ultimate climb. From where we were we could make out the three ice pitches, the 'Hinterstoisser traverse' and the 'White Spider,' down which rocks and ice roar in a continuous cascade. One could easily see why about 20 climbers had perished on this face. Rather overawed, we pressed on and soon started climbing again towards our resting place for the night. This side of the Wetterhorn seemed to be rather more alive and huge masses of ice could be heard breaking off the Unterer Grindelwaldgletscher almost every half-hour, making a noise like distant gunfire. The route led under a

waterfall and so we all arrived considerably dampened at the hut overlooking Grindelwald. This time we felt more tired and dehydrated than ever before and rather surprised the warden by drinking $7\frac{1}{2}$ litres of tea. Here we met up with a Dutch student from Amsterdam University who was coming with us on the morrow.

We awoke at 2.30 a.m. and had left the hut at 3.15 a.m., only delayed by an English breakfast. This time we were determined to have the snow conditions at their best. It was pitch black when we left the hut and groped upwards towards the south-west ridge by the light of two feeble torches. The south-west ridge was an exposed climb and we ascended as two ropes. Dawn now began to break and sunrise over the stark and jagged Schreckhorn was sheer indescribable beauty. The whole mountain was tinted red and this redness changed gradually to pink and glistening whiteness as our eyes looked towards the shining summit of the Wetterhorn.

At last we reached the Wettersattel and a snow climb in beautiful conditions brought us to the summit at 12,140 feet at 0730 hours.



On the summit of the Wetterhorn

We then descended from the Wettersattel and headed towards the Rosenlaugletscher over now very soft and glutinous snow, dodging a couple of seracs *en route*. Pausing only to breakfast on raisins, bread and honey, we set out to cross the glacier and avoid the obvious crevasses. In the uninterrupted sunlight this had become like a gigantic frying pan, and a nameless skin cream we were misguidedly wearing aided the general burning of our faces. One of our number, very worried about the disfigurement of his normally handsome profile as skin started to flake off, persisted in wearing the dress of a polar explorer

at 40°C. As someone pointed out, one was roasted from the knees upwards and subjected to deep freeze from the knees downwards. We managed not to fall in any crevasses and eventually reached a couloir which led to the col of the Dossenhorn. We descended again along the usual route, accompanied by several tons of slushy snow, to the Dossenhutte and then to Rosenlauri. This excursion had lasted 12 hours and was an experience we would never forget.

J.R.O., A.R.O.,
R.M.B., C.J.A.



There is a region of heart's desire
free for the hand that wills;
land of the shadow and haunted spire,
land of the silvery glacier fire,
land of the cloud and starry choir,
magical land of hills;
land with the crying of winds and
streams,
thronged with the fancies and fears
of dreams.

GEOFFREY WINTHROP YOUNG.



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Prehistoric drawings in the Grotte Niaux

ROYAL AIR FORCE COLLEGE PYRENEAN EXPEDITION 1960

SOME people have never heard of potholing: some who have say potholers are mad, crawling around in mud and water in the very depths of the earth. Others cannot understand why two officers and seven flight cadets should go to the South of France, take a brief look at the sun, and then dive underground. The answer is quite simple—just read on.

In planning the expedition the intention was to get as much potholing as possible in the best area available. Thus the choice of Foix, the

most famous area in the world for difficult potholes and other attractions, like neolithic cave drawings, was a good one.

The culmination of a month of planning and preparation was the party's departure from Sloane Square station very early on 17th August, in a heavily laden Workobus, bound for Lydd. We very nearly did not make it, as a puncture in mid-Kent necessitated a stop, with one of the fastest wheel changes in history carried out. We arrived at Lydd in the nick of time, and within

an hour saw the Workobus on the 'Freighter' followed by ourselves, and our arrival on French soil—well, tarmac, anyway.

A baffled customs official took one look at the gear stowed inside, and with a Gallic shrug waved us on. Within half an hour we were southbound, on the right side of the road. A brief stop for lunch let the English weather catch us, and it rained all the way to Chartres. Here we stayed in the Youth Hostel, and the next day drove through the picturesque 'Château country' of the Loire to Souillac. Again we used the Youth Hostel, albeit a deserted one. The last lap of the journey to Foix was a short one, and we arrived just after midday.

Foix, chief town of the département, is situated in the valley of the Ariège River. Surrounded by hills, this beautiful town owes most of its fame to the château that stands on a huge outcrop of rock, dominating the town. We camped near the centre, on the land of M. Pujol, President of the Perpignan Spéléo Club. We were met on arrival by M. Delteil, one of the best-

known speleologists of Southern France. S.U.O. Pinney had known both these men from a previous visit; once again they afforded us valuable assistance. After setting up camp, the evening was spent eating a massive French meal at 'Chez Eychenne,' and planning our trips with M. Delteil.

The following morning we hurriedly made preparations for our first descent—La Grotte Papy. At Papy we met members of the Sud-Aviation Spéléo-Club, and we accompanied them. The entrance led to a huge system of chambers and passages, through which we walked, climbed and crawled. After three hours we met a party that were camped in the cave, attempting to find another system. We pushed on for another hour, to the end of the cave, and then began the long return journey, doing several good climbs on the way. We reached the surface at 2300 hours, and after a hasty meal slept the rest of the night in a hay-loft, happy in the thought that we were the first British party to visit that cave.



Starting the climb to La Cigaliere



Our first daylight after 40 hours in La Cigaliere

Our next visit was to Sabart, a huge cave near Foix. Two French boys came with us, but we spent little time in the cave, before going on to Niaux. After a rather unorthodox entry into this cave, we reached the Salle Noir, containing the finest prehistoric drawings yet discovered. These Surignacian drawings, reckoned on being 15,000 years old, are said to have been made to placate the cave spirits, and bring good fortune in the hunting. They were the subject of rites, in which the drawings were struck with spears to imitate killing. Yet another strange rite was performed, as Flight Cadet Thomson crawled around to photograph them, muttering about 'diffusion' and 'guide numbers.'

While we visited Niaux, S.U.O. Pinney went with the two Frenchmen to the Grotte Ussat. He brought back a story of excellent caving, and a chimney climb that he was the second ever to ascend. The French had learnt by then that we were not just tourists.

The following day was spent preparing to visit the famous Rivière Souterraine de Labouiche, pioneered by M. Delteil and M. Casteret in 1910. We first saw the section of the river impressively floodlit for tourists—the shining formations and stalagtites, with the swift, silent-flowing, black river. We punted upstream to the Cascade Sallette, said 'goodnight' to M. Delteil, and climbed over the cascade. In an attempt to keep out of the near-freezing water, we climbed along various galleries above the rivers. When we were forced to wade, our immersion suits kept us dry. After an hour or so we reached the second syphon, a hole from which the river emerges. There is a known way to by-pass this syphon, but we could not find it. However, we did find a side-passage which was worth exploration. Flight Cadets Priest and Keats went through the syphon with a three-inch gap between rock and water, and then led us on. After an hour's hard crawling we reached the seldom-visited Salle

Salamande, and there found some very ancient animal bones and some sightless lizards which had never seen the light of day.

After exploring this passage to the full, we crawled back to the main stream, and there decided to return to the surface. We emerged at about 0530 hours, satisfied with the night's work.

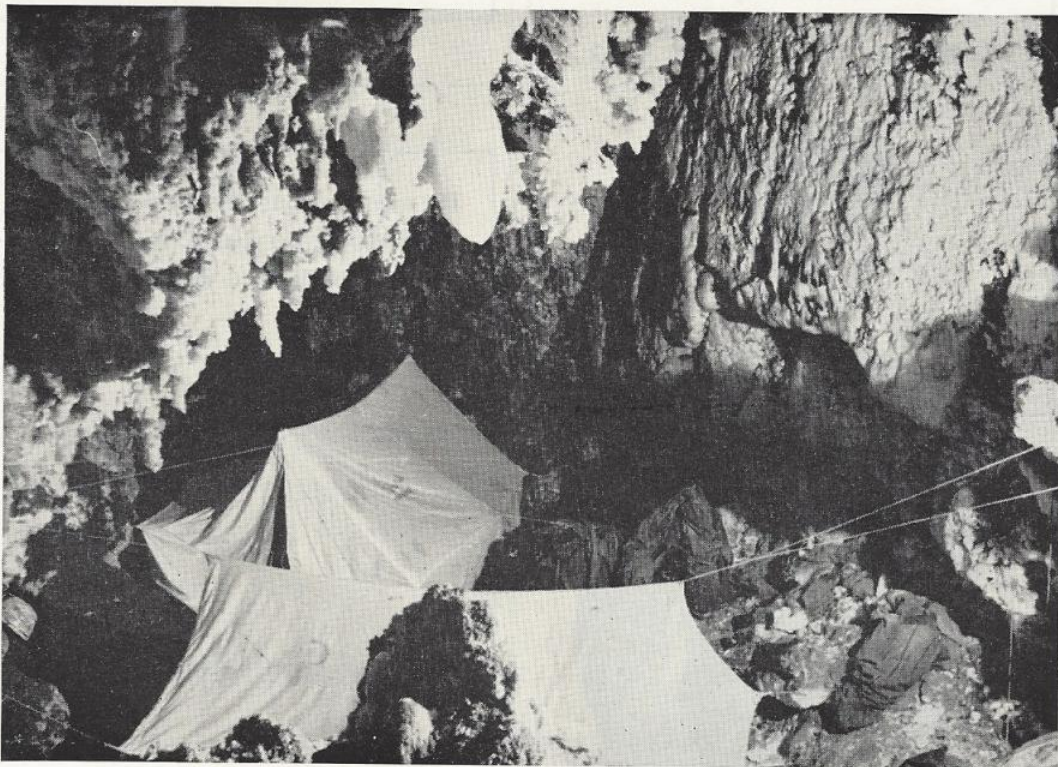
A well-earned rest day was supplemented with a drive to Andorra, a picturesque little country, attractive for its scenery and duty-free goods. This was followed by a final 'warm-up' trip to L'Herm, in preparation for our major trip.

Camp life bears mention here, especially the high standard of the food. We had a vast stock of tinned food, supplemented by fresh fruit, and the cook-of-the-day prepared it how he pleased. Flying Officers Perry and Eames were the undoubted kings of the culinary department, and produced some wonderful meals. The nearby town provided entertainment, plus a 'Son et Lumière' presentation of the Château's chequered history.

The morning of the 27th saw us up early, preparing for our big trip to the cave acclaimed as the most difficult in France—La Cigalière. The discoverer, M. Casteret, spent ten days alone in the system during his initial attempts to reach the end. To reach it we drove 60 miles up a valley to Seintein, where two boys offered to show us the way. Then came a 4,000 foot climb, carrying all our gear, up to the entrance.

Once inside, we followed M. Delteil's instructions, and after two and a half hours of pulling packs through crawls and across streams, we reached a small chamber, covered in gypsum, suitable for pitching camp. We went to bed immediately, but lay for a time in the eerie total darkness and silence—silence, save for the very occasional plonk of a water drip on the tents.

The next morning the five of us, S.U.O. Pinney and Flight Cadets Wood, Priest, Keats and Thomson, had a hot meal and headed off up the main stream. We by-passed the first three cascades and climbed up the difficult fourth.



The underground camp in La Cigalière

That was quite hard work. S.U.O. Pinney made the first attempt at climbing 12 feet up the smooth rock face from which the water issued. A splash, a shout, and a bedraggled figure somehow told us of a lack of success. However, with the aid of a convenient aluminium pole, we all managed to get through to the upper stream.

The sixth cascade was a really formidable one, but Flight Cadet Keats found a way of climbing over it, which was drier, but equally dangerous! Even 60 feet is a long drop!

By then, time was running short, and tiredness was felt by all. We pushed on as far as the eighth cascade, which has only been passed by a very few men. The return journey, with the prospect of hot food and drink, was made in truly amazing time, considering the route which had to be taken, and then we were back in our camp. A change to dry clothing, a meal, and then bed, with again the eerie silence of the earth becoming almost oppressive.

We arose at 5 a.m., broke camp, and carried all our gear back for two and a half hours, back to the world outside. Our first view was one we will never forget—sunrise over the massive mountains around us. Then it was the long walk down, and a drive back to Foix, where M. Delteil was waiting, I fear, a little worried. However, he had no need to worry. In seven hours of our 40-hour stay underground we had done what the last French party had taken four days to do. The longest trip accomplished by a Cranwell party was something we would never forget.

At Foix that evening we took our hosts to 'Chez Eychenne' for a farewell meal, Anglo-French relations hit an all-time high that night, something else we will not forget.

From Foix a day's journey over the Pyrénées took us to Prades, centre of another caving region. At Prades we were met by Jean Louis,

a cadet from l'Ecole de l'Air, who acted as our guide. We were also met by a newspaper reporter who insisted on getting the facts. We camped in the mouth of the Grotte Fuilla, and the next day visited En Gornier. This was an easy cave, until we found the Cranwell Crawl—only 100 metres long, but it took nearly an hour to go the length.

Our last cave was Fuilla itself, and very fitting it was. After a long crawl we entered the most beautiful caverns imaginable. It was a reward for our hardships, which explains our desire to pothole. This indeed was a grand finale.

The return journey took four days. We stopped one night at Banyuls-sur-Mer, to sample the Mediterranean, and visit the Laboratory of the Sorbonne. The next evening was spent farther up the coast at Sète, in the Youth Hostel there.

Then came the long drive up the Rhône Valley to Lyons, where Flight Cadets Priest and Keats had to catch a train back, being needed elsewhere. The remainder, with a somewhat depleted card-school in the back of the Workobus, drove on to Mâcon. The next day saw us at Rheims. We had little time to spare, but saw plenty of the local countryside, and sampled the 'vin ordinaire' of the districts passed through.

Too soon we were at Calais Aerogare, then by courtesy of Silver City back to the land of closing hours and doubtful weather. At Manston, the tolerant but efficient customs officer was ruffled. He wanted to see inside our rucksacks, but after three weeks' camping we did not hold ourselves responsible!

So that was it! We had spent an unforgettable three weeks, getting potholing without equal, and living as French as possible. Indeed, where else could we have satisfied the one great ambition: to discover new places, and to go where none had gone before?

R.B.T.


POTHOLING IN THE BRITISH ISLES

AT 2200 hours, after an hour in Abergavenny, the party split into the parties that were to go down each of the respective caves. This was, namely, a party of six to go down Agan Allwedd, near Llangattock, and a party of eight to go down Ogof Ffynnon Ddu, near Glyntawe.

AGAN ALLWEDD PARTY

11th–12th June 1960

The party to go down Agan Allwedd consisted of Flight Cadets Banks, Oliver, A. R., Chuah, Perera, Herford and Dick. As only two members of the



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weapon delivery*

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party had underground experience, it was decided that this trip would not be of a very ambitious nature. All the kit was sorted, the carbide and denims distributed between the two parties, and everyone checked that they had their personal kit in the right vehicle.

We moved off in the direction of Llangattock at 2235 hours. After several wrong turnings, and after interrogating several of the natives, most of whom displayed some knowledge of the local area, if not of its caves, we found ourselves climbing the very steep road which, from past experience, we knew led to the area of the cave. The Humber Hawk, although uneconomical, having a spacious interior, and having a reasonable cruising speed when driven flat out, could not cope unaided with this hill, which was extremely steep. Only when the occupants, with the exception of the driver, roused themselves and pushed, did the Hawk, with the accompaniment of various unhealthy noises and a smell of burning clutch, manage the steeper parts of the hill.

By midnight we reached the small stone stable we had used on a previous excursion, and changed into potholing gear. We then walked along an old tram track for a mile or so and found the characteristic 'keyhole-shaped' entrance of the cave.

An attempt to make some coffee proved a failure as the stove would not function. After consuming some of the condensed milk, sugar and coffee in its more natural state, we entered the cave at 0105 hours.

Although the cave is very narrow there was little difficulty until we reached what we later termed the 'toothpaste tube.' This was a small length of passage which was very narrow, circular in shape, with smooth walls, and which sloped upwards. Here a slight delay was unavoidable while the various members of the party negotiated this obstacle. Proceeding down the narrow passage, we made our way to the boulder choke. This consisted of a large mass of broken boulders and care had to be taken, while passing through them, not to dislodge them. One feature in the boulder choke is a large boulder held up in a wire sling, placed there by a caving club to ensure that the boulder does not fall on some luckless potholer. As it is in a vertical section of the passage it has to be passed by hauling oneself up on a wire chain and thus avoiding contact with the boulder.

This brought us into the master cave, a vast area hundreds of feet in length and often 40 yards or more in width.

Having heard voices and rather odd subterranean noises earlier on, we were interested to find their cause. A party of potholers from Cardiff University were camped on the mud floor of the master cave. They had come down the previous afternoon, with sleeping bags, a tent, a large number of lights, and caving tools, and were preparing to spend the next week there. Their aim, they told us, was to try to find or blast a way through the third boulder choke and explore any passages, if any were found, beyond it. We then proceeded downstream, in the main stream passage, as far as the second of two boulder chokes. Time was getting on so we turned about here and made our way back to the master cave. Here we explored for a while, in particular looking at the gypsum crystals which lined the cave floor.

After a slight delay in finding the exit passage from the master cave through the boulder choke we proceeded back to the entrance and reached daylight at 0625 hours on the Sunday morning.

We changed quickly and set off on the 180 miles or so back to Cranwell. We stopped only to buy a large quantity of cherries at one stage and lunch at Leicester, reaching the College at about 1700 hours on the Sunday.

A.R.O.

OGOF FFYNNON DDU PARTY

11th-12th June 1960

The party left Abergavenny at 2200 hours in the Workobus and arrived at the headquarters hut of the South Wales Caving Club at midnight in heavy rain and cloud. The resident members made us very welcome, and supplied us with tea while we were changing.

For the caving trip we divided into two parties. Senior Flight Cadet Turner with Flight Cadets Lilley, Rostron and Lanigan, who were to do a moderately strenuous trip, and Flight Cadets Cleave, Wood, Priest and Keats, who were hoping to see a fair amount of the cave and spend rather longer underground than the first-named party.

At about 0200 hours we drove down to the vicinity of the cave, Ogof Ffynnon Ddu, and having parked the Workobus and walked to the cave, the long-trip party set off caving.

They ascended the stream passage—a very fine one, and most sporting, until they reached the terminal sumps and boulder choke. From here they departed into the Waterfall Series. This series has some enjoyable scrambling and traversing in it, as well as some fine formations. The common entrance and exit to it traverses over the waterfall, from which it derives its name, with the assistance of a wire. Even so, it is, to the uninitiated, an interesting place.

From the Waterfall Series they retraced their steps for a little way, and then again left the stream passage for the Rawl Series. Here the character of the cave changes. The series is very ancient, large and dry. Vast passages and dusty brown chambers lead them, after a long crawling detour to Starlight chamber, on to the escape route from the cave.

The escape route is a necessity, as the stream passage floods frequently, and rapidly becomes impassable. In fact, on one celebrated occasion, two experienced cavers were trapped there for three days. The escape route is a spectacular, if not technically difficult, series of traverses in the roof of the main stream passage. Once again permanent wires are employed, but as one is 30 feet above the stream, which is thundering below, the wires have a definite psychological effect on one. They look very thin!

The escape route leads away from the stream through crawls and pools, finally re-entering the entrance passages of the cave. The long-trip party surfaced after ten hours of extremely enjoyable and interesting caving.

The short-trip party duplicated this tour of the cave with the difference that they did not go to the Waterfall Series or to Starlight Chamber. On their emergence Senior Flight Cadet Turner drove them up to the Caving Club, and then, after changing, came down to collect the other party. By great good fortune they met exactly, and so neither party had to wait around in cold, wet clothes.

After changing at the club most of the party retired to bed for three hours. Senior Flight Cadet Turner needed sleep before the long drive back,

and it was a popular move! While they slept, Flight Cadets Priest and Cleave cleared and repacked the Workobus. In the habit of cavers they also drank quarts of tea, as someone had to stay awake to rouse the sleeping beauties!

They were successfully aroused at 1600 hours, and the whole party departed for Cranwell via the nearest café. They reached the R.A.F. College, Cranwell, at about 2230 hours after a most successful week-end. Their thanks are due to the South Wales Caving Club, whose splendid headquarters, caves and hospitality left the party with a definite desire for a return visit.

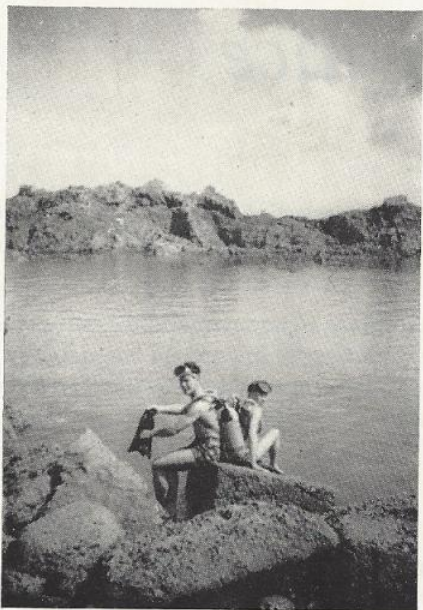
N.H.C.

GLIDING SECTION

The Summer term was not particularly good for gliding, as the weather failed to burgeon out sufficiently to our liking in cumulus, etc. One good day at the end of May saw two Silver cross-countries achieved by Flight Lieutenant Crook and Butler, while Pitchfork in the Prefect flew 38 kilometres to Cottesmore. A month later Bromhead flew to Skegness for his Silver distance. The flying hours, however, were as many as in former years, despite the unfavourable weather.

The summer camp at Netheravon had similarly mediocre weather with two 'black flag' days. However, suitable opportunities were seized for cross-countries (along with a few unsuitable ones where nearby field landings were unfortunately necessary), and members of the Section flew over 200 miles between them. Pilot Officer Barringer and Butler flew the Silver distance, and Lightfoot also completed the endurance qualification of five hours. Several heights were achieved: Flight Lieutenant Kenefick, Bing, Hood, Lanigan and Herring soared long enough to earn the 'C' certificate; previously Hood and Herring had earned the 'B' certificate as did Weaver, Hawken, Thomson, Wade and Midshipman Woodford. Nineteen members of the camp shared 608 launches and 140 hours in the air, giving about 32 launches and 8 hours per person, although the more experienced pilots flew longer but less frequently, while those who were preparing to go solo flew more often. Generally speaking, however, this was a successful camp.

R.L.S.B.



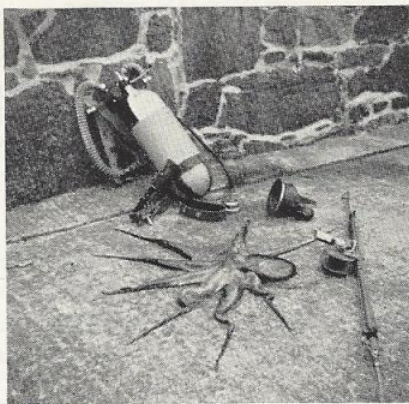
There I was!

SUB-AQUA SECTION

Jersey Visit, August 1960

The Section migrated southwards during the last week of August in search of sunshine and crystal seas. Although neither was found in abundance in the isle of Jersey, much aqualung experience was gained by all the members who made the trip. The practice carried out in the College swimming pool during the term enabled everyone to enjoy underwater exploration and fishing from the very first day, although one 'Triton' was seen to emerge from the deep complaining that he was inflated by his own air cylinder.

The local inhabitants were found to be very friendly and interested, even the fishermen of



The catch—an octopus!



The 'mob' view the catch

Bouley Bay, who were deprived of part of their livelihood when a bass, a wrasse and a stubborn octopus succumbed to the harpoon. Our contribution in return was the salvage of an anchor chain from the middle of the bay.

Among the other island attractions sampled by the Section were motor-racing on the sands of St Owen's Bay, go-karting on the tortuous track of a new stadium, and the worst thunder-storm for ten years, with hailstones as large as golf balls.

Although the weather was not at its best, the island had the advantage of providing a selection of sheltered venues for any wind direction, but the clearer and warmer water of the Mediterranean would surely add to the success of any future venture.

Many thanks are due to the Jersey Sub-Aqua Club for their help towards the success of our visit, and to Flight Lieutenant Northway who accompanied the Section.

B.P.N.

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INFORMATION REQUIRED. May I suggest you should let me know your date of birth, whether married or single, dates of birth and sexes of children, rates of pay and next increase, and how much you can afford in addition to any existing outlay. If you have any Policies in force, I recommend you to let me inspect them and tell you whether they are good value. In any case they may affect the type of new Policy you should consider. With this information, I can give you recommendations which you can accept or reject as you please.

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DINGHY SAILING SECTION

The first term of dinghy racing has provided some excellent sailing for all our members, although more wind would often have been appreciated. The beginning of this season saw our move from the Trent Sailing Club to the R.A.F. Midlands Sailing Club on the Newark side of the river Trent. Thus, our new club members will never savour those memorable journeys across the rivers by the 'old ferry.'

During this season the Commandant, Air Commodore D. F. Spotswood, accepted an invitation to become Commodore of the R.A.F. Midlands Sailing Club.

The number of members allowed at Farndon was, as last season, large, and enthusiasm ran high with as many as 20 members sailing on a single day. Also, this year, a great increase occurred in those wishing to sail on Sundays. In the last few weeks of term our four new 'Fireflies' arrived to replace the 'Nationals' which have been sold. These gleaming new boats with their white terylene sails and coloured hulls are very picturesque, and also sail well. The inter-squadron competition for the Waterman Cup was postponed until the Autumn term which will enable 'D' Squadron to compete. In this match we look forward to some very keen competition between the four squadrons because for the first time in the history of the Waterman Cup we have all our dinghies evenly matched.

Once again, all our matches this season have been away fixtures. We have sailed only four races, and lost to Welbeck College, R.M.A. Sandhurst, B.R.N.C. Dartmouth, and R.A.F. Shawbury. Next season the team, almost unchanged, with a year's experience of sailing together and the prospect of sailing on home waters for the first time in many seasons, can hope for much greater success.

We should like to thank both Flight Lieutenant Northway and Flight Lieutenant Toyne for their help and encouragement throughout the season.

R.H.G.

FINE ARTS SECTION

During the Summer term the Fine Arts Section flourished in a most encouraging fashion. Many new trends were attacked by our members, perhaps with varying degrees of success, but certainly with no lack of colour and imagination.

Unfortunately there was not quite as much

support from the Junior Entries as we had hoped for, but we have every reason to believe that this will be remedied once members of 83 Entry have found their feet and have succumbed to our indoctrination.

Choosing our evenings carefully between the downpours, several sketching trips were made and certain local beauty spots were captured on paper during the momentary glimpses obtained through breaks in the low cloud.

In our Studio, however, abstract subjects seemed to be by far the most popular and tubes of oils were squeezed out with alarming rapidity as enthusiastic members experimented on canvas after canvas. In the midst of all this chaos, the patience, instruction and, above all, sympathy of our tutor, Mr Foster, were much appreciated and invariably led to some sort of order being restored.

R.W.G.

FILM SECTION

Despite a spell of fine weather and long evenings the Film Society maintained its high attendance figures.

Since all members now pay a subscription the Society made a small profit which will, of course, be used to give better films next term. It is hoped to build improved screening to reduce the noise from the projectors. The Printing Society have produced programmes so nobody should have to ask: 'What's the film this evening?' Films shown during the term included *The Sheepman*, *Throne of Blood* and *Room at the Top*. Suggestions for new films are welcomed, but bear in mind that they have to be ordered a term in advance.

R.E.N.

DRAMATIC SECTION

After many members of the Society had spent a great deal of time helping to make *The Mikado* such a success, we decided to have a far less strenuous programme for the Summer term. Late in June a visit was made by some 30 members to the Theatre Royal, Lincoln, and everyone who went enjoyed the repertory production of *Five Finger Exercise*.

Towards the end of term we held several play readings of *A Touch of the Sun* by N. C. Hunter and it was decided to produce this play at Christmas. A cast was chosen and we are now beginning work on rehearsals, and expect to have a polished production ready by the middle of December.

R.E.W.

MISCELLANEOUS

YOU TOO CAN BE THE TALK OF BERLIN/SLEAFORD/MOSCOW/THE BLOCKHAUS

Guided Missile	Das Skientiker Gessenwerker Firenkrakker
Rocket Engine	Firenschpitter mit Smoken-und-Schnorten
Liquid Rocket	Das Skwirten Jucenkind Firenschpitter
Guidance System	Das Schteerenwerke
Celestial Guidance	Das Schkiballischts Schtargazen Peepenglasser mit Komputenratracen Schteerenwerke
Pre-Set Guidance	Das sendem offen mit ein Pattenbacker und Fingeren Gekrossen Schteerenwerke
Control System	Das Pullen und Schoven Werke
Warhead	Das Laudenboomer
Nuclear Warhead	Das Earengschplitten Laudenboomer
Hydrogen Warhead	Das Earengschplitten Laudenboomer mit ein Gross Holengraund und alles kaput
Direct Hit	Das Bullzei mit Laudscheer
Near Miss	Das Scheerbadluken
Misfire	Das Schwearen

Infra-Red Homing	...	Das Schteerenwerke von homensended mit warrem Eckschorsten
Radar Homing	...	Das Schteerenwerke von homensended mit Blipblipecholisten
Missile Engineer	...	Ein Kristolgazen und Hittenmissengessen- werke Mann
Launcher	...	Das Firenkrakker Un- flingermaschine
Catapult Launcher	...	Das Firenkrakker Puspussflinger mas- chine

Birds in trees,
Cool, dark trees
Alive with integrity of touch.
Sense is no more a liar,
And freedom steals on into music
Carrying the soul
On thrusts of beauty,
Far into images of love.
Cigarette smoke and thoughts
Writhe together, pausing,
And in unity dissolve.
Fragments, life itself,
All is one and nonentity.

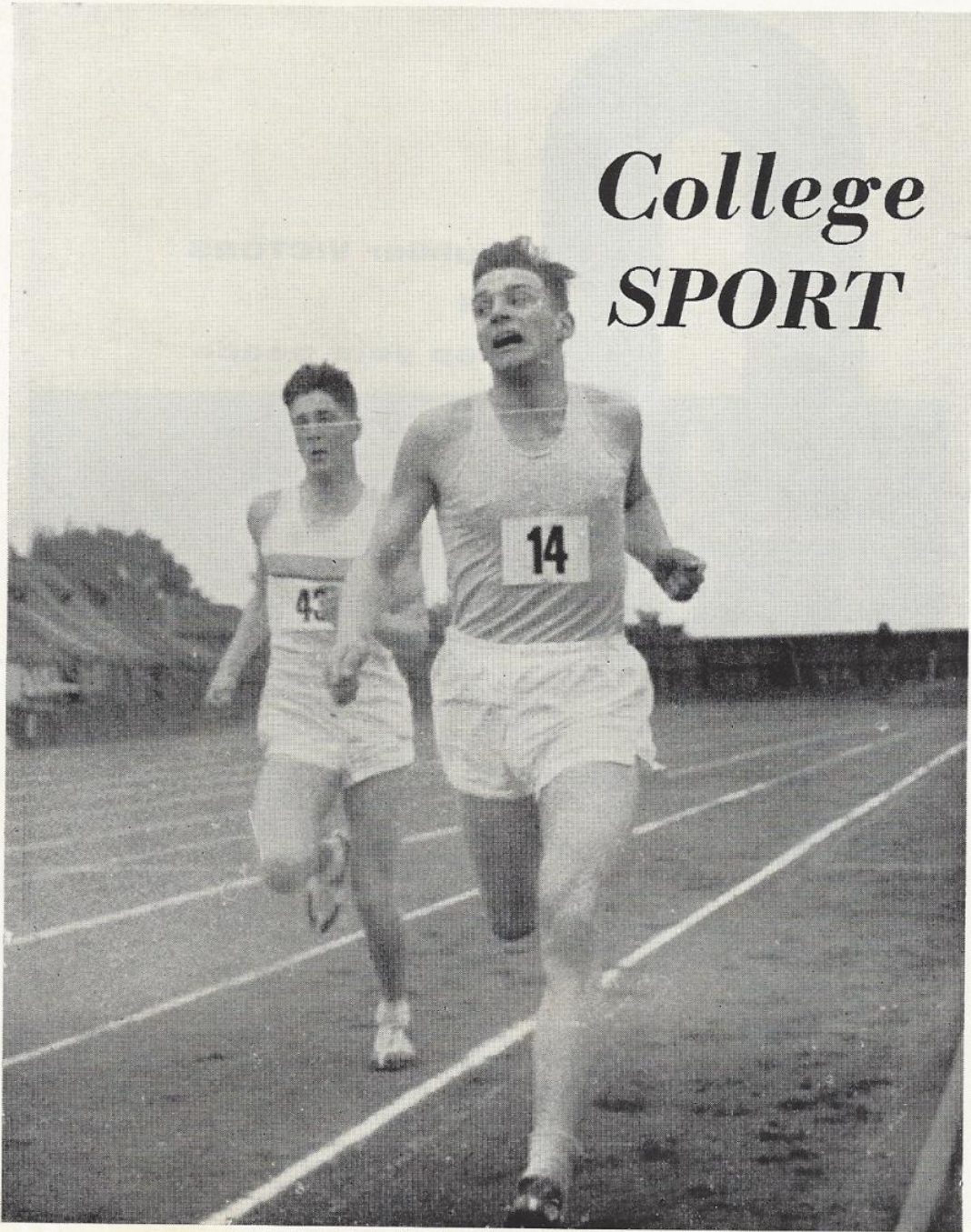
'SCORPIO'

DASALL

DID YOU KNOW . . .

. . . that the old wive's tale, 'Don't drink hot tea straight after your cold porridge, it is bad for your teeth,' has now been proved true by the diligent investigations of modern scientists? A human tooth was alternately subjected to treatment with superheated steam and then liquid oxygen every ten seconds. After 28 days of this, a sharp blow with a hammer caused a small crack to appear in the enamel.

College SPORT



CRICKET

The 1960 season found us depending to an alarming extent upon the talent which 81 and 82 Entries would bring. In the event we recruited a number of players of great promise, but none of any experience outside school cricket. For this reason the value of the side never seemed to be in its results, but in its potential for 1961. Coupled with this was the season's uncricket-like weather which spoilt a few games and cancelled rather more. The lack of match practice produced its theoretical effect and we were often launched into games with little or no team practice. Also, towards the end of the season, the team was denied the use of its pitch on the Orange which was being prepared well in advance for the Queen's Parade.

Evans was our only bowler who showed any real penetration and the side soon realized that it would spend much of its summer in the field. Here particularly inexperience showed itself. In Terrett and Deakin we had a pair of bowlers who could spin the ball and bowl an approximate length, however, both lacked the ability to 'think' out a batsman once he was set. Mackay, though handicapped by back trouble, bowled with keenness as we expected, and Hayward and Busfield both improved as the season progressed.

Our first few batsmen never really settled down. Bullocke lacked any semblance of luck and never produced his real form, whilst Bliss could usually be relied upon either to bat very well or to be out very soon. Gothard was another disappointment. He had wretched luck, and while playing one or two fine defensive innings never managed to produce the flow of runs of which we all know he is capable. We were lucky to have Blake, Evans, Green and Busfield, who batted well in the middle order.

We lost more games than we won, usually by extremely narrow margins, but we gained a great deal of experience, and with eight of this year's side staying for at least one more year we should give a good account of ourselves in the future.

In conclusion we thank Flight Lieutenant Mills for his help and pay our now familiar, but still very sincere, vote of thanks to Fred Simpson for all his hard work, encouragement and enthusiasm.

TENNIS

Both teams were able to get in some pre-seasonal practice on the newly acquired courts by the College gymnasium in the Spring term in an attempt to get a good start to the season. Although we were better prepared for this than in previous seasons, our opponents proved too strong for us in the first four matches, our first success being against the Technical College, Henlow, at home. After this our fortunes fluctuated, winning and losing matches for the rest of the season.

The services of the Nottinghamshire lawn tennis coach, Mr J. Moore, could not be obtained until fairly late in the season and a noticeable improvement was made under his guidance. It is hoped that we have regular and frequent coaching next year early on, so that the avoidable defeats suffered early in the past season may not be repeated.

The new all-weather courts, constructed during the Easter vacation, are a definite improvement on the old courts and we can no longer blame the uneven surface for untrue shots. Most players, however, found the surface too slippery due to an over-thick layer of grit. It is hoped that this will be remedied before next season.



Sandhurst and Cranwell Cricket teams

The pre-seasonal practice plan is sound in principle and will be taken a step further this winter. All remaining players from last season and any prospective players from No. 83 Entry will be encouraged to practice throughout the winter in their spare time, using the East Camp gymnasium if necessary.

Inter-Squadron Tennis

Once again 'C' Squadron won the inter-squadron competition, beating 'A' Squadron by 7 matches to 2 and 'B' Squadron by 6 matches to 3. 'B' Squadron beat 'A' Squadron by 6 matches to 3.

M.L.L.

1st VI Team: Under Officer Edwards, Flight Cadets Leedham, Greenwood, Manville, O'Brien, Currie.

2nd VI Team: Flight Cadets Dixon, Oliver, A. R., Oliver, J. R., Pym, Junor, Cowen.

Cancellations: 1st VI: Fettes College and Royal Naval College Greenwich; 2nd VI: Leicester University.

RESULTS

1st VI

Jesus College, Cambridge	(h)	3-6	(l)
Leicester University	(a)	3-6	(l)
Nottingham High School	(h)	1-8	(l)
R.A.F. Peregrines	(h)	4-5	(l)
Henlow	(h)	6-3	(w)
Bishops Hostel, Lincoln	(h)	6-3	(w)
Dartmouth	(a)	0-9	(l)
Kesteven Training College	(a)	7-2	(w)
Loughborough	(a)	0-9	(l)
Old Cranwellians	(h)	6-3	(w)
Sandhurst	(h)	2-7	(l)

2nd VI

Jesus College, Cambridge	(a)	3-6	(l)
Nottingham High School	(a)	5-4	(w)
Eton College	(a)	$\frac{1}{2}$ - $8\frac{1}{2}$	(l)
Welbeck College	(a)	4-5	(l)
London University II	(a)	$4\frac{1}{2}$ - $4\frac{1}{2}$	(d)
Loughborough II	(h)	2-7	(l)
Wellingborough	(a)	4-2	(ab.)
Welbeck College	(h)	7-2	(w)

SWIMMING

The start of the season saw the swimming team in the admirable position of having practically all last year's members plus a considerable number of good swimmers from 81 and 82 Entries. With the talent available it was decided to start a 'B' team to compete against the weaker teams on the fixture list. This worked out very well indeed, both teams having relatively easy matches and both finishing the season with unbeaten records. It is hoped that next season the 'B' team will take over more of the present 'A' team fixtures leaving the 'A' team free to compete against stronger teams.

Harris broke the 100 yards backstroke record during the season, while Gilson unofficially holds the 100 yards breaststroke record, unfortunately not breaking the old record during a match.

The results the team achieved were due considerably to the coaching of Flight Lieutenant Phelps and the encouragement of Flight Lieutenant West, and the team wish to thank both for the time and energy they expended during the season.

The water polo team, under the coaching of Flight Lieutenant Wittam, also had a notable season, drawing three matches and losing against Sleaford A.S.C., the county champions. The team's thanks go to Flight Lieutenant Wittam for his invaluable help, especially during the pre-Sandhurst training period.

RESULTS

	Swimming	Water Polo
City of London School ...	45-36 (w)	—
Bedford Modern School (B) ...	42-22 (w)	5-3 (w)
St Paul's School ...	32-15 (w)	2-1 (w)
B.R.N.C. Dartmouth ...	54-32 (w)	4-4 (d)
Worsop College (B) ...	61-25 (w)	8-2 (w)
Newcastle R.G.S. ...	42-35 (w)	2-2 (d)
R.M.A. Sandhurst ...	42-28 (w)	15-2 (d)
Sleaford A.S.C. ...	20-15 (w)	3-4 (l)
Oundle School (B) ...	30-20 (w)	6-0 (w)
Welbeck College (B) ...	58-30 (w)	5-1 (w)
Lincoln A.S.C. ...	—	1-1 (d)

MODERN PENTATHLON

Modern Pentathlon only really comes into its own in the Summer term, but we held the usual Spring term training sessions in a competitive spirit. This was helped by the introduction of the Templar Pistol Cup competition which was designed to improve the standard of pistol shooting in Pentathlon competitions.

Some very good scores were obtained, but unfortunately our only qualifiers were Sergeant Bloor and Flight Cadets Willis and Ireland. Sergeant Bloor did extremely well, winning two matches outright and tying in the third. Willis and Ireland finished thirteenth and fourteenth in the final list of aggregate scores, which was a very creditable performance. The competition definitely improved our scores and match temperament, and it is hoped for even better efforts during the coming season.

The training for the Summer term was designed for the two annual matches—the Cranwell-Sandhurst match and the Royal Air Force championships. The R.A.F. championships were held after only three weeks of the Summer term. The competition was very keen, and after some very good success in the riding by Riley and in the shooting by Ireland, the College 'A' team finished third. Senior Flight Cadet Willis came first in the Cranwell team, closely pursued by Flight Cadets Ireland and Riley.

Summarizing the past season, three things stand out as main items to be remedied, if possible, in the coming season. We must have more people training to keep the competitive spirit amongst ourselves; we must try to arrange more tetrathlon and biathlon matches, and lastly our riding and swimming must be vastly improved during the Winter term.

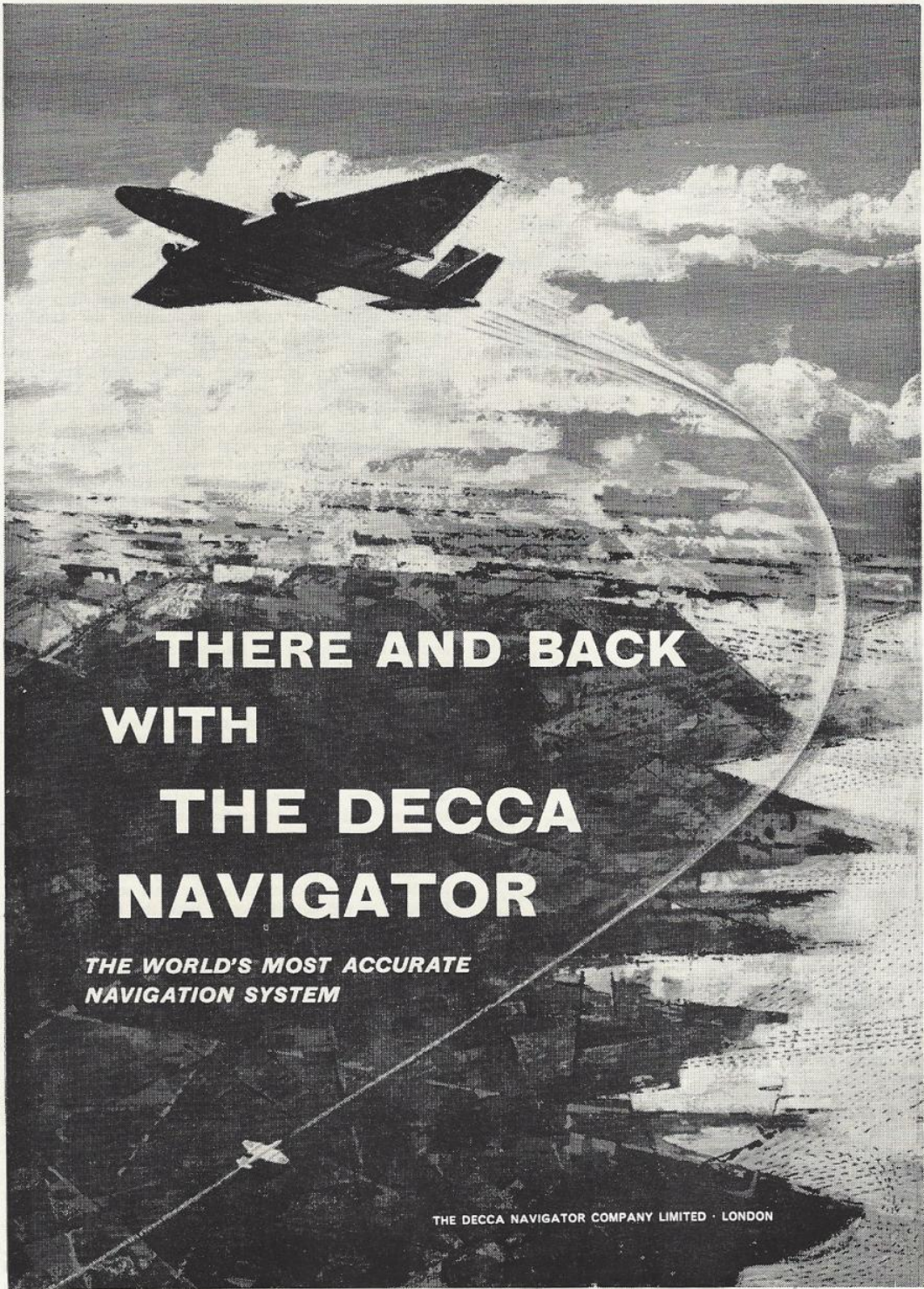
Finally, we must thank Flight Lieutenant Richardson for the very able and pleasant way in which he has handled our problems during the past season. We look forward to the coming terms with the main object of once again beating Sandhurst.

FENCING, ROYAL TOURNAMENT

Eight cadets went down to the Royal Tournament this year to fence in the cadets and young officers foil and sabre championships which were held on Saturday, 2nd July. Four cadets were fencing in each weapon and we hoped for some good placings as several of the team were quite experienced.

The sabre was somewhat disappointing. Woodhead, one of the more experienced of our sabreurs, and Sturt were eliminated in the semi-finals, leaving Thomson and Le Cornu in the final. Hopes were high, as Le Cornu had come third last year, and Thomson has a lot of experience in championship fencing. Unfortunately neither fencer really found his true form, and Thomson was placed fourth and Le Cornu sixth.

An early shock in the foil was the elimination of Lucking, one of our top foilists, in the semi-final. Dearman was also eliminated in this round. In the final Peters was undefeated, and won outright, but the best



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performance of the day was undoubtedly put up by Penny, who had been fencing for only six months. He fenced splendidly on this occasion, and was unlucky not to get a medal. Eventually, after a very long final assault, he was placed fourth.

We would like to take this opportunity of thanking Sergeant Williams for all the work he put into training us for this event. He was always ready with advice which never proved wrong and was definitely more nervous than any of the fencers during the competition.

It is with regret, too, that we say goodbye to Major Robinson, U.S.A.F., who has championed our cause during his stay at the College with great interest and enthusiasm. We wish him the best of luck in his new job in California.

SHOOTING

This term has been the most successful full-bore season for some years. The end of last term and three days' hard practice during the leave at Bisley helped us to pick and train a good team, which, with the exception of Senior Flight Cadet Prothero, we were able to take to Bisley for the R.A.F. rifle championships.

Most of the team gained at least one range prize at the meeting and the Longcroft Tyro Challenge Cup and the Joe Pearce Challenge Cup were won by Flight Cadets McEvoy and Williamson respectively. The College was placed twenty-fifth in the Trenchard Cup.

Our most notable success was the defeat of R.M.A. Sandhurst by a wide margin for the first time in some years. In fairness it must be said that our opponents were using the new self-loading rifle.

The inter-squadron match was shot in rain at Beckingham. The result was: 1st 'B' (for the third term running), 2nd 'A' and 3rd 'C'.

Colours were awarded to Flight Cadet J. E. C. Williamson. The team included Under Officer M. C. Turner* (Captain), Senior Flight Cadet R. M. Prothero*, Flight Cadets R. L. Banks*, P. A. Nelson, J. R. McEvoy*, J. E. C. Williamson*, R. W. Giles, K. I. Stewart and A. J. Gowing.

* Colours. GOLF

Golf was accepted as a College sport for the first time this summer. We would like to thank Group Captain Nuttall and Flight Lieutenant Gibb for all they did to make this possible. Some 30 Flight Cadets took advantage of the facilities of the Sleaford Golf Club every Wednesday and Saturday. Flight Cadet Bayne captained a keen team, anxious to justify the sport's recognition. Matches were played against B.R.N.C. Dartmouth, the Old Cranwellians, R.M.A. Sandhurst and the U.S.A.F. Academy during their annual visit.

This year we were guests at Dartmouth and the match was played under cloudless skies at the Thurlstone Golf Club, a seaside course with many hazards to contend with, including disused mineshafts, sand dunes and cliffs—these are 'optional' the local rules add! In the afternoon singles the home side asserted themselves and Wilson, taken to the 18th, was our only winner. The evening foursomes were played over nine holes; Bayne and Laming came in two holes down, but Wilson and Lucking, putting strongly, finished three holes up to give Dartmouth the match 5-2.

The Old Cranwellian week-end was blessed with the best of English weather, and the College team entertained a distinguished team at Rauceby for a foursomes match. Bayne and Laming played well against Air Marshal Sir Hugh Constantine and Group Captain



The Shooting team



Golfers, 1960

Nuttall, to win 6 and 5. Lucking and Wilson, however, were less fortunate and found Wing Commander Panton and Flight Lieutenant Atherton's partnership too strong and went down 5 and 7. Chapman and Omar Bin Saman suffered similarly to Air Chief Marshal Sir Theodore McEvoy and Group Captain Walker, losing 4 and 5. In the final foursomes match Pitchfork and Gaynor had a hard match with Flight Lieutenants Allison and Hickox to win on the 18th green, so halving the match and ending a most enjoyable afternoon's golfing.

Sandhurst fielded an extremely strong side at Sleaford, and in the singles the College was conceding an average of five strokes in every match. Laming rose to the occasion and was unfortunate to lose on the 18th green. Omar Bin Saman finished well to win 5 and 4. The first two pairs out in the afternoon foursomes fell to the visitors, but Omar Bin Saman and Pitchfork only one up at the turn finished 4 and 3. The match went to Sandhurst by 6-2.

A light-hearted match was arranged with the visiting U.S.A.F. Academy. Our guests, fresh from the wining and dining of the previous night, found the smaller English ball a distinct disadvantage! The College took all five games and the match, and it is regretted by all that a return fixture could not be arranged.

During the summer an Eclectic Competition was organized, which was fittingly won by the captain with a final score of 62; some eight cadets had scores less than 72.

The officers kindly presented a tankard which was played for in the form of a knockout competition on a handicap basis. Omar Bin Saman, improving rapidly, beat Wilson, Crone and Lucking on his way to the final. Bain found Chapman too much, but the latter went

down to Laming 3 and 2 in the semi-final. The final was closely contested but Laming took the lead at the turn, finally beating Omar Bin Saman 3 and 2.

Concluding, the College's first season has proved a great success, and with a young team still present, golf looks forward to greater successes.

Team: R. M. Bayne, J. Laming, R. C. Lucking, R. A. F. Wilson, W. Chapman, Omar Bin Saman, R. G. Pitchfork, M. Gaynor.

ROWING

'Mileage makes champions,' say the experts. To be successful, crews must be able to train together over many miles. They must also have the facilities to train adequately and the time and opportunity to carry this out.

The weather conditions early in the Spring term made it impractical to do any serious training, but during March the two IVs began to look quite promising. The 1st had been together the previous year and, although a small crew, were polished and experienced. The 2nd, bigger and perhaps more clumsy, were very enthusiastic.

However, the demands on the Senior Entry and Service visits more or less deprived the 1st of their chances of success and they had to be content with one race against the R.A.F. Technical College.

The 2nd were more fortunate and were able to compete in three regattas and two other fixtures, although not always successfully. It was particularly disappointing to lose to R.A.F. Brampton at the R.A.F. Regatta only a week after we had beaten them at Nottingham.

We have learnt a number of lessons from this season. Rowing, more than any other sport, is a team game. It demands individual precision, uniformity and bags

of team spirit. The only way to get this at Cranwell is to get crews together as soon as they arrive at the College, so that they have the opportunity to row together for at least two seasons before they become Senior Entry.

Also we need and hope to get more boats—possibly an VIII. Newark Rowing Club's new boathouse may provide a berth for this.

Finally, until now there appears to have been little opportunity for enthusiasts to learn the gentle art. I hope that we can remedy this soon.

1st IV: K. P. Miles, Bow; P. S. Loveday (Sec.), No. 2; M. D. Evans (Vice-Captain), No. 3; N. Bonnor (Captain), Stroke; M. J. Webb, Cox.

2nd IV: R. E. Nickson, Bow; J. R. N. Ogle, No. 2; R. J. Howard, No. 3; A. J. Hunt, Stroke; J. A. F. Ross, Cox.

RESULTS

	1st IV			
May 21	Henlow (R.A.F. Technical College)	½ 1 (l)
	2nd IV			
May 18	R.A.F. Brampton	41 (w)
May 21	Henlow (R.A.F. Technical College)	21 (w)
May 28	R.A.F. Regatta (Hereford)			
	1st Round v. R.A.F. Brampton	1½ 1 (l)
June 18	Peterborough Regatta			
	1st Round v. Nottingham B.C.	11 (l)
June 25	Newark Regatta			
	1st Round v. Nottingham High School...	21 (w)
	2nd Round v. Birmingham University	½ 1 (l)

INTER-SQUADRON ROWING

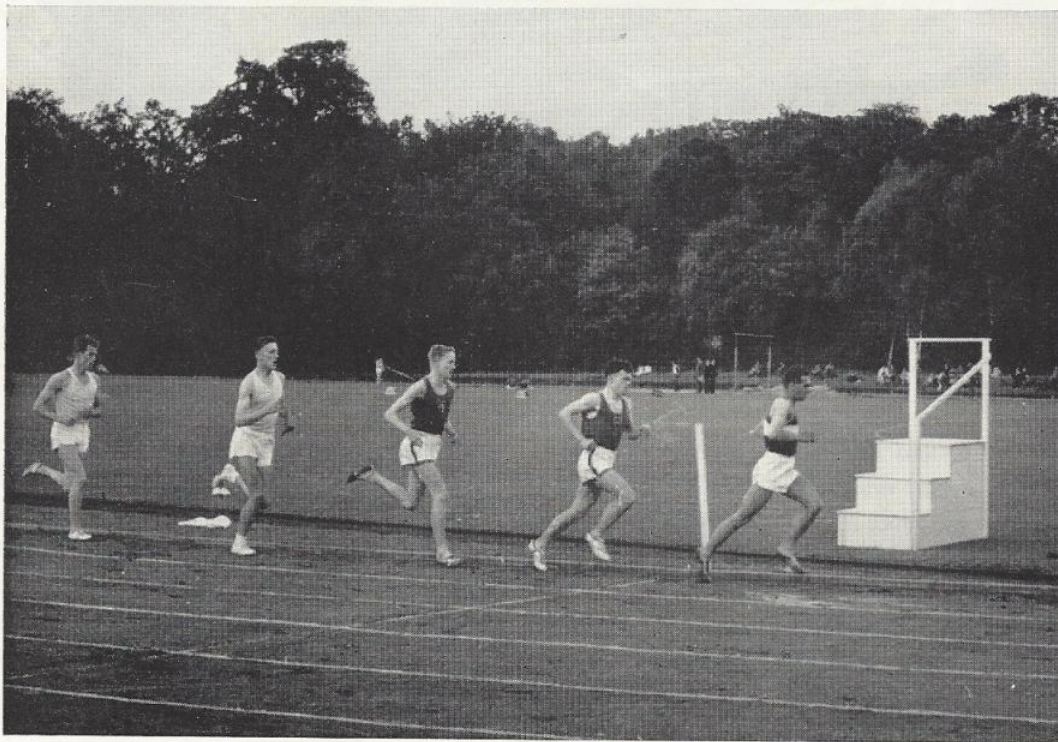
- 1st 'B' Squadron.
- 2nd 'A' Squadron.
- 3rd 'C' Squadron.

ATHLETICS

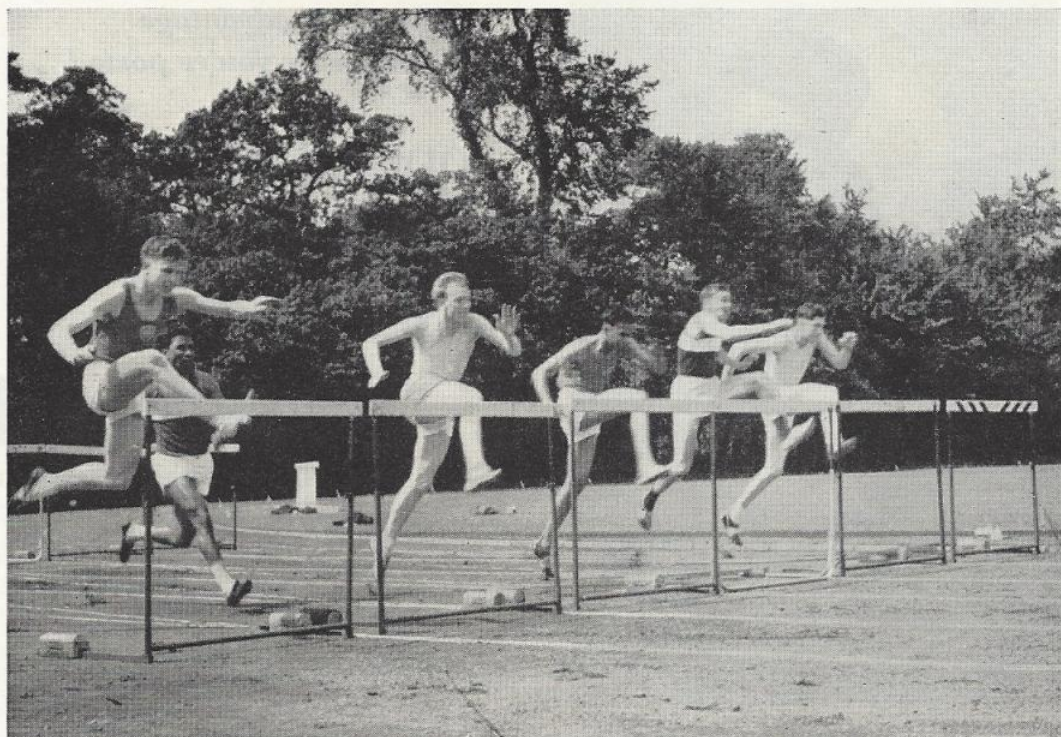
This season has been one of rebuilding an athletics team, after losing several eminent members through injuries and various other means. There have been very few outstanding individualists, thus a general team effort is solely responsible for all results produced. Again, the rivalry of other major sports has robbed the athletics side of many potential athletes, and the team has had to be satisfied with those whose interests have not been misled outside the field of athletics. It may well be a compliment to some to know that more than one College team has need of their services, but the captain's job could have been made far easier had such people made a firm decision which sport to follow.

In general, the whole team started the season rather poorly. However, although performances were improving considerably towards the end of the term, overall team results have not been so encouraging. The College has fared quite well in all track events, producing good average performers. But with the loss of all field event individualists, the team has always been competing at a marked disadvantage. Few athletes ever seemed to reach fitness peak, which is the goal to which all should not only strive, but reach at a pre-determined time. Here again, injuries have been the drawback to such achievements. Also athletics does not receive the publicity and encouragement which other major sports enjoy. The subconscious effect of this is that athletes are inclined to regard themselves as having neither ability nor potential. In no case has this been true.

Individual performances could have been bettered had not the team captain, R. P. Hallam, been injured



The last lap



A study in style

early in the season, thus the team was greatly weakened in the pole vault and 440 yards. J. Laming and C. Granville-White have both been great assets in the 120 yards hurdles, and have achieved times below 16 sec. The 440 yards and the mile have both produced good performers who would probably not have come to light had not the team been in great need of such. J. Crumbie ran his first competitive 440 yards against the Royal Air Force Technical College, Henlow, and won easily in 52.5 sec. He later bettered this time at Sandhurst, coming fourth in 51.8 sec. D. Fradley has been equally successful in the mile, his best time of the season being 4 min. 36 sec. Hardie has been injured for most of the season, and P. G. Pinney, being the mainstay of the 2-mile event, recorded a best time of 10 min. 16 sec. G. Wade and W. J. Wratten have both clocked 10.1 sec. for the 100 yards and together with J. Laursen and P. Swatton constituted the 4x100 yards relay team, whose best time was 45.7 sec.

The unavoidable cancellation of several attractive athletics fixtures somewhat reduced the amount of competition and training to which the team would otherwise have been subjected. Bearing this in mind, it is encouraging to note the decisive margin by which the College beat the Royal Air Force Technical College, Henlow, at Cranwell on 21st May. The College won every track event except the 2 miles, which was taken by D. Pirie—cousin of Gordon Pirie—in 10 min. 9.7 sec. Cranwell finally gained 12 victories out of a possible 15 events, and won decisively by 98 points to 61.

The only record to be broken this season was done so when P. Headley threw the javelin a new College record distance of 172 ft. 5½ in. This was done in the match

against Nottingham University, and the fact that Headley was placed third reflects what good opposition can do to individual performances.

In general, the athletics team has not had a successful season from the point of view of results produced. However, those who took part enjoyed doing so and gave of their best when occasion demanded it—which is the most important thing. We would like to thank Flight Lieutenant Lewis, Flight Lieutenant Anderson and the gymnasium staff for their help and co-operation, and all officers and cadets who have at any time been on the track in the interest of College athletics.

RESULTS

Carre's Grammar School	Won
Leicester College	Lost
Nottingham University	Lost
Workshop College	Lost
R.A.F.T.C. Henlow	Won
Boston A.C.... ..	Won

TRIANGULAR MATCH

R.M.A. Sandhurst	1st
B.R.N.C. Dartmouth... ..	2nd
R.A.F.C. Cranwell	3rd

TRIANGULAR MATCH

Bomber Command	1st
Flying Training Command	2nd
R.A.F.C. Cranwell	3rd

INTER-COLLEGE SPORT

Introduction

This summer we had many very good matches against the other colleges in a wide variety of sports. The Sandhurst, Dartmouth and Henlow matches are

generally considered the most important of the season, and this section is devoted solely to them. Perhaps two of our most unusual and enjoyable victories were our win against Sandhurst in the shooting and against Dartmouth in the swimming.

Cricket

The highspot of the season was undoubtedly at Dartmouth. Evans hit the stumps with the first ball of the match and from then on we didn't look back. The fielding amazed even our most hopeful supporters, and though we started our innings cautiously, we always had something in hand, Blake dispelling any fears of a draw or even defeat with an aggressive 50.

The match against Sandhurst was disappointing. They batted strongly with considerable luck and put 300 runs on the board before declaring. We had little difficulty in avoiding the follow-on, and from then on the game was dead.

Modern Pentathlon

The annual Sandhurst match seemed to rush us too soon after the Royal Air Force championships. Training was stepped up, and after much gruelling practice in the hot weather we travelled to Camberley with high hopes. This year we stopped the usual deficit in points after the riding event with a good clean round by Flight Cadet Pearce, and other good attempts by Senior Flight Cadet Willis and Flight Cadet Riley. Flight Cadet Peters distinguished himself in the fencing, and by the time we came to the running event both Cranwell and Sandhurst were evenly placed behind Cambridge University. Dartmouth were well out of it by this time.

The final event proved exciting, and we emerged triumphant by a narrow margin. Senior Flight Cadet Willis narrowly missed the prize for best cadet, just losing to the Sandhurst captain.

We proudly left Sandhurst, having thoroughly enjoyed a tremendous week-end of sport.

Athletics

The triangular match at Sandhurst proved that athletes can indeed rise to the occasion and produce their best performances of the season. The College team was supplemented by the Royal Air Force Technical College team, and although the opponents were in another class, several events are worthy of note. J. Jayatilaka and J. F. Crumbie ran third and fourth respectively in the 440 yards, both clocking their best times ever of 51.4 and 51.8 sec.

The 100 yards and high jump were both won by R. Kotei from Sandhurst, Ghana's Olympic athlete. His time and height for these events were 9.9 sec. and 6 ft. 8 in. This illustrates the general standard of the match, and the College fared well to gain second and third places in anything. J. Laming won the triple jump. This was the College's only victory. R. P. Hallam's pole vault record for this meeting remained unbroken, purely because he could not compete through injury. The final result was an easy victory for Sandhurst with Dartmouth second and the College third.

Swimming

In the Dartmouth match the team enjoyed an easy victory, coming first in every event. Is it true then that modern sailors cannot swim? The water polo team did not do so well, however, and were held to a 4-4 draw.

The Sandhurst team proved weaker than last year and we won every race except one. Our main object in this match was to win the water polo and to this end we had been training hard for weeks beforehand. Our team quickly got the upper hand and we had one of the best matches of the season, winning by 15-2.

Shooting

This year Sandhurst were using the new S.L.R., and although it is a more advanced rifle than our number 4s it does not seem to be so accurate for range shooting, as was shown by our resounding victory, the first for several years.

SUMMARY OF INTER-COLLEGE SPORTS

SANDHURST				
Cricket	Draw
Shooting	Won
Modern Pentathlon	Won
Tennis	Lost 2-7
Swimming	Won 42-28
Water Polo	Won 15-2
Sailing	Lost
DARTMOUTH				
Cricket	Won
Tennis	Lost 0-9
Swimming	Won 54-32
Water Polo	Draw 4-4
Sailing	Lost
Rowing...	Cancelled
HENLOW				
Athletics	Won
Cricket	Won
Tennis	Won 6-3
Rowing: 1st IV	Lost 1½ 1
2nd IV	Won 2 1

PRINCE OF WALES TROPHY

	'A'	'B'	'C'
	Sqn	Sqn	Sqn
	Pts	Pts	Pts
<i>Chimay</i>			
Cricket	4	12	20
Tennis... ..	3	9	15
Swimming	10	2	6
Shooting	6	10	2
Rowing	9	15	3
Total	32	48	46
<i>Prince of Wales Trophy</i>			
Knocker	7	1	4
Ferris Drill	5	8	2
Chimay	6	3	9
Total	18	12	15

SOVEREIGN SQUADRON: 'C' Squadron.

THE SOVEREIGN'S SQUADRON

Points Scored in the Summer Term

	'A'	'B'	'C'
	Sqn	Sqn	Sqn
	Pts	Pts	Pts
Knocker	7	1	4
Ferris	5	8	2
Chimay	3	6	9
Total	15	15	15

The last occasion on which all three Squadrons had equal points was Autumn 1954.

