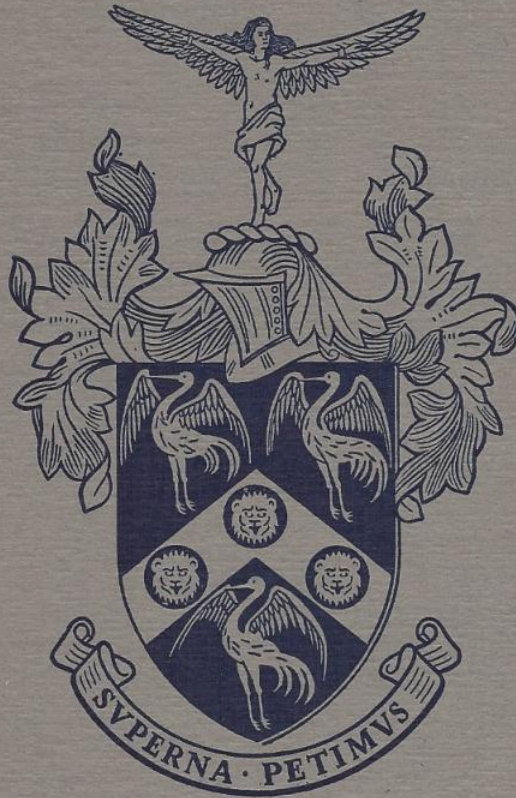


THE
ROYAL AIR FORCE
COLLEGE



JOURNAL

CRANWELL

SPRING 1961

VOL. XXXIII NO. 1

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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.



The Jet Provost—the new Trainer



College Notes

The College does not officially recognize the existence of Winter. Like a startled February lamb, it skips from Autumn term to Spring. And for once—at the time of going to press, anyway—it would seem that this blatant optimism will be indulged. At least we are candid in our nomenclature, and do not keep our fingers crossed under the various *nominis umbrae*, such as Michaelmas, Lent and Hilary, affected by some other establishments. All the same, to carry a shovel in the boot of the car is to recapture something of the pioneering spirit; and there can be few frustrations as satisfying as sitting in your car in a snow-drift five miles from Cranwell at eight o'clock in the morning, with the heater full on, while 15 Flight Cadets wait in a centrally cooled classroom for the truth about Racine that will never be told that day, and the wolves return to West Site.



Group Captain L. MacD. Hodges, C.B.E., D.S.O., D.F.C., who was Assistant Commandant from April 1959 to December 1960, has left us to become Air Officer in charge of Administration, British Forces, Arabian Peninsula (now Air Forces, Middle East), with the rank of Air Commodore.

His time at the College was marked by many major changes, both in College organization and in the flying and academic syllabuses. The smoothness with which they were implemented was in no small measure due to his sensible, unruffled approach and his knack of seeing the essentials of a problem.

We wish him and his wife and family a very happy tour in Aden and good fortune in the future.



Group Captain T. P. Seymour

Group Captain Thomas Peter Seymour, who since 1957 has been R.A.F. Director at the Joint Anti-Submarine School at Londonderry, Northern Ireland, has become Assistant Commandant at the Royal Air Force College.

Group Captain Seymour was born at Wadhurst, Sussex, in 1919. He entered the R.A.F. College from Blundell's School as a Flight Cadet in April 1938, was commissioned in October 1939, and joined the School of General Reconnaissance. In 1940 he went to Calshot for a conversion course on Flying Boats, and subsequently flew Londons and Catalinas with No. 240 Squadron. From 1942 to 1943 he was a flying instructor at No. 4 Operational Training Unit, and then joined No. 265 Squadron in the Middle East.

Early in 1945 he took up staff duties at Air Headquarters, East Africa, and in 1946 joined the Deputy Directorate of Operational Requirements at the Air Ministry before taking the 1949 course at the R.A.F. Staff College, Bracknell. He later served at Headquarters, Bomber Command, and took the course at the R.A.F. Flying College, Manby.

In 1954 Group Captain Seymour joined Headquarters, AIREASTLANT at Northwood, Middlesex, for three years on Air Plans duties, and in 1957 was given command of No. 42 Squadron at St. Eval, Cornwall.

We offer a warm welcome to Group Captain and Mrs Seymour and their two sons and our best wishes for an enjoyable tour at Cranwell.



Old Cranwellians and members of the staff of the College figured prominently in the New Year Honours List.

The following awards were announced in the *London Gazette* dated 31st December 1960:—

To Old Cranwellians:

G.C.B.—Air Chief Marshal Sir Thomas G. Pike, K.C.B., C.B.E., D.F.C.

G.B.E.—Air Chief Marshal the Earl of Bandon, K.B.E., C.B., C.V.O., D.S.O.

K.C.B.—Air Marshal A. D. Selway, C.B., D.F.C.

K.B.E.—Air Marshal A. Earle, C.B., C.B.E.

C.B.—Air Commodore A. Pyke, O.B.E., M.I.Mech.E., A.F.R.Ae.S.

BARTO A.F.C.—Squadron Leader H. A. Merriman, A.F.C.

A.F.C.—Squadron Leader J. M. Crowley.

To personnel of the Royal Air Force College:

C.B.—Air Commodore D. F. Spotswood, C.B.E., D.S.O., D.F.C., A.D.C.

M.B.E.—Flight Lieutenant J. E. Greenaway.

B.E.M.—Mr Frederick George Mayhew (Head Servant, 'C' Squadron, Senior Flight Cadets' Mess).

A.F.C.—Flight Lieutenant G. N. Lewis (now serving at R.N.A.S. Lossiemouth).

The Queen's Commendation for Valuable Services in the Air was awarded to Flight Lieutenant D. S. Bridson, and to Flight Lieutenant K. M. Williamson (now serving at Royal Air Force Little Rissington).



Visitors to the College last term included:

On 26th September Sir George Edwards, who gave a lecture entitled 'A Dip into the Future (Aircraft).'

On 6th October the Headmasters of Bryanston, Monmouth, Dean Close, Northampton Grammar School, Bishop Wordsworth's and Hampton Grammar School, the Senior Master of Bradfield and the Careers Master of Pocklington.

On 20th October the Headmasters of Cheltenham, Chatham House Grammar School, Felsted, The Perse, Windermere Grammar School, Monkton Combe School and Heversham Grammar School, the Secretary of the Headmasters' Conference and of the Institute of Assistant Headmasters, and the C.C.F. Master of Epsom.

On 21st November Mr Peter Scott, who lectured on 'Birds.'

On 25th November Air Vice-Marshal E. W. S. Jacklin, C.B.E., A.F.C., Chief of the Air Staff of the Royal Rhodesian Air Force.



Visiting preachers last term were:

On 18th September (Battle of Britain Sunday) The Right Reverend Kenneth Riches, D.D., The Lord Bishop of Lincoln.

On 2nd October (Harvest Festival) The Reverend T. A. Jenkins, B.A., Assistant Chaplain-in-Chief, Technical Training Command.

On 10th December the Children's Christmas Party was held in the East Camp Gymnasium. Santa Claus (Wg Cdr J. C. Middleton-Stewart (Retd)) landed in a flurry of beard from a 'Whirlwind' helicopter



On 6th November The Reverend Canon A. M. Cook, M.A., The Sub-Dean of Lincoln Cathedral.

On 13th November (Remembrance Sunday) The Reverend J. F. Flinn, B.S., B.D., Chaplain, U.S.A.F.



The Beagle Ball was held in the Officers' Mess on 21st October, and the Blankney Hunt Ball on 16th December. There was also a spirited Christmas Draw.



Flight Lieutenant D. S. Bridson, a 'G' Flight Instructor, won the National Glider Aerobatic Competition which was held at Dunstable in September. Flight Lieutenant Bridson had been placed fourth in the 1959 Competition.



Last summer, Senior Aircraftman A. G. Lee, an Instrument Mechanic serving at Cranwell, was presented with the Duke of Edinburgh's Award for hobbies and physical fitness.

No. 82 Entry arriving at the beginning of the Spring term





No. 82 Entry early in their second term

We offer our congratulations to the following Old Cranwellians on their recent promotion:

General Duties Branch: Air Marshal A. D. Selway and Air Marshal Sir Wallace Kyle; Air Vice-Marshal G. C. Eveleigh; Air Commodores J. M. N. Pike, H. N. G. Wheeler, J. H. Lapsley and L. MacD. Hodges; Group Captain P. A. Hughes; Squadron Leaders P. M. Worthington, H. M. K. Brown, R. E. Webster, I. S. MacPherson, J. W. Price, J. A. Williams, D. A. Lethem, T. W. A. Devey-Smith, M. M. Foster, M. G. King, R. L. T. Polgreen, M. Hughes, C. H. Foale, J. M. A. Parker, A. McN. Christie, F. D. Hoskins, R. P. J. King, R. H. Bragg, N. A. Innes-Smith, J. G. F. Hewitt, L. A. Boyer and J. M. Pack.

Technical Branch: Air Commodore J. C. Pope.

Equipment Branch: Squadron Leader M. L. Cann.

Royal Air Force Regiment: Squadron Leader K. M. Oliver.

At Sandhurst on 15th October the College teams lost to the Royal Military Academy at Rugby, Soccer and Cross-Country, and won at Badminton and Shooting. Against B.R.N.C. Dartmouth at home on 12th November, we won the Soccer, Badminton and Shooting, and lost the Rugby and Cross-Country. And playing away against the Royal Air Force Technical Cadets a week later, the College won at Badminton and Shooting.



At the beginning of the Spring term the College numbers 283 flight cadets. The new entry, No. 84, numbers 38 and includes three navigators, three equipment and one secretarial cadet.



In connection with the College syllabus, flight cadets went on several visits during the term and vacation.

From 19th September the navigators of No. 78 Entry were detached to Royal Air Force Thorney Island for ten days.

Ft Cdt Moore being briefed for one of the weekly Chipmunk flights which flight cadets make during their first four terms at the College





From left to right: Sqn Ldr M. Hughes, Flt Cdt P. V. Pile, Flt Lt B. A. l'Anson, Flt Cdt J. H. Currie

On 3rd October the Equipment cadets of the Senior Entry went to Royal Air Force Abingdon for five days, while the Secretarial cadets went to Royal Air Force Cottesmore for twelve days.

From 21st November No. 80 Entry's Equipment cadets were detached to Royal Air Force Waddington for five days.

The vacation activities ranged from ski-ing in Switzerland to attending an intensive course in oral Russian at the Joint Services Language School at Royal Air Force Tangmere.



A local platform ticket tells us:

'THIS TICKET is issued subject to the Regulations and conditions contained in the British Transport Commission's Publications and Notices applicable to the Railways and of or applicable to any other body or person upon whose premises the ticket is available and to the

special conditions that the Commission and any other body or person aforesaid and their respective servants and agents shall not be liable for personal injury (whether fatal or otherwise) loss damage delay or detention of or to the holder and/or his property by whomsoever or howsoever caused, whether or not by the neglect or default of the Commission their servants or agents.'

Remember: ignorance of the law is no excuse.



Although 'C' Squadron won the Ferris Drill Competition, which was held irrelevantly on 5th November, 'A' Squadron won the Chimay and Klocker, and is Sovereign's Squadron for the Spring term.



We regret to record the death on 25th November of Mr Harry Stratten, one of the senior members of the Air Ministry Works Department at Cranwell. Mr Stratten had been at Cranwell for some twenty years, and more recently and until the time of his death was Inspector of Works' Buildings. The College building especially, on which he lavished much time and care, was the pride of his heart. He lived in Cranwell village and was an active member of its community. The crowded church at his funeral was a tribute to a man who had won the esteem of many and whose loss was felt by all who knew him.



The Cranwell Kart Club was formed in June 1960, under the Chairmanship of the Unit Commander, Group Captain E. H. Lynch-Blosse, O.B.E. Most Kart Clubs in the Royal Air Force suffer from lack of funds; the cost of Karts is the main trouble. Fortunately for the Cranwell Kart Club the initial outlay was generously provided by grants from P.S.I. and the Officers' and Sergeants' Messes. These grants enabled the Club to buy six Karts in kit form, and these were enthusiastically assembled. By the end of July the Club was ready to start racing. A track was laid on the South Airfield, and very soon the roar and whine of two-strokes became a familiar sound. Since August the Club has taken part in several away race meetings. Members have scored 4 firsts, 3 seconds, 3 thirds, 4 fourths, 3 fifths, 2 sixths and three team wins out of seven race meetings. The most notable team event was the all R.A.F. meeting at Hemswell. Corporal Branch was first, Group Captain Lynch-Blosse third, and Corporal Technician Bull fourth.



We have received the following letter from Flight Lieutenant J. F. Merry, who graduated from No. 64 Entry, 'C' Squadron, and is now serving at Royal Air Force Bentley Priory:

'I read about the new Anglican church in the *Autumn Journal* with very mixed feelings. I am delighted that we are to have at last a replacement for the hangar Church (or Church hangar) for I had feared that its use for forty years might have founded a tradition. However, I cannot but protest at the intended perpetuation of the incongruous presence of the College Band at Divine Service.

'Bill Bangay's boys, if you will forgive the dated reference, were admirable in fulfilling their designed function on the parade ground, but decidedly *de trop* at Matins. The Preface to our Book of Common Prayer speaks of the compilers' efforts for "the procuring of Reverence, and exciting of Piety and Devotion in the publick Worship of God." For the life of me, Sir, I cannot see how the band fits into this scheme of things.

'Let us leave brass-band hymn-singing to the Cup Final crowds and let the Church return to singing her services at Cranwell in the manner which has been her wont throughout the land these several hundred years. I hope, Sir, that the opportunity to remove from the Church's worship an example of Erastian "innovation and new-fangledness" has not been entirely lost.'



Royal Air Force Halton has a goodly number of Old Cranwellians on its staff—including the Commandant, Air Commodore T. N. Coslett, C.B., O.B.E., M.I.Mech.E. At a recent count there were seventeen. Appropriately the motto of the No. 1 School of Technical Training is *Crescentes Discimus* ('We learn as we grow').



With the changes in the College syllabus of instruction still recent, we thought readers might be interested to learn about similar changes which have been made at the Royal Air Force Technical College. The National Council for Technological Awards has decided to recognize all cadets taking the College course as eligible for the Diploma in Technology. The following is an extract from a recent Air Ministry News Letter.

'The ever-increasing complexity, diversity and expense of modern R.A.F. weapons and equipment requires that the Service should have technologists of the highest possible calibre. The Henlow curriculum has always been designed to this end. Young men at Henlow receive tuition capable of fitting them for all foreseeable developments in the Service's technical field.

'First cadets to benefit under the Council's resolution will be those of the intake of last autumn, who, as in the case of subsequent intakes, will now train at Henlow for four years and two terms before taking their end-of-course examinations. Following these, the College Commandant—in conjunction with an external examiner appointed by the College and approved by the National Council—will submit to the Council his recommendations for the

conferment of the Diploma in Technology (Engineering). The eligibility of the College course for continued recognition for the award will be reviewed by the Council every five years.

'The National Council for Technological Awards, whose chairman is Sir Harold Roxbee Cox, one of Britain's leading scientists, has so far recognized courses at 26 British technical colleges as leading to the "Dip. Tech." award, and 163 students have so far been awarded the diploma.

'Three features of courses leading to the diploma are the association of industrial training with academic study, the inclusion of liberal studies and the principles of technical organization, and the requirement that students following courses should be able to participate in a substantial research project. Training at Henlow provides for these and allows time to be put in by technical cadets at leading aircraft, aero-engine, and other manufacturing centres in Britain, where practical training is given.

'The R.A.F. Technical College was formed to train technical officers in, among other things, the servicing and repair of aircraft and equipment, technical staff duties in all R.A.F. formations, and research and development in Ministry of Supply (now Ministry of Aviation) establishments.

'The College is the principal source for the supply of highly qualified technical officers for the Air Force. Cadets enter in October each year, having satisfied a selection board as to certain educational standards and shown themselves to be potential "officer material." They pass out in the rank of Pilot Officer.'



THE SENIOR ENTRY, AUTUMN TERM, 1960

Back row (left to right): S.F.C. T. Cumberland, S.F.C. P. J. Goodman, S.F.C. W. G. Chapman, S.F.C. G. C. Crumbie, S.F.C. D. J. W. Taylor, S.F.C. I. E. D. Montgomerie, S.F.C. K. C. Quin, S.F.C. C. S. M. Anderson, S.F.C. C. C. Blomfield, S.F.C. R. A. K. Crabtree, U.O. P. F. A. Canning

Middle row (left to right): U.O. D. E. Leppard, S.F.C. J. F. Raeside, S.F.C. A. R. Oliver, S.F.C. A. J. Ross, S.F.C. B. J. Norris, S.F.C. P. A. Nelson, S.F.C. E. L. Gothard, S.F.C. R. H. Lloyd, S.F.C. J. R. Oliver, S.F.C. M. C. Wright

Front row (left to right): U.O. R. W. A. Woodhead, U.O. N. C. V. Ireland, U.O. E. R. Cox, S.U.O. A. A. Mackay, S.U.O. R. P. Hallam, S.U.O. P. G. Pinney, S.U.O. W. J. Wratten, U.O. M. H. Wilson, U.O. G. H. Glasgow, U.O. R. M. Bayne



*Admiral Sir Caspar John, G.C.B., with the Commandant,
Air Commodore D. F. Spotswood, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O.,
D.F.C., A.D.C.*

Last term the new Queen's Colour was paraded on the first Sunday of term, on Battle of Britain Sunday, on Remembrance Sunday, at the Commandant's Parade, and at the Passing-Out Parade of No. 78 Entry. Thirty-two flight cadets graduated from this Entry on 13th December 1960. The Reviewing Officer was Admiral Sir Caspar John, G.C.B., First Sea Lord and Chief of the Naval Staff.

The Cadet Wing marched on under the command of Senior Under Officer R. P. Hallam. The squadrons were commanded by Senior Under Officer A. A. Mackay, Senior Under Officer W. J. Wratten, Senior Under Officer P. G. Pinney and Under Officer N. C. V. Ireland.

At 11.28 the Reviewing Officer arrived, to be saluted moments later by the traditional fly-past of Vampires from the Advanced Flying Wing, and Jet Provosts from the Basic Flying Wing.

After the Advance in Review Order, the Reviewing Officer presented the Sword of Honour to Senior Under Officer R. P. Hallam, the Queen's Medal to Senior Under Officer P. G. Pinney, and the R. M. Groves Memorial Prize and Kinhead Trophy to Senior Flight Cadet G. C. Crumbie. He then gave the following address: 'Commandant, Ladies and Gentlemen:

'We may be physically cold, but personally I am mentally feeling extremely warm, because, as we all know, this ground on which the Royal Air Force College stands has some strong naval associations—starting life as a naval air station and now in the full bloom of training what I refer to as the "soul" of the Royal Air Force.

'Now it takes all sorts to make a world and it takes all sorts to guard a nation, and so we have this mixture of uniforms, yours and mine. Now I'm personally no stranger to this clash of dark blue and light blue; I enjoy it; I admire the colours: indeed, I'm one of the early surviving youngsters who, after the first World War, made a study of both the Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force, and as a naval pilot I knew the Naval Discipline Act on board ship and I knew the Air Force Act ashore. I benefited from the experience, I survived both forms of discipline, and I gained lasting credit for my powers of understanding.

'Now I don't believe we shall win wars from armchairs, nor by idling, nor from complacency. I think we should remember, you and I, that we are not in these professions for half measures; nor do I believe that there's room for the faint-hearted. Anyone of us who feels that way had better clear out quick and hope to be defended by stouter hearts.

'This is not child's play. To be a member either as an Admiral or as a junior officer of an armed Service today carries great responsibilities, and I do not think we can

do our job if we think over-much of ourselves. After all, the real object of a Navy, an Army or an Air Force is to win a battle or a war; a cold war, hot, big or small or, more likely, a combination of all, on the sea, on land and in the air; and we should not expect to win with any high degree of comfort, nor amenity, for neither will be with us if war comes. And, while we are in uniform, we should keep a lively sense of why we wear it and we should also keep a balance between comfort and discomfort, and I do not believe we should overdo comparisons with civil life.

'Now I have said you and I, and I mean just that, for I see myself no lasting significance in the difference of uniform that we wear. I may be a rare bird, but I honestly believe that the Navy cannot do without the Royal Air Force any more than the Royal Air Force can do without the Royal Navy—whether for the price of a drink or in a matter of life and death; each of us will be there when the time comes.

'Now, here at Cranwell, you have the reputation of setting a standard second to none in your particular way of life, and I am personally honoured to have been asked to come as your Reviewing Officer. I congratulate those of you who have put your best foot forward and equally I congratulate those of the staff of the College who have induced you to do just that.

'I must now tell you that the situation is exactly reversed from 35 years ago, when the late Lord Trenchard, your illustrious mentor, then Chief of the Air Staff, presented me with my pilot's wings at No. 1 Flying Training School, then at Netheravon. And, in so doing, Lord Trenchard ended his address to my course of

The Reviewing Officer talks during the inspection to U.O. P. F. A. Canning. To the left is S.U.O. W. J. Wratten and on the extreme left is Sir Hugh Constantine



naval officers by saying: "I admire you for being pilots, I congratulate you on achieving your Wings, but I'm damned if I can understand the colour of your uniform." And there, through that great man, lies one of my many personal links with you and with the Royal Air Force in general. And in the Fleet Air Arm you have a ready-made interpreter between our two great Services. Indeed, I wish we could, between us, produce a modern version of the pre-war Fleet Air Arm, or, if you prefer it, the pre-war Royal Air Force Navy, because I can assure you, from personal experience, that to belong to two Services at the same time, as I did, is a great advantage; it mystifies both of them and in the doing of it one can have the whale of a time.

'In more serious vein, I am indeed glad to have met you all and, however fleetingly, to have shared in this so important a moment in your lives, particularly the lives of No. 78 Entry, who graduate today. I wish each one of you the best of good luck and good fortune in your Royal Air Force careers, and I hope you will make your parents proud of the Service which you have joined.'



On the eve of the Passing-Out Parade, in a ceremony in the College lecture hall, the Commandant presented Wings and Prizes to members of the Senior Entry. In his address he said:

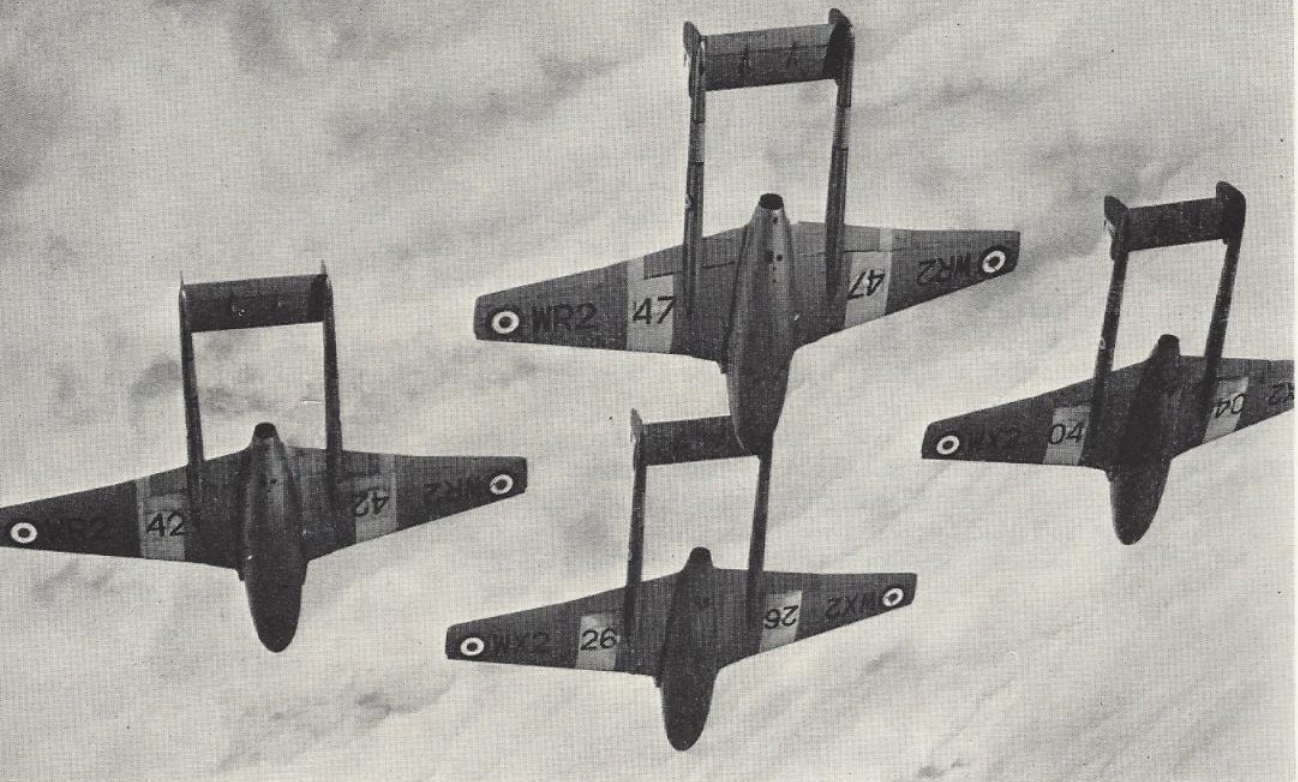
'Traditionally we have come to look upon the Wings and Prizes Ceremony as very much a family affair—you, the graduates and ourselves as representatives of the staff being the "family" for the occasion.

'Next, I am sure you join with me in congratulating all the members of the Passing-Out Entry who have just received their wings, brevets or certificates as are appropriate to their specializations. These are the *tangible* symbols of professional competence, gained as a result of three years, I hope hard, work, and carry with them, of course, the right to join the privileged ranks of those who serve The Queen, who so recently honoured us by becoming our Commandant-in-Chief.

'I'm sure, though, that neither the recipients nor you need to be reminded that much more than a tangible symbol is required, if that honourable task is to be carried out properly.

'You may have noted that, just now, I referred to different badges, or certificates, for different specializations. Well, I would emphasize, in this context, that the differences are there only to denote a difference in the nature of duty—not in the overall responsibility donned with an officer's uniform; you are *all* required to play your full part if our Service is to meet its great destiny. Just as, in admittedly a much smaller world, you have *all* been required, particularly as seniors, to play your full part as flight cadets. I would add that, in my opinion, you've started well enough in appreciating this fact; and may you continue as you have started.

'I'd also like to congratulate "A" Squadron on recovering the Prince of Wales Trophy and with it the right to be the Sovereign's Squadron for the next term. For the record, our guests tonight may like to be reminded that the competition



Vampires, in which No. 80 Entry will be the last to train

leading to the award of this trophy, and consequent honour, consists of inter-squadron games appropriate to the season, a competitive fitness test in which all flight cadets have to take part, and a drill competition. As usual it was all hard fought, but with commendably good spirit (as one would expect) and was probably as exciting for the spectators as for those who took part.

'I should like to tell you some news, too, of our new Queen's Colour, which, of course, the Sovereign Squadron has the honour to guard. I have been informed that we are to be honoured even more by The Queen. Her Majesty intends that, as an expression of her close association with the College, and of her confidence in it, Her Colour is to have on it her personal cypher; a very great honour, indeed.

'I should like to tell you, also, that the drill competition called forth some unqualified praise, from not the most expected of sources, perhaps. It was judged by officers and sergeant majors from Sandhurst—where there is also considerable pride in their drill, or so I understand. Perhaps the most well known of these judges was one R.S.M. Lord, who has been a drill instructor for goodness knows how many years and a judge here for quite a few, too. He told us afterwards that he'd never seen at Cranwell better examples of executives on parade. Well, as virtually all the senior entry were executives, I think they can all take collective and individual pride in this praise from a very experienced source.

'In this connection, too, it is worthy of note that No. 78 Entry have been the first to have to spread their talents, as seniors, over four squadrons—for we formed "D" Squadron only in September last. This was no small task, I realize, for you are certainly not amongst our bigger Entries. And the fact that you met it well—either by closing the gaps in your ranks in the older squadrons, or by forming the hard core

of the new one—that you’ve done so with success, calls for record, I think. With your able assistance, the whole reorganization has gone splendidly and indeed we’re rapidly forgetting that there were *ever* only three squadrons here.

‘Lastly, amongst these particular remarks, I would refer to the individual prize-winners, a list of whom you have—except for those who will receive their awards tomorrow from the Reviewing Officer. Obviously you prizewinners have done jolly well and you well merit our congratulations; but it wouldn’t be right if I didn’t mention as well those of you who haven’t won prizes. You’ve done well, too. Otherwise, frankly, you wouldn’t be here tonight. For, even with the rigorous selection system we have, to graduate you have to be considerably more than adequate.

‘Indeed, if I may say so to the parents present—these are all off-spring of high quality and perhaps I may congratulate you, too.

‘So much for that. Now what of the future? You’ve all been carefully selected for the appointments you are to fill and we think you have the firm foundations for rewarding, stimulating and successful careers.

‘Now I’ve no intention in a few minutes to try to summarize what those foundations are, but I would like to leave a few points with you. They are not particularly original and are not intended to be, but they can conveniently be put under headings of the first five letters of the alphabet—and at least that’s an easier mnemonic than some of those applied to cockpit checks.

‘**A for Ability:** I don’t think you can hope to lead—as an officer must—unless you can do your job and can understand, at least in outline, those of your subordinates. This requires ability. And I don’t mean natural ability; even for the gifted amongst us, it requires hard work and application when one thinks of the continually changing skills required in the modern Service.

‘**B for Bearing:** I suppose bearing might be called the physical form of proper pride. You must bear yourselves in a manner befitting an officer—and I mean this whether you are in uniform or in plain clothes. You *cannot* throw off the responsibility of being an officer just by doffing your uniform and going off duty. The responsibility and the need to show it should always be with you.

‘**C for Courage:** A word we don’t use very often perhaps; but a requirement of the officer nevertheless. And I mean moral courage as well as the physical variety. It’s the moral sort that enables us to face up to responsibility, which in turn can call for physical courage. But the two often go hand in hand and undoubtedly are helped by fitness.

‘And here, if I may digress for a moment, I would like to refer to the many and varied activities that you have been able to take part in here—through sport, and through the College Society. Don’t drop such things first because you have graduated. There’s plenty of opportunity for sport in the Service, and it helps you to keep fit *and* to keep in contact with your airmen and others in circumstances that work doesn’t always offer.

‘And activities—expedition training—potholing, mountaineering, sailing, ski-ing, exploration and so on—these can all be got in the Service. You can even expect financial help in many of them through a certain A.M.O. of 1960 which is entitled, I think, “Expedition Training.” And as a last reminder of what can be done in this line, I commend you all, and our guests, to the Exhibition that has been put on in



PRIZEWINNERS, AUTUMN TERM, AFTER THE PARADE

From left to right: Plt Off's R. P. Hallam, P. G. Pinney, A. A. Mackay, G. C. Crumbie, E. R. Cox, M. H. Wilson, D. E. Leppard, R. A. K. Crabtree

No. 1 Ante Room. It's quite illuminating; and there, too, you can see the background leading to the award of the Pye Trophy, won this time, but only against considerable competition, by the potholers.

'D is for Discipline: Don't forget the process you've been through here of learning to discipline yourself before you impose discipline on others. You've shown that you can. Don't lose the ability. But, remember, by discipline I don't necessarily mean "driving." It is much more important to lead, although I don't doubt the occasion *will* arise when you *have* to drive. But prepare for it by being known first as a leader.

'E is for Enthusiasm—Enterprise: This Service of ours has come a long way in its short history. It has done so mainly by the efforts of its officers, who have been fired by enthusiasm for this relatively new arm.

'It has far to go yet. See that you guide it well, for it is for *this* you have been trained here.

'Well, in a much neater way than I could ever hope to put it, the man who has become known as the Father of our Service, Lord Trenchard, said when he last addressed the College:

'“Believe in yourselves. Believe in the Service. Each one of you must do his utmost in his particular job and make that efficient. Without that you can do nothing. And with that you can do anything.”

'Well, I don't think I could end on a more appropriate note, to you who are so soon to be officers.

'Except, of course, to wish you all, from us all, good fortune in long and distinguished careers.'

ADEN

SO this was the Queen of Sheba's country. As the Britannia circled the barren rocks of Aden to come in to land at Khormaksar, an army sergeant sitting next to me swore softly and then said, 'Well, I suppose it could be worse; we might have been posted to Purgatory.'

I had seen Aden twice before from the sea, when it looked particularly bleak and forbidding. And I had heard of it by repute. It seemed to me that those who had never been there prayed for protection against such a possibility, but those who had been there tended to sing its praises, albeit sometimes in a minor key.

So it was, as I detached myself from the aircraft, that I braced myself in my customary heroic manner, and resolved to enjoy the next two years if only in a masochistic sort of way.

The Queen of Sheba, like Queen Anne, is dead. She died, I think, some years ago after a visit to King Solomon's court. So I was met by three chaplains, and I greeted them with a brave smile, professing mild enjoyment of the thirteen-hour trip from London Airport, and half pretending that, of course, Aden was the one place I really wished to be.

I was agreeably surprised by the early October weather. True, it was a bit hot and sticky, but not unpleasantly so; and, indeed, the winter months have been superbly enjoyable. 'But,' they say to me, 'you wait until the summer comes.' It is clear that the humidity threatens to be horrific, and I am led to believe that I shall ooze away the hours between bed and bed with an abbreviated regard of the perspiring work, the inevitable after-lunch unconsciousness, maybe mustering sufficient energy to wrap the sea around me for a dying afternoon hour; the day and night marked by little oases of air-conditioning, and refreshed with torrents of liquid lime and lemon. But even the long summer days must sweat themselves away, and a second winter season will be all the more appreciated.

Meanwhile, here we are making our way from Khormaksar to Steamer Point—a distance of about eleven miles. Here at the cemetery on the left near Crater Pass is said to be the burial place of Cain.

'Cain?' I enquired.

'Yes. *The Mr Cain*, son of Adam*, who received notice to quit the Garden.'

Cain, you remember, is notorious for murdering his brother and then going off into a far country and marrying a mysterious woman. Sceptics have often professed great interest in Mrs Cain, and wonder where she came from. Well, perhaps she came from here. As the old folk song has it:

In the Garden of Aden
He met a sweet maiden,
O such a sweet maiden!
And put her in purdah.
But then the police got him,
By crater they shot him,
By moonlight they shot him;
He was wanted for murder.

There he was interr'd,
But I've never heard—
And no one has heard—
What became of the maiden.
For poor Mrs Cain,
She caught the next plane,
Home by the next plane;
A repat from Aden.

Then a further item of information.

'Noah's ark was built here in the shipyards.' I cast my sceptical eyes across the narrow expanse of blue sea towards Slave Island. There were dhows (or whatever you call them) by the dozen. Some were being built. Some looked as though they had been built for the Queen

* Not Faith nor Dawn.

of Sheba. But I was as doubtful about the building of Noah's ark in Aden as I was about the location of Cain's burial place. I could, of course, give you another folk song about Noah's ark, but that might strain your patience. And in any case, we were threading our way in the Land-Rover around the stray goats, and taking smart evasive action from noisy taxi traffic which threatened us on every side.

The mysterious East stank exquisitely with dung and incense, the savour of exotic dishes and the sweat of animals. The squalor and poverty were shot through with colour and light. It was as fascinating as ever, and I looked forward intensely to the renewed pleasure of bargaining noisily with the friendly rogues in the suqs. There is no doubt about it, Aden is an excellent shopping centre.

About the place?

Well, as you can read in any handbook about Aden, its history stretches back to the Minaeans, two thousand years before Christ, through the Sabeans to the Himyarites up to the sixth century A.D. It faced threats of Roman invasion, partially submitted to Christianity, was invaded by the Abyssinians and the Persians. It was conquered by Islam, ruled by the Arabs, seized by the Turks, then by the Yemeni, until it was declared independent by the Sultan of Lehaj in 1728. It has been a British Colony since about 1839, when it was conquered partly to defend British shipping and other interests in the Arabian Peninsula.

Population: About 140,000, consisting of Arabs, Indians, Somalis, Jews, Europeans

Principal occupations: The port, the oil refinery and the three Services. Besides the Aden merchants engaged in the re-export of hides and coffee and incense and other commodities,

A fine general view of Aden with the harbour in the foreground and Tawalin at the foot of the 'barren rocks'



there are large numbers of small retail traders (energetically occupied in pleasing the passing tourists from the ships), and lots of beggars pleading for baksheesh.

The main mineral product is salt made from sea water by solar evaporation. The industries are small, but include factories making soap, cigarettes, household stuff, and there are bottling companies for soft drinks. There are also various local handicrafts in wood and metal and leather.

About Service life?

I have been quite impressed. Of course, it's not for me in this article to express an opinion about some of the grouses and grumbles which have emanated from Aden. The place has a distasteful notoriety—sometimes exaggerated and aggravated by the national Press—which makes people feel that it is a place to be avoided at all costs. But everything possible is being done to provide good accommodation and good facilities for servicemen, and there is no reason why it should not be an enjoyable tour.

I have known places with better scenery and richer in lush foliage and flowers. But some of the mountain ridges in Aden are most impressive with a bleak beauty which is spectacular and appealing to those who like a lunar type landscape. And I have been delightfully surprised by unexpected little patches of tropical green splendidly defying the death dust of the desert.

The bird life ranges from the flamingos and the pelicans in the salt flats, through the varied species of pigeons, gulls and crows and buzzards or kite hawks (or Pharaoh's chickens), to the common house sparrow. The animals include the supercilious camel trying vainly to preserve its sedate dignity as it hoists its truck through the street garbage. There is the occasional uncomplaining donkey, and there are the ubiquitous goats which wander the streets chewing their way through cardboard boxes, the cows seeking non-existent pastures, and the short-lived hens. Here is the occasional tame gazelle, and there are the semi-wild cats and dogs slinking in dark alleyways.

For filling the idle hour there are the constant activities of yachting and swimming and fishing. You can laze under the sun on the sand, or in season play rugger or soccer or hockey or cricket or tennis. You can ride horses or play golf. There are the open-air cinemas and places where you can drink. You can dabble at bridge or learn Arabic (or both). You can watch the ships come and go—liners and tankers, warships and freighters—and the fussy little tugs churning up the placid waters of the harbour. You can take splendid pictures with your new camera (bought at bargain price) and you can join the theatre guild to do your stuff upon the stage. You can devote yourself to the vigorous Church life, or join the Boy Scouts. Or you can write to your M.P. about it all. But, if you do all or none of these things, your enjoyment of Aden will depend largely on you.

This, then, is the volcanic peninsula from which the Royal Air Force spreads its wings over some of the most fascinating country in the world—over the vast empty deserts stretching up to Bahrein and Sharjah and the Persian Gulf, along the coastline of the Indian Ocean and the Arabian Sea, and down across Africa to the paradise which is Kenya.

This is Aden. I had arrived.

And now the light of the lazy afternoon drains away. The pleasing monotony of oriental music pours out from a hidden transistor set. From a dark shop a coloured picture of President Nasser grins avariciously across the street. Two Arab youths saunter by hand in hand. A camel jostles past a queue of complaining taxis and a broken-down 'bus. A ship's siren booms a deep farewell. Soon the squat minaret will call the faithful to prayer. Soon I must prepare myself for my first cocktail party.

THE REVEREND L. J. ASHTON, R.A.F.

*It stands in the yard,
 The final justice of men;
 Its jaws, well oiled, are ready
 To swallow me ere the sun rise.
 I can hear my watch ticking,
 Ticking away my final heartbeats.
 I suck in the cool night air,
 Never before have I savoured
 Such sweet nectar.
 Soon I will hear them,
 The heralds of death.
 Their footsteps my death roll,
 Advancing steadily to my door.
 Hark! They are coming now.
 Yes, only twelve minutes remain,
 Twelve more minutes of life—
 Twelve minutes to death.
 A key is turned in the lock,
 And only eleven now remain.
 I stand up in a daze,
 My mind is frozen numb.
 I walk quickly, head erect,
 I must be proud, even in death,
 I must show contempt
 For those who would take my life.
 I climb the steps,
 Twelve in all.
 Then my eyes are covered,
 My last glimpse is of shadows,
 Serene and cool stars.
 I can feel death's necklace
 Placed gently around my neck.
 Tranquillity spreads its cloak—
 Now I must wait for the sun to rise,
 To witness my final plunge.
 I can hear my watch
 Beating louder and louder,
 As my life draws to its close.
 I draw in my final breath
 And wait—*

The Last Moments

*Is this life the only one that I may see,
 Will it be end in an entity?
 How much longer may I live and breathe and die?
 Because I die a million, million times
 As each second passes by.
 The air I breathe, the water that I sip,
 This is only the stream of worldly blood.
 Can I know that which will come?
 If it comes.
 The leaves are green but they will be brown;
 Fires will rage across the plains,
 And water, lightning flash and rain*

Will herald the end of what?

*Can I live inside this cage,
My mind in this world, this world my sphere?
My thoughts will crush the walls, they will expand.
Will this be my death,
Or will this be the end of life?
Our lives are ruled by circumstance,
Whatever great men say.*

*They are great and only great because of what the
weaker say;
It is only a matter of opinion and opinion passes
away.*

*I would live a million, million years
Just to seek the one and only answer;
The answer sought by every man,
Though few know that they even seek.
I believe that if I found it, it might be small,
So small, that I would die with frustration;
But, if its size was far too large my brain would
burst,
Unable to grasp the whole, the thing, the God.
Men have gone and left but little—Civilization
They call it.
They made their rules and ordered life,
It falls upon an easy pattern;
But they have failed to grasp the small,
The missing link of life.
Life is free, not chained and bounded by tradition.
Life is for the living,
Let them live as the living, not as puppets
Of dead ones' memories.
Love is all that this life has good to offer,
Take it, use it, but do not abuse it.
Love all and all will give a radiant smile.
Do not only think of worldly pleasure,
Its milk will eventually turn sour,
But live to love, be loved and loving.
Then at the eve of your life, think—
Time will not mean so much just then;
Like time to a child it passes by,
It only passes because of life.
And as an old one you will see
That the greatest gift of this World,
This life, this Earth—is Love.
Take love with you when you go,
Love goes on it cannot ever perish.
The wood of your coffin, your cross and bones
Will all moulder, rot and decompose—
But out of them will rise a spirit full of love,
Love can only triumph o'er the grave.
So never be without it,
Lest you die and it will die,
Then the spark is gone, and lost for ever.*

Scientists Stalk a Weird Life-Influence

By permission of *The Digest of Digests*

WHEN there are four light-switches in a room, it is the fourth switch you try that controls the lamp you want; if you arrive at the railway station without your season ticket, the chances are you have also left your money at home. 'That's life,' you reflect. You know that when your car breaks down it does not come to a halt outside a garage; it stops on a lonely road, in darkness and rain, at an hour when every garage is shut.

We are all aware of the malign spirit that broods over life—the sheer *cussedness of things*—but until recently no one had made any serious attempt to examine it.

It came under organized investigation by chance. In 1948, Alfred Dedded, of Balham Common, London, was working for a Ph.D. degree in English Literature. In the course of his reading he happened to notice something which had apparently escaped the observation of previous scholars: that an awareness of this spirit of *cussedness* can be detected only in authors of comparatively modern times. There is no indication of it in the Classics, or in Early English Literature, and only a few doubtful instances can be detected in later English writers up to the Restoration. It appeared frequently in the 18th Century, and thereafter prospered until by late Victorian times it had become a major theme of English letters. For long periods it provided the staple joke for *Punch*; it has formed the basis of nearly every farce produced in the West End of London, and of numberless stories and articles. Our present Poet Laureate produced a book on the theme with his novel *ODTAA* ('One Damn Thing After Another'). By 1939, the subject seemed to have reached a peak; certainly in post-war years it has either receded (possibly owing to the fashionable contempt for facetious writing) or is taking a less easily recognized form.

Dedded cluttered his thesis with detail, but his conclusion was clear; either the spirit of *cussedness* in human affairs was not noticed by writers prior to the 18th Century, or the phenomenon was not there to be noticed.

The publication of the literary evidence drew an immediate response from a group of American researchers in linguistics, who claimed to have already reached the same conclusion by a different route. *Cussedness*, which is U.S. slang, appeared in 1775 in the sense of *malignity*, *cantankerousness*, *contrariness*. *Cuss* is a corruption of *curse*, itself of unknown origin. (There is a late Old English word *curs*, but neither that word nor a related word is found in any of the early Teutonic, Romance or Celtic languages.) *Malign* (in the sense we want) was first used in 1659. *Cantankerous*, according to the Oxford Dictionary, is a colloquial word dating from 1775. *Contrary* (in the sense of *Mary, Mary, quite contrary*) is first recorded in 1662. The American linguists concluded that the spirit of *cussedness* was born in the mid-17th Century, has been developing since, and is still developing; that it is a by-product of our civilization.

The next step was the examination of the phenomenon as it exists today. The investigations of J. Kochenbuhl in South Wisconsin, by the technique of market research, were largely inconclusive. He had difficulty in framing questions that were intelligible to the public, and sufficiently explicit. One of his more successful was: Does your shoe-lace break most frequently, (a) before breakfast, when you are late for work; (b) before breakfast, when you are in no special hurry; (c) at other times?

He claimed the following answers: (a) 31 per cent; (b) 23 per cent; (c) 15 per cent.

'Don't know' 12 per cent.

'Never use shoe-laces' 5.6 per cent.

'Never eat breakfast' 8.1 per cent.

'Never wear shoes' 2.7 per cent.

Miscellaneous irrelevant answers 2.6 per cent.

After questioning some 15,000 persons, Kochenbuhl arrived at the formula—

$$\frac{C}{n} \sim \sqrt{\frac{p}{n}}$$

where C = degree of cussedness, n = number of recorded instances, p = length of observed period in days.

Kochenbuhl's work was attacked by a Dr. Watt-Urtuit, of Nuneaton. He was scornful of the method ('a man ought to be able to make up his mind without consulting thousands of people less qualified and less intelligent than himself'), and pointed out that Kochenbuhl had confused the problem by attempting at the same time to investigate both intensity ('degree') and frequency of occurrence ('n'). Watt-Urtuit maintained that a law of cussedness existed and could be investigated in the laboratory. To this end he constructed an apparatus like that used for projecting clay-pigeons, adapted to hurl small discs on to an inclined board at the other end of his laboratory. He used light plastic discs, coated on one side with clean white linen, and on the other with a composition of glue, fish-oil and Indian ink. A sheet of newspaper was laid on the target-board, and ten discs were fired; six landed linen-side down (misses), and four glue-side down (hits). A newly laundered dress shirt was then placed on the board, and one disc was fired; result—a hit. The newspaper was replaced, and two discs fired—two misses. A new tennis dress belonging to the doctor's wife was next exposed, and two hits in succession were obtained. You will have guessed what the investigator was trying to do. Unfortunately he announced his experiments prematurely in a magazine article, and was assailed by other workers in the same field (including Kochenbuhl), as well as by scientists who saw in his work a challenge to their own activities and called his experiments 'unscientific.' A petition demanding that his activities be made illegal was presented to Parliament by the *Flat-Earth Society*.

There, for the moment, the investigation rests. But it is no more than a natural pause for breath. Man may soon understand, and ultimately control, a new life-force whose existence has been hitherto barely suspected. How and to what end he will control it, no one can say. 'But you can be sure of this,' said Dr. Watt-Urtuit, 'whatever the end-product may be, you can't turn back the clock. Cussedness is here to stay.'

SUMMER LEAVE?



A Turbulent of the Tiger Club. This is just about the most pleasant, single-seat, light aircraft there is for using as a continental touring mount. Seen in the cockpit is Flt Sgt Duffield, the first student of the Royal Air Force College Flying Club to gain his Private Pilot's Licence

“WHAT shall I do during my summer leave?” This thought must surely travel through the minds of many of us each year. Colourful brochures help and fanciful dreams put us lying on the beach at Cannes or listening to Bavarian songs in a Munich Keller. How to get there is the next problem and we compare the relative costs of a cheap rate night flight by B.E.A. with taking the family car. Then the penny drops: let's fly to wherever we want to go in a light aircraft and not be tied to time-tables.

Now the serious planning can be done for our trip and many questions need to be answered. These vary from aircraft type to cash and clothing. The more serious items such as route planning and documentation will be considered a bit later.

There are several questions to answer before we choose our aircraft. How many people have

to be carried; how much luggage shall we allow each person; how far do we intend to fly each day; do we intend to use major airports or flying club fields? Answering these will determine your aircraft and there is a large choice, some examples of which are given below:—

Type	Seats	Luggage lb.	Approx. Range nautical miles	Speed knots	Flying hour £ s. d.
Turbulent ...	1	30	200	75	1 10 0
Tiger Moth ...	2	50	200	85	3 0 0
Hornet Moth...	2	200	500	95	3 0 0
Jackaroo ...	4	100	180	90	4 0 0
Jodel D117 ...	2	100	300	110	3 10 0
Jodel D1050 ...	3/4	150/50	500	120	4 10 0
Jodel D140 ...	4/5	200/50	800	140	7 10 0
Tri-Pacer ...	4	100	250	140	5 10 0
Auster Aiglet...	4	100	200	100	4 0 0

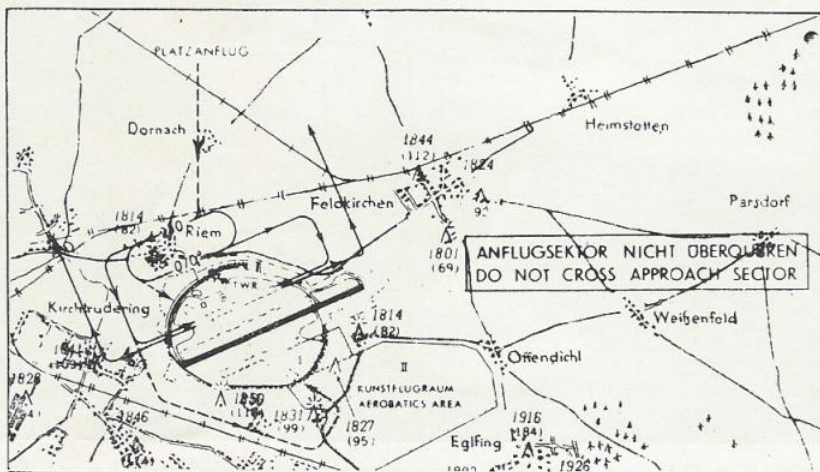
The figures above should not be taken as gospel, but they will give a fair idea of what to expect.

Acquiring the aircraft of your choice invariably means joining a flying club or approaching a charter firm (charter firms advertise in all the aviation publications). Some flying clubs only charge for the actual amount of flying done whilst others charge at a daily or weekly rate (similar in many respects to a drive-hire car firm).

Documentation is not so difficult as it may appear at first sight. The following documents must be taken with you:—

- Aircraft Journey Log Book.
- Aircraft Customs Carnet.
- Your Private Pilot's Licence.
- Your Passport.

you need an R/T endorsement on your licence), very few major airports will accept light aircraft. However, this is no drawback and in any case the big airports tend to be a trifle expensive in landing fees. Usually a flying club airfield can be found near your intended holiday area and there are very many small clubs spread over France, Germany and Austria. Those airports that do accept light aircraft without radio are quite easy to enter, but Visual Meteorological Conditions must prevail. If club airfields are within a Control Zone there are special entry and exit routes which have to be used, but these present no problem even if the weather is less than V.M.C. The first landing in a foreign



A section of the Landing Chart for Munich. This shows a typical 'race track' type pattern which a no-radio light aircraft pilot has to fly whilst waiting for a green light from the control tower. As soon as he receives a green, the pilot takes the shortest route to the light aircraft landing strip

A fuel carnet (obtainable from one of the petroleum companies) is not essential but having one with the aircraft does mean that you do not have to pay for your fuel until you return to this country. The fuel cost is usually contained within the charge/flying hour. Generally speaking, the Journey Log Book, Customs Carnet and fuel carnet are supplied by the owners of the aircraft. However, do check that they are valid for the period that you intend to be abroad.

Probably the next thing to tackle is the route planning. Information about airfields and fuel available can be obtained from the Royal Aero Club Touring Department. A personal visit is recommended and you will find a very helpful atmosphere.

Unless your aircraft carries radio (for which

country must be made at a customs airfield as, of course, must the exit. Club airfields given at least two hours' notice by Flight Plan or telephone can provide customs clearance. This is sometimes done through the local police.

Except at major airports, landing fees are not very high. The average club charges about three shillings/1,000 lb. weight and about two shillings a night for parking and hangerage. You can expect up to double these rates at the major airports.

Surface travel from your landing ground to your hotel depends on how much you are prepared to pay. Taxis charge much the same as in this country whilst trams and buses are about a third the price for an equivalent distance in this country.

This leads on to your cash requirements apart from the amount you have set aside for hotels, food and pleasure. A fair estimate is ten shillings' worth of the foreign currency concerned for each landing made. This will cover your landing fee, a snack and a cup of coffee. It is a wise precaution to carry some currency for any country you over-fly in case of a diversion for any reason. A trip to Vienna, for example, requires about eight pounds' worth of French, Belgian, German and Austrian currency in your pocket. There are facilities for changing travellers' cheques at all airports and most good hotels.

What to wear when driving a cabin aircraft is no problem at all. An open-necked tee-shirt is ideal and you can always put a jacket on if it

gets a bit chilly. It is the open cockpit fiends who have problems. Once strapped in it is well-nigh impossible to put a sweater or jacket on. On a hot summer day the temperature can be in the high eighties on the ground whilst at 3,000 ft. *en route* it can be in the low fifties. So, just pause for a moment before you discard that roll-top sweater. The rest of your clothing depends on what you intend to do when not flying, but do bear in mind the luggage limitations of your aircraft and leave a little space for those souvenirs you are bound to pick up.

Just one short final point, if you are unlucky enough to have to pop down in a farmer's field, do contact the local police first before downing a 'pint' at the nearest 'beer-haus.'

J.R.A.

ALICE DIDN'T SPRING HERE

AS an Australian who has resided for some time outside my native country, I find myself often answering the question 'Where are you from in Australia?' As my reply is 'Queensland,' I am often faced with further enquiries like 'Is that near Sydney?' 'Is it in the north/south/east/west?' or perhaps 'Queensland? Is that where the deserts are in Australia?' These and other permutations on Queensland's position in Australia lead me to comment that, to a true Queenslander, these remarks are akin to those of the Australian visitor to the United Kingdom who refers to all residents as Englishmen.

Fortunately these statements do not bring about international incidents (think of the language difficulties), but I do hope in this article to acquaint readers with one of the lesser known States of the Commonwealth of Australia.

During the term of Sir Thomas Brisbane as Governor of the new colony of New South Wales, he decided to open a new settlement on the eastern coast of the new continent and north of the original settlement at Botany Bay. In 1824 a site 15 miles from the sea on a large river was selected; originally this was called Humpybong (aboriginal for dead man's house), later both the river and settlement were named Brisbane after the Governor. In 1859 the settlement became a separate colony named Queensland and this colony in turn became one of the Founder States when Australia was declared a Commonwealth in 1901.

Geographically the State of Queensland lies between Latitudes 10° South and 29° South and

between 138° and 154° East Longitude, or, if one prefers, in the north-eastern quarter of Australia.

The total area is 670,500 square miles of which 359,000 square miles lie to the north of the Tropic of Capricorn.

For comparison the area is seven times that of the United Kingdom and is the second largest State in Australia.

The eastern coastline has the Great Barrier Reef running along almost all its length; this is a coral reef 1,250 miles long and is one of the big tourist attractions of the State along with the beaches it shelters. Just inland and almost parallel to the eastern coastline runs a range of hills and mountains called the Great Dividing Range. These ranges play a great part in the control of the State's rainfall, most rain falling on the eastern and seaboard side; this in turn governs the distribution of the State's population.

The main rivers on the east coast are the Fitzroy, Burdekin and Brisbane; the largest river is the Flinders, flowing north into the Gulf of Carpentaria on the western side of the Cape York Peninsula, the most northerly point in the State. The longest river is Coopers Creek which runs into Lake Eyre in central South Australia, although in times of drought it becomes a dry watercourse for many miles.

A desert-like area does exist in the south-western area and along the outer western boundary for about half of its length.

Like all other Australian States it has its own State Parliament as well as State representation

in the Federal Parliament. The only difference by comparison with other State Parliaments is that it only has one house, compared with the upper and lower houses in other States. At present there are 62 members in the State House of Assembly.

The population is approximately 1,400,000, of whom 300,000 live north of the Tropic of Capricorn; the total population is approximately 14 per cent of Australia's total and is the third largest State population in the Commonwealth.

Brisbane, the State capital, has a population of just over half a million and is the commercial centre of the State.

The Brisbane River is quite capable of taking ocean-going vessels to the town centre and is one of Australia's best inland ports. The city centre is claimed to be one of the best planned in the world; most streets are at right angles to one another and traffic is easily controlled.

It is also the home of the University of Queensland which was founded in 1909 and at present has some 5,000 students enrolled.

Like all Australian cities and towns, amenities for sport are plentiful and because of the excellent climate even first class sports grounds may be used for more than one field game during an afternoon; for example inter-State or international rugby matches may be preceded by one or two other games.

Referring to Brisbane's weather, the average yearly temperature is normally between 80 and 85 degrees, the rainfall between 55 and 60 inches per year, and hours of sunshine per year in the vicinity of 2,500, or an average of nearly seven hours a day. Despite the fact that over half the State is within the tropical belt it does not suffer extremes of temperature. The winters are very similar to an average English summer (this of course could be considered by some to be a disadvantage) and most of the heavy rains are in the summer; there is a slight monsoon effect in the far northern regions.

The average rainfall in other coastal towns increases to the north of the capital; at Bundaberg the average is 70 inches a year, at Rockhampton 63 inches, Townsville 80 inches and Innisfail 110 inches. Inland towns have less rain; Toowoomba, about 90 miles due west of Brisbane and on the Darling Downs plateau, has a fall of 65 inches, while Cunnamulla, a further 300 miles to the west, has an average of 35 inches, and Longreach, some 330 miles from the coast, has an average of 40 inches.

Financially the State is sound. In 1956 it had a surplus of £20,000,000 of exports over imports;

products are varied and again I quote figures for 1956: beef produced, 290,000 tons, sugar, 1,350,000 tons, wool, 186,406,000 lb. (half of the total export value of the State), butter, 48,500 tons, and minerals to the value of £26,051,000; other items produced in quantity are wheat, maize, fruit, tobacco and cotton, also a fair quantity of timber.

These products are from various areas in the State. Wood is mainly produced to the west of the Great Dividing Range and cattle also are prominent in a great part of this area; sugar from sugar cane is produced along the eastern coastline along with tropical fruits; other fruits are grown in the area of the Darling Downs where wheat and maize are also prominent crops. The main mineral sources are inland in Central Queensland at Mount Isa and Mount Morgan, near the coastal town of Rockhampton.

Fishing is now becoming an important industry, mainly due to the popularity of the Great Barrier Reef.

The people of Queensland are naturally an open-air race and at most weekends and public holidays, those not engaged on the sports fields will be found at the many coastal resorts or at inland beauty spots. To give an example of sporting activities, consider the winter season in Brisbane, where, as a spectator, you may watch rugby union, rugby league, soccer, baseball, hockey, lacrosse, tennis, or Australian rules football, and, of course, a winter cricket league is in existence. In the summer season, cricket, tennis, swimming and sailing are the main sports. Golf has an all-the-year-round following and golf links are plentiful throughout the State. Naturally, like most Australians, the Queenslander is a great follower of horse racing and most of the larger towns have fairly attractive racecourses. Brisbane has three, two of which are beautifully laid out with lawns, gardens and other amenities.

Most coastal citizens spend part of their Christmas at one of the beaches, renowned for their sandy stretches and their highly trained life-saving teams.

Perhaps this article has given readers a brief idea of where Queensland can be found and the activities within the State, and as a native I can only conclude with the opening lines of a song popular with Queenslanders (other States have their opinions):

Beautiful, beautiful, Queensland, that's
where the wild flowers grow,
We are proud of our beautiful climate where
we never see ice or snow.

J.L.S.

A DEFENCELESS CREATURE

HE had had a bad attack of gout in the night and afterwards his nerves felt jarred. Nevertheless, in the morning Kistunov set off to work and began the business of receiving the applicants and customers at the bank at the usual time. He looked lifeless and haggard and he spoke almost without breathing, like a dying man.

'What can I do for you?' he addressed a woman applicant in an ancient coat, who from behind looked like some great dung-beetle.

'It's like this, sir,' began the woman at nineteen to the dozen, 'My husband, Shchukin, who was a civil servant, was ill for five months and you see, while he was at home having treatment they sacked him without any reason at all, sir. But when I went for his wages they docked him 24 roubles and 33 kopecks, you see! "What's that for?" I ask. "He used to borrow from the office kitty and the other men vouched for him," he says. How could he though? How could he borrow anything without my permission? It's impossible, sir! Why should they do such a thing? I'm a poor woman, I can only feed myself by taking in lodgers. . . . I'm weak and defenceless. . . . I put up with insults from everyone and never hear a kind word. . . .'

The woman screwed up her eyes and fumbled in her pocket for a handkerchief. Kistunov took her application for money from her and began to read it.

'Now what is all this about?' he said, shrugging his shoulders. 'I don't understand. You have obviously come to the wrong place, madam. Your request hasn't really got anything to do with us. You should try at the department where your husband used to work.'

'Good heavens, I've already tried at five places and no one's taken my application!' said Mrs Shchukin. 'I was at my wits' end when my son-in-law, Boris, God bless him, suggested I come to you. "Just you go along and see Mr Kistunov, Mum," he says, "He's an influential man, he can do anything for you. . . ." Help me, sir!'

'Mrs Shchukin, we cannot do anything for you. . . . Please understand: your husband, as far as I can gather, worked for the medical branch of the War Office, but our organization is absolutely private and commercial—it's a bank. Can't you understand this!'

Kistunov shrugged his shoulders once more and turned to a gentleman in a military uniform with a swollen cheek.

'But sir,' cried out Mrs Shchukin in a plaintive voice, 'I've got a doctor's certificate to show my husband was ill! Here it is, just look!'

'All right, I believe you,' said Kistunov crossly. 'But I repeat: this hasn't anything to do with us. It's very odd. Doesn't your husband really know where you should apply?'

'He doesn't know anything about what I'm doing, sir. He just kept shouting: "It's not your business! Clear off!"—and that's all. But whose business is it? Why, they're trying to browbeat me!'

Kistunov again turned to Mrs Shchukin and began to explain to her the difference between the War Office medical department and a private bank. She listened to him attentively, nodded in agreement and said:

'Yes, yes, yes . . . I understand all that. In that case, sir, just let me have 15 roubles. I'll agree not to have it all at once.'

'Ugh!' sighed Kistunov, throwing back his head. 'There's no making you see sense! Please try to understand that coming to us with such a request is just as strange as taking a divorce petition to the chemist's, for example, or the weights and measures office. So they haven't paid you enough—but what can *we* do about it?'

'Sir, in God's name, have pity on me,' implored Mrs Shchukin, bursting into tears, 'I am a weak, defenceless woman . . . I'm exhausted to death . . . I have to look after my lodgers, run around after my husband and work my fingers to the bone in the house, and my son-in-law hasn't got a job . . . The only blessing is that I scrape enough together to eat and drink, but I can barely keep upright on my feet . . . I haven't slept all night.'

Kistunov felt his palpitations beginning. He put on a long-suffering expression, pressed his hand to his heart and started again to explain to the woman, but his voice broke off. . . .

'No, excuse me, I can't talk to you,' he said and waved his hand. 'My head's gone quite giddy. You are disturbing us and wasting time for nothing. Uuugh! . . . Aleksei Nikolaich,' he called one of the officials, 'please explain to Mrs Shchukin!'

By-passing all the customers, Kistunov went away into his office and signed a pile of papers while Aleksei Nikolaich was still dealing with Mrs Shchukin. Sitting there, he could hear two voices: the monotonous, restrained bass voice of Aleksei Nikolaich and the weeping, screeching voice of Mrs Shchukin. . . .

'I am a weak, defenceless woman, I'm a sick woman,' she was saying. 'I may look strong, but in fact I haven't got a single healthy vein in me. I can hardly stand on my legs and have lost all my appetite. . . This morning I drank some coffee, but couldn't enjoy it.'

And Aleksei was explaining to her the difference between government departments and the complicated system of channels for forms. Soon he was exhausted and the book-keeper relieved him.

'An amazingly repulsive woman!' thought Kistunov, bad-temperedly, nervously wringing his hands and, every so often, going over to the decanter of water. 'She's an imbecile, a complete idiot! She's tormented me and now she's wearing them out, the wretched woman! Oooo . . . it's my heart again!'

Half an hour later he rang his bell and Aleksei Nikolaich appeared.

'How are you getting on?' Kistunov asked, wearily.

'We just *can't* get her to understand, Pyotr Aleksandrych! We're talking about one thing and she's on about something completely different. . .'

'I . . . I can't bear to hear her voice . . . It's made me ill . . . I can't stand it. . .'

'You'd better call the doorman, Pyotr Aleksandrych, and have her taken out.'

'No, no!' cried Kistunov in alarm. 'She'll kick up a great row; there's a lot of flats in this building and God knows what they'll think about us . . . Couldn't you just try to get it into her head somehow, old man?'

A minute later the drone of Aleksei Nikolaich's voice could again be heard. A quarter of an hour passed and the bass notes were replaced by the buzz of the book-keeper's strong tenor voice.

'An in-cr-ed-ibly vile woman!' fumed Kistunov, his shoulders twitching nervously. 'Stupid as they come, blast her. And now my gout is playing me up again . . . my head is splitting. . .'

In the next room Aleksei Nikolaich, who had finally shot his bolt, struck the table with his finger, then smote his own forehead.

'To put it bluntly, it isn't a head you've got on your shoulders,' he said, 'it's a . . .'

'Well, I never . . .!' said the old woman, scandalized. 'You brute! You ought to be careful what you're saying.'

And, giving her a look of fury and exasperation, as if wanting to swallow her up, Aleksei Nikolaich said in a hushed, strangled voice: 'Get out of here!'

'Wha-at!' screamed Mrs Shchukin abruptly. 'How dare you? I am a weak, defenceless woman;

I won't allow it! My husband is a civil servant! You brute! I'll go to my lawyer, Dmitriy Karlych, and you won't be able to hold your head up. I've had three lodgers convicted and I'll have you crawling at my feet for your insolent talk! I'll take the matter to your superior! Indeed!'

'Get out of here, you menace!' hissed Aleksei Nikolaich.

Kistunov opened his door and looked out into the office.

'What's that?' he asked in a wailing voice.

Mrs Shchukin, red as a lobster, was standing in the middle of the room and, rolling her eyes, was jabbing the air with fingers. The bank officials, similarly red-faced, stood all around and were exchanging glances, obviously weary and bewildered.

'Sir!' cried the woman, rushing towards Kistunov. 'This . . . this man (she pointed at Aleksei Nikolaich) tapped his head, then the table with his finger . . . You told him to look into my matter and he's making a joke of it! I'm a weak, defenceless woman. My husband is a civil servant and I am the daughter of a major!'

'All right, madam,' groaned Kistunov, 'I'll look into it . . . but go away . . . later!'

'But when shall I get my money, sir? I need the money now.'

Kistunov passed a trembling hand across his brow, sighed and began to explain again:

'Madam, I have already told you. It's a bank here; a private, commercial establishment . . . What do you want from us? Do try to understand that you're disturbing us!'

Mrs Shchukin heard him out and sighed.

'Yes, yes . . .' she agreed, 'But sir, I beg and implore you, please protect me. If the medical certificate isn't enough, then I can get a certificate from the police station . . . Just issue me with the money!'

Kistunov began to see spots before the eyes. He let out all the air in his lungs and sank down on to a chair, utterly exhausted.

'How much do you want?' he asked in a feeble voice.

'Twenty-four roubles and thirty-three kopecks.'

Kistunov took his wallet out of his pocket, removed a 25 rouble note from it and handed it to Mrs Shchukin.

'Take this and . . . and go away!'

She wrapped the money in a handkerchief, put it away and, screwing her face into a sickly, delicate, even coquettish smile, asked:

'Can't my husband go back to his job again, sir?'

'I'm going home . . . I'm ill . . .' said Kistunov in a feeble voice. 'I've got terrible palpitations of the heart.'

After he had gone Aleksei Nikolaich sent Nikita for some laurel-water drops. They all

took 20 drops each and settled down to their work. But Mrs Shchukin sat on for another two hours in the hall and chatted with the doorman, waiting for Kistunov to come back.

She came the next day as well. B.C.

TOWARDS POSITIVE HEALTH

Past History

Shortly after the famous British victory in the Western Desert it was discovered that 40 to 50 per cent of the opposing German forces had been suffering from certain gastro-intestinal disorders, before and during the Battle of Alamein. A number of interpretations may be given to this fact, and a number of false deductions drawn. It would, for example, be completely facetious to suggest that the Germans were on the run even before battle commenced. What did emerge from the investigations was that the protective measures adopted by the British to ensure the health of the forces in the unusual element of the sand of the Western Desert were far superior to those adopted by the enemy. Although it is still true that an army marches on its stomach, it is axiomatic to this concept that it will not march or fight purposefully if the food and water supplied have been contaminated through the agency of flies, dirt and excrement.

This fact is now well appreciated but it took many centuries of conflict for it to become recognized. Many major battles throughout history have been lost through the ill-health of the troops.

Both in military and civil practice medicine has made great strides over the last century. It has very largely removed the dangers attendant upon changed environment. Within limits it can protect the individual who for some reason has to travel to parts of the world where diseases such as typhoid, typhus, cholera, smallpox and yellow fever are rife and it can advise on the standards of personal hygiene which will reduce ill health to a minimum.

Present History

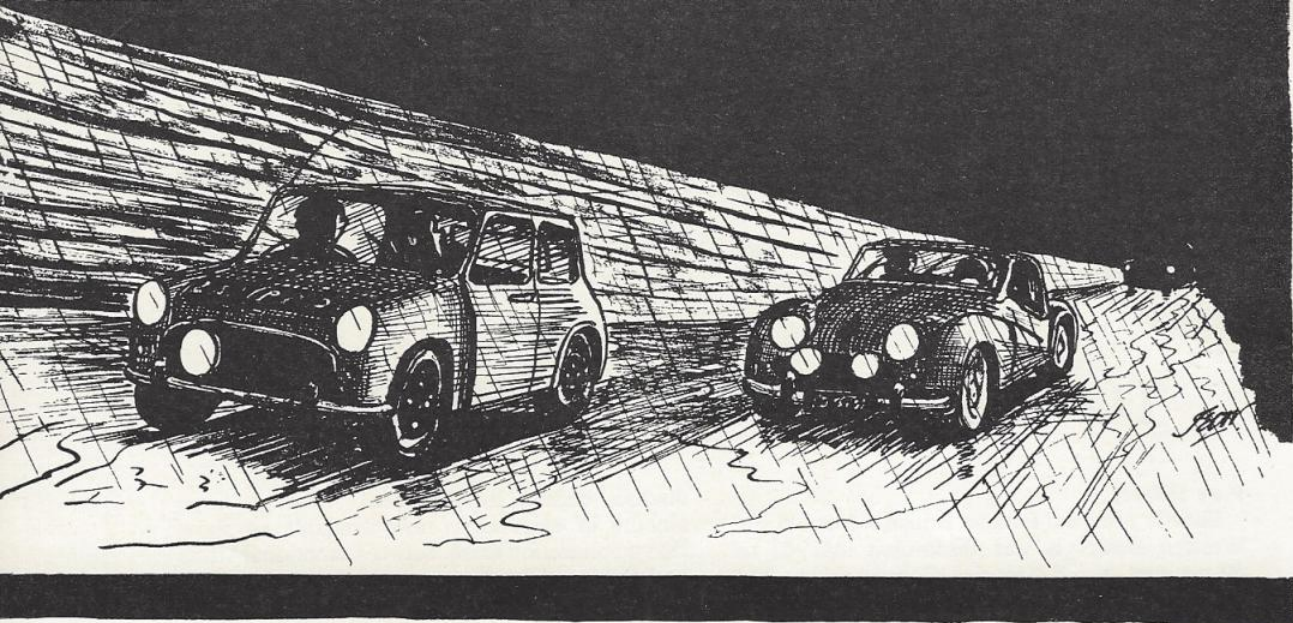
We are witnessing in medical science the completion of one chapter in man's fight against disease—the chapter devoted to the control of epidemics. At the same time we are witnessing the beginning of a new and equally fascinating chapter—the understanding and prevention of

diseases caused by emotional stress. A large amount of evidence is now available to show that a connection exists between emotional stress and such conditions as coronary thrombosis, high blood pressure, gastric ulceration and neurosis.

Stress is everywhere. Often it is the spice of life. Without it life would become dull. It is inevitable in modern society that every person, whatever his station or age, is exposed to situations of stress. These stressful events are not of necessity produced through ill fortune. Winning a football pool, being suddenly elevated into some new responsibility or advanced in one's career can be equally stressful situations. Entering school; adolescence; the choice of a vocation; young adulthood; marriage; parenthood; the rearing of a family; middle life; retirement; senescence—all can bring problems producing new stresses and a searching for new solutions. It is the pace which modern society is forced to keep that is largely responsible for the tragic sudden deaths from heart ailments we so frequently witness in eminent men in their forties. In the study of these stress disorders the old allies the microscope and the X-ray machine are of partial assistance only. In this new sphere of medical endeavour it is as important to know what manner of man has the disease as what disease the man has. Only when the doctor knows the individual and has a reasonable assessment of the stresses to which the man is subjected can he hope to prevent, alleviate or cure the disease. A famous London physician said recently:

'We all know people who, although carrying enormous responsibility, are to all appearances immune from the disorders of stress. That quiet, well-informed, efficient, gentle person; unambitious other than to be of service to his community. Is he immune because of his culture? I think he is as worthy of study as those who are distressed. I know many such people and have witnessed the blows they have endured: but they remain unmoved, still kind, still gentle, still serving.'

(Concluded on page 47)



Whittaker

B.T.R.D.A.
Silver Star

December
3rd & 4th

Trophy Rally

AT 2330 hours on Saturday, 3rd December, the first car left the Hotel X.L. Garstang, Lancashire, to start the annual Whittaker Trophy Rally. Among the eighty starters were two cars entered by Cadets of the Royal Air Force College. The first, a modified Riley 1.5, which was placed in class 2 along with the high-powered sports cars, and the second, a standard Morris Mini Minor, in class 1.

The Whittaker Trophy Rally is an annual event organized by the Lancashire Automobile Club and run under the General Competition Rules of the R.A.F. as a Silver Star Rally of restricted status. Thus the organizers had arranged a reasonably tough event which was turned into an extremely hard test of cars, drivers and crews by the appalling weather conditions. It was run over approximately 200 miles of North Lancashire and the Lake District on roads which were hardly wide enough to take one car. The rain which fell during Saturday afternoon and throughout the night made driving conditions extremely difficult on the treacherous surfaces, many of them mud covered, and many unmetalled.

The Riley, entered by Johnny Wood, left the start at 2345 hours between two Austin Healey

3000s and headed rapidly northwards. The first section was a fairly easy one, with an average speed of 26 m.p.h., and allowed the navigator, Rodge Read, to 'play himself in.' In this section the car encountered two unmarked fords, a closed level crossing and six cattle grids.

In the second section the average speed was increased to 28 m.p.h., but the hazards increased beyond proportion, with four fords, deeper and wider than those encountered earlier, causing extreme braking difficulties. The crew had innumerable hair-raising moments, with full use being made of the gear box. At the end of this section the car had lost two minutes, and it was here that they nearly met disaster, as the Austin Healey that had started in front of the Riley came down the hill sideways in a vast cloud of mud and water, and finally stopped a few inches astern. The driver apologized!

It was decided to make up the lost minutes over the next section, and whilst attempting to do this, speeds in excess of 90 were noted by the startled navigator. A wayward halt sign was successfully, though involuntarily, disregarded, when it appeared immediately after a bend and a mere five yards from the major road. Barely a mile from the halt sign, the road changed surface,

on a bend, from metalled to cart track, breaking the grip of the tyres and projecting the unfortunate car and crew into a dry stone wall.

After coffee and sandwiches in the car, assistance arrived and the car was moved to a more comfortable attitude, where the meal was continued to the strains of Radio Kalundborg. Thus ended the rally for car No. 15, as the front suspension was beyond immediate repair.

Meanwhile, back at the fords, car No. 39, driven by Jock Williamson and navigated by 'Djihm' Nottingham, was playing submarines very successfully, and eventually rushed past the battered Riley at an estimated 60 m.p.h., and vanished up the road, hot on the tail of a hard-pressed M.G.A. Twin Cam, which was immediately overtaken—somehow! Shortly after this the Mini levelled its sights on the M.G.A. and an Austin Healey 3000 in convoy. However, overtaking at this stage was impossible, as the road had changed to nothing more than a track which shortly disappeared under nine inches of water for some 1½ miles. On reaching dry land, even these two cars were passed. The Mini did not do all the overtaking, however, for whilst negotiating a sharp bend on the limit a super-charged Austin Healey Sprite passed them on the outside.

On arrival at check 5 the crew were surprised to see the amazing standard of comfort attained by the marshals. A tent had been erected and a brazier was glowing inside. During the next section the car encountered a hump back bridge which was taken at the very reasonable speed of 20 m.p.h. in second. Much to the crew's amazement the car became airborne and made a heavy landing, bouncing the sump on the ground, and, unbeknown to the occupants, bending a track rod through 45 degrees. Undaunted, the Mini fought on with the crew's anxious eyes on the oil pressure warning light.

The route now entered bleak open country and a pair of rear lights were seen in the distance. On closing the gap they were found to be attached to the rear end of a Triumph T.R.3, but as the roads improved the superior power and speed of the T.R. left the Mini.

After a few more interesting miles and checks the 11th check was sighted and speed was increased accordingly. A mere 100 yards from the check, a corner with the wrong camber and a muddy stream flowing across it brought the Rally to a close for the second Cranwell car. After performing a quick 180, it slid backwards into yet another wall, splitting the rear tyre.

Unfortunately the spare had been left at 'the team headquarters' in Manchester to be repaired, so the car was forced to retire. After more coffee and sandwiches the car was dug out and returned to the start on a borrowed wheel from another invalided Mini. The hotel was full of other unfortunate crews, including that of the Riley, and the car park was packed with other disabled cars.

A further car eventually arrived from team headquarters with the Mini's spare wheel and breakdown equipment for the Riley. Both cars finally reached Manchester under their own steam in time for tea on Sunday afternoon.

The full crews were as follows:—

Riley 1.5, Car No. 15: Flight Cadets J. B. H. Wood, K. R. L. Read, Senior Flight Cadet Gothard. Morris Mini Minor, Car No. 39: Flight Cadets J. E. C. Williamson, J. Nottingham, A. F. Nixon.

TOWARDS POSITIVE HEALTH

(Continued from page 45)

What is the present state of our knowledge about the prevention of stress disorders? There is little doubt that the person who obeys the simple physiological laws is able to stand the stresses of this world more readily. To neglect these laws is to live at greater peril. What are these laws? They can best be summed up by a famous physician, Sir Thomas Lewis. He said:

'Very prudent people live quietly and moderately. They have their simple routine of work and pastime. They are temperate in their eating. They are strictly temperate in their drinking. They avoid all forms of excess. They use tobacco little if at all. They welcome the freshness of abundant open air and open spaces, delighting in feelings of exhilaration that accompany active exercise. These are habits that few people in industrial countries now adopt and fewer still maintain.'

Prognosis

It would not be in the least surprising if during the next decade the second great chapter in preventive medicine had been completed. From what we already know neither would it be surprising if it were discovered that the man who is immune from stress disorders is the cultured individual who is ambitious only for the cause he serves and who obeys nature's physiological laws in order to be of greater service to that cause.

W.O.D.

A STUDIOUS HOLIDAY

ONE of the pleasantest ways of improving a knowledge of the French language is to attend one of the many *Cours de Vacances* that are run at French universities during the summer months for foreign students. Naturally the more comprehensive of these courses last for two or three months and cover subjects ranging through French history and civilization to French literature and economic life. Though these courses are probably the most worthwhile, because it takes up to three weeks for the normal person to start thinking in French and so to derive greatest benefit from the instruction, they last longer than a Cranwell cadet's leave and so are impracticable for him. However, many French universities run compressed courses of between a fortnight and a month's duration for similar hard-working unfortunates.

I managed to enrol myself in one of these last summer and shall give a superficial description of what it entailed, not in order to narrate a travelogue about J. A. du C. W., but rather to make known what fun these *Cours de Vacances* can be. Some might say that it must have been very much a 'busman's holiday' to sit in a lecture room all morning, and to settle down to proses and unseens in the evening. To these critics I would answer that seldom was my brain ever so well exercised as Cranwell, and that as a member of the old course at the College (I have heard us called 'the last of the thicks'), my language study had to be done in my spare time. It was a delight to be able to try and make up in three weeks a deficiency of a year and a half at Cranwell.

The course that happened to suit my needs best was one at Nice. It seemed to be the only one that gave instruction with a particular view to interpreting. I have heard that that situation is now being rectified and that several French universities are providing facilities for the training of would-be interpreters in the holidays. The need for interpreters in Europe is increasing all the time—no doubt as a result of the greater economic interdependence of the member countries of the E.F.T.A. and of the Common Market. The course at Nice lasted a month. Owing to the 'exigencies of the Service' I missed the first few days, but the morning after 77 Entry's Passing-Out Parade, I was sitting at Nice with students male and female of every European country listening to lectures on the French trade unions and the French iron and steel

industry. I soon slipped into the routine which was really not very demanding. There were lectures from nine until midday each morning. We were all assembled together for these. Between five and seven each evening there were *cours pratiques*, written or oral translation. For this we were divided up according to nationality—the English were looked after by a racial enigma, so perfect was her accent, who turned out to be a compatriot—'Mademoiselle Richards.'

The lectures were on every conceivable subject of contemporary interest, and always delivered by an expert. Here are a few subjects that were treated: the French Governmental System, Liberty in France, the French Railways (SNCF), the Integration of France with the Common Market, Paris and Provence as portrayed by painters in the last hundred years, Geographical Descriptions of Savoie and La Camargue, the French Cinema, the French Legal System, etc., etc. The list is a long one. Clearly to derive benefit from the lectures, and indeed the course as a whole, the student's knowledge of French had to be extensive. At the end of it there was an exam which consisted of essay questions on the lecture subjects, and oral and written linguistic tests. Success in the exams brought the award of a diploma *De Hautes Etudes de Langue et Civilisation Françaises Contemporaines*.

Excursions were laid on every Saturday. Visits were made to Grasse and its scent works (*parfumerie*), a Law Court, Picture Galleries, and the Museum at Antibes as part of the normal curriculum. Among *les excursions de Samedi* a trip to the old town of Menton, where the streets are so narrow that a car cannot pass along them, followed by a bathe off the rocks at Cap Martin on the way back, is memorable. So was one into the High Alps. We saw *La Trophée des Alpes*, an imposing monument erected by Augustus in memory of the pacification of the Gauls. As we climbed higher we left first the Mediterranean palms behind, then the olive trees, until we reached a vegetation that seemed really British with willow herb and wild raspberries in profusion.

I feel that a great part of the value of such courses lies in staying with a family. Not only does one's conversational French benefit, but one learns to understand their whole way of life. It is, of course, expensive to stay with a family—no student could possibly hope to get away with less than a guinea a day at a place like Nice

(Continued on page 93)

ALL IN A DAY'S CLIMB

AT 2.30 p.m., after two hours on the road, the College Dormobile rolls to a halt close to the grey gritstone cliffs of Stanage Edge. Ten stiff flight cadets, plimsoled and pullovered, bedecked with nylon rope, slings and karabiner, make their way to the rocks at the bottom of the climbs. With a discriminating eye the expert selects the first climb, normally a 'moderate' buttress or gully, and ropes up. He seems quite relaxed as he climbs, as if he were walking up the sheer face! Starting with a good jug, he moves to make use of two 'pressure' holds, his feet meanwhile finding support on small bumps on the face.

A clenched fist in a crack takes his weight while he leans back from the cliff face and reaches up for a delicate finger-tip hold. Using this handhold, he inches his feet up the face to find a good foothold on a small ledge. On small holds he moves quickly on to the top of the forty-foot climb. He secures himself to a spike of rock at the top of the climb ready to 'belay' a novice who is climbing for the first time.

By contrast the novice finds the climb nearly impossible. Balanced with most of his weight on his finger-tips his arms soon tire. His body is too close to the cliff face and consequently his feet cannot obtain a good purchase on the smaller footholds. What looked an easy climb has turned out to be incredibly difficult. With his finger-tip hold about to slip, his arms tiring, he has no confidence in his stance on the tiny ledge; only the taut rope from the top is his comforter.

From above and below the rockface come shouts of encouragement.

'Take your weight off your hands.'

'Bring your hands down lower.'

'Lean back!'

This final remark incenses him. It's now or never with this climbing game! I'll show them! He leans back, taking the weight of his body from his fingers, letting the feet take the load, and somehow he feels more secure. From his new position he can see where to put his hands and, with confidence restored, he struggles on to the top.

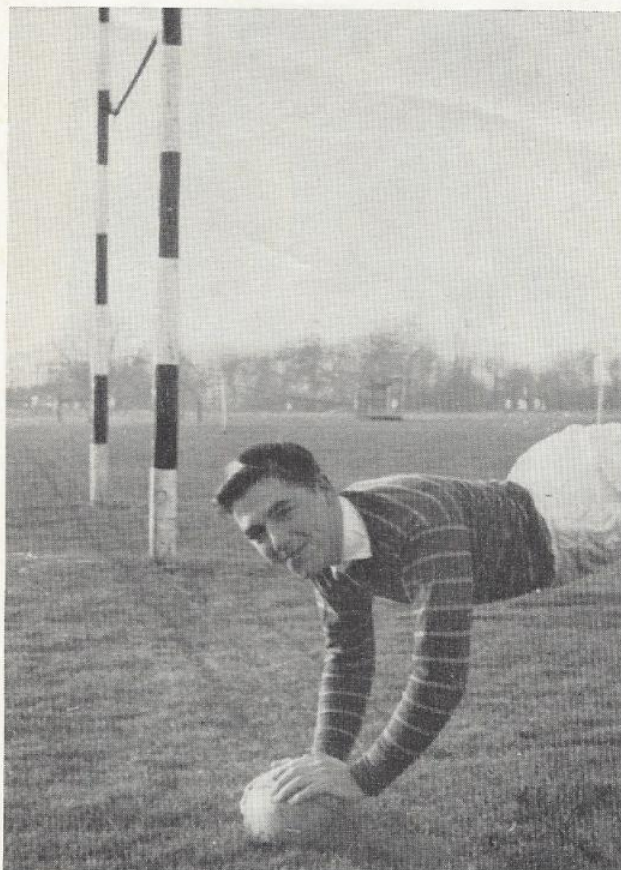
Meanwhile others attempt another climb, using the 'Lay Back' method of climbing, the holds being obtained by pressure friction. A

tiring method of climbing requiring the climb to be completed quickly before the arms grow tired and fingers lose their grip! After a few climbs the novice is taught how to handle the rope from the top of the climb, and learns how to belay his companions safely. A rope gives confidence to a climber, enabling him to climb to his limits safely. To a novice it may be his sole comfort on a climb when he thinks he cannot climb up or down.

Later on in the evening the cliffs may be descended in a spectacular way—abseiling down the rope. A double rope is fixed to the top and is passed through a 'karabiner' (fixed to a waist loop), passed over the right shoulder and held with the left hand. Using the rope in this way a climber can walk or run down a vertical cliff face; the friction produced by the rope passing through the karabiner controlling the descent.

After all the members of the party had climbed down, the ropes coiled, and the Dormobile loaded in the twilight, they leave Stanage Edge and set course for Baslow and a hot meal.

A GOOD TRY



INTRODUCING A NEW CLUB

FOR about a year there has been a movement in the College concerned with starting a 'College Go-Kart Club.' This fine ambition has been stifled by the one thing most important in a cadet's life—money. The station started a club very successfully by receiving a grant from their P.S.I. fund and now by agreement the College can use the Go-Karts and the airmen the College gliders. Unfortunately the members are restricted in both directions.

A club has, however, been recognized by the College, but due to the restrictions on numbers taking part it is only twelve strong. This we hope to rectify in the near future by the addition of another Kart to the club—one bought by the College. This is only the first timid step, and if our numbers continue to increase and the requests to join the club continue to come in, we may in time procure more Karts and hence form a separate club for the College.

ON



The Go-Kart is good fun to race and provides thrills and entertainment for those who are keen. Unfortunately, like most things mechanical, they tend to break down occasionally or get bent in a collision. So on Tuesday and Friday nights they are serviced. Cadets also help with this, which, besides providing interest, gives us knowledge that may stand us in good stead when we get enough Karts to form a club of our own.

Practice racing takes place, as far as the cadets are concerned, on Sunday afternoons at the South end of Runway 20. One or two visitors would be welcome each week, and, if suitably attired and there were not too many club members present, may get a ride. The charge for visitors is sixpence a lap. Spectators will be welcome anytime.

ACCIDENT

Misty, brain-confusing, cold as a Bible miracle,
The comprehension of disaster blossoms in the
mind.

Scenery advances lurching, brightly smooth and
swift, towards the windscreen.

Cerebral indicators, in turn, blink quietly, with
'Fire,' 'ACT NOW' and 'Death.'

Suddenly the transformation is complete:

The vicious smutty sound of burning shuts out a
now-faint memory of loud noise.

Ache and irritation, and fascinating flow of
blood, warn of later agony.

Silly people, 'rushing to offer their assistance,'
grope through their scanty knowledge of
First Aid, as though each Hint remembered
makes them Men of Action.

TIME

Oh! I long for the day, when time shall pass away;
The sun will never set and the world will not
grow old.

The trees and grass will be forever green,
And the wind will whisper of life and love.

The waters of the streams will flow clear and cool,
And the clouds in the sky will pass like balloons,
Floating idly, serenely on the blue carpet of space.

The animals will not age—

The season will be forever Spring—

Young Spring—

That brings with it everything new, refreshed
and clean.

Yes, this is a glimpse of this Earth at its best;
Its best when time has passed away.

THE LARK

An Evocation by a Pupil

'Brown?'

'Sir?'

'Ah, Brown, yes, I see I am flying with you now—are you ready?'

'Yes, sir, I'll just get my . . .'

'Right! I'll just sign up then and we'll be off. . . .'

'You realize, of course, that this is not a scrub check? It is just my job to fly with a cross-section of the entry, so that I get an idea of the general standard. Let me see now, you've done all the usual aerobatics, I suppose—stall turns, vertical rolls, that sort of thing?'

'Well, no, actually, sir, I have not done many aerobatics yet, sir, I mean I've been really rather concentrating on my circuits actually. . . . I mean I have done some stall turns, sir, but my instructor said that I could have another period to . . .'

'I see; well, show me what you can do anyway—I'll just sit back and watch—I do not want to take over control unless I have to—just show me what you have done with your instructor. . .'

'Right, here is the aircraft. I want you to take me round, doing all the checks as you would if you were going solo—just shout them out as if I was not even there!'

'Well, sir, I would start by checking the breech, sir.'

'Right, do that then.'

'Well, next, sir, I'd . . .'

'By the way, Brown, while we're here, do you know what this little hole is for here, eh?'

'What, sir, that sort of little, er, hole down there, sir? Er—I think it is a sort of vent, sir, for the filter—no, for the heater, I think, isn't it, sir?'

'No, it's nothing to do with the heater, Brown, nor, I might say, with the filter; it's a pressure bleed from the oil and water trap in the inlet manifold; if it was not there all the gases would go down this tube . . . here . . . to the exhaust vanes—er—there, and perhaps cause a fire if they were not noticed: you have got to be more particular about details, Brown—a little thing like that could save your life some day.'

'Well, I do not want to have to say anything more until we are airborne—my call sign is Zulu Zulu—carry on then, just as if I was not there.'

'Zulu Zulu fanstop will call.'

'Ninety-knots-pickafield—fuel off—switches off,

sir . . . then I would call up on the telephone, I mean radio, sir, only you have done it already.'

'Right—you've still got to get it down—how about using some flap?'

'Well, I was going to leave it until . . .'

'Just as you like, but I would have put down full flap now. Right, don't let us go below 250 feet—open up and climb away.'

'Well, that was pretty terrible, wasn't it—you overshot by miles—and how do you expect to radio if you have switched everything off, eh?'

'No, sir, I only switched off the ignition switches, sir—I normally leave the other until afterwards, sir—and I'm sure I would have got in. . . .'

'Tell me, Brown, does your instructor normally accept this kind of thing, eh?'

'Well, sir, it honestly seemed as good as any other time, sir—I would have put down full flap, sir, only I wanted to . . .'

'I see, well climb up anyway and do me some of your usual aerobatics, then . . . have you got a sequence yet?'

'No, sir, as I said, sir, I've been rather concentrating on my circuits . . .'

'Well, do as many as you can then.'

'I HAVE CONTROL!'

'You have control, sir.'

'For goodness' sake, Brown, what on earth was that supposed to be?'

'It was going to be a loop, sir, only I must have pulled too hard.'

'I'll say you pulled too hard. Don't you realize that is bloody dangerous, quite apart from the fact that Porteus loops are forbidden. Take me back to the circuit!'

'I just want a normal rejoin and a normal circuit followed by a normal landing. And it had better be Spot On!'

'Well, doesn't your instructor make you do Rejoining Checks, either?'

'I was just about to do them, sir.'

'Well, get on with it then!'

' . . . And this time the wretched thing must have bounced about 30 feet in the air, so he shouted "I have" and banged on the power and we went round again. So I'm flying with the . . .'

'Yeah, I was flying pretty uselessly today, too. He tried to show me the Porteus today, and I just could not catch it in the right place at all—we came out all crooked every time. Eventually he gave up and we went and beat up the Low Flying Area—laughing and singing he was . . .'

HISTORY OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR

THE WAR AT SEA : VOLUME III : PART ONE By Captain S. W. ROSKILL D.S.C., R.N.

THE first two volumes of Captain Roskill's official history told the story of the war at sea as far as June 1943. The first part of his third volume entitled 'The Offensive,' deals with the momentous events of the subsequent year. What demonstrations of maritime power these twelve months provided—the submarine and air attacks on the *Tirpitz*; the sinking of the *Scharnhorst*; the great combined operations assaults at Sicily, Salerno and Anzio; the mounting success gained in the long struggle against the U-boats; the American advance into the Solomons and New Guinea are perhaps the most notable. All these Captain Roskill relates in masterly fashion. His narrative is compiled from a vast amount of material from many sources, including German naval records held by the Admiralty. It is freely interspersed with maps, diagrams, tables and footnote references, yet it preserves a lucidity which belies its complexity and which makes it easy as well as informative reading.

This, however, is not the sole, or even the chief merit of the book, which is rather to be found in the author's many comments and judgement on men and events, for these demonstrate a profound insight into the nature and best use of maritime power.

Captain Roskill appreciates the tactical consequences of technical development, as is shown, for example, in his paragraphs concerning British radar, U-boat modifications, acoustic torpedoes, glide bombs, and especially the D.U.K.W., which finally solved inter-service strategical difficulties in planning the Sicily invasion. He is equally concerned to show how personal qualities can shape events. The determination of Air Marshal Slessor and the initiative and leadership of Captain Walker are two fine examples. Most instructive is the contrast between Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser, truly putting 'service before self' by declining to become First Sea Lord, and the megalomaniac Goering, who refused to co-operate with Doenitz.

The main point, it seems to me, which Captain Roskill is concerned to emphasize, is the need for inter-service co-operation, for the integration of planning and command in both tactics and strategy. Without this, success in many aspects of maritime war cannot be ensured. 'Britain has cause to be grateful,' he writes, 'that the Germans never developed a system of intimate collaboration between sea and air forces, such as characterized the work of the Royal Navy and Coastal Command at this time.' It was the

integration of sea and air escorts for convoys which finally won the Battle of the Atlantic. In the scale of combined operations, the mistakes are more instructive than the successes. At Sicily, 'the Air Plan suffered through lack of co-ordination with those of other services.' The German success in retreating to the Italian mainland was due not only to faulty intelligence, 'for even when their intention was plain the action taken suffered from lack of inter-service co-ordination.' The failure in the Aegean Islands campaign is attributed to the lack of an integrated command organization.

These and other examples show that Captain Roskill has written not a naval history, but, as he states in his preface, 'the story of combined operations mainly from the point of view of the Allied maritime services. . . .'

Another feature of this history is its impartiality. Captain Roskill's judgements are not those of a single service or country. He achieves a detached scholarship rarely found in those who have taken part in events they are describing; whether discussing the comparative merits of R.N. and R.N.V.R. officers, Anglo-American differences over the delays in conversion of lend-lease carriers, the Mountbatten-Somerville differences over command structure or the conflicting claims of theatres of war for men and materials. However, I think it unfair to say American distrust of British Mediterranean strategy was based on 'anti-colonialism, anti-monarchism'; elsewhere he acknowledges that 'diversions' make ever-growing demands on resources, and that the Americans had strategic reasons for their attitude. British historians cannot fairly blame the Americans for letting politics override strategy at one time and for letting strategy override politics another.

Captain Roskill is generous in his tributes—to German seamanship and strategy, to the role of air power, to the services of intelligence personnel and those who spent the war at training establishments. Yet his criticism is fearless where needed. He quotes Cunningham's comparison of the failure to break out at Anzio to the Sulva Bay catastrophe of 1915. Even Winston Churchill is at fault for backing the Aegean campaign after it was impossible to capture Rhodes.

Every student of war should read this book. We look forward to its companion volume and Captain Roskill's account of the greatest combined operation of all time. G.P.

OFFUTT A.F.B.



THE staging post at Offutt was one of the chain of such detachments set up by Transport Command in 1957 across the North American continent and into the Pacific Ocean. They were established to support the weapons trials force at Christmas Island and were situated at Goose Bay, Labrador; Offutt, Nebraska; Travis, California; and Hickam in Hawaii.

Offutt, commanded by Squadron Leader R. E. Paul, A.F.C., offered route-servicing facilities to Transport, Bomber, Coastal and occasional chartered aircraft passing through the United States. Most of the aircraft received were Hastings and Comet special flights either bound for or returning from Christmas Island. Victors, Vulcans and Valiants terminated their bombing and navigation exercises at the base. Miscellaneous aircraft which staged through were Shackletons, Tudors, Canberras, a Britannia and the Heron which is maintained at Washington for the British ambassador.

Touring parties serviced by the detachment included the R.A.F. representatives at the World Congress of Flight held at Las Vegas, the College and the R.A.F. Flying College. On the occasions of air displays at the centenary of the City of Lincoln and the jubilee of flying in Canada, the maintenance of R.A.F. aircraft was performed by servicing crews from Offutt.

Flight Lieutenant J. P. Maling combined the supervision of technical and domestic stores with the movements of crews, passengers and freight.

Flight Lieutenant A. H. Davies, Bomber Command Liaison Officer, advised on operational requirements of bombers and linked H.Q.B.C. with H.Q.S.A.C. in the exercises on which they were engaged. Flying Officer J. M. Boetius directed the activities of the servicing teams which were integrated from Transport and Bomber technicians. There were six senior n.c.o.s. and a fluctuating strength of about 20 corporals and airmen, most of whom were ex-apprentices.

The task called for skill, experience and adaptability on the airmen's part. A tribute to their hard work and ingenuity was the fact that the only aircraft delayed were those needing replacements of major parts not held at the unit.

The officers lived in the B.O.Q., a building made from steel and concrete which had unfortunate resonant characteristics but was generally very comfortable. The half-dozen television sets, innumerable radios and record players, combined with the junior officers' custom of cooking their own meals, called for adjustment. Room rental and maid service cost 50 cents per day. Meals were normally taken at the club and the expense varied between \$3.00 and \$4.00 a day. Club membership dues were \$6.00, levied monthly. Extra allowances totalled \$5.50 per day. Since shoe repairs, soling and heeling, are from \$5.00, haircuts 75 cents-\$1.00, beer 25-50 cents, whisky 65 cents-\$1.00, these allowances were not so generous as they appear. It was found that direct labour and personal

services were extremely expensive, and by contrast any article capable of mass production was very cheap by English standards. Some States levied a sales tax in the region of 3 per cent. Most Americans assumed we were joking when we discussed purchase tax in this country on cars, television sets, etc!

Offutt A.F.B. originated from the earliest days of military flying in America. Many of the permanent buildings date from the 1890s, when they were occupied by the 22nd Infantry Regiment, who were described as 'veterans of rugged duty in the Dakotas against the Indians.' The post was named first after Major-General George Crook, who became famous in the Indian frontier wars. Fort Crook developed into a training station for balloonists after the U.S. entered the war in April 1917. In 1924 the field was renamed after the memory of Lieutenant Jarvis J. Offutt from Omaha, who was killed while flying in the war.

In the years before the second World War most of the flying activity was concerned with mail carrying and army co-operation work. The airfield was modernized in 1941 by the Army Corps of Engineers. The present runway, since extended, and vast buildings were constructed to accommodate the Martin company, which manufactured B26C medium bombers during the wartime period.

Strategic Air Command H.Q. moved to Offutt in 1948 when it occupied the former aircraft

factory. After completion of the new underground operation control room and the immense office structure above, the H.Q. moved to its present site.

The base, as distinct from the H.Q., operates KC135s, which is the military tanker version of the Boeing 707, and several types of communication aircraft. There is one runway of 10,000 feet.

In common with most U.S.A.F. bases, Offutt is virtually self-contained and provides for the day-to-day needs of personnel living there or nearby. The Exchange stocks a range of uniforms, civilian clothing, domestic appliances, sporting and luxury goods, all of which are sold at reduced prices. The commissary is a modern self-service store which offers a comprehensive selection of foodstuffs and groceries. The P.X. also operates cafeterias, shoe and watch repair services, barber shops, laundries and, inevitably, 'coke' machines. The R.A.F. barracks was supplied with one of these machines after estimated consumption justified the installation.

Recreation facilities were excellent. The gymnasium contained squash, handball and basketball courts, bowling lanes and a conditioning section with a full-time staff of masseurs. A nearby lake provided summer swimming and boating and winter fishing and ice skating. Two swimming pools were open from May until September. The nine-hole golf course was controlled by a resident professional and was used

'One really wonders. . . .



with remarkable enthusiasm. It was not uncommon to see players out at 5.30 a.m. This may have been to avoid the ladies and children who dominated from 9 o'clock onwards.

The detachment bowling team had moderate success, but produced several outstanding individual players who mastered the skills needed for this game.

I was surprised and very pleased to find that soccer flourished in this part of the States through the encouragement of State universities and central European settlers. We fielded a team and joined the Nebraska State Soccer Association in 1957, but had no success. The following season we combined our efforts with U.S.A.F. players and formed the Offutt Lions Club. We had kit and footballs supplied by Command, and after a determined training programme the team became champions of the competition. Trophies were presented by the local Pepsi Cola manufacturers and now grace the Upavon mess with their gilded splendour. The standard of play was not high but made up its lack of polish with a vigour and ferocity which gave good reason for the frequent authorized substitution of players. Teams met were University of Nebraska, University of South Dakota, Sioux Falls, Lithuanica, German Falstaff and the Victoria F.C. from Denver who motored overnight the 500 miles to play a Memorial Day exhibition game in Omaha. Several expatriated Britons turned out to support our games and

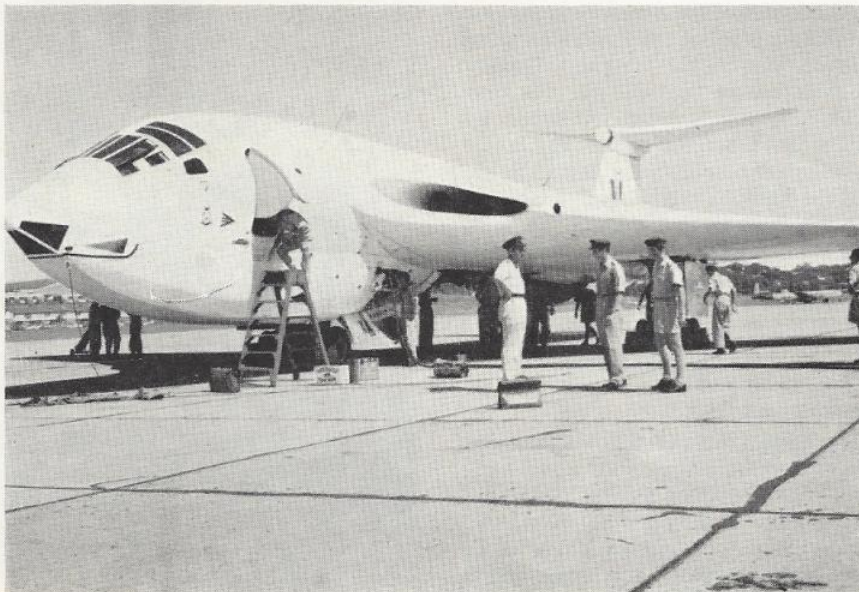
others wrote or telephoned to pay tribute to our incidental 'flag showing.'

I was honoured with the title of 'all Nebraskan' at the end of the season. After enquiries I discovered this meant I had become a member of a team which would never meet or play. It was, of course, a local adaptation of the 'All American' football team which is annually selected by national sports writers as the most powerful side drawn from College players.

The engineering officer and myself bought a small sailing dinghy and trailer for the summer season. This we took to Lake Manawa, a large, shallow area of water near Council Bluffs, Iowa. It was a thoroughly developed boating centre, with clubs which raced Snipes and Fireflies and which sponsored a regatta famed throughout the mid-western States. The boating venture was a tremendous success and gave us and our generally sceptical guests many hours of pleasure.

An invitation was received to talk about and demonstrate the mysteries of cricket before a Physical Education Convention at the University of Omaha. To our considerable surprise we found on arrival at the field house that the audience was entirely female, dressed very sportingly in brief shorts and blouses. However, they listened intently and with some amusement when the explanation of such terms as 'silly mid-on' and 'googlies' was attempted. There was subsequent talk of introducing the game at surrounding

... just what all the fuss is about. ...



colleges but so far as I know nothing came of it. The only games played were between teams drawn from the detachment who were encouraged by the intake of a barrel of cold beer.

The Auto Hobby shop was a unique enterprise. It was made possible by the generosity of a Chicago engineering firm who presented the base with a complete range of garage equipment which included boring machines, lathes and grinders. Airmen mechanics were present to supervise and assist with advice. The charges for the use of this facility were nominal and necessary spares were available at discounted prices through an Omaha store. The natural appeal and small expense made it possible for our airmen to maintain cars reminiscent of Al Capone's era.

A similar organization existed for woodworkers and hi-fi enthusiasts.

It was very necessary to counteract the effects of frequent long periods with no air movements. Apart from away soccer matches, the Base Commander, Colonel William Campbell, very generously provided us with transportation for recreational visits.

A tour of the *Omaha World Herald* newspaper was made at the invitation of the news editor who was frequently able to use information and pictures of well-known British service personalities who passed through Offutt. Of particular interest was the colour photography laboratory which was used for the Sunday magazine section. It was said to be the most advanced in the States. Certainly it produced some excellent work and made for a bright and very heavy Sunday paper.

The most successful of these visits was the one made to the Omaha plant of the Falstaff Brewing Co. who make 'America's Premium Quality Beer.' Fifty tickets were provided for this tour and the R.A.F. members were reinforced by selected bar patrons from the officer and n.c.o. clubs. Two fascinating hours were passed in the inspection of the brewing and canning processes. Finally the party was given a magnificent cold supper and a short farewell from our uniformed conductor who concluded with his blessing: Attention was invited to the huge icebox overflowing with 'the choicest product of the brewers' art.' An international drinking competition was unresolved but progressed to singing, and so merrily we rolled back to base.

Omaha, ten miles north, is the nearest large city, with good stores, cinemas, shows and bars. There was no convenient bus service to link the base and city. This made the purchase of 'wheels' a necessity. I solved the commutation problem with a 1949 Buick, a vintage and make which

was generally considered undesirable because of its heavy petrol consumption. I found the car after passing the gleaming, chromed ranks of new models and bought it for \$95.00 from a salesman who despaired at my indifference to his 'have now, pay later' terms. In appearance it had no distinction, and although not ancient enough to be a relic it attracted amused looks when the 'beef State' plates of origin were seen on the New York Turnpike. However, it was equipped with a radio, heater and four good tyres and the only servicing needed in nine months was a puncture repair. I sold it for \$25.00 to an Elyria, Ohio, junk dealer. Fourteen miles per gallon could not be considered too expensive when gas was only 29 cents per U.S. gallon. After many thousands of miles in nearly every kind of American-built automobile I concluded that they offer more in terms of machinery for money than any kind of European popular car. Once the new compacts are recognized in the States the English manufacturers will certainly have to improve the quality of moderate-priced saloons to maintain their export market.

Omaha is the largest city in Nebraska and for some hundreds of miles in each direction, with a population of slightly over 300,000. At this

... until one gets closer'



number it ranks forty-first in the nation's great cities and has the standing of being 'All American.'

Geographically it is centrally placed at 1,290 miles from New York, 1,692 miles from Miami and 1,690 from Los Angeles. The first permanent settlement dates from 1854, although early trading posts were in the region about 1820. The Mormons in their great trek west crossed the Missouri at Omaha. Since 1946 it has made a substantial economic and industrial growth and thrives on the vast area of fertile crop land around it and the countless herds of cattle raised on outlying farms.

The commercial district is dignified by taller, older buildings. Limited at one side by the river, it spreads to the west in a series of developments which are virtually self contained. The dominating feature of the city to the south is the stockyards, both in size and smell. This is the hub of the world's largest cattle market and the source of America's finest corn-fed steaks. Around it are the canning factories, slaughterhouses and similarly associated industries.

Far from being a romantic setting for the not long departed paddleboats, the Missouri is a shallow, murky rush of water. However, the city enjoys the advantage of position and is well connected by river, road, rail and air carriers.

Many of Omaha's inhabitants are of direct Czechoslovakian, German, Italian, Swedish, Danish, Polish and Lithuanian extraction. There are many churches and social clubs supported by these communities.

An unusual charitable organization has played a prominent part in civic affairs for many years. Called Ak Sar Ben, it is run on a commercial basis and exists to help every kind of deserving cause by providing entertainment, sport and recreation through its race-track, ice rink, and similar amenities. It encourages agricultural interests in its rodeo, holds livestock competitions and supports farmers with subsidies. With colourful and lavish ceremonial a King and Queen are crowned each year and for that time represent the mythical kingdom of Quivira which organizes the social activities of Ak Sar Ben.

The only regular live entertainment was at the burlesque theatre, but evidence of the solid cultural interests in the city are the magnificent internationally recognized Joslyn Museum of Art, the Union Pacific Railroad Museum, which records the progress of the pioneers, and the amateur dramatic society's theatre, which has quite recently been erected and is considered

to be the finest in the country. Travelling companies presented performances of *Auntie Mame*, *My Fair Lady*, and ballet. Ted Heath and Mantovani played there in 1959.

The Mid-West has virtually no claim to any scenic attraction so I would like to describe the consistently spectacular sunsets which disappear each day in brilliant combinations of red, orange and yellow. With thunderclouds around they would throw in lurid, flickering green, greys and blues.

The Nebraskan climate may be simply described as continental extreme, but to those living there it means constant summer temperatures of 90°-100°, all-penetrating, blowing dust, enervating humidity and incredibly violent storms in which egg-sized hailstones are not uncommon. In winter, snow lies from late November until the end of March, icy winds sweep down from the Canadian Arctic and temperatures go down to -20°. The servicing teams, wearing protective clothing, overcame these difficulties with great success. Only major tasks were undertaken in the hangars since space was always at a premium.

The staunch Hastings, after three months at the Island, generally found night winter conditions unacceptable and after exposure would be found in pools of petrol, oil, and any liquid capable of escaping from a strained pipeline.

It was often possible to take long leaves when the movements activity was slack, and it was often possible to combine these leave periods with communication flights which linked S.A.C.H.Q. with other bases. In this way, through the great kindness and help from our crews and operations staff, and with the ever-ready Buick, I travelled about 30,000 miles in the fifteen months I was in America. The one major city I wanted to visit and did not was New Orleans. I had intended to see Miami, but after finding California so pleasant I spent three holidays there and dropped Florida from my objectives.

Christmas of 1958 was spent in Colorado Springs after a 15-hour train journey across rolling, featureless prairie lands. I stayed with a friend at the Antlers Hotel. Off-season terms under the American Plan were \$12.00 a night. The alternative European Plan includes meals and so is considerably more expensive.

Eighty years ago precious metal was extracted from the silver mines which abounded in the foothills of the Rockies. Today the main occupation seems to be the extraction of money from a ready stream of tourists. They come for

their health, for their pleasure, and to admire the natural beauty of the mountains which slope to the outer limits of the city.

Although the city is of undistinguished style it is set in an area of unsurpassed attraction. The nearby Garden of the Gods is named from the varied rock formations and massive fantastic patterns in which they have been set. The celebrated club of the same name could not have been more properly placed for the satisfaction of its members.

The Air Academy lies a few miles north of Colorado Springs. It appears starkly modern against the mountain background. Built on a scale which matches the Rockies, it was most impressive but lacked appeal. After inspecting the sports facilities an Annapolis man remarked cynically that the aim was apparently to produce footballers. However, it represents a reassuring investment of American faith in the future of air power realized in the best American tradition. At the time of my visit some of the buildings were not completed, although cadets were in residence. I expect I was one of the very first Old Cranwellians to view it.

San Francisco was easily the most impressive of all the cities I saw. The curving approach to the Golden Gates bridge, which is painted red,

along the Sir Francis Drake boulevard gave a view across the whole bay. The setting sun in its last brilliance outlined the white and pastel crescent of buildings at the edge of the water. The island of Alcatraz was softened in its own shadow and there was no sign of the notorious currents which whirl past.

On the six-lane highway it was possible to separate visitors from the native Californians. The first gazed in admiration, the rest drove with ruthless purpose at least 10 miles per hour faster than the speed limit.

For a Sunday outing from Travis A.F.B., which lies on the plain near Sacramento, we passed between pastoral country as green as the Chilterns. Striking west we paused at a small dam and crossed the Napa valley, which is the principal vineyard of the United States. Typical of Mediterranean lands was the clear dryness of the air, the long-froned palms and ordered rows of grapebushes. After a quick hamburger in a dusty one-street hamlet we headed into the coast mountains which barred us from the Pacific Ocean. The road twisted and climbed to the crest and gave a sight of jagged ridges coloured mauve, brown and shades of green in every direction. We descended quickly, and, seeing a lumber camp for the first time, I was disappointed

Offutt Lions F.C., 1959



to find power tools in place of sturdy, check-shirted woodsmen wielding a cherished blade. Quite suddenly the sea was before us, grey and empty of ships. Fat sheep grazed on the slopes. Racing south we drove through shingled fishing villages and former Spanish settlements to reach our destination—the English-styled pub at Inverness. Here steak and kidney pudding was to be obtained but no concessions for the beer. It was iced and very acceptable.

At the end of the jaunt we had covered 600 miles in just over 15 hours and decided that California indeed has everything.

All of my visits to the 'mile high' city of Denver, Colorado, were made through the generous offices of the U.S.A.F. The base ski club organized flights to Lowrie A.F.B. every three or four weeks in a 'Goony Bird' (Dakota). The crew were staff from S.A.C.H.Q. making up flying time, so the only expense was the return coach fare between Denver and the snow fields. Equipment was hired from one of the enterprises on the road. This was \$5.00 for the use of skis, poles and boots from Friday to Sunday—all in excellent condition. Bed and breakfast at the lodge was plain but adequate and cost about \$10.00 for two nights. The principal expense arose from the quaffing of Coor's Ale brewed from 'sparkling Rocky Mountain streams' at Adlofo, the only inn for miles. It was run by an old German who was a healthy example of the benefits derived from the pure mountain air and the comfort from the streams.

Many of the slopes were controlled by the State Winter Park and had many tows and lifts, an ice rink and cafeterias. Military rates for tows were \$1.50 per day. There were no sophisticated social diversions. Most skiers would arrive by car or special train, devote themselves energetically to the sport in the daylight hours, and depart at the closing of the slopes.

On the way to Charleston I was entertained at Myrtle Beach, a T.A.C. Base, where I met Colonel Grabeski who holds the U.S.A.F. record for shot-down enemy aircraft. By great chance Group Captain 'Johnnie' Johnson flew to Offutt by Victor a few months later.

Charleston was a city of contrasts. The prosperous section was charmingly preserved with an air of Southern graciousness. The negro quarter was the most squalid shanty town that could possibly be imagined. It was here, for the only time, I saw signs which said 'coloured entrance.' South Carolina was the only State I visited which gave an impression of low living

standards and general listlessness as opposed to the dynamic progress evident elsewhere.

The eastern cities were older, the people more conservatively dressed and the accents clearer and harder. It was easy for an Englishman to feel at home in the country lanes and small towns of parts settled by the original colonists.

The older section of the town of Annapolis looked as it must have done 200 years ago. The setting of the Naval Academy was very appropriate and its buildings had dignity, assurance and scale. Here I saw what were said to be the only captured British battle colours existing in the world. The entrance to the Bancroft Hall is flanked by ancient cannons which, by amusing tradition, fire when virtuous ladies pass between them.

Washington is a young capital and in its youth has had the advantage of planning which gives it broad avenues and connected layout of buildings used in the administration of government. The city also has the greatest concentration of statues, monuments and memorials that any tourist could wish to gaze upon. Very surprisingly there is only one live theatre, but there is ample compensation in museums and galleries. The Smithsonian Institute was fascinating in its variety and the white marbled splendour of the National Gallery of Art truly magnificent.

In July of 1959 I stayed with a friend at the Yale Club in New York. The air conditioning made the visit tolerable and the Club surroundings were as English as one could ever hope to see in the States. This was true of the university in some ways. Unlike the popular conceptions of American colleges this one has ivy on its walls, has a bulldog mascot and one of the finest libraries in the world. In one afternoon impressions could not be profound, but tradition seemed classically preserved in Mary's Tavern and progress apparent in the achievements of its students. It was touching and revealing to see the large number of Yalermen killed while serving with the R.F.C. or R.A.F. and commemorated in the war memorial.

The city of New York is unique. I sailed on the Manhattan Island Ferry, saw the bottom part of the Empire State Building, had two drinks at the Stork Club, visited the American Stock Exchange on Wall Street, looked around Brook Bros., dined at Joe King's Rathskeller, browsed through the Metropolitan Museum of Art and viewed the glass-sided slab of the U.N. building. I thought Times Square, known as the 'Great White Way,' more spectacular than I had expected. As in London there was a great air

of haste and bustle in the city. The traffic was as dense but more controlled by the practice of making all streets one way and the use of great flyovers and underpasses. Once out of the city and through the sprawling suburbs there are peaceful country surroundings and some beautiful residential areas. The sharp contrast was emphasized by the view of the sun going down over Long Island Sound, scarcely rippling, with white sails making for harbour and swimmers idling on the sandy beach. All this only a short drive from the city. Harlem was like a living guys and dolls show with negroes sprawling on the steps outside their doors, hanging from windows and lounging at the corners to find some relief from the stifling evening heat.

With certain reservations it is apparent that the United States is a blueprint of the future social development of England. The affluent society became a reality there before the war and now continues to grow through sales stimulated by vast credit financing. It is unlikely that this country, depending upon successful exporting, could support this kind of a home market for a great number of years. It was very common to discover that people would work at two jobs to maintain an income to pay off hire purchase debts. There is a very real personal compulsion behind the energetic and progressive industrial expansion which makes the United States the most comfortable country on earth. However, I saw no sign of ruthless capitalism in the shape of starving poor. There are public welfare organizations which help the aged and

unemployed. Most people contribute to medical insurance schemes, which, although expensive, are certainly an effective way of avoiding huge bills for surgery or treatment. By virtue of competition it seemed that patients were given value for their money in the shape of modern hospitals and good care.

I have said little about the American people. This is deliberate and I left it because of my wish to counteract the misconceptions that many Englishmen hold after seeing a distortion of the United States in a film, or reading politically inspired propaganda in irresponsible newspapers. My conclusions are drawn with reference to the hundreds of people I met and spoke with or who offered me hospitality in the time I lived with them or travelled in their country.

Every U.S.A.F. officer who had been stationed in England found pleasure in his recollections. This opinion contrasted with the general lack of information that civilians had of this country. I found no adverse prejudice and was impressed by the sincere, friendly curiosity of people who questioned me about England. I was impressed by the understanding and unity of ordinary people in their determination to resist Communism. I liked the proud and confident patriotism that was frequently expressed and displayed. In particular I shall remember with affection the unfailing courtesy and welcome offered to a stranger by the inhabitants of Omaha.

I set foot in nineteen states and hope some day to be able to visit the remaining thirty-one.

E.H.W.



Author and Buick

Commissioning List

No. 78 ENTRY

- R. P. HALLAM, Senior Under Officer: The Sword of Honour; The R. S. May Memorial Prize; The Hicks Flying Trophy; The J. A. Chance Memorial Prize; Athletics (Captain, Full Colours); Rugby; Bible Study Group; Dancing; Film.
- P. G. PINNEY, Senior Under Officer: The Queen's Medal; The Abdy Gerrard Fellowes Memorial Prize; Cricket (1st XI); Boxing; Athletics (Full Colours); Cross-Country (Full Colours); Mountaineering; Potholing; Photography; Ski-ing.
- A. A. MACKAY, Senior Under Officer: The Philip Sassoon Memorial Prize; Victoria League Award; Rugby (1st XV, Full Colours, Vice-Captain); Cricket (1st XI, Full Colours, Vice-Captain); Boxing; Ski-ing.
- W. J. WRATTEN, Senior Under Officer: Rugby (Full Colours); Athletics (Full Colours, Secretary); Choral; Ski-ing; Film.
- R. M. BAYNE, Under Officer: Rugby (Full Colours, 1st XV, Captain); Golf (1st VI, Captain); Chess; Music; Mountaineering; Film.
- P. F. A. CANNING, Under Officer: Hockey (1st XI, Full Colours); Cricket (2nd XI); Motor Club; Film.
- E. R. COX, Under Officer: Navigation Prize; Rugby (2nd XV); Soccer (1st XI); Athletics; Choir; Choral Society; Motor Club; Radio.
- G. H. GLASGOW, Under Officer: Soccer (1st XI, Full Colours); Cricket; Golf; Motor Club; Film; Sailing.
- N. C. V. IRELAND, Under Officer: Arnold Barlow Award; Modern Pentathlon (Captain); Motor Club; Riding; Film.
- D. E. LEPPARD, Under Officer: Dickson Trophy and Michael Hill Memorial Prize; Soccer (1st XI, Vice-Captain, Full Colours); Cricket (2nd XI); Motor Club; Geographical; History; Film.
- M. H. WILSON, Under Officer: Commonwealth and War Studies Prize; Royal New Zealand Air Force Trophy; Rugby (2nd XV); Motor; Aeromodelling; Film.
- R. W. A. WOODHEAD, Under Officer: Fencing (Secretary, Vice-Captain, Colours); Geographical and Historical; Film.
- C. S. M. ANDERSON, Senior Flight Cadet: Sailing Team (Ocean Racing); Motor Club (President); Sailing Club (Captain); Gliding; Dramatic; Film.
- C. C. BLOMFIELD, Senior Flight Cadet: Swimming (1st team); Motor; Sub-Aqua; Ski-ing.
- W. G. CHAPMAN, Senior Flight Cadet: Cross-Country (Captain, Full Colours); Athletics; Golf; Rugby (2nd XV); Photographic; Sub-Aqua; Film.
- R. A. K. CRABTREE, Senior Flight Cadet: R.U.S.I. Award; Rugby (3rd XV); Radio; Music; Potholing; Film.
- G. C. CRUMBIE, Senior Flight Cadet: R. M. Groves Memorial Prize and Kinkead Trophy; Hockey (1st XI, Full Colours, Vice-Captain); Athletics; Sub-Aqua; Film.
- T. CUMBERLAND, Senior Flight Cadet: Rugby (3rd XV); Sailing (Team); Choir; Ocean Sailing; Social Secretary; Film.
- E. L. GOTHARD, Senior Flight Cadet: Soccer (1st and 2nd XIs); Cricket (Full Colours, 1st XI); Rugby (1st and 2nd XVs); *The Journal* (Assistant Editor); Motor; Bridge; Film.
- P. J. GOODMAN, Senior Flight Cadet: (Rugby, 1st XV); Sub-Aqua; Dramatic; Choral; Jazz; Social Secretary; Motor; Film.
- J. H. LAMING, Senior Flight Cadet: Soccer (1st XI); Athletics (Colours); Golf; Chess; Music; Photography; Dancing; Film.
- R. H. LLOYD, Senior Flight Cadet: Rugby (1st XV, Colours); Athletics; Potholing; Chess; Motor; Mountaineering; Gliding; Dancing; Film.
- I. E. D. MONTGOMERIE, Senior Flight Cadet: Rugby (2nd XV); Cross-Country (2nd); Motor; Gliding; Film.
- P. A. NELSON, Senior Flight Cadet: Shooting (1st VIII); Aeromodelling; Motor; Potholing; Film; Field Shooting.
- B. J. NORRIS, Senior Flight Cadet: Cricket (1st XI, Captain); Rugby; Squash; Film; Motor.
- A. R. OLIVER, Senior Flight Cadet: Tennis (1st VI and Captain, 2nd VI); Rugby (1st XV, Colours); Mountaineering; Potholing (Secretary); Historical and Geographical; Gliding; Photographic; Film; Motor; Dancing.
- J. R. OLIVER, Senior Flight Cadet: Rugby (1st XV, Colours); Tennis (2nd VI); Mountaineering (Captain); Potholing; Gliding; Historical and Geographical; Film; Dancing; Music.
- K. C. QUIN, Senior Flight Cadet: Rugby (2nd XV); Film Society (Secretary); Motor; Gliding.
- J. F. RAESIDE, Senior Flight Cadet: Badminton (Captain, Colours); Boxing; Rugby; *The*

Journal (Editor); Fine Arts; Dancing (Secretary); Mountaineering; Film.

- A. J. Ross, Senior Flight Cadet: Hockey (1st XI); Cricket (2nd XI); Choral; Music; Motor; Film.
- D. J. W. TAYLOR, Senior Flight Cadet: Rugby (2nd XV); Modern Pentathlon; Film; Photographic; Sailing; Dramatic.
- M. C. WRIGHT, Senior Flight Cadet: Hockey (Captain, 2nd XI); Rugby (3rd XV); Dramatic Society (President); Sailing; Film.

CADET WING LISTS

PROMOTIONS

No. 79 ENTRY

'A' Squadron: Flight Cadet Senior Under Officer A. A. Headley. Flight Cadet Under Officers C. J. Adams, A. Fern.

'B' Squadron: Flight Cadet Senior Under Officer R. G. S. Slade. Flight Cadet Under Officers C. R. Adams, R. Neal.

'C' Squadron: Flight Cadet Senior Under Officer J. E. de G. Bromhead. Flight Cadet Under Officers M. J. Dunlop, R. E. Williams.

'D' Squadron: Flight Cadet Senior Under Officer N. R. Hayward. Flight Cadet Under Officers D. J. Curry, R. G. Peters.

No. 84 ENTRY

'A' Squadron: M. R. Atkinson, Roundhay School, Leeds. J. A. Cheshire, Workop College. T. D. Collier, Magdalen College School, Oxford. T. E. L. Jarron, Bell Baxter High School, Cupar, Fife. P. J. Morrison, Southern Grammar School for Boys, Portsmouth. I. Pervez, Pakistan Air Force. K. O. N. Price, Loretto School. J. S. Robinson, Long Eaton Grammar School. G. J. Stedmon, St Peter's School, Southbourne.

'B' Squadron: D. Cousins, Prince Rupert's School, Wilhelms-haven. J. T. Craven, Maidstone Grammar School. R. J. T. Falkiner, St Columba's College, Dublin. G. R. Herring, Wellington College. J. P. S. Larbey, Cathedral School, Wells, Somerset. T. F. Lodge, Westminster School. J. E. Room, Woodhouse Grove School, Apperley Bridge. F. Sultan, Pakistan Air Force. C. J. Wemyss, Fraserburgh Academy. M. R. Yule, Chard School, Somerset.

'C' Squadron: J. C. Ball, Sandown Grammar School, I.O.W. M. B. M. Canavan, Stowe School. D. L. T. Earl, Lancing College. S. C. D. N. Francis, Ottershaw School, Surrey. A. P. Galea, Lyceum, Hamrun, Malta. M. J. Hughes, St John's School, Leatherhead. A. G. Mahon, Andover Grammar School. W. Samuel, Dalziel High School, Motherwell. T. P. Stockley, Stourfield County Secondary, Bournemouth, No. 1 Radio School, Locking.

'D' Squadron: S. R. Chew, Berkhamsted. J. F. Fisher, St Paul's School, London, W.14. D. J. Holliday, Northgate Grammar School, Ipswich. S. P. Hughes, Campbell College, Belfast. D. H. Jackson, Westcliffe High School for Boys. K. R. F. Lamb, Royal New Zealand Air Force. R. L. Lilley, Denstone College. J. T. J. McLean, Royal Hospital School, Holbrook, Ipswich. C. J. Slack, Aylesbury Grammar School. R. Wallis, Solihull School.

THE DAY

Let us dream of the simple things,
That make this life so gay,
In a world that's tossed in tumult
And all is drowned by the way.
Circumstance weaves a crazy pattern
Above and around our heads;
So let us seek the simple things
That make this life so gay.
Think now of the cool, stark dawn
And the warm, calm of eventide.
These are the times of greatness,
When all is soft and stilled.
Heaven, God and Earth are near,
Yet, no one speaks or makes a sound
That will break this magic spell,

All is held, high in suspense.
Time for a moment hangs in space;
Life is still and breath is held,
As everyone's spellbound by the might
Of Nature showing herself at her best.
Tiredness rolls away from the limbs,
As life's blanket is spread over all.
All creatures are refreshed with life
As one more day they set out to live.
Now look at the eve of the passing day,
Another page of life is filled.
Life's wheel has taken one more turn,
That will wind up life's bucket
From the depths of the human well,
To the ethereal plains above this Earth.

At the Service of Thanksgiving, held on 5th February 1961, for the 41st Anniversary of the founding of the Royal Air Force College, the foundations of the new Church of St Michael and All Angels were blessed by the Reverend W. E. G. Payton, M.A., Assistant Chaplain-in-Chief, Flying Training Command.



ACTIVITIES

AND

SOCIETIES

Flight Cadet Mighall and Flying Officer Jones in a scene from A Touch of the Sun

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ITS FUNCTION. The main function of Life Assurance is the protection of present or prospective dependants against hardship resulting from your premature death and provision for yourself and them in later years if you survive normally.

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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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SKI-ING

IN

SWITZERLAND



THE Matterhorn is an imposing sight at any time, but especially, they tell me, in the early morning. People who have seen the mountain shortly after dawn wax eloquent about its magnificence and beauty. However, when the party of two officers and seventeen flight cadets arrived at Zermatt on the 21st December last, they did not see the famous view at all, partly because it was snowing, partly because it was 3 a.m. The hold-up, described as a bind, was caused by the failure of our chartered aircraft to turn up at Gatwick until eight hours after the expected time of departure.

However, arrive we finally did, apparently bringing the snow with us. On arrival, the party was divided between the hotels National Bellevue and Graven. Later on in the morning, we did get to see the Matterhorn, as the day was clear and sunny. A frantic rush to the 'Glacier Sports' shop provided the necessary ski-ing equipment, and the more eager beavers headed off for the slopes. For some, it was the first time on skis—a hilarious and in a way annoying time. However, by persevering, some of the complete novices found that in a short time they could get the hang of standing up, at least.

On the following morning the Ski School swung into action. Classes were formed, instructors allocated, and things really got moving, though not always under complete control! The aces moved up to Gornegrat, to come down

faster than the train goes up, while the beginners settled in on the nursery slopes, and I mean settled in! Ski-ing conditions were excellent to begin with, but as time went on, with no new snow, some very icy patches presented added hazards.

Those that had skied before found that it took a couple of days to get back into the run of things, but it did not take too long. Zermatt has a lot of excellent ski runs marked out, and one cannot help improving, even without the constant call of the Skilehrer. . . . 'Skis parallel and togedder.'





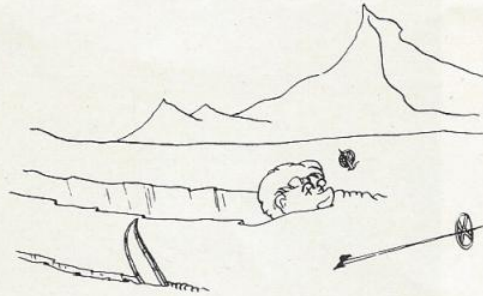
After a day's energetic activity, various warped and shattered bodies would present themselves at an excellent establishment known as the 'Jug,' or more officially, the 'Walliserkanne mit Tea-room.' There one could sit and drink hot chocolate and eat the wonderful cakes, provided at retail price . . . 'Mit Service!' One could dance if one so desired, or generally take part in what the *Tatler* describes as 'Apres Ski' activity. After dinner there would be dances at various hotels, and in one excellent place, known as the 'Bristol,' there was a bowling alley. The fact that this particular place sold the cheapest beer in town may have contributed to its popularity. None the less, one could spend a very enjoyable evening there, or perhaps go down to the 'Broken Ski,' or other notable meeting places.

Christmas Eve in Switzerland is a very quiet time, with no dancing or revelry in the hotels. Perhaps this is as it should be. Many went to the English church at midnight for the service. Christmas Day was fine and clear, and even though there was no Ski School, most people went off for a bit of practice. However, two were seen to head for the curling rink, and in the



excellent company of the captain of the Dundee Curling Club, enjoyed a quiet cut-throat game.

Boxing Day saw a full turn-out on the slopes, again with many anxious shouts and resounding thuds. However, by this time, even the novices were becoming more sure of themselves, and therefore more dangerous! Instructors such as Tony, who has been ski-ing for about 40 years and teaching for the last 30, gave us first class instruction. Some had their first taste of racing when the Ski Club of Great Britain held a downhill race. There was one proviso . . . No falls! Alas!

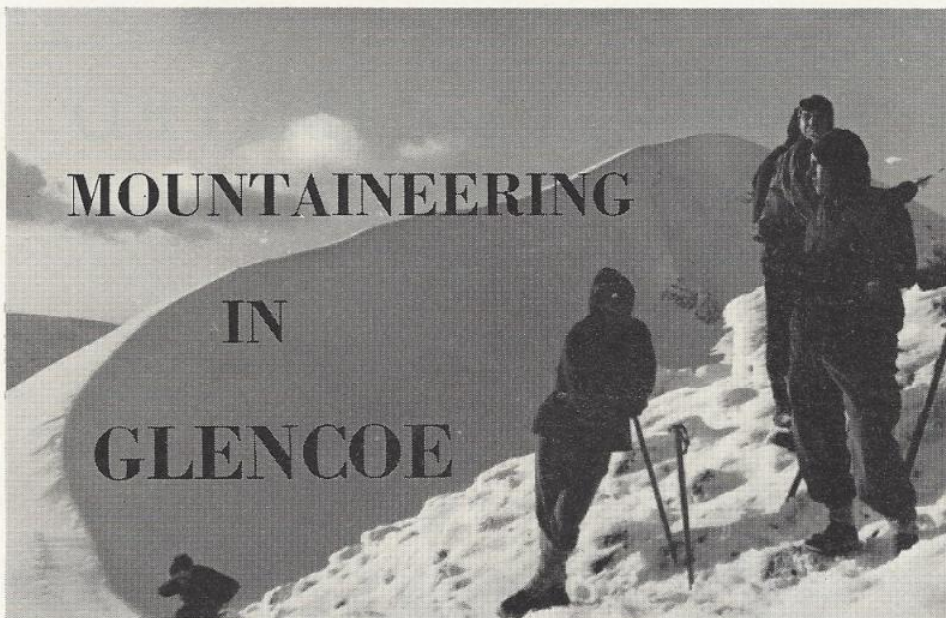


By the time that the first week had passed, everyone had experienced the thrill that ski-ing provides. It is a very energetic sport, as we all found out, but is also exhilarating and most enjoyable. Most people work under the idea that if you do not fall down you are not trying, and pressed on regardless. We had a few minor accidents, and Dr Gentinetta's Clinic became quite popular. However, no serious damage was done, except to skis, of which a certain person broke two!

New Year came along all too soon, and we found that at this time the Swiss really let their hair down. This is obviously their big celebration, and no second invitation was needed to join in. Midnight was welcomed with bells ringing, guns going off, and the wild yells of intoxicated sleigh drivers. Needless to say, not many went ski-ing on New Year's Day, but also because the snow was falling and at ten thousand feet up on the Gornegrat a regular blizzard was blowing. No one minded really, as we needed the snow.

The 2nd was our last day, and at lunch-time a race was held. Skiers went off at intervals, complete with a Cape Canaveral count-down! In honour of our friend, the doctor, the race was called the 'Gentinetta Stakes.' The course was about two miles long, and was so cunningly chosen that in places you just had to turn! The

(Concluded on page 93)



DURING the Xmas vacation, eight cadets spent a week in Glencoe, climbing some of the local 'giants.' This part of Scotland at this time of year probably provides the best snow and ice climbing in the British Isles, and it was our aim to gain as much experience as possible in these conditions in the time available.

The party left Cranwell at 1630 on New Year's Day, and had its first stop at 1631 to restart the Dormobile. This was our first indication that it was perhaps not going to be on its best form during the coming week. We drove through most of the night and free-wheeled into Scotland due to a lack of fuel. This was a mistake, as that particular day was a Bank Holiday in Scotland. However, one of the party earned himself an 'O.Q.' by somehow acquiring some. By mid-afternoon we were approaching the Glencoe Pass, and it was there that we had our first breathtaking view of the mountains. There was plenty of snow and we were eager to get to grips with them.

Tuesday, 3rd Jan. 1961

After an early breakfast we set off for the Clachaig Hotel (so soon?), which is the starting point for the climb onto the Aonach Eagach, the most famous ridge on the mainland of Scotland. The party was split into three ropes which were led by U.O. Fern, S.F.C. Pitchfork and F.C. Thompstone respectively. After one hour of

steep scrambling we reached the snow-line and roped up. The three ropes then carried on independently and met on the ridge after a further hour of climbing. By 1300 hrs. we were on the main summit of the ridge, Sgor Nam Fiannaioh (3168), and then we began some most excellent climbing along the ridge. At 1400 hrs. we were on top of the second summit, a very fine snow cone, Stob Coire Leith (3080). After this peak the conditions became very tricky, with many iced rocks, and care had to be taken in the large cornices. The climbing was sufficiently difficult to be exhilarating but not too bad to be dangerous. By this time the first and second ropes were making good progress, but were getting too far ahead of the third. After a long wait to let them catch up, it became apparent that this rope would not get off the ridge in daylight, so it was decided to return by the route we already knew. The second rope made rapid progress and were off the mountain after spending seven hours on it. The first rope were off after eight hours. However, the third made slow progress and completed most of the ridge in darkness, getting off after nearly eleven hours on the mountain. This required careful and intelligent leading and Thompstone's feat was very commendable.

Throughout the day the weather remained perfect and the views to the Bidean and Nevis groups were quite magnificent.

Wednesday, 4th Jan. 1961

During the previous evening we had been recommended to attempt an excellent ridge about four miles away called Bienn a Bheithir. The climb to the snow-line was very exhausting and uninteresting due to a great deal of undergrowth and loose rock. However, once on the snow-line the climbing became most enjoyable. The ridge was magnificent with steep corries on both sides. By 1200 hrs. we were on the subsidiary summit, Sgorr Bhan (3104), and from here to the main summit we climbed along the best snow ridge that we saw during our stay. After a further hour we stood on the summit, Sgorr Dhearg (3364), and sampled the breathtaking views, extending as they do from the open sea over the picturesque mountains of Morven and Argdour to the Nevis group in the north. To the east they extend to Loch Leven and the magnificent Glencoe mountains.

We descended slowly, and half way down found a very good steep snow slope for glissading practice, falling and step cutting, on which we spent a very useful and instructive hour. The descent below the snow-line was as exhausting as the ascent and after nearly six hours we were off the mountain.

Thursday, 5th Jan. 1961

The weather on this day was very bad and climbing was impossible. A great deal of snow

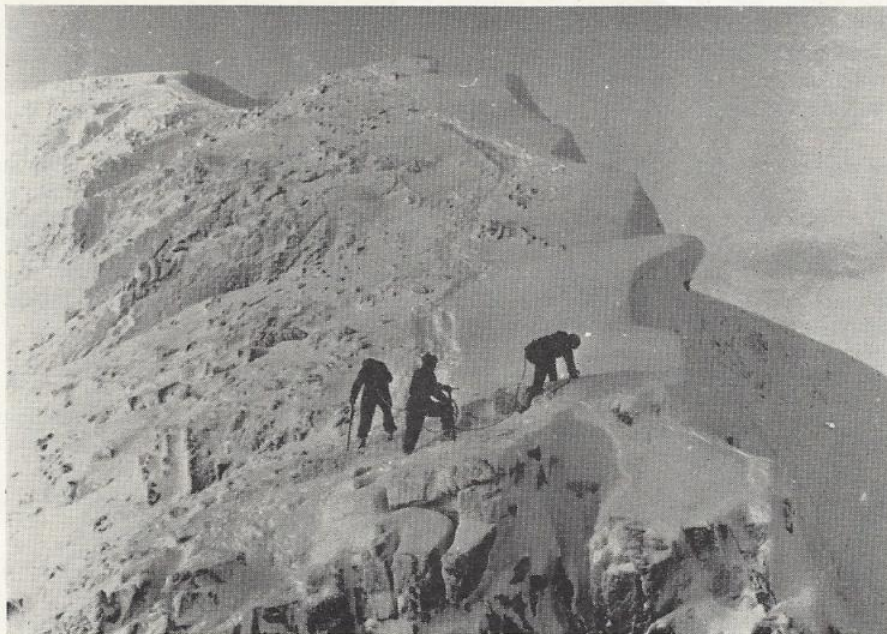
fell in the mountains and we were to become aware of this during the next day.

We travelled to Fort William and the Nevis group but the weather there was hardly any better so we had to be content with a day in that seething metropolis of Fort William, where the only food you can buy is porridge and the only drink is whisky.

Friday, 6th Jan. 1961

The morning heralded fine, cold weather and we had an early start, since it was our intention to attempt the highest peak in the area.

Once again we set off from Clachaig Hotel with Bidean Nam Bian (3766) as our goal. We started to follow a small icy stream and soon reached the snow-line, which gave us our first indication that there would be deep snow and heavy going ahead. At 1,750 ft. we forked left into the main corrie and, on aiming for the Central Gully, we encountered very deep snow. During most of the climb Fern was leading and had the mammoth task of starting the steps. The Central Gully was exceptionally steep; in most places the gradient was in excess of 70 deg. and care had to be taken. This 500 ft. gully took one hour to climb and at the top we had to break through the cornice, when the whole of Argyllshire was thrust in front of us. We then climbed along the short ridge and by 1330 hrs. we were all



Cornices on the Aonach Eagach

on the summit (3766). The wind was very cold and we soon moved off along the ridge and lost height rapidly, but it was regained just as quickly and we were soon on the summit of Stob Coire Sgreabhach (3497), one of the secondary peaks. From here there were very steep ice and rock pitches to descend and considerable care had to be taken, particularly since there were large overhanging cornices on one side. At 1500 hrs. we were on the top of another secondary peak of the main massif, Bienn Fhada (3120). We then started to descend rapidly, directly down the side into the valley below. Most of the descent was done by means of glissading, and what had taken three hours to climb, took us about half an hour to descend. We then walked down the aptly named 'Hidden Valley' which is completely surrounded by the high mountains and this provided us with a fitting end to a superb day's climbing. By the time we were off the mountain we had been on it for six hours and the long walk back to the hotel convinced us that perhaps we were tired after all.

Saturday, 7th Jan. 1961

Since this was our last day of climbing, we were eager to attempt another 'big-un,' even if the weather was not too good. This proved to be the case, but six of us set off undaunted, without our leader (who had damaged his ankle the previous day), and our Sherpa, Chuah, who was busy taking photographs of the local district. We decided to attempt Stob Coire Nam Beith (3621), which would give us our second highest peak.

The first part of the route was the same as the previous day, but at the snow-line we forked right and started to climb the corrie onto the ridge. Two of the more inexperienced cadets, Ward and Bowler, led on this trip and they made a very good job of it. More step-kicking was necessary and we eventually attained the ridge where we were met by an icy wind. The conditions on the ridge were by far the worst that we had met all week, and in a howling gale with strong snow flurries we eventually reached the summit, our eighth over 3,000 ft. during the visit. We immediately descended to the comparative shelter of the valley and after five hours we were off the mountain.

As a result of the approaching bad weather it was decided to leave that night after a meal. At 1800 hrs. we said goodbye to the warden and his wife who had been superb during our stay.

All that need be said about the return journey is that it was a nightmare. There were treacherous roads, a blizzard, and the slow but steady breakdown of the Dormobile. There was an enforced stop of four hours in Darlington during the early hours of Sunday morning, waiting for a garage to open to charge our very flat battery. After 24 hours we were back at Cranwell, very tired and hungry.

We were very fortunate to obtain four climbing days out of a possible five. There was plenty of snow and initially the snow conditions were excellent. On the final two days the going was heavier, but conditions were still very good.

The most pleasing aspect of the whole trip was the quick development and improvement of the more inexperienced members. They came along very well and gained much very valuable experience. Everyone agreed that the trip was most worthwhile and we are all eagerly awaiting our next major outing.

ROUGH SHOOTING IN COUNTY CLARE

(Continued from page opposite)

The highlight of the visit was the shooting by this same Under Officer of a white-fronted goose at morning flight. He might as well have shot the albatross, for Nemesis followed and he was laid on a bed of sickness. The Irish milch cow was again called upon to calm the turmoil within.

We were very sad to leave after such an enjoyable week. The hospitality had been wonderful and we were really quite ashamed of our surly, unobliging compatriots. We met them again at the border into Northern Ireland. The *pro forma* made its unwelcome appearance, or rather tiresome disappearance. Though we had a superfluity of papers of various authorities we were soon interned in a sand-bagged bastion of the Ulster Constabulary. Only lengthy pleading that we had an aeroplane to catch to take us away over the water finally secured our release.



ROUGH SHOOTING IN COUNTY CLARE



A SODDEN sun had been shining wanly over the wintry Lincolnshire heathland for a whole two hours of the morning of the first day of the Christmas leave before your correspondent groped for his restoring anti-dyspeptic. Instead of a healing influence permeating to the remotest ganglion of his shattered frame, an insidious and unmistakable heaving turned to a convulsion within him.

Cranwell training is sometimes absorbed, or rather the Directorate of Flight Safety's cautionary tales and injunctions sometimes are. Was it not 'your duty to see that you are fit to fly'? Conscience was relieved on the flight over in one of the Navigation Squadron's more sophisticated delivery systems by the thought that though perhaps research had been made into the prone pilot, the prone passenger had been entirely neglected. Was it not also due homage to the Assistant Commandant designate, who had deigned to be a fellow traveller, to prostrate ourselves before him?

A link-up with the advance party and the Dormobile was effected at Aldergrove, and we sped southwards into the Celtic interior. The diarist's internal insurrection was finally pacified some nine hours after its outbreak by the kindness of an Irish landlord at Granard. He was magnanimous enough to swallow his principles and instead of juice of hop, grape or rye, offered the more soothing variety from the cow.

We arrived at our hotel in Ennis, instantly nicknamed 'Old Grind' for 'Old Ground.' To our astonishment we found that an airline crew were sleeping in our beds. Much is talked about

making the Royal Air Force compare favourably with civil life. It would seem that recruiting would benefit if aircrew could have such talented crewmates as their civilian counterparts and comparable *en route* facilities.

The next two days' shooting was had down on the flooded fields beside the Fergus Estuary. Golden Plover abounded, and we had some very exciting shooting as they flighted over the sea wall. That evening we were invited to join in a dance at the hotel. Your humble scribe always leapt at such opportunities to do his best to undo centuries of English injustice to the Irish. A noble Under Officer saw that the name of Cranwell and England stood high and was not abased in the Celtic revelry. Not content with hairy embellishment to his upper lip, he carried off the trophy for the hairiest legs.

For the remainder of our stay we shot up in the hills. There was excellent duck shooting on the lakes, and in particular an abundance of what the gillie called 'pintail-wigeon,' which we know as scarp. We pursued those most elusive of birds, 'th' woodkhuk,' through gorse and bracken, and the sceeping, twisting, 'sneepes' over virtually limitless bogs. Most fascinating of all was a woodcock flight in the gathering gloom. The birds flitted mysteriously through the shadows like avian wraiths.

Early on there was a schism between those who preferred the thrill of a mobile campaign against snipe and those who favoured a more static one against duck. Your correspondent thought gormandize the inspiration of the duck faction, who doubtless showed the same logic as those who declared in the 'War Song of Dinas Vawr':

'The mountain sheep are sweeter
But the valley sheep are fatter,
We therefore deemed it meetter
To carry off the latter.'

Of course we compromised, and as a result did not have a very impressive bag either of duck or snipe.

We were not neglecting our social obligations—at least not all of us. One disgraceful evening all except the diarist slipped off to bed. He took on alone his self-imposed task at the Carpenters' Guild Ball in the hotel of furthering Anglo-Irish amity. Another evening saw the party at dinner at Shannon Airport. A challenge by an Under Officer to eat everything offered (and who can say nay to a U.O.?) led to the rash internal superimposition of chocolate biscuits on oysters. Intestinal rebellion broke out again that night.

(Continued at foot of page opposite)

MOTOR CLUB

Lincolnshire Ramblings

On a pleasant Sunday afternoon some thirty motorists from Cranwell spent two hours learning a little about the County of Lincolnshire. The College Motor Club ran on this afternoon a most successful Treasure Hunt. The capable organization of Johnny Wood, Rodge Read, Jock Williamson 'Djihm' Nottingham and Colin Dixon ensured a smooth and pleasantly difficult run.

The trial commenced with the question 'Why is Byards Leap so Named?' The answer had to be given vocally at the first checkpoint and this set the standard. A little straight navigation on some of the lesser known roads through small villages was intermixed with the collection of treasure and answers to clues.

The Treasure lacked nothing in variety, some being:—

- One holly leaf.
- A sheet of toilet paper (not government property).
- One picture of Nottingham Castle.
- One bird's feather,

while the clues were successfully disguised in verse:—

- We hope you arrive at this place O.K.
- To get taken by ambulance would ruin your day.
- A contractor is building a little bit more.
- What is his name? You've seen it before.

This was, of course, Pumfrey on the Grantham Hospital.

The hunt was successfully finished in the bar where a 'line' session developed among the pints. Six pounds in vouchers were distributed to the first three, Ian Nelson, Dick Mighall and Dave Crwys-Williams.

SUB-AQUA SECTION

The Sub-Aqua Section has apparently been dormant during this term as far as the practical side is concerned. Let me assure our supporters, however, that a great deal of work has been carried out in planning the future of the Section and that they may expect quite substantial changes in make-up very shortly.

The main reason for the curtailment of our activities in the past has been lack of finances and hence lack of equipment, but it is hoped that this will very soon be rectified and that, by the time next Easter is upon us, we shall be in a position

to challenge other Outdoor Sections on an equal basis as far as resources are concerned.

At the moment our plans cover a visit to Malta at Easter, as well as the annual trip to the Channel Islands in the summer, and an expedition to a wreck off the Lincoln coast is also under consideration. In order to put these plans into effect, it is hoped to obtain a portable compressor and other essential pieces of equipment, as well as trebling the quantities of some of our existing meagre supplies.

We are lucky indeed to have the continued support of Flying Officer Young, whose enthusiasm and hard work have led to this encouraging outlook.

ANGLING SOCIETY

The Angling Society is now emerging as a separate entity from the Sub-Aqua club, into which it was assimilated a few years ago. It is still very much in the paper stage but it is hoped that new equipment will be purchased and a visit to Ireland or Norway will be made in the Easter vacation.

CHORAL SOCIETY

The rehearsals of the Choral Society have been directed towards the production of *The Pirates of Penzance* in April. Flight Lieutenant Clancy has taken over from Flight Lieutenant Galpin as guiding officer for the society. This year the cast is much stronger and many members are quite experienced in light opera. This bodes good for future productions. Added to this, support from the Junior Entries is very strong and indicates that the society, being one of those most strongly supported, will go from strength to strength. Perhaps in the future a production more ambitious and less stereotyped can be attempted.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

The Autumn term showed a revival of interest in colour and black and white photography. Colour photography had become increasingly popular at the College and a selection of colour slides contributed by cadets was shown to visiting representatives of the *Sunday Times* and a large audience of officers and cadets in October. The Annual College Societies Exhibition was held at the end of term and the society managed

to produce 23 exhibition prints. This term it is planned to equip a room as a portrait studio to give greater scope to cadets' photography.

RADIO SECTION

This term has shown a great increase in the number of radio sets built by members, ranging from an increasingly popular six transistor portable to many types of straight and superhet mains receivers. Equipment can be borrowed from the section for constructional work and kits can be obtained at reduced cost.

The section has its own T.R.1153/54 transmitter-receiver and it is hoped that an amateur radio station will soon be in operation. Opportunities will then be available for members to obtain their own transmitting licences.

DANCING SOCIETY

This term has probably been the most successful since the society was restarted in 1959. There have been nine Friday evening meetings at which the average attendance has been 20. Once again most of our members have come from the Junior Mess.

Much progress has been made since September, when we started with the basic steps in the Waltz, Quickstep, Foxtrot and Tango, so that most of our members are now quite confident in such complicated manœuvres as the 'weave' and 'oversway.' Mr Highton, our instructor, has occasionally added light relief by introducing the cha-cha-cha and the samba. Much interest was aroused one evening when he introduced the 'be-bop' turn in the madison—since then the dance has become very popular.

The society is grateful to all the ladies of the Officers' Wives' Committee, and to Mr Highton's partners for all their valuable assistance during the term; without them the society could not carry on.

BRIDGE SECTION

After lapsing into obscurity for a short while the Bridge Society revived once again during the long evenings of the Autumn term. The excellent support at every meeting throughout the term was most encouraging. No. 80 Entry supplied most of the talent, although there are some very promising players in junior entries.

The main object of the Society is to promote an interest in the game and to help members to improve their play. To this end meetings were held once a fortnight, culminating in a most entertaining match with an officers' wives' team of six pairs, led by Mrs Spotswood. The guests triumphed over the cadets by quite a large margin, due perhaps to some very enterprising play by some of the hosts. The result of the return match should prove to be much closer.

On behalf of all the players I would like to proffer a sincere 'thank you' to Flight Lieutenant Boyle for his guidance and support for the re-established Bridge Society.

FINE ARTS SECTION

During the Autumn term the Society continued to flourish, thanks mainly to the encouraging support received from members of 83 Entry and also to the enthusiasm injected by some of the more senior members over more modern trends in painting.

As will have been noted by all who viewed the Fine Arts section of the Societies Exhibition at the end of the term, Tachism has definitely come to stay and many remarkably, and sometimes alarmingly, good efforts were constructed. Examples of more 'normal' works were also included in the Exhibition and, as always, quite a number of posters were produced at the request of other societies and organizations.

An innovation as far as the Society in recent years has been concerned, is the arrival into our fold of a sculptor. We await the results of his labour with great interest—after all, who can argue that a number of 'pieces' in the Henry Moore tradition would not greatly enhance the architectural beauty of the College if placed at suitable intervals around the Orange?

Once again, Mr Foster has been the key to our success and we are grateful to him for his continued aid and encouragement. Also, Mr Tanner has strong claims on our gratitude for his enthusiastic support as our guiding officer.

ENGINEERING SECTION

During the Autumn term the Engineering Section has further increased its equipment by adding a metalwork lathe, pillar drill, and a grinding set to the already wide selection of tools. Many hours have been spent in the section workshop in Building 109, and a Go-Kart has been

built by a group of cadets under the guidance of Squadron Leader Cockshoot.

In addition to indoor work the section has visited High Marnham Power Station. This proved to be very interesting but there was all too little time in one evening to comprehend the workings of such a massive concern.

Next term it is hoped to arrange similar visits, and to undertake work as a section as well as individuals. For those who lack ideas the section provides a good selection of magazines which are both useful and interesting.

PRINTING SECTION

The Printing Section has completed its most successful term. Sixty-four jobs were completed, the numbers of each ranging from a dozen to some thousands. Much of the work has been undertaken for sections of the College and Station, thereby reducing their expenses considerably.

The Section is now permanently situated in the rear of the Junior Mess in pleasant quarters. All the earnings are at present being used to purchase further equipment to make the section more efficient. It is a great pity that more cadets do not take part in this Society's interesting work.

It is with regret that we say farewell to Squadron Leader Gilliatt, our guiding officer, who resurrected the Society and put it on a firm footing both in prestige and finance. We wish him the best of luck in his new posting.

MUSIC SOCIETY

The Autumn term was a particularly rewarding one for the College Music Society.

Full advantage was taken of the concert season in Nottingham. Visits were made to five orchestral concerts, three operas, which were given by the Sadlers Wells company, and two recitals, one of Schubert lieder given by Benjamin Britten and Peter Pears, and the other by the inimitable Anna Russell.

The numbers attending these visits were the highest for many terms. The biggest draw proved to be the superb concert given by the Hungarian State Symphony Orchestra which attracted 38 customers.

The scope of the Record Library was increased during the term by the addition of ten new

records, mostly of work by less familiar composers to cater for the more inquisitive College music lovers.

The Society provided a display of record sleeves for the end-of-term exhibition.

At the end of term the Society also lost its guiding officer when Squadron Leader M. M. J. Robinson was posted. Flight Lieutenant P. Oakley now shoulders the burden.

DRAMATIC SECTION

'A Touch of the Sun'

by

N. C. Hunter

CAST

<i>Philip Lester, a schoolmaster</i>	... CHRIS BOOTH
<i>Mary Lester, his wife</i>	... ESME LAUGHTON
<i>Robert Lester, his father</i>	... CYRIL ADCOCK
<i>John Lester, his son</i>	... RUSSELL WILLIAMS
<i>Caroline Lester, his daughter</i>	... EILEEN CADE
<i>Denis Lester, his brother</i>	... MIKE O'ROURKE
<i>Margaret Lester, wife of Denis</i>	... PAM JONES
<i>Sir Joseph Vandenhoven, friend of Margaret's</i>	DICK MIGHALL
<i>Gerald Harcourt, friend of Margaret's</i>	DAVE CRWYS-WILLIAMS
<i>Peter Hudson, a schoolboy...</i>	... MIKE SHAW

Directed and Produced by ... MATT WRIGHT

The three-act comedy, *A Touch of the Sun* by N. C. Hunter, was presented by the Dramatic Section on 5th and 6th December 1960. It is a play which provokes speculation, for the author seemed to be seeking not only to entertain but to point a moral. It is concerned with the reactions of a poor but devoted schoolmaster and his family to a brief interlude of luxury in the South of France and, to a lesser degree, with the attitudes of the schoolmaster and his wealthy brother to their bankrupt, philandering father. It was an ambitious venture for any amateur group of modest pretensions, and required sustained acting ability and a complete change of set in the second act.

Much of the credit for its success was due to its director and producer, Matt Wright, and his enthusiastic band of backstage helpers. He contrived admirably to accommodate his players on our small stage, devised realistic sets (the work of Mike Dunlop), a rapid and ingenious change of set, and maintained the momentum of the

play, especially through a first act in which pace and interest could easily have flagged. It was a fitting conclusion to the skill, patience and determination which he has contributed to the Dramatic Section during the past three years.

The central character, the schoolmaster Philip Lester, was played by Chris Booth with sincerity, authority and a degree of technical competence. We were conscious of the man's devotion to his profession, of his indifference to mundane pleasures, of his self-sacrificing altruism. It was not a fully rounded portrait, for his highmindedness sometimes seemed unduly priggish, and he failed to kindle sufficient sympathy for his predicament when his wife and children succumbed to the delights of affluence. His wife Mary was played by Esmé Laughton, an experienced and accomplished actress, who gave a polished and convincing performance of the overburdened wife transformed by the glamour of the Riviera and by the attentions of a wealthy dilettante.

Mike O'Rourke, as Philip Lester's brother Denis who has married a wealthy Canadian heiress, worked very hard to present this ambiguous and rather negative character vigorously; while Pam Jones, as his wife Margaret, brought to her part much charm, acting ability and a sustained Canadian accent.

In the smaller parts, Dick Mighall surprised us and, we suspect, himself by his lively and uninhibited sketch of the self-made millionaire Sir Joseph Vandenhoven, and if he tended to overact he erred on the right side. Dave Crwys-Williams, as Gerald Harcourt the polished playboy who falls in love with Mary Lester, was greeted boisterously by the audience at every appearance, though possibly not entirely because of a convincing portrayal of the ardent lover.

Cyril Adcock had the considerable task of playing the aging roué Robert Lester, father of Philip and Denis. He managed his voice and gestures admirably, although his make-up suggested prolonged exposure to wind, sun and the smuts of a recalcitrant Soyer stove. Russell Williams was suitably schoolboyish as John, the schoolmaster's son, and Eileen Cade, already sweet yet determined, had only to be her natural self in the role of Caroline, the daughter. This she did with gratifying aplomb.

All in all, this was a very satisfying production, which showed that the Dramatic Section is capable of undertaking a serious play and of presenting it effectively, aided by the fortunate if fortuitous presence at Spitalgate of the ladies of the W.R.A.F., without whom, we may

truly say, this performance would not have been possible.

FILM SOCIETY

The membership of the society stands higher than ever, with increased support from the officers. This is due to both the quality of the films and better publicity. For the first time, each member and prospective member has been given a programme showing the performances for the term. We hope to continue this service.

Attendance has been consistently good. The quality of visual and sound reproduction has improved. Our thanks are due for this to Mr Carolan, and for his occasional use of the larger projector for some of our shows.

The system of membership is working well, and finances are sound. This is partly due to the wide use of sponsored films of quality from Shell, B.P.F. and Sound Services.

Two other rewarding innovations made this term: an exhibition of German Film Poster Art made available from the Federation of Film Societies was held during the week commencing 14th November, and the sale of *Film*, the Film Society's magazine, had an encouraging response.

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"This dropping zone was barely a backyard

... attached to a little ring of huts perched right on top of a hill—completely surrounded by a bowl of 10,000 ft. mountains. A sharp turn had to be made immediately on passing the dropping zone to climb up out of the bowl. It felt as though we were brushing the treetops on the mountainside as we flew round in a 45°-bank turn at 110 knots for a second run. However, the Herald coped . . ."

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HANDLEY PAGE RADLETT LONDON READING

College SPORT



RUGBY

Having lost only four players with the passing out of No. 77 Entry the 1st XV, under the captaincy of Bayne, looked forward hopefully to the new season.

Indeed, with the help of Knocker training, the team were soon getting fit and into their stride in spite of several early injuries. Once again, because of the increased numbers of Rugby players, the College was able to field four teams, all of which acquitted themselves creditably, the 3rd and 4th XVs particularly.

The 1st XV began the season well by beating Rosslyn Park and Blackheath 2nd XVs and drawing with London Scottish Extra 1st XV. This successful run against London teams came to a halt at Teddington, when the College lost 19-3 to the Harlequins Wanderers.

Nevertheless all these matches served as valuable training, both for fitness and skill, for the inter-College matches yet to come. In spite of this, the results proved to be rather disappointing from a Cranwell point of view as it was only against Henlow that the team was able to establish its superiority.

Aside from the inter-College games there were several other notable matches during the term. The most disappointing of these was the match against the Oxford Greyhounds when the College team was overrun by a much more powerful and skilful team to the tune of 32 points to nil. However, against this defeat much credit must be given for the team's victories against the R.A.F. Officers XV, the Honourable Artillery Company and Royal Air Force Germany. This latter game served to provide a pleasant finish to the term's rugby, as well as a pleasant, if brief, holiday.

From the regular 1st XV players special mention must be made of Slade, McCarthy, Bayne and Parnaby, all of whom have made their presences felt by the oppositions in no uncertain form. At the end of the term colours were awarded to Oliver, A., Oliver, J., Lloyd, Parnaby, McCarthy and Stephens. The members of the 1st XV take this opportunity of thanking Wing Commander Harris and the other officers in charge of rugby teams for their efforts to improve rugby at the College.

SUMMARY OF RESULTS

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Points	
					For	Against
1st XV ...	15	9	5	1	132	135
2nd XV...	12	7	4	1	87	204
3rd XV...	9	9	0	0	145	17
4th XV...	1	1	0	0	66	0

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

Even though this game could not be said to be a model of good rugby at least it contained an exciting exuberance which pervaded throughout. Sandhurst owe their victory in the main to the greater dash of the outsidies, whose hard running gave the College backs much to think about. In the forwards it must be said that the College were superior at least in the first half. This was mainly due to the solid passing in the tight and the sterling efforts of McCarthy and Slade in the loose.

In general, though, it was outside the scrum that Sandhurst gained superiority, penetrating the College defences time after time. Only Fisher at scrum-half and Mackay offered resistance.

The first score came from Sandhurst after seven minutes when they broke from a loose maul, of which there were many, and slipped through several College players. This try was converted. After half-time the College had many opportunities for scoring from penalties but only one kick, by Blair-Hickman, brought them their sole three points. Sandhurst clinched matters later in the second half by scoring from a five-yard scrummage, a try which was converted.

Altogether this was a very lively game, hard and fast in spite of several untidinesses; and because of their superiority behind the scrum Sandhurst deserved to win.

R.A.F. College v. B.R.N.C. Dartmouth

There were many thoughts as to the eventual outcome of this match but there was no doubt in the minds of the College team that Dartmouth were going to provide tough opposition. This proved to be so.

The first ten minutes of the game saw the teams fighting a fairly even battle, both forward and behind the scrum. After this initial effort, however, the College began to weaken, Dartmouth began to get on top and with a swift service to their backs forced the College to the defensive.

From now on there was much hasty scrambling away by the College team and they rarely looked dangerous, moreover, the Dartmouth backs were splitting the College's defence relentlessly.

At half-time Dartmouth led by 8-0, having scored one unconverted try and a goal. This score would most probably have been greater but for a wonderful game being played at full back by Parnaby who more than once saved probable tries.

At the start of the second half once again the teams evened out rather as the College put everything into the attack. Once again, however, they weakened under the extra vigour and skill of this Dartmouth team. Only the College forwards seemed to be holding their own and even they could not stop a pushover try which Dartmouth achieved by their superior strength in the scrum, inspired, no doubt, by cries of 'ship!' from their shipmates.

For the College, only one spark illuminated the gloom of the second half and that was a try scored by Mackay after an excellent run down the wing. Nevertheless, this did not serve as sufficient inspiration for the College and as the whistle went the score was 18-3 to Dartmouth. The College had been defeated by a more powerful, more co-ordinated team.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

The term's football can clearly be divided into two different phases separated by the half-term break. In the first six weeks, despite the vastly improved standard of play, only one match was won, though this was probably due in part to the usual succession of injuries (Leppard, Glasgow, Malhas and Rostron). However, in the latter half of the term only three were lost, and the team settled down to play some entertaining and more successful football.

The arrival of 83 Entry in September provided us with five regular 1st XI players and a number in the 2nd XI, all of whom have considerable ability. We have since lost Leppard and Glasgow, both of whom gave

valuable service to College soccer, the former as secretary and then as vice-captain.

It is difficult to single out individuals from a team that played as a combined body, but mention should be made of some. Terrett, the captain, was an inspiration and example to all the players, and a great asset to the defence, whilst Blake practically never missed in front of goal when presented with the ball by either of his wingers or by Deakin, his industrious centre-forward. Surely his tally of 47 goals must be a College record. Shorrock's drive from wing half, and Priest, an unrecognizably improved player, at full back, added power to the defence.

The 2nd XI had their most successful term for some seasons and lost only four matches. The team was well balanced, and played their matches with a lot of spirit. The loss of Gothard will be felt in the forward line, from where he always drove his forwards to give their maximum effort.

Owing to the improved standard of soccer, and the increasing number of players, a 3rd XI has been introduced, and it is hoped that they will have regular fixtures by next season. The prospects for next season are bright for all teams, as we have two more Entries arriving and no players leaving before next December, and we are looking forward to even more success in our matches.

Once again we should like to thank Squadron Leader Porter and Mr Simpson for their assistance, valuable advice and encouragement.

Colours were awarded to Glasgow, Nicolle, Blake and Priest.

In a recent issue of The Times reference was made to the College, thanking the team for the part they played in keeping association football interests alive in schools.

College v. Sandhurst

The Sandhurst-Cranwell soccer match was played much earlier in the term than is usual, and this, in retrospect, seemed unfortunate from two points of view. Firstly, the Cranwell side differed considerably in composition, confidence and team-work from the eleven who became the regular team later in the season. Secondly, the weather was most unkind, rain falling heavily throughout the game on a pitch already heavy and greasy.



The opening exchanges were fairly even, but soon Cranwell made enough chances to win the game in the first twenty minutes. On the left flank, Head seemed disinclined to cut in and shoot, and on the opposite side Bradford shot too hurriedly when well placed on two occasions. Sandhurst looked dangerous in breakaways, their line being extremely well led by a constructive centre forward. After a spell of pressure, it was he who made an opening for a goal from the left, after several Cranwell defenders had lost balance on the slippery turf. After a while Cranwell fought back, inspired in this period by Nicolle who worked tirelessly at right half, and who managed to score from close in before the interval.

The second half was at first a repetition of the first, with Cranwell dominant but unable to score. Bradford was playing with much more confidence now, beating his man, shooting well and crossing the ball to the middle. The Sandhurst goalkeeper, who had at first looked insecure, was now playing a confident game and handled the greasy ball very well. Sandhurst again took the initiative and for twenty minutes were the better side, scoring twice in this period. One goal came from a fine shot from the inside right, the other went in off the post after goalkeeper Leppard had touched it with outstretched fingers.

Cranwell reduced the lead with about ten minutes to play. Malhas, who had played intelligently throughout the game, scored with a left foot hook shot. Earlier a fine opportunity of scoring had been missed when an indirect free kick was put wide from about eight yards out. The final ten minutes saw constant pressure from Cranwell, but the Sandhurst goalkeeper held out, although the issue was in doubt to the final seconds.

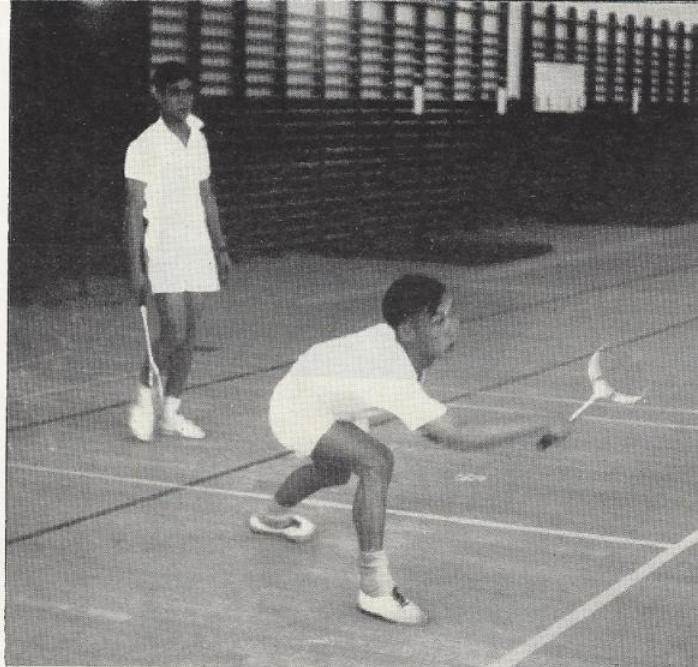
It was a weary and spirited Cranwell side that left the field. Shorrock at right back had been the outstanding player on the field, though his constructive ability had been sadly missed at wing-half. Blake played hard and panicked the Sandhurst defence but failed to score, which is a rarity for him. Nicolle, as always, was the outstanding trier and Priest did well in his first game for the team at full back.

In the conditions, both sides deserve congratulations for the energy and spirit displayed, and for providing the cold spectators with an exciting game.

College v. Dartmouth

The game was played in very good conditions and produced for the Cranwell side some of the best football of the season.

From the kick-off, Nicolle, at inside left, created an opening for his winger, but Sierwald shot wide. A minute later the same player had a right foot shot tipped round the post. More good scoring chances or half chances went begging, and the home side should have had a comfortable lead when Dartmouth took the lead. A fine shot from fifteen yards went just inside the angle of the goal, and goalkeeper Azzaro was deceived into believing it would go wide. Dartmouth played with more confidence now and exchanges were even. About fifteen minutes before half-time Deakin equalized when a rebound landed at his feet a few yards from goal. Within a minute Cranwell took the lead with a fine goal, Blake back-heading an accurate free kick from Shorrock, and these two players were rewarded for a practice move they had rehearsed all week. Blake scored again before the interval after the Dartmouth defence had failed to clear from a corner.



Cranwell now settled down to play attractive, constructive football. They are capable of such play at all times, but so often seem unable to relax until they have a two-goal lead. In the second half they added six goals without reply, five coming from Blake and one from Deakin. All these goals followed moves which split the opponents' defence, and were team as much as individual goals, though Blake, as always, was relied on to round off these moves. In the later stages of the game, Dartmouth were virtually reduced to ten men through injury, though no player left the field.

For Cranwell, Shorrock, Thomson and Blake combined most effectively on the right, and were well supported by the hard work of Nicolle, Deakin and Jenkins. The most encouraging feature of the game was the performance of Johnson at centre half, deputizing for the injured captain, Terrett; he did not make a single mistake and has subsequently been the most consistent player in the team. After this, the most convincing victory Cranwell has ever achieved against another Service college, we look forward with confidence to next year's games, especially as the same side should be available.

SOCCER RESULTS

Ist XI

Sheffield Falcons	2-2	(d)
Lincolnshire Constabulary	2-5	(l)
King's Lynn Grammar School	6-8	(l)
Scunthorpe Grammar School	1-2	(l)
St. Edmund's, Canterbury	5-1	(w)
R.M.A. Sandhurst	2-3	(l)
F.A. XI	0-4	(l)
Repton School	1-4	(l)
Carre's Grammar School	3-1	(w)
Clethorpe's Grammar School	8-2	(w)
Grimsby Grammar School	2-3	(l)
Nottingham University	8-2	(w)
B.R.N.C. Dartmouth	8-1	(w)
Leicester University	2-5	(l)
Elizabeth College	9-3	(w)
Lincoln City School	5-1	(w)
King's Lynn Grammar School	5-1	(w)
Bootham School	0-1	(l)
Loughborough College	6-3	(w)
Kimbolton School	7-4	(w)

2nd XI

Louth Grammar School	3-3	(d)
King's Lynn Grammar School	7-1	(w)
Bourne Grammar School	3-0	(w)
St. Edmund's, Canterbury	11-1	(w)
Kimbolton School	3-2	(w)
Repton School	1-2	(l)
Carre's Grammar School	3-0	(w)
Cleethorpe's Grammar School	6-1	(w)
Grimby Grammar School	3-1	(w)
Nottingham University	4-1	(w)
Leicester University	2-3	(l)
Lincoln City School	5-1	(w)
Boston Grammar School	1-2	(l)
King's Lynn Grammar School	3-1	(w)
Cleethorpe's Grammar School	1-5	(l)
Loughborough College	2-1	(w)

FENCING

Last term, fencing being a minor sport, there was only a certain amount of activity. The majority of time was spent training under the expert eye of Sergeant Williams in preparation for the 1961 season when the three inter-college matches are to be held.

However, the College first team had five matches of which three were wins, and the second team had two matches which were both lost.

On the 9th and 16th November, the inter-squadron fencing was held, which counted towards the Chimay Cup award. 'C' and 'D' Squadrons took the lion's share of the bouts, and in a very closely fought contest, 'D' Squadron were the eventual winners.

The final result was:

'D' Squadron	30	victories
'C' Squadron	23	victories
'B' Squadron	11	victories
'A' Squadron	8	victories

We would like to welcome Major W. H. Atkins, R.A., who has taken over as officer-in-charge and to thank him for his energetic support of the sport.

CROSS-COUNTRY

Sandhurst

This annual fixture was run at Sandhurst over a relatively short, fast course and apparently ideal for the home team who won overwhelmingly.

The poor performance of the College team may be attributed to the fact that this was only the second fixture of the season and hard, down-to-earth training had only recently got under way.

Dartmouth

For the match against Dartmouth, which was run at home later in the term, the College team put up a much more creditable performance.

Not put off by the fact that Dartmouth had beaten Sandhurst on the Dartmouth course, the College team set out to prove that this did not necessarily mean that Dartmouth had the better team.

Unfortunately Dartmouth won by three points.

It is worth noting, however, that if the first eight runners had counted as opposed to the first six, the result would have been a draw.

General

From the point of view of the cross-country team the Autumn term as a whole was not a particularly inspiring one. It got away to a bad start with the Sandhurst match and from then on seemed dogged by bad luck. One of the most attractive fixtures was cancelled mid-term, as were several others towards the end of term, the latter due to foot and mouth disease in the local area. This tended to lower the morale of the team, causing two members to leave in order to play other sports. The lack of interest of other team members was evident by the poor turn-out for training sessions.

It is to be hoped that this is only a passing phase and that new blood from the Junior Entry will arouse the enthusiasm of the rest of the team, and introduce a little competition into the selection of the first eight.

The team was sorry to lose Senior Under Officer Pinney at the end of term and wish to thank him for his unflinching interest in the team, even at its darkest hour.



THE
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COLLEGE



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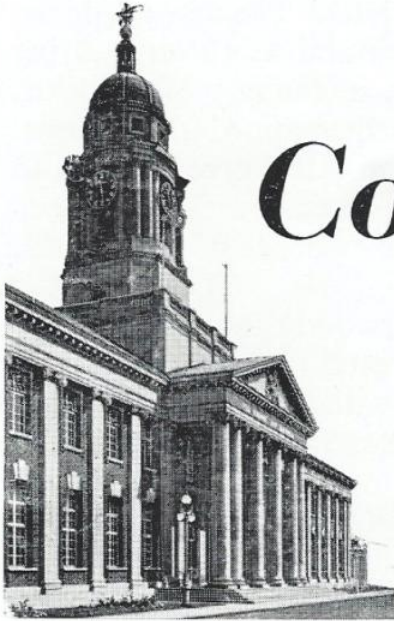
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All opinions expressed in 'The Royal Air Force College Journal' are those of the authors and do not necessarily represent official policy



Air Commodore E. D. McK. Nelson, C.B.



College Notes

On his appointment as Commandant in April, Air Commodore E. D. McK. Nelson, C.B., returned to the College for his third tour. A flight cadet and Under Officer of "C" Squadron in 1931/32, he renewed his connection with Cranwell in 1952 when he became Assistant Commandant. Since then he has had a wide experience of service training as a Group Director at the Staff College, Bracknell, as Commandant of No. 1 School of Technical Training, Halton, and as Commandant of the Staff College, Andover.

He now comes to the College from Headquarters Transport Command where he held the appointment of Air Officer in charge of Administration. We wish the Commandant, Mrs Nelson and their family a happy tour at Cranwell.



Air Commodore D. F. Spotswood, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., D.F.C., A.D.C. completed his tour of duty as Commandant of the Royal Air Force College in April after two years and eight months in the post. This was a period of spectacular achievement at Cranwell. It saw, amongst other things, the building of the fourth wing of the College, the formation of a fourth squadron in Cadet Wing, the laying of the foundations of the new Church, the start of the building of the new Instructional Block, Gymnasium and Swimming Pool and many major improvements in East Camp.

Training at Cranwell also took on a new look. The new academic syllabus was introduced with No. 81 Entry and all-through flying training on the Jet Provost started smoothly in January of this year. For the future, plans were laid for the amalgamation of the Royal Air Force Technical College with the Royal Air Force College to form a "University of the Air" at Cranwell. It can rarely have been given to a Commandant to see such tangible evidence of his labours. *Si monumentum requiris, circumspice.*

It was during Air Commodore Spotswood's time as Commandant that Her Majesty graciously accepted the appointment of Commandant-in-Chief of the College, and, with His Royal Highness The Duke of Edinburgh, honoured the College with her presence at the Passing Out Parade of No. 77 Entry.

Over and above these achievements, Cranwell will remember Air Commodore Spotswood for his devotion to the ideals of the College, for the single-mindedness and example with which he approached all aspects of its life, and for the sympathetic interest and understanding he showed towards those who, with him, served the College. We also owe a deep debt of gratitude to Mrs Spotswood for the charm and diligence with which she played her important part in the life of the community at Cranwell. In particular we remember the fortitude with which she braved the rigours of the playing fields, the taste and artistry she brought to the floral decoration of the College and Church and her grace as a hostess.

We congratulate Air Commodore Spotswood on his appointment to Supreme Headquarters, Allied Powers in Europe as Assistant Chief of Staff, Air Defence with the rank of Air Vice-Marshal, and we wish him, Mrs Spotswood and their son all good fortune in the future.

The Commandant's Residence—"The Lodge"





Air Vice-Marshal and Mrs Spotswood

All who know the College will learn with regret that Herbert Gill, M.M. died on 21st March. He had worked at Cranwell for some twenty years, and since 1948 had been the bulwark of the College Library, where his duties brought him into contact with all officers and flight cadets who served at Cranwell.

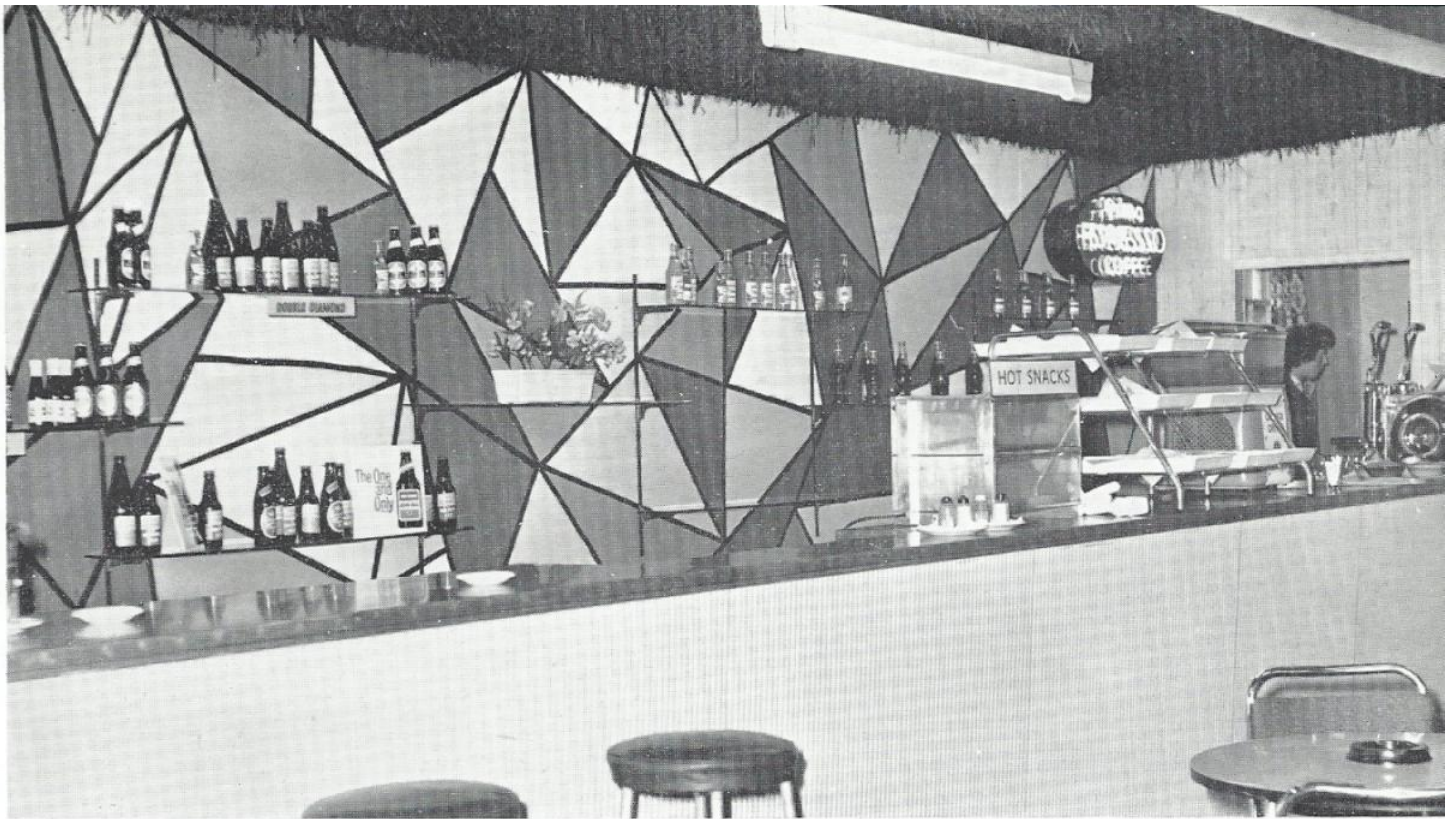
He was in every way a model servant of the College, who never spared himself in the performance of his duties. Those who will remember him with respect and affection are legion, for all members of the College must at some time have made free of the help and advice which he gave so readily and cheerfully. He was twice commended by the Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, and it was typical of him that his very peaceful end came during an afternoon devoted to a full and varied programme of work.



His Excellency the Right Honourable Kwame Nkrumah, P.C., President of Ghana, accompanied by Ghanaian Ministers and defence staff, visited the College on 11th March. He was received by Air Marshal Sir Arthur W. B. McDonald, K.C.B., A.F.C., M.A., F.R.Ae.S., Air Member for Personnel, Air Marshal Sir Hugh A. Constantine, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O. and the Commandant. The President inspected the Guard of Honour of 100 flight cadets and made a tour of the College.

Sir Hugh Constantine, the Commandant, Sir Arthur McDonald and Mr. Nkrumah





The Galaxy Club

On 19th January Air Chief Marshal the Earl of Bandon and the Commandant were the first official visitors to the Galaxy Club, the new social and recreational centre for junior ranks of the Royal Air Force College. The conversion of the lower floor of a barrack block into a modern club was begun in October last year. Now the club is well furnished and decorated in contemporary style. It includes a billiards room, Corporals' lounge, two television rooms, an Airmen's shop and a ballroom. A product of excellent co-operation between N.A.A.F.I. and the Service, who shared the costs, the Galaxy Club is administered by a committee of airmen on the lines of the new "club concept" for the Armed Services. It is open to all Corporals and Airmen, their wives and their children over the age of eighteen years.



The new Church of Saint Michael and All Angels, on which building began towards the end of last year, reached an important stage in its progress on 5th February when the foundations were blessed by the Assistant Chaplain-in-Chief, Flying Training Command, The Rev. W. E. G. Payton, M.A., a former Chaplain to the College. The simple and impressive service took place after the Annual Founder's Day Service, and the building "now set apart with prayer" had well and truly begun on sure foundations.

At the beginning of the Summer Term the College numbers 279 flight cadets—217 pilots, 43 navigators and 19 equipment and secretarial cadets.



Visitors to the College during the Spring Term included:

On 19th January Air Chief Marshal the Earl of Bandon, G.B.E., C.B., C.V.O., D.S.O., Air Commodore B. Robinson, C.B.E., A.D.C., Group Captain R. U. P. de Burgh, O.B.E. and Mr M. McF. Davis, who discussed "The Future Officer Structure of the Royal Air Force" with the Commandant and representative Cranwell officers.

On 30th January Mr Leonard Clarke from the London Planetarium, who lectured on "The Exploration of Space".

On 20th and 21st March Air Commodore P. E. Warcup, C.B.E., Assistant Commandant of the Royal Air Force Staff College, Bracknell, with officers of the Directing Staff and Staff College students.

On 9th February the Headmasters of Bromsgrove School, St Bartholomew's Grammar School, King's School Chester, Bec School, Trent College, Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School Blackburn, Malvern College, Lancing College, King's School Rochester and Merchant Taylors' Crosby, an officer of the C.C.F. at Wellington College, the Deputy Principal of the Joint Services Languages School at Tangmere, and a member of the Civil Service Selection Board.

On 20th February the Careers Masters of Clifton College, Kingston Grammar School, Repton School, Whitgift School, Woodbridge School, Churcher's College, Bedford Modern School, Marlborough College, Bristol Grammar School, The Royal Latin School, St George's College Weybridge, Woolverstone Hall, Bishop Wordsworth's School, Portsmouth Northern Grammar School, Brighton College, Loughborough College School, King's School Peterborough, Sherborne School, Abingdon School, Workson College, Hardye's School, Cranleigh School, Beverley Grammar School, Berkhamsted School, Peter Symond's School, Haileybury and Imperial Service College and Gresham's School, Youth Employment Officers from Birmingham, Edinburgh, Derbyshire and Sunderland, Careers Advisory Officers from Liverpool, Portsmouth, Cardiff and Bristol, and three Schools Liaison Officers.

On 6th March The Honourable Alastair Buchan, Director of the Institute for Strategic Studies, who lectured on "Disarmament".

On 23rd March The B.B.C. Northern Orchestra, who gave an Orchestral Concert in Saint Michael's Church.

Work on the new Instructional Block is in full swing. The reluctant earth is being noisily moved by all manner of excavators and transporters, and the area between the College and West Site resembles an open-cast mine, complete with slag-heap of topsoil near the corner of the playing fields. Gardeners who live in quarters have been advised that they may have a free issue of this soil, but the heap continues to grow. However, the excavated earth has been dumped discreetly so that it merges with its surroundings as imperceptibly as any prodigious earthwork on a flat landscape.

Cadets marching to West Site now face other hazards besides the perennial one of zealous instructors zooming erratically by them in order to precede their pupils into the classroom. Drivers, operating their own Highway Code, manipulate fantastic vehicles as if determined to prove that there is no road upon which cadets may safely go. Layers of earth have been deposited upon the track which alternately assumes the nature of a quagmire or the proportions of a dusty rampart. A few sets of cadets have navigated the perils so successfully as to be on time for their next class. One of these, perhaps inspired by recent experience in the Cairngorms, formed a loose arrowhead formation and confronted the machinery and the morass with all-round observation. It is rumoured that in the critical days before the Ferris Drill Competition cadets will march to West Site by way of Byard's Leap and Ancaster and that special maps are being prepared.

Officers and Flight Cadets at United Nations Headquarters, New York



We regret to record the death in hospital of Pilot Officer Barry John Norris, three months after he was commissioned from Cranwell. Shortly after leaving Taunton School, he joined No. 78 Entry as a flight cadet and was posted to "A" Squadron. Among many attributes he showed especial ability as a sportsman, and captained the College cricket XI during the 1960 season. Pilot Officer Norris was being trained as a member of a Victor crew at Royal Air Force Gaydon.

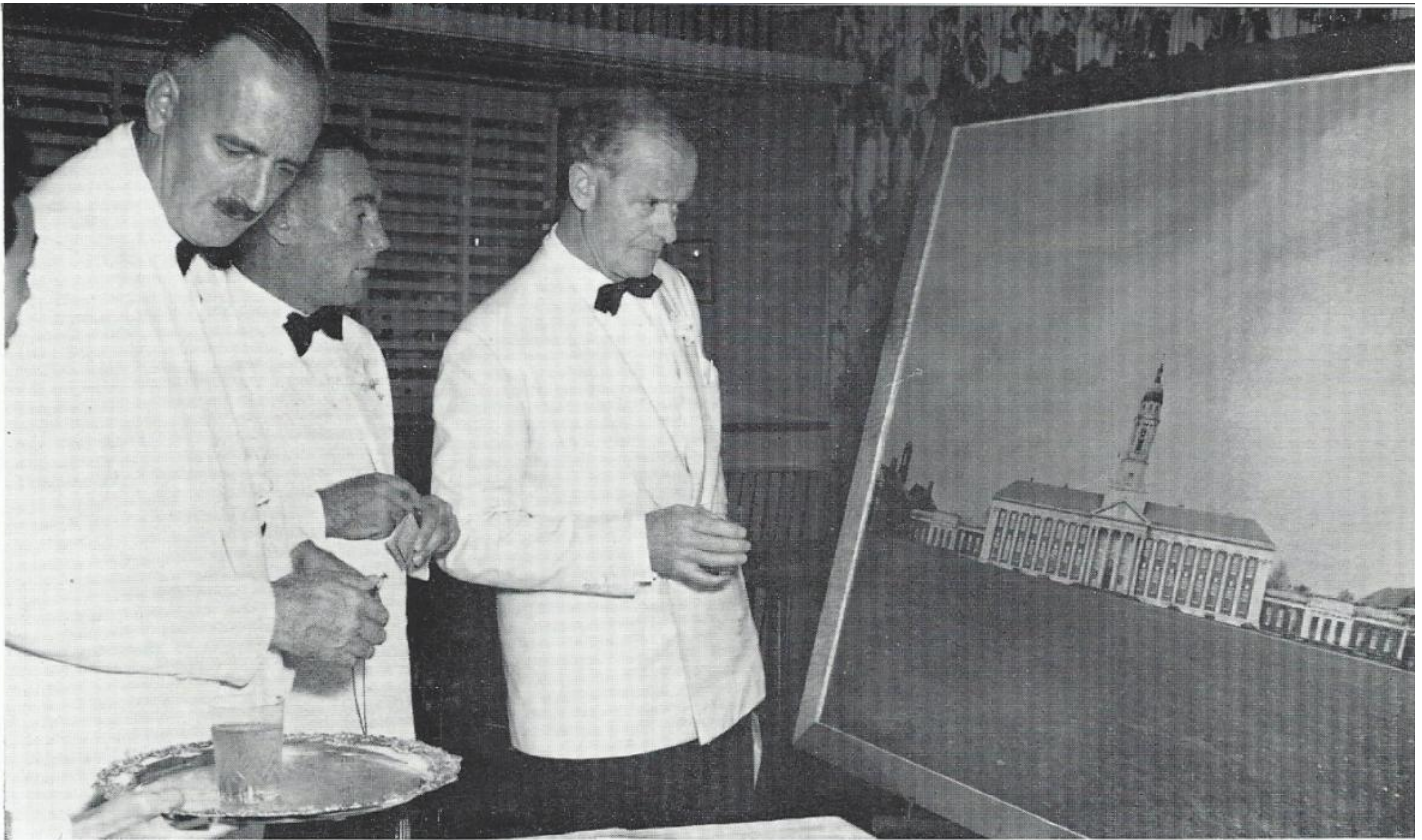


We have received this report of the twelfth Annual Reunion of Old Cranwellians in the Far East:

For the twelfth consecutive year Old Cranwellians serving in the Far East gathered on Thursday, 8th December 1960, at the start of the festive season, for the reunion that has now become traditional. As far as is known this is the only Old Cranwellian Reunion that is regularly observed other than at Cranwell. Twenty-five of us again met in the Tanglin Club in Singapore, starting the evening promptly at 8 p.m. in the private bar, which was dominated by a fine photograph of the College frontage. Our Commander-in-Chief, Air Marshal A. D. Selway, K.C.B., D.F.C. (1926-28) was an early arrival and warmly welcomed three Old Cranwellians of the Royal Ceylon Air Force who had flown to Singapore in a Heron specially for the occasion—they were Squadron Leader P. H. Mendis (1951-54), Flight Lieutenant S. M. Situnayake (1952-55) and Flight Lieutenant

A familiar scene on South Airfield





Old Cranwellians in Singapore examine an enlarged photograph of the College. Left to Right : Air Vice-Marshal E. M. F. Grundy, Group Captain P. A. Hughes and Air Marshal A. D. Selway.

M. D. M. Perera (1953-54). Officers of the Royal Ceylon Air Force have regularly attended these reunions and it is the greatest pleasure to welcome them. Other distinguished persons present were the Air Officer in charge of Administration, Air Vice-Marshal E. M. F. Grundy, C.B., O.B.E. (1926-28) and Wing Commander J. F. Powell, O.B.E., an honorary O.C.A. member who will be well known to most generations of post-war cadets and who is now on the Education Staff of Headquarters Far East Air Force.

After an excellent dinner, which tasted all the better for being taken in air-conditioned surroundings, the Commander-in-Chief proposed the loyal toast and followed this with a short speech which was well calculated to emphasize the unity of all present and the excellent party spirit which made this such a happy occasion.

He particularly welcomed the Royal Ceylon Air Force officers, and referred to some Cranwell highlights of 1960, particularly the honour of Her Majesty the Queen's visit, the completion of the fourth wing and the extension of the syllabus. We were all glad we had already graduated. He also referred to Group Captain P. A. Hughes' having undertaken his third year as organizer of the Far East Reunion—his next will be at Cranwell.

After dinner we returned to the ante-room and continued to reminisce until the Club closed. This was a memorable and happy occasion.



On 3rd February, at Salon-de-Provence, the College overwhelmed L' Ecole de l'Air at Rugby, but was defeated at Fencing. When competing against Britannia Royal Naval College at Dartmouth on 11th February and against the Royal Military Academy at Cranwell on 18th March, the College on both occasions won the Basketball and Fencing and lost at Hockey and Squash. We enjoyed complete success when hosts to the Royal Air Force Technical Cadets, Henlow on 4th March: Cranwell won the Hockey, Soccer, Cross-country and Basketball matches.



Station personnel have been selected to represent the Royal Air Force in six sports during the past winter. Senior Aircraftman B. Mahar boxed against the Allied Air Forces, Germany and the Army; Corporal R. Davey was in the Royal Air Force Soccer team against United Hospitals, Icarus and London University; Leading Aircraftman D. Cakebread was a long jump and hop, step and jump member of the Royal Air Force team against Barcelona and Loughborough College; Senior Aircraftman A. Barron was in the Rugby XV's which played Saint Mary's Hospital and London Irish; Leading Aircraftman K. Hough represented his Service in a Basketball tournament at Royal Air Force Cosford; and Flight Lieutenant J. N. Gearing played Badminton against the Isle of Man. Sergeant L. H. Southey was trainer/masseur for the Royal Air Force Rugby team for the 1960-61 season.



We learned with regret of the death in a road accident on 16th May last year of William Hampson Smith, who graduated from the College with No. 75 Entry in July 1959. After a conversion course at Royal Air Force Gaydon, Bill Smith was posted to No. 10 Bomber Squadron, Royal Air Force Cottesmore. While he was at Cranwell he was particularly keen on Modern Pentathlon, an activity in which he had considerable success.



Visiting preachers last term were:

On 5th February The Reverend W. E. G. Payton, M.A., Assistant Chaplain-in-Chief, Flying Training Command.

On 5th March The Venerable F. W. Cocks, C.B., Q.H.C., M.A., Chaplain-in-Chief, Royal Air Force.

On 26th March (Palm Sunday) The Lord Bishop of Grantham, The Right Reverend Anthony Otter, M.A.

The many visits made by flight cadets during the Spring Term included:

On 30th January the Secretarial cadets of No. 80 Entry to Base Accounts Office, No. 5 P.D.U., and Records Office for five days.

On 30th January the Equipment cadets of No. 80 Entry to No. 16 M.U. Stafford for five days.

From 2nd February seven officers and twenty-five flight cadets to the Ecole de l'Air.

On 13th March the Navigator cadets of No. 79 Entry to Royal Air Force Thorney Island for twelve days.

On 22nd March the Equipment cadets of No. 80 Entry to No. 1 Movements Unit, Hendon.

Flight cadets travelled extensively during the Easter vacation. No. 83 Entry went by rail to their Leadership Training Camp in Scotland, and then covered, it is claimed, a similar distance on foot in various directions over the Cairngorms. Officers and flight cadets made expeditions to Kenya, Kariba and Norway, while Service visits were conducted to the United States, to the Army in Germany, to the Navy at Portsmouth, to the Dutch Academy, and to the Joint Anti-Submarine School, Londonderry. Other parties carried out geographical studies in the Isle of Man, sailed to Cherbourg, glided at Cranwell and took part in the Devizes to Westminster Boat Race.



The Ferris Drill Competition was won by "C" Squadron, the Klocker Trophy by "B" Squadron. "A" Squadron, who came second in both of these competitions, won the Chimay Cup and continues as Sovereign's Squadron for the Summer Term.

Ars est celare artem





Mr Mayhew, The Commandant and Mr Bennett

On 25th March the B.E.M. was presented by the Commandant to Mr F. G. Mayhew for forty years of loyal service. Mr Mayhew was Head Servant of "C" Squadron until his retirement in December last year. On the same occasion the Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief's Commendation was awarded to Mr G. Bennett, Head Chef of the Junior Mess.



The prowess of the members of the Cranwell Aeromodelling Club has been further recognised and rewarded. At the Royal Air Force Aeromodelling Championships held at Royal Air Force Debden in April, Senior Aircraftman A. W. Phin, Senior Aircraftman R. Standing and Corporal J. W. Pickford won first prizes in the International Class Team Race, in Free Flight Duration and in the Concours d'Elegance respectively. The Club Secretary, Junior Technician G. W. Gallagher, was successful in two eliminating rounds of the National Championships in A2 Gliding and will compete for a place in the team to represent Great Britain in the forthcoming World Championships. In the 1961 Inter-Station Championship the Cranwell team, which won last year, came a close second to Royal Air Force Meiksham.



The Cranwell Flying Club continues to flourish and expand. Of its members Flight Lieutenant P. J. F. Phelps, Flight Sergeant L. Duffield and Corporal Technician H. E. Gibson have recently qualified for Private Pilot's Licences, and others are expected to match this achievement shortly.

On Monday, 27th March, The Right Honourable Julian Amery, M.P., Secretary of State for Air, visited Cranwell. His arrival on parade at 1128 hours was followed one minute later by a fly-past of Vampires. The parade over, he was shown to the College Library, where the Commandant explained the many changes now taking place at the College.

After lunch the Secretary of State gave the following address:

'Commandant, Commander-in-Chief, Gentlemen, may I say at the outset, I congratulate you on the brevity of your introduction. I have suffered under many Chairmen and they have a tendency to make your speech for you. This can sometimes be very embarrassing. The first Lord Birkenhead had once to address a great gathering in the Albert Hall and his Chairman, whose reputation is best saved by leaving him nameless this afternoon, introduced Lord Birkenhead in a forty-minute speech, at the end of which he said, "and now I call on Lord Birkenhead to give you his address". Lord Birkenhead rose to his feet and said, "Mr Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen, my address is 12, Wilton Street," and walked out of the hall.

You sir, have given me no cause for any such criticism in the remarks by which you have introduced me just now.

I am not sure whether oratory and good digestion go well together, but I am told this is a pretty tough place and that you are used to taking one thing after another and so I dare say you can stand a speech from me as well as all the other things you have to do, and in any case it would be churlish of me not to say how much I have enjoyed, so far, the first visit to Cranwell, and I would like, if you will allow me, to pay a very sincere tribute to the Parade which I saw as far as the cutting March wind allowed the tears to keep out of my eyes, this morning. I thought it, if I may say so, very well done indeed.

It's always rather difficult to know what one should say on an occasion of this kind. The Padre will, I am sure, have in mind Saint Paul's words to the Corinthians, "when you are called before the judges of the people," wrote the Apostle, "think not what you shall say for the Lord will put into your mouth the things that you ought to say"—not a bad tip for a lecturette. I have often comforted myself with this in the past, but on this occasion, as I understand there are Press present, not as you may think in here, but in some outer darkness outside, I have fortified myself with a few notes.

As you know Ministers are not really allowed to make their own speeches; they are all written for them by their private secretaries



The Commandant, Mr Amery and Sir Hugh Constantine

and by Squadron Leader Scott, and it is important one should stick to the text of what they have spent many hours working out for me to say.

As time goes on you will presently be confronted with a posting, those of you who successfully complete your studies here; I am sure that is the majority, and indeed the large majority; and I suppose it is a matter of occasion in the short time we have left for reflection, and a matter of concern, to which Command you will in fact go. I wonder which is the most interesting one to be assigned to.

The priorities in air warfare are always changing. At the time of the Battle of Britain, Fighter Command was the main bulwark of our national safety. The Spitfires and the Hurricanes clawed the enemy down from the sky and stopped him getting through in strength, in sufficient strength at any rate.

In our time the supersonic Lightning and its Mark 3 development will still have a very vital part to play in defending our air space against hostile intrusion and in defending our bases overseas, but there can be no adequate protection, no adequate defence in the sense of stopping the enemy coming through, against the hydrogen bomb. You can only deter nuclear attack if you have the power not to stop it but to hit back, and to deal unacceptable devastation on the aggressor.

We have that power, as we sit here today, in Bomber Command; and we have the means to continue it; and the few hundred young

men—and it's only a few hundred you know—who make up the crews of the 'V' Bombers, are the main bulwark of our safety today. They are to this country just about what the fighter pilots were to our people in 1940. They form an élite in the nation, and let's face it, they are trained as an élite.

It takes, I am told, at least five years to produce the captain of a "V" Bomber, and it costs about £100,000, which puts Eton and Borstal in the shade as forms of expensive education. And no wonder it costs quite a bit because the bomber he flies and the weapons that go in it cost over a million pounds.

The young men who man Bomber Command today stand between this country and the threat of full-scale war. Some of you will soon be joining Bomber Command. Believe me there can be no finer mission for any young man in this country. For what it's worth, it's my own view that so long as we maintain an effective British strategic striking force, I believe we shall be safe from nuclear attack, but we cannot ignore the possibility of internal security or limited operations. You are quite likely in your time in the Service to see something of these.

The main burden here will fall on Transport Command and on the Tactical Air Force. You will know just as well as I do, air transport today is not just a question of getting from "A" to "B". It has become an essential part of the tactical battle and it will be the duty of the Royal Air Force to reinforce and supply Army units right up into the firing line.

The modern soldier won't go into battle in a truck, or even on foot, he will be taken in by helicopter or parachuted in from an aircraft, and we've got to see to it, and this is our challenge to Sandhurst, that the soldiers never have their feet on the ground except to take aim and shoot.

Transport Command, and particularly the kind of techniques now being developed in 38 Group (close support techniques from helicopters, and parachuting), will tax your skill, your nerve, and your initiative to the utmost. Of course the transport forces cannot do their job unless we achieve and maintain air superiority over any given battlefield. We've got to be able to protect our bases and our ground forces against attack. We've also got to be able to strike against the enemy air power at its source.

The T.S.R.2 is being developed for this task and in a few years' time some of you, no doubt, will be flying this very remarkable aircraft. I dare say lucky ones among you will live to fly in other things too, maybe beyond the boundaries of air into space. These are things

which we cannot foretell as yet, but I have no doubt that the study of space is something which deserves your attention; I cannot believe that in the long run it will not have very important military applications.

I have been very cheered, if I may be allowed to say so, to see strong representation from the Commonwealth at Cranwell. I have noticed since I went to the Air Ministry that it is almost impossible to get on the Air Council, or to become an Air Marshal unless you come from the Commonwealth. I think the Air Council is now 50% at least Commonwealth manned. So the plums are reserved for them, and very glad we are to see them here at Cranwell.

I think Cranwell is going to become increasingly, even more in the future than it has been in the past, a centre of learning about the air and air warfare for the whole world.

You know we have decided to merge Henlow with Cranwell in about three years' time and you will then have here a complete University of the Air. The cadets of the General Duties Branch and the Technical Branch will work side by side from the very start of their careers (which you have not been able to do) and I have no doubt it will deepen their understanding of each other's problems and will stimulate creative thinking about the baffling problems which face us in the air and beyond the air in space.

You know politicians have a habit of talking, so forgive me if I have gone on rather long. My own experience of the Air Force before I came to the Air Ministry was somewhat limited; I was for a short time a Sergeant in the Oxford University Air Squadron; I don't think you would look on that as a very superior form of life in your present strenuous education, but at any rate it shows you can still find the seals of a Secretary of State in the kit bag of an n.c.o. if you rummage hard enough.

I don't know which are the most important qualities in a cadet officer. You have a pretty stringent system here, many severe tests applied to bring out the best qualities in all, and I have been very impressed by the little I have so far been able to see.

Of course, at the back of it all remember what Napoleon said when he was asked about a particular General and what he thought of him, and he replied, "Is he lucky?"—the most important quality of all. Try as hard as you will you cannot all carry off the prizes.

In the end luck plays a very great part. Perhaps that is a consolation some of the time.

Commandant, let me thank you from my heart for the very cordial welcome which you and Cranwell have given me today; it has been

for me, at any rate, a memorable first visit, I look forward to coming again.'

During the afternoon Mr Amery made a tour of the College, and the senior servants were presented to him. He also visited the site of the new chapel now being built on the east side of the College buildings. After seeing the Junior Mess, the Secretary of State planted a tree in the South-East Avenue, before touring East Camp and the proposed site of the new technical buildings.



During the last few months Wing Commanders Starnes and Dewhurst have taken their leave of Cranwell. Wing Commander Starnes, who commanded the Advanced Flying Wing for two years, has joined the Directing Staff at Bracknell after completing the last Flying College Course at Manby. He and his charming wife joined wholeheartedly in the many and varied activities at Cranwell and we miss them and their large family in many aspects of College life. We wish them a happy and successful tour at Bracknell. Wing Commander Dewhurst commanded the Basic Flying Wing from July 1958 to February 1961, and he is now at the Joint Services Staff College. The change from piston to jet Provosts, the move of the Wing from Barkston Heath to Spitalgate and the extensive works services carried out on the airfield at Barkston Heath created many problems, and the fact that these were resolved so successfully was due mainly to Wing Commander Dewhurst's foresight, drive and energy. He and his family are off to Cyprus in the Autumn, and we wish them *bon voyage* and a happy tour.

With the introduction of the jet Provost, the two Flying Wings at Cranwell have merged into one under Wing Commander C. F. Green, A.F.C., who has become Chief Flying Instructor. With nearly 100 aircraft and four airfields to look after, the Chief Flying Instructor must be one of the busiest Wing Commanders Flying in the Royal Air Force, and if he spends enough time on the ground to read this we would like to extend to him and to his wife and family a belated welcome and good wishes for a happy and successful tour.

Squadron Leader Hudson arrived at the Royal Air Force College in October, 1957 and in April 1961 was posted to Ceylon to command Diyatalawa. He will be remembered at the Royal Air Force College for the high standards he demanded of flight cadets on the parade ground and at leadership camp in Scotland and for his personal sincerity and integrity.

Extra-murally, Squadron Leader Hudson engaged in a diversity of interests. He was Assistant County Commissioner for Senior Scouts, a Member of the Anglican Society, Sleaford A.T.C. Squadron and the County of Kesteven Duke of Edinburgh Award Committees. He was also a keen advocate of visual aids and was instrumental in obtaining valuable photographic and tape records for the College.

Mrs Hudson will also be remembered with affection and admiration for her services with the Women's Voluntary Service, especially at Rauceby Hospital, and her assistance to the Dramatic Society in their many successes at the Cranwell Little Theatre. We wish them success in Ceylon.



The Choral and Dramatic Sections of the College Society joined forces to produce *The Pirates of Penzance* on 3rd and 4th April. Each production of a Gilbert and Sullivan opera provokes speculation on the qualities which unfailingly make it so attractive to English audiences, while arousing comparatively little enthusiasm among music lovers elsewhere. It may well be because it can be enjoyed with very little effort, without self-consciousness, without requiring us to appear interested in or knowledgeable about music as a *genre*. Indeed, *The Pirates of Penzance* probably pleases most because the music and situations are so familiar and yet paradoxically so fresh that, although they are cleverly contrived, they appear artless and ingenuous.

There are, of course, particular reasons why *The Pirates* should appeal to a College audience. Whatever tongue Gilbert may have had in his cheek, whatever legs he wished to pull, whatever institution he wished to make fun of, superficially at least the emphasis is all on nobility and duty. Horrible miscreants though the pirates undoubtedly are, they have a very proper respect for military rank and for their Sovereign. Frederic is the epitome of high-mindedness. The Major General cannot forgive himself for telling a lie, understandable and venial though his may be.

Paul Jenner, as the young hero Frederic, sang pleasantly and acted convincingly. Even his acceptance of the dubious argument about his age seemed natural and unforced. His former nursemaid Ruth, maid of all work of the pirates, was beautifully played by Joan Akrill, who handled with virtuosity this taxing contralto role. John

Nottingham, who delighted us last year as the Mikado, more than fulfilled his promise by the bravura and power of his Pirate King. He has a magnificent baritone voice and a real stage presence. His lieutenant Samuel was played competently and melodiously by David Conran-Smith. Of the more respectable, or less disreputable members of the cast, Sean Maffett was well suited to the rôle of Major General Stanley, and gave us a clever caricature of a nineteenth century general officer. His daughters were played by Jane Chandler, Marian West, Dorothy Austen and Margaret Jones, as dutiful, demure and delicious a quartette of filial devotion as one could wish to see. Mike Shaw, as the Sergeant of Police, led his force with a pleasant bass voice and great style and relish in 'The Policeman's lot is not a happy one.'

Uniformly good though the principals undoubtedly were, the chorus of pirates and maidens contributed equally to the success of the production. Their *ensemble* singing was well drilled and controlled, their acting much above the normal standards of amateur productions. Both the Musical Director, Paul Jenner, and the Producer, Russell Williams, deserve our warmest congratulation for the great amount of time and ability they must have devoted to achieving such high standards. They were well supported by their Assistant Producer, Dick Mighall, by the sets of Mike Dunlop and his team, by the skilful lighting of Richard Nickson and by the Stage Manager, Bob Peters, who contrived to make the inadequate stage of the Main Hall seem almost unlimited in capacity.

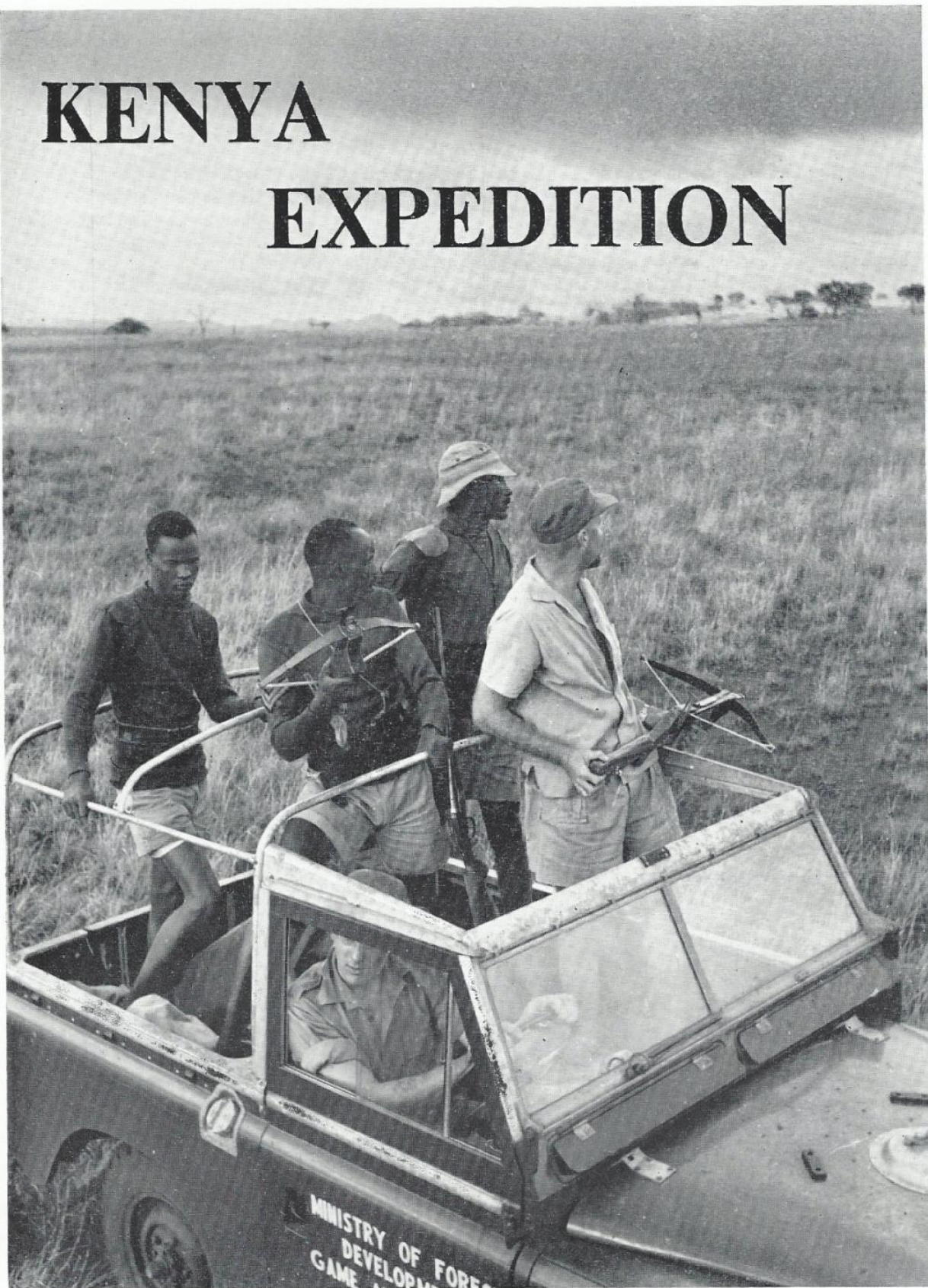
We should particularly like to thank Flight Lieutenant Davies, the College Bandmaster, for the masterly and unruffled control he exercised over the performance and over his orchestra, and all those who, behind the scenes and during rehearsals, did so much unobtrusive hard work. They can be content in the knowledge that their labours helped to achieve what has now become one of the highlights of the College year.



At their first attempt Cranwell Little Theatre won the Kesteven One-Act Play Festival with their production of *Still Life* by Noël Coward. By doing so they qualified for the first round proper of the British Drama League Festival which was held in Grantham on 29th April, and were narrowly beaten into second place by a Nottinghamshire company.

KENYA

EXPEDITION



IN November of last year, a Photographic Expedition to Kenya was planned, the object of which was to produce a cine film, in colour, with soundtrack, of big-game and the local wild life. Flight Lieutenant Chandler selected the crew, which consisted of Flight Cadets Pile (Leader), Thomson, Williamson, McCarthy, Herford, Dick and Shaw. Naturally not all of these were to be engaged in making the cine film; two were to take colour stills, and two others were to concentrate on black and white.

Thanks to a very generous grant of money from the Expedition Training Fund, the Expedition was arranged for Easter Leave of this year. A considerable amount of work had to be done before we left for Kenya. 2,400 feet of 16 mm. colour film had to be obtained, the camera hired, tropical kit borrowed, inoculations given, and many small but important items obtained.

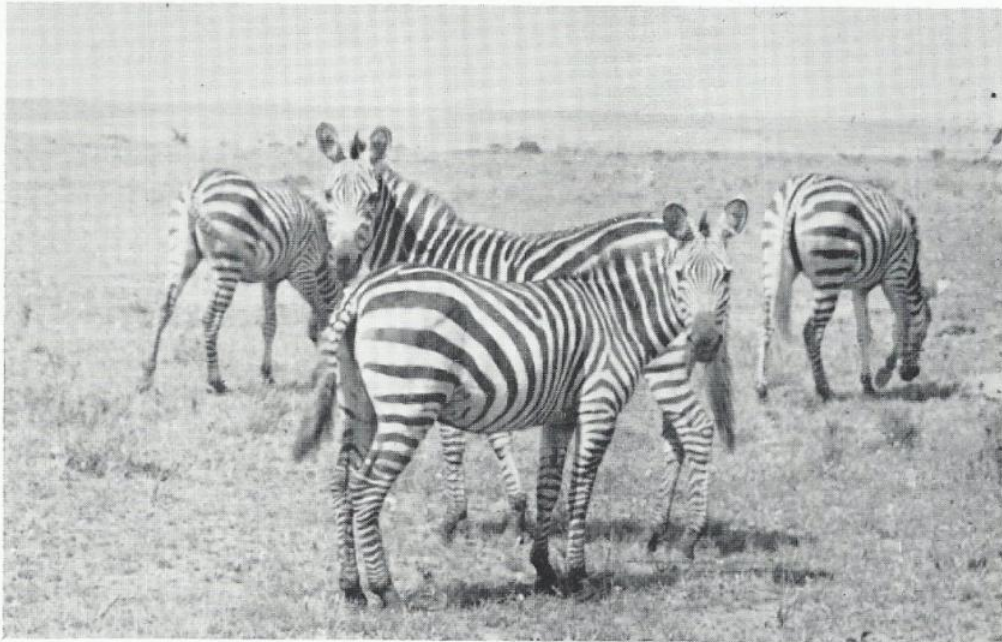
A Transport Command 'Comet' took us to Nairobi, by way of Idris and Kano, and we arrived at Embakazi Airport in the evening of 18th April. Flight Lieutenant Chandler was waiting to meet us, having gone out a week earlier. We spent the night at Royal Air

Force Eastleigh, and the following morning loaded our vehicles. We had a long wheel-base 'Landrover', a hired Ford Zephyr, and a 1-ton truck to carry the camping gear.

By mid-morning, we were heading south-east along the road to Mombasa, making for Hunter's Lodge about 100 miles from Nairobi. The lodge was built by J. A. Hunter, perhaps the most famous white hunter in Africa. During his very active life, he has shot some 1,000 elephant, 1,200 rhinoceros and 600 lion. His son David met us and after an excellent lunch took us out to our camp site ten miles from the nearest road by a much-used water hole. It took us an hour to set up the camp. In the late afternoon we went for a drive in the bundu to see what game was in the area.

Within half an hour we had seen various sorts of antelope—Kongoni or Hartebeeste, Tsessebe, Impala, Thomson's Gazelle, Waterbuck—Giraffe, a Rhino cow and her calf and some Ostriches. The prospects for photography looked excellent and this proved to be so.

That evening we met Mr 'Nick' Carter, a game warden who is engaged in trying to



" Stripes are in this year "



" Campsite "

capture rhinoceros in a nearby district. His method is to fire a hypodermic dart from a cross-bow, with a powerful enough dose of a drug to render the animal semi-conscious at least. He invited us to go out with him the next morning so that we could photograph any captures, but emphasized the fact that his last successes had been three months previously, although he had tried two or three times a week.

So it was that we were woken by Malumbi, one of our Askaris, or guides, at 0430 hours the next morning, having had a rather fitful night's sleep. The night noises of the bush take a lot of getting used to and can be a little unnerving. Someone heard a lion coughing about half a mile away and we knew that elephants used the water hole

At 0530 hours we met Nick at his camp, and at sun-up an hour later were driving slowly

over a small plain, scanning the area with binoculars. After mistaking the odd ant-hill for a rhino, two were sighted about half a mile away, on the far side of a lugga, or gully. The darts were loaded with a dose of the drug sernyl that would knock the beast out in 13 minutes, and then Nick set out to stalk the pair. We watched as he crossed the lugga, but when he was just within range of the crossbows, the rhinos got his wind, and charged. He tried to get a running shot away as he headed for a big tree, but missed. Having scattered the small party, the beasts headed for the bush, to sleep for the day.

When Nick returned, he explained that going after them on foot was the least successful method, as there was no protection if they charged. However, unless there was someone who could drive his Landrover, he could not chase them. Flight Cadet Pile

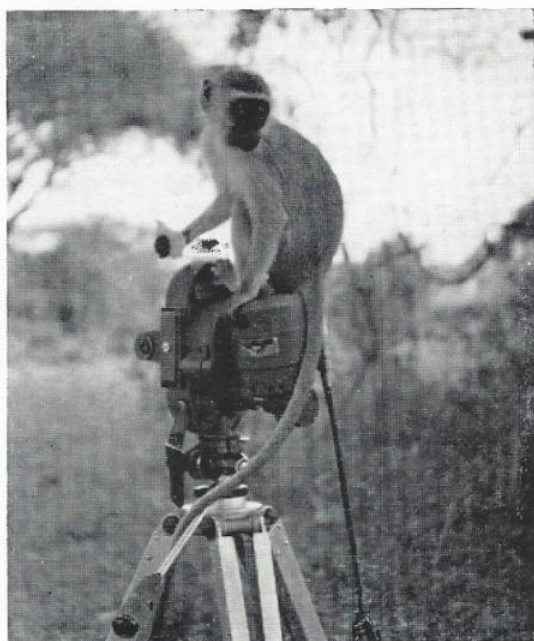
was selected to drive, having had considerable experience in Rhodesia and within ten minutes they had sighted another rhino. This one headed for the bush and was doing a terrified 40 m.p.h. when it got a dart in its hindquarters.

It took over an hour of patient tracking by the Askaris to find the rhino, which was lying on its side unconscious, but still 'running' through reflex action. It was tied as quickly as possible and a sedative given. Within an hour, a big truck came through the scrub and the 1,000 lb. animal was loaded and driven away. Several cadets rode back with it and had quite a wild ride. It started to come round and broke loose from some of the restraining ropes, and in an attempt to hold its head down, three were very nearly thrown out of the truck . . . all with one flip of the head!

It was unloaded into the big stockade as quickly as possible, but something was wrong. The beast was almost crying, and suddenly stopped breathing. Three people tried jumping on its belly to get it breathing again, but without success. The terror of being chased, and the fight to try and overcome the drug are thought to be the reasons leading to a heart failure. This was most disappointing, and we were sad at being robbed of total success.

The next morning we were up at the same early hour and headed off down the Mombasa road for about 50 miles to the Royal Tsavo National Park. Accompanied by an Askari we drove slowly through the bush along a dirt track stopping frequently to watch the animals and to take the best shots that we could. We photographed various elephants and were lucky enough to get a shot of a herd of buffalo running across the road ahead. At one time we had three zebra galloping alongside doing a steady 32 m.p.h. before they swung away into the bush. Soon after, a small herd of the graceful impala bounded away when they heard the engine. We got very close to one old rhino bull who had a front horn of about 28 inches length and who, ignoring us completely, went on quietly grazing.

By lunch-time we had reached Mzima Springs and seen our first hippo. There were about a dozen of them in the water either dozing quietly in the sun or else cruising along at nostril depth. These huge creatures come out of the water at night to feed on young bushes and water grasses, though during the day they lead a very lazy life. As we ate we were visited by a tribe of Vervet monkeys who provided entertainment for the price of a little food. They were tame enough to take bread out of our hands and





cheeky enough to try and steal the loose articles in the Landrover! Of course they were excellent subjects for photography and four of them even staged a special show!

We could not see all of the Tsavo Park as it measures several hundred square miles, but in the small area that we were able to cover we saw enough game to be able to take some 600 feet of film. This however was not the usual procedure at all as often one can visit these parks and see very little. We had been very lucky indeed and were very thankful for it. Quite often tourists arriving in the country with very little time to spare and a 'grocery list' of animals that they want to see, feel cheated if they are not as lucky as we were.

For the next two days we tried for more rhino in the mornings but with no success at all. On the Saturday we saw some, but could not get close enough. On the Sunday, a minor disaster occurred. We had all our vehicles out when the Ford got bogged down in the mud and it started to rain. The clutch burnt out in our efforts to free it. Later we found that the hydraulic system was dry! Whereupon we decided to break camp and head for the coast for a couple of days rest to catch up on our lost sleep—we had been averaging about four hours per night.

The Landrover towed the Ford the 230 miles to Mombasa overnight, with occasional stops to wet the dry throats of the two unfortunates in the rear car. The red dust managed to work into the car, the passengers' hair, eyes, throats and ears and rations! However, the last 30 miles were on tarmac, which was a blessing.

We stayed in a house that was situated within fifty yards of the Indian Ocean, and in the morning the sea was our first thought. We spent three hot and humid days there, filming the Giriama tribe and local scenery between swims. Mombasa is Kenya's main port and a wonderful place for buying carvings and curios.

On the Tuesday evening Pile and Thomson decided to motor back to the 'happy hunting ground' to see if they could film any more rhino captures. Accordingly they drove back in the Ford and after two hours sleep on the seats were out once again with Nick Carter. At about 0800 hours a calf was sighted and the darts were loaded with a mixture of sernyl and hyaluronidase. We were heading towards this calf when two big cows were seen about 300 yards away. They were the two that we had seen on our very first morning and Nick decided to go for them. The dose

in the darts was changed and we were only just under way towards them when they got suspicious and charged. Things happened very quickly. The two beasts headed for us at full speed with heads down ready to hook up and try and roll the vehicle. It was difficult to film, especially when we hit an anthill and nearly rolled over. At this instant the rhino were about two yards away. The camera confirmed this later. Nick was very nearly thrown out but managed to put a dart into the biggest cow, and this time the drug had been measured to act in three minutes.

She headed for the bush, stumbling a little, so we knew that she had got the drug. We tracked her on foot. On the way we were confronted by two other rhinos and took refuge in a tree until they left the area. It took an hour and a half to find our quarry and, with only four of us, some ten minutes to get her tied up. The fact that she was half conscious did not help matters. Loading her was more difficult than before, as she weighed a good 2,000 lb. When she was released in the stockade she proved herself to be in excellent health, though in a vile temper! By this time it was well after noon, and our first meal in 17 hours was very welcome.

While all this had been going on the remainder of the party had been water skiing and photographing Mombasa before driving back to Nairobi. They were very pleased to see the prize, now affectionately named Sheila. She, on the other hand, was not so pleased at so much human interest and made attempts to break the barricade. The best thing was that we had filmed the complete sequence of the capture for the first time. A film has not been made of this method of capture before and we are happy to report that the film has come up to expectations.

So it was that we had to say farewell to all the friends that we had met in Kenya, people who had been only too glad to help us in any way that they could, people who had extended warm hospitality just because we were visitors. The people that we met were wonderful and we feel sorry that their beautiful country should be torn with political strife that threatens to ruin it if some solution is not found in the near future. In the little time that we had left we drove 1,500 miles and saw what we could of Kenya, and what we saw we liked. In conclusion, we have brought back on film a permanent record, a film which we will be very proud to screen.



“ Sheila ”

FEAR

The Journal is honoured to print the following translation by a member of the College Staff from The Men of Goodwill : XVI, Verdun Editions Flammarion, 1938, written by Jules Romains.

‘WELL,’ said Jallez slowly, ‘you’ve said some fascinating things. But there are still some points I don’t understand. I still can’t see what force can be strong enough to keep those millions of men in endless suffering. You’ve given me some little tricks, some helpful ideas, but can that possibly be enough? We knew those men. More or less pampered by civilization. Not exactly smothered in idealism. Enthusiasm for a few days, yes; but not for years. How do these mollicoddled, practical little men put up with so much suffering for so long?’

‘Because they’ve started; and once you’ve started something it takes a dreadful grip on you. It’s one of the least doubtful laws of existence. But, when you think about it, there is indeed another authority which overrides everything else. People always forget to mention it, you notice. Why? Because it goes without saying? Out of modesty? Or if they do talk about it, they disguise it under borrowed names which are more flattering to the individual, such as duty, patriotism, and so on. Now there’s really a more honest term for it; quite simply, it’s social compulsion. Today it is a requirement of society that men shall suffer and die at the front. So they suffer and die. That’s all. At other times, society has made other demands on men, and men have obeyed. The only disconcerting thing is that men have been told for some time that society has given up this mysterious hold on them; they have been told that they have certain absolute rights; that things which were unreasonable from the individual’s point of view could no longer be asked of them. Now it seems unreasonable, from the individual’s point of view, for a man to lose his life, that is, everything, to defend his share of the collective interest, which is often pretty small. Let him do it if he wants, but you can’t “reasonably” demand it of him. Men don’t seem to have believed in this excellent innovation, since not one of them has had the cheek to take advantage of it.’

‘I suppose you’re right. What’s so strange is that this compulsion remains strong enough at all times to dominate even physical fear.’

‘It would be more accurate to say that man’s fear of society is even stronger than his fear of artillery.’

‘Yes . . . the soldier says to himself: “If I refuse to march, or if I run away, I’ll be shot.” ’

‘Not even that . . . Some need to say it to themselves. For most it’s unnecessary. Their fear of society isn’t a physical one. It’s mystical. Man’s make-up is such that a physical fear is nearly always weaker in him than a mystical one.’

‘Even to the extent of preventing immediate reactions? You go over the top . . . shells burst near you . . . you’re sprayed with machine-gun fire . . . ’

‘The mystical fear of society can take forms which themselves have an immediate action. On the one hand there is the fear of what your mates or your boss will think, or your men if

you're a leader. In one sense, the average man would need more courage to face a reputation for cowardice than he would to face a shellburst.'

They talked about fear. Jerphanion declared that in the front line everyone was afraid, with differences due to temperament, just as everyone feels cold when it freezes. Familiarity with danger can harden you, but not always. Often, on the contrary, it increases one's sensitivity, intensifying the preliminary shudder.

'Furthermore, you never quite get rid of the fear you've experienced. I'm still afraid of the attack I was wounded in last year. If I had to go over the top again, I'd be a lot more frightened than a first-timer. And then, it varies considerably. Fear comes in spasms. Some days you can't stop shivering; some days you're almost indifferent. There's no way of knowing why. I've observed that one of the best cures for fear is to tell yourself that it's completely useless (like bravery, incidentally). You keep telling yourself: "You're a clot. Your stomach's tight, you're shrinking all over, your teeth want to chatter? That won't make the slightest difference to the flight of the next shell or the next bullets. It's only an extra strain." Then you try to behave as if it were rain falling. Just good old rain. Big drops, but you think about something else, like the copper at a crossroad, under his cape. You see what I mean? Or else you think you're a pedestrian who's strayed into the middle of the Place de la Concorde, in the swarm of traffic. Each one of the cars going flat out across the square is capable of killing a man ten times over. As they're going in all directions, it seems that one of them is bound to run over the poor pedestrian before five minutes are up. Still, if you're an old Parisian, you don't shiver, your teeth don't chatter . . . You see the trick? You pretend to believe that each shell will miss you, as every car misses you, and that you could only be killed by a projectile aimed specially at you by some mysterious will. Do you remember Napoleon's famous saying about the cannon ball which hadn't yet been cast? "It's a simple method, but it works." You know, in such situations simple methods are all you have. And then, is that one so simple? It really means re-inventing fatalism. "I feel that Fate hasn't decided that I shall die today. And if it has, it's absolutely inevitable, so there's no point in getting worked up." After a certain period of ultra-dangerous living, we observe that fatalism is a drug which is necessary to man, like alcohol in Polar expeditions. One of the hidden virtues of fatalism is that it implies that one has, in spite of oneself, a hope of the supernatural. "If Destiny takes care of me so far as to choose when I shall die, it can't possibly let me down *afterwards*. It takes me on further, somewhere else. The adventure isn't finished." The only thing man asks for, really, is that the adventure shall not be finished. He doesn't insist on knowing what's to come; he doesn't mind if it's inconceivable. So long as the adventure isn't finished, he can put up with anything, if necessary. This bombardment pounding the trench, this assault wave you're in, spattered by 77s and machine guns which will perhaps dump you a couple of yards further on by that little tree, with your head smashed in. Then that's just an episode. Do you realize, old Jallez, what age-old depths of belief those storms will stir up?'

'I do, and I'm deeply impressed.' In front of them, in the distance, but not so far as it was, rose Notre Dame with its monsters and gargoyles.

'What I would like most of all to make you realize, is the way all these ideas swarm, mingle and vary in one's mind, as time goes on. Hence the falsity of formulæ, when you try to find some which will seem valid for any period of living in the front line. There may be exceptionally consistent minds which keep the same attitude. They must be very few. For example, I remember how I was when we were starving in the Haudromont gully, about ten o'clock on the morning

of the second day. A fair number of 77 millimetre shells were falling. Time-fused 105s were bursting in the air between our lines and the ridge behind us; that is, there was a good chance they'd shower right into our trenches. I did in fact have four wounded and one dead that morning. I experienced a state of near-perfect resignation. I could hear branches cracking; shell-bursts slapping into the wet earth. It was as if I were divorced from my own fate. What might happen to me didn't concern me any more. I didn't even need any little thinkings-out, any simple methods. It came all by itself. I said to myself: "This is wonderful. This is the real attitude to take. I've only to go on like this indefinitely." Yes; and then two hours later, when the strafing had if anything lessened, I was in a mood of over-excited, disordered anxiety. Notice that these variations could have regrettable consequences. However powerless a man may be against a shell, his care or speed in taking certain precautions determines whether he is dead inside three minutes or still alive at the end of the day. In moments of splendid indifference, one might be too proud to crouch or fall flat; one might carelessly put one's head up above the parapet. In periods of excitement, one might on the other hand get killed by clumsily overdoing one's precautions, continually changing position and so on. But the body is wiser than the soul. It makes the necessary connections and adjustments. It ensures continuity. The philosopher and the fool who successively inhabit us carry out pretty well exactly the same automatic movements of self-preservation.'

They were walking very slowly. They stopped at every instant to get a better hold of an idea between them, like lumberjacks getting hold of a billet of timber.

A little later Jerphanion, having made a fresh effort, which his face betrayed, to collect his thoughts, said:

'Yes, I'm thinking about your question again . . . The great driving force is obviously collective compulsion. Once a man is in the community, he must stay there. Like a rat in a trap. Whether it's the firing squad, shame, dishonour, moral impossibility, mystic fear, taboo . . . the threads all cross, and the man is held on all sides. During this time he is of course at liberty to be delighted, to declare that he is there because he wants to do his duty and loves his country. He is free to have, *into the bargain*, the will to be there. And a sincere will. If we were people for niceties, it would be easy for us to show that man would not have found on his own even this free, sincere willingness for sacrifice, that it is the product of the peace-time head-stuffing which we call education, and is therefore the more cunning approach made by social compulsion. But that does not matter. That is not what I was trying to say. No, what I wanted to say was that man is like all the animals: when there is no alternative, he gives in. Even wild animals give in. Man only finds the courage to resist, to revolt against an authority which shows signs of failing. It's unfortunate, but it's true. My "optimism" used to prevent me from believing it, but war has opened my eyes wide enough. The rebellious or "revolutionary" courage of man? A melancholy joke. "Subjects" revolt not when their rulers are oppressing them most, but when, having oppressed them even a little, the rulers waver. As my friend Griollet used to say, let us remember the "revolutionary" guts shown by the Patauds, the Pagets, the Merrheims, by all the leaders of the workers' unions, when guts didn't involve any risk. Are they moving a muscle today? What factory worker, yesterday's super-militant, refuses to make shells, or makes speeches in the workshop to call a strike in shell-production and so stop the massacre of the proletariat? Unless the Governments draw from these facts a few conclusions for after the war, a few very philosophical conclusions, full of Machiavellian cynicism, they're incapable of learning anything. In short, man is an animal who does much more easily than you'd think what he is forced to do. But once it is clear that he will in any case do what he is told, he loves to think it's his own idea.'

MISTER, YOU CAN BE A HERO

79 and 80 Entries' Visit to the U.S.A.

MOST of the cadets of the two senior entries would declare without hesitation that this Spring trip was the most valuable and interesting instructional visit they had ever paid. Morale was high from the start. The beaming faces of those mounting the steps of the Britannia at Cranwell reflected cheerful anticipation and not merely joy at leaving Cranwell.

Nine hours after our departure from a chilly and bleak landscape we arrived at one that was even more inhospitable and arctic. The aircraft was marshalled in by little men with fur hoods, and yellow tractors raced about the snow-covered airfield which, set against a cold grey sea and snowy-crested mountains, appeared very Nevil Shutish. We only stayed at Ernest Harmon A.F.B., Newfoundland for an hour or so but it was quite long enough for most of the party to have sent their first picture post card and eaten their first hamburger. The flight down the New England sea-board was wonderfully beautiful. Creeks and rocky inlets provided deep blue indentations of water in contrast to the white and black of the mountains. Gradually signs of habitation appeared and eventually the big cities, each with its smoke haze above it.

We landed at Andrews A.F.B. and then endured a long bus ride to Bolling A.F.B. just outside Washington. That evening most of the party visited the Officers' Club before returning to quarters that were nothing short of squalid.

Next day began with an organized tour of the White House. We were all glad to visit it, but did not feel it was nearly as exceptional a building as our guide made it out to be. It was interesting to get some insight into how the President and his family lived. Thereafter we all went our separate ways. One day is not nearly enough to do all the sight-seeing that Washington deserves. It would have been almost a crime of omission not to have visited the Federal Bureau of Investigation. The machinery that ensures that America's millions of criminals are brought to justice is quite staggering.

Afterwards we felt we ought to raise the tone of our visits a bit so the afternoon found us poring over the text of the Constitution in

the National Archives with studied awe. The pictures in the National Gallery of Art were superb. It seemed a better collection than our National Gallery and made one wonder how any masterpieces were left in the Old World at all. The Smithsonian Museum and the Capitol were also visited in the course of a very full day. In the evening we were very kindly entertained at the homes of officers of the Air Staff at the British Embassy.

The next day we visited Annapolis, the ancient capital of Maryland, where the Naval Academy is beautifully situated on the edge of the sea. The buildings are massive and indeed the dining hall where we lunched could hold 3,800 midshipmen which dwarfs the Senior Mess at Cranwell somewhat. The highlight was a short cruise on the Potomac in the Academy's sloops after rather monotonous tours of classrooms and laboratories. The night was spent in various spots around Washington.

We were sad to leave Washington which looked lovely in the spring sunshine even though the cherry blossom was already over. The flight westward was impressive. We gradually left the closely-packed homesteads of New England and reached the Great Plains. Flying over them they appeared limitless and one had an awe-inspiring realization of the magnitude of the American Continent. We dropped in on the Headquarters of Strategic Air Command at Offutt A.F.B., Nebraska, and after lunch visited the Command Post. It was built in three levels and reached a depth of forty-five feet. Army men and closed-circuit television ensured the security of every doorway, and as one descended one approached ever nearer to the fatal red telephone that could decide the future of mankind.

The first two floors contained computers, and electronics and communications systems. Almost most fascinating of all was being able to talk to any S.A.C. station in the world. Of course Great Britain was the only one from which there was a delay in acknowledging our transmission. Perhaps we had interrupted the coffee break. At last we penetrated the innermost sanctum. We sat in the chairs of the Commander-in-Chief's

staff and surveyed the information on the wall in front. Weather situations, readiness states, everything of use to the Commander was represented on it. We saw the B.M.E.W. screen and learnt how a return from the moon had been mistaken for a missile attack and nearly caused World War III, which would have been a truly lunatic act.

Our arrival at Colorado Springs was most impressive. For a long time we had been flying over a brown, arid and featureless plain when suddenly the Rockies rose snow-capped before us, silhouetted against a sinking sun. The atmosphere was really western, with an occasional cattle station as the only habitation in this barren land. Colorado Springs itself increased the effect. It was a little township, built almost entirely of bungalows along the two main roads. Above it towered Pikes Peak—the ancient objective of many a waggon train on whose sides were often written the determined phrase: 'Pikes Peak or Bust'.

The site of the Air Academy is Olympic in its splendour. The huge buildings are so modern as to seem almost futuristic and at 7,000 feet in the foothills of the mountains it dominates a colossal expanse. We were at once met by incredibly friendly hosts and the evening was spent exploring the College. Most of us seemed to end up at the Bowling Alley.

On the following morning we were roused at an early hour by the voices of first classmen (the U.S.A.F. equivalent of crows) calling out the minutes until the breakfast formation. This turned out to be a very bewildering parade on a vast scale. Afterwards their Cadet Colonel and his lieutenants gave us an excellent brief on life at the Academy. We were then in full possession of all the facts, so as to be able to take full advantage of the question and answer period to mete informed criticism upon their honour code. That afternoon we took on the U.S.A.F. cadets at soccer, rugby, soft ball and squash and were defeated at them all. We attended a lecture by test pilot Major White and a 'space surgeon' on the X-15 programme before racing in to Colorado Springs in an amazing collection of fast automobiles ranging from luxurious limousines to the nattiest of sporting roadsters.

During our stay we were often snapped by ubiquitous photographers in striking poses. It was pleasing that the memorable pre-lunch

formation when we took command of the parade, did not go unrecorded. The on-lookers were astounded at our raucous commands and swinging arms. A formal dinner and a ball were laid on. At the ball we were all given blind dates which often provided a most successful evening. Nevertheless the trips with our hosts into the large city of Denver or to visit the home of risqué and riotous entertainment—'the House of Oscar' in Colorado Springs—were probably the most appreciated. Our final morning we watched a ceremonial parade that was wonderfully impressive. The dark blue uniforms and yellow sashes stood out very well against the background of snow-capped peaks.

We had made many friends among the cadets who had spared no effort for our happiness and we were sad to leave. New York was a great contrast. We found ourselves in a city that seemed almost satanic and the way in which the buildings dominated the people was very different from the wide open spaces out West.

We became very nocturnal. The first night of many ended up in a Jazz Cellar in Greenwich Village after we had become bored with Times Square, Broadway and the other more conventional ports of call. Next morning we had an excellent tour of the U.N.O. building which was at the time the centre of discussions, and, outside, of demonstrations over the Cuba Revolt. We felt it a great pity that the admirable guides were not included in the group. These girls, though coming from all over the world, possessed some common virtues of charm, good humour and often of incredible patience.

That night and next morning Cranwell cadets were dispersed all over the Metropolis. While one was writing 'visiting the colonies' in the visitors book of the Statue of Liberty, another might be up the Empire State Building or in the depths of China Town. Many visited the club where Wilbur de Paris played with his new New Orleans Jazz Band and were rewarded by hearing about the best Jazz in the world.

As we left the New World in darkness and rain and sped towards the advancing dawn we realized what a wonderful trip it had been. The people we had met and the friendships we had formed seemed worth much more than the incredible things we had seen.

“ OPERATION NOAH ”

R.A.F. COLLEGE EXPEDITION TO KARIBA

WE arrived by air at Kariba early on the morning of 11th April. We were now in the heart of the Zambezi valley, and even at that early hour of the morning we began to perspire.

There to meet us at the airport was Mr Rupert Fothergill, Chief Game Conservation Officer in charge of 'Operation Noah', and he drove us straight to his base camp which commanded an excellent view of the lake not far from the dam.

Without further delay we embarked on the 'Ark' which was one of the operation's supply boats and made our way up-lake. A four-hour trip, covering some thirty miles, brought us to a point on the Southern Rhodesian mainland near the mouth of the Bumi River. Here we were joined by the rest of the team, who had been following up in a second supply vessel.

Camp was quickly made, and we soon became acquainted with the other members of the team: Graham Child (biologist), Rae 'Tinky' Haslam and Peter Moore, all of them game conservation officers.

Over dinner that night Mr. Fothergill outlined the operations of this vast 'Animal Dunkirk'. He laid particular stress on the fact that the largest amount of time was spent on reconnaissance. New islands formed by the rising waters had to be located and a rough estimate as to the amount of game on each had to be made.

These higher areas of ground form islands which gradually become smaller and smaller as the water rises. The trapped animals have either to swim to the mainland—as do most of the elephant and big cats—or to remain imprisoned awaiting death from starvation or by drowning.

Islands must therefore be singled out in order of priority, with particular reference to (i) the size and shape of the island; (ii) the type and density of its vegetation; (iii) the types of animals likely to be found.

On the following morning, Mr. Fothergill and two cadets went out for reconnaissance

work in one of the five outboard motor-boats, brought specially for the transportation of game to the mainland.

The rest of the party, meanwhile discovered what joys to fishermen lie beneath the surface of Kariba Lake. If one of us did not catch a fish within the first minute of casting a line, it was considered, by Kariba standards, as very poor indeed. Fifty pounds was an average day's catch.

When the reconnaissance party returned we were told that a suitable island had been selected for rescue operations which would start early next morning. To save time, however, the necessary nets and poles were taken to the island and left there overnight.

Before sunrise next morning we went in the outboard motor-boats to the island, and the native boys, under the supervision of Mr. Fothergill, erected the nets. These nets are erected on trees and poles, forming the circular wall, about ten feet in height, of a large pen. A hundred-foot section of this wall of net is buried in the ground and camouflaged. This section can be pulled up at any time, thus sealing off the pen.

When the nets have been erected two bush fences are built from the buried net to each shore of the island. In this way a funnel is formed leading towards the pen.

With the completion of this task we all had breakfast. Soon everyone was positioned ready for the game drive. The native boys were sent to the far end of the island and various members of our party were placed at strategic points outside the nets. The five motor boats were sent out to patrol the shores of the island, keeping watch for any game that should take to the water during the drive.

At a given signal, the drive began with as much noise as possible. The animals were driven towards the nets and when as many of them as were required had passed through the 'gate', the buried nets were pulled up. At this stage, many of the panic-stricken animals ran headlong into the wall of net and prompt-

ly became entangled. Impala, however, were able to jump the nets and zebra were simply able to break through them. Capture by this method was not usually carried out for zebra, who are usually run down to the point of exhaustion, and the results proved the usual method to be more successful, as only one zebra was captured out of a herd of six who passed into the nets.

On the first drive, some warthog, kudu and one zebra were caught. Once entangled in the nets the animals legs were firmly secured by lengths of plaited nylon stockings—this particularly unorthodox form of rope being used to avoid chafing of the legs.

For the second drive the wall of net was heightened to capture the agile impala. A mixed bag of warthog, kudu, grysbuck and duiker were also brought in. Animals which succeeded avoiding capture in the nets, and who took to the water, were caught by the awaiting boats. Before their release on the mainland, all animals were ear-tagged and their rescue recorded in the log book.

Often more drives than two are needed to round up all the game on an island, but in nearly every case the same procedure as narrated is carried out.

Animals, such as the rhinoceros, need special rescue techniques. Here, the hypodermic crossbow is brought into use and the animal is temporarily paralysed by the serum so that it can be tied and secured to a raft ready for a tow to the mainland. Water buck and buffalo can swim to safety on their own.

On the fifth day we moved our camp further up-lake to the Sibilo Bilo area. Reconnaissance revealed no suitable island for game

rescue, but we did have the amusing, and even dangerous, experience of rescuing baboons and monkeys from the trees of a recently flooded island. These creatures led us a fine chase and displayed remarkable agility in the conditions.

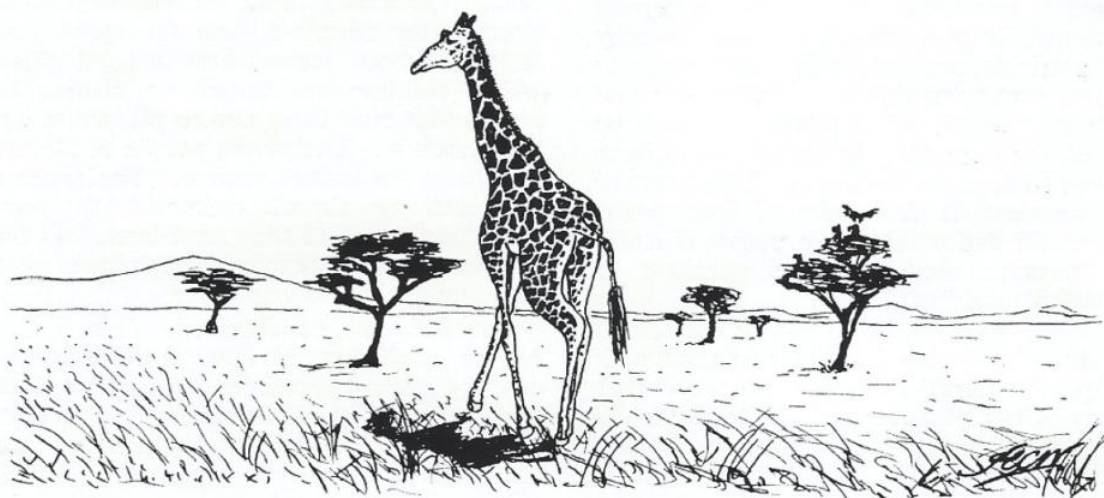
Once a baboon is forced to risk a dare-devil leap beyond its capabilities, it falls into the water and so can be rescued by being caught securely by the tail. Extreme caution must be taken when performing such an operation as the baboon possesses wicked and very capable teeth. The remedy for a baboon attack in the water is a sound ducking to bring it to its senses.

On the way back to Kariba, we made camp for two nights near the Sanyati gorge. One particular island was found suitable for rescue work, and the consequent rescue operations saw the capture of sable, water buck and duiker.

On our way back to camp that day we rescued a tortoise which was swimming two miles off-shore. 'Zam', as we now call him, is, we hope, the happy mascot of our party.

All too soon our ten day visit was over. In retrospect, we realized what a tremendous task 'Operation Noah' is. Since operations began over two years ago four thousand various animals have been rescued, and operations will continue into 1964 when Kariba Lake will have reached maximum capacity. For four experienced game ranchers and fifty native boys this is no mean achievement.

Tribute must be paid to Mr Rupert Fothergill for the way he is carrying out this unique and amazing operation.



THE STORY OF MY DEATH

(The following document was left by Signor de Bosis, the young Italian airman who set out from Marignane Aerodrome, near Marseilles, in a light aeroplane on Saturday, October 3rd, and dropped anti-Fascist leaflets over Rome. He did not return, and there is little doubt that he perished on the return journey.)

Tomorrow at three o'clock in a meadow on the Côte d'Azur, I am going to meet Pegasus.

Pegasus is the name of my aeroplane. It has a russet body and white wings. It is strong as eighty horses and slim as a swallow. Sometimes, drunk with petrol, it leaps through the sky like its brother of old, but in the night it can glide at will through the air like a phantom. I found it in the Hercynian Forest, and its old master is going to bring it to me, on the Tyrrhenian Sea, believing in perfect sincerity that it will serve the idle pleasures of a young Englishman. My bad accent has not awakened his suspicions. I hope he will pardon my subterfuge.

And yet we are not going in search of chimeras, but to bear a message of liberty across the seas to a people that is in chains. To drop my simile, we are going to Rome to scatter these words of liberty far and wide, words which for seven years have been forbidden like a crime. And with reason, for if they had been allowed they would have shaken the Fascist tyranny to its foundations within a few hours.

Every regime in the world, even the Turkish and Afghan, allows its subjects a modicum of liberty. Fascism alone, in self-defence is obliged to annihilate all thought. It cannot be blamed for punishing, even more severely than patricide, any beliefs in liberty and any signs of loyalty to the constitution; for that is the only way it can survive. It cannot be blamed for deporting thousands of citizens without trial, or for meting out 7,000 years of imprisonment in the space of four years. How could it dominate free people if it did not terrorize them with its garrison of 400,000 Blackshirts?

Fascism has no other choice. If one shares its point of view, one is obliged to agree with its apostle Mussolini when he says that 'liberty is a rotten corpse'. If one merely wishes it to laugh, one must approve the murder of Matteotti (*the Socialist Deputy*), the rewards meted out to his murderers, the

abolition of the freedom of the Press in Italy, the sacking of Croce's house, the millions spent on espionage and on *agents provocateurs*, in short, the Sword of Damocles suspended over the head of every citizen.

The Austrians in 1850, the Bourbons and the other tyrants of Italy never went this far. They never deported people without trial by law. The total number of sentences passed by their tribunals never reached the figure of 7,000 years imprisonment in four years. Above all, they never enrolled the very sons of their victims in their army. Fascism does this. It gets hold of the children from the age of eight, in every family (even if they be Liberal or Socialist), makes them wear its uniform, and gives them a purely military education. 'Love your rifles, learn to worship the machine gun, and do not forget the dagger.' Thus wrote Mussolini in an article for children.

You cannot both admire Fascism and deplore its excesses. The logic of Fascism lies in its excesses. Logically Fascism must preach violence. Toscanini was struck in the face. The murder of Matteotti, from the Fascist point of view, was a stroke of genius. Fascism has been criticised for torturing its prisoners in order to extort confessions from them. But if it wants to prosper it cannot do otherwise.

The foreign Press must understand the situation. There is no prospect of Fascism becoming merciful and human without its ceasing to exist. Fascism has thoroughly grasped the situation, and for seven years Italy has been turned into a great prison where children are taught to cherish the chains that bind them and to pity those who are unbound. The young people of 20 have forgotten the former regime. The name of Matteotti is almost unknown to them. Since the age of 13 they have been told that men have no rights except the privileges which the state decides to grant them.

But Italy is not deceived. The Fascist régime itself proves how anti-Fascist the country is through the fear it shows and the ferocity with which it punishes its lightest evidence of liberal ideas. A régime that knows its own strength never needs to take refuge in such measures.

In June 1930, I began to issue a bi-monthly bulletin of a strictly constitutional character in which I explained the need for agreement among all men of law and order on the stand they should take at the fall of Fascism. Since Fascism seems to have adopted the motto 'After us the deluge' the initiative was most opportune. The bulletin, sent by post, met with considerable success; and by the chain-letter system thousands of copies were very soon in circulation. For five months I carried on the work alone. Every fortnight I would send 600 letters signed 'National Alliance', with the request that each recipient should make six copies and send them on to six different addresses.

Unfortunately in December, during a short voyage which I had been obliged to undertake abroad, the police arrested the two friends who during my absence had assumed the task of posting the letters. They were subjected to torture and condemned to fifteen years imprisonment. Mario Vinciguerra, one of the best known writers of Italy and literary and art critic, was exposed during a whole night entirely naked on the roof of the Central Police Station in Rome; this was in December, and Vinciguerra was far from well. Then as a result of a blow on the head, he became deaf in one ear. After the sentence he was locked up in a cell, six feet square, where there was not even a chair to sit on, and every morning his camp bed was locked up against the wall. As the result of the protests of a foreign government and of many English and American political personages Vinciguerra's conditions were improved, and those of his companion Rendi, also. Mussolini even went so far as to offer them their liberty on condition that they would sign a letter of loyal submission to the régime. This they refused to do.

At the moment when my friends were arrested, I was on the point of returning to Italy. My impulse was to hurry to Rome to share their fate; but I realized that the duty of a soldier is not to surrender to the enemy, but to fight through to the end. It was then that I decided to go to Rome, not in order to surrender, but to carry on the word of the National Alliance by throwing half a million leaflets from the air.

The sky of Rome has never been flown by anti-Fascist aeroplanes. 'I shall be the first' I said to myself; 'I must get to work to prepare the expedition.'

The venture was not an easy one. After many vain attempts to find work, I succeeded in getting a position as *conciierge* in a small hotel in Paris. To tell the truth, I was not only hall porter, but book-keeper and telephone operator at the same time. It was not a very effective preparation for my raid. I had, however, between the baker's bills and the guests' receipts, enough time to prepare my leaflets and to study the map of the Tyrrhenian Sea. The rest of my preparations must, unfortunately, remain secret. In May, I carried out my first flight alone in a Farman machine. But fearing that my secrets had been suspected by the Fascists, I had to disappear and hide under another name in England.

On 13th July I left Cannes in an English bi-plane, carrying with me 80 kilos (*about 180 lb.*) of tracts. As I had only five hours of solo flying to my credit, I went by myself so as not to risk the life of a friend. Unfortunately an accident prevented the realization of my plans. I had to land in Corsica and I left my aeroplane there. Were I arrested a second attempt would be impossible. In Italy they did not establish the identity of the mysterious airman; the English and French police set out on my track with an eagerness that flattered me. I ask their pardon for the trouble I have caused them.

Now I could no longer count on the surprise, which would have been a safeguard. None the less Rome became for me as Cape Horn to the Flying Dutchman. My death, however, undesired by me personally, who have still so many things to achieve, could but add to the success of my flight. As all the dangers lie in my return flight, I shall not die before I have delivered my 400,000 leaflets, and they will then be all the better 'recommandees'.

After all, it will only be a way of attracting the attention of my fellow citizens to their real situation. I believe that if Fascism is to be overcome, some twenty young people must sacrifice their lives in order that the spirit of the Italians may be awakened. During the Risorgimento young men by the thousand were ready to sacrifice themselves. Today there are very few. Why? It is not because the courage of the youth of today is inferior to the courage of their fathers. It is not because no-one takes Fascism seriously. It is because everyone counts on its speedy fall and thinks that it is useless to offer his

life to hasten the end of the régime. That is a mistake. It is necessary to die. I trust that many others will follow me, and will at least succeed in rousing public opinion.

After flying at a height of 12,000 feet over Corsica and the Island of Monte Cristo I shall reach Rome about eight in the evening. I shall do the last twenty kilometres gliding. My aeroplane only flies at 150 kilometres an hour, whereas those of Mussolini can do

300. There are 900 of them and they have all got orders to identify any suspicious aeroplane and if necessary to bring it down by machine gun fire. No matter how little my adversaries know me, they must realize that after my first effort I have not given up. If Balbo (*the Italian Air Minister*) has done his duty, they are there waiting for me. So much the better; I should be worth more dead than alive.

Lauro de Bosis

FLYING WING QUOTES

'... and what is the pilot's name?'

'Oh, there's no pilot; I'm on my own.'

'Do you know, I just flicked off the top of a loop.'

'Yeah—well you're just ham, aren't you Dick?'

'No I'm not, I just pulled too hard!'

'—what is your present position?'

'In orbit at Flight Level 170.'

'... Well the vis. was pretty bad on finals, but when I passed the caravan I guessed I was on the runway...'

'Did you know my instructor's just been awarded a Queen's Commendation for valuable services in the air?'

'What for?'

'Teaching me to fly!'

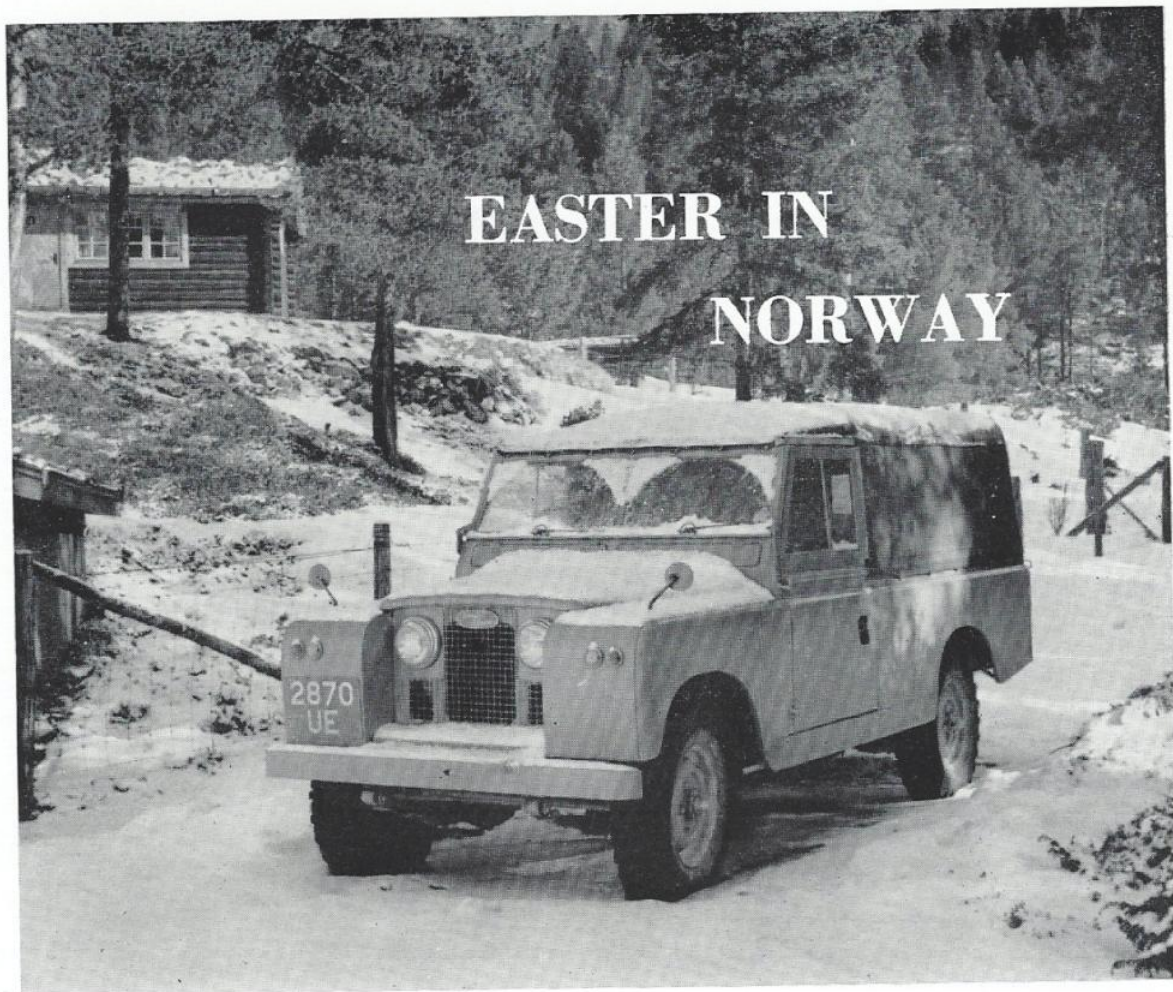
'Six knots crosswind—mm—that's about 2° of rudder isn't it?'

'What would you do if the Fire Warning Light came on half way round a slow roll?'

'Oh, I'd flame out the engine and continue the roll. Why?'

Talking of aerobatic sequences:

'This is it chaps—a perfect upward roll—just keep rolling—stall at the top, followed by a gigantic tailslide, hammerhead and Martin-Baker free let-down.'



A LONG wheelbase Landrover and five Flight Cadets from 81 Entry, Adcock, Baldwin, Rolfe, Stevens and Wood, all under the command of Flight Lieutenant P. A. Oakley, left the College during the morning of Saturday, 8th April 1961, and set out heading for a comparatively unknown Norwegian village called Tynset.

By courtesy of Fred Olsen and a calm North Sea, the team arrived relatively unscathed at Oslo at 0700 hours on the following Monday morning. The two hundred miles journey to Tynset was broken by a night stop at Koppang, and the log cabin which we were to use as a Base Camp was reached in the afternoon of the Wednesday. The log cabin was situated on the side of a large lake—Savalen—which was completely frozen to a

depth of several feet. Since early childhood one member of the team had cherished an ambition and its fulfilment provided the first success of the expedition. He dug a hole in the ice, sat down and fished. Within half an hour his primitive line and spinner had captured a salmon trout about ten inches long. Overwhelmed by his success he went back for more and soon the hole was surrounded by gasping fish. After this experience fishing became a regular occupation and salmon trout fried in butter were always available for breakfast. We found that the method for fishing recommended in the Arctic Survival handbook was not the best. To begin with, it says simply 'knock a hole in the ice.' Have you tried 'knocking' a hole through four feet of ice? The Norwegians,

of course, have the answer—a large brace and bit which takes half an hour to bore a six inch hole. From then on the technique is to lie on one's stomach and peer through the hole and watch the fish attack the spinner. At the appropriate moment the line is given a sharp tug and out she comes. This method never failed and fish at the rate of ten an hour were a regular occurrence.

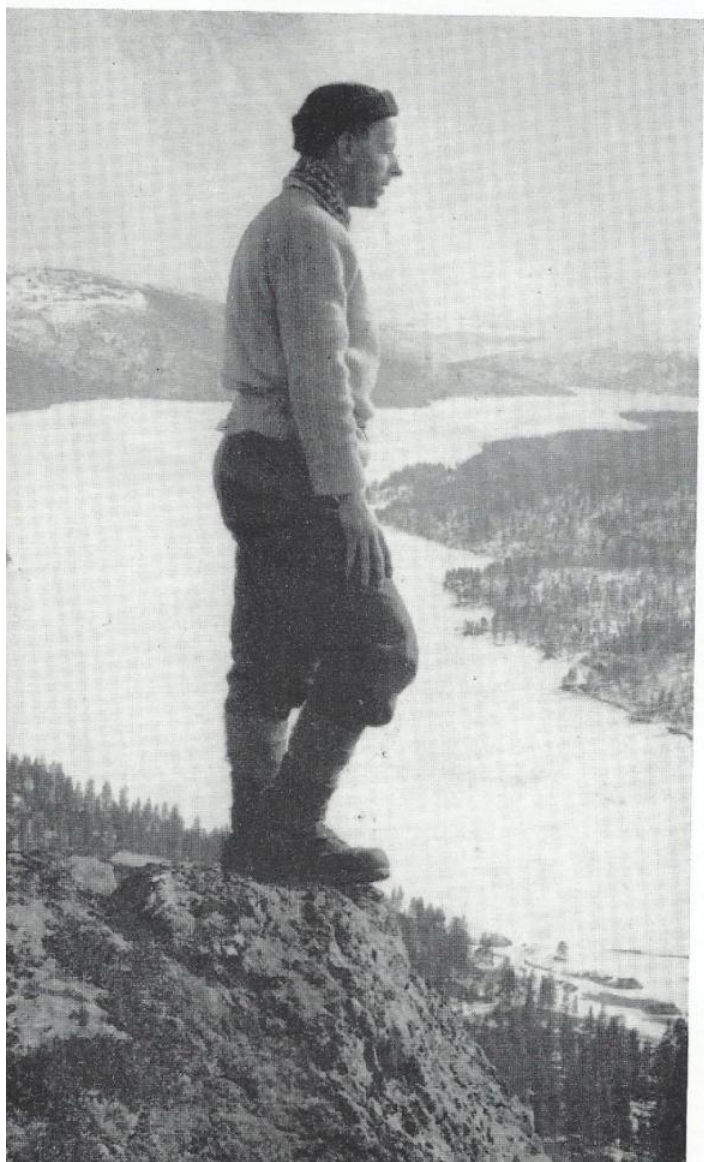
While at the Base Camp a Meteorological Survey was carried out by Flight Lieutenant Oakley and Flight Cadet Adcock. Armed with a large book from the London Met. Office they took readings of temperature, pressure and humidity with instruments kept in a Stevenson Screen thoughtfully brought from England. By using a small portable anemometer, a compass and a wet finger, they were able to take regular readings

of wind strength and direction. Obtaining these facts and figures every three hours kept them busy as well as successfully filling the Met. Book.

The two aforementioned members of the team climbed the major peaks in the area during the sixteen days. All the mountains were over 3,500 feet and one—Tronfjell—was over 5,000 feet. The latter was successfully climbed by Adcock and Stevens after an uncomfortable 'Night on a Bare Mountain'. They used an Arctic tent with sleeping bags and airbeds, and were quite comfortable until both beds simultaneously developed slow punctures. They spent the remainder of the night taking it in turns to blow up each other's bed. However the climb was successfully continued after a breakfast of coffee (made from melted snow and extras), and bully beef fried in butter liberally sprinkled with dead twigs. Having reached the top by climbing through thick snow they soon decided on the easiest way down. 'A max. rate descent was made by sliding down the mountainside on our rucksacks. This was a great help since the remaining 200 yards of the flat snow field took us about half an hour since the snow was always up to our waists.'

Every member of the party lived out under canvas for at least one night. This in itself was an interesting experience because the temperature was always below freezing and often went as low as -3°F . Even in a tent in these conditions it was possible to have a good night's rest so long as one remembered to insulate oneself from the snow with several pine branches, an Anorak, an airbed, and a sleeping bag. When Stevens and Wood slept out—in order to cover more ground since their main object was to carry out a survey of the wild life in the area—their most interesting experience was being awakened at dawn by the haunting mating call of the elk. Because of the nature of the work done by members of the Expedition, Survival Camp-type 'food' had to be used in the field. Hard tack and bully beef predominated although in moments of gay abandon, a few bars of chocolate were thrown in. Much use was made of concentrated foods like Instant Potato and 'Swell'—a vegetable mash which grows and grows . . . and grows.

Another childhood ambition was realized when Baldwin and Rolfe built an igloo and slept in it. Following carefully the advice set out in the Arctic Survival handbook they



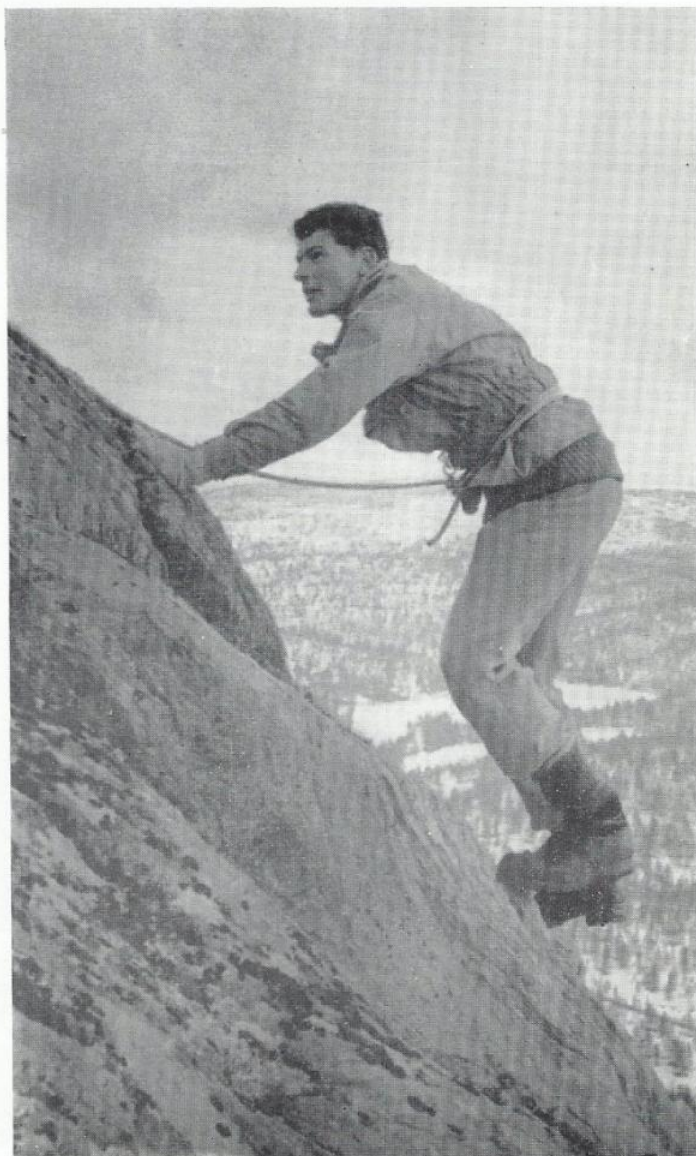
took six hours to create their masterpiece. Being exhausted after the day's work they lined the floor with pine branches, blocked up the hole, climbed into their sleeping bags and went to sleep . . . for an hour. To quote the book 'Drips in snow shelters can be stopped by putting a piece of snow on the source of the drip.' This is rather difficult if the roof is dripping from at least a dozen places. Eventually the waterlogged state of their sleeping bags forced the two intrepid young men to abandon their igloo and crawl into the waterproof tent which they had thoughtfully brought with them. However—here comes the moral of the story—never enter an igloo during the late afternoon or early evening—wait until dusk in order to allow the air temperature to drop to well below freezing. When the igloo was inspected at dawn the next morning it was in perfect shape and virtually dry inside. It was certainly warmer inside than the tent and is obviously an excellent proposition if you have six hours to spare to build it.

Besides dabbling in Arctic Survival, Baldwin and Rolfe's main task on the Expedition was to carry out an Economic Geographical-cum-Sociological Survey of the area. They visited local farms where the main impression was one of cleanliness combined with extremely modern machinery. Anyone who considers Norway to be an underdeveloped and backward country would soon be disillusioned. Even in a small country village a hundred miles from a large town, the standard of living was equal to, if not higher than that of any comparable area in the British Isles. A complete co-educational comprehensive school system ensures that every Norwegian child has equal opportunities no matter what his parents are. The two Flight Cadets carrying out the survey spent a day in Tynset School as guests of one of the four English masters and spent five hours lecturing—needless to say in English. The Norwegian children had no difficulty in understanding even Cranwellian English since every child is taught English from the age of twelve years.

After visiting several homes in the village and the ultra-modern hospital, they concluded their survey by hitch-hiking to the third largest town in Norway—Trondheim—where the most beautiful cathedral in North East Europe—Saint Olva's—held their attention for two days. Throughout this visit, and

in fact the whole time we were in Norway, the hospitality of the people towards us was incredible. To be an Englishman would have been enough, but to be in the English Royal Air Force . . . nothing was too much for them.

Having praised Norway and its people, the final praise is due to the Rover Car Company, without whom the whole Expedition would have failed. The Landrover cannot be praised enough. The number of times four-wheel drive, low ratio, bottom gear got us out of serious trouble is nobody's business. Neither ice, snow, two-foot ruts nor mud up to door seals could stop it moving slowly but inexorably forward. Often all twelve forward and two of the three reverse gears were needed to get us home in conditions which even the 'locals' would not attempt.





STANDARD - TRIUMPH GROUP, COVENTRY



LONDON SHOWROOM: BERKELEY SQUARE, W.1

83 ENTRY LEADERSHIP CAMP

AT about 2315 hours on Saturday, 8th April, there were scenes of feverish activity outside the First Year Headquarters at Cranwell. At 1146 hours the next morning there were similar scenes on the 'down' platform of the bleak windswept station of Dalwhinnie, which is on the Perth-Inverness line. 83 Entry had arrived in Scotland for what one Dartmouth cadet who accompanied us had imagined to be 'a week under canvas with an occasional walk thrown in to practise navigation!' Fools rush in . . . For us, the most significant feature of the journey had been the snowstorm through which the train had passed after leaving Perth. It was about this time that we suddenly realized how much we loved Lincolnshire. Dalwhinnie, however, was not our ultimate destination. A journey by lorry lasting about an hour took us along General Wade's military road (or canal, according to the weather) to the camp site. After consuming the very welcome hot meal which awaited us, we set about the next task—transforming eight mysterious piles covered by tarpaulins into section sites. Unfortunately, most of the sites were quite a distance from the point where the equipment had been put, so transportation took a considerable amount of time and effort. By the next evening (Monday) the sites were complete, however, and the camp site competition took place. By this time other things had happened. Most of the cooks had managed to disgrace themselves at least once. Monday afternoon had been occupied by an inspection of the surrounding countryside. The sections, with their team officers, set out in various directions, and apart from this little need be said except that by the time we returned several interesting and possibly provocative theories had been evolved about the origins, attributes and probable fate of anything and everything even faintly connected with the Scottish highlands. Our Scottish cadet, however, still stoutly affirmed that we had at last reached Utopia.

Most of Tuesday was taken up by a navigation exercise, during the course of which we covered quite a lot of ground and had excellent opportunities to examine various mountains and bogs at close quarters. That evening we got back to camp to discover that

our arctic bivouacs, which were steadily assuming, in our eyes, the stature of palaces, would be unoccupied that night as we were to construct, and sleep in, A-frame shelters. Despite the steady rain that night, these shelters proved quite warm and reasonably dry.

Wednesday was devoted to the team race. Section times varied, being anything from five to seven hours for the complete course. The slower times were put up by the sections who made the avoidable error of climbing the wrong mountain, or who had the unavoidable misfortune of having a member immobilized during the day by injury. An unexpected twist came at the end of the last leg, which was on the river bank opposite the camp. Each section had to cross the river with the help of two logs. Time penalties were imposed if anyone touched the water while crossing. When the section reached the other side, one member was ordered to develop a broken thigh, while the rest of the section administered first aid and constructed a stretcher to carry him the half mile or so to the flagstaff—the finishing line.

After a meal and a few hours sleep the sections set out for the night march. By this time it was pitch black, it was pouring with rain, the country was unfamiliar and we were tired. Consequently most sections got lost at one point or another. A typical briefing started like this: 'The situation is that we are somewhere near the Spey Valley: the mission is to find out exactly where.' By daybreak, however, the sections had overcome mountains, low cloud and a blizzard to reach the proximity of the bivouac area, where we were to remain for the day. Rum and tea refreshed us somewhat, but the wet ground and low temperature made sleep difficult, even with the help of ground sheets and parachute material. Consequently the day was spent in trying to keep warm by walking about. That evening we were briefed for our first tactical exercise, which was the march back to camp, culminating in a crossing of the river, which was patrolled by the Royal Air Force Regiment. Doubtful tactics were evolved for this crossing by certain sections, which allowed other sections to precede them down the mountain into a

trap, while they themselves took advantage of the uproar to slip across unnoticed. The stew we had at camp that night was excellent, and our tents seemed really luxurious.

Friday was a comparatively inactive day. The morning was taken up with a very effective demonstration of fieldcraft by the Regiment, and the afternoon was spent in preparation for the cooking competition and briefing and preparation for the Escape and Evasion exercise which started that night. All the judges of the cooking competition are still alive, which may or may not prove something.

The Escape and Evasion exercise produced a record for our Entry. Two complete teams reached the border uncaptured, a feat which has not been accomplished before. However, the Regiment was very successful on the whole, capturing most cadets more than once. By the end of the exercise, however, we were becoming very tired, and probably not so alert, which assisted the searchers. The stew we had on Monday night at the end of the exercise was appreciated more than all the rest of the camp meals put together, I think,

though many found that they did not eat nearly so much as expected, having got used to eating so little for three days.

On Tuesday morale rose steadily higher as 1600 hours, our departure time, approached and the eight section sites became again just piles of equipment. The mathematicians amongst us had discovered some interesting facts about fluctuating morale during the camp. It appears that morale is directly proportional to temperature and inversely proportional to altitude (in feet) and rainfall (in tenths of an inch). By now, however, rainfall had ceased to bother us. Two days of sunshine had produced sunburnt faces to such a degree that on our return home the inevitable remark was heard many times: 'Oh how fit you look. You must have had a wonderful time!'

Despite its hardships, Leadership Camp has its benefits. I can now appreciate the beautiful things of life—such as the view of Grantham station at 0630 hours in the morning with a Royal Air Force bus to carry us back to civilization. Wonderful!

JOE

FIRSTLY I must impress that this narrative is authentic. I got it straight from Arthur Pludwhistle who, I believe, got it from Fred Whatsisname—the fat chap with whiskers. Secondly I have to point out that Joe was no fool. Everybody said that Joe was no fool. Joe very rarely spoke and people would stare at his large, silent frame, nod wisely, and say, 'Joe's no fool,' or 'Still waters run deep.'

It appears that Joe was draped over the bar of the Spotted Pig. (It was to have been the spotted cow but the artist was exceptionally untalented.) Fred approached him—Fred Enthwhistle that is—and whispered surreptitiously, 'Ow about a spot of shooting this weekend, Joe?'

Joe was no fool: his brain was racing and his eyes carefully surveyed Arthur Footal's bald head in the bar mirror for five minutes.

'What with?' he asked.

Fred was visibly shaken: he hadn't met stark intelligence such as this before.

'Our Alf's got an old twelve-bore he'll let you have,' Fred asserted. A mere five minutes and Joe had reached a snap decision—he agreed.

'I'll call for you at five tomorrow morning.'

Joe sipped his mild with a mild air of worry on his placid countenance. A look of dawning horror started at his crown and worked by degrees to the region of his toes. Fred had said FIVE. He choked, blowing a blast of froth across the bar, and then tottered for the door. The locals all set their clocks as they saw Joe leave the Pig—strange, it seemed very light for closing time.

Five o'clock is about the time Joe rolls over for another five hours sleep. He was understandably irate when he found himself on the floor staring at Fred's muddy boots. His attitude was little short of mutinous when he

found himself downstairs and out of the front door without a bite of breakfast. Fred had just breakfasted on three fried eggs, four slices of ham and two hot slices of toast and marmalade, and was more than a little sympathetic. On reaching the van he beat off the ancient mongrel in the rear of the van that was mauling a large oily rag. The dog retreated and eyed him with its sole blood-shot eye as its master produced from the depths of the rag, with the smile of a triumphant magician, a piece of cold grubby toast. With a supremely benevolent smile he produced as an encore a thermos full of cold coffee. (The flask was an heirloom and had been broken during a Zeppelin raid.) Joe became openly belligerent.

When he came to he found himself in the rear of Fred's van, in the company of a one-eyed retriever of dubious parentage. The van was teetering down the road leaving a surprising assortment of 1928 Ford accessories in its wake. Joe was seated on the sharp edge of an old oil drum, between a set of U.S. army surplus sewer brushes and a sack of dubious contents which smelt like decomposing pheasant. They halted on a steep grass verge outside Alf's house—Fred said it saved wear on the brakes that way.

Alf needed a lot of knocking to arouse him. Joe undertook the task with a vicious enthusiasm. He did produce an ancient fowling piece from the cellar. It had a rusty trigger and the barrel proved to be slightly out of alignment—to use Joe's very words, 'The ruddy thing's nearly a right angle.'

Within five minutes they chugged off again with Joe sitting on the sack this time. When Joe awoke they had stopped outside a large wood, surrounded by barbed wire and an impressive array of threatening notices. To

give him his due Joe took some convincing that this was Alf's private estate. However harmony was restored and they entered the wood leaving a delicate strip of Joe's tweed jacket, fluttering in the breeze, on the fence.

Three hours later, two hours after the drizzle had set in, they spotted it. Not a sign of life all morning and then—crouched at the base of an old oak was an enormous hare. It surveyed the three tattered figures nonchalantly. Fred, in a fit of temper, flung up his gun and fired. The hare was upset—they could see that. It shot bolt upright: gnashed its teeth in surprise and anger and disappeared like a shot.

It must have been terribly upset for a minute later it came back heading in the opposite direction. Alf neatly shot it behind the ear. The hare took a graceful leap and nosedived into a thick clump of nettles.

This annoyed Alf; this along with the fact that no sooner had he retrieved it than the gamekeeper arrived. Fred had his name painted on the side of his van in two foot letters, so he very kindly helped the other two to remember their correct names and addresses.

This might have been the last of it but the hare was the only tame breeding hare on the Chief Magistrate's estate. With only a very little prompting from the gamekeeper, the Chief Magistrate was very angry indeed.

Joe was fined heavily for trespassing, poaching, possessing a gun without a licence and leading the other two astray. Fred and Alf through sheer good fortune were discharged without a blemish on their character.

Later on in the Pig, Joe was heard to say that he was going to appeal. 'Why, I never even fired the blessed thing,' he pointed out; and everybody nodded in agreement—Joe's no fool.

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.

OCEAN SAILING

THE Royal Air Force College Ocean Sailing Club put to sea in strength during the Easter leave. Twenty-four cadets, the majority of whom had never been out of sight of land in a small boat before, sailed in five separate cruises in two boats.

Four of these cruises were on *Sperling*, a forty-one foot sloop belonging to Flying Training Command, and the fifth was on a privately owned twelve-ton yawl—*Charm II*. All but one of the cruises crossed the channel—some 60 miles—and visited Cherbourg or the Channel Islands in weather which varied from force 0 to force 8 and hot sunshine to pouring rain.

The First Cruise—*Sperling*—(9th to 15th April)

Flt Cdt Jensen, Flt Cdt Giles, Flt Cdt Jones, Flt Cdt Forde, Flt Cdt Seyd, Flt Cdt Bleasdale.

Sperling was taken over on a Sunday evening by a crew of six cadets, four of whom had never seen a tattooed arm before. Nevertheless the experience of our two pundits was immediately put to the test and the vessel was sailing for Yarmouth, Isle of Wight within one and a half hours of the crew assembling. Light airs and the warm evening sun contributed to a very pleasant four-hour sail and we arrived at Yarmouth shortly after dark without any difficulty.

The morning weather forecast next day seemed propitious for a run across the Channel and it was with this in mind that we put out after breakfast. This was not to be, however. The donkey had given trouble in Yarmouth harbour and when caught in the Solent doldrums, the



French coast ahead

aptly-named engine refused to budge. After an hour or so of prostrate meditation by five of the crew and sixty odd minutes of carburettor dismantling and threatening by the resident engineer a good wholesome breeze arrived and conveyed us swiftly into Poole amidst a shower of sparkling spray and with the sails pulling hard. Manœuvring in the restricted yacht basin with flukey winds and a strong tide was extremely difficult under sail alone. Nevertheless, in a short time she was securely moored, by the 'Shipwright's Tavern'.

Next morning, Flight Lieutenant Toyne and his fiancée were invited to see us depart in the mid-morning. Leaving at about 3.30 p.m. after a very pleasant time and an energetic game of skittles, we set course for Cherbourg. Unfortunately the wind was blowing straight from Cherbourg to Poole—necessitating large tacks across the Channel. Overcome by the healthy breeze and clear night *Sperling* was pursuing ambitious ideas of a sortie into the Atlantic. Having obtained a rather suspect radio fix which put us in Oxford, we eventually sorted out the tides and French lights and sailed into Cherbourg at lunch-time on Wednesday—having sailed over a hundred miles in twenty hours.

Obviously a celebration was called for, and this started at 7 p.m. with a magnificent meal at the famed Café de Paris. It was at a nearby café that we did some excellent liaison work with three French sailors—adjourning at closing time to *Sperling*, where the night (morning?) continued cordially until 0230 hours, when we had to row the sailors back to their frigate. The material result of the evening was one French sailor's hat—exchanged for a Royal Air Force Yacht Club tie!

On the Thursday morning we shipped our moorings to return to England with a full, legal, duty-free cargo—passing our French frigate with much courtesy and ensign dipping. We set course under full sail, a fresh breeze and sunshine, and we toasted the hospitable French as their coast vanished over the horizon. During the night we were hard put to keep on such friendly relations with our own Navy who persisted in shining lights on us, firing guns, and dropping hull-shaking depth-charges.

A landfall was made simultaneously with a radio fix which gave a 'cocked hat' enclosing most of Southern England and France. This 'cocked hat' was subsequently re-christened the 'Triangle of Confusion' and D.R. was used, resulting in a landfall considerably west of our objective and we again sailed a hundred miles—this time in 19 hours.

Nevertheless we put into Poole at about 0700 hours on the Friday morning and passed the customs. It was at this point that one of the crew, who, suffering from a surfeit of 'Moules Marinières' and 'liaison', having fallen asleep after leaving Cherbourg, had to be woken up.

Having moored and tidied ship two of the crew said goodbye, while the remaining four spent one more day in a pleasant sail round Studland Bay before they too dispersed with their souvenirs, both French and English.

The Second Cruise—*Sperling*—(16th to 20th April)

Flt Cdt Jensen, Flt Cdt Lumsden, Flt Cdt Rees, Flt Cdt McKinley, Flt Cdt Cane, Flt Cdt Thompson.

We should have left Poole some time in the mid-afternoon of Sunday the 16th. However, we eventually made a 'post weather-forecast' departure from England at 0100 hours on Monday morning. The night was dark, the sea calm, the visibility bad and *Sperling's* odoriferous engine chugged us through Poole Harbour's twisting channel at a steady two knots before we finally set course on the 'Cherbourg milk run'.

The first week of leave had taken its toll and most of the crew were suffering either from an alcohol excess or enforced insomnia—some, indeed, from both. Thus the crossing, under motor all the way, was memorable neither for the alertness and intelligence of the crew, nor for the

angry violence of the elements. However, at about three o'clock on Monday afternoon, there loomed up out of the thick mist, less than a mile away, the breakwater at the entrance to Cherbourg harbour. For the first time we realized what a magnificent crew we were. What superlative navigation! Unwilling to attribute our success to pure fluke, we assured ourselves that our multi-error self-cancelling navigational system must be the greatest thing since the compass.

After a welcome scrub-down at the yacht club, we meant to hit the town; but somehow it hit us back even harder. The result was delightful—or disastrous—depending upon one's viewpoint; but, one way or another, it was an evening not to be forgotten.

Tuesday dawned, sunny and windless, and with petrol at 7/6 a gallon we were devoid of motive power, so a lazy day of recuperation—both to crew and yacht—was generally decreed.

Wednesday brought the wind, however, and we romped out of Cherbourg to set course for Alderney, where we arrived at about five o'clock after a most exciting and exhilarating sail. Two miles visibility and many treacherous submerged rocks made our arrival the more satisfying and we dined well that night. Our stay was lamentably short, though, for we had to keep to some sort of a time-table.

Next day we headed back to Poole, running hard all the way (with the remarkable crossing time of 9½ hours). There was a heavy sea and a strong wind, and for a long, consistent sail this was magnificent. We were almost undone when we finally stumbled upon the English coast. The strange panorama of navigational lights, flashing, steady and rotating, that greeted us, did not seem to bear any relation to those marked on our charts (nor did they, in fact—the charts were subsequently discovered to be out of date). At the same time the wind was picking up to a considerable force. The prospect of beating up and down the Channel on a very dark and stormy night, uncertain of our position, was not an attractive one. The skipper, however, with his customary unruffled efficiency, summed up the situation at a number of glances and issued his orders. These were correct and by 0100 hours in the morning we were again securely moored in Poole.

On Friday, three of the crew dispersed while the remainder, accompanied by Flight Lieutenant Toyne, sailed the boat round to Hamble to collect the next crew.

Thus ended a cruise, memorable for more than the sailing; but which did provide much valuable experience in ocean cruising for a crew comparatively new to other than dinghy sailing. In the opinion of at least one member, it confirmed the view that there is only one place to enjoy real sailing—the sea.

The Third Cruise—*Sperling*—(20th to 26th April)

Flt Lt Toyne, U O Adams, Flt Cdt Millar, Flt Cdt McGregor, Flt Cdt Debenham.

The third crew assembled at the Royal Air Force Yacht Club at Hamble to await the arrival of the previous crew, and on the evening of Friday 21st took charge of *Sperling*. An early start on Saturday was visualised with the intention of arriving in Cherbourg for Saturday night!

Saturday 22nd, 0500 hours. The first watch of three to take the yacht out of Hamble under power.

0700 hours. Weather forecast winds force 5—6 S.S.W. A reef taken in. Decision to head for Studland for mid-day forecast.

1030 hours. Studland Bay. Some of the crew ashore to recover from the effects of the open sea.

1200 hours. Wind force 4 forecast. The skipper decides to have lunch and set sail. Using three watches of two people doing three hours on—six off.

Sunday 0300 hours. Third watch arrives on deck. The skipper gives us a course he reckons will take us through the Cherbourg harbour entrance.

0600 hours. The skipper was right—straight through the gates!

Sunday morning in Cherbourg was spent in a clean up of boat and crew and some shopping. The traditional meal in the Café de Paris was sampled—with satisfaction.

Monday. *Charm II* arrives and moors alongside—grand re-union and comparison of crossings.

1800 hours. Force 7 winds forecast for the end of the next 24-hour period. Present weather is fine with a light breeze—we decide to make hay and do return crossing.

1830 hours. We motor out and hoist sails—the wind immediately dies! A low fast pass made by a French submarine.

1900 hours. The engine is killed as the wind picks up.

2315 hours. Wind force 4—5 and increasing—sail reduced.

Tuesday 0500 hours. Reach Poole harbour; sails down and engine cursed into life just as S.E. gale really gets into its stride!

In Poole we moored alongside two larger yachts. Even in this well-sheltered harbour there was a large swell from the gale outside and *Sperling* was pitching about considerably. Breakfast was taken in a café, and as the weather was worsening we spent the day in Bournemouth. We were sorry when the skipper had to return to Cranwell for duty.

Wednesday. The gale had passed overnight and after listening to the morning forecast, which was heartening, we decided to sail along the coast to Hamble—under the Mate's command.

0915 hours. Sails set—gentle breeze 'ghosting' us out of the harbour.

1200 hours. Approaching the Needles. Gale warnings forecast for Wight—force 10 for Portland.

1340 hours. Wind freshening. We turn right about to avoid a gybe and run for the shelter of the Solent.

1640 hours. We arrive back at Hamble, where the next crew is preparing to take over.

The Fourth Cruise—*Sperling*—(27th April to 1st May)

U O Adams, Snr Flt Cdt Gibson, Flt Cdt Hulse, Flt Cdt Sultan, Flt Cdt Wemys, Flt Cdt Falkiner.

On the 26th April the six members of *Sperling's* fourth Cranwell cruise somehow assembled at the Royal Air Force Yacht Club. How some of us arrived there cannot be told here even though the methods are most amusing and enterprising to say the least. Entering the club I first met a worn out Colin Adams who had just returned from the previous cruise to Cherbourg.

A few minutes later the rest of the crew (including a Pakistani, an Englishman, an Irishman and a Scotsman) were contacted at the Bugle Inn. We were not such a mixed bunch as may be thought, for we all had the same ideas—to enjoy to the fullest the sailing and to get the most out of the times when we were not on the High Seas.

With gale force 9 forecast we decided against crossing to Cherbourg the next day. Mid-morning, however, saw *Sperling* sailing down the River Hamble and out into the Solent with a gentle force 4. Who can trust the forecast or the actual weather though? Thus it was decided that Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, was to be our first port of call. It was only a sail of some four hours, but those who had never sailed before saw how the boat behaved and some of the conditions that can be encountered, especially in the Solent, where wind against tide was producing an uncomfortable chop.

In general it was a set though enjoyable sail. This was not so for those who thought that they could keep dry by staying below. The cry of 'Stand by to go about!' would go up every few minutes, immediately followed by 'Is the milk all right below?' *Sperling*, however, arrived at Yarmouth and entered using the engine. The yacht was berthed at the second attempt. Later on that day a Dartmouth yacht came in astern of us, but after watching their attempts at mooring and comparing it with ours, our confidence was reassured.

For supper that evening we decided to have curry—and who was better qualified to prepare it than Sultan. None of us will ever again eat a potato curry. It was hot in both senses of the word and we were not allowed to drink anything with it; this was designed to give us a better thirst when we visited Yarmouth in the evening—it certainly did!

Studland Bay was chosen as *Sperling's* next port of call and so the next day with a clear sky, calm sea and variable winds we set sail. Fortunately a strong tide helped us on our way and a pleasant breeze made this enjoyable sail suitable for instruction. Everyone enjoyed the sun, the sea and the air—along with a few moanings from the forepeak hatch: the motion had taken its toll.

That evening, as may be expected, was spent ashore, and I was told the next day that certain of the crew watched a magnificent dawn.

The following day it was decided that we would sail over to Poole Harbour—returning to Studland the same day. It was neither a hard nor a long sail and we had a good reach there and back. Full advantage was taken of the sail so that we did a lot of practising in manoeuvring and sail handling. Luckily we had no troubles with M.T.Bs or Sandbanks in Poole Harbour as some others seem to have had.

On the Sunday it was agreed to make our way slowly back towards Hamble, and so Buckler's Hard, on the Beaulieu River was chosen as the next night's stop. The tide was at full ebb as we closed Hurst Castle and we could only make half a knot under both sail and engine. However, seven hours sailing saw us lined up with the Beaulieu entrance markers, and we motored cautiously up-channel—passing one yacht hard aground. Unfortunately, on approaching our mooring, the engine stuck in forward gear, but we made the most of the tide and moored without much difficulty.

Our meal that night consisted of practically everything that was left, and we felt duty-bound to wash it down with a few pints at a nearby inn.

Monday being our last day, we sailed down-river the next morning and once over Beaulieu Bar, broad-reached up to Calshot in a good force 4 before tacking the rest of the way up to Hamble—where we arrived at lunch time.

After a three-hour session of cleaning ship we reluctantly stepped ashore for the last time. In all it was a most enjoyable cruise and considering its short duration and the unfavourable weather we all learnt a great deal.

The Fifth Cruise—*Charm II*—(22nd to 29th April)

Mr J. Hoskison, Sqn Ldr Stubings, Flt Cdt Yule, Flt Cdt McKinlay, Flt Cdt Craven, Flt Cdt Haysom.

The scene, Marina Pier, Gosport, Saturday, 22nd April. The crew for *Charm II* arrived for temporary service on the high seas and were introduced by the skipper, Mr. Hoskison, to his yacht—a 12-ton yawl—whose looks gave great expectations of good sailing, expectations which were not disappointed.

The crew having settled in we set sail on Sunday morning and left the Eastern tip of the Isle of Wight on our bow at 0800 hours. A force 5—6 wind caused waves with lots of 'popples' on them—as one member put it, and several others were forced to observe at a closer view.

Unfortunately this crossing was to take rather a long time because of a large tack down-Channel. However, 26 hours later we politely gave way to the *Queen Mary* and followed her through the Cherbourg entrance. We moored next to a yacht called *Sperling*—whose crew seemed a very rough lot.

Having tidied up, the charms of French hospitality were delved into—at five francs a bottle. It was decided that a rest was needed from the toils of the sea and so we spent the night in port. Little did we know that we would stay some three nights in Cherbourg—for gale warnings became the accepted thing for the next few days.

Eventually it was decided that an attempt had to be made at the return crossing and the crew, wanting some action by this time, prepared for it. On Thursday 27th, *Charm II* left Cherbourg and cunningly slipped between depressions coming up the Channel. It was pleasant sailing. A force 4—5 wind sped us along while the crew learnt and enjoyed. A steady 6 knots was achieved with full sail and the Needles passed our bow after 12 hours sailing.

The cruise was nearing its end. An enjoyable week which gave a new experience to three members of its crew drew to its close with *Charm II* in a home mooring on Friday night. The morrow brought the inevitable cleaning up and afterwards it was goodbye to our excellent skipper and his excellent boat, and then dry land!

The sailing this Easter has trebled the number of cadets taking part compared with last year and the miles sailed have quadrupled.

Our thanks are due to Squadron Leader R. T. Edwards, the Command Sailing Representative, whose assistance made the entire operation possible.

Overheard

'Of course if you won't do the problems I set you I can't help you and of course it's pointless my setting any but you must find time in your 18 hours of P.S. a week to do any work I haven't set you and I won't mark them so you won't know what you are doing wrong and if you don't know what you are doing wrong what's the point of doing it anyway?'

ACTIVITIES and SOCIETIES



Senior Crew passing through Wootton Rivers on the first day

THE DEVIZES TO WESTMINSTER CANOE RACE

IT has now become a regular feature of the Canoeing Section calendar that we should enter crews for the Devizes to Westminster canoe race. This year was no exception as we found three good crews during the Spring Term.

The Devizes to Westminster race is held every Easter. It is said, quite correctly, to be one of the toughest athletic competitions anywhere in the world. The whole course is 125 miles, 57 miles of which are along the now disused Kennett and Avon Navigation. Along this section of the course, which includes a half mile tunnel, many of the locks are leaking so that the water level is too low. The shallowness of the water makes it very hard to paddle the canoes since they

incur much drag from the bottom of the canal and they are also hampered by weed.

When the competitors have toiled through this difficult piece of waterway they join the Thames at Reading where they have the slight but welcome current to help them. They continue downstream to Teddington where they must time their arrival to coincide with high water. If they fail to do this they may render all their efforts useless and, battling against the rising tide through London's bridges, eventually have to give up almost within sight of Westminster. It is hard work even for a fresh, fit crew to fight against the very swift current in the tideway.

The race starts on the morning of Good Friday; and so we left the College on the

Thursday evening. The Dormobile was loaded down with two rigid plywood boats, one folding boat and eight people complete with much food and kit. We drove to Royal Air Force Lyneham where we spent a comfortable night and drove to Devizes early on Friday morning.

Naturally our three crews were feeling a little apprehensive at the thought of the ordeal that lay ahead for them. Only the senior crew had any previous experience of the race. Their training had been quite comprehensive but lamentably short. We were determined that this year our crews would not be beset by the handicaps we had experienced the year before. On that occasion we had entered with boats laden with much useless heavy camping gear which was most exhausting to carry round locks. This time the crews were to carry a bare minimum of equipment to remain within the regulations.

The race is run in two main parts: the Senior Race for those over 21, and a Junior Race for anyone under this age. The juniors do not paddle continuously but have three compulsory stops for rest at night. The seniors may stop at any time but the time thus wasted counts in their total paddling time. Consequently most seniors have little or no rest in their 125 mile journey.

The senior crews have to elect their own starting time on Good Friday and this must be calculated so that they arrive at Teddington with high water.

The two junior crews left Devizes before 0900 hours and the seniors at 1300 hours. We knew that the senior crew would be in need of close support throughout the coming night if they were to maintain their tight schedule. We planned to meet them at two-hourly intervals and to contact the juniors by telephone at their night stops, to check their safe arrival.

Throughout the first day the seniors maintained their calculated speed of four miles per hour—in fact they slightly exceeded it!

Our first mishap happened in Newbury when our junior crew, which was using a plywood boat, managed to crack the hull severely on a rock. Fortunately they were

only a mile from their camp site, so, with rising water in the boat, they struggled into their first stop, where they carried out temporary repairs. The other junior crew had some difficulty during this period since they were using a rather heavier folding canoe to which we had fixed some ineffective carrying handles. As a result of this they were forced to carry the boat by its slimy skin at each portage. Both junior crews completed the first day in pretty good shape.

In the gathering dusk of Friday evening the seniors passed through Newbury having covered the most difficult part of the course. They were still keeping to their average speed with a little time in hand. By 0300 hours in the morning of Saturday they had passed through Theale. Shortly after this, unbeknown to us who were following, disaster struck. They had just portaged a lock and put their boat in the water and were climbing in, when the end of a submerged iron stake made a sudden appearance through the bottom of the boat. The boat filled with water and sank.

The senior crew, Flight Cadets Paul and Crone, stood and wondered for some time how they could repair the hole. It was a circle of about 2 inches radius. Eventually they were assailed by genius and repaired it with a polythene plate stuck to the outside of the hull. This mishap lost nearly two hours paddling time. Although their improvised repair held fast it did allow a certain seepage,

Bill Herford and Pete Jones starting at Devizes



which reduced their speed because they had to empty their boat quite frequently. This caused them to be about three hours behind schedule at Windsor.

On the same day, Saturday, the juniors were paddling between Newbury and Marlow. This leg went fairly well for both crews. The holed boat continued to leak but still maintained a fair speed. The folding canoe, paddled by Flight Cadets Herford and Jones, made better time with the less frequent locks of the Thames. That night at Marlow the crew of the wooden boat, Flight Cadets Hughes and Maslin, worked late but managed to carry out a more permanent repair to the hull than had previously been possible. On the following day both junior crews paddled to Richmond without further serious mishap.

From Richmond the junior crews made a mass start on the high tide on Monday morning to finish the remaining 17 miles to Westminster. Both crews completed this leg successfully.

When on the Saturday afternoon it became clear that the seniors would not catch their calculated tide at Richmond, they decided to wait for the next high tide at 0400 hours on Sunday morning. This allowed them to take a short rest. By this time they had been paddling continuously for about 32 hours. They caught the tide and arrived at Westminster at 0800 hours on Sunday morning looking surprisingly fit considering their ordeal.

All the members of the section felt justifiably pleased by the results. The three crews all showed great determination to carry on in the face of adversity. It is quite an achievement to complete this course, irrespective of the placing obtained while doing it.

RESULTS

Senior Race

117 entered, 65 finished. Flight Cadet Crone and Flight Cadet Paul 49th.

Junior Race

53 crews entered, 35 crews finished. Flight Cadet Maslin and Flight Cadet Hughes 10th. Flight Cadet Herford and Flight Cadet Jones 26th.



MOUNTAINEERING IN SKYE

Per Ardua ad Skye

EIGHT cadets spent seven days on an expedition to the Isle of Skye during the Easter leave, from 7th April to 14th April, doing some climbing. The College Dormobile was made available to us and we had a good deal of kit from Survival Stores as well.

We set out from the College at midnight on Friday, 7th April, and headed north, arriving at the hostel in Skye some twenty-three hours later with only one breakdown from our transport. This we mended ourselves. We were all rather tired when we arrived. However, we rose early on Sunday morning ready for our first day's climbing.

It was decided that the first day would be largely a scouting trip to have a look at the nearest hills. These hills are known as the Cuillins, and are well known among mountaineers in Europe, mainly for their ridge walk, along the whole range, which takes at least fourteen hours. This has in fact only been done in summer. This ridge walk is recognised as one of the best in Europe, and is only attempted by very experienced teams.

We had to walk about two miles up heather-covered slopes before we reached the rocky mountains themselves. We then went up the valley between two projecting peaks. Here Gaynor spent some time in teaching various techniques to the beginners in our group, after which we had lunch. We then climbed up the hill to our left, and nearest the hostel. This

was a little over two thousand feet high, and proved to be fairly easy. When we reached the top we walked along the ridge to the end and found a very good scree run at the end. A scree run is a steep slope covered with small loose rock. They are normally very narrow at the top, about a yard wide, and get wider and wider near the bottom. All one does on these is run down as fast as one can without falling over. They often drop more than 1,000 feet and are very steep, so a reasonable speed rapidly builds up. One in the Cuillins drops just over 2,000 feet from a few feet below the highest peak, Sgurr Alasdair, down to the valley below. Unfortunately we never did this one.

On Monday morning we woke to see the peaks covered in low cloud which was rising only slowly. We decided to climb the peak nearest the hostel, still in cloud, but we hoped this would clear. It was just over 2,500 feet, and a slightly more difficult one than our first.

By the time we reached the base of our hill, the peak was out of cloud, so, roped together, we headed up a gully in three parties. Each party took a different route. Thompstone, Hood and Quek Sen Kiew took a route initially quite hard, but easy later on. Lanigan and Balqez took a route which was quite hard most of the way, while Gaynor, Hoare and Herring took a route which proved to be too difficult, and though Gaynor got up, after dropping a rock on Herring's head, Hoare was too big, and so he and Herring climbed down and used the first group's route.

On Tuesday because of very bad weather we went for a tour of the island, visiting Portree (the capital, with about 1,600 citizens) and then going to Dunvegan Castle, the home of the chief of the Macleod clan. It was basically a 12th Century structure with many later additions. There was a marvellous view from the castle over a loch, and beyond some flat-topped mountains.

Wednesday was a much better day, with sunshine. We decided we would be ambitious and climb one of the two highest peaks, Sgurr Alasdair or the Inaccessible Pinnacle. So we climbed up to the valley between these two and saw the Inaccessible Pinnacle was out of cloud, but the highest peak was not, so the Inaccessible Pinnacle we aimed for.

This meant climbing up at the end of a projecting ridge, and climbing along the ridge over two peaks, one of which was the third highest in the range, and then coming up to our goal, which was a huge rock, 240 feet high, stuck on top of the ridge.

We climbed to the ridge without much trouble, and then headed along the ridge, which was fairly difficult and quite exposed, in places being about a yard or so wide, with a steep drop on each side of over a thousand feet. When we reached the Inaccessible Pinnacle we unroped and rested for some time. We then roped up again, and Gaynor set out up the Inaccessible Pinnacle followed by Hoare and Herring. This proved a fairly slow climb, but we got there in the end. The first group got to the top before the cloud came down and had a pleasing view out to sea and inland.

As the cloud came down before we had all got to the top, we descended as quickly as we could by abseiling. This consists of going down on a system of ropes with one's feet on the rock face and lying out horizontally.

Thursday was another bad day, so we decided to pack up and head back for College, rather than stay the extra day. After another tiring journey we arrived back at the College on Friday morning.

The party consisted of Gaynor, Lanigan, Herring, Hoare, Balqez, Thompstone, Quek Sen Kiew and Hood.

GLIDING

The Spring Term is usually the time for dual instruction because soaring conditions are rare. We were handicapped this term, however, as inspections ensured that we seldom had more than one T27, and winch unserviceability usually forced us to resort to aero-towing. Nevertheless, several cadets have recently been sent solo.

All of the snags have been sorted out in preparation for the camp. We now have three serviceable winches, a Chipmunk, and a full fleet of gliders, including, we hope, the Prefect, which should be through its major inspection. The camp will be held at Cranwell and as Easter is the season for unstable North Easterlies, we expect good results.

During the last few weekends of term we have had unstable conditions, and a number of flights of about an hour, with climbs up to seven thousand feet, have been made. Earlier, however, we found many weak waves off the Lincoln Edge. While these were not as spectacular as the waves found in the Lake District which may go to twenty thousand feet or more, they were sufficient for a number of quite satisfying flights to be made.

Gliding will take place throughout the Summer Term on Saturdays and Sundays from 1300 hours to dusk. All are welcome, but *please* be at Hangar 70 punctually at 1300 hours, as there is a lot of preliminary work to be done. Bring warm clothing, as even when it is hot on the ground it can be very cold higher up!

POTHOLING

This was a successful term in that more people went potholing than ever before. Early on in the term we had a Sunday bus trip to Derbyshire, when 15 cadets visited, in three parties, Giant's Hole, Gantries Hole and Carlswark Cavern. A fair number of cadets from 83 and 84 Entries came, and all seemed to enjoy the outing.

Just before half-term a party of five did a quick Sunday trip to Oxlow Cavern, and had an enjoyable outing. We failed to reach the bottom of the cave because of a severe ladder shortage, but as our time was limited this was probably a good thing.

The only weekend expedition went to the Mendips. Flight Cadets Bing, Coulson and Cleave journeyed down one Saturday for a Saturday night caving trip. We joined forces with A.P.O. Banks (ex-78 Entry) and one other caver, and explored Swildon's Swallet for twelve enjoyable if exhausting hours. This is a very fine cave with a long stream passage and beautiful formations. The only fault to be found with the prospect of further trips to Swildon's Swallet is that it is nearly 200 miles from Cranwell, and it makes a hard weekend.

MOTOR CLUB

As the Treasure Hunt held just before Christmas was so successful and enjoyable it was decided to organise a similar event for Easter Sunday, and about thirty cars turned

up to take part. The event was split into three sections, the first and last being very similar in nature to the Christmas Hunt. Rodge Read and Johnny Wood had had fiendish delight in thinking up the most obscure clues but nobody seemed to have particular trouble except on the last one which was a catch. To the question 'Who planted the nearest tree to S.S.Q.?' many gave an Air Vice-Marshal's name as an answer, but in fact the tree planted by him was not the nearest.

The rather more difficult second section was certainly the downfall of many crews. From the first control the route was given in the form: 'T.L., B.R., S.O.' This indicated 'turn left, bear right, straight on' at successive junctions, forks and cross-roads. Many navigators lost amounts of hair on this section and one crew started again four times! In theory each car should have ended up at the second control, but for the benefit of the crews who got lost, the reference was given in a sealed envelope. In practice many lost points for using this hot message, as naturally there was a penalty for opening the envelope. The actual control was sited on a 'white' road just off a partly concealed entrance. It amused Rodge Read and Andy Jones to see at least 28 cars overshoot the junction and have to reverse back to the turn. (Note: the remaining two cars were completely lost and by sheer luck came in the other way and saw the control in time to turn!) A cryptic message 'Sheet 113 will be of little use during this section' appeared at the bottom of the route sheet and sure enough the organizers with their warped minds had routed part of this section south of the bottom edge of the map.

As is usual on these events, the marshals derived great amusement from the antics of the competitors. There were such sights as the Mighall/Terrett crew leaving the first control and less than five minutes later passing through the control in the opposite direction, having in that short time driven in a circle. Then as can be seen from the photograph there were those who went round on two wheels only. It is still a mystery how Brian Nicolle, navigating for Tony Hunt, managed to remain in the saddle and at the same time control an open map which was gaily flapping in the slipstream. It did not, however, deter this particular crew from gaining a well-deserved third place. After setting

everybody off, Jock Williamson and 'Djihm' Nottingham cruised round the route of the second section to watch the fun. At one T-junction there were three cars pointing at each other with the respective crews clustered at the roadside holding a communal map-reading session. A certain Riley 1.5 appeared to be taking things steadily and efficiently and the method certainly paid off as the Squadron Leaders Petheram and Stubings (with offspring) crew came first with a completely clean sheet, incurring penalty only because of the lack of female crew members. Naturally good-natured protests were lodged immediately, but we feel that the only way that cadets' crews may redeem the situation is to take on their Squadron Commanders next time and make sure their own performances are improved.

Unfortunately we are not qualified to run timed rallies and although the navigators seem to have fun, the drivers may feel that their only purpose is to provide transport and they may lose the feeling of competition. In future events it is hoped to spread the work and thus amusement by holding two entirely separate events—namely, a stiff exercise for the navigators which should cause them to lose a bit more hair, and a driving test at the College to keep the drivers busy.

JAZZ AND FOLK MUSIC

For the first time since the departure of 77 Entry the College has had a complete traditional jazz band. 84 Entry supplied the

trumpeter needed to complete the complement of players. The line-up since January 1961 has been:

<i>Trombone</i>	Neil Hayward
<i>Trumpet</i>	Ed Jarron
<i>Clarinet</i>	Shanthi Perera
<i>Piano</i>	Kiwi Thomson
<i>Banjo</i>	Robin Mitchell
<i>Drums</i>	Mal Greenwood
<i>Bass</i>	Mike Leedham

Unfortunately the band did not last long in the above form, for after the first public appearance, the clarinettist announced his intention of retiring. He felt he could no longer play the form of jazz which he personally finds less rewarding than the 'modern' style. Perhaps we shall see the establishment of a new College Band in the near future. The 'Trad' fans may rest assured that the old band will continue to function, with Mike Jensen in the vacant position.

The only public appearance of the band at the time of going to press, was at the Spring Mid-Term Ball when the band played for forty minutes. Despite the seemingly satisfactory results obtained, some dissatisfaction was felt within the band about the polish and fluency of the numbers. Most members thought that this could be alleviated by more frequent serious, instructive practices before appearances, rather than the hit-or-miss practice held before this programme.



*The Hunt-Nicolle
combination
competing in the Rally*

The society was able to purchase some new equipment during the Spring Term and can now boast a reasonable Bass, Banjo and Drum kit. Lack of good equipment can no longer be given as a reason for bad jazz in the College.

FOLK MUSIC

This part of the society has been quieter in the past few terms than usual owing to the departure of the keener members. One group, however, still exists, led by Robin Mitchell and Mike Chappell. This had a brief spot with the Jazz Band at the Spring Mid-Term Ball.

New members or groups are always welcome and anyone who wishes to play in the band will be given the chance to sit in at the practice sessions and show what he can do.

CHESS

The Chess Section has had its most successful season for a long time. It has almost trebled in numbers during the Winter Term and the team has lost only one match, drawn a number, and won four. The drawn match with Sandhurst deserves special mention, as three of the regular team were unable to play, and their positions were filled at the last moment by members from the Junior Entry. The team proved its strength by twice defeating the officers.

The strength of the junior entries, who now provide more than half of the team, is a good sign for the future. We go into 'hibernation' for the Summer, but look forward to a very successful Autumn Term, as we shall still have all our present members. New members are always welcome, no matter what their level of experience. In addition to the official practices, chess sets and boards are always available in the ante-rooms for practice games.

FINE ARTS

The Spring Term brought a fall in support of the Society. Members of 83 Entry continued to use the fine facilities available but no 'rising gems of genius' were forthcoming from 84 Entry and only very little support was received from senior members of the College. Without concrete support the Society withered somewhat, and Mr Foster's visits,

our main guiding light in the Society, were greeted by only two or three members, usually the old faithfuls.

But some work was produced, mainly in liaison with other societies, whose demands for posters kept most members occupied from one time to another. Our sculptor whose arrival was announced in the previous edition of *The Journal*, was seen at work during the term. His waving about of a pamphlet on the works of Henry Moore may produce surprises; we can only wait and see.

Other pieces of work, mainly oil painting, lie dormant in various stages of completion at the moment of writing. They await completion, we trust, for the Society's Exhibition at the end of the Summer Term.

Once again we must thank Mr Foster for his invaluable advice and criticism and also Mr Tanner, our guiding officer, for his enthusiastic support.

DANCING

Once again this has been a very successful term, with nothing special to report. The standard of dancing of the participants has risen markedly. So much so, that in some cases, at sister colleges in the area, girls often say "You're from Cranwell, aren't you?" When they are asked how they know, the answer is quite staggering: 'Because you dance much better than most men!' So we are succeeding.

Much is owed to Mr L. Highton once again for his valuable tuition, and also to the officers' wives who so very kindly give up their Friday evenings to attend.

The society will not operate during the Summer Term, but will start again in mid-September.

DEBATING

We held two debates during the Spring Term, one in each Cadets' Mess. The first one, in the Junior Mess, concerned gentlemen, the motion being that 'The Gentleman is a dying species'. This turned out to be an above average debate, with some amusing speeches. Erskine-Crum and Porter were the two main speakers. The motion was defeated by 37 votes to 7.

The second debate, held in the Senior Mess, proposed that 'The Public School is an archaic institution well beyond repair'. Despite a poor attendance, it turned out to be an interesting skirmish, with two-thirds of the floor expounding their views. The motion was defeated by 11 votes to 6, with 14 abstentions.

During the second debate Flight Lieutenant Clay, our guiding officer, directed some very just criticism at the low standard of debating in the College. This unfortunately is all too true, reflecting depressingly on the lack of serious, or any other, thinking among many members of the College. As Flight Lieutenant Clay will not be with us next season, we must thank him for his sound guidance and amusing speeches which we have enjoyed so much in the past.

PRINTING

The coming of Spring has put new life into the section in very many ways. We welcome as our new guiding officer, Squadron Leader Gates, who has already shown that he is eager and willing to help the section achieve its aims. The introduction of a central accounting system, together with a more practical scale of charges, has already proved an asset.

The printing section is at present using two machines both of which are hand-operated. Paper is obtained in bulk and has to be cut to size on a guillotine which takes only two sheets at a time. The setting-up and proofing pose many problems because of old and worn type. The net result is that patience, and not ability is, at present, the chief requirement of cadet printers.

The section is now aiming to achieve quality and at the same time introduce a new variety into its work. It is hoped that this will be achieved before the Summer Term is complete, as the results of past hard labours bear fruit in renewed type, a new guillotine cutting up to 200 sheets at a time, and a power-operated machine. The latter in particular will take the toil out of printing, and jobs should be produced more quickly and with improved layouts.

The most encouraging aspect of the term has been the increased support by the cadets. All those who have managed to give regular

support have learnt much of the art and are already completing their own work.

Looking to the future, a visit to a local jobbing printer is contemplated and also the holding of an 'At Home' when it is hoped our customers will visit us for our mutual advantage. Facilities are also to be offered for cadets to make their own lino cuts for printing.

In all, this has been a good term's work, laying the foundations for better things to come.

ANGLING

With the advent of the close season, the angling society has entered its annual hibernation and its members are satisfying themselves with recalling, arms outstretched, past triumphs.

Although much of the angling done this term has been on paper only, a few trips were made to the Trent without notable success. Our great problem is the lack of good local waters, for most of the fishable stretches of water hereabouts are privately owned, and the owners seem reluctant to give us permission to fish on them.

However, a visit to Eire has been arranged for the Summer vacation and the prospects there seem good. Shark and game fishing are amongst the many attractions.

ENGINEERING

This term has again been an active one, but unfortunately only indoors, as it has been impossible to arrange any visits because of other College activities and sports. However, in the section itself a great deal of time has been spent working on individual items, extending to the rebuilding of a motor-car engine.

With the introduction of a lathe to the workshop it was decided to hold a course of instruction in its use. This was done every Tuesday evening in C.I.W. between tea and supper and proved to be very successful, thanks to the enthusiasm of our instructor.

It is hoped that, although outdoor activities will have a strong call on the individual's time next term, the section will be used just as much.

SPORT



ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

The results for the season were as follows:

	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Points	
					For	Against
1st XI	36	17	4	15	140	85
2nd XI	31	21	2	8	121	56

The 1st XI won more matches than they lost but the record is hardly satisfying. The team had great potential but too often this potential was not realized.

The attack scored 140 goals which is a commendable feat but a lot of these came against weaker opposition when the attack moved smoothly and constructively. While they did sometimes play well against the stronger defences, quite often they lost their smoothness and had to rely on snap chances to get goals. The left wing position was never satisfactorily filled and anyone injured in the regular attack could not be satisfactorily replaced.

The defence was not so erratic as the attack, perhaps because it had greater reserve strength. With many games behind them each player knew what another was likely to do in a given situation but they were still inclined to make one or two fatal slips in each

match. This was particularly so in the last match against Lloyds Bank when four goals were conceded to give us a draw instead of a win.

One of the most encouraging features of the season was the performance against the University sides. While only winning one of these encounters, Hull University 1st XI beaten 4—3, we lost the others by only the odd goal and would have won quite easily if the team had played anything like its best.

The College 2nd XI finished the season with a defeat by a strong Lloyds Bank team by 3—2. This gives a picture of the season's course, a series of easy fixtures which did not give all the talent in the team the practice it needed to take on the stronger teams. These were only too rare between weak opposition from local schools which can often produce good 1st XI's but seldom strong 2nd XI's. Nevertheless at times the team played fine football, the match against Hull University being an example. It was pleasant to give a soccer lesson to a team who beat us last year by 7—0.

Our thanks go to Squadron Leader Porter for the help he has given and our apologies for the frustration he has had to endure. Mr Simpson as always tended the wounded and saw to it that the kit was always there—our thanks to him.



Better luck

THE PHOTOGRAPHS ON THIS AND THE PREVIOUS
PAGE ARE OF THE HENLOW MATCH

. . . . next time



College v. Henlow

The game was played in excellent conditions. If the quality of the play did not at all times equal that of the turf or the weather, there were some 'fine spells' and 'bright periods'. The score of Cranwell 7, Henlow 0 left a general impression of a pleasant afternoon, and gave hopes of favourable prospects.

Cranwell swept straight through from the start, and outside left Sierwald was wide with a powerful shot. The home team soon established an early dominance territorially, and optimists eagerly awaited their first goal. After a series of defensive scrambles by Henlow and narrow misses by Cranwell, the home side seemed to lose their penetrative power where it matters most—inside the penalty area—though their wing halves completely dominated mid-field play. It was not until ten minutes before the interval that newcomer Wemyss, playing at inside right, scored with a good low shot. Minutes later he held on to a ball tenaciously, avoiding several challengers, and completed a fine dribble with a goal from close range. Centre forward Deakin added a third goal after he had taken part in a good combined movement.

The first half had not been up to the usual high standards of play shown during the term. This was particularly to be regretted as for the first time there was a good crowd of spectators, our home games usually being watched by the merest handful. After the interval, the crowd drifted away to see the hockey match, and the side, perversely, chose this time to give a twenty-five minute display of really good football. Jenkins began the improvement with a hard drive from a full twenty-five yards, which the Henlow goalkeeper had no chance of saving. Wemyss scored his third goal with a low, oblique shot from the right hand edge of the penalty area. The sixth goal came from captain and outside right Thomson; Sierwald on the left wing outran the defence and sent over a low, hard cross which Thomson met with a first time shot to send the ball soaring into the roof of the net. A slight pause, and hard-working centre forward Deakin scored the final goal with a left foot drive. During this period of dominance, the whole half back line had prompted attack after attack, and Shorrocks had several times gone near to scoring.

The last twenty minutes saw a decline in the urgency and quality of the play. The most interesting features were determined forays by both full backs, Priest in particular being particularly adventurous.

We should not be too pleased with ourselves. The misses at least equalled the numbers of goals scored. But it is a sign of the vast improvement in the side that they can score seven—even without ace goal-scorer Blake—and still not be satisfied with their performance.

The Henlow side never ceased trying and playing hard. The difference in the numerical strengths of the colleges, and the fact that Henlow are called upon to field teams for several sports in the same day, cannot but weigh heavily against them when meeting Cranwell. As it was, they gave the Cranwell defence many anxious moments, and the inside right and outside left particularly impressed.

Flight Lieutenant Meadows officiated splendidly throughout.

Cranwell Team: Flight Cadets Azzaro, Terrett, Priest, Shorrocks, Johnston, Jenkins, Thomson, Wemyss, Deakin, Nicolle, Sierwald.

We should like to pay tribute to the groundsman, Mr Oldham, for his hard work throughout the season. All our visitors have commented on the fine condition of the grounds. At an international football match at Wembley the Guiding Officer of Cadets' Soccer overheard this gratuitous advertisement: 'This turf looks nearly as good as the turf at Cranwell.'

RUGBY

When No. 78 Entry passed out in December the 1st XV lost several of its most experienced players. However their places were taken by more junior members of the College who, though perhaps less experienced, showed a keenness which is promising for future seasons.

Although rugby is not recognised as a major sport during the Spring Term, most people were still keen to play and so the standard was quite high. The 1st XV did particularly well to beat Moseley Extra 1st XV, and played well against the Cambridge University LX Club, even though they lost 3—14.

Slade became captain at the beginning of the Spring Term and, with the help of McCarthy, encouraged the 1st XV to play more open and attractive rugby. This was considerably helped by the dry state of the pitches and as a result the whole team concentrated much more on giving the ball to the threequarters. This was particularly noticeable in the matches against Kesteven and L'Ecole de l'Air, both of which resulted in victories for the College.

Finally, the 1st XV would like to thank Wing Commander Harris and all the other officers whose enthusiastic support and hard work have helped to improve rugby in the College.

Summary of Results

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Points	
					For	Against
1st XV	23	13	7	3	197	189
2nd XV	20	12	6	2	182	255
3rd XV	16	16	0	0	268	23
4th XV	1	1	0	0	66	0

HOCKEY

The hockey this season has been disappointing both in results and standard of play. The majority of the matches were lost by fairly large margins and only on very rare occasions did the team produce hockey of a high standard. Although four of last year's team were missing this year, the lack of co-ordination in the team was out of all proportion to this.

The main problem appeared to be the lack of co-operation between the forwards and the defence. Despite Jenner's thrustful play at centre forward and Junor's scheming at inside forward, the general finishing in front of goal was very poor. Many more goals would have been scored had the forwards taken the chances offered. The defence was often slow in

recovery and without Quek at centre half and Annett in goal the 'goals against' total would have been even more astronomical.

On occasions, however, the team played well. Sandhurst had to work hard to emerge winners by the only goal of the match and an R.A.F. XI which included two internationals had to wait until the second half before scoring the first of their five goals.

We can hope for an improvement next season because, through the efforts of Flight Lieutenant Hickox, the services of F. H. Scott, an Olympic hockey player, as occasional coach have been obtained. We can hope for an improvement in tactics and individual skills but what is really needed is more players. We have just enough to run two teams, but the 2nd XI standard is much lower than that of the first team, and it is not by any means a nursery for the senior side. The thought for next season is: 'we can only improve'.

Colours were awarded to Junor, Quek, Annett and Reynolds. Junor has been appointed captain for next season.

BASKETBALL

This term's matches have been very interesting, both as enjoyable and informative fixtures. It has not been an outstanding season as far as results are concerned, but it has been the most successful yet regarding the standard of play.

The team has improved its play in the past two terms far more than in previous ones. Each individual has improved his ability, the most improved player being Under Officer Adams. Our three new players, Flight Cadet Malhas (who only started playing this term), Flight Cadet Crook (who is a find from the 'other' game—rugby) and Flight Cadet Collier (from the Junior Entry), fitted into the team very well and will surely do well in future seasons.

This being the first time that the team has played the Royal Air Force Technical College, it has been the first time that it has been possible for any of the colleges to complete the hat-trick by beating the other three. Cranwell managed to do so this term by beating Britannia Royal Naval College Dartmouth (39—25), Royal Air Force Technical College (43—23) and Royal Military Academy Sandhurst (33—23).

The team seemed a little worried when Sandhurst used the 'man to man' defence but it proved to be to their disadvantage. From the time that they revised their tactics and decided to use the more conventional 'zone' defence they scored more baskets than ourselves. But we had until that point built up quite a considerable lead and they were unable to catch us up.

After a hectic Guest Night at Dartmouth and a trip on the river the next morning when the match was played, the team thrashed the naval cadets for the second season running.

The match against Henlow was an easy win as they did not field a very strong team. It was not a walk-over, but towards the end Under Officer Adams showed all those watching that he is an extremely polished player.

The best match of the season was the match against Loughborough College where we were several points down at the end of the first period and had to fight for every point to win by 62 points to 46.

Another memorable match was against London where we were beaten 85—17. This was due mainly to the fact that we had never played them before so they fielded their strongest team. We found out after the match that they were well on the way to becoming National Champions. This match was played in the Autumn Term. We played them again this term and they fielded their second team which beat us

Cranwell v. Henlow at home





Under Officer Adams initiating a typical attack movement against Dartmouth

46—18. However we learnt more in these two matches than in any others.

We have been very fortunate this season regarding injuries. Not one player has missed a match because of injury, which is surprising after seeing how rough some of our matches have been. This is not because the players are easily excited but because some of our matches have been very close. Notable was the match against the Engineers College, Loughborough, when at full time the score was 37—37 and both captains elected to play for an extra five minutes each way. Even then the score was only 41—40 to the Engineers.

The triangular matches against South East and South West Essex Technical Colleges proved to be a marathon for the team and our scorer Flight Cadet Nelson. He sat for three hours on some wall-bars scoring for all three matches.

There has been no lack of enthusiasm in the team but experience counts for a lot in basketball, more so than in many other sports. We hope that this term's matches have provided the necessary foundations for a better team next season.

This term we shall have to bid farewell to Under Officer Adams who is without doubt the most proficient player on the court. He is founder member of the team, and has proved to have been its backbone, both as a player and as captain.

One person who has really helped the team is Sergeant Campbell who has given up every Wednesday and Saturday to come and coach us. We would like to thank him very much for his support and patience.

Players awarded their colours this term are Flight Cadets Laurenson and Simpson. They are to be congratulated on their achievement.

1st Basketball Team		
London University 2nd ..	18—48	(l)
Loughborough Coll. 'B' ..	22—26	(l)
South West Essex Tech. Coll. ..	41—40	(w)
Leicester University	50—35	(w)
B.R.N.C. Dartmouth	39—25	(w)
Leicester University	38—34	(w)
South West Essex Tech. Coll. ..	40—48	(l)
South East Essex Tech. Coll. ..	36—38	(l)
R.A.F. Tech. Coll.	43—23	(w)
Engineers Coll. Loughborough	41—42	(l)
Loughborough Coll. 'B' ..	62—46	(w)
R.M.A. Sandhurst	33—23	(w)
Engineers Coll. Loughborough	51—42	(w)
Isleworth School, London ..	43—25	(w)
2nd Basketball Team		
Loughborough Coll. 'C' ..	21—42	(l)

Life Assurance

ITS FUNCTION. The main function of Life Assurance is the protection of present or prospective dependants against hardship resulting from your premature death and provision for yourself and them in later years if you survive normally.

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FLYING RISKS. For aircrew, extra Premiums are required, but the net cost is NOT greatly increased, because a large part of the extra cost is refunded by Air Ministry (or Admiralty or War Office for Royal Navy and Army). I always give full figures and explanations.

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CROSS-COUNTRY

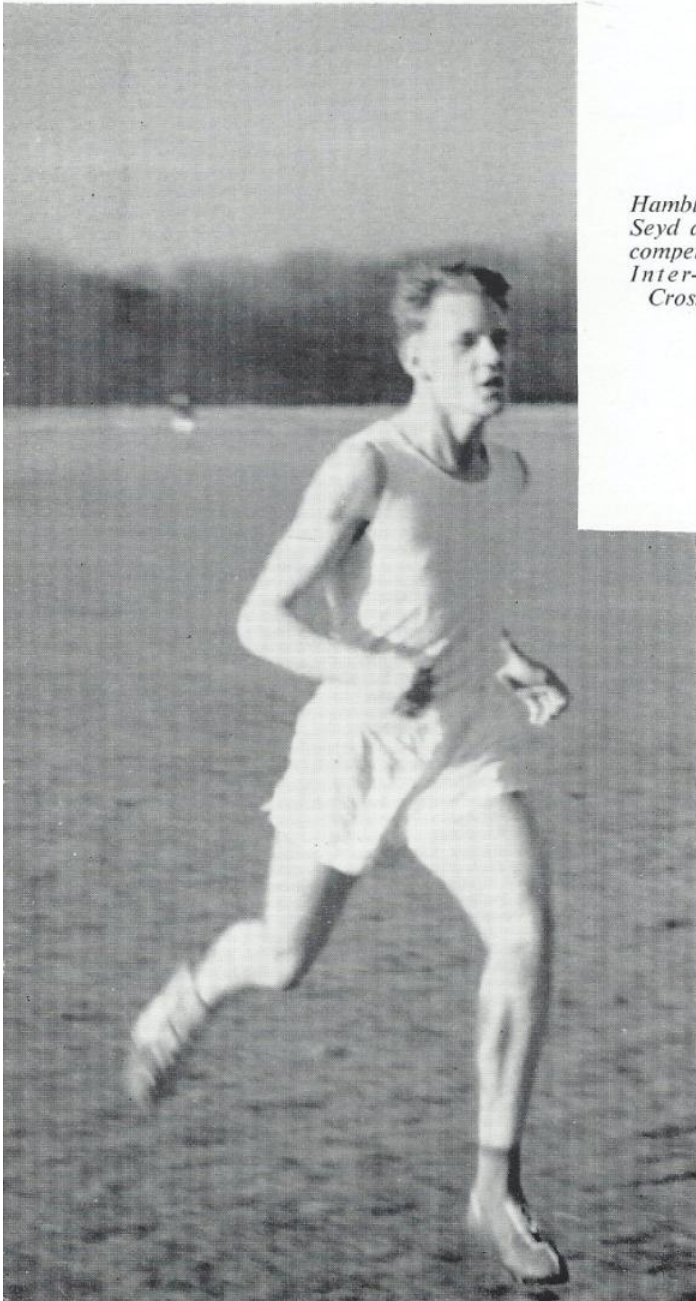
As had been hoped after the relatively poor performance of the Cross-Country Team during the Autumn Term, everyone in the team returned to College after the Christmas vacation with the will to win and their minds made up to make amends for the rather dismal record of the previous term.

The team was broken in gently at the beginning of term, with a match against Carre's Grammar School. The College team won easily although they were weakened for the benefit of their opponents. It was a bitterly cold day with a fairly strong wind and Cranwell got away to a good start. It was obvious after the first lap that Cranwell were to have an easy victory over the young and less experienced team of Carre's Grammar School.

The match against the Milocarians was not so successful, mainly because the Cranwell team was weakened by injury. Nevertheless they put up a worthy performance as shown by the close result.



Hambleton, Yule, Seyd and Fradley competing in the Inter-Squadron Cross-Country



When the College team met Queen Mary College at Cranwell on 11th February, they again showed themselves the better team and an easy victory was achieved over their opponents. In this match, Cranwell ran well as a team, bunching well from the start and remaining thus for the duration of the run. Hardie ran extremely well and came in first.

Shortly after this, a more notable success was achieved by representatives of the College team when they took part in the Eastern Counties Championships (Junior Race) at Cambridge. Hardie again ran well, coming 4th, followed by Gibson in 9th place, Hambleton 17th and Ward 23rd. The team came 3rd overall and received a medal from the Mayor of Cambridge.

The highlight of the term's fixtures was perhaps the home match against the Royal Air Force Technical College, Henlow. Conditions underfoot were good and fast and Cranwell once again got away to a good start, bunching well throughout. After a mile Hardie took the lead and retained it, finishing in a time of 27.5 minutes over the 5¼ mile course. Only one member of the Henlow team was able to compete with Cranwell with the result that Cranwell won overwhelmingly.

Oakham School turned up unexpectedly on Wednesday, 8th March and despite the short notice which members of the Cranwell team were given for this match, we ran splendidly and won again.

The term's fixture list was terminated with a triangular match against the Cranwell Station Team and Leicester University at home. The College ended the term as well as they had begun, coming 1st equal with the Station team in this match.

In conclusion it may be said that the success of the cross-country team during the Spring Term can be attributed to the better teamwork displayed by the runners. Invariably the team got away to a good start, bunching well throughout the majority of races. This raised their morale and at the same time lowered that of their opponents. In all, the term was an extremely successful one for the College team.

Results

Loughborough and Kesteven	2nd
Intersity	10th
Carre's G.S.	26-47 (w)
Boston A.C.	15-33 (w)
Milocarians	34-46 (l)
Queen Mary Coll.	21-35 (w)
Eastern Counties	3rd
Leicester University	25-69 (l)
R.A.F.T.C. Henlow	26-61 (w)
Oakham School	26-56 (w)
Leicester University and R.A.F. Cranwell	1st =

SQUASH

The 1960-61 season has been a most successful and indeed an encouraging one. The College 1st V played twenty-three matches, won twelve and lost eleven. The season has been of special significance, because many new and challenging fixtures have been played, and also for the first time the 2nd V has had official recognition; they won three and lost three matches.

At Abbydale we lost to a strong side, but redeemed ourselves later by beating a visiting Staff College side from Andover. At the Secretary's old school, Tonbridge, we were disappointingly beaten after having won three previous matches. Royal Air Force Syerston's unbeaten record was taken with a good win. Woking S.R.C. proved a tough side and we were narrowly beaten in the last match, but against Saint Catherine's College, Cambridge, the week later we were lucky to win without our normal fourth and fifth strings.

We have had a most successful season against the local Universities, and did extremely well to turn the tables in our return match with Loughborough College whom we have not beaten for some years.

However playing without our first string against Nottingham University, we went down by a close margin in a good match.

In the Autumn we met the Royal Air Force Technical College at Henlow. Having breathed a sigh of relief that Stokes, runner up for the Royal Air Force Championship, was at Cambridge, we went on to win in five straight matches without conceding a game.

At Britannia Royal Naval College Dartmouth we met a talented and determined side and although we gave a good fight on their fast courts, Bliss was the only one to win. Royal Military Academy Sandhurst were entertained at home but we went down sadly without winning a match, Conran-Smith was out-classed at first string. Bliss, taking the second game to draw level, lost the third narrowly and the match was settled. Wilson lost similarly.

The 2nd V's first season went very well, balancing three wins by three defeats. Williams and Lilley who often played for the 1st V were backed by some promising young players from the junior entries.

The 1st V, unchanged now for two seasons, has gone from strength to strength and with yet another season together we have every reason to be highly optimistic. However, the College still lacks a player of real merit, but Bliss after an excellent season should fill the gap with consistency. Conran-Smith, Wilson and Seyd have improved steadily throughout and have been the backbone of the College's success. Lilley, displacing Bromhead, right at the end of the season shows great promise and should be hard to beat at five in the coming season. The squash outlook is extremely bright.

Team: D. R. Conran-Smith (Capt.), R. A. F. Wilson, B. A. Bliss, M. V. Seyd and K. G. Lilley.

After the season colours were awarded to B. A. Bliss and R. A. F. Wilson.

Results

Wimbledon S.R.C.	3-2 (w)
Abbydale S.R.C.	0-5 (l)
Loughborough Coll.	0-5 (l)
Officers' Mess	4-1 (w)
R.A.F. Staff Coll., Andover	4-1 (w)
Nottingham S.R.C.	1-4 (l)
Sheffield University	4-1 (w)
Leicester University	5-0 (w)
R.A.F. Technical Coll., Henlow	5-0 (w)
Tonbridge School	1-4 (l)
R.N.C. Greenwich	2-3 (l)
R.A.F. Syerston	5-0 (w)
Woking S.R.C.	2-3 (l)
Wimbledon Coll.	2-3 (l)
St. Catherine's Coll., Cambridge	3-2 (w)
Nottingham S.R.C.	5-0 (w)
B.R.N.C. Dartmouth	1-4 (l)
Leicester University	5-0 (w)
London University	0-5 (l)
Nottingham University	2-3 (l)
Loughborough Coll.	4-1 (w)
R.M.A. Sandhurst	0-5 (l)
Officers' Mess	4-1 (w)

SHOOTING

The inactivity of the club during the first half of the term was punctuated by four matches, two of which we lost. We succeeded, however, in defeating the Royal Military College of Canada who shoot quite well. In fact, for once, most of the defamatory remarks passed from time to time about the activity or otherwise of the shooting fraternity, have borne a semblance of accuracy. This was due to the justified defection of many shooters to other forms of recreation.

From half-term onwards considerable progress was made in training a .303 team for Bisley and the Royal Air Force Meeting, in which we hope to repeat last year's successes.

FENCING

On 28th January, the 1st and 2nd Teams fenced St Paul's School, London, and used this fixture as the warm-up match of the season. The 1st team won, with a result of 17 bouts to 10. This match, always a very enjoyable one, was a lot closer than the score suggests, as the majority of the bouts were fought to the deciding point. The 2nd Team met with less success, and were beaten 8—19. Unfortunately Flight Cadet Penney sprained his ankle during the match, and this put him out for the rest of the season.

On the following weekend, the match with L'Ecole de L'Air was held at Salon. As ever, this match was very closely fought, as L'Ecole field a very competent

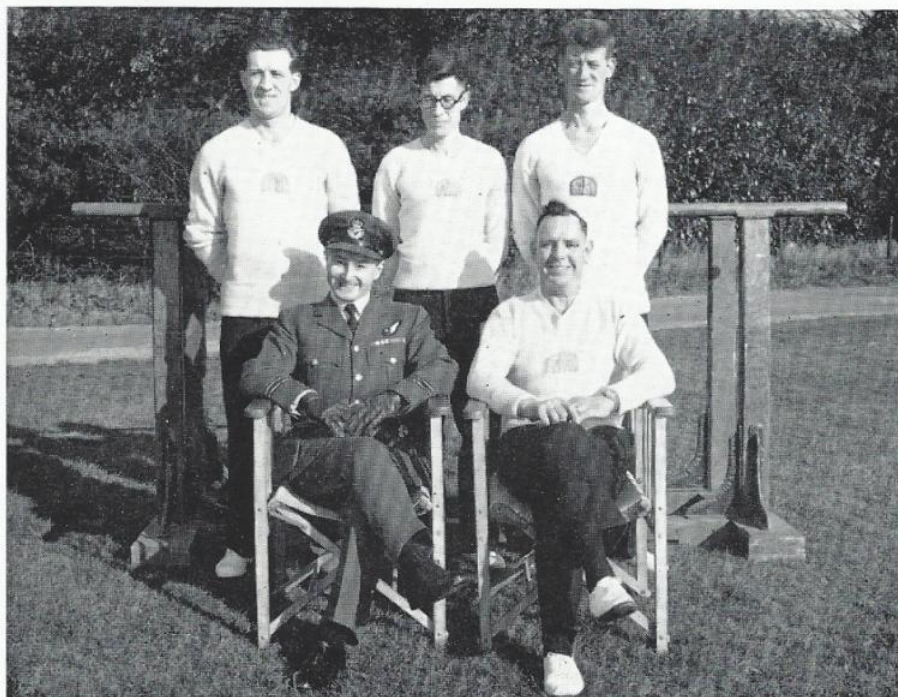
team. The foil result was a win for L'Ecole, with 5 bouts to 4. In spite of all our efforts, they maintained this winning form and won the other two weapons to win 15—12. Their skill and technical competence gave them a very deserving win.

On 11th February, the 1st Team went to the Britannia Royal Naval College Dartmouth, and this time avenged their previous week's defeat in a most convincing manner. Under Officer Peters, the Captain of Fencing, distinguished himself by winning all of his 9 bouts which helped the team to defeat Britannia Royal Naval College by 20 bouts to 7.

During the mid-term break, Under Officer Peters and Flight Cadets Sturt and Thomson entered for the Martini-Rossi International Epée Competition. This competition was of great value, as most entrants were top class fencers. Unfortunately all three were put out in the qualifying round, though Under Officer Peters was within 1 point of promotion.

On 18th March, Royal Military Academy Sandhurst visited the College, but their team met with strong opposition. Thanks to hard training and expert instruction from Sergeant Williams, the College were able to beat them 22—5. However, as before, the majority of bouts were taken to the 9th and deciding point. Flight Cadet Thomson won all 9 of his bouts, Under Officer Peters, 8. Matches were also held against Wandsworth School, who beat the College by 17—10, and Peterborough, which the College won 17—10.

College colours were awarded to Flight Cadet R. B. Thomson for the 1960-61 season.



THE COLLEGE P.F.O. AND HIS STAFF, AT REST FOR ONCE

From left to right, front row, Flight Lieutenant A. Mills and Warrant Officer O. Smith; back row, Sergeants I. A., Williams, H. E. Hall, and F. Campbell,

KARTING

THE twelve members of the College affiliated to the Royal Air Force Station Cranwell Kart Club started practising in earnest last term for the first Royal Air Force Championships meeting, held at Cranwell towards the end of the term. Eventually, after the timed laps on the normal practice circuit on Runway 20 had been compared, Senior Under Officer Headley and Senior Flight Cadet Burton were given places in two of the four Royal Air Force Cranwell teams entered.

The Championship meeting was held on a different track on the Navigation Squadron dispersals, and the change from the smooth tarmac surface of our usual track to the rather bumpy concrete of the dispersals was immediately evident in the lap times. This handicap, however, affected nearly all the entrants, who came from stations as far apart as Mildenhall and Church Fenton. The meet attracted a total of some 80-odd entrants in classes IA, IB, II and IV.

The Cranwell teams were able to put up quite a good showing in the preliminary heats, with eight out of twelve drivers, including Burton and Headley, going on into the semi-finals which were held later that day. Unfortunately Senior Flight Cadet Burton and Flight Lieutenant Moffatt failed to qualify for the finals, but that still left six Cranwell entrants out of the total of twelve in the Championships class IB finals. These six finished 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th, enabling Cranwell to walk away with the team prize. This, it is hoped, is a portent of what we will do in later Championship meetings this year.



Gp Capt E. H. Lynch-Blosse, receiving a push start at the beginning of the finals, in which he finished fourth

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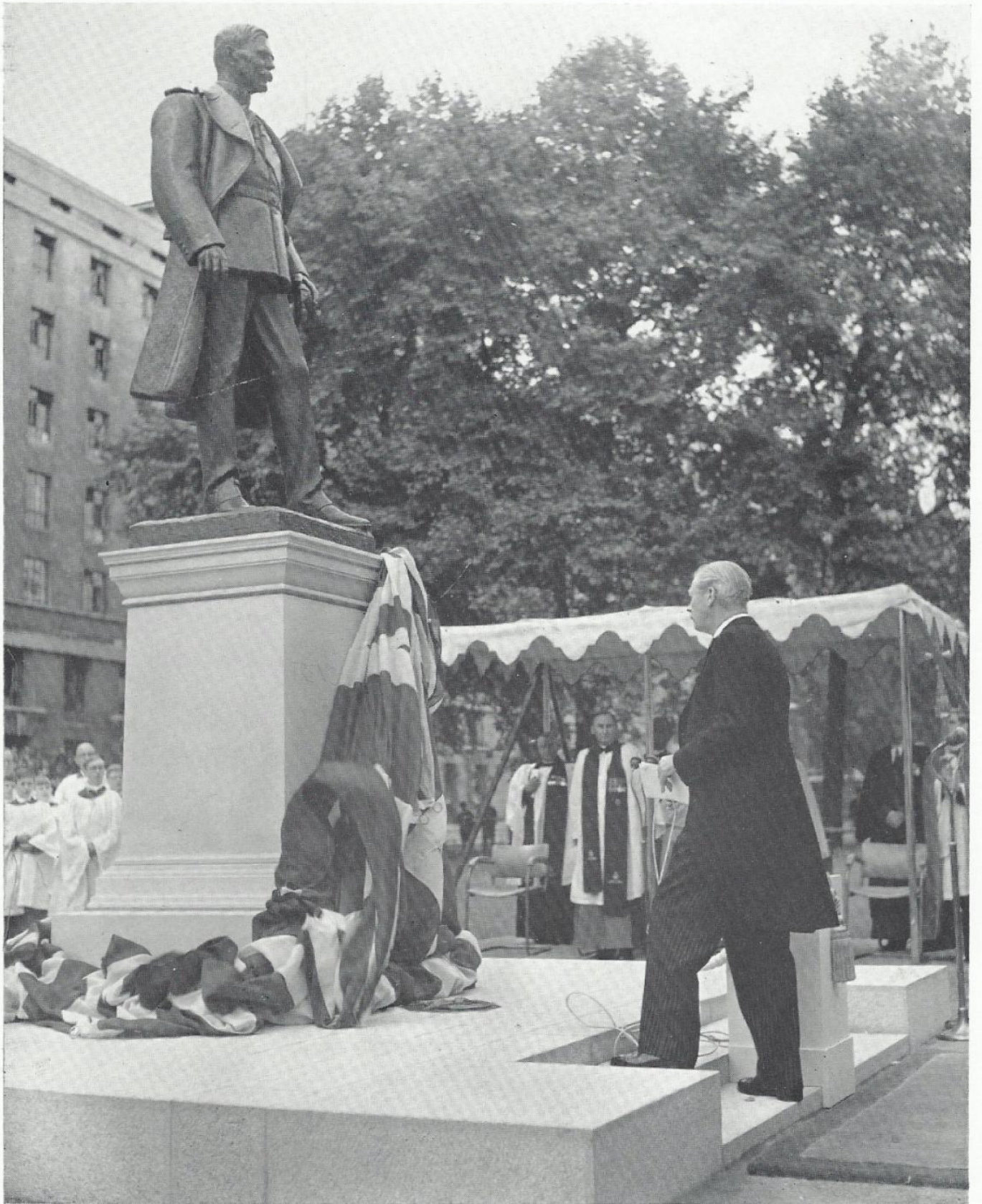
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The Unveiling of the Lord Trenchard Memorial Statue



College Notes

On 19th July, the Commandant, Air Commodore E. D. McK. Nelson, C.B., the Director of Studies, Mr J. A. Boyes, M.A., and 26 Flight Cadets represented the College at the unveiling of the Lord Trenchard Memorial Statue by the Prime Minister in Victoria Embankment Gardens. Five of the cadets acted as wreath-bearers during the ceremony.



Group Captain E. H. Lynch-Blosse, O.B.E., left the Royal Air Force College on 8th September after a tour of two years and nine months. Although his official title varied to include Group Captain Executive and Chief Flying Instructor, he was officially recognised during his last year and a half as the Unit Commander. He was universally known, and was renowned for his untiring energy whether on or off duty. He spent much time with the cadets in Flying Wing, but will, perhaps, be best remembered for his constant regard for the welfare of the airmen. During his tour much was done to improve East Camp, and, by his foresight, more is planned. Everybody here will also remember Mrs Lynch-Blosse for her work on various committees and in the Families Clinic; many will also remember her as a charming hostess.

The Group Captain has now taken up his new appointment in Germany as Chief Intelligence Officer to the 2nd Tactical Air Force. We wish him, Mrs Lynch-Blosse and their family, the best of fortune in their new surroundings.

The new Unit Commander is Group Captain G. F. Reid, who joined the Royal Air Force as a boy entrant in 1935. Before the war he was an air observer and performed two tours of duty in Bomber Command as a navigator. He underwent his pilot training at the Royal Air Force College Flying Training School, Cranwell, and served in Transport Command until the end of the war. In the early post-war years he was a Royal Air Force Instructor to the Royal Afghan Air Force, and on the Directing Staffs of the School of Land/Air Warfare, and of the Army Staff College. He was Chief Instructor of No. 3 Flying Training School, has been to the Joint Services Staff College, was Joint Secretary in the Chiefs of Staff Secretariat, and has attended Flying College. Group Captain Reid comes to us from Royal Air Force Coningsby, where he was Officer Commanding Operations Wing. We wish him and his family a happy tour at Cranwell.



Group Captain G. F. Reid



In Her Majesty's Birthday Honours List, Group Captain T. P. Seymour, the Assistant Commandant, was awarded the C.B.E., Flight Lieutenant D. S. Bridson received the A.F.C., and Chief Technician W. L. Cooke was awarded the B.E.M. The Queen's Commendation for Valuable Services in the Air went to Flight Lieutenant J. E. Freer. Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief's Commendations were awarded to Flight Sergeant M. R. Webber, Mr L. Donnison and Mr F. H. Etty ; and Air Officer Commanding's Commendations to Sergeant G. H. Barks, Sergeant P. B. Kingston (now serving at Royal Air Force Manby), Corporal R. H. Rimmer, S.A.C. A. J. Ellis, Mr R. A. Jackson and Mr C. R. Pepper.

The competition to decide the Sovereign's Squadron for this term was the closest ever recorded. 'A' Squadron won the Knocker Trophy; 'C' Squadron won the Ferris. The result of the competition depended upon placings for the Chimay Cup. The issue was decided only in the last Rowing race. The result was a tie between 'A' and 'D' Squadrons for the Chimay Cup; but, with second placing in Knocker, 'C' Squadron took over as Sovereign's Squadron.



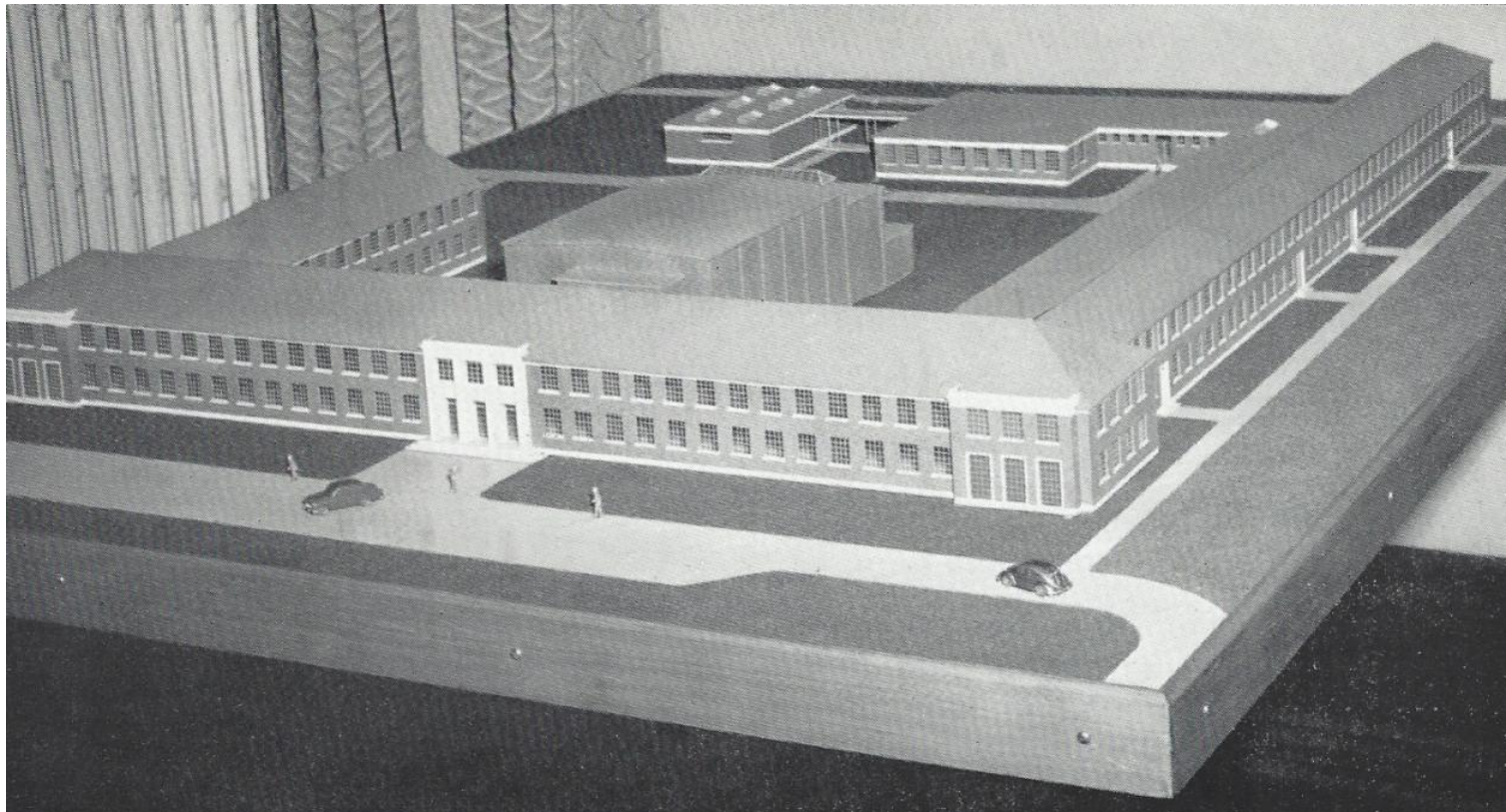
Playing at Dartmouth against the Britannia Royal Naval College on 27th May the College won the Athletics, Swimming and Water Polo matches and lost the Cricket, Tennis, Sailing, Rowing and Golf. The fixtures with the Technical Cadets, Henlow, brought Cranwell victory at Tennis, defeat at Rowing, and a draw at Cricket. On 1st July, defeats at Sandhurst by the Royal Military Academy at Cricket and Swimming were offset by College success in the Sailing, Tennis, Water Polo and Golf. Eight teams entered the Inter-Collegiate Modern Pentathlon held at Cranwell on 9th, 10th and 11th June. The competition was won by the Sandhurst 'A' team; the College 'A' team was fifth.



Senior Under Officer N. R. Hayward of No. 79 Entry won seven of the major awards. He is the first flight cadet to do so. The previous record of six was set up by L. A. Jones of No. 60 Entry and equalled by T. E. Enright of No. 70 Entry.



Pilot Officer N. R. Hayward of No. 79 Entry, with the Sword of Honour, the Queen's Medal, and the Kinkead Trophy.



A model of the new Instructional Block

Visitors to the College last term included :

On 6th May, Mr J. Jones, who lectured on “ Civil Control Methods and Procedures.”

On 18th May, a party of 20 Foreign Air Attachés who toured the College, and were present at a Cadet Wing Parade on 19th May.

On 1st June, the Headmasters of St. Columba's College, Dublin ; Mountjoy School, Dublin ; High School, Dublin ; The Academical Institution, Coleraine ; Royal Belfast Academical Institution ; Portora Royal School, Enniskillen ; Loretto School ; Abbey School, Fort Augustus ; Hamond's Grammar School, Swaffham ; Farnborough Grammar School ; Poole Grammar School ; St. Peter's, York ; Royal Hospital School, Holbrook ; Huish's Grammar School ; Pilgrim's School ; St. John's, Leatherhead ; Leeds Grammar School.

From 5th to 9th June, two officers and five cadets from the Netherlands Royal Military Academy, Breda.

From 10th to 12th June, three officers and 70 cadets from the United States Air Force Academy, Colorado Springs.

On 19th July, cadets from the Italian Air Force College.

From 31st July to 9th August, 24 officers and 259 cadets of the Combined Cadet Force, who attended a Summer Camp held at Royal Air Force Cranwell. The Schools represented at the Camp were Charterhouse ; Cheltenham College ; Christ's Hospital ; Clifton College ; Denstone College ; Dover College ; Edinburgh Academy ; Framlingham College ; Kelly College ; Marlborough College ; Radley ; Rossall ; Rugby ; St. Bees ; St. Peter's School, York ; Tonbridge ; Victoria College, Jersey ; Worksop ; Wrekin College.

Visiting preachers last term were :

On 11th June, The Reverend Ingram Cleasby, M.A., Chaplain, University of Nottingham.

On 9th July, The Reverend P. J. Bowen, B.A., Assistant Chaplain-in-Chief, Fighter Command.

On 23rd July, The Right Reverend C. Dunlop, M.A., The Dean of Lincoln.

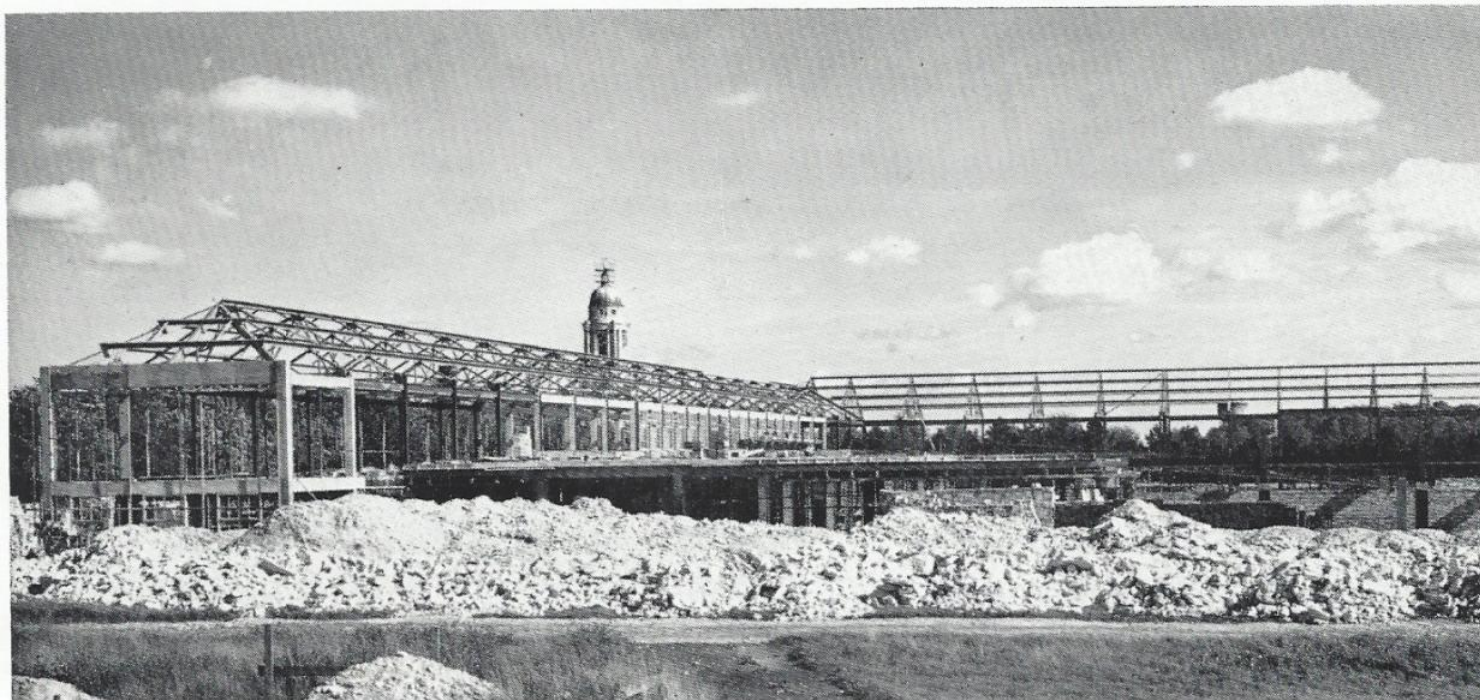
The Service of Dedication for No. 79 Entry on 1st August was conducted by The Bishop of Lincoln, The Right Reverend Kenneth Riches, D.D.



At the beginning of the Autumn Term, Wing Commander A. R. M. Watts, O.B.E., completed his tour as Senior Tutor (Humanities). Wing Commander Mike Watts, a wartime Guards officer, brought his varied experience to the College at a time of extensive change. It fell to him to guide the Humanities side of Tutorial Wing through a period of radical syllabus changes, and he dedicated his unremitting efforts to achieving high academic standards. With his linguistic background, he was able to influence the minds of cadets by his own clear thought and his continued stress on the need for logical thinking. Officers who have attended the successful courses which he ran for "Q" Examination candidates are also grateful to him. He took a keen, critical interest in all College activities. His help in the organisation of rugby—and the spurring on of players!—was invaluable. His presence no less than his services will be missed. We say "thank you" and offer himself and his family our best wishes on his appointment to the staff of Headquarters, Fighter Command.

In his place comes Wing Commander T. J. Mair. He is no stranger, since he filled the post of Senior Instructor in English at the College until he was posted abroad two-and-a-half years ago. We warmly welcome him back to the fold.

The new Instructional Block in progress



At the beginning of the Autumn Term there were 288 cadets on roll at the College. The new entry, No. 85, is 56 strong ; of these 48 are training as Pilots, 3 are Navigators, 4 are Equipment cadets and there is 1 Secretarial cadet.



Squadron Leader D. D. W. Nabarro, Lecturer in Economics at the College, has been posted to Cyprus. He took up his duties as Senior Education Officer at Akrotiri in September. He had been Managing Editor of *The Journal* for five years, and in that position he was largely responsible for the significant improvements in the lay-out and the general quality of the magazine over this period. *The Journal* attempts to represent official attitudes of the College and the personal (and occasionally reactionary) opinions of contributors. Achieving a balance between these two ideals is seldom an easy task ; but under Squadron Leader Nabarro's guidance, and thanks to his tact and understanding, very few toes seem to have been trodden on. The officers and flight cadets who make up the staff of *The Journal* wish to pay tribute to his generous encouragement, patience and enthusiasm. Our best wishes for the future go to him, Mrs Nabarro and their two children.



“ A pleasant summer evening mellows to the russet hues of approaching dusk. The game of cricket on what is affectionately known as The Orange, that immaculate turf immediately in front of the College Tower block, continues. The heftiest of sixes would still just fall short of the windows, but it is a challenge too sporting to be ignored. A warning bell sounds from the tower. The game comes to a halt. The cricketers come smartly to attention. As the bells chime Retreat the ensign is slowly lowered. Soon it will be dark. The jet engines will be whining into life as the night flying class prepares for take-off. This is Cranwell.”

Not the opening to a colourful transatlantic documentary, but from a newspaper article entitled “ Cranwell—the Home of New Ideas.”

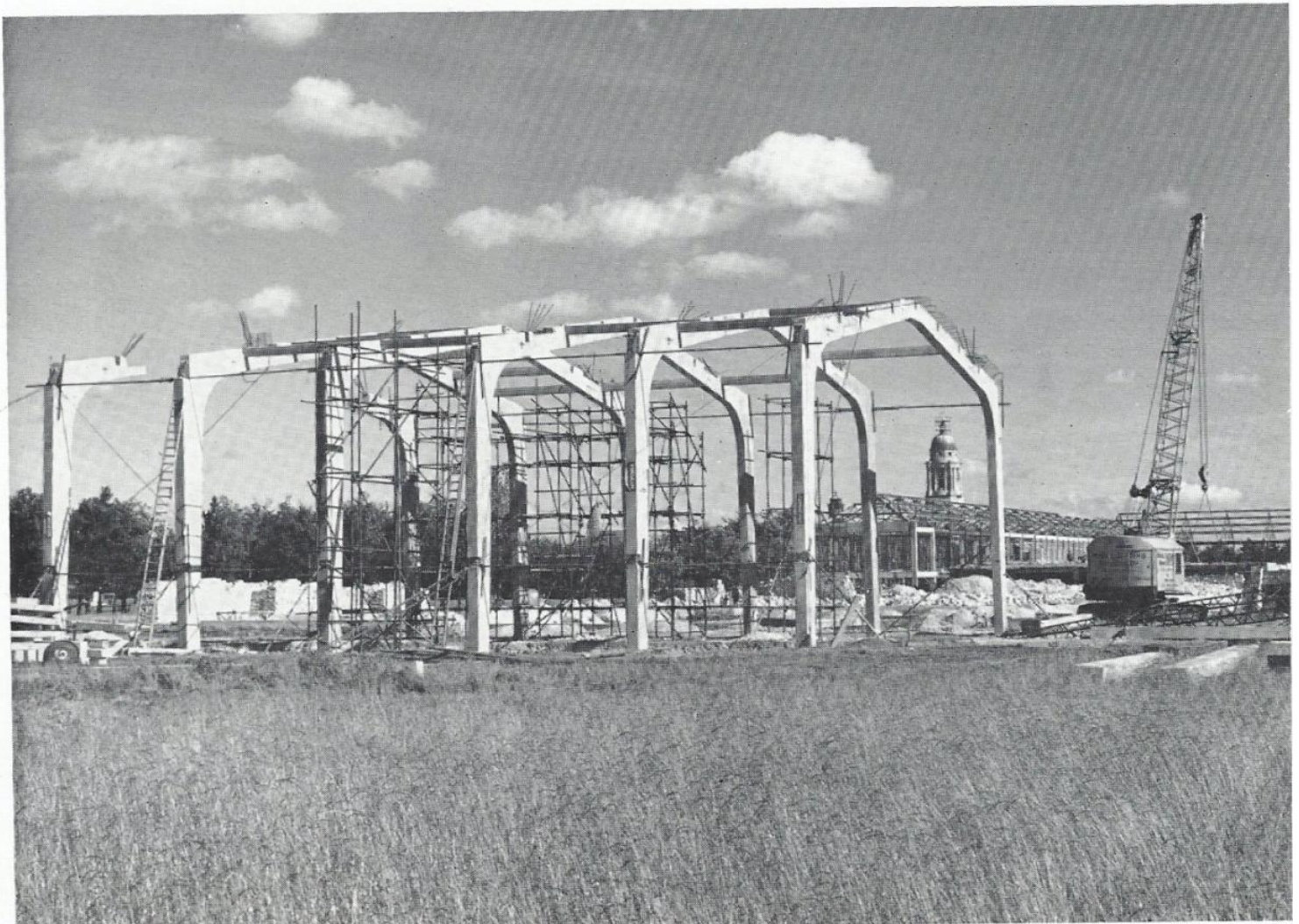
For some time the College has been attracting a deal of attention as the future plans are revealed. There is indeed a growing self-consciousness, interpreted at times as efforts at “ self-selling.” The

public image may well be in the terms quoted above. Admittedly the writer sees Cranwell essentially as the birthplace of new ideas and suggests that this may well be our peculiar tradition. Since the beginning Cranwell has been inhabited by "buccaneering, larger-than-life personalities."

Social levelling, too, seems to have its place with the closing of the "back door" entrants: "many an ungifted scion of a well-established family has thankfully grasped this lifeline. From now on so far as Cranwell is concerned, this is definitely out."

It was therefore gratifying to see in the Times Aviation Supplement a more factual presentation of the new outlook. The bold decision of the Henlow and Cranwell merger is the result of a new approach to the future training of officer cadets in which the General Duties and Technical Branches should grow closer together. A closer understanding of the responsibility and rôle of the other will result. The future strength and cohesion of the Service will be assured and the coming together of the best educational resources of the Royal Air Force will result in an institution of advanced learning matching any in quality.

"like a giant toast rack"



Visits by parties of flight cadets as part of their training are increasing in variety and scope. Detachments for specialised training are features of each term. Fifteen Navigator flight cadets of No. 80 Entry were detached to No. 2 A.N.S., Royal Air Force Thorney Island for jet familiarisation training for two weeks from 28th May. The same group visited the Imperial Science Museum and the Decca Navigation and Radar Companies on 24th and 25th July. Ten Navigator flight cadets of No. 79 Entry carried out, as part of their training, an overseas flight to Gibraltar and Malta between 16th and 22nd June. Previously, in May, they had visited the Royal Air Force Flying College, Manby, for lectures in advanced navigation.

The syllabus for Equipment flight cadets includes visits to several Royal Air Force stations where theory is translated into practice. Thereby cadets gain first-hand experience of techniques of storage, accounting, handling and movement. Six Equipment cadets of No. 80 Entry visited Royal Air Force Lyneham for three days from 7th June, and the four Equipment cadets of No. 82 Entry were detached to No. 25 M.U., Hartlebury, for three days from 12th June.

The specialist streams take part in various visits during term and in the vacations. On 2nd May, 13 Flight Cadets of the 'C' stream of Nos. 81 and 83 Entries attended, as part of their Military Studies syllabus, a lecture entitled "Anglo-American Co-operation in World War II" given at the London School of Economics by Dr. Forrest C. Pogue, Director of the George C. Marshall Research Centre, U.S.A. From 10th to 15th September 12 flight cadets of the 'B' stream of No. 83 Entry carried out a programme of experimental work on the low-speed wind-tunnel at the Royal Air Force Technical College, Henlow. From 16th to 23rd August five 'C' stream cadets specialising in Geography carried out field work around Malham Tarn, Yorkshire.

Other visits extended the breadth of outlook and background knowledge of flight cadets. Two groups of cadets visited the Soviet Exhibition at Earl's Court in July. Members of No. 79 Entry visited the Aeroplane and Armament Experimental Establishment at Royal Air Force Boscombe Down on 6th July, studied air navigation equipment at Farnborough on 7th July, and gained insight into aircraft and engine production when they visited the Bristol Aircraft Company and the Bristol-Siddeley Engine Company on 13th July. A rewarding visit was made by 10 flight cadets of No. 79 Entry on 11th July to the United States Air Force Base at Alconbury.

Visits in connection with cadets' Outdoor Activities are usually impracticable during term, but six flight cadets spent the weekend



A group of officers and flight cadets were welcomed to Supreme Headquarters, Allied Powers in Europe, by Air Vice-Marshal D. F. Spotswood

of 19th to 21st May as competitors in the "Ten Tors" expedition across Dartmoor. At the beginning of the Easter and Summer vacations there is an exodus of flight cadets to all parts of Europe and beyond. While 44 flight cadets of No. 84 Entry splashed around Speyside on their Leadership Camp, 36 cadets of No. 80 Entry visited N.A.T.O. Headquarters and units in France and Germany.

Later in the vacation, 49 members of No. 81 Entry were the guests of the British Army of the Rhine, while other cadets mainly from No. 82 Entry, visited the Mediterranean Fleet at Malta, the Royal Navy units around Portsmouth, or the Joint Anti-Submarine School at Londonderry.

All cadets make some or all of these vacation visits during their three years at Cranwell. During the vacation the College Outdoor Activities Organisation sponsors an increasing variety of voluntary expeditions. In August, some cadets were mountaineering in Morocco or sailing to and from sundry salubrious European harbours ; others paddled canoes along the Loire Valley, or angled for several types of fish in Ireland. Some went below surface—the Sub-Aqua Club members were active off Jersey and other cadets were pot-holing in Ireland. Others were active in the air—15 flight cadets were gliding at Andover, while 25 others successfully completed the Parachute Jumping Course at Royal Air Force Abingdon. Two other visits were heavily oversubscribed ; one went to Norway, the other traversed Hannibal's route over the Alps. Accounts of some of these visits appear elsewhere in *The Journal*.

Between May and September the College Flying Club completed 300 hours flying, and Private Pilots Licences were obtained by Flying Officer C. Singer and by two airmen members from Royal Air Force Coningsby. Four members—Flight Cadets C. Granville-White and C. J. Thompson, Corporal Technician H. E. Gibson, and Corporal E. S. Beveridge—flew Turbulents to France, while Flying Officer Singer was one of a trio who took a Jodel D.1040 to Greece.



Royal Air Force Cranwell Sports Teams have again achieved outstanding success. The Station Cricket XI won the Royal Air Force Senior Inter-Station Cricket Cup at Uxbridge on 30th August, the Basketball team won the Lincolnshire Basketball League and the Knock-Out Cup Competition, the Shooting Team won the Service Rifle A and B competitions, and the Athletics team was second in the Flying Training Command Athletics Championships (Senior). There have been several impressive individual achievements. Flight Lieutenant K. R. Briggs represented the Royal Air Force in eight of its Cricket matches. The Flying Training Command Cricket XI which played Coastal Command on 20th June included four Station personnel—Flight Lieutenant Briggs, Flight Lieutenant E. Barrett, Flight Lieutenant W. E. Kirk and S.A.C. R. Hayton. Flight Lieutenant P. C. Little was first in the Royal Air Force Modern Pentathlon Championship held in July. In Athletics, Corporal W. M. Dunne and S.A.C. D. W. Cakebread represented the Royal Air Force in four matches and in the Inter-Services Athletics Championship. S.A.C. Cakebread, apart from representing the Service in a series of matches in Sweden, made a long jump of 23 feet 11 inches which exceeded the Royal Air Force record by 4 inches. Unfortunately this jump will not be ratified because it was not made in the Royal Air Force Championships.



The Station Aeromodelling team was second in the Royal Air Force Championships held at Royal Air Force Debden on 6th and 7th May, and in the Command Championships held at Royal Air Force Halton on 17th July. Corporal J. W. Pickford, S.A.C. R. S. Standing and S.A.C. A. E. Phin won individual events at Debden and Junior Technician G. W. Gallagher, S.A.C. D. H. Jones and Corporal Pickford won nine events at Halton. Four team members took part in the National Model Flying Championships organised by the Society of Model Aeronautical Engineers and held at Royal Air Force Barkston Heath on 21st and 22nd May. At the beginning of the Autumn Term the Station and College Aeromodelling Clubs amalgamated, and the combined group now has over 30 members.

The Queen's Colour was paraded on the first Sunday of term, 7th May. Her Majesty's Official Birthday was marked by a Cadet Wing Ceremonial Parade, at which cadets from the United States Air Force Academy were spectators.



On 1st September, Group Captain E. H. Lynch-Blosse, O.B.E., the Unit Commander, presented a barometer to Mr S. C. Peach, B.E.M., on his retirement as telephone supervisor. Mr Peach served the Royal Air Force for 34 years. After a few years as a gardener, he joined the telephone exchange in 1931 and became charge-hand ten years later. At the presentation Group Captain Lynch-Blosse paid tribute to Mr Peach's long and honourable service which had already been recognised by the award of the British Empire Medal in 1948. The Unit Commander said : " He has served under 12 commandants, he knows every one of the extensions on the switch-board and is a veritable encyclopaedia of knowledge. All the telephone users here will agree that it is an efficient exchange with no messing about. I believe that a great deal of this efficiency is due to Mr Peach's influence."

Mr S. C. Peach and Group Captain E. H. Lynch-Blosse





The Passing Out Parade of No. 79 Entry took place on 1st August 1961. Thirty-six flight cadets graduated from the College. The reviewing officer was General Paul Stehlin, C.V.O., O.B.E., Chief of the French Air Staff. The parade was under the command of Senior Under Officer N. R. Hayward, and the four squadrons were commanded by Senior Under Officers P. J. Headley, R. G. S. Slade and J. E. de G. Bromhead and Under Officer D. J. Curry.

Fourteen Vampires flew past in a Cross of Lorraine formation. After the Advance in Review Order, General Stehlin presented Senior Under Officer Hayward with the Sword of Honour, and then gave the following address :

“ Gentlemen,

In the first place I want to thank whole-heartedly my colleague and true friend the Chief of Staff of the Royal Air Force, Air Chief Marshal Sir Thomas Pike, as well as your Commandant, Air Commodore Nelson, for this outstanding privilege bestowed upon me to be your Reviewing Officer at this most magnificent Passing-Out Parade, the like of which I have seldom seen. I am so touched that it is difficult for me to express how I feel that great honour made to me.

I am not a stranger here at Cranwell ; I visited your College several times, especially when I was myself a student at the Royal Air Force Staff College.

Twelve years ago I was here on a similar occasion. Flying my personal plane it took me some time before I got permission to land—so apparently I was late ! I stopped at a place indicated to me, and my Aide, who happened to be a Captain, (or as you would say a Flight Lieutenant) was invited to rush out of the aircraft and taken at full speed to the “ Lodge.” As for me, I was told, in no uncertain terms, which I cannot repeat on account of the solemnity of the occasion, to take my aircraft away as fast as possible, to stop it at a parking space and to wait there until further notice. The ceremony was well under way before my Aide, who found himself among Air Marshals, Generals and Admirals, could make himself understood and explain the situation. The same thing, since history doesn't repeat itself, did not happen this morning. At your age, and being where you are, and since I am going to speak for quite a while, I would have thought it to be most unfortunate.

Your Commandant very kindly sent me a list of the Reviewing Officers since March 1920. I noticed there, with some anxiety, that they all belonged, with one exception, to the English-speaking peoples, so I asked the previous Commandant of your College if it would be wrong on my part to speak in French. His opinion was I

should make it optional since, judging from his experience it would not have been, in English or in French, a noticeable influence on the average proportion of those who would listen.

Your present Commandant, who is an optimist, asked me to pass on to you something of my service experience which you, on this great day in your lives, could take along as useful advice. This is precisely my problem when I address the cadets of the French Air Force College. They wonder, in the same way as you do, what their future will be in the Service to which they belong. The question they ask themselves is this : are we going to fly, or shall we have to push buttons on the ground serving missiles and manicuring our index to that effect?

When I was a cadet at St. Cyr, one night in 1927, mounting guard in the early hours of the night, I noticed in the flush of the searchlights an aeroplane heading for Le Bourget airfield ; it happened to be Lindbergh's " Spirit of St. Louis " after a flight of 35 hours from New York to Paris. A few weeks ago I met and welcomed a United States Air Force B.58 crew who had covered the same distance in a little more than three hours.

Remembering that night when I was dreaming (dreaming of a day like this one) rather than mounting guard, I wondered at the changes in our Service in such a short spell of time. If we want to be true to the tradition of our Service then we have to encourage and survey all new developments to increase the striking power of our Service for the sake of defence of our country. More than ever the Air Force requires a combination of the highest human qualities as well as the achievements of the most modern techniques. This we have to face, and I know what it means to officers of your age to be told to attach the same importance to aircraft and to missiles. However, if we have a good analysis of the threats with which we are faced we shall find out that the aircraft will remain, as far as we can see, an important and indispensable component of our Service; let me briefly explain what I mean.

Your country very wisely has chosen to increase the capabilities of your bombers by means of air to ground missiles. It is a combination which, in my opinion, is far more economic than the ballistic missile which is, of course, most important and of high value, but still raises for our countries a difficult economic problem. If by definition a deterrent force can prevent a major nuclear war, then a country, whose internal situation does not allow for any rest in her external ambitions, will seek to achieve, by a succession of minor undertakings, what it can do or what would be suicidal for her to do,

in a major nuclear war, and in those limited operations the aircraft will be a more flexible weapon than the missile and far easier and far less costly to move.

A vertical take-off and landing aircraft in those limited operations, in those limited wars, will certainly play a major rôle once we have that type of aircraft. To protect the forces engaged in such action from the Navy, Army and from the Air Force we need fighter planes with air to air missiles. May I add that in those limited wars subversive action will still be a part of which we have great experience, and in those operations the conventional type of aircraft is still and probably for a long time will be of very high value ; and finally, at last but not least, I think your transport, for all these operations, will play a major rôle, because air transport, of which we will never have enough, will be the most important instrument of our strategic mobility.

Now I don't tell you this just to draw a rosy picture of your future; (something like the pink solution of our D.S. when I was at the Royal Air Force Staff College) but because I believe that in the future we shall have a combination of both aircraft and missiles which we shall produce and employ to the best of our production capacity, and also to the best of our tactical skill. In the future, in the not too distant future, space will certainly offer to us a wide range of opportunities. Piloted space craft with offensive and defensive capabilities will maintain our Service where it stands in a privileged place in the defence of our countries. However, it will take an up-to-date knowledge and sound judgment to know exactly what we can achieve and to select what is needed for our defence. Even countries of the size and richness of the United States and of Soviet Russia are strained to the limits of their resources if they want to give themselves the wide array of modern armaments which modern techniques can produce.

Recent experience has shown in your country and in mine, that we are compelled to make a choice between operational requirements and this often at the expense of having to discard very promising studies. Now this is the challenge which your Government authorities will have to face, and which you, as responsible for your Service tomorrow will have to face, as well as your leaders do it today.

If, in addition to all that, you want to carry out, as you certainly wish, your duties, you will think of the ways of increasing our capabilities.

When I was a student at your Staff College I worried already about the nature of Allied co-operation and at the end of the course



we had to produce a memoir in which I made an estimate of what can be of benefit to both our countries by a combination, for example, of our aircraft production.

Now this is a problem which today is more important than ever if we want to produce modern aircraft, if we want to increase our capabilities for our defence, and if we want to become more equal partners to the United States. True solidarity requires a certain amount of equality, and here as you see it from the papers today, you can imagine what it means for people of my generation, and more so for those who are above my age, to change their minds about national production or allied production.

You have chosen to be officers in the Air Force, and by the same token you have accepted the great responsibility to contribute to play a major rôle in the defence of your country. As officers we prove our love, our devotion, our loyalty for our country, not only in being prepared to fight and to die for her, but also in putting up, in time of peace, the even more difficult fight to set for her a secure and efficient defence.

This is the way if we want to maintain peace to fulfil our noble mission.

And now that I have gone safely through the language barrier, on behalf of the French Air Force and as its Chief, I wish to all and everyone of you good luck and God Speed !”

COMMISSIONING LIST

No. 79 Entry

GENERAL DUTIES BRANCH

- N. R. HAYWARD, Senior Under Officer : The Sword of Honour ; The Queen's Medal ; R. M. Groves Memorial Prize and Kinkead Trophy ; Abdy Gerrard Fellowes Memorial Prize ; Air Ministry Prize for Commonwealth and War Studies ; Royal New Zealand Air Force Trophy ; Dickson Trophy and Michael Hill Memorial Prize ; J. A. Chance Memorial Prize ; Cricket (1st XI) ; Basketball (1st V) ; Jazz (Secretary) ; Film ; Motor Club ; Go-Karting.
- P. J. HEADLEY, Senior Under Officer : Sir Philip Sassoon Memorial Prize ; Rugby (1st XV) ; Athletics (Colours) ; Go-Karting (Captain) ; Sub-Aqua (Captain) ; Motor Club.
- J. E. de G. BROMHEAD, Senior Under Officer : Athletics (Full Colours) ; Squash (1st V) ; Gliding ; Skiing ; Motor Club.
- R. G. S. SLADE, Senior Under Officer : Rugby (Full Colours, 1st XV Captain) ; Athletics (Full Colours) ; Swimming ; Water Polo ; Film ; Gliding.
- C. J. ADAMS, Under Officer : Rugby (3rd XV) ; Basketball (1st V, Captain, Full Colours) ; Swimming (Secretary, Full Colours) ; Water Polo (Secretary, Full Colours) ; Canoeing (London-Devizes Race) ; Music ; Potholing ; Climbing ; Skiing ; Go-Karting ; Motor.
- C. R. ADAMS, Under Officer : Rugby (2nd XV, Captain) ; Dinghy Sailing (Full Colours) ; Ocean Sailing (Captain) ; Film ; Music ; Riding ; Motor.
- D. J. CURRY, Under Officer : Rugby (3rd XV) ; Canoeing (Captain) ; Motor ; Photographic.
- J. EVANS, Under Officer : Rugby (1st XV) ; Cricket (1st XI for 3 years, Full Colours, Captain 1961) ; Boxing (Full Colours) ; Film ; Debating ; Rallying.
- A. FERN, Under Officer : Cross Country ; Athletics ; Mountaineering, (Captain) ; Go-Karting ; Film ; Music ; Potholing.
- M. J. GREENWOOD, Under Officer : Tennis (Full Colours, Vice-Captain) ; Badminton (Full Colours, Captain) ; Squash ; Basketball ; Golf ; Jazz ; Motor Club ; Fine Arts ; Film.
- P. A. JENNER, Under Officer : Hockey (1st XI, Captain, Full Colours) ; Tennis ; Soccer ; Choral (Secretary) ; Film ; Music ; Go-Karting.
- R. D. LIGHTFOOT, Under Officer : The Hicks Memorial Trophy ; Hockey (2nd XI, Captain) ; Gliding ; Motor ; Film ; Engineering ; Potholing.
- R. NEAL, Under Officer : Field Shooting ; Basketball ; Photographic ; Motor ; Film.
- R. G. PETERS, Under Officer : Boxing (1st Team) ; Swimming (Full Colours) ; Water Polo (1st Team) ; Modern Pentathlon (1st Team) ; Fencing (1st Team, Colours, Captain) ; Dramatic (Stage Manager) ; Sub-Aqua ; Film ; Music.
- P. M. RILEY, Under Officer : Modern Pentathlon (Captain, Full Colours) ; Fencing ; Rugby ; Skiing (Captain) ; Riding ; Fine Arts ; Film.
- R. E. WILLIAMS, Under Officer : Air Ministry Prize for Navigation ; Institute of Navigation Trophy ; Squash (1st V, and 2nd V Captain) ; Dramatic (President) ; Motor ; Film.
- C. J. BOOTH, Senior Flight Cadet : Rugby (2nd XV and 3rd XV) ; Athletics ; Choral ; Dramatic ; Motor ; Film ; Sub-Aqua ; Gliding.
- G. E. BRIDGES, Senior Flight Cadet : Rugby (3rd XV) ; Cricket (2nd and 3rd XI) ; Music (Secretary) ; Dramatic ; Potholing ; Mountaineering ; Motor.
- P. F. J. BURTON, Senior Flight Cadet : R.U.S.I. Award ; Basketball ; Chess ; Sailing ; Go-Karting ; *The Journal* (Editor) ; Gliding ; Sub-Aqua ; Potholing ; Field Shooting (Captain).
- R. L. S. BUTLER, Senior Flight Cadet : Basketball (1st V) ; Film ; Music ; Bridge ; *The Journal* ; Go-Karting ; Gliding (Captain).
- P. G. COWEN, Senior Flight Cadet : Rugby (2nd XV) ; Squash (2nd V) ; Tennis (2nd VI) ; Music ; Bridge ; Mountaineering ; Go-Karting ; Engineering ; Chess.
- D. O. CRWYS-WILLIAMS Senior Flight Cadet : Rugby (3rd XV) ; Riding ; Sailing ; Dramatic ; Motor.

- R. W. GIBB, Senior Flight Cadet : Rugby (2nd XV, and 3rd XV Captain) ; Cricket (1st XI, and 2nd XI Captain) ; Fine Arts (Secretary) ; Choral ; Film ; Music ; Sub-Aqua (Secretary).
- R. H. GIBSON, Senior Flight Cadet : Sailing (Captain, Full Colours) ; Rugby (3rd XV Captain) ; Ocean Sailing ; Potholing ; Chess Team.
- G. N. L. HYDE, Senior Flight Cadet : Shooting Team ; Skiing ; Potholing ; Mountaineering ; Fine Arts ; Motor.
- D. R. JACKSON, Senior Flight Cadet : Swimming (Colours) ; Engineering (Secretary) ; Basketball.
- D. C. LOTT, Senior Flight Cadet : Hockey (2nd XI) ; Wildfowling ; Go-Karting ; Sailing ; Golf ; Film ; Motor Club.
- P. S. LOVEDAY, Senior Flight Cadet : Rowing (Colours) ; Shooting ; Engineering.
- J. C. McEVOY, Senior Flight Cadet : Shooting (Captain, Full Colours) ; Motor ; Music ; Film.
- R. E. NICKSON, Senior Flight Cadet : Rowing (2nd IV) ; Rugby (3rd XV) ; Film (Secretary) ; Dancing ; Dramatic ; Choral ; Potholing ; Field Shooting.
- A. F. NIXON, Senior Flight Cadet : Rugby (2nd XV) ; Potholing ; Motor ; Film.
- G. R. PITCHFORK, Senior Flight Cadet : Golf (1st VI) ; Rugby (2nd XV) ; Mountaineering ; Gliding (Secretary) ; *The Journal* ; Music ; Film.
- J. A. F. ROSS, Senior Flight Cadet : Hockey (3rd XI) ; Rowing (1st IV, Cox) ; Motor ; Film ; Sub-Aqua ; Skiing.
- R. C. SAAR, Senior Flight Cadet : L'Ecole de l'Air Prize for French Studies ; Cross Country (1st VIII) ; Athletics ; Football (2nd XI) ; Cricket (3rd XI) ; *The Journal* (Editor) ; Fine Arts ; Film ; Engineering ; Go-Karting.
- M. S. SABINE, Senior Flight Cadet : Hockey (1st XI) ; Field Shooting (Captain).
- K. R. WINTER, Senior Flight Cadet : Film ; Photographic ; Go-Karting ; Engineering ; Sailing.

CADET WING LISTS PROMOTIONS

No. 80 ENTRY

'A' Squadron : Flight Cadet Senior Under Officer D. R. Conran-Smith. Flight Cadet Under Officers R. I. Morris, J. A. Laurenson.

'B' Squadron : Flight Cadet Senior Under Officer J. A. D. Wilkinson. Flight Cadet Under Officers C. P. Manville, D. M. Paul.

'C' Squadron : Flight Cadet Senior Under Officer A. Green. Flight Cadet Under Officers M. J. Dunlop, Omar Bin Saman.

'D' Squadron : Flight Cadet Senior Under Officer W. D. Thomson. Flight Cadet Under Officers I. H. Nelson, S. A. H. Maffett.

No. 85¹/₂ ENTRY

'A' Squadron : J. S. Allison, Royal Grammar School, Guildford. C. Baker, Moseley Hall Grammar School. T. P. C. Doe, Wymondham College, Norwich. J. S. Haddock, Wintringham College, Grimsby. G. Hadley, Wolverhampton Technical High School. C. F. Haigh, Northallerton Grammar School. D. J. Hayman (E), Gresham's. J. Hughes, Caernarvon Grammar School. B. W. Johnson, East Dean Grammar School. R. G. Lowe, Hill Head Grammar School. P. A. Marvin, Waldergrave Secondary School and Royal Air Force Halton. M. C. R. B. Milne, Radley. T. G. Thorn, Ipswich School. R. N. Woollacott, King's College, Taunton.

'B' Squadron : D. L. Baugh, West Bridgford Grammar School, Nottingham. G. R. Chilvers, Dorking County Grammar School. A. R. Clark,

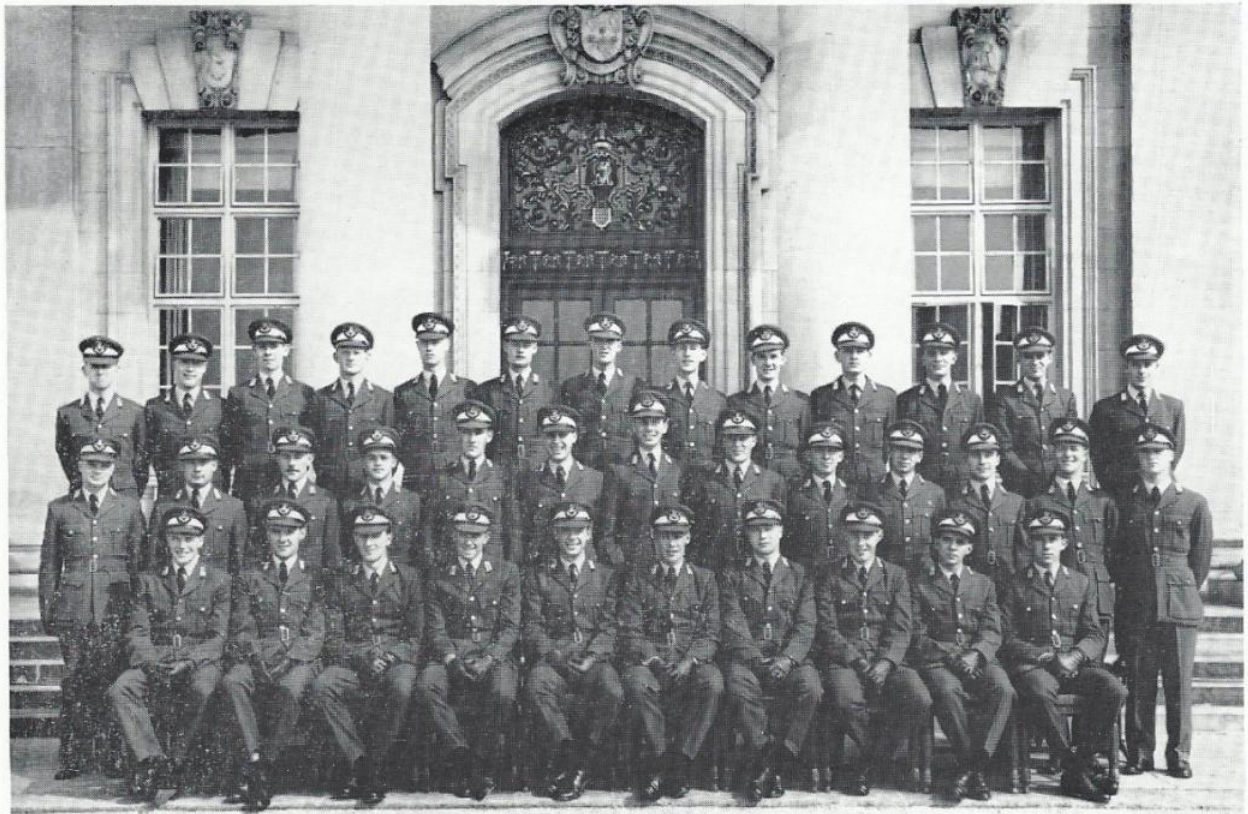
Chislehurst and Sidcup Grammar School. J. M. Collier Hove County Grammar School. R. Davies, Hardye's School, Dorchester. J. W. M. Head, Dartford Grammar School. N. Howse, Rutlish School, Merton Park. R. A. Lewis, Cathay's High School for Boys, Cardiff. C. J. Mullan, Gibraltar Grammar School. R. G. Pike, Eastbourne College. P. B. M. Richards (E), St. Columba's College, Dublin. C. E. Vary, West Leeds High School. A. K. Webster, Dulwich College. R. C. Wright, Holyhead County Secondary School.

'C' Squadron : J. R. Chalker, Enfield Grammar School. A. R. Ellender, Ripon Grammar School. M. D. de R. Findlay, Fettes College. P. A. Griffiths, King Edward VI, Lichfield. J. N. Herbert, Workington Grammar School. J. H. Lansley, Bournemouth

Grammar School. D. C. Londgen, Worcester Royal Grammar School. K. B. Mace (S), Shene County Grammar School. C. Mitchell, St. Austell County Grammar School. P. J. Mossman, Reading School. D. Newall (N), Archbishop Holgate's Grammar School, York. D. J. Powell (E), Priory Grammar School for Boys, Shrewsbury. A. Wade, Newton Abbot Grammar School. D. G. Werb, Colchester Royal Grammar School and Royal Air Force Locking.

'D' Squadron : C. I. H. Cant (N), George Watson's, Edinburgh. M. G. Christy, Felsted.

R. B. Duckenfield, Haversham Grammar School, Lancaster. P. J. Gray, Bishopshalt School, Uxbridge. B. Hopper, Mackie Academy, Stonehaven. D. S. Jackson, Kingsdale, West Dulwich. M. McBeath Marr College, Troon. R. B. Milton, Harrow County Grammar School. W. Nevison (N), Grangefield Grammar School, Stockton-on-Tees. S. Pearse, South Devon Technical College and Royal Air Force Halton. P. N. Presland, Queen's College, Taunton. P. A. Thomson, Wandsworth College. A. M. Wills, Sherborne. M. C. G. Wilson (E), Salesian College, Farnborough.



THE SENIOR ENTRY, SUMMER TERM, 1961

Back row (left to right): *S.F.C. R. C. Saar, S.F.C. K. R. Winter, U.O. R. G. Peters, U.O. P. M. Riley, S.F.C. G. N. L. Hyde, U.O. R. D. Lightfoot, S.F.C. D. C. Lott, S.F.C. D. O. Crwys-Williams, S.F.C. G. E. Bridges, S.F.C. P. G. Cowen, U.O. C. R. Adams, U.O. M. J. Greenwood, S.F.C. D. R. Jackson.*

Centre row (left to right): *S.F.C. R. W. Gibb, S.F.C. R. E. Nickson, S.F.C. A. F. Nixon, U.O. J. Evans, S.F.C. M. S. Sabine, S.F.C. J. C. McEvoy, S.F.C. R. L. S. Butler, S.F.C. R. H. Gibson, S.F.C. P. F. J. Burton, S.F.C. G. R. Pitchfork, S.F.C. J. A. F. Ross, S.F.C. C. J. Booth, S.F.C. P. S. Loveday.*

Front row (left to right): *U.O. A. Fern, U.O. R. Neal, U.O. C. J. Adams, S.U.O. J. E. de G. Bromhead, S.U.O. N. R. Hayward, S.U.O. P. J. Headley, S.U.O. R. G. S. Slade, U.O. D. J. Curry, U.O. R. E. Williams, U.O. P. A. Jenner.*

OLD CRANWELLIAN NOTES

HONOURS AND AWARDS

Our congratulations go to the following Old Cranwellians who appeared in the Birthday Honours List :

C.B.—Air Vice-Marshal C. Broughton, C.B.E. ; Air Vice-Marshal B. A. Chacksfield, O.B.E., A.F.R.Ae.S. ; Air Vice-Marshal T. U. C. Shirley, C.B.E., A.D.C. ; Air Vice-Marshal P. G. Wykeham, D.S.O., O.B.E.

C.B.E.—Air Commodore E. M. T. Howell ; Group Captain R. T. Frogley, O.B.E., D.F.C. ; Group Captain A. M. Ruston, D.F.C. ; Group Captain T. P. Seymour.

A.F.C.—Flight Lieutenant D. A. Cooper.

PROMOTIONS

Our congratulations go to the following Old Cranwellians on their recent promotion :

Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh Constantine, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O. ; Air Vice-Marshal T. N. Coslett, C.B., O.B.E., M.I.Mech.E. ; Air Vice-Marshal S. W. B. Menaul, C.B.E., D.F.C., A.F.C. ; Air Vice-Marshal P. T. Philpott, C.B.E. ; Air Vice-Marshal D. F. Spotswood, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., D.F.C. ; Air Commodore W. Pitt-Brown, C.B.E., D.F.C., A.F.C. ; Air Commodore B. P. Young, C.B.E. ; Group Captain A. D. Panton, O.B.E., D.F.C. ; Group Captain J. A. Sowrey, D.F.C., A.F.C. ; Wing Commander K. Johnson ; Wing Commander M. M. J. Robinson.

THE ANNUAL RE-UNION

The Annual Reunion took place this year on Saturday, 24th June. Some 130 members attended throughout the day, and were entertained by splendid performances in the sports fixtures. The results of these were :

	<i>College</i>	<i>O.C.A.</i>
Cricket :	202 for 9 dec.	194
Tennis :	7	1
Squash :	2	3
Golf :	2	4

After the Annual General Meeting the members re-assembled for drinks and the traditional dinner of Turtle Soup, Scotch

Salmon, Roast Duck, Fresh Strawberries and Cream, and Anchovy Egg. After dinner they heard speeches from their Chairman, Air Commodore E. D. McK. Nelson, and their Patron, Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir Dermot A. Boyle.

Among those who attended the Reunion this year were :—Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir Dermot A. Boyle ; Air Marshal Sir G. R. Beamish ; Air Vice-Marshal B. A. Chacksfield, Air Vice-Marshal H. A. V. Hogan, Air Vice-Marshal T. A. B. Parselle, Air Vice-Marshal W. D. G. Pretty ; Air Commodore P. H. Cribb, Air Commodore P. Jones, Air Commodore E. D. McK. Nelson, Air Commodore N. A. P. Pritchett, Air Commodore H. N. G. Wheeler ; Group Captains W. F. C. Hobson, M. Lowe, E. H. Lynch-Blosse, F. E. Nuttall, T. P. Seymour, R. J. Walker ; Wing Commanders P. R. Ap Ellis, T. R. Harris, E. Macro, D. G. Roberts, F. C. T. Rowe, A. A. J. Sanders ; Squadron Leaders D. Atherley, W. J. Bangay, L. A. Boyer, M. L. Cann, T. W. Devey-Smith, K. V. E. Gilbert, J. H. Granville-White, D. B. Hamley, G. M. Hermitage, B. Huxley, W. E. Kelly, T. L. Kennedy, F. R. Lockyer, J. C. Newby, C. J. Petheram, M. M. J. Robinson, K. E. Richardson, D. L. F. Thornton, W. Topping ; Flight Lieutenants D. Allison, M. J. Allisstone, P. J. Anstee, D. A. Atherton, R. D. Bates, M. E. Bee, A. G. Bridges, H. Buckham, W. E. Close, J. J. R. Cohu, J. B. V. Collins, C. P. J. Coulcher, A. D. R. Dawes, J. G. De'Ath, S. A. Edwards, J. B. Fitzpatrick, B. J. Goatley, G. J. A. F. Green, J. R. Hall, M. A. Hicks, V. A. Hodgkinson, J. C. Holday, P. A. Hoskins, M. A. Howells, P. C. Little, R. P. McCormack, P. E. McKinstry, J. McVie, B. Meadley, S. T. Newington, B. Northway, E. A. Peters, B. A. Plaskett, P. D. Raeburn, B. A. Reader, C. H. Selway, R. T. Snare, J. A. Tucker, P. J. Welby ; Flying Officers J. E. Brown, H. D. Herd, C. M. Quaife, T. V. Radford, M. Seekings, T. V. Spencer, R. L. Thomas ; Pilot Officers F. G. Allen, J. S. Halkes, W. J. Howerd, R. Lucking, C. A. Rainbow, A. J. Sheppard, A. C. Tolhurst ; Mr J. Grierson, Mr D. D. Mumby, Mr J. Tanner.

THE NEW CHURCH

Cranwell's new Station Church is now approaching completion, and work on its interior furnishing and embellishment is now in hand.

All readers of *The Journal* are reminded that the financial burden of furnishing the Church in this way has to be borne by private subscription, and it is hoped that all who can do so will subscribe as generously as possible.

Cheques, money orders, and postal orders, should be sent to : Mr John Tanner, M.A., F.L.A., Royal Air Force College, Cranwell, Sleaford, Lincolnshire, from whom a brochure is available giving full details of the new Church and the appeal. Readers may also like to know that a new Roman Catholic Church is also in course of completion, and that the P.M.U.B. Church is being refurbished. Money for these undertakings is also urgently needed, and should be sent to Mr Tanner.

SOME OLD CRANWELLIANS AT CRANWELL

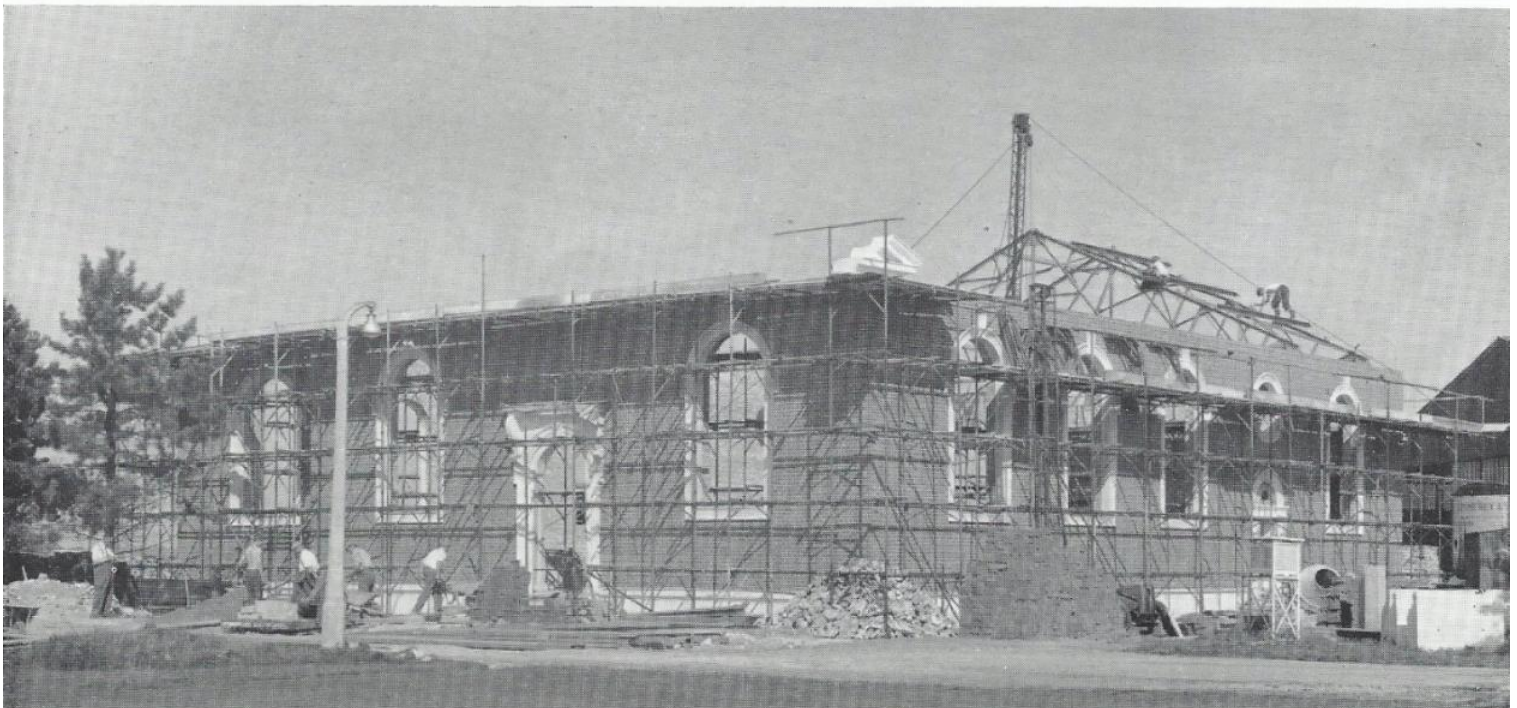
Four former E. and S. Wing cadets are currently serving at the College in the Tutorial Wing. Flight Lieutenants A. Hickox and B. J. Goatley (52 Entry) arrived here in 1959 from Germany and Malta respectively.

Flight Lieutenant G. J. A. F. Green (59 Entry) came here as admin. instructor towards the end of 1960. We have just welcomed Flight Lieutenant J. Shearer (58

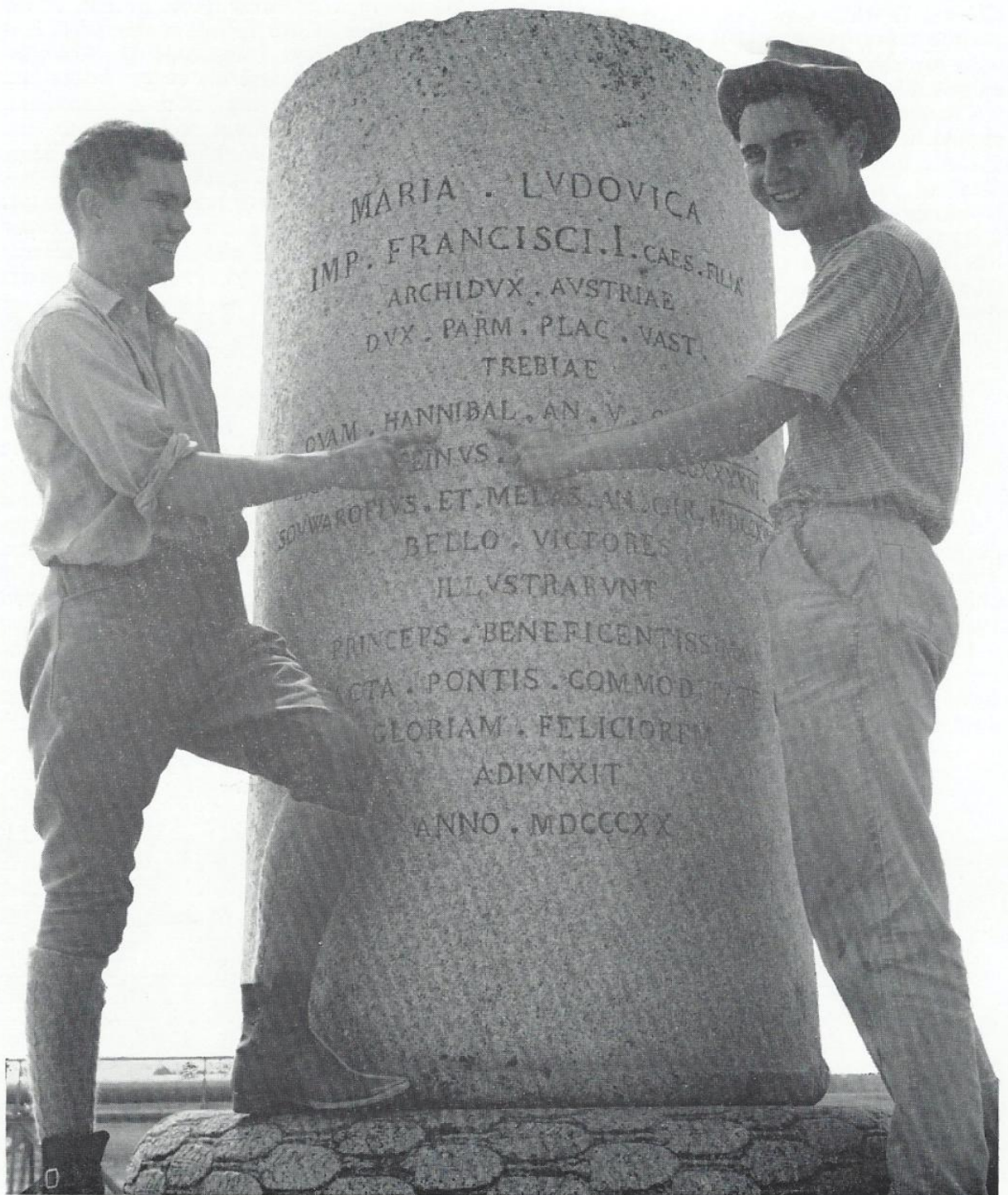
Entry), hot foot from the North African desert (El Adem). He has now taken over equipment instructor duties from Flight Lieutenant P. Richardson (49 Entry) who left us for Air Ministry last month. Squadron Leader D. I. O'Hara was the first ex-E. and S. Wing cadet to return to the College. As reported in a previous issue, he left us for Staff College in the Spring of this year. Just before this Flight Lieutenant D. Atherton packed his books and his rigger boots and headed for H.Q. Flying Training Command.

All of these officers belonged to the original "D" Squadron which was in being at Digby from 1947 until 1953. Word has been heard from other members of this one time Sovereign's Squadron. Squadron Leader M. Cann (51 Entry) and Flight Lieutenant F. F. Banks (52 Entry) are at Air Ministry, London, and Squadron Leader B. Hughes (52 Entry) is now P.S.O. to the D.G.E. Flight Lieutenant J. A. Kiely (52 Entry) is apparently working for Signals Command at Royal Air Force Medmenham ; no doubt they have a good Rugby team. Flight Lieutenant J. Bastin, now an LL.B., (54 Entry) was last heard of a year ago at H.Q. Fighter Command, and Flight Lieutenant J. De'Ath (61 Entry) is at Hereford as a flight commander with admin. apprentices. Flight Lieutenant B. A. Spry (53 Entry) is now in the G.D. branch and was last heard of last February at Kinloss, going off on his first solo in a Shackleton. Flight Lieutenant D. Gregory (52 Entry) is now at Fontainebleau as assistant air attaché, and Flight Lieutenant J. Lawrence (52 Entry) is in Australia.

Cranwell's new station Church is now approaching completion



THE HANNIBAL EXPEDITION



An expedition was formed under the guidance of Flight Lieutenant Chandler, with the intention of retracing Hannibal's route over the Alps, and a bit further into Italy to two of his well-known battle grounds.

A College minibus was allocated to the expedition members, Senior Under Officer Green, Under Officers Morris and Dunlop and Flight Cadets Thomson, Dales, Duckett and Erskine Crum, and driven to Dover on Thursday August 17th by five members of the party. Flight Lieutenant Chandler met us there, and after two days driving on French soil, we arrived in Lyon, and camped a few miles from this town on Sunday night.

On Monday morning we were joined by both Erskine Crum and Thomson. The party was complete.

We continued south passing through Valence and finally coming upon the small town of Livron, which lies just north of the River Drôme, which flows into the Rhône a few miles west.

This is the point where it is thought Hannibal turned east. He had followed the Rhone north for many miles, and his army, which numbered over 60,000, must have felt a great excitement as the news of his decision spread.

Whilst food was being prepared for the evening meal, four of the party made a survey of the area. The base of the Alps could be seen across the flat and green land that bordered the Drôme. The sun was shining brightly, and as we drove through the undulating countryside, we could see the Alps ahead, shrouded in a haze but looking blue and menacing.

We wondered what the feelings of Hannibal's troops must have been at this stage. They were heading for their objective, but progress must have been very slow, so they would have time to think of many things. What lay ahead?

We were fortunate to meet a young French boy, who was only too pleased to show us the junction of the two rivers. After an encounter with some unfriendly hornets the following morning, we took the road that led towards the Alps along the Drôme.

The narrow and deteriorating road was bordered by maize fields and scattered vineyards. The distant hills to the north beyond the river were covered by trees, and on the right large crags had come into view beyond the fields and rolling hills. Once

through the town of Crest, the climb began. The minibus was straining under the heavy load, and by mid-afternoon we had reached the Gorge de Gas, which lies about twelve miles east of Dié, being so narrow that in places there was barely room for five men to march abreast. It provided a pass through impressive and almost perpendicular heights.

Originally the Gauls, who were impeding Hannibal's progress, had occupied strategic positions above the Gorge. But at night they moved out, and Hannibal moved into the positions that the Gauls had vacated. The following morning the Gauls returned to discover this. As they looked down, they saw that the only possible course left open to them, was to attack the pack horses that were moving through the Gorge.

It was at this point that Hannibal lost many men and animals. As the minibus moved up the steep and twisting road, we could imagine the situation as the Carthaginians advanced slowly through the Gorge, with the Gauls rolling rocks on to them from above.





A few miles further on, we passed through the small village of Grimone, and so to the great Col de Grimone, the pass that led the Carthaginians through the first mountain chain beyond the Rhône.

Once through the Col, we joined the main road to Gap, a town that lies in the fertile valley of the Durance, and spent the night of the 22nd there. On the 23rd we left the main road and followed a narrow secondary road which passed through Guillestre, Chateauqueyras, and Aiguille, a beautiful village set on the mountainside. The road traversed narrow and difficult gorges closely resembling those described by Polybius and Livy, and leading to one of the highest passes in the Alps, the Col de la Traversette. That night we camped at Aiguille, where it was decided over a beer that the party should be divided into two groups. One was to cross into Italy by way of the Col de la Traversette, and the other was to travel by minibus to Trebbia and Lake Trasimene, in Central Italy.

After visiting the local Ball being held that night, everyone retired, for an early start had to be made the next day.

Farewells over, the long walk began for the first party, and the long, hot ride began for the second party. The party that had taken to its feet loaded up with heavy rucksacks, and started out for Abries. Provisions were

acquired here, but meagre resources allowed only for the minimum of food.

The road twisted as it ascended, until by mid-afternoon we were walking along no more than a rough track. The tree-lined mountains around us gave way to grey, ominous, snow-covered peaks. As the sun disappeared behind these peaks we decided to make camp. The walk had been hard, and after a meal and a bath in a nearby stream, everyone slept soundly.

During that day we had been walking in a south-easterly direction, but the next morning we headed due east for the Col de la Traversette the frontier and Italy. We had spent the night at 6,000 feet, and in order to reach the Col we had to climb another 3,000 feet. This was achieved by 1530 hours that day, the 25th. The climb was long and strenuous. One could not help thinking, that if Hannibal had taken this route, just how difficult a task it must have been. His elephants would never forget the treacherous journey.

About 100 feet from the top we hit the snow line, and cloud enveloped us. We found it necessary to tackle a very steep ascent in order to climb over into Italy. A tunnel indicated on our map was discovered, hidden behind a thick wall of snow. The entrance was narrow, and as we were without

a torch, it was decided to take the safer of the two routes open to us.

The climb down the other side was made in thick cloud, so that we were unable to see the Po valley that we hoped stretched before us. At times we were groping along rocks no wider than a few feet, with precipitous drops on both sides.

Just before nightfall, we came upon habitation, and were only too pleased to accept the hospitality afforded to us. Hannibal's ambition had been achieved. He was in Italy ; so were we ! His only objective now was to defeat the Romans ; and defeat them he did. Our only objective now was to make our way to Turin and meet the second party.

Meanwhile, the second party had set out from Aiguille on the 24th in the minibus. They travelled west to the Durance and then turned north. The route was very steep, and the minibus had trouble all the way, even though there were only four people on board. The Italian border was crossed at Cesana, which was at the top of a pass 8,000 feet high. Then the road dropped sharply into the Po valley, and the sweltering plains around Turin, and so to Alessandria, where the first night was spent. The next morning, Friday, saw the road to Piacenza, the ancient Roman town of Placentia. It was just before this town that Hannibal fought his first major battle on Roman soil. Where the Piacenza-Turin road crosses the

river Trebbia, a monument marks the spot. The next part of the route took the party over the Etruscan Apennines. It is no wonder that these mountains stopped Hannibal in the winter. They nearly stopped the College minibus in the summer. However, at last Florence was sighted, and a camp was pitched for the night just north of the town.

The following day they reached Trasimene. Here, on the north-east side of the lake the country was as it must have been in Hannibal's time. After a narrow defile, a small plain opens out, surrounded on three sides by hills and on the other by the Lake. There Hannibal drove the Romans into the Lake, attacking from the hills under the cover of an early morning mist. Camp was made that night on the west side of the lake under the walls of the ancient fortress of Castiglione — the camp of the legions.

Early the next morning a fusilade of firing broke out. It was not a modern re-enactment of the battle but the opening of the shooting season. But it woke the party in time to look across the lake and see the hills enshrouded in a mist ; the mist that meant destruction to the Roman Legions.

The journey back to Turin was made in two days, and the whole expedition was reunited. The journey to Calais was long, and took us over the Alps by way of the Mont Cenis Pass.

We had retraced only part of a mammoth journey that was undertaken by a great man some two thousand years ago.



HIAWATHA

In the wilds of Lincoln County
Stands a well known seminary,
Where the young men of the country
Learn to act and not to ponder,
Learn to move with martial rhythm,
And to study academics.
Here they live by work imprisoned,
And do flying for amusement.
In the days of Mudjikewis,
Commandant-administrator,
Came the little Hiawatha,
To this worthy institution,
In his heart a strong desire,
To become an aviator,
Having passed the tests and problems
Set at Daedalus and Hornchurch,
He was deemed by his selectors
To be fit for drill and flying.
His desire, though not apparent,
To the others in his Entry,
At such time as outside finance
Helped Great Britain join the space-race,
Was to emulate Gagarin,
In his journey through the cosmos.
This may seem a big ambition,
But with confidence unbounded,
Set his heart on lunar flight,
A steely lad was Hiawatha.

After eighteen months of labour,
Oft from dawn 'til after sunset,
With his books and dictionaries,
And his slide rule and computer,
Came the time when Hiawatha
Put aside some academics,
And began to get instruction,
In the art of aviating.
Thus began the first fulfilment
Of a fine boyhood ambition,
But to his intense annoyance,
Came the bitter realisation
That the shortened flying programme
Still left room for academics.

Thus it was that Hiawatha
One night burnt the midnight oil,
Working hard as was his custom,
'Til the small hours of the morning.
When he rose at seven-thirty,
Overslept and late for breakfast,
He was feeling tired and jaded,
Not the perfect state for flying.
After cigarettes and coffee,
Interspersed with frequent yawning,
He reported to the briefing
To find out the met man's forecast.
There he sat, his eyelids drooping,
Thinking that the met man's drone was
Even more abstruse than usual,
So he did not pay attention.
Then he strolled back to the crew room
Changed into his flying clothing,
Found that he was up first detail,
For a solo general handling.
So he signed the seven hundred,
And the other forms and orders
That the Flying Orders stated
Must be signed before departure.

So the little Hiawatha
From the cupboard took his bone-dome,
With his magic hat inside it,
Magic hat with mike and ear-phones,
Self-same hat that let him natter
With the caravan Controller.
Then he wandered to the aircraft,
Put his bone-dome on the coaming,
Ambled round and kicked the tyres,
Then climbed in and checked his bang-seat.
After doing up his harness,
Then he checked around the cockpit,
Turning knobs and flicking switches,
Checking gyros, setting trimmers,
Till at last, when all was ready,
Pressed the knob to light the fire.
As the engine started turning,
Hiawatha started thinking

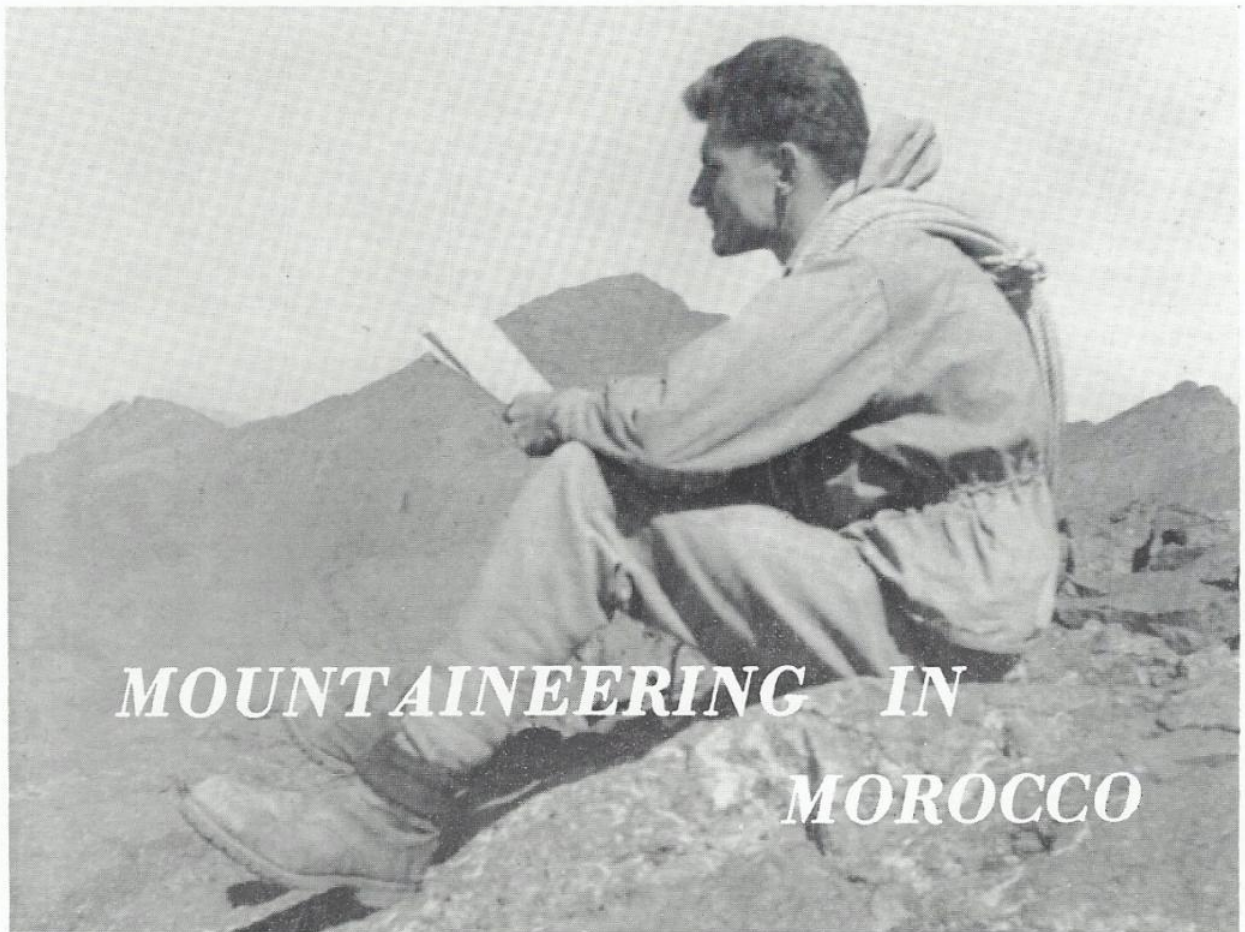
Of the weekend fast approaching,
 And, of course, of Minehaha.
 As it is my painful duty
 To recount this little story,
 I am forced by sense of justice
 To admit that Hiawatha
 Was not conscious of his actions,
 As he taxied out that morning.
 When he rolled around the corner,
 Having done his Vital Actions,
 Calling "Charlie Delta-Take off"
 He was feeling rather drowsy.
 Off he roared along the runway,
 Eased her off, and started climbing,
 Lifted up his undercarriage,
 Raised the flap and trimmed the aircraft.
 Then he turned out of the circuit,
 Made his "Airborne" call, continued
 Though the cloud, and into sunshine,
 Climbing upward, ever upward.
 Sometime afterward he noticed
 That his altimeter reading
 Showed him passing fifteen thousand,
 Which was higher than he should have
 Gone without a short transmission
 That his oxygen was flowing.
 So he pressed his transmit button,
 Called up "Oxygen, ten thousand,"
 But he did not check the contents,
 Or connections of the system,
 For he reasoned that the airmen
 Always filled her up on Pre-flight,
 And his mind was roving elsewhere,
 With a lack of concentration.

When he got to twenty thousand,
 He forgot to go to High Flow,
 For his mind was on the sequence
 Of his favourite aerobatics.
 "So," he thought, "A little higher,
 Then we'll do some max rate turning,
 Just to check for other aircraft,
 Then we'll start our aerobatics."
 But he noticed other aircraft,
 Flying round in close formation,
 So he climbed away and left them,
 To avoid a bad collision.
 So he got to thirty thousand,
 Then he started on his sequence,

Rolls and loops, inverted flying,
 Derry turns, and strange manoeuvres,
 Round and round the sky he thundered,
 Feeling pleasantly light-headed.
 "This," he thought, "is really living,
 I am quite an ace this morning!"
 But he did not seem to notice
 That his oxygen connection
 Was not plugged in the supply line,
 And this pleasant, airy feeling
 Was because he was anoxic.
 Nonetheless, he kept on going,
 And began a strange manoeuvre,
 Slow roll — pull through — upward charlie,
 With a stall turn for conclusion.
 On his back he rolled, then pulled through,
 Felt his blood drain and his vision
 Suffer from the high "G" loading
 Till he was completely blacked out.
 "Now!" he thought, "We're pointed upward
 Aileron to start the rolling."
 Round and round, the sky gyrated,
 And he started feeling dizzy,
 Till he found he could not focus,
 And his brain was thick and fuzzy.
 "Ouch" he thought, "There's something fishy,
 Where am I? I can't remember!
 Ah, rotation's getting slower,
 Buffeting, we must be stalling!
 Quickly now, corrective action,
 Darn! the aircraft's started spinning."
 Down he came, gyrating wildly,
 Shook up, dizzily anoxic,
 "Am I right way up, inverted,
 On my knee or on my elbow?"

Sadly now I tell the story,
 How the little Hiawatha,
 In his downward plunging aircraft,
 From the spin did not recover.
 Finished were his fine ambitions,
 Through his lack of concentration,
 Feeling tired and rather fuzzy,
 When he blundered off that morning.

And from this world into glory,
 With a thump and not a whimper,
 From this well-known institution,
 So departed Hiawatha.



MOUNTAINEERING IN MOROCCO

" On top of old Toubkal "

THE party of eight, led by Flight Lieutenant Oakley, left Cranwell in a very bemused state early on the morning of Wednesday, 2nd August, having had a total of twenty hours sleep during the previous night. The drive to Dover passed without incident, but the journey met with its first setback when we tried to embark on the Dover-Boulogne ferry. Balqez, a victim of a new French law prohibiting the entry of Jordanians into the country without visas, was not allowed on the boat. After some deliberation, he was left behind with Gaynor to try to obtain a visa, at Folkestone, and catch the early morning boat next day. The remainder of the party crossed the Channel in the *Lord Warden*, and made their way to a camping site just north of Boulogne, where the first night was spent.

Next morning, the first ferry boat was met, and to the dismay of all, Gaynor was alone. The visit to the consul at Folkestone had been unsuccessful, and so arrangements had been made for Balqez to fly to Madrid, and

stay with his brother, who works in the Jordanian Embassy, until we arrived to pick him up. The party, now missing only one member, carried on down through Abbeville, Rouen, Chartres, Tours and Poitiers. Just beyond Poitiers we stopped and made camp in a field, near a small village. While Adcock bartered with the natives for 'vino,' the cook and his assistant, Nelson and Cox, set about making a meal. Then came the second setback of the trip. A gas cylinder for the light exploded while Flight Lieutenant Oakley was fitting it, and burned his arm. As the burn did not appear too serious, it was dressed, and life went on as normal.

Another early start, and on through Bordeaux and Biarritz, passing through the flat and heavily wooded Landes Region. The French-Spanish border was negotiated safely, although the unusual sight of policemen armed with sub-machine guns produced an uncomfortable feeling in the small of the back. No time to stop, but on through San

Sebastian and up into the mountain range. The language difficulty was one which soon made itself felt, but a few sentences learned parrot-fashion by Hoare from a phrase book proved very useful. Unfortunately this earned him the responsibility of interpreter, a post which he was to regret later on. After the hills came the central plain, where most of the rain falls, although this expedition did not experience any. The heat in this region was very great, producing noticeable effects on vehicle and passengers alike — both lost their capacity for exertion.

Madrid was reached next day, and happily Balqez was there waiting for us. We spent so long collecting him that we were unable to reach a camping site, and so camp was pitched on the concrete-like soil of a farm, surrounded by sagebrush. Water was very scarce this night, and the suggestion that some of it be used to wash in, made by Gaynor, who was now known as the Camp Hygienist, met with some unfavourable

comments from cook. So, tired and dirty, but with a good meal inside us, we had little difficulty in getting to sleep.

Next morning we were rudely awoken at 05.00 by two policemen with the inevitable machine guns, who kept repeating "Per-missione." At that time all we could think to say was "si!" which did not please them at all. Eventually it dawned on us that they wanted to see our papers, so Hoare handed over our camping carnet and his 'pasaporte,' and was very disconcerted to see all his details being closely noted. They seemed to be satisfied and returned the documents, but they must have been very suspicious of us when we left half an hour later, having broken camp and dispensed with breakfast, although our haste was not due to any fear of the law but simply that we had a very long drive ahead of us to Algeçiras, which we reached as night fell.

Next day we took the ferry from Gibraltar to Tangiers, where we engaged a guide to



" Good after a hard day's climb ! "

help us buy all we needed, which included eight large straw hats — much needed protection from the sun. We then left Tangiers on the road to Rabat. Not finding a site to camp, we asked at a garage, which sent a small boy called Fella with us to show us one at a place called Sale, just before Rabat. It was on the shore and at night seemed very pleasant. However, in the morning light next day we saw that it seemed more of a rubbish dump than a camping site. It had one compensation — wonderful bathing in the sea.

When we reached Rabat we went to see M. Bera, the Secretary of the Moroccan Alpine Club who was very helpful. Then it was an easy drive along the coast road to Casablanca, until we reached a beautiful site at Fedala, which was also on the coast. The evening was spent very pleasantly drinking pink champagne under a covering of rose bushes.

On the way through Casablanca next day, Gaynor and Adcock dropped in to see M. Alaru, the President of the M.A.C. to arrange guides and the use of the Club's huts in the mountains. Then inland to Marrakesh, the last town we were to see for some days which had any western influence in it at all. On again, now climbing in the range of mountains we had come so far for, until we reached the end of the road at the village of Imlil. We spent the night at the Club's hut there, having made arrangements with Braim, the guardian of the hut, for the safeguarding of the dormobile and the hiring of a mule and its driver for the next day,

Six of us left early next morning, leaving Nelson and Flight Lieutenant Oakley to follow later with the mule and the rest of our equipment, and walked up the track through the village of Around, to the Refuge Neltner, one of the Club's huts, which stood at the foot of the highest peak in the range, Jbel Toubkal.

An early rise next day, with everyone intent on doing a good day's climbing. All the party set off to climb Toubkal except Adcock and Hoare who spent the day in pure rockclimbing on a very big ridge called Les Clochtons. Flight Lieutenant Oakley and Nelson turned back from the other party after 3 hours because Flight Lieutenant Oakley's arm was too painful for climbing.

Gaynor, Balgez, Cox and Deakin carried on however, but unfortunately they climbed Dome d'Ifin in mistake for Toubkal. Realising their mistake they carried on and eventually reached the summit of Toubkal after 6½ hours climbing. They then returned to the hut, arriving just before Adcock and Hoare. Everyone had been very susceptible to the effects of altitude and the sun, feeling very faint and sick, nose bleeding and with swollen hands.

Next morning Nelson and Cox left the hut at 04.15 hrs to take photographs of dawn coming up over the range. They also climbed the second and third highest peaks in the range, and arrived back at the hut at 10.00 hrs. Adcock and Hoare left the hut at 08.00 hrs. and made the top of Toubkal just before 11.00 hrs. After a short rest they also returned to the hut. Apart from Nelson and Cox, the rest of the party had already left for Imlil with the mule so the remainder followed, eventually reaching the village at 18.00 hrs.

After all this exertion, the next day was spent in the shade relaxing, and in preparing to leave on the following day. Reluctantly, next morning we once more climbed into the dormobile to begin the return journey. This followed the same route to Tangiers, where we stayed the night at a hotel, which gave us an opportunity to see something of this infamous city. Then ferry to Gibraltar, and into Spain, where we followed a different route, which led us through Malaga and Granada to Madrid. From there we returned as we had come, through San Sebastian.

We had arranged to spend a day there to try to acquire a tan, as although we had been in great heat we had taken great care not to let the sun get at us too much. However, the best laid plans of mice and men That day was the first to be cloudy and it rained from then on right through until we reached England once more, so our tan was never achieved. Dover was reached after a fairly rough Channel crossing, when what was almost our first action was to buy fish and chips all round, and Adcock enjoyed his first pint of 'good old British beer' for three weeks. Then back to Cranwell, reached at 04.00 hrs. on 22nd August, after three weeks which will long be remembered by all those who took part.



16th Century Seal of Louth Grammar School

Discipline is a term used frequently in the military services and there have been many attempts by servicemen to find definitions of the word. It has been described as the subduing or repressing of certain natural inclinations, whether by punishment or reward. Again, it has been defined as the training of the will, but the less erudite and eloquent members of the forces declare that discipline is just another way of describing 'square-bashing.' Doubtless, the Cranwell cadet has his own interpretation of the word, and in spite of a reluctance to appreciate the system of control under which he comes at the College, he does see the sense of rules, the share in delegated powers for the purpose of living a communal life and that the happiness of his community is found in the carrying out of the regulations. It is certain that the Cranwell cadet finds time to criticise the College discipline, but perhaps he may find some solace in the following article which indicates how, in medieval education establishments, authority was delegated from above in no uncertain manner.

Literary evidence of educational methods in the early Middle Ages is very scanty but, of that available for study, all refers to the unceasing use of the rod as a means of compelling the boys to obey and learn their 'repetition.' During this period all schools were attached to and were influenced by the Church. The clerics carried out the teachings of the Holy Writ, and they flogged their way through term after term with a high sense of duty performed: they flogged if a lesson

SCHOOL DISCIPLINE DURING THE ENGLISH MIDDLE AGES

were not known, and they beat a boy for inattention, disorder, bullying and vice. In fact, it is true to say that, in the immediate pre-Conquest era, education and chastisement seemed inseparable.

It must be remembered that the schools of this period were concerned with the teaching of boy monks and, consequently, the children of the cloister soon became familiar with the monastic ideal of a body kept in subjection by self-inflicted pain. The quotation from Aelfric's "Colloquy," written in 1005, provides a clue both to the masters' and the boys' attitude to punishment in the school:

Master: "Are you willing to be flogged when you are learning?"

Boys: "We had rather be flogged for the sake of knowledge than be ignorant: but we know that you are merciful and would not lay stripes on us, unless we compel you to do so."

Eadmer, a Precentor of Canterbury, refers to a custom in the "evil Saxon days" for boys to be "tortured with stripes on the fifth day before Christmas not for anything done, but merely for custom." However, even at this time there were figures in English education who appeared more humane. Dunstan, born in 925, must have had a reputation of comparative mildness in those harsh days, and it is said that he protected the boy-monks at Canterbury from excessive chastisement.

Though the Norman Conquest of Britain did much to alter the social life in the country,

the conditions in the schools remained the same. The paucity of teachers and books caused excessive learning by heart on the part of the boys, and, consequently, the opportunities for shirking were great. Thus, the master sought to minimise these by holding the birch in terror over the heads of the boys. Extracts from Lanfranc's "Constitution," or Rules for Monasteries, give some detailed account of discipline in the monks' schools of the early post-Conquest period. The boys were "not allowed to touch each other, or even to speak to one another, much less to any senior monk." When reading they were to sit "separate from each other, so that one cannot touch another with his hands or clothes. No boy shall dare to make a sign or say a word to another except in the sight and hearing of the master, nor get up from the place in which he sits unless told or given leave to do so." Where-ever the boys went "there shall be a master between every two of them." "They shall be flogged in a chapter of their own, as their elders are in the great chapter." When they went to bed the masters "are to stand in front of them with lighted candles until they lie down and are covered over." From the above descriptions, it may be seen how strict were the codes of discipline imposed upon young boys in the monastic schools. In fact, they were treated not as boys at school, but as rogues in a reformatory.

The maxim that the rod was the sword of justice in the school continued throughout the Middle Ages, and the school tradition definitely had discipline at its centre, and relied upon it. One medieval headmaster, Brinsley, described the rod as "God's instrument, to cure the evils of their conditions, to drive out that folly which is bound up in their hearts, to save their souls from hell, to give them wisdom." and he ended by saying "to spare them is to hate them, to love them is to correct them betime."

The Tudors supplied us with abundant material from which to draw a picture of punishments and rewards in their schools. This was a period of harshness and cruelty and one in which children were appreciated for their precocity rather than the natural qualities of youth. To the Tudors, childhood was something to be got over as quickly as possible, and the methods adopted to deal with this unwanted immaturity were often cruel. The Tudors were not averse from the

sight of physical suffering: they could cheerfully watch martyrs burn and witches drown, and they revelled in such barbarous pastimes as cock-fighting and bear-baiting. Hence, one does not wonder at the rough treatment meted out to the offspring of Tudor parents.

It appears from the literary works of the sixteenth century that the "fautes" of the Tudor schoolboys were very little different from those of their counterparts today, and the masses of rules and regulations relating to school discipline leave little doubt in our minds as to the problems with which the schoolmasters were faced. The following statutes, taken from various schools, afford good examples of the offences which the schoolboys of Tudor England perpetrated:

Manchester Grammar School 1528—No scholar there being at school shall wear any dagger, hanger, or other weapon invasive, nor bring into the school, staff or bat, except their meat knife.

That no scholar there shall make any affray within the same school upon the master, the usher or upon any other scholar of the same school, upon pain of leaving off his said school by one month. And if any scholar there make two frays as above is said, then to leave the same school by the space of two months. And if any make the third, he is to be banished the same school without any favour.

Winchester 1547—As well any Minister and Ecclesiastical person in the College, as other lay-men and servants, shall abstain from all manner of ribald words and filthy communication, and other uncomely and light demeanour, lest the tender youth hearing and conceiving the same, may thereby be infected and provoked to vice.

Oundle 1566—To cause the scholars to refrain from the detestable vice of swearing or ribald words, be it ordered, for every oath or ribald word spoken in the school or elsewhere, the scholar to have three stripes.

Harrow 1580—The schoolmaster shall have regard to the manners of his scholars, and see that they come not

uncombed, unwashed, ragged or slovenly : but before all things, he shall punish severely lying, picking, stealing, fighting, filthiness or unwantonnness of speech and such like.

St. Bees 1583—If any of them shall use swearing, filthy talk, lewd and licentious books or songs, they shall be sharply punished.

Heath Grammar Shool c. 1600—That they rise early in the morning, reverence their parents, love and obey both father and mother, and give good example to whole family.

That they come early to school without lingering, play or noise by the way, saluting those they meet bare-headed.

When the master, or usher, or any stranger, entering into the school, that they salute them, rising up dutifully.

If any scholar use railing, wrangling, fighting, giving by-names or offer like abuse to his fellows, or any stranger in the ways, he shall be severely punished.

If any scholar shall go undecently in his apparel and not carry himself reverently in his gesture, words and deeds, or use long hair on his head undecently, or come with face and hands unwashed, he shall be severely punished, and upon the second admonition, if he do not reform, he shall be expelled the school.

The rules referring to school discipline seem to refer especially to manners, disorders and the other various schoolboy crimes which are apparent even today.

Manners appear to have been initiated in schools as a set subject in the curriculum, and the preceding statutes make many references to the boyish forgetfulness in this matter. He is not to come to school "uncombed, unwashed, ragged or slovenly," nor to "use long hair on the head undecently" To escape the uninteresting toil in the schoolroom, boys would frequently try to gain momentary relief by asking to be "excused" or "running out to the campo." All too often this was "without necessity only, upon desire of idleness or play." Before being given permission, a boy would have to repeat so many vocabularies, and some more on his return.

William Lily's poem "Carmen de Moribus" is an authoritative statement of duty and practice as conceived by schoolmasters. If the words "child" and "scholar" were substituted by "cadet," the points outlined would perhaps form a basis for conduct at the College !

"Child, who art my scholar and dearest to be taught, come hither, treasure up these sayings in your mind. Leave your bed betimes in the morning, shake off soft sleep, humbly go into Church and worship God. But first of all let your face be washed and your hands, let your garments be clean and your hair combed. When my school shall call you, be you there, avoiding sloth, have no excuse for loitering. When you shall see me, your master, salute me and your school-fellows, each in turn. And see you sit where I bid you sit, and stay in your place, unless you are commanded to go thence. Let a pen-knife, quills, ink, paper, books be implements always ready for your studies. If I dictate anything, you shall write it down, but everything rightly ; and let there be no fault or blot in your writings. But neither commit your dictates nor verses to loose papers, which should be written in books. Oftentimes repeat to yourself the things you have read and revolve them in your mind. If you doubt, ask sometimes these, sometimes others. He who doubts, who often asks questions will observe my precepts : he who doubts of nothing gets no good by them. Child, learn I pray you : don't forget anything, lest a guilty conscience accuse you of sloth. And be attentive : for what will it profit you that I have taught you, if you don't print my words in your memory ? Nothing is so hard that diligence cannot overcome : take pains, and the glory of your labours is obtained. For as the earth brings forth neither flowers nor seeds, unless it be tilled with continued labour of the hand : so a child, unless he exercise his wit, will lose both his time and also the hope of his capacity. Also an order is to be observed always in speech, lest too much talking disturb me. In getting your lesson, you shall speak with a low voice : when you say it to me, you shall speak aloud. And what-so-ever things you repeat to

me, let them be learned exactly, and, laying aside the book, rehearse every word. And let nobody prompt any word to your saying, which bringeth no small hurt to a child. If I ask anything, you shall endeavour to answer that you may deserve praise and commendation by your words. You will not be commended for speaking too fast or too slow. There are some boys who delight to spend their time on trifles, laying aside the duty of commendable virtue. There are others who take pleasure to molest their companions with their hands or feet, or any other way: there is another who, whilst he boasts himself of noble family, reproaches others with their parentage in opprobrious language. I would not have you follow so bad patterns of manners, lest in the end you receive rewards worthy of your deeds. Let noise, contention, scoffings, lies, theft, laughter, be far from you, and let fighting be avoided. You shall speak nothing at all which is filthy or unhandsome: the tongue is the gate of life and death also. Account it horrible wickedness to give ill words to anyone or to swear by the sacred name of Almighty God. To conclude, you shall keep all your things and your books, and shall carry them with you as often as you both go and return. Avoid even occasions of whatever things make you criminal and wherein you may displease me."

The Monitor system was used in the schools during the Middle Ages. This was an attempt on the part of the masters to solve the problems of discipline and disorders of the classroom. One must bear in mind that the masters were saddled with uninteresting and monotonous work, and only a man of great strength of character could hope to succeed in keeping his hordes of young ruffians in order, and at work for as much as ten hours per day. A passage from the Eton time-table for 1530 mentions, not only the hours of school and scheme of work for the various forms, but refers to the appointment of praepostors:—

"Two praepostors in every form, which doth give in a scroll the absent names at any lecture and showeth when and at what time, both in the forenoon for the time past, and at five. Also two pre-

positors are to be in the body of the Church, two in the choir for speaking of Latynne in the third forme and all other. Boys go home two and two in order, a monitor to see that they do so till they come to their hostice door. Prepositors are to be in the field when they play for fyghtyng, rent clothes, blew eyes and sich like." The monitors must keep an eye open for "yll kept hedys, unwasshid faces, fowle clothes and sich other."

"Chastisement, correction and punishment according to their demerits" invariably took the form of corporal punishment, and the master is always represented with his birch. In spite of the pleadings of reformers to restrict the beating of boys for moral offences, the tradition of "a blow for a mistake" died hard. Sooner or later, the harassed master would lose his patience with some unfortunate youth, and suddenly would come the ominous words: "Untruss you, untie you, put your hosen down, dispatch."

So vicious and barbaric were the punishments that it was found necessary to protect the boys by statute against unsuitable and excessive punishments. Masters were to "use fit correction, not beating with hand or fist about the head, or pulling children by the hair, ears or such like." Harsh treatment sometimes raised indignation even with Tudor parents, and certain complaints were made of boys being "pulled by the ears, lashed over the face, beaten about the head with the great end of the birch." Peacham tells of a master who flogged his boys on a cold morning "for no other reason than to get himself a heat."

Education and the infliction of punishment continued to exist side by side, and this state of affairs remained until the latter half of the nineteenth century. The child remained the untrained animal and the master

"..... a dotard, grim and grey
Who wasteth childhood's happy day
In work more profitless than play;
Whose icy breast no pity warms,
Whose little victims sit in swarms
And slowly sob on lower forms."

Not until school discipline began to trend in the directions outlined by Herbert Spencer did rewards and punishments give way to those which spring naturally from good human conduct.

Training Aircraft of the RAF College

WHEN the Royal Air Force College was officially opened in 1920, training equipment consisted of the well-tried and faithful Avro 504K, the D.H.9A, the Sopwith Snipe and a Vimy or two for wireless training. The Avros, with their old-fashioned rotary engines, remained in service until the late twenties, when they were replaced by the 504N, or Lynx-Avro, which had a re-designed undercarriage, fixed radial engine, and a correspondingly increased performance. The Sopwith Snipes, with a maximum speed of 121 m.p.h., were used for solo experience for Senior Flight Cadets, and in 1920 were still front-line fighters. (How about bringing in a few Lightnings?) The next aircraft to arrive at the College was the dual Bristol Fighter, which proved an excellent trainer, witness this comment in the *College Journal* of 1930:

“Consider now the slotted ‘Biffs’
They stall not, neither do they spin,
And yet a Christmas Tree in all its glory
Was not arrayed like one of these.”

Another change in equipment took place in 1931 when the Armstrong-Whitworth Atlas arrived, a large cumbersome army co-operation machine. This replaced the D.H.9A. The Snipe had also been replaced by the dual controlled Siskin, another fighter type aircraft, with a maximum speed of 150 m.p.h. The Lynx Avros soldiered on until 1933, when they were



From 1929 to 1936 the British Bulldog Single-Seater Fighter was a front line aircraft of the R.A.F.



The Hunting Percival Provost was a side by side two seat basic trainer

replaced by the Avro Tutor, an attractive biplane which had considerable aerobatic potentialities. Also in 1938 the Hawker Hart trainer, a delightful aircraft to look at, replaced the ugly 'Atlas' and remained in service until 1939. They also were superb machines for aerobatics in spite of the fact that their basic design was that of a light bomber, and they had a maximum speed of 165 m.p.h. The Siskin was replaced by the two-seater Bristol Bulldog in the middle-thirties, which had a scintillating performance. As well as being a trainer, they were front-line fighters until 1937, when the last squadron of Bulldogs was re-equipped with Gladiators. Tiger Moths and Magisters began to appear, until in 1939 the College was closed on the outbreak of the war.

There were also other less well-known aircraft which flew from Cranwell between the wars, notably those of the Long Range Flight. In 1927 a Hawker Horsley attempted to fly from Cranwell to India, but was forced to ditch in the Danube, without serious casualties. The same year another Horsley was slightly more successful and flew 3,470 miles in 34½ hours until forced down in the Persian Gulf. This record stood for two years, until Lindbergh broke it on his New York—Paris flight. The Fairy Monoplane completed four notable flights from Cranwell. In April 1929 it flew 4,130 miles to Karachi in 50 hours, and touched down with eight gallons to spare. The next attempt was less successful, and the aircraft crashed in the Atlas Mountains on the way to South Africa, killing both pilots. Another aircraft was built and in 1931 it flew from Cranwell to Egypt. Then in February 1933 it flew from Cranwell to Walvis Bay, 6,309 miles in 57 hours 25 minutes. This was a world long-distance record.

Another aircraft associated with the College was the Cranwell light aeroplane, of which there were two versions. The first flew in 1925 and was somewhat underpowered. The second aircraft followed a short time later and was reasonably successful. Also used at Cranwell for radio instruction (not for the College) were the Vickers Vimy, Virginia and Valentia, and the D.H.86B.

During the War, the College was closed, but at Cranwell there was an F.T.S., an Instructors' Course, and numerous other trade groups under training. As the College was closed, this period will not be examined in detail. However, the famous first flight of the Gloster-Whittle E.28/39, on 15th May, 1941, Britain's first jet aircraft, took place on the South Airfield, a special runway being constructed for the occasion.

When the College reopened in 1946, its equipment consisted of the perennial Tiger Moth, and the Harvard. The Tiger needs no introduction, and was much beloved, despite the fact that in winter, when the Lincolnshire north-easter blew, the open cockpit was very unpleasant. The North American Harvard was the advanced trainer, its main characteristic being its peculiar rasping note caused by the high tip speeds of its directly driven propeller.

In the summer of 1948, the ever faithful Tiger Moth departed, not without pangs of regret from instructors and pupils. To replace it, the Percival Prentice arrived, a brand new British trainer. This was a three-seat, low wing monoplane with fixed undercarriage and an enclosed hood, and also with full radio aids, flaps, brakes and variable pitch airscrew, a great advance over the Tiger Moth. However, the usual teething troubles accompanied the Prentice, and an unceasing duel between aircraft and airfield took its toll; tyres burst, stern posts cracked, and the Prentice fleet grew smaller until eventually there were insufficient aircraft to continue the operation, and the Tiger was used again! However, by January 1949 everything had been cured, and the aircraft was demonstrated to the Press. at Cranwell.

In the winter of 1952, the Prentices were replaced by a new primary trainer, the De Havilland Chipmunk. This aircraft, designed in Canada, was powered by a D.H. Gipsy Major engine and used tandem seating. It was a great advance over the Prentice in that it was fully aerobatic, and was much lighter. The noisy Harvard was also due for replacement, and, in 1953, this was replaced by the Boulton Paul Balliol T.2. This machine was powered by a Rolls Royce Merlin 35, had side by side seating, and a maximum speed of 288 m.p.h. at 9,000 ft. It had one Browning machine gun, and provision for four 60 lb rockets. Balliols served only at Cranwell and at one other F.T.S., their production being cut back in favour of the new jet trainers.

Jet aircraft had now appeared at Cranwell in the form of the Meteor 7, of which there were three, despite the fact that no runways had yet been constructed. In November 1954, the Chipmunk was replaced by the Hunting Percival Provost, which remained at Cranwell until 1960. This was a much more powerful aircraft, being sturdily and robustly built, with side by side seating and a maximum speed of 200 m.p.h., and with a service ceiling of 25,000 ft. The aircraft was capable of a rate of roll of better than 90° per sec. and had excellent aerobatic qualities. Provosts flew from the North Airfield during the construction of the runways, and from Spitalgate when Cranwell and Barkston were used by jets.

In 1956, upon completion of the South Airfield's runways, the De Havilland Vampire advanced trainer arrived to replace the Balliol. This was Cranwell's first jet trainer, and it is only just leaving us now. A great advance over anything used before at Cranwell, with glamorous pieces of equipment like "Bang-seats" and bonedomes associated with it, the Vampire had a maximum speed of 550 m.p.h. and a service ceiling of 40,000 ft. Cranwell entered the jet-age at last. The Provost/Vampire scheme of training was now used, in conjunction with the rest of Flying Training Command. Cadets now passed out having completed their advanced training.

Valettas and Varsities were then, and still are, used for navigator training. Meteors still flew from Cranwell, mainly for the benefit of those cadets, who, because of their excess stature, could not squeeze themselves into the somewhat cramped cockpit of the Vampire. In 1960, the next big change took place. The "New System" meant that cadets started straight away on jets; advanced training was carried out after leaving the College. The faithful Chipmunk reappeared on the North airfield, to give once-weekly flights to those who were not yet flying on jets, and has gained quite a reputation. Jet Provosts, the last word in modernity and spaciousness, are taking over from the Vampire, and cadets now start on them. With a maximum speed of about 330 m.p.h. they are excellent aircraft, and will be supplemented later by the Mark 4 version. Finally, there are the weekend aircraft—Tiger Moths, Turbulents and gliders which fly from the North airfield on Saturday and Sunday afternoons making a welcome change from the noisy jets.

THE SCARBOROUGH RALLY

On the 27th May, Jock Williamson and the author, 'Djihm' Nottingham, took Jock's Mini-Minor up to Kilburn on the edge of the Yorkshire Moors to take part in the Scarborough Rally organised by the British Automobile Racing Club. We saw from the regulations that a number of driving tests were to be included and incorrectly assumed that they would be merely deciders for tied places ; at least we hoped so as Jock had had very little previous experience of that type of test. However, it turned out that there were no less than 24 tests over the two days of the rally and that the timed road sections had little more purpose than to get competitors from test to test. These sections could have been navigated purely by the route cards issued some days before the rally as they were of similar type to those given in College treasure hunts, that is the 'TL, BR, SO' variety. Even so a number of navigators had plotted the routes on a map and this certainly helped a great deal in anticipating nasty corners. Because of the inclusion of the driving tests, the Rally had to be held in daylight with its attendant dangers. Hence the average speeds were quite low, never going above 28 m.p.h. and in Scarborough itself only 8 m.p.h. in case there was a lot of holiday traffic on the route. The natural result was that the only people penalised on the road were those who arrived too early at time controls. With our superb issue chronometers we were able to keep an eye on the time and came through all sections with a clean sheet.

There was two minute spacing of cars at the start and all the well-known rally crews had set off hours before our turn to start. A Ford Special was viewed by all and sundry with a number of derisive comments but it soon changed all that when it set off. After revving the engine the driver merely let in the clutch with a bang and the thing shot off at a high rate of knots with almost immediate acceleration to about 30 m.p.h., showering the amused spectators with bits of road.

The stern stuff introduced itself soon after we left Kilburn in the form of six hairpin bends on the road to the gliding station up

Sutton Bank. The first test came in the middle of this enchanting piece of 'white' road and showed that whereas Minis are superb on the level they lack power on steep hills unless drastically modified. The plan of this test looked quite simple in the regulations but took on a totally different aspect when attempted on a 1-in-4 hill. In all the tests, the competitor had to finish astride a line and very fine judgment was required to do this on these gradients. On the fourth test, 'Dereck's Demoraliser,' another failing of the Minis showed itself. Valve bounce was experienced reversing down a steep hill and the car also jumped out of reverse, almost depositing itself and Jock in a stream. Apparently this had happened to a great percentage of this type of car in the Rally.

Fascinating test names heralded even more fascinating sights (for the spectator) as cars used up great amounts of tyre. For example, there was the 'Wombledon Waltz' on a disused airfield on which the Special excelled itself by virtue of its acceleration. On one of these tests the start was cunningly sited immediately after the competitors had gone through a fairly deep ford. A gleeful marshal boasted a 50% overshoot rate because of the resultant brake fading ! Towards the end of the first day we found ourselves in an Army barracks outside Scarborough and two tests were held there. On the first, the garaging test which was included in the Motor Club Gymkhana in July, the driver could pick his own route to start, enter each garage in either direction and stop astride the finishing line. Jock was returning an extremely fast time until the reverse gear again jumped out on the last corner, giving us only an average time. The second called for three turn-about in very little space, and unintentional previous experience in spinning a Mini (viz. Whittaker Rally !) certainly paid off on the rough gravel surface. After three very fast 180's Jock came back to return the third best time of the day from 100 entries. However this was rejected as with all anchors on and wheels locked, the Mini would not stop in time on the rough surface and overshoot the

line by just over two inches, landing us with a 20 second penalty. On the last test of the day, the organisers had closed a section of road in Scarborough itself and many holiday-makers had stopped to see the fun along the very steep hill leading past the Castle. Steep walls on either side of the road left very little margin for error on the corners and more than one car had to do an emergency stop to prevent bending a wing. Again what the Minis lost on the hills they picked up on the corners and returned some very good times, Jock's being just above average. By this time he was obviously getting more used to the reversing qualities of the car and we were full of optimism for the Sunday.

The Sunday afternoon found us at the second start in the plain between the moors and wolds close to Scarborough. Again the first section was along one of those un-surfaced tracks which act as magnets for all rally organisers, and sure enough there was a test halfway up the hill, the 'Staxton Rock.' Incidentally there was the corresponding 'Ganton Roll' two tests later but nobody responded to the suggestion and all cars remained in the correct attitude — more or less. The test between these two gave a great deal of amusement to all. This was the duck-pond test where one did a turn round a pole through 450' in all, stopped in a farm gateway, reversed round a pond into another gateway and forward to stop astride the finishing line as usual. Needless to say, the closer to the pond one went the faster was one's time. At least one car took this theory to extremes, lost control and remained bang in the middle of the water looking very sorry for itself. The two cars directly in front of us had dropped out, probably as a result of the party in Scarborough the previous night, and we came behind a very smooth gent, in another Mini. He was by no means a novice and seemed to be turning out some very fast times apparently with very little effort. After the 'Roll' the next road section took us out of the wolds, across the valley and back into the moors. The maps came in very useful along the hairpins of the Forge Valley, but let us down by not showing the positions of vagabond sheep. Coming over the brow of a hill beyond the Valley we met one such sheep coming the other way. Avoiding action was taken to prevent a sheep-strike but we finished up having an argument with a milestone and losing to the

tune of slightly bending a wing. (Note to North Riding County Council: The said signpost is now six inches due North of where it should be). At the time we were running early and approaching a time control so the speed was thankfully relatively low or serious damage would have resulted. After prising the wing off the tyre and giving the sheep a mild ticking-off for la-a-a-ughing at us we carried on to the control. The remaining eight tests were held in Army establishments and left the enemy with the permanent smell of scorched rubber.

Back in the barracks at Scarborough was another 'choose your own route' test, where one had to poke one's nose and tail in four openings. Here again the Minis were able to go to town and Jock managed to get another very good time. He poked his nose in the lower opening once too often though and was disqualified. This was particularly annoying considering the time was very good even though he had done more than was necessary. The last test of the day was on the gravel surface again and this time each car had to up and down three lanes in a sort of Coastal Command type creeping line ahead and back; at anything but creeping speeds of course. No less than seven spin turns were required and the smooth character ahead of us put up a performance which was a wonderful display of control and timing and was a joy to watch. Even then he was over two seconds slower than the winner so the latter's run must have been really superb. As far as we were concerned the first two turns did not come off too well and only an average time was returned.

For a Rally of this sort there were remarkably few retirements. Our sympathies went to the driver of the Ford Special who had had to retire when a gasket blew on the car. It is that sort of entry which provides the greatest amusement on rallying and always deserves some sort of award. With all our penalties the final results were anything but good but considering the amount of experience in driving techniques gained it was a very good thing to go in for.

We now have wonderful ideas for concocting some fiendish tests for future College Motor Club events, so all you Fangios enter your machines and have the sort of fun we had that weekend.

THE BOMBER IN PERSPECTIVE



*"History of the Second World War : The Strategic Air Offensive against Germany 1939-1945" (4 Volumes)
by Sir Charles Webster and Dr Noble Frankland (HMSO) 8 gns.*

The strategic air offensive against Germany has been the subject of argument since the day it was launched. There was ceaseless debate in the War Cabinet, in the Air Ministry and in the Ministry of Economic Warfare. When the U.S.A. entered the war, yet another dissident voice was added.

After the war the controversy continued, and today there is still considerable interest in the story of the bomber offensive, particularly among students of war. The official history by the late Sir Charles Webster and Dr Noble Frankland will not completely satisfy the protagonists, but it will provide them with enough material to continue the debate — almost indefinitely.

The official history is four volumes long. Its length is, in part, due to the controversial nature of the subject. Every twist and turn of the great debate is fully documented ; every contention is ably argued. Much of the evidence is familiar ; but much of it is new.

In a short, but important, first section the authors, after defining the terms used in describing the concept of a strategic air

offensive, outline the doctrines which influenced that concept as it was built up during the inter-war years. This section contains the framework on which the whole of the study is based. The second world war was the first in which air power played a decisive part. The principles of war at sea and on land were already fully established and generally accepted. The task of the navy was to achieve and maintain supremacy over the seas to facilitate the movement of men and materials. The task of the army was to engage the enemy on the land, and, in so doing, defeat him. Thus the navy fought the enemy's navy and the army fought the enemy's army. But the task of the air force was less clear. This was not only because of its novelty but also because of its flexibility,

The maxim that 'the bomber will always get through,' which was first formulated in the 1930's, was really as old as the R.A.F. itself. Indeed, it and the R.A.F. had both grown out of the Zeppelin and the Gotha raids on London in 1917. If there were no defence against the bomber, the R.A.F. ought to include a large and powerful

bombing force in order to deter a possible enemy. That was clear enough. But what that force should bomb was another matter. Should it, like the other two services, attack its opposite number? Or should it attack the enemy's navy and army? Or would it be better employed in attacking the enemy's war industries and in this way weakening his armed forces? Or was it possible by bombing the enemy's homeland to weaken not only his power to resist but also his will to resist? There were those who believed that the war could be won solely by an air offensive against the enemy's homeland. This would be an offensive against the economy and morale of a nation, an offensive in which the navy and army played no part except to contain the enemy whilst the aerial onslaught was launched.

In 1939, there were those in high places who remembered the first world war with its Gothas and U-boats and who believed that Germany would be brought to her knees solely by an air offensive and a sea blockade. By 1945, they had been proved wrong on both counts. The air offensive and, to a lesser degree, the blockade were important and decisive factors but they were not the only factors. Germany had to be attacked and occupied by the army. The failure of Bomber Command was its failure to defeat Germany singlehanded; its success was to make Germany's defeat by the Allied armies possible and assured.

The authors trace this failure and success in detail. They divide the war years into four phases—the opening of the offensive and the transition to area bombing (Sep. 39 to Oct. 41), the mounting offensive (Nov. 41 to Dec. 42), the combined bomber offensive (Jan. 43 to Feb. 44), and the culmination of the offensive (Mar. 44 to May 45).

In such a complex story it is difficult to decide on the turning points. During the first phase, the most important turning point was the realisation that precision bombing by day was impossible without adequate fighter cover. The Spitfire and Hurricane, which had won the first great victory of the R.A.F., had insufficient range. There were two alternatives—to build fighters with a greater range or to bomb at night. When the Americans were faced with a similar dilemma in 1943 they chose to develop a long range fighter. In this way they were able to establish and keep the

day initiative which was so important during the last phase of the war. But in 1940 the British Air Staff chose to bomb at night, as did the Luftwaffe faced with the same problem in the same year. It was a choice of doubtful virtue. Air Commodore Coningham said in 1939 with remarkable foresight that there would be 'a never ending struggle to circumvent the law that one cannot see in the dark.'

Precision bombing at night was a failure. The crews could not navigate with any certainty in the dark and, if they reached the target, they could not bomb it accurately. It took some time for the Air Staff to realize how little damage was being done. This was the second turning point. Precision bombing was abandoned in favour of area bombing. This was a negative rather than a positive decision, but as Kitchener said, 'In war you must do what you can do, not what you would like.'

Navigational and bombing aids were essential; and so was a bomber with a greater range and bomb load. The new aids and the new bomber went into action in 1942, under Bomber Command's new C-in-C, Air Marshal Sir Arthur Harris. This was the third turning point. Under Harris the Command was to grow in authority and size. The bomber offensive was much criticised in 1942; Harris determined to assert the Command's authority by a demonstration of its growing power. This he did by the Thousand Bomber raid on Cologne. At that time the Command had 29 Lancasters; in 1945 it had 1087—sufficient for a Thousand Bomber raid by Lancasters alone!

Harris was persuaded by personal conviction and by the situation in which he found himself that area bombing was the only strategy open to him. In his battle for the aids and the resources he so desperately needed, he overstated his case. 'Victory, speedy and complete,' he said 'awaits the side which first employs air power as it should be employed.' It was true, as his critics have conceded, that strategic bombing was the best, and, in fact the only, contribution that could be made at that time towards winning the war. But the claim that bombing alone could win the war was never tested by events. Harris was never given a free hand or the resources which he deemed necessary.



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But the evidence contained in 'The Strategic Air Offensive against Germany' points to the conclusion that he would have been proved wrong. There are three reasons for believing this. First, although the Battles of the Ruhr and Hamburg in 1943 went to Bomber Command, the Battle of Berlin undoubtedly went to the Luftwaffe. The absence of a long range fighter to protect the night bomber force was the determining factor. In March 1944, Harris conceded the Battle of Berlin to the Germans. Whether the growth of the German night fighter force from 665 aircraft in 1943 to 1047 aircraft in 1944 could have been prevented by precision bombing or more intensive area bombing is a difficult question — and the crux of the problem which faced the Air Staff and Harris. The Air Staff were moving more and more towards precision bombing whilst Harris stoutly defended area bombing.

Second, the German war economy, as can be seen from the figures above, was far from exhausted by the continuous onslaught during 1943 and 1944. The production of armaments continued to rise until the last quarter of 1944. This increase took place in spite of, and almost as a result of, the attacks on the Ruhr and Hamburg. The British Ministry of Economic Warfare failed to appreciate the resilience of the German economy. The truth was that it was never fully extended; there was a great deal of slack which could be taken up to offset the effects of bombing and even to increase production. The idea that the German economy was under such strain that it would fall apart by the slightest pressure at any point was incorrect.

Third, there was a grave misconception that German morale would be affected by bombing. The citizens of Solingen and Berlin were just as heroic as those of Sheffield and London. Morale was not seriously affected until the spring of 1945 when, with Germany

caught between the advancing Allied armies, defeat and occupation faced the German population.

The final turning point came when Harris was persuaded, one might say forced, to switch his attention to precision bombing, first in preparation for the invasion of Europe and then in support of the Allied armies. To his surprise, he found that precision bombing at night was now possible and effective. Oil and communications, which had always been on his list of targets but which had always been studiously ignored in favour of the area bombing of city centres, proved sensitive target systems. Whether an earlier attack on these systems would have shortened the war is open to debate. The earlier attacks on the ball-bearing industry at Schweinfurt had proved difficult and ineffective; it was those failures which had encouraged Harris in his suspicion of 'panacea' targets.

Professor Medlicott has said in his book 'The Economic Blockade,' 'Thus in the last phase of the war the full range of economic weapons was at last being used with the deadly effect that the early economic planners had postulated; and the German fuel disaster had proved that there was after all an Achilles heel. But it had been struck by the bomber and not by the blockade.'

The authors conclude their history with a brilliant survey in which they say strategic bombing 'made a contribution to victory which was decisive. Those who claim that the Bomber Command contribution under different circumstances might have been yet more effective disagree with one another and often overlook basic facts.' In spite of this warning, the argument will doubtless continue. As Sir Charles Webster and Dr Noble Frankland say in their final paragraph, 'Hind-sight contributes powerfully to wisdom.'

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.

EDUCATION FOR LEISURE

Trade unions persistently campaign for fewer working hours in each working day, and fewer working days in each working week.¹ The pace of technological change in recent years has led to the mechanisation of innumerable tasks which once required the work of many human hands. Moreover the development of elaborate automatic control systems has meant that, whereas it was once believed that despite formidable strides in mechanisation the human would still have a major supervisory rôle to play, there now appears likely to be a much smaller requirement in this regard than was formerly supposed. What is the inescapable consequence of these tendencies? Clearly within a couple of decades, and certainly before the end of the present century, leisure could well present a major social problem. Unless, of course, something is done.

Before proceeding to distinguish possible courses of action, it is desirable to clarify certain terms which will be used in the ensuing analysis. I shall speak of "work-time," "rest and recovery-time" and "leisure-time." I define "work-time" as the time required by an individual to provide himself, by means of his performance of labour services, with the wherewithal to satisfy his basic needs and legitimate desires. "Rest and recovery-time" is the time an individual requires to restore his energies, mental alertness and will-power sufficiently to enable him to occupy his "work-time" satisfactorily. "Leisure-time" is such time as may remain unaccounted for.

It is obvious that where w =work-time, r =rest and recovery-time, and l =leisure-time then,

$$w+r+l = 24 \dots\dots\dots (1)$$

Furthermore empirical analysis has enabled us to establish the nature of the functional relationship between work-time and rest and recovery time. It can be shown that, other things being equal,

$$r = 0.5 w + 2.25 \dots\dots\dots (2)$$

With the aid of these valuable tools of analysis, and a knowledge of these fundamental relationships we can now turn to the question — what possible courses of action can be taken to prevent increasing leisure from becoming a major social problem?

Three possibilities immediately spring to mind :—

(a) An attempt could be made to slow down, or even arrest, the tendency for work-time to fall.

(b) One could create "jobs" artificially, to enable people to "work" in their leisure-time.

(c) People could be educated to enable them to employ their leisure-time satisfactorily.

Now, the first of these courses is unacceptable. It would clearly involve society in retrogressive steps. It would be necessary to forgo considerable benefits. Moreover it is doubtful whether this is a feasible alternative, for deep-seated forces are at work and historical trends are likely to prove irreversible. Nor is the second possible course more promising. It involves requiring people to do needless and pointless things simply in order to occupy their time. Such a practice can, of course, be pursued up to a certain point. But sooner or later a point of "awareness of pointlessness" will be reached.² Furthermore society's ingenuity will continually be taxed, for as work-time falls leisure-time increases by more than the amount by which work-time has been reduced. It follows from our earlier equations that, in fact,

$$l = 21.75 - 1.5 w \dots\dots\dots (3)$$

For the benefit of those who dislike abstruse mathematics what this means is that a reduction of work-time of 4 hours from 8 hours per day to 4 hours per day would increase leisure-time by 6 hours.³

We are, therefore, compelled to admit that the third of our courses of action is the only acceptable one. Society must be prepared to accept a deliberate policy of education for leisure. I take it as given that one

1. In fact unions campaign for *shorter* working hours, but it is unlikely that they really mean this: to shorten hours by 10% for instance would mean speeding up clocks by 11.1% and would rapidly set us at variance with nature.
 2. See "A Study of Frustration in Parliamentary Debating" *Journal of Political Psychology*, Vol. XXIV, No. 12, December 1960, p. 37 for a discussion of this concept.
 3. In fact from 9.75 hours per day to 15.75 hours per day.

cannot rely on individuals to make their own provision for the satisfactory utilisation of increased leisure-time — that is, not without the guidance, the stimulus, and the indication of opportunities which is what education for leisure would provide. But, it may be objected, surely this proven need of education for leisure is not a matter of urgency. Can we not let things go on as they are for a little longer? The forty-hour week is common enough; the majority of the work-people of the country still have only two weeks paid holiday a year. These facts are true enough. But preparedness for the future should always be the keynote of policy. It is pointless to wait for the time when the need for education for leisure is upon us. We will then find ourselves so quickly caught up by events that there will be no time to create the necessary institutions, evolve the appropriate procedures, — no time to write the text books and prepare the syllabi. What has to be done will be done in haste, and is therefore likely to be less well done.⁴

Yet, it may be asked, what really need be done? Is not our present system of education sufficiently flexible to be able to cope competently with a commitment to educate for leisure? It is not. The present system is geared to the requirements of, and organised to provide only, education for *work*. This is evident in the teaching of such subjects as accountancy, biology, chemistry, dentistry, engineering and so on. But it is true also of anthropology and philosophy, history and literature. Even people trained in these liberal disciplines merely use their talents in teaching succeeding generations of students the rudiments of these subjects. Furthermore, not only are people educated for work, but they actually want to be educated for work and nothing else. “What good will it do me when I come to go for a job?” — this is the cry of the class-room whenever the practical relevance of a topic appears to be in doubt.

Let us summarise the argument up to this point before going on to consider what radical reform is needed. It has been established that leisure-time will grow in the future, and, unless people are educated in

ways and means of utilising such time profitably and pleasurably, society is likely to find itself with an almost intractable problem. The present educational system is so completely devoted to the *business* of education for work that simply to hope for a gradual re-orientation of the system initiated from within is quite out of the question.

What steps, then, should we be preparing to take? There can be no doubt that the beginnings must be made in our Universities. If a gradual re-orientation cannot be relied upon to come about spontaneously as demands alter then deliberate efforts must clearly be made to shift the emphasis in the underlying purpose of our educational system. It is in the Universities that such a process must begin. There are two reasons for claiming this as the logical starting-point.

Firstly, even the most cursory appraisal of our system will indicate that a changing emphasis will not spread from the lower reaches of the system to the upper, nor is there much hope of change spreading outwards from the centre. If the transformation is to take place at all it must be by sowing the seeds of change at the top.

The second reason is, however, the more important, for it also serves to indicate the way in which reform can be achieved. The Universities are the easiest points in the educational system at which to make any innovation in education. All one has to do is to endow a Chair of, say, Appreciation of Sport, or Domestic Engineering (“Do-it-Yourself” in provincial Universities). The Chair will soon be filled, and we know that the Professor will gather about him readers, lecturers, tutors, demonstrators, research fellows and assistants. This is so because motivation in academic life is akin to that which operates in public departments, discovered by Parkinson and expounded by him in his first great work: “officials want to multiply subordinates.”⁵ (The status of an academic department is a function of its size).

The creation of a tutorial staff is thus assured. It then becomes necessary to find students for this staff. Thanks to the oper-

4. For a discussion of the folly of haste and the overwhelming advantages which accrue when tasks of reform or reorganisation are done patiently and in a leisurely manner see C. Oaking's path-breaking study “Road and Rail Planning in Britain” (Shortboys, Brown & Co.), 1959, especially pp. 517-695.

5. C. Northcote Parkinson, “Parkinson's Law,” (John Murray), 1958, p.5.

ation of other natural laws this will assuredly be done.

(a) The members of the staff of the department itself will wield their influence in attracting students. (Perhaps this point should not be over-stressed for there may arise some conflict between the staff's felt need to justify their existence and their desire to preserve an optimum academic load factor.⁶)

(b) The University authorities will themselves encourage students to read the 'new' subject for they cannot allow themselves to appear ungrateful in the eyes of their benefactors, nor can they afford to forgo the advantages which will accrue if they can increase their total student population. (The status of a University is a function of its size: London is the only exception to this rule).⁷

The method of reform is obvious. We must somehow persuade generous benefactors to endow Chairs in subjects which cannot possibly have any kind of work-relevance. This means, of course, that new subjects must be created, indicating a "more catholic acceptance of the truly pertinent, as distinct from the traditionally O.K. subjects."⁸ It may be objected that, given the inherent conservatism of our system, to create any new subject will represent an insuperable difficulty. However, this objection can be over-ruled on two counts. Firstly we have the precedent of the astonishing growth in recent years of subjects connected with so-called "scientific management."

Industrial sociology, and the hybrid offshoots, cybernetics and ergonomics, have grown from nothing in the space of a generation. Numerous academic libraries now boast shelves and shelves of books on these subjects.

Secondly, and more important, it should be possible to create a science which will *itself* be concerned with studying ways and means of establishing a structure aimed at providing education for leisure. Once such a science has been given its first impetus, once its first professor is securely established in his Chair, the success of the plan is assured. The laws governing academic expansion, to which reference has already been made, can be relied upon to take care of the rest. Once this step has been taken it should not be long before we will be able to boast "Doctors of Light Reading Suitable for the Family, . . . Ph.D's of Do It Yourself, Disputants in the History of Inter-colonial Cricket . . . Readers in Sunday Newspaper Musical Criticism . . . and Public Demonstrators of Ceremonial, Circumstance and Pomp."⁹

We have arrived at our crucial prescription for policy. What is needed is the endowment, by a private charitable institution or by some public body, of a Chair of Education for Leisure. From such a seemingly modest beginning there is every reason to hope that there will emerge a whole superstructure which, with the passage of time, will gradually assume pre-eminence in the world of education and thus enable us to face with equanimity the prospect of that persistent and inevitable increase in leisure-time, the pace of which is growing day by day.

6. Academic load factor is the number of students in a department expressed as a percentage of the number of members on the staff of the department. The term is not to be confused with the other measures favoured by some authorities — the tutorial load co-efficient, (no. of students *divided by* no. on staff), or the staff-student ratio, (no. of students *per* member of staff).

7. The following table should suffice to illustrate this point:

ESTIMATED UNIVERSITY POPULATIONS

compiled from latest available data

London	19,762
Cambridge	8,389
Oxford	7,708
Manchester	5,223
Durham	4,291

Note: These figures are for England. In addition to the five Universities listed above there are thirteen other institutions of University status in England (i.e. Universities, University Colleges, etc.) ranging in size from 3,847 to 288.

8. Advertisement, "The University of Schweppshire," in various recent issues of "Punch", "The Economist," etc.

9. *ibid.*

FREE FLIGHT

'Doing the continent' has long been a fashionable form of holiday-making, and is becoming more and more popular; but, strange though it may seem to the initiated, aerial touring, purely for pleasure, has not yet made its mark to any great extent. Even those few people who do go so far as to consider the possibility are frequently put off by the belief that they cannot afford it. This belief is a fallacy in most cases; and it certainly is so in the case of the average flight cadet. Three weeks flying around the continent, including two nights in Paris at the end cost us slightly less than £70 each.

Certainly we started with one advantage that few people would have. We were able to borrow the aeroplane from a remarkably trusting relative, thus saving ourselves the hire fees. But hire fees are not, I believe, excessive, and after this we were entirely on our own. The aircraft in question was — and, remarkably enough still is — a D.H.87B Hornet Moth, built in 1932 and older than any other aircraft that we met *en route*. It never let us down, which was fortunate, since neither of us would have had the vaguest idea of what to do in the event of engine trouble. The best tool that we possessed for such emergencies was a phrase-book which included multi-lingual translations of such sentences as "My engine has stopped. Please mend it."

Before extolling the virtues of private air travel, it would be prudent to warn prospective aviators that it is not all easy, traffic-free comfort, particularly on a cadet's pay. There are many problems that do not face the motor tourist. The first is cash. Having already stated that this trip was completed remarkably cheaply, that remark must now be qualified by an explanation of how it was so. Living was basic. Hotels were out of the question) although many times they would have been highly convenient) simply because we could not afford them. We took two sleeping bags and one bivouac from the College Survival stores and practised our survival techniques on beaches, airfields and mountainsides, in sand-dunes and fields all over the continent. This camping presented an almost nightly problem. In most continental countries indiscriminate

camping is against the law. Camping sites are provided and one is legally required to use them. We managed to cheat the law on every night but one of our tour. This was a further saving of money, but it meant a nightly sequence something like this:

Scene: Continental airfield.

Time: About midnight.

Dramatis personae: One or more airport guards who do not speak English, and two scruffy Englishmen in tight trousers and gaudy shirts who do not speak — say — Italian.

The latter now had to explain to the former that they possessed an aeroplane, that it was on the airfield and that they wanted to go to it, collect sleeping bags and go to a camping site. This simple process of communication could take up to half an hour and lead to frayed tempers on both sides. We usually ended up sleeping in the middle of a field without any tent at all.

A more serious frustration however is, ironically, the lack of mobility that an aeroplane imposes upon one once one is on the ground. There are three possible answers to this. First to hire a car, which we never tried simply owing to lack of funds; second to depend upon friends, which we did occasionally, but the method is limited by the number of friends one possesses; and thirdly, to depend upon public transport. This last was usually our only choice, but it is always a cramping way of travelling, and we had to use our feet far more than is usual or desirable.

The other frustrations of formalities, bureaucracy, meteorology and such are common to any form of travel on a large scale. Contrary to common belief the light aircraft enthusiast of today is not rigidly tied down by airways, danger areas and flight safety regulations.

England is probably the worst offender in spreading this impression. The continent offers a generous latitude of action to private flying, provided only that this freedom is exercised with a modicum of common-sense.

The advantages of an aircraft for continental touring are obvious, and I hope they will become apparent from the following description of our flight.



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Saturday, August 5th

Finally got away from Thruxton, after a morning of frustrating weather, at 4.15 p.m. Caught up with the filthy conditions in time to land in them at Lympne. Completed customs and set out for Berck. Weather began to clear once outside English territorial waters.

After customs at Berck we were magnificently entertained by local air enthusiasts for the evening. Slept among the sand dunes.

Sunday, August 6th

Began to learn a few things about pilot-nav the hard way across featureless Northern France. We aimed to go west of Paris control zone and then turn east for Fontainebleau. More by good luck than good navigation we crossed the Seine only about four miles off track, and landed at Moret/Epissy at 1.30 p.m. Phoned friends in Fontainebleau who picked us up and entertained us magnificently for the evening.

Monday, August 7th

Obtained met forecast from Americans at A.A.F.C.E. — $\frac{1}{2}$ cu at 7,000 feet. Highest ground *en route* to Cannes was about 500 ft, so we set out. Actual weather included low stratus — 8/8 — down to about 400 ft. A very hectic flight over hills, in which we learnt a good deal about navigation. Brilliant team work got us through — or sheer idiocy if you look at it that way. Flew down Saône at 100 ft, until weather started to clear towards the south. Eventually landed at Cannes at about 6.45.

We spent four sun-soaking days at Cannes, lying on the beaches and watching the scantily-clad scenery wandering about. Some of it made quite delightful viewing ; but, on the other hand, the bikini can be an abomination on many figures. Cannes thrives on the same herd-instinct that has made Blackpool famous ; but it has the additional merits of snob-value and sunshine in plenty.

On Friday we left Cannes and headed straight for Rome. This was our longest unbroken trip. We hoped to break it by stopping for lunch at Elba, but the airstrip there, having been abandoned years ago before it was even properly completed, looked very rugged, so we decided not to risk it. We had to stop once, however, before we got to Rome, since our oil was running low. We therefore stopped off at an old

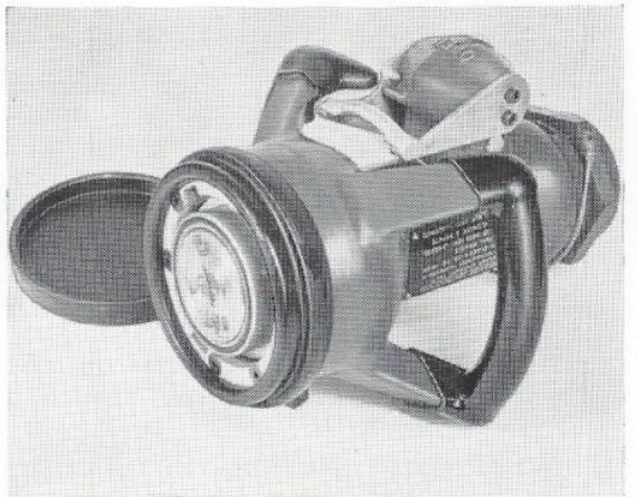
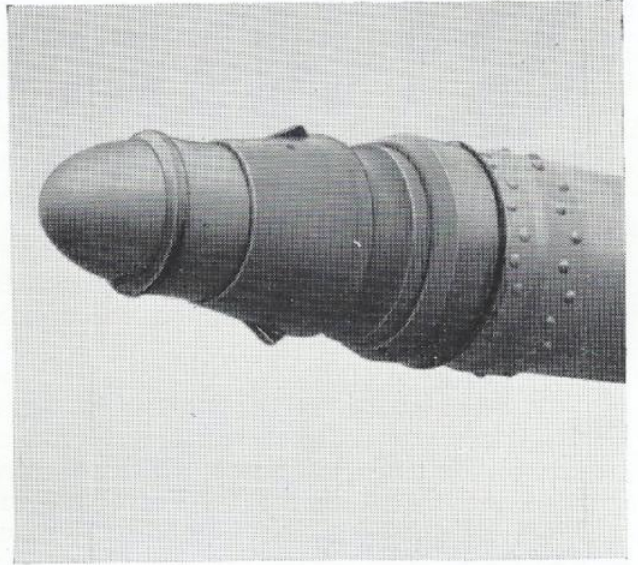
disused airfield on the mainland, called Tarquinia, and put in two quarts of our spare oil. We then pressed on to Rome. We spent two days there, "doing" the city in best tourist style, leaving in the early afternoon of the second day.

Our next stop was one of the most interesting of all. It was at a small village called Castiglione del Lago on the shores of Lake Trasimere. The airport authorities at Rome had expressly forbidden us to land there. But, owing to language problems, we had not fully understood why, so we landed notwithstanding. On arrival we realised why the authorities had been dubious. The airfield was officially disused, and landing was permitted only in dire emergency. The military guard, a solitary figure who greeted us in his Sunday uniform of coloured shirt, No. 2 Khaki shorts and bedroom slippers, tried hard to explain this ; but, the language barrier was impassable. Eventually he led us to the local camping site proprietor, who spoke French, and we explained to him that we were just touring. He suggested that perhaps such a story might not be good enough for the military — who, he assured us, were born stupid — and had we not perhaps a faulty engine, which, since we wanted to stay the night, could not be mended until the morning ? This story served to settle the airfield guards' conscience and the enquiries of the carabinieri, who appeared in the form of a fine white uniform, amply filled, with beaming Italian. Everyone found our arrival a pleasant novelty and we spent a delightful evening at the camping site, chatting with Italians and Dutch from the site in a quadra-lingual conversation, and dancing to the local band. That night we saw something of the heart of Italy that we could not find in the sweltering cities of Rome and Venice.

A detailed survey of the rest of the trip would take pages and would be more self-indulgence on the part of the writer than entertainment for the reader. We continued in the same haphazard way to Venice and then through the Brenner Pass to Innsbruck on the Berne and thence to a two-night final fling in Paris. The flying through the Alps, apart from furnishing a fund of stories sufficient to keep hordes of ardent admirers entertained for years to come, was a magnificent experience ; but it would require a poet, and a good one, to do it true justice.

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What the flight safety pundits would have said about it all remains a subject for pleasant private meditations ; but it was fun, and we live to tell the tale.

In our three weeks of flying we gained more experience, in a variety of ways, than is normally gained in many months. But, from the pure flying point of view, a few words on navigation might be interesting to anyone contemplating a trip such as this. Our navigation was simple. The most we ever had to use was a map, a pair of dividers and the back of a computer. Usually we just followed roads, railways, valleys, rivers or coastlines. But, without radio or aids of any sort, it would be easy to get lost over strange countryside if for a few moments

one lost one's bearings. Hence good maps are an absolute essential. A wrong turn down an Alpine valley, for instance, could be embarrassing if the valley is narrower than the aircraft's turning circle, the mountains higher than its ceiling, and the aircraft not young enough to loop out. We shall be ever grateful to the College flight planning section for a fine set of half-million charts that covered our entire route and more.

Ending on this solemn note of warning seems all wrong, for our trip was essentially for pleasure. Aerial touring is an ideal holiday for all who love flying. It is a free and uncramped style of flying, quite unlike service flying, with its own different but distinct thrills. It should be the perfect holiday for an R.A.F. cadet.

NORPED, 61

In the summer leave, Flight Cadets Thompstone and Bowler accompanied the Royal Naval College's expedition to Norway. The aims of the trip were firstly to survey a previously unmapped region, secondly to familiarise members of the party with expedition life and thirdly to give them a grounding in skiing and mountaineering, especially ice work.

We arrived in Bergen by courtesy of B.E.A. from whence we travelled by coach and fiord steamer to our destination, a village on the edge of the Josterdalsbree glacier, named Vietstrand, near where we set up our base camps. Now began the hard work, lugging stores 5,000 ft. up the edge of the icecap where advanced camps were to be set up. In addition to this the surveying experts in the party insisted on our placing flaps on ten feet poles, in the most inaccessible places possible.

Once the camp had been established the main aims of the expedition were pursued. A Royal Marine mountaineering instructor, together with several naval officers began the difficult task of teaching cadets to stay upright on skis, to climb on rock and ice, and the art of crevasse rescue.

By way of a change a 100-kilometre round trek across the icecap was arranged for one section of the party, to visit what

appeared on the map as a large town. After a 30-kilometre slog through sleet and snow we descended to the comparative shelter of a narrow valley, where the snow mercifully turned to rain. Here we spent the night in a derelict hut before continuing our trek to find the town. After a further 25-kilometers we discovered from a Norwegian farmer that we had walked right through the place without even noticing it. So much for the "town." Meanwhile another section of the party had begun the arduous task of surveying, a task made more difficult by the fact that the cloud level was often well below the level of the survey camp.

Because of the nature of the expedition, we lived on highly concentrated foods such as 'high fat' bars, a pemmican-like substance, dehydrated vegetables and needless to say 'ship's' biscuits — Ugh! These rations were occasionally supplemented by 'compo' rations and such delicacies as rum fudge and Kendal mint cake.

After four weeks of this life, the survey having been completed, we were glad to break camp and start the long trek back to Bergen, London and civilisation. We had had many wonderful experiences and our estimation and understanding of the Royal Navy had been increased tremendously.



ON 31st August the "Old Ground Hotel" at Ennis in the Emerald Isle, "the land of a thousand lakes," welcomed the sadly depleted party of four flight cadets, looking enthusiastically for the renowned fishing.

Half of the party were completely unversed in the "fine art" and the other half although with a certain amount of experience of various types of fishing were a bit unsure of what to expect, how to expect it and if it turned out to be any size how to treat it. At this time the stories told by the manager of the hotel were rife and working havoc in the minds of the "intrepid" anglers. The solution to all the queries was found in one person — the ghillie, fount of all local fishing knowledge and, incidentally, of a lot of stories that would be difficult to substantiate.

It was planned to divide the week roughly into three — trout fishing, pike fishing and deep sea fishing. This was so that all methods and types of fishing could be experienced particularly by Flight Cadets Swaine and Shorrock who were very keen to try their hands for the first time at this seemingly mysterious recreation.

If these three types of fishing are taken in order of success it will be found that the

fresh-water angling takes the lower positions. This was mainly due to a bad arrangement of weather conditions by Nature coupled with a certain ignorance of local conditions on the part of the party. Spinning a lake, both for trout and pike requires a certain ruffled surface so that the presence and movement of the boat goes undetected by the fish. The three days chosen to fish the lakes, twice for trout and once for pike, were, of course, dead calm. Indeed a more glasslike surface could not be imagined. From all these peaceful days on the lakes no trout and only two small pike were produced. Although the fish were rising freely to the fly, even here they tended to know the difference between the natural fly and the tied fly. This no doubt was due to the rather inexperienced way it was presented. It was only by use of the "barbarian" method of worming for trout in the clear water stream that flowed out of one of the lakes that any fish were caught. Even though all the fish caught thus weighed 1lb or less they fought well for several minutes and many more were lost on rocks after they had been played. Apart from the fresh water fishing the party decided to try their hands at some deep sea fishing for the first time. Two days were set aside for this.

The first day was hot and the two non-anglers in the party still had not broken their ducks. All the luck up till then had been with Flight Cadets Bailey and Stephens. It was to remain this way. Ten minutes after dropping anchor the latter cast out his mackerel bait with the only rod. Ten minutes later the reel began to run out and soon Flight Cadet Stephens realised that this was probably a fish. As the reel stopped he struck and from about 30 yards out a 28½ lb. tope tore towards the boat causing utter panic therein. After five or six anxious minutes the fish was gaffed and boated. The tope was followed by what must be one of the most horrible looking fish in the sea, the monk fish (*see caption photo*). This one was Flight Cadet Bailey's effort and it turned out to be a thrashing 41 lbs. The rest of the day produced two small dogfish. However the two non-anglers were still frustratingly "virgin."

The second day at sea was their day. A bright blustery day caused queasiness in one of the party's stomach and it seemed to affect his fishing. For once the leader was out of the race and Flight Cadets Shorrocks

and Swaine were competing for the usual pint of beer offered for the first fish. This was the day when the stories of the "fish that got away" came true. Through bad luck it is estimated that at least five certain fish were lost. The most notable was the tope caught by Flight Cadet Swaine that daringly came to the surface about fifteen yards from the boat and swam at a terrible speed towards it then down, down under water breaking the 75 lb line on the bottom of the boat. The one large fish boated was the 38 lb monkfish by Flight Cadet Shorrocks. This day ended with a scurry to port before a storm which might have proved disastrous if we had stayed out in it.

As can be deduced most of the week's fishing entertainment was centred around this sea fishing although many pleasant days were spent on the lakes and rivers. In spite of the lack of success in the fresh-water side, the tales told by the locals over glasses of draught Guinness are still remembered and no doubt the members of the party will return to try their luck again.

MEHEMET AT EIGHT

Oh seven five five hours. Sidelights on, windscreen wipers going, the car threads its way gingerly between short crocodiles of dripping cadets. The hazards of the hour increase as in loose formation the Senior Entry, the would-be Lightning pilots of 1962, flash by on their new-found freedom of bicycles. We swerve to avoid a tipper truck from the site on the right where the concrete ribs of the new swimming pool roof preside like a giant toast rack over the sub-Olympic-length hole and where already men are bolting up a bit more Meccano for the new instructional block. Oh, brave new world Meanwhile, we come to a halt outside one of the dismal huts, gather book and notes into a protective bundle and run the gauntlet of the roof drips.

In the dim class-room five tired-looking characters, strategically placed by the radiators, struggle to their feet. We switch on the lights to identify them, fling open the

windows to keep them awake, and exchange pleasantries whilst waiting for three more to arrive.

The first one comes. "Good afternoon, Brown." Oh dear, this cheap sarcasm, must cut it out. "Sorry, Sir, had to see my Flight Commander." Hm, beta minus for effort, gamma for originality. Anyway, his Flight Commander just got married so it's doubtful whether yes, better check up, I suppose.

Ah, enter ffoulkes-Willoughby, panting suitably.

"Yes, F.W.?" The diffident smile is released.

"Well, Sir, if I tell you you won't believe me, Sir."

"Probably right, but carry on."

"Well, it was like this"

Yes, his powers as a raconteur are developing. One can see his future in the midst of inclining heads over innumerable halves of bitter.

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Almost forgotten about Williams, who now arrives genuinely breathless.

"Well, Williams, and what's your story?" He stops, aghast, genuinely taken aback. Obviously he's been too busy hurrying to manage any literary composition. Funny how Williams's mind only copes with one thing at a time. Wonder how he manages in the air. Must check with his flying instructor.

Well, now we are free to get down to the Eastern question and Mehemet Ali.

"You will remember"

"Warble, warble, warble, warble, warble" from the loudspeaker just outside the door. Wretches ! One of these days they'll really get a fire at eight o'clock and that will fix them !

"As I was saying, you will remember" Hullo, Brown and Beytes exchanging surreptitious smiles. What is it, smut on my nose ? No, not that. Oh, of course — they think I've forgotten — I had — essays to be handed in this period. On demand, grubby sheets of foolscap reluctantly emerge — in most cases.

"Where's yours, Beytes ?" Beytes, scion of distinguished Service stock, switches on his embryo version of the smile which has dazzled many a Command Headquarters.

"Well, Sir, what with Knocker and rugby training and a War Studies presentation for Friday and I'm one of the crew in 'Pinafore' and I've my "Pilot's Notes" to get up and my Squadron Commander's been after me" We commiserate on the difficulties of life for a man of parts — albeit a well-versed practitioner of cadetmanship — and settle for the following Thursday.

"Now, Lustwell, what can you tell us about Mehemet's background ?"

"Well, Sir, was he the one who'd had an affair with Napoleon's sister ?"

"No, you fool, that was Metternich," from ffoulkes-Willoughby. Good memory that lad has for the backstairs stuff. Pity he can't apply it

* * * * *

" in short Mehemet had acquired Syria as a result of the first crisis which we saw last week and our story begins again when his rule there begins to prove unpopular.

"Please, Sir," from ffoulkes-Willoughby, "don't you think this situation's very similar to the one today ?"

A faint smell of fish ?

"Yes, Sir," from Brown, "what do you think's going to happen there ?"

Yes, definitely Red Herring time. Shall we be drawn ? Wouldn't it do more good than Mehemet anyway ? Very well, let's give it five minutes, it will make the old stuff seem more relevant.

* * * * *

Twenty minutes later, by way of power politics, some-one's uncle at the Foreign Office, anti-nuclear demonstrations and the dangers of higher education, we are back to the Eastern Question — or at least most of us. Hernandez, trainee for the service of friendly foreign government, sits with a seraphic smile on his face — miles away.

"So what was the French position in all this — Hernandez ?" With a barely perceptible start and the aplomb of a future chief of his country's air arm — if the regime hasn't changed before he gets back home — comes the reply :

"Sorry, Sair, I deed not quaitendairstand the question,"

* * * * *

Five to nine. " and so the Near East stayed relatively quiet until 1853, where we shall take up the story next week. Now, any questions ?"

Surprisingly, three chaps all try to speak at once and the questions have to be sorted into order. Supplementary questions follow, views are advanced and the discussion is borne along on an animated wave. This is heartening stuff. One feels a real glow. They've obviously absorbed the points, the difficulties of negotiations, the underlying motives, the complex pressures at work, the dangers of overcommitment, the bluff that is called, the relevance oh, dear, five past nine, pity to let them go when they're so keen, and people aren't always so interested in old Mehemet at 8.0 a.m., but they'll be late for their next period. I wonder what hm, what's that bus hooting for outside ?

"What are you chaps on now ?"

"P.T., Sir."

The vision is shattered. Mediterranean sunshine, Levantine palaces, suave diplomats, white-sailed men-o'-war are replaced by wall-bars, the impatient P.T.I. and the unwilling gymnasts before me. I drive them out into the rain, turn to the wall and roll up the map. It will not be needed these seven days.

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His feet on the ground

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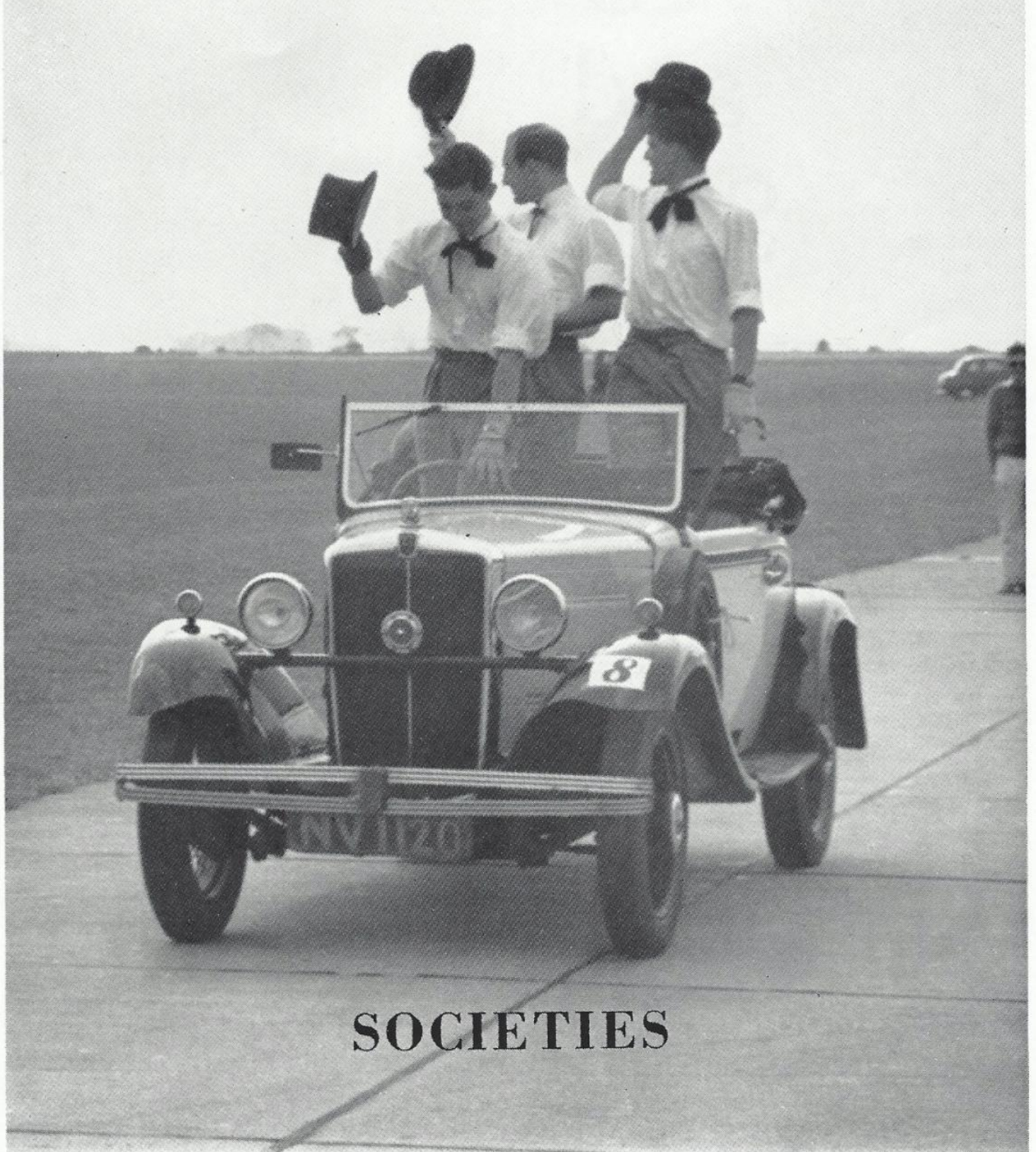
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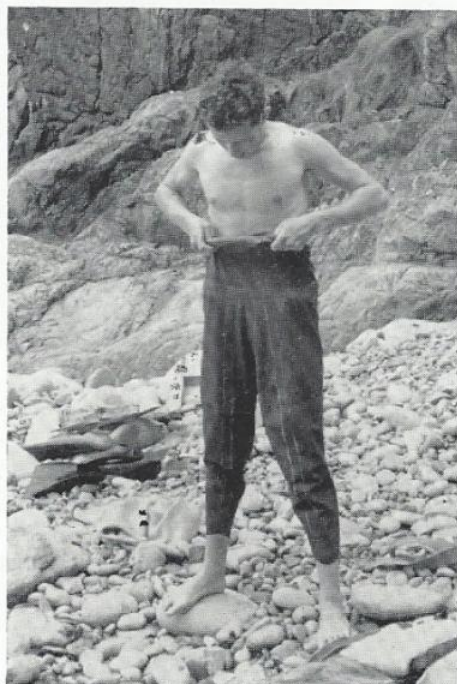
The summer term was one of regular activity for the Club, with training sessions held every week on Thursday evenings. The Grading Scheme which was introduced has proved most successful, and a real incentive for all members to achieve the standard of proficiency needed for sea diving.

In Search of a Viking Wreck

On the weekend of 15-16 July, 1961, fifteen flight cadets and two officers went aqualung diving off the coast of Lincolnshire to investigate rumours of a Viking wreck lying offshore. The wreck had been seen, exposed by very low tides, some years ago.

We reached the area, near Sutton-on-Sea, by College dormobile and private transport to try to find out from the local populace the exact position of the wreck before diving began. We were lucky to meet an old fisherman who knew of a wreck lying offshore in shallow water. We also obtained a chalet in which to store diving equipment and change into suits.

As the fisherman's story seemed to tally with ours, diving commenced on the Saturday afternoon, using a J-type dinghy on a lifeline as a raft. The necessity of a shore lifeline was emphasised when it became



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almost inextricably entangled and the dinghy, which was not attached to the line, started to make a bee-line for the open sea! After recapturing the dinghy, several members donned suits and went into the water but reported almost complete lack of visibility because recent storms had stirred up the sandy bottom. As little exploring was possible, the rest of the day was spent in initiating new members in the art of sea diving. This was in preparation for the proposed expedition to Cyprus during the summer vacation.

On Sunday we made an early start to catch the high tide in the hope that the sand would have settled further out on the wreck. Visibility was better but still poor. We were able to identify the wreck as being about 50 years old, and not, as we had hoped, of Viking vintage.

We used R.A.F. Strubby as a base and were able to charge air bottles at R.A.F. Manby. The journeys to Manby wasted considerable time and a portable compressor would have allowed better use of the time available for diving — a purchase is under consideration.

A dry-suit, which excludes water entirely, was used for the first time and found to be



“Portelet Bay—Jersey”

very warm when worn over a layer of clothing. Trouble, however, was encountered in letting residual air out of the suit when entering the water. This was due to a faultily positioned exhaust valve ; air was allowed to escape by opening the neck-seal which, unfortunately, also let water in to the discomfort of the wearer.

Although the visit did not achieve its aim of finding a Viking wreck the experience gained by the novices was invaluable. They were able to acclimatise themselves to waves in the safety of a sandy beach whereas the rocky shores expected during the vacation would have made training much more difficult and dangerous.

Jersey Visit, August, 1961

A rather more ambitious underwater fishing and exploration expedition was planned for the summer leave, in the warm and clear water round Cyprus. The airlift for this was unfortunately cancelled because of the Kuwait situation, which forced us to fall back on a shadow programme taking us back to last year's happy hunting ground in Jersey. Although the water had neither

the warmth nor the crystal qualities of the Mediterranean, sport was found at many points around the island's indented coast.

As guests of the Jersey Sub-Aqua Club, we were able to make use of their clubhouse and equipment. This enabled us to have our air-bottles recharged on their compressor, and to try our hands at harpoon-gun fishing. A fair catch was landed during the fortnight, but the ones which got away were always reported as larger than any caught !

Amusing incidents came thick and fast. The first fish to loom before the “sights” at point-blank range had a new lease of life when a safety-catch was left on “sûreté” instead of “tirer.” On another occasion a snap shot was taken at a disappearing target which turned out to be the marksman's own “flipper,” but fortunately he was off form. The greatest howler must be credited to our Liverpoolian member who spent ten minutes chasing an elusive water-drop on the inside of his mask, which led him on a dizzy chase in ever-decreasing circles. He provided more amusement on shore as a sun-worshipper with a difference, sporting a sun-bathing outfit more suited to a Polar expedition.

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THINK AND THWIM

The fishing champion of the Jersey Sub-Aqua Club had perfected a method of night fishing, by lying on the bottom and shooting at any dark shapes passing above. Our attempts at this novel venture only produced several mud-spattered divers and sleepy crabs—the harbour floor was not the ideal location!

One of the highlights of the visit was an excursion by fishing boat to Les Echrinaux, a group of rocks off the coast of France. On a day again blessed with brilliant sunshine such a sea trip was ideal, especially with an Australian skipper loaded with tales, to which everyone added their own pinch of salt. Diving was carried out under fast tidal-race conditions around the rocks, but all members emerged unscathed by late afternoon, just in time to see two enormous congers lifted from the water over the side of our fishing smack. We were certain they were the only two in the neighbourhood, and had been avoiding us intentionally anyway.

That the visit was both successful and enjoyable is proved by the large number of diving hours and degree of sun-tan gained, for which the efforts of Flight Lieutenant T. Jones earn a well-deserved vote of thanks. We only hope now that a Mediterranean venue will be possible next year.

CANOEING

After a successful start to the season in the Devizes to Westminster Canoe Race, the Society hoped to enter more races during the summer term. Unfortunately, owing to other College commitments, only one race was entered. This was the race at Chelmer on 11th of June, 1961. The course was thirteen miles long, with seven lock portages.

The three crews entered were:—

Flight Cadets W. Wood and T. S. Keats
(Tyne)

Flight Cadets A. Stephens and W. Herford
(Klepper)

Flight Cadets J. Hughes and D. Maslin
(Klepper)

The result was disappointing. Our collapsible canoes were competing in the same class as fibre-glass kayaks, and consequently we were well down in the final placings.

The long-awaited expedition to Sweden was planned for the vacation, but this was

cancelled because of a lack of the necessary funds. Not being deterred by the enforced cancellation of the expedition, a canoeing holiday was immediately organised to France.

Loire Valley, 1961

The Society was determined to go abroad this year, in order to follow up the success of the 1959 expedition to the Moselle Valley.

So it was that on the 28th August, a heavily laden College minibus and seven members of the society arrived at Dover ready to be transported to France. It took almost two full days to travel down to the particular part of the Loire on which we were going to canoe, but this time included an interesting half day spent sight-seeing in Paris

Despite rumours to the contrary, the river had a reasonable amount of water in it and so on 31st August, two canoes set out from Beaugency.

The weather during the first week was excellent, and consequently at the end of the week there was a great deal of red flesh to be seen, and cries for sun-tan oil continued long into the night.

The river itself was found to contain innumerable sand-banks which lay hidden just beneath the surface. These were most annoying because in order to get over them, both occupants of the canoe had to get out in the middle of the river and carry the canoe to deeper water.

In all, the party canoed for seven days and covered a distance of 125 miles. This included one day's canoeing on the Cher, a tributary of the Loire. Convenient campsites were found at the following towns en route: Beaugency, Blois, Tours, Langeais, Samur and Angers.

About 18 miles per day were covered, and, considering the state of the river and the fact that the wind always blew upstream, this was quite reasonable.

At Angers, the canoes were completely cleaned and stowed away together with all other gear, and the return journey began on 8th September. The route taken was via Le Mans and Rouen to Calais.

After a rather uneventful crossing, the party arrived in England in the early evening, faced with the sobering thought that after such an enjoyable fortnight's holiday the Autumn Term began the next day.

GLIDING

The Summer Term was a very successful one as regards weather, and as a result a record number of hours were flown. Practically every week-end several long soaring trips were made locally, particularly dual soaring in the two T.21's. Over the half term break, Senior Under Officer Bromhead completed his Silver 'C' with a five hour flight, and during the same week this performance was repeated by Flight Lieutenant Crook. Flight Lieutenant Feakes and Flight Cadet Granville-White gained Silver 'C' cross-country distances with flights to Manby and Skegness respectively.

The summer camp this year was held at Royal Air Force Andover, and in spite of several days bad weather, over 105 hours were logged. Several cadets qualified for their 'C', and a Silver 'C' gain of height was also achieved. A feature of this camp was the number of short sharp cross-country attempts that were made with almost monotonous regularity. In an attempt to break this habit Flight Lieutenant Feakes set off on a Gold distance attempt, but landed 110 kilometres away at Gaydon, while trying to photograph his turning point. Senior Flight Cadet Zotov managed to get 130 kilometres away before being "forced down by electrical failure," and was stranded at his landing point for a few days owing to the retrieving dormobile breaking down.

After this camp Flight Lieutenant Johnson, Pilot Officers Bromhead and Butler, and Senior Flight Cadet Zotov took the Olympia to France. During this time Flight Lieutenant Johnson and Zotov set up new College records for cross-country triangular flights. In addition Flight Lieutenant Johnson completed his Silver 'C' with a five-hour flight, bringing the number of Silver 'C's' held this term to six — an all-time College record.

MOUNTAINEERING

During term time several meets were held at Stanage Edge, Derbyshire. These were training meets on rock faces of all grades of difficulty. Practice in abseiling (rapelling) and simple rock-climbing techniques was obtained. Generally the weather was fair and these outings proved great fun and good value.

Flying Officer Plowman has accompanied the cadet parties on some occasions and has

been a valuable asset to the Mountaineering Section, proffering his expert advice and experience to less talented but very keen climbers.

ANGLING

At long last the Angling Society is winning its battle against its sea of troubles.

We have finally found suitable waters at Market Deeping and have made several trips with large parties of cadets with varying degrees of success.

Two cadets spent half-term fishing on the River Stour with mediocre success, and also sea-fishing near Bournemouth.

POTHOLING

The Potholing Society has been rather dormant this term due no doubt to the fine weather discouraging any descents into the cold, wet depths.

However, three members spent an enjoyable three days staying in the Wessex Caving Club Hut, and exploring Stoke Lane Pot and Swildon's Swallet. They helped prepare for an expedition, which took place over half term, and which discovered a new section to the cave. The captain of potholing was a member of the expedition.

Because of tension in the Middle East the expedition to the Lebanon was cancelled, and no other arrangements were made.

ENGINEERING

It would appear that the summer weather sends indoor societies into a decline and this is true of the Engineering Society if its activity is based upon the number of projects in hand. However, plans for a Hovercraft are under way, and the Society's Go-Kart has been extensively repaired and rebuilt this term. Perhaps another syndicate would like to build a second Kart based upon the experience gained from the first?

Further to the Society's activities, it appears to have been very, very busy judging by the number of tools taken out — and not returned. Once again the Secretary asks members not to take tools away to work on cars. The Society is not intended as a tool fund to supplement the Motor Club and all work should be carried out in the shop only.

RADIO

Term by term the amount of construction carried out by cadets has risen, and this term has been no exception. Six high quality tape recorders have been built as well as a V.H.F. tuner, several radio sets, and a stereo amplifier. All construction kits obtained through the College Society have a 10% discount and an increased supply of tools and test equipment enables most kits to be built in a week.

Work on the amateur radio side is going ahead and it is planned to go on the air during the Autumn term. Two cadets have passed the amateur radio examination, and by taking a morse test of 12 words per minute will obtain their transmitting licences.

PRINTING

The Printing Section has this term reaped the benefits of previous hard work. We are now proud possessors of a powered printing machine and a big, heavy guillotine.

Despite the normal run-down in work

during the Summer, there has still been activity in the section and a steady output of jobs has resulted. Some time has also been spent in mastering the intricacies of the new machines. The guillotine has already saved us hours of hard labour while our skill is improving with every job tackled on the power printing machine.

RIDING

During the summer term the Riding Section was used almost exclusively by members of the College Pentathlon Team, not because they exercised a monopoly, but because only the pentathletes seemed interested in riding.

The standard of riding in the annual Pentathlon match against Sandhurst leaves room for improvement during the coming year. As a start to this improvement three cadets went on riding courses during the summer vacation, one lasting six weeks at the Army Remount School at Melton Mowbray and the other two, of a few day's duration, at a civilian club also at Melton.

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This is the first season that Golf has been recognised as a major sport and the result has been an enjoyable and encouraging term's golfing. A small band of ardent golfers turned out regularly at Rauceby where the course has been playing exceptionally well.

We entertained Dartmouth in the first match of the season, our guests winning 3-1. Pitchfork, conceding eight strokes, was down at the turn but came back finding a perfect length for a while only to go down 4 and 3. Wilson found a lot of trouble on the way out, but left his effort too late and went down 3 and 2. Omar was on top of his game and won 7 and 6, whilst Dunlop lost by a putt on the last green after an exciting round.

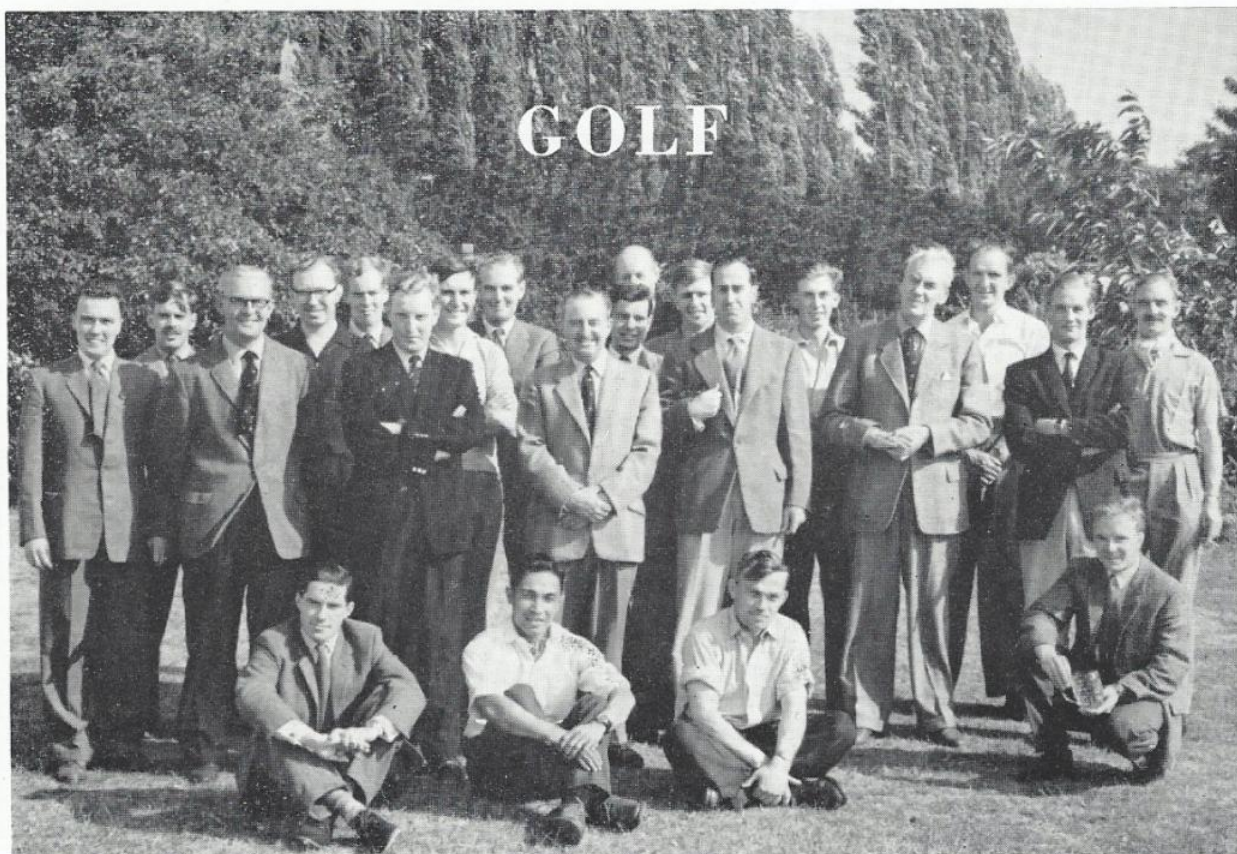
At Sandhurst the College won by $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$, on a sizzling Camberley course with temperatures in the eighties. Omar was immediately at home, and played perhaps his best game of the season. Pitchfork, down at the turn, came back magnificently to win on the 18th. Wilson never matched the length and consistency of his opponent's game, going down 7 and 6. Conran-Smith was narrowly defeated, while Gaynor, playing well above form, won 3 and 2. Mackenzie-Crooks had to fight hard to halve his match.

This year the Old Cranwellians beat the College by 4-1. In the top match, all square at the 18th, Omar and Mackenzie-Crooks were given no chance when Group Captain Seymour drove the green, leaving Group Captain Walker to hole out for the birdie

which he did. Flying Officer Herd's long woods and Flight Lieutenant Allison's accurate irons gave Wilson and Pitchfork little chance and the result was 5 and 3. Dunlop and Crone found Flight Lieutenants Hickox and Atherton too good and they too went down, 3 and 2. Conran-Smith and Gaynor played admirably to give the College its only win by 3 and 2 over Squadron Leaders Devey-Smith and Hermitage. In the final match Flight Lieutenant Moffat kindly became a cadet for the afternoon and partnered Read, but they were beaten 5 and 3 by Wing Commander Harris and Squadron Leader Lockyer, a formidable pair. After the match we were honoured with a visit by Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir Dermot Boyle, who was the guest of Group Captain Nuttall. We would like to thank all the Old Cranwellians who came to Rauceby for a most enjoyable afternoon's golf.

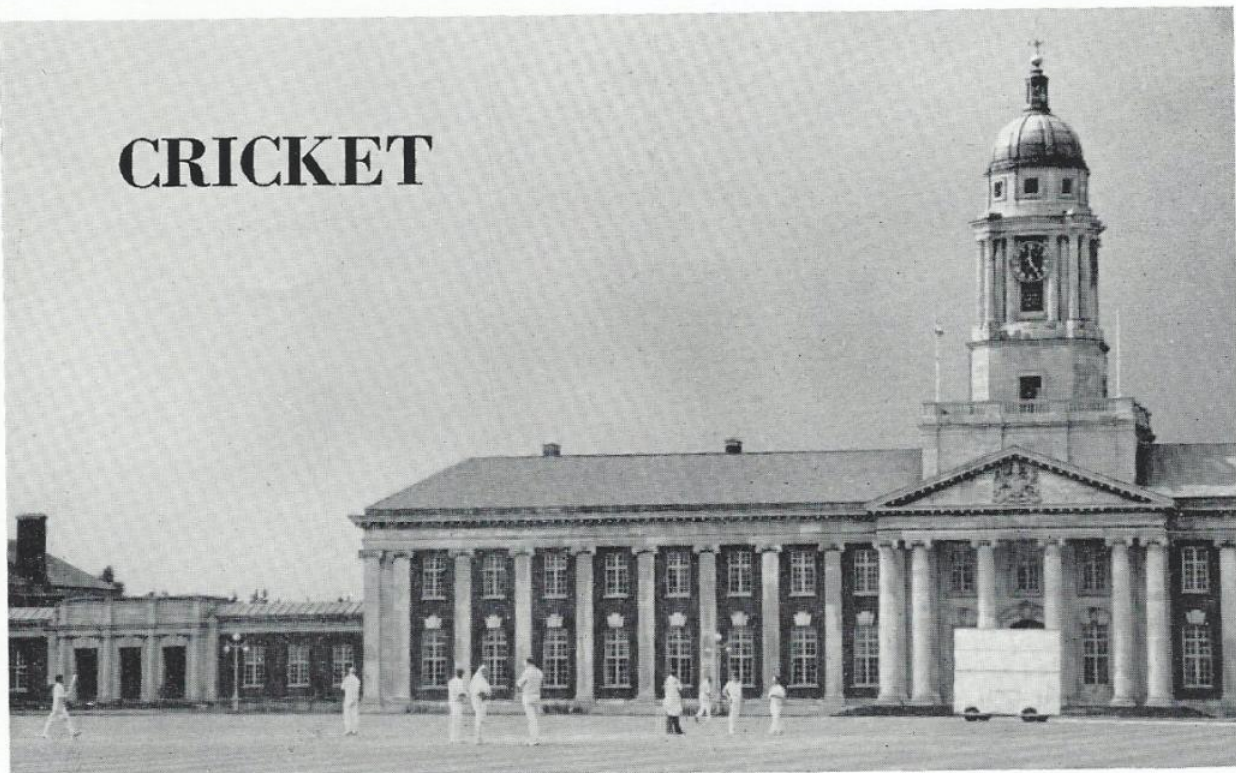
The Probyn Cup was won by Wing Commander Clegg, who beat Wing Commander Harris 3 and 2 in an exciting final. In the competition for the tankard presented yearly by the officers Wilson beat Crone 2 and 1 in a very closely contested final.

Team : Flight Cadet Omar Bin Saman, Flight Cadet R. B. Mackenzie-Crooks, Flight Cadet R. A. F. Wilson (Captain), Senior Flight Cadet G. R. Pitchfork, Flight Cadet H. J. Crone, Flight Cadet M. J. Dunlop, Flight Cadet M. A. Gaynor, Flight Cadet D. R. Conran-Smith, Flight Cadet K. R. L. Read.



OLD CRANWELLIAN WEEKEND : *Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir Dermot Boyle, G.C.B., K.C.V.O., K.B.E., A.F.C., Group Captain T. P. Seymour, C.B.E., and members of their team, with their flight cadet opponents at Rauceby.*

CRICKET



The season has once again been a story of potential not fully realised. On their day every batsmen down to the eighth has been able to get fifty or more runs but never in any one match did two batsmen get good scores. The bowling was usually steady but only the captain, Evans, had the penetration, and Deakin the wiles, to get batsmen out consistently. All too often of the fielding it was a case of the less said the better, although on occasions the team excelled itself, as in the case of the match against Lincolnshire when good consistent fielding on a poor outfield contained a strong side to 140 for 7.

The match against Dartmouth was one in which fortune smiled on first one team then the other. Electing to bat, Cranwell soon found themselves in difficulties, most of them of their own contrivance, and it was not until Deaken at No. 8 joined the opening batsman Holliday, that the College began to make runs with any fluency. Thanks to a fine 74 by Holliday the College achieved respectability with a score of 170. The Dartmouth innings was completely the reverse. Starting off as though they intended to win by ten wickets, and looking like doing it too, they suddenly collapsed with victory in sight and it was their tenth batsman who eventually struck the winning run for a 2 wicket victory.

At Sandhurst we had the satisfaction of having what is a comparative rarity in College cricket — a

good opening stand. It was to be of no avail however, because once the openers were parted the rest of the team succumbed without a murmur, only a last wicket stand of some 30 runs enabling the College to make 140. Undaunted, the College soon had the Sandhurst batsmen in all sorts of trouble, and the fielding which had been good, scaled the heights when Terrett took a brilliant diving catch at extra cover to make Sandhurst 65-6. Thoughts turned to a first innings lead but it was not to be, since good, sensible punishment of anything under or over a length took their score to 292-8 dec. Once again in the second innings our opening pair, Morrow and Holliday, did a splendid job; once again, the innings collapsed, Nos. 3 and 4 leaving the wicket within three balls of each other (they had managed four in the first innings), and though Evans and Busfield fought valiantly the innings closed leaving the College defeated by an innings and 46 runs.

May we, as always, take this opportunity to thank Mr Simpson for all his help and patience, especially the latter, Flight Lieutenant Oakley for his help, both what we saw and what we didn't see — on the administrative side, and finally Mr Oldham who has prepared beautiful wickets for us all the season.

Colours were awarded to : Flight Cadets Blake, Bliss, Deakin, Terrett.

1st XI Results

MATCHES PLAYED

Free Foresters	Draw
Gentlemen of Leicester	Won by 8 wickets
Nottingham High School	Draw
Adastrians	Lost by 109 runs (two day match)
B.R.N.C. Dartmouth	Lost by 3 wickets
B. H. Polley's XI	Won by 121 runs
Nottingham Amateurs	Draw
Lincolnshire Colts	Lost by 54 runs

Merles	Won by 2 wickets
Old Cranwellians	Won by 8 runs
Loughborough College	Won by 2 wickets
R.M.A. Sandhurst	Lost by an innings and 46 runs (two day match)
Kimbolton School	Won by 7 wickets
M.C.C.	Abandoned after 14 overs
Lincolnshire Gentlemen	Draw
Grasshoppers	Lost by 55 runs

Played 15 Won 6 Drew 4 Lost 5

MODERN PENTATHLON



Flt. Cdt. Pearce takes his mount through one of the fences in the Inter-College Match

Modern Pentathlon this season has seen an increase in the number of matches participated in, and consequently a marked improvement in the standard of all the competitors even though we were hampered by comparative inexperience. Training was carried on in all three terms with the emphasis building up to the important matches in the Summer Term.

The Templar Cup Pistol competition as usual stimulated keen interest in the shooting and some very good scores were obtained thanks to the helpful guidance of Sergeant Bloor and Flight Lieutenant Little, who joined us at the beginning of the season.

Our first match of the season was towards the end of the Spring Term with R.E.M.E. Arborfield and Cheltenham Modern Pentathlon clubs. The match was held on home ground and we entered three teams. Thomson did well in the Fencing, scored 1166 points and obtained first place. Fitzpatrick and Sturt scored second and third places in the shooting. Fitzpatrick also did well and was placed second in the running.

At the beginning of the Summer Term we sent two teams down to Cheltenham for a Tetrathlon match (the five events minus riding). Our Fencing had improved considerably with the result that the first team gained second, third and fourth places out of a total of twenty competitors. Perera also did well and was placed sixth equal with Hood.

At this stage of the season we were well under way with Portal Triathlon competitions in Running,

Shooting and Swimming. This was very helpful in giving us competition to train against. The Inter-College and University match this year was held at Cranwell. Here again our Fencing showed up well. In the Riding we encountered some misfortune with only Pearce managing to score. Our normal high standard of shooting was affected slightly by match temperament: however, Sturt came second with Hood and Pearce coming fifth and sixth respectively. Unfortunately the other important match of the season clashed with College exams and Hood was the only College Pentathlete able to compete in the R.A.F. Championships. He did very well and overall was placed sixth in the Pentathlon events and fourth in the Tetrathlon events.

Looking back on the season it is clear that the standard of shooting and fencing showed a very rapid increase with rewarding results. Running, riding and swimming, however, need more emphasis. A lot of hard work has been put into the swimming, and next year will show the fruits of this training since our teams will retain their more experienced members.

Finally we must thank Flight Lieutenant Richardson and Flight Lieutenant Little for the highly successful way in which they have supported us and helped us along in our training. We look forward next season to more matches which not only will promote keen competition, but will give every College Pentathlete a chance to gain valuable match experience.

ROWING

This was a promising year that turned out to be rather disappointing, but we managed to achieve some of the things that we had hoped for last year.

Firstly, the new coxless four arrived at the beginning of the Summer Term, thanks to the Nuffield Trust, and the Royal Air Force Rowing Association also lent us a fine sculling boat. We were able to give novices a chance to learn to row and some of them show promise.

Newark Rowing Club completed their new boat house in time for the season, and we are finding this a great improvement and they have been very helpful.

Last but not least we welcome our two new rowing coaches, Flying Officer Elworthy and Flight Lieutenant Gubbins, and we hope to be able to arrange some sort of coaching launch for them because of the lack of towing path facilities.

The first event of the season was Chester regatta, to which the 2nd IV went. This was at the beginning of the term and the 2nd rowed a dead heat against Chester Royal R.C., but were not fit enough to be able to keep up in the re-row immediately afterwards.

The match against B.R.N.C. Dartmouth at Boston showed that the 1st IV were not fit enough either but they fought hard at the end. The 2nd dropped behind to $1\frac{1}{2}$ lengths at one stage but spurred at the

end, perhaps a little too late, and were beaten by three feet. At Henlow the 2nd stood in for the 1st but were unable to hold Henlow 1st right from the start.

A 3rd IV was formed during the Summer, and although they tried hard they met with little success.

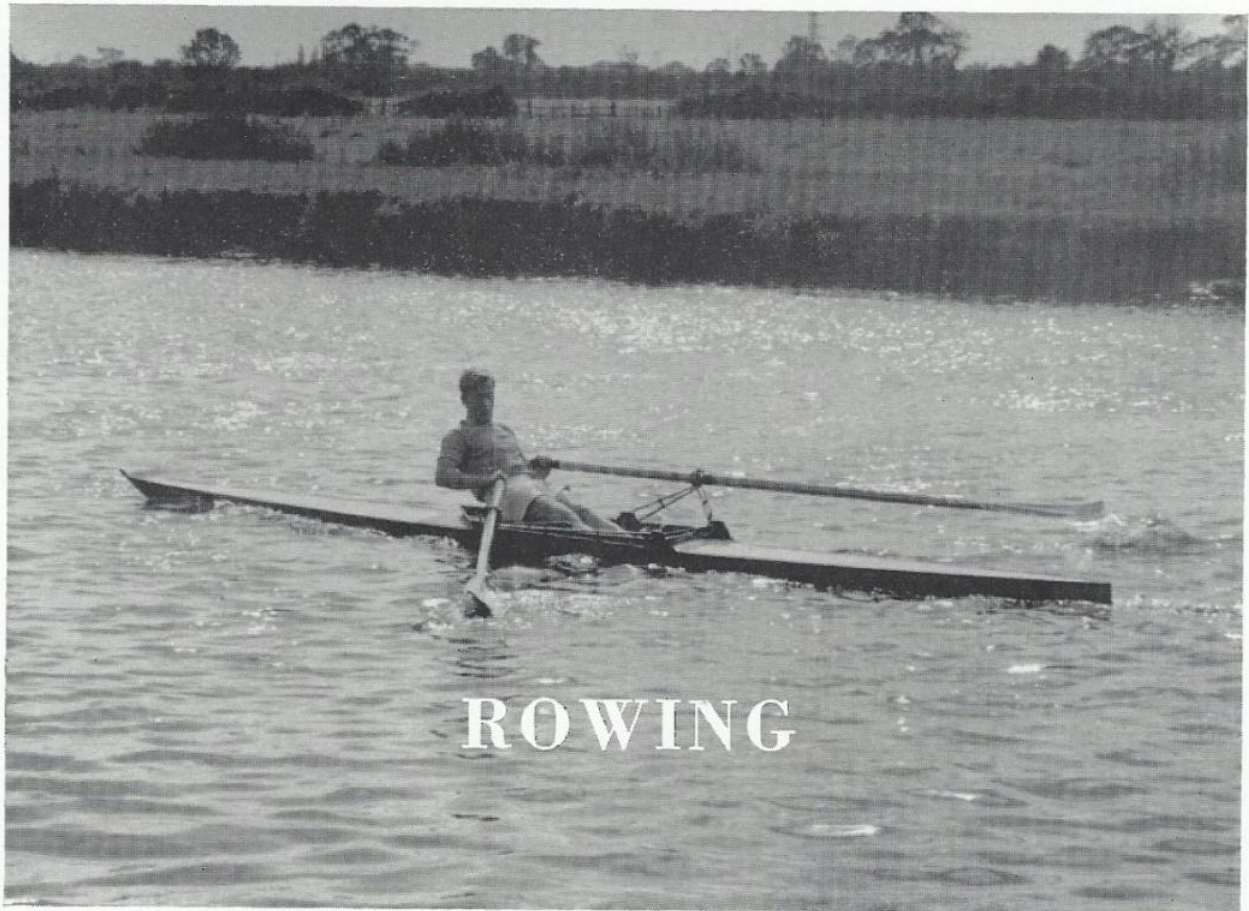
The College was well represented at the Royal Air Force Regatta. Unfortunately while leading Cottesmore by a length near the finish, the 1st ran into the marker buoys and lost by three feet. This put them out of what might have been a very interesting race against the second who were in the same event.

The College also entered Newark and Reading Amateur Regattas with varied success.

Although not really a match for Street at the Royal Air Force Regatta, McKinley has been sculling hard and took away the inter-squadron sculling trophy for the second year with little difficulty. We wish him success next year.

The standard of squadron rowing this year showed a marked improvement on last year. The inter-Squadron fours was won convincingly by 'A' Squadron and 'B' Squadron were overall winners. The officers pairs race provided the usual entertainment and we hope that they can be persuaded to row the complete course next year.

The squadron results were : B — A — D — C.



Flt. Cdt. McKinley—the winner of the Inter-Squadron Sculling Trophy

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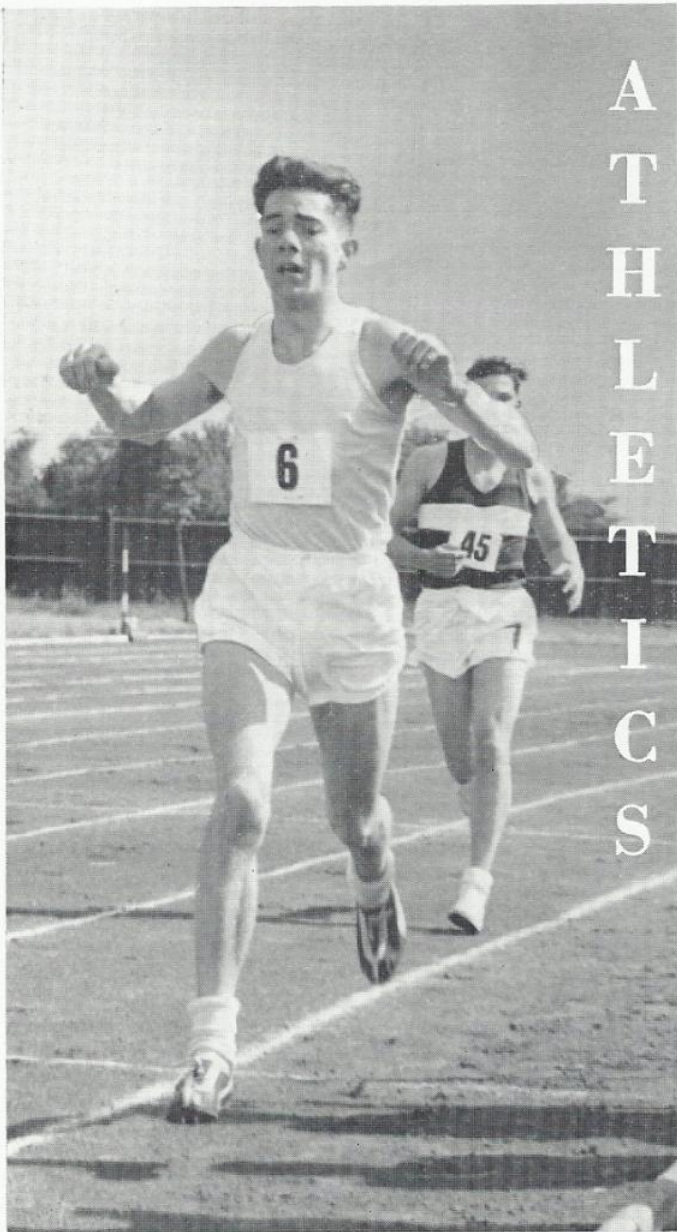
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Snr. Flt. Cdt. Hardie — the College Athletic Captain

This season we were fortunate in having a strong team and a full fixture list. Out of twelve matches we were victorious in nine, and overall the standard achieved was extremely creditable. Three College records were broken early in the season and the standard did not die off towards the end of the term, for the final event of the last match was again a record for the relay team.

There were no matches against either R.M.A. Sandhurst or Royal Air Force Technical College Henlow but our only inter-service college match against B.R.N.C. Dartmouth was a victory. The season began with a comfortable win over Carre's Grammar School when every event was won by the College except the 220, 440, Discus and Shot. The

second match was against the Milocarians and was extremely close, the College just drawing ahead in the final event. The hardest match was a triangular between ourselves, Nottingham University and Leicester University. We won by a narrow margin the matches against Worksop College and Dartmouth before our first defeat by Welbeck College on a very wet and slippery grass pitch. The first evening match against Boston Athletic Club was a success and two weeks later some good performances were put up in a triangular match when we beat Flying Training Command and came second to Bomber Command. The highlight of the season was the trip to Guernsey; the Navigation Section receive our thanks for flying us out there. It was a most worthwhile weekend and we defeated the combined team of Elizabeth College and the Guernsey Island Athletic Club. At Wellington we were heavily beaten due to shortages in our team but the season was finished with two very good matches, an evening triangular against Peterborough Athletic Club and Holbeach Athletic Club, and one against the Leicester College of Art and Technology.

Individual performances were good this season; the relay team broke the College record four times and finally achieved 44.6 secs. The team usually consisted of G. N. Wade, C. Payne, J. Jayatilaka and B. P. Swatton. Swatton also brought the Javelin record up to 173ft. 9½ins. and C. Granville-White knocked the 120 yds. hurdles down to 15.5 secs. T. P. Stockley consistently won the Long Jump and Triple Jump. In the early part of the season D. Fradley always won the mile, C. B. H. Hardie the 2 miles, C. Granville-White the hurdles, while B. P. Swatton was almost undefeated in the Javelin, and the Relay team saw defeat only once. G. N. Wade, the captain, found success when he tried the 440 late in the season and was consistently near the front in the 100 and 220. Swatton and Payne were a very useful pair in the 100, 220 and Relay. Colours were awarded to Slade, Granville-White, Swaine, Swatton, Jayatilaka, Fradley and Hardie.

RESULTS

	College	Opponents	Result
Carre's G.S.	76	58	Won
Milocarians	62	57	Won
Worksop College	67	59	Won
B.R.N.C. Dartmouth	95	78	Won
Welbeck College	50	53	Lost
Boston Athletic Club	78	58	Won
Guernsey Island A.C.	64	39	Won
Elizabeth College			
Wellington College	40	71	Lost
Leicester College of Art	81	69	Won

Triangular Match

Nottingham University	117	1st
R.A.F. College	96	2nd
Leicester University	62	3rd

Triangular Match

Bomber Command	114	1st
R.A.F. College	92	2nd
Flying Training Command	87	3rd

Triangular Match

R.A.F. College	181	1st
Holbeach Athletic Club	86	2nd
Peterborough Athletic Club	68	3rd

TENNIS

Tennis at Cranwell during 1961 undoubtedly reached one of its highest peaks for several years. The long sought after goal of defeating Sandhurst was achieved for the first time for 10 years, and of the 19 matches played by both 1st and 2nd VI's, only 3 games were lost.

1st VI

Training for the season began soon after Christmas, when with the aid of the indoor tennis court at East Camp it was possible to try out the new entries. The indoor court was used spasmodically throughout the remainder of the term and was found to be a very useful asset.

After Easter, the season started in earnest and it soon became clear that Flight Cadets Allcorn and Slack as first pair were a very valuable addition to the 1st VI. The first match of the season against Loughborough was unfortunately abandoned, but the team distinguished itself by winning the next four in a row including a hard-fought 5-4 victory over Rugby.

B.R.N.C. Dartmouth : Lost 7-2

The Dartmouth match was played at home where despite favourable conditions, the College was only able to hold Dartmouth to a 7-2 defeat. Allcorn and Slack as first pair gave the most promising display, but despite a hard-fought game went down in two straight sets against their 1st pair. The College second and third pairs were completely without success, and the two matches were gained by the College firsts defeating Dartmouth's second and third pairs. This was the 1st VI's only defeat of the season, but it was somewhat consoling to hear that the same Dartmouth team had beaten Sandhurst by an equal score.

RESULTS

1st VI

v. Loughborough	Abandoned
v. Jesus College Cambridge 'A'	5-4 Won
v. University Coll. London 'A'	5-4 Won
v. Bishops Hostel Lincoln	6-3 Won
v. Rugby School	5-4 Won
v. B.R.N.C. Dartmouth	2-7 Lost
v. Leicester University	Cancelled (by Leicester)
v. R.A.F. Peregrines	5-4 Won
v. Old Cranwellians	7-2 Won
v. Nottingham High School	6-3 Won
v. R.M.A. Sandhurst	5½-3½ Won
v. Oundle School	Abandoned
v. R.N.C. Greenwich	Abandoned

Played 12 Won 8 No Result 3 Lost 1

First Pair	Second Pair
F.C. B. E. Allcorn	F.C. M. L. Leedham
F.C. C. J. Slack	F.C. R. P. O'Brien

Third Pair
U.O. M. J. Greenwood
F.C. J. H. Currie

R.M.A. Sandhurst : Won 5½-3½

This match came rather late in the season, with the consequent advantage that the team was fully settled down and more confident than against Dartmouth. The match was played away at Sandhurst, and on grass courts. The grass courts were in fact a great asset once the difference in pace had been mastered. Three matches were played before lunch, when Cranwell took the lead 2-1. This was to be expected as two Cranwell pairs played weaker opponents. The test however, came after lunch when each pair played their opposite numbers, and here Cranwell's second and third pairs managed to break through. The Cranwell first pair went down at 7-5, 6-4. The remainder of the match went as expected although one of the final matches was drawn at ½ each due to shortage of time. This made the final result 5½-3½. After the match the trophy was presented, a trophy that has been won by Sandhurst since 1951, and only twice before by Cranwell.

For the 1st VI the season closed on a somewhat disappointing note in that the last two matches were abandoned.

The 1st VI started the season with 4 of last year's players and were fortunate in getting 2 others of first pair standard from the junior entries. In addition to the six regular players, Flight Cadets J. J. Bowler and J. A. Cheshire helped out occasionally. The team was captained by Flight Cadet M. L. Leedham.

2nd VI

The second six had a very useful team this year with many players to choose from. Under the captaincy of Flight Cadet C. P. Manville the team won 5 of their 7 games. Flight Cadets Manville and Bowler played as first pair, with Flight Cadets Shorrock and Radforth second pair and Flight Cadets Cheshire and Dixon third pair.

The two defeats against Wellingborough School, 3-6, and Welbeck College 2-7 were both at times when the team was weakened by the absence of the regulars.

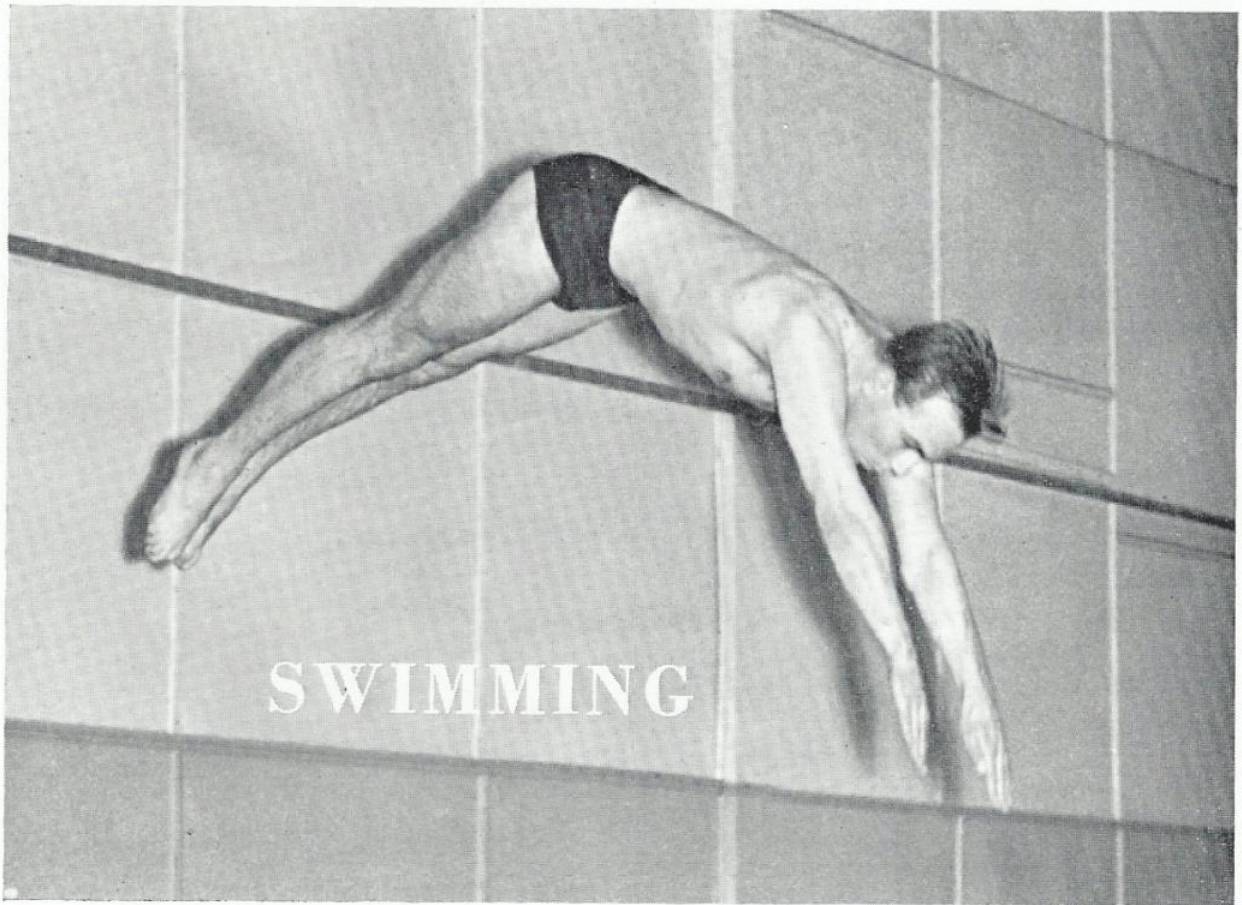
RESULTS

2nd VI

v. Jesus College Cambridge III	Won 9-0
v. Leicester University II	Won 6-3
v. Carre's Grammar School	Won 8-1
v. Welbeck College	Lost 2-7
v. Wellingborough School	Lost 3-6
v. Nottingham High School II	Won 7-2
v. Henlow	Won 8-1

Played 7 Won 5 Lost 2.

For both the first and second teams the season has been a very successful one. The first and second sixes can expect to lose only one pair each, and this should be amply replaced by players from the two new junior entries. The College can therefore look forward to a continuation of this good fortune in 1962.



As a result of the remarkable successes of both teams last season, the fixture list was broadened and new and stronger opponents sought. Unfortunately, last season's enthusiasm was not present and so what should have been a really successful season was a mediocre one.

The 'A' team lost three matches, one of these unavoidably owing to the fact that our colonials were convinced that Oxford was close to London. The Otters' match was more of a foregone conclusion as they are the premier Swimming Club in England. The Sandhurst match, on the other hand, could and should have been won comfortably. Almost entirely by a lack of training the College lost by one point. The College's magnificent water polo victory was small compensation for this defeat.

The highlight of the season was the match against the Combined Services in Gibraltar. It was also the team's easiest victory, Cranwell gaining 1st and 2nd in every race but one when they had 1st and 3rd. The water polo team lost their match because of the wide pool and the experience of the Combined Services side, but bad shooting made the score 4-1 whereas a fairer result would have been 4-3.

The only disappointment caused by this fixture was the fact that the College had to field a second team against their old rivals Newcastle R.G.S.

The success of the water polo team during the season was more marked since the team was virtually

unchanged from last season. Credit is due to Flight Cadet Morris for his captaincy and to Flight Cadet Thomson for his sure goal keeping.

Instead of the spate of record-breaking expected, there was a mere trickle. However, Flight Cadet Bencke is to be congratulated on his very fine time of 72.8 secs. for the 100 yds. Breaststroke.

Swimming colours were awarded to Flight Cadets Mighall, Cole, Harris and Gilson. Water polo colours were awarded to Flight Cadets Nelson and Harris.

The team would like to thank Flight Lieutenant Phelps for all the coaching and assistance he has given in past seasons and Flight Lieutenant Venn for his management this season.

RESULTS

Newcastle R.G.S.	Won
B.R.N.C. Dartmouth	Won
City of London School	Lost
Combined Services, Gibraltar	Won
R.M.A. Sandhurst	Lost
St. Paul's School	Won
Otters S.C.	Lost
Welbeck College	Won
Worksop College	Won
Oundle School	Lost
Leys School	Won

