

THE
ROYAL AIR FORCE
COLLEGE



JOURNAL

CRANWELL

SUMMER, 1965

VOL. XXXVII No. 1

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COLLEGE



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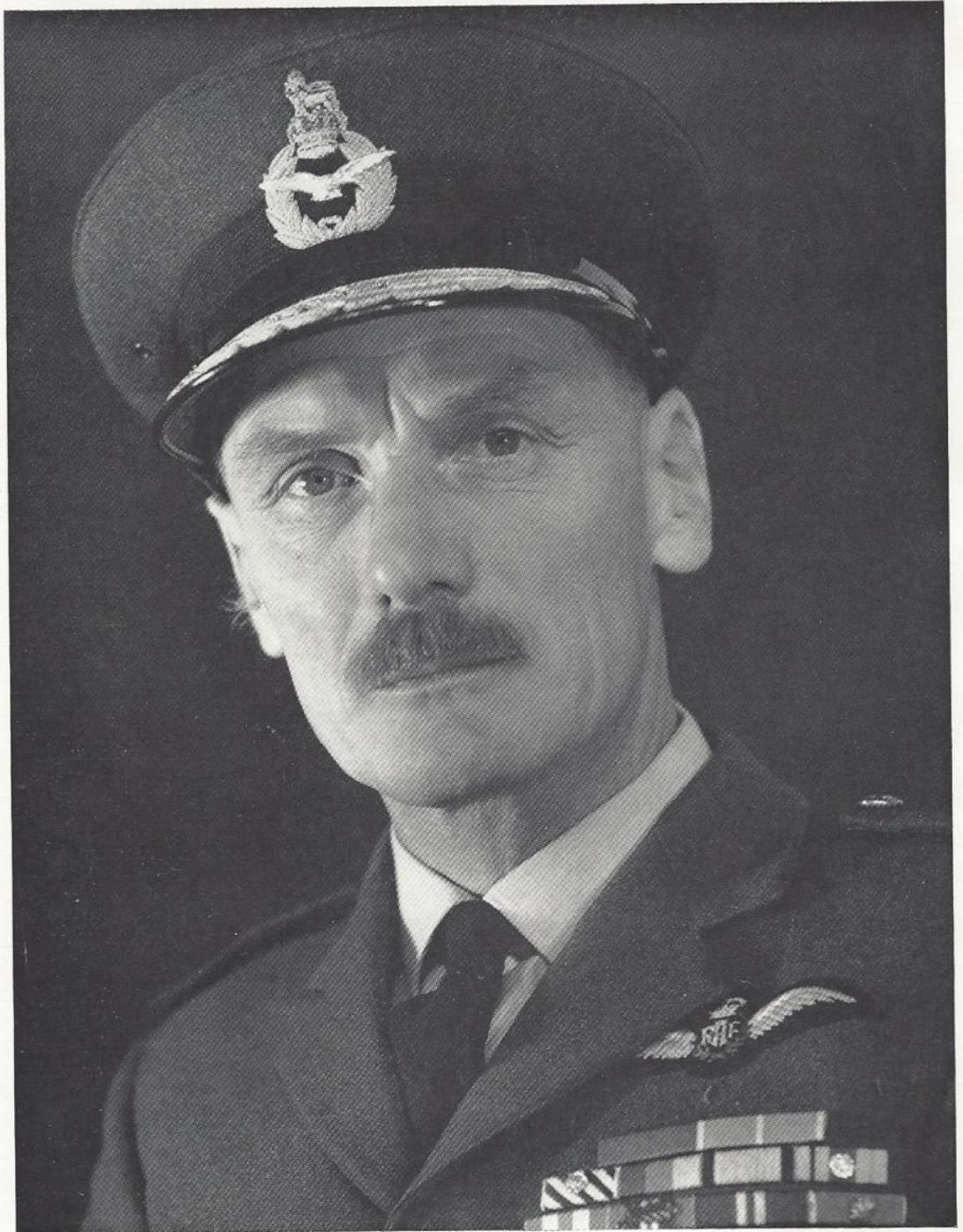
Edited and Published at the Royal Air Force College, Cranwell, Lincolnshire

and Printed by Dolby Brothers Limited

West Street, Stamford.

Contents

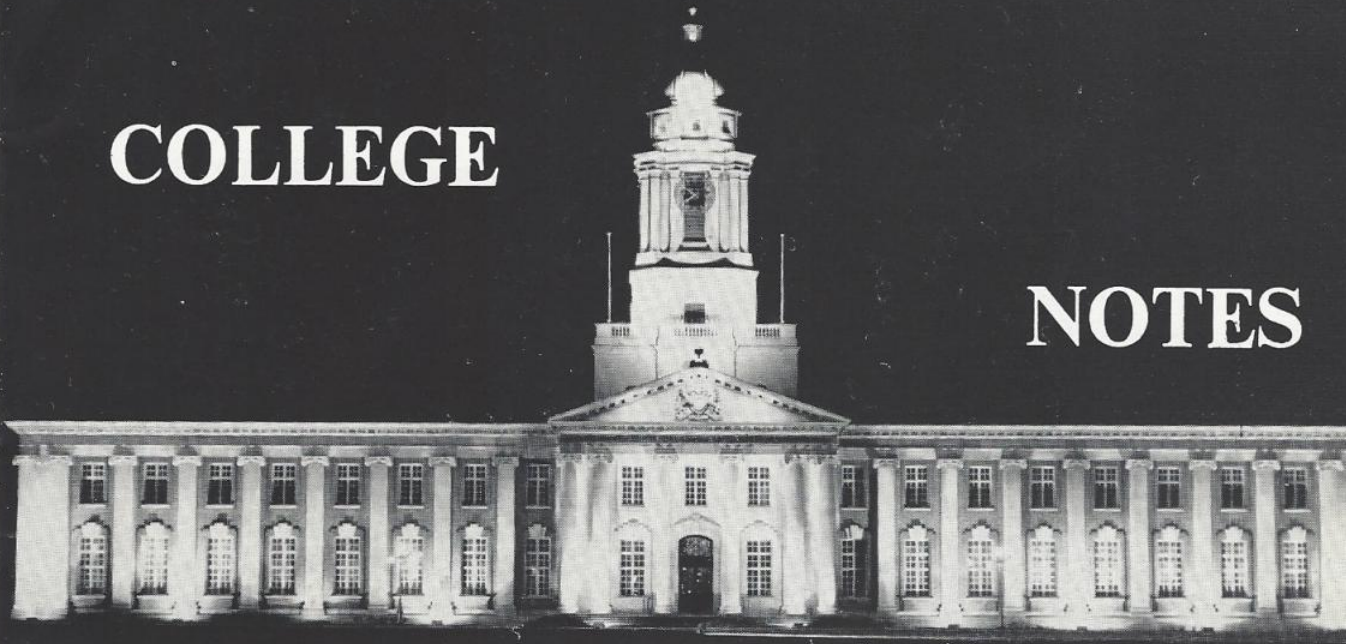
	<i>Page</i>
College Notes	13
The Graduation of No 86 Entry	36
Old Cranwellian Notes	43
 <i>Articles</i>	
Birth of an Image	45
The Truth About The Stone	48
Waiting for Enlot	50
 <i>Theatre Reviews</i>	
The Mikado	57
Marching Song	60
The Shadow Witness	62
To Perky	63
The Return	63
Three Ducks Sticking Their Necks Out	65
Corrida	69
Abstract in Oils	71
I Dreamt	73
 <i>Book Reviews</i>	
The Aeroplane Structure	75
Hawker V.C.	76
Shorter Notices	77
Wing Parade	80
Vacation Activities	83
Sports and Activities	99



Air Vice-Marshal I. D. N. Lawson, C.B., C.B.E., D.F.C.

COLLEGE

NOTES



Air Vice-Marshal Ian Douglas Napier Lawson, C.B., C.B.E., D.F.C., was appointed Air Officer Commanding and Commandant of the Royal Air Force College on 28th December, 1964.

Air Marshal Lawson joined the Royal Air Force Volunteer Reserve in 1938 while employed in the detail design office of the De Havilland Aircraft Company. He was commissioned in 1940 after completing flying training at Cranwell with the Royal Air Force College Flying Training School. He flew a tour of operations with No 214 Squadron, Bomber Command before going to the Middle East in 1941. There he flew with Nos 148 and 70 Squadrons from bases in Egypt, the Western Desert and Malta in operations mainly against enemy supply lines, and served as Senior Training Staff Officer at Headquarters No 205 Group until September, 1943. Until then his experience had been confined to operations flying Wellington bombers but he returned home to study pathfinder techniques, flying Lancaster sorties with Bomber Command. Afterwards he returned to service in the Mediterranean theatre as Group Captain in charge of Operations at Headquarters Mediterranean Allied Forces and remained in this post until the end of the war. He flew 89 operational bomber sorties, being awarded the D.F.C. and Bar.

After the war, following the Staff College Course at Bracknell, he served at the Air Ministry and the Ministry of Defence. He

commanded No 10 Squadron flying Dakotas and No 683 Squadron which operated with Lancasters and was engaged in the photographic survey of areas of the African continent. In 1952 he returned to the scene of his wartime service and was Officer Commanding Administrative Wing at Kabrit in the Canal Zone at the time of the abrogation of the treaty. At the end of 1952 he returned to this country and, after attending the Joint Services Staff College, was engaged in intelligence duties at the Air Ministry before completing the Royal Air Force Flying College Course at Manby in 1957. In June of that year he took command of the Transport Command Comet Squadron, No 216, at Lyneham and then became Group Captain Plans at Headquarters Transport Command. In April, 1961 he returned to Lyneham as Station Commander and held that appointment until his posting to Aden in December, 1962 where he was Air Officer in charge of Administration at Headquarters Air Forces Middle East. He was awarded the C.B.E. in 1961 and the C.B. in January, 1965. The *Journal* warmly welcomes the new Commandant, Mrs Lawson and their family.



The forthcoming amalgamation of Cranwell and Henlow has led to adjustments in the senior appointments at the College. The post of Commandant has been raised to the rank of Air Vice-Marshal and in future there will be two Assistant Commandants, known as Assistant Commandant (Cadets) and Assistant Commandant (Technical). Both posts will carry the rank of Air Commodore.



Programme changes for the Winter term meant the end of formal instruction on Saturday mornings. The first three periods were now made available for private study and extra tutorial classes where necessary. An eight period day on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays was introduced and the length of the academic period was reduced to fifty minutes.

*Air Commodore and Mrs Lyne in
the gardens of The Lodge*



Air Commodore Michael Dillon Lyne, A.F.C., relinquished the post of Commandant of the Royal Air Force College in December, 1964, after a tour of sixteen months. This regrettably short tour was another result of the reorganisation required by the impending merger of Henlow with Cranwell.

Air Commodore Lyne's intensive tour was much concerned with material and other arrangements for the merger. At times he must have longed to escape from the trammels of bricks and mortar and to give his richly furnished mind more freely to the wider implications of training at the College. But his many ideas will not be forgotten.

All at Cranwell will remember the part played by Mrs Lyne as gracious hostess at The Lodge and regular supporter of College functions. She was an example to the younger members of the community in her youthful attack. Her achievement in gaining her wings in three terms made many a flight cadet envious.

We wish Air Commodore Lyne an enjoyable year at the Imperial Defence College and every success in his future career, and to Mrs Lyne and their family much happiness.

At the beginning of the Winter term there were 322 cadets on roll at the College. They comprised 243 Pilots, 29 Navigators, 25 Equipment, 18 Secretarial, and 7 Regiment cadets.



The new syllabus, which was mentioned in the Spring, 1964 issue of the *Journal*, came into use with the arrival of No 91 Entry in September, 1964. This entry and succeeding entries will follow a course which is divided into four phases.

During the first term the cadets study basic subjects, mathematics, physics, English and war studies. The second term is devoted mainly to a basic flying course. During the third and fourth terms, when there is no flying, cadets continue the basic studies they began in the first term. Provided they have reached a satisfactory standard in English they can study a new chosen subject. Then in the fifth and sixth terms the emphasis is once more on flying and the course includes an advanced flying element. The academic part of this phase includes provision for a deeper study of a chosen subject and culminates in the presentation of a thesis.

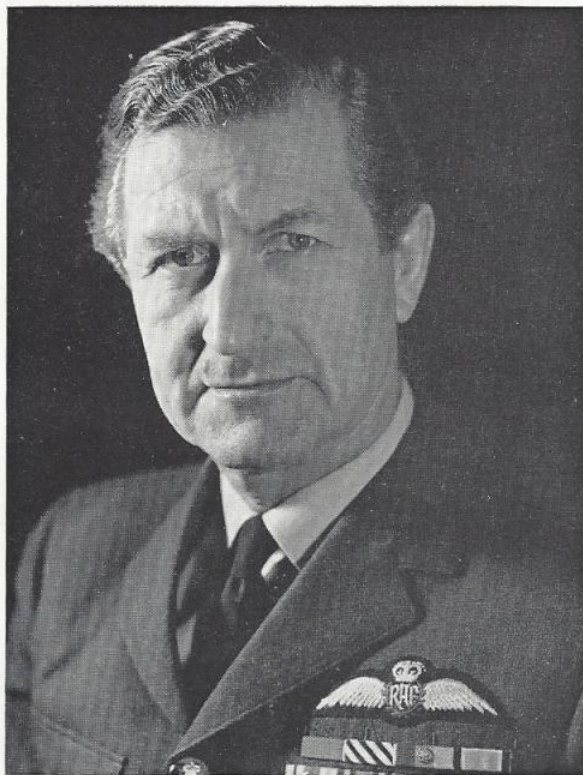


The new Assistant Commandant (Cadets) of the Royal Air Force College is Air Commodore Neil Cameron, D.S.O., D.F.C., who was previously personal staff officer to the Deputy Supreme Allied Commander, Europe, Marshal of the Royal Air Force, Sir Thomas Pike.

Air Commodore Cameron joined the Royal Air Force Volunteer Reserve in 1939 and during the Battle of Britain flew Hurricanes in No 16 Squadron. In 1941 he joined No 141 Squadron at Leconfield and went with it to Russia. In 1942-43 he was in Egypt and North Africa with No 213 Squadron and No 335 Squadron, Royal Hellenic Air Force. After this he went to Burma where he commanded No 258 Squadron flying Hurricanes and Thunderbolts.

After the war he spent three years as an instructor at the School of Land and Air Warfare at Old Sarum. From there he went as a student on the Staff College at Andover and was subsequently posted to the Planning Staff at Air Ministry. In 1953 he was appointed to the Directing Staff of the Staff College at Bracknell and later was Officer Commanding the University of London Air Squad-

Air Commodore N. Cameron



ron. Between 1958 and 1960 he was personal Staff Officer to the Chief of the Air Staff, Marshal of the Royal Air Force, Sir Dermot Boyle. After commanding Royal Air Force Abingdon he took the 1963 Imperial Defence College Course and from there went to his last post at Paris.

The *Journal* extends a warm welcome to Air Commodore Cameron, Mrs Cameron and their family.



Group Captain G. C. Lamb, A.F.C., who had been Assistant Commandant of the Royal Air Force College for the past year, left us in February, 1965 to become Deputy Commander, Air Forces in Borneo. Group Captain Lamb's tour was truncated because his post had been up-graded.

All who served with him at the College will remember his youthful and energising impact on work and play. It is good to know that he has in such abundance the qualities required in his new post. We wish him and his wife good fortune in the future.

During the Winter term the Queen's Colour was paraded on five occasions : on 8th November at the Remembrance Day Service ; on 16th December at a Commandant's Parade ; on 17th December at the Passing-Out Parade of No 86 Entry ; on 7th February at the Founder's Sunday Parade and Service ; and on 6th March at a Commandant's Parade. The Colour was handed over from ' D ' to ' B Squadron on 6th March.

The Salute at the Founders' Sunday Parade was taken by The Right Honourable The Viscount Trenchard, M.C.



The Viscount Trenchard with the Commandant, Assistant Commandant and S.G.D.I. at the Founders' Sunday Parade

Visitors to Cranwell during the Winter Term included :—

On 6th October, the Assistant Commandant, Group Captain R. T. Frogley, C.B.E., D.F.C., A.D.C., A.F.R.Ae.S., and forty-nine officers of the Royal Air Force Staff College, Andover.

From 16th to 19th October, one officer and five cadets from the Royal Military Academy, Breda.

On 19th October, a party from the William Robertson School, Welbourn.

On 20th October, Rear Admiral Sir Charles Darlington, K.B.E., B.Sc., A.M.I.E.R.E., Director of the Naval Education Service, and a committee on the Implications for the Services of National Developments in Education, Air Vice-Marshal P. T. Philpott, C.B.E., acting Air Officer Commanding in Chief, Flying Training Command, and Air Commodore E. A. Stockwell, M.A., A.F.R.Ae.S., Command Education Officer, Flying Training Command, were in attendance throughout the visit.

On 22nd October, Air Commodore E. M. T. Howell, C.B.E., F.R.Ae.S., Commandant, Royal Air Force Technical College, to discuss the Merger Establishment.

On 24th October, forty members of the Institute of Mechanical Engineers (East Midland Branch).

On 26th October, Wing Commander O. S. Comishen, R.C.A.F., and two other officers of the Royal Canadian Air Force, to discuss Officer Development Training.

On 29th October, members of the Nottingham University Air Squadron for a Guest Night.

On 12th November, two officers and six student officers of the Royal Air Force School of Education, Upwood.

On 17th November, three staff officers and nine officer students of the Royal Air Force School of Education, Upwood.

From 27th to 29th November, fifteen officers and lecturers, eighty-four officers under training and cadets of the Britannia Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, for the annual Winter sports fixtures.

On 17th December, Air Chief Marshal Sir Charles Elworthy, G.C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., M.V.O., D.F.C., A.F.C., M.A., Chief of the Staff, to review the Passing-Out Parade of No 86 Entry.

On 15th January, Air Commodore S. A. Hussain of the Indian Air Force.

On 11th February, thirty officers from stations in No 3 Group.

On 24th and 25th February, the Assistant Commandant, Air Commodore W. Carter, C.B., D.F.C., six of the Directing Staff and forty-eight students of the Royal Air Force Staff College, Bracknell.

On 26th February, Air Marshal Sir Patrick Dunn, K.B.E., C.B., D.F.C., Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Flying Training Command.



Visiting Preachers during the Winter Term were :—

On 11th October, The Reverend B. E. Knight, Q.H.C., M.A., Assistant Chaplain in Chief, Fighter Command.

On 8th November, Remembrance Sunday, The Reverend E. G. Alsop, Assistant Chaplain in Chief, Bomber Command.

On 22nd November, The Reverend W. E. G. Payton, M.A., Chaplain in Chief Designate of the Royal Air Force.

On 6th December, The Reverend H. J. Stuart, M.A., Staff Chaplain to the Chaplain in Chief.

On 6th December, The Reverend G. T. Thackray Eddy, M.A., B.D., Chairman of the Methodist Church, Lincoln District.

On 17th December, The Bishop of Lincoln, The Right Reverend K. Riches, D.D., to conduct the Service of Dedication for No 86 Entry.

On 24th January, The Reverend Canon G. C. B. Davies, D.D., Worcester Cathedral.

On 7th February, Founders' Sunday, The Venerable M. Sullivan, M.A., Archdeacon of London.

On 21st February, The Venerable F. W. Cocks, C.B., Q.H.C., M.A., Retiring Chaplain in Chief of the Royal Air Force.



The following Lecturers visited the College during the Winter Term :—

On 26th October, Sir George Edwards, who spoke on "The Concord."

On 23rd November, Mr Thompson, the Deputy Head of the Foreign Office Planning Staff, who lectured on "The Making of Policy in the Foreign Office."

On 25th January, Group Captain A. S. Baker and Squadron Leader B. J. St. Aubyn who gave a presentation on "The Military Implications of Space."

On 22nd February, Professor C. A. Fisher, who lectured on "South East Asia."



The College Band, Director of Music, Flying Officer D. G. Robinson, Beating the Retreat

The Royal Air Force College Band was awarded the Sims Ceremonial Cup for 1964. This Cup, given by Wing Commander A. E. Sims, O.B.E., who was Organizing Director of Music for the Royal Air Force from 1949 to 1960, is awarded for the most outstanding ceremonial display by a band.



Commendations have been awarded to the following personnel of the College :—

Master Pilot F. Bright and Flight Sergeants J. W. Black and H. W. Wheeler received the Air Officer Commanding in Chief's Commendation, and the Air Officer Commanding's Commendation went to Warrant Officer A. R. Buttery, Flight Sergeant W. Shepherd, Chief Technicians H. W. Smylie and A. W. Whitby, Sergeant P. Jones, Senior Aircraftmen J. M. Dunham and R. Monks, and Messrs A. J. Bottomley and E. M. Robinson.

Visits played an important part in the specialised training of flight cadets during the Winter Term.

Equipment and Secretarial visits included :—

From 9th to 16th October, two Equipment flight cadets of No 86 Entry to Royal Air Force, Lyneham, No 11 Maintenance Unit Royal Air Force Chilmark, and the Ministry of Defence (Air) for instruction in movements and in explosives.

From 19th to 23rd October, Four Equipment flight cadets of No 87 Entry to Royal Air Force, Leconfield, to receive practical experience at a Supply Squadron of an operational unit in Fighter Command. Five Equipment flight cadets of No 88 Entry to No 16 Maintenance Unit, Royal Air Force, Stafford, to gain practical experience of the operations of an Equipment Supply Depot.

From 25th to 27th November, two Equipment flight cadets of No 86 Entry to Royal Air Force, Theddlethorpe, for instruction in the demolition of explosives.

From 20th to 22nd January, four Equipment flight cadets of No 87 Entry to Royal Air Force, Hendon, to study the operation of surface movement organisations in the London area.

On 28th January, three Secretarial flight cadets of No 87 Entry to Royal Air Force, Scampton, to attend a District Court Martial as part of their instruction in Air Force Law.

On 8th and 9th February, three Secretarial flight cadets of No 87 Entry to the Civilian Central Pay and Records Office.

From 15th to 19th February, four Equipment flight cadets of No 87 Entry to Royal Air Force, Waddington, to gain practical experience in Supply.

Five Equipment flight cadets of No 88 Entry to Stanlow Oil Refinery, No 236 Maintenance Unit, Royal Air Force, Cosford, and No 27 Maintenance Unit, Royal Air Force, Shawbury, for instructional purposes.

From 1st to 5th March, two Equipment and four Secretarial flight cadets of No 91 Entry to Royal Air Force, Lyneham, and Royal Air Force, Finningley, for a practical introduction to the duties of their respective branches.

On 4th March, five Equipment flight cadets of No 88 Entry to the Ministry of Aviation to attend a packaging course.

Regiment flight cadets took part in the following visits :—

From 26th to 31st October, three flight cadets of No 87 Entry to participate in Exercise Tipperary VIII organised by the Royal

Military Academy, Sandhurst. The period 28th to 30th October was spent in France.

From 21st November to 6th December, three flight cadets of No 87 Entry attached to the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, to Libya to participate in Exercise Golden Fleece.

From 23rd November to 17th December, one flight cadet of No 88 Entry to No 608 Basic Parachute Course at Royal Air Force, Abingdon.

From 30th December to 2nd January, one flight cadet to Royal Air Force, Colerne, to make a familiarisation visit to No 2 (Field) Squadron, Royal Air Force Regiment.

From 17th to 24th February, four flight cadets to the School of Artillery, Manorbier, for Special Air Defence Familiarisation Course.

Other academic and training visits included :—

On 30th October, four flight cadets of No 89 Entry to Royal Air Force Technical College, Henlow, to carry out experimental work in the low-speed wind tunnel.

On 31st October and 1st November, twenty-nine flight cadets to Nottingham University to prepare for the Civil Service Commission's Linguist and Interpreter examinations.

On 12th November, two flight cadets to the Royal Navy Staff College, Greenwich, on a liaison visit.

On 13th November, eight flight cadets to the Royal Aeronautical Society, London.

On 19th November, one flight cadet to Royal Air Force, Scampton, as an officer under instruction at a District Court Martial. Eight flight cadets to a lecture at the Royal Aeronautical Society, London.

From 20th to 22nd November, four flight cadets to Royal Air Force, Hullavington, to study the historical geography of the Salisbury Plain region.

On 3rd December, twenty-seven flight cadets of No 86 Entry to Royal Air Force, Binbrook.

On 4th December, seventeen flight cadets of No 88 Entry to Harworth Colliery, Doncaster, to study the methods of mining and handling coal.

On 11th December, three flight cadets to the Royal Aeronautical Society, London.

On 15th January, twenty-two flight cadets to Ampleforth College, York, to participate in a Moral Leadership course for Roman Catholic personnel.

On 31st January, ten flight cadets to Biggleswade to view the Shuttleworth collection.

On 12th February, five flight cadets to the Royal Aeronautical Society, London.

On 17th February, four flight cadets to Imperial College, London, to visit the Physics department.

From 18th to 21st February, twenty-one flight cadets to Salon to make a liaison visit to L'Ecole de L'Air.

From 26th to 28th February, one flight cadet to the Public Records Office, London, and the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, on a liaison visit.



The competition for the Prince of Wales Trophy and for the title of Sovereign's Squadron was won by 'B' Squadron who came second in the Knocker Cup and won the Chimay Cup and the Ferris Drill Trophy.

The Senior Ferris Competition was judged by a party from the Britannia Royal Naval College under Commander J. M. Forbes. The Junior Ferris Competition has been renamed the Malaya Cup Competition and the result is now included in the drill part of the Prince of Wales Trophy. This term the competition was judged by a party from the Depot of the Royal Anglian Regiment under Major A. G. B. Cobbold and was won by 'B' Squadron.



The Richard Pye Trophy which is awarded annually to the Section of the College Society Outdoor Group which shows the most enterprise and efficiency in the planning and organization of its vacation activities was won this year by the Potholing Section. The expeditions to the Italian Alps and to the Pyrenees made during the Summer were featured in the last issue of the *Journal*.

The Hennessey Cup, which is awarded to the Squadron with the best average result at the Training Camp, was won by 'D' Squadron.



The Cranwell party at the United States Air Force Academy, Colorado Springs

Vacation activities during the Christmas break were confined to skiing at Zermatt, but a great variety of visits was made at the end of term in March.

As a farewell to Winter twenty flight cadets accepted an invitation from L'Ecole de L'Air to spend ten days skiing at Ancelle. Also on the continent during the vacation were one hundred and twenty-two flight cadets of Nos 90 and 91 Entries who spent one week visiting units of the British Army of the Rhine.

Thirty-six flight cadets of No 89 Entry spent part of their vacation at sea with the Royal Navy and ninety-eight flight cadets of Nos 87 and 88 Entries completed the exodus by spending twelve days in the United States of America.

Despite this full vacation programme flight cadets still found time to go rock climbing in the Lake District and to make liaison visits to Royal Air Force, Lyneham, and to Royal Air Force, St Mawgan.

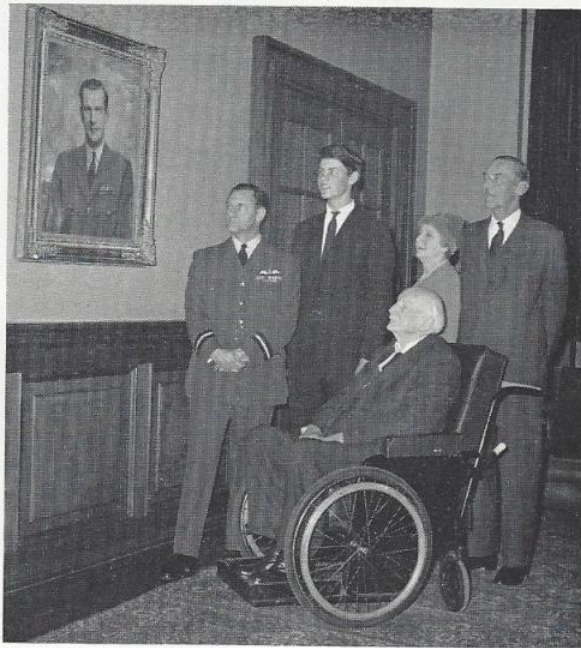
Royal Air Force, Cranwell, had a successful Winter season. The water polo team won the Royal Air Force Inter-Station Water Polo Cup. In addition Squadron Leader G. A. W. Worsell was Captain and Sergeant Eyre, Corporals Clarke, Damery and Waters, Junior Technicians Cole and Macneillie, were members of the Royal Air Force water polo team. The station 1st soccer XI came first in Division I of the Lincolnshire Services League and also reached the Quarter Final of the Royal Air Force Inter-Station Cup for senior stations. The station 2nd XI won the Reserve Division of the Lincolnshire Services League, losing only one match. The station



The Station Commander presenting the Inter-Station Water-Polo Cup to Corporal Waters

hockey XI reached the Semi-Final of the Royal Air Force Inter-Station Hockey Cup. Squadron Leader V. J. W. M. Lawrence, Flight Lieutenant B. W. Dove-Dixon and Corporal Corbett were members of the Flying Training Command team which won the Royal Air Force Inter-Command Hockey Championship played at Cranwell between 19th and 22nd November. The station rugby XV was rather less successful but Flight Lieutenant P. F. Williams played for the Royal Air Force and Flight Lieutenant J. Salisbury, Flying Officer T. M. Cripps and Flying Officer P. R. C. Jones for Flying Training Command.

Major Hardy, his wife, son and grandson with Air Commodore Lyne



The portrait of a distinguished Old Cranwellian, Air Commodore S. H. Hardy, C.B.E., was presented to the College on 14th November by his father Major Charles Hardy. Air Commodore Hardy who was at Cranwell from February, 1923 to December, 1924, died on 8th April, 1945 while serving at Cranwell as Commandant of the Officers' Advanced Training School. The portrait by George Harcourt R.A. now hangs in the College Library.



In the last issue of the *Journal*, we regret we did not record the visit of Air Marshal Sir Gilbert Nicholetts, K.B.E., C.B., A.F.C. (Retd) and Air Marshal Sir Ralph Sorley, K.C.B., O.B.E., D.S.C., D.F.C., F.R.Ae.S., F.R.S.A. (Retd), to the College. They came on 12th May, 1964 and presented additional records of the world record flight made by the late Air Commodore O. R. Gayford, C.B.E., D.F.C., A.F.C. (then Squadron Leader) and Flight Lieutenant Nicholetts between 6th and 8th February, 1933 from Cranwell to Walvis Bay, a distance of 5309 miles non-stop.



A total of over 180 years of loyal service to the College has been marked during the Winter Term by the presentation of Imperial Service Medals to five members of the civilian staff at Cranwell.

On 8th October medals were presented to Mr H. C. Topley and Mr I. H. Metherringham. Mr Topley began his service at Cranwell in 1928 and is still employed here as a storeman in the Clothing Store. Between 1943 and 1946 he served in the Royal Army Service Corps. Mr Metherringham, who retired in May, 1964, worked at Cranwell as a labourer and, during the Second World War, as an Air Ministry constable. He had served in the Durham Light Infantry during the First World War and began his employment at Cranwell in 1934.

Medals were presented to Mr A. E. Owen and Mr H. Adlett on 19th November. Mr Owen had completed 42 years service at the College before his retirement in August, 1964. The main part of his time was spent as a College Hall Porter. Mr Adlett's service at the College began in 1929. After a period as a servant he was trained as a Wireless Electrical Mechanic and retired as a Radio Technician in Tutorial Wing.

On 17th February the Imperial Service Medal was presented to Mr B. D. Hobson. Mr Hobson's service at Cranwell began in 1920 when he was a serving airman. When he left the Royal Air Force in



Facing Page : left, Air Commodore Lyne and Mr Metheringham

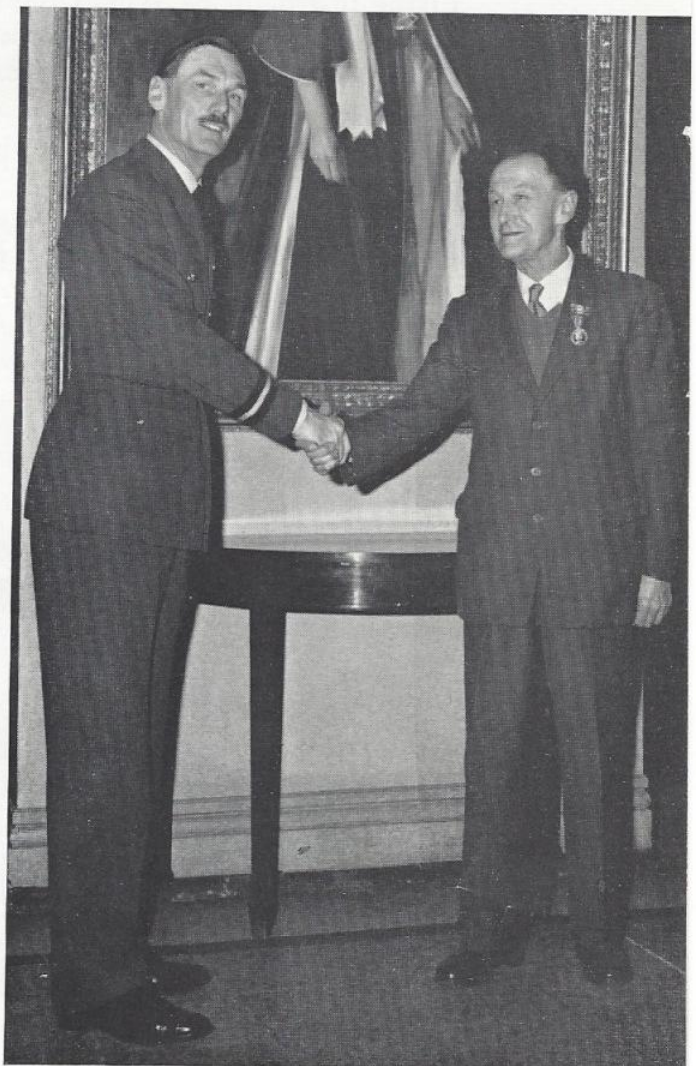
right, Air Commodore Lyne and Mr Topley

Top left : Air Commodore Lyne and Mr Owen

Top right : Air Commodore Lyne and Mr Adlett

Right : The Commandant and Mr Hobson

1927 he continued to serve at Cranwell as a batman. The only break in his service was during the Second World War when he rejoined the Royal Air Force. He retired in November, 1964.



There have been three senior staff changes during the term in addition to those of Commandant and Assistant Commandant.

Group Captain E. S. Odbert, M.B.E., M.B., B.Ch., B.A.O., B.A., the Senior Medical Officer, left to become Officer Commanding the Royal Air Force Hospital at Steamer Point, while his predecessor at Steamer Point, Group Captain J. W. Tonkinson, M.A., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., D.P.H., has taken over as Senior Medical Officer at the College.

Wing Commander F. S. R. Johnson, O.B.E., left his post of Chief Instructor Equipment and Secretarial Wing on his promotion to Group Captain, and is now at the Ministry of Defence (Air) Harrogate. His position has now been taken by Wing Commander A. J. Mackay, M.B.E., D.F.C. who has come to the College from the Ministry of Defence (Air).

Wing Commander L. de Garis, A.F.C., who is now a student at the College of Air Warfare, Manby, has been replaced as Chief Flying Instructor by Wing Commander D. A. Maddox. Wing Commander Maddox has just completed the Joint Services Staff College Course at Latimer and before this he was Officer Commanding the Administrative Wing at Royal Air Force, Seletar.



The first Royal Air Force Archery Tournament was held on the Orange on 4th October, 1964. Representatives from sixteen Royal Air Force Stations were present. Prizes were presented by the Lady Paramount, Mrs M. D. Lyne. Among the prize-winners was Mrs J. Coombs, of Cranwell, who won the Ladies' Prize.





On 20th February the Per Ardua (R.A.F.) Beagles held their traditional Meet at the College and were entertained by the Commandant, officers and cadets of the College, some of whom joined the field.

The subsequent hunt resulted in one hare being accounted for after twenty minutes but sport for the rest of the day was spoiled by a multiplicity of hares.



College sports teams had a successful Winter Term. In the matches played on 14th November against the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, the College won the hockey, badminton, basketball, shooting and riding, drew the football, and only narrowly lost the rugby. Against the Britannia Royal Naval College on 28th November, the College won the football, basketball, cross-country, fencing and squash, and drew the rugby. Less success was achieved against the Royal Air Force Technical College. At Henlow on 24th February the College won only the cross-country, being defeated at both football and rugby.

The College football team did well in the Argonaut Trophy competition. It reached the semi-final where it was beaten by Icarus, the Royal Air Force Officers' team.

Among the individual achievements during the term was the selection of Flight Cadet Glover of No 91 Entry to play rugby for the Combined Services and for the Royal Air Force.

Mrs Lyne and Mrs Bangay



A tribute to 25 years voluntary service with the Families' Welfare Clinic at Cranwell was paid to Mrs Marjorie Bangay on 1st October, 1964. Mrs Bangay, widow of the late Squadron Leader (Bill) Bangay, who was for many years Bandmaster at the College, has played a most important part in the efficient running of the Clinic. The tribute took the form of a cameo brooch towards which wives and children of personnel at Cranwell had contributed. It was presented by Mrs M. D. Lyne, the wife of the Commandant.



On 10th and 11th November the Cranwell Little Theatre presented *The Shadow Witness* by Falkland Carey. The Drama Section of the College society performed *Marching Song* by John Whiting on 7th December. The Christmas presentation by the Choral Section on 8th December in St. Michael's Church was *The Christmas Story* by Ron Nelson. The Choral Section also produced Gilbert and Sullivan's *Mikado* on 1st and 2nd March.



In October, 1964 the Cranwell M.T. Flight won the Flying Training Command M.T. Efficiency Award. This was the fourth time in succession and the sixth time in seven years that Cranwell has won this award.

We record with regret the death on 24th December, 1964 of Wing Commander J. C. H. W. Middleton-Stewart, R.A.F., Retd., only a short time before he was due to retire after twenty years as Officers' Mess Manager at Cranwell.

Wing Commander Middleton-Stewart was born at sea while his parents were returning to England from China. After completing his education at Sandhurst he served in the Indian Army in Afghanistan, but later left the Army and returned to this country where he joined the staff of the Hendon Police College. When war broke out he volunteered for military service and joined the Royal Air Force from which he retired in 1944 while serving at Cranwell.

Wing Commander Middleton-Stewart, known affectionately as Middlestumps, will be remembered for the active part he played in the life of Cranwell and of Sleaford where he lived. At Cranwell he was a pioneer member of the Little Theatre and regularly acted as Father Christmas at Children's parties. In Sleaford he was Chairman of the Air Training Corps and a member of the Royal Air Force Association.

The funeral was attended by the Commandant and Mrs. M. D. Lyne, the Station Commander and Mrs. D. C. Lowe, and by many friends from Cranwell.

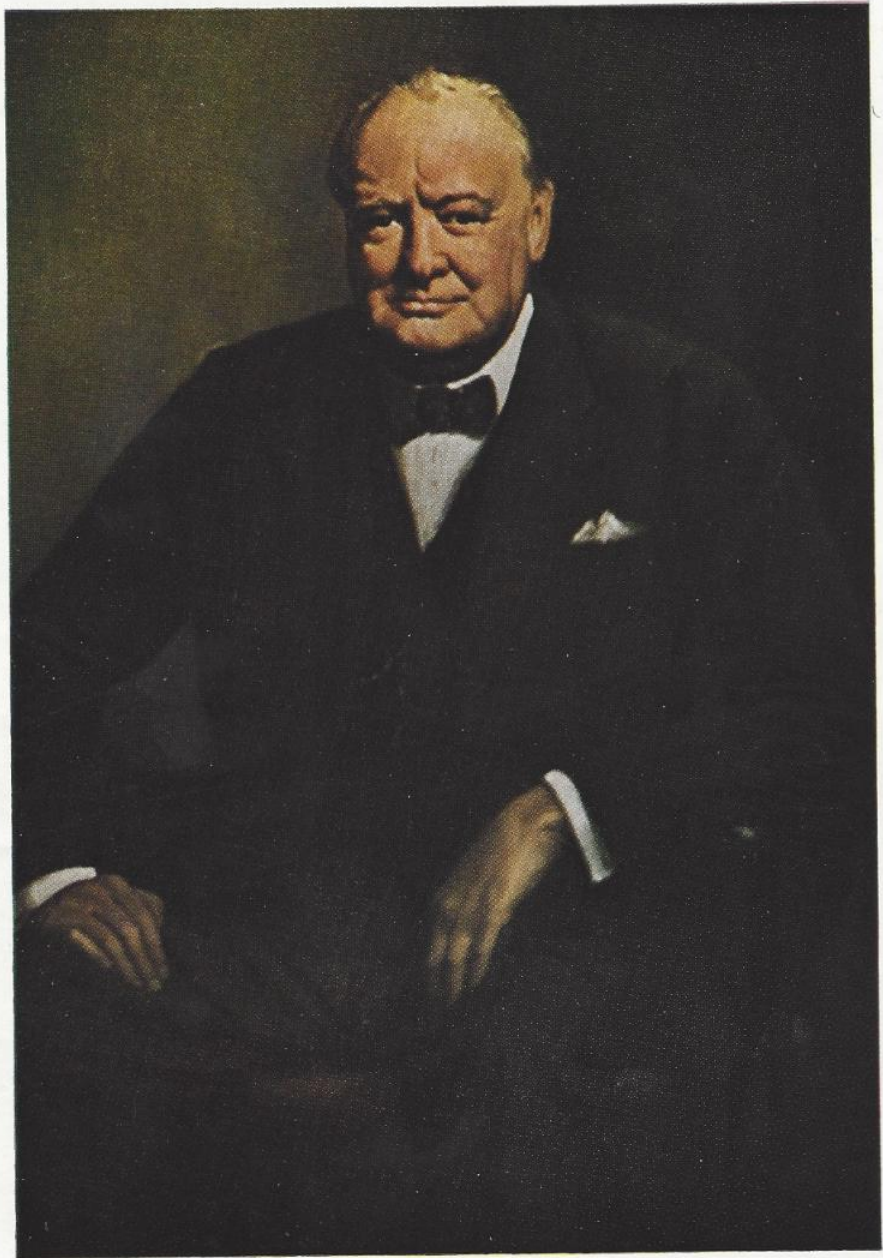


PRIZEWINNERS DECEMBER, 1964

Back Row : Pilot Officers M. P. Kaye, R. B. Blagbrough, C. F. Redmond, B. T. Stableford, C. T. Moore, B. E. Tolladay, R. J. Milsom, P. D. Markey.

Front Row : Pilot Officers N. G. Warner, J. W. Lanham, D. A. Z. James.

Absent : Pilot Officer J. C. Featherstone.



Message to
ROYAL AIR FORCE CADET COLLEGE MAGAZINE
SEPTEMBER, 1920

Nothing that has ever happened in the world before has offered to man such an opportunity for individual personal prowess as the air fighting of the Great War. Fiction has never portrayed such extraordinary combats, such hairbreadth escapes, such absolute superiority to risk, such dazzling personal triumphs. The devotion and courage of the airman was no higher than that of his comrade on the land or on the sea ; nor were his trials or sufferings greater. But the battle to the death in the high air called forth a combination, for the purposes of war, of spirit, eye and hand more complete and more harmonious than any previously believed to be within the range of human nature.

It is to rival, and no doubt to excel, these feats of your forerunners in the Service that you are now training yourselves, and I, for one, look forward with confidence to the day when you who are now at the College will make the name of the Royal Air Force feared and respected throughout the world."

WINSTON S. CHURCHILL



Air Chief Marshal Sir Charles Elworthy presenting the Sword of Honour to Senior Under Officer J. W. Lanham

The Graduation of No 86 Entry

The Graduation Parade of No 86 Entry took place on the morning of 17th December, 1964. The Reviewing Officer was Air Chief Marshal Sir Charles Elworthy, G.C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., M.V.O., D.F.C., A.F.C., M.A., R.A.F., the Chief of the Air Staff. The parade was commanded by Senior Under Officer J. W. Lanham and the Parade Adjutant was Under Officer N. G. Warner and the squadrons were commanded by Senior Under Officers R. J. Milsom, A. B. Hughes-Lewis, M. A. Clegg and Under Officer C. T. Moore

As the Reviewing Officer approached the dais a formation fly-past of Jet Provosts and Valettas took place. After the Advance in Review Order the Reviewing Officer presented the Sword of Honour to Senior Under Officer J. W. Lanham, the Queen's Medal to Under Officer N. G. Warner and the Kinkead Trophy to Under Officer D. A. Z. James, and then gave the following address :

Gentlemen,

Before I came here today I looked at the names of the Reviewing Officers who have had the honour of taking the Passing Out Parade since the College began. When I saw them I knew that there was very little I could say which had not been said more forcefully and eloquently before.

It is, of course, a measure of the success of the College that a Reviewing Officer finds it difficult to enlarge on the words of his predecessors. They have all been impressed, as I have today, by the sense of order and discipline that is so evident in your Parade and by the excellent turnout and bearing which are now part of the hall-mark of the Cranwell cadet.

These qualities, reinforced by courage and determination and by a good background of service and academic training, have been the marks of the good young officer of the past and they are as essential now as they ever were. But I believe the problems we face in the defence field today are more complex than those we have faced before and I have no doubt that their complexity will continue to increase.



The Reviewing Officer inspecting C Squadron escorted by Senior Under Officer M. A. Clegg



Under Officer D. A. Z. James, Senior Under Officer J. W. Lanham and Under Officer N. G. Warner

The senior appointments in the Service in twenty to thirty years' time will be filled from among you and from among those in the Cranwell entries just ahead and just behind yours. From you will be demanded a depth of knowledge of management, finance and of national and international affairs which would have been useful, but not essential in years past. So to succeed — and to ensure the successful development of the Royal Air Force as a fighting force which is respected and admired throughout the world — you must set your sights high. Your aim must be to build on the excellent foundations that Cranwell has given you — not just working and playing hard and of course being professional aviators of the highest class — you must look beyond the job immediately to hand and take every opportunity that presents itself to study and discuss the wider problems of defence policy.

Unless you do this you will find that you will be left behind by the pace of scientific and technological development and defeated by the intricate problems of cost and time which will go hand in hand with the increased rate of technical change.

Your successors here will benefit greatly in all these respects from the merger of Cranwell and Henlow. I have no doubt that this is an essential step in our progress and I look forward to the time when a Reviewing Officer sees before him a cross-section of cadets of all four of the major branches of the Service who have studied here together.

The future in the air is full of exciting possibilities and our country will rely on you — and men like you — to make the most of them. There will be no place for the man who thinks only in single-service terms. This is out-dated now and will be entirely unproductive in the years ahead. As an officer in the Royal Air Force you can play a great part in our defence, but your contribution will largely depend upon the flexibility of mind and quality of judgement you display in working with your colleagues in all three services. You have a common aim to arrive at solutions which are in the best interests of this country.

My congratulations on an excellent parade and my good wishes to you all.

The Wings and Prizes Ceremony

Presentations of Wings and Prizes to No 86 Entry were made by the Commandant, Air Commodore M. D. Lyne, A.F.C., in the Whittle Hall on 16th December, 1964.

Before making the presentations Air Commodore Lyne addressed his audience.

After welcoming parents and friends, the Commandant pointed out that although there were only thirty members in the entry, their leadership had ensured that the College had remained as active and efficient as ever.

In mentioning that there had been no road accidents during the term, the Commandant said that attention would remain focussed on Road Safety by the introduction of a new competition for the Harriman Trophy, which had been presented by Mr G. W. Harriman, C.B.E., the Chairman of the British Motor Corporation.

The Commandant then explained the reasons for the changes which had been seen in the Summer Passing Out Parade. The handing-over of the Queen's Colour, and the modification of the march past were necessary because the College was outgrowing the parade ground and because the drastically reduced drill syllabus meant that ceremonial had to be compressed. That the innovations were successful was evident from the acclaim they received.

The winter weather had not curtailed flying. Over 4,000 flying hours had been completed since the last passing out. The College's flying suspension rate was well below the Command average. The quality of the Cranwell cadet was shown by the good reports on our pilots and navigators at advanced schools. The Commandant stressed that these results had been obtained by cadets who had studied under the old syllabus which was considered to make it difficult for the Cranwell man to excel in the air compared with the Direct Entrant.

The Commandant stressed the importance of Academics in the Cranwell syllabus. High standards were essential, for the Cranwellian of the future would need to have a well-trained brain or he would flounder in the wake of the new technologies.

Members of No 86 Entry had achieved academic distinction. One had passed the examination for Associate Fellow of the Royal Aeronautical Society, while another had succeeded at Part One Standard. Two members had passed the Civil Service Commission examination at linguist level, while another became the first "A" stream cadet to pass the Russian Colloquial examination. Other linguist qualifications were achieved in German, French and Dutch.

The language laboratory was progressing well and the language department was being strengthened in January by the exchange attachment to the College staff of a French officer from the French Air Academy.

General training had made a step forward with No 90 Entry's training camp in Germany. Roped rock climbing and canoeing had been added to the usual walking in the programme. No 90 Entry had proved to be very game guinea-pigs, while their discipline impressed the Germans. The Commandant thanked the officers and instructors who had made this new venture such a success.

Although sport could never be a substitute for professional skill, the Commandant felt that there was much value to be gained in close contact with men of different specialisations. He reminded everyone of the pride felt by the Royal Air Force at large when the College did well against its traditional opponents. This year the College has done well. The basketball team beat both Sandhurst and Dartmouth. The soccer team was undefeated. The horse riding team won its match against Sandhurst. The cross-country, fencing, hockey, shooting and squash teams all achieved one victory. Although the rugby team did not win, their match against Sandhurst was one of the best ever seen on the Sandhurst ground. The badminton team had done very well in taking a game off the Malaysians at Dartmouth.

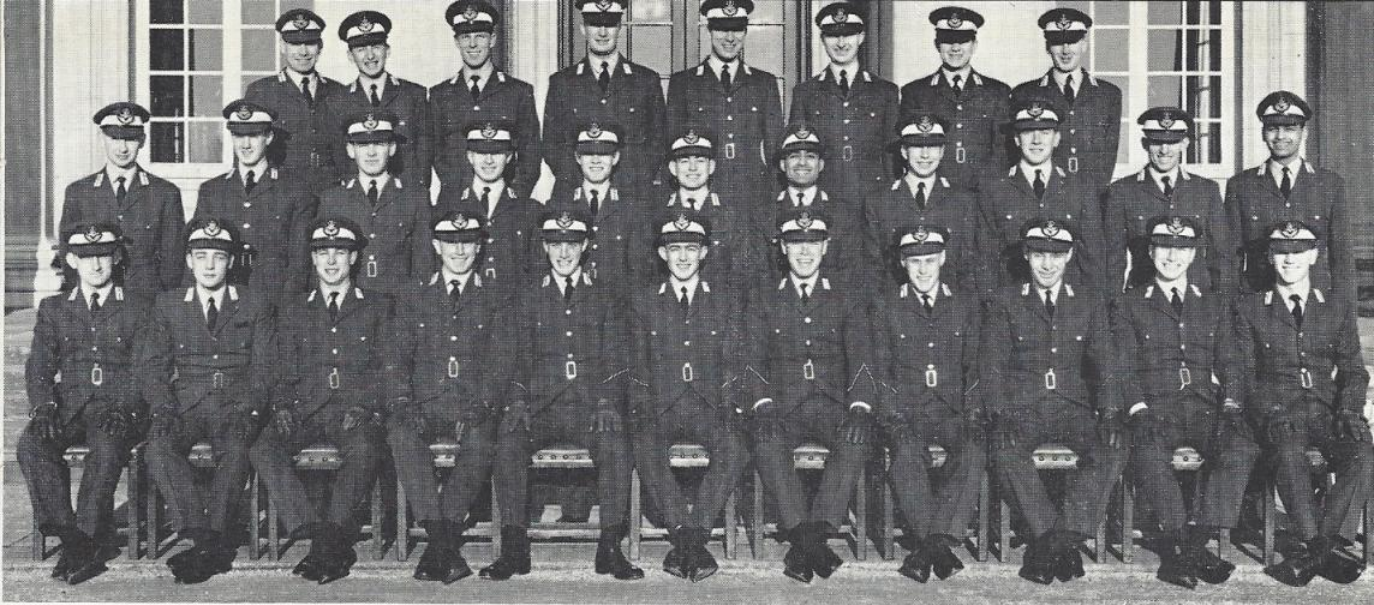
The Commandant said that time prevented him listing all the vacation activities — 309 Flight Cadets had made 20 expeditions, the locations varying from Borneo to Canada, and from the bottom of the ocean to the top of mountains. The scope of indoor activities could be seen in the exhibition which was being held in the Tutorial Wing.

The active nature of the station which provided the flying training, administrative, and technical backing for the College could be seen in its achievements. The motor transport flight had won the Command M.T. trophy for the third year in succession, and S.A.C. Dunham had successfully competed with commercial civilian drivers from the whole of the Eastern Area to win the award for the best driver with the best maintained vehicle. Sporting successes included the retention of the Mounsey Trophy to complete a hat trick of wins while the Water Polo team became Command and R.A.F. champions. These successes reflected great credit on Group Captain Lowe and his staff.

The Commandant elucidated the great changes which were taking place at the College and said that the next year promised to be an "annus mirabilis" in the history of the College. Many of the new buildings would be coming into use; the College would be refurbished; there would be a great gathering of high ranking officers at Cranwell at the end of the Summer and in the Autumn the first technical cadets would arrive. He knew that the College would thrive under its new Commandant, who, he was sure, would receive the same loyal and energetic support as he himself had always enjoyed from everyone at the College.



Senior Flight Cadet B. T. Stableford receiving the Battle of Britain Trophy from Air Commodore Lyne



Back Row : Senior Flight Cadets Jeffrey, Doyle, Pearson, Childs, Davies, Featherstone, Tolladay, Caborn
Centre Row : Under Officer James, Senior Flight Cadets Redmond, Blagbrough, Kaye, Atkinson, Wilkinson, Naqvi, Mugridge, Dicks, Stableford, Rizvi
Front Row : Under Officers Markey, Rump, Langham, Ainge, Senior Under Officers Milsom, Lanham, Hughes-Lewis, Clegg, Under Officers Warner, Moore, Mawhinney

COMMISSIONING LIST

- M. A. CLEGG, Senior Under Officer : Skiing ; Sub-aqua.
- A. B. HUGHES-LEWIS, Senior Under Officer : Rugby (Colours) ; Tennis (Colours).
- J. W. LANHAM, Senior Under Officer : The Sword of Honour ; The R. S. May Memorial Prize ; Skiing (Captain, Colours) ; Ocean Sailing ; Canoeing.
- R. J. MILSOM, Senior Under Officer : The J. A. Chance Memorial Prize ; Hockey (Captain, Colours) ; Canoeing ; Choral ; Music.
- D. B. AINGE, Under Officer : Mountaineering ; Film ; Motor.
- D. A. Z. JAMES, Under Officer : The R. M. Groves Memorial Prize and Kinkead Trophy ; The Hicks Memorial Trophy ; Canoeing ; Dramatic.
- M. B. LANGHAM, Under Officer ; Rowing (Colours) ; Potholing ; Gliding.
- P. D. MARKEY, Under Officer : The Ministry of Defence (R.A.F.) Prize for Equipment Cadets ; Canoeing ; Music ; French.
- J. MAWHINNEY, Under Officer : Radio (Secretary) ; Film ; Engineering.
- C. T. MOORE, Under Officer : The Philip Sassoon Memorial Prize ; The Institute of Navigation Trophy and Ministry of Defence (R.A.F.) Prize for Navigators ; Athletics (Vice-Captain, Colours) ; Soccer (Captain, Colours) ; Ocean Sailing ; Angling.
- D. J. RUMP, Under Officer : Cricket (Colours) ; Soccer (Colours) ; Skiing ; Film ; Music ; *Journal*.
- N. G. WARNER, Under Officer : The Queen's Medal ; The Royal United Services Institution Award ; Athletics (Colours) ; Ocean Sailing ; Skiing.
- M. R. ATKINSON, Senior Flight Cadet : Potholing (Captain) ; Film ; Motor.

- R. B. BLAGBROUGH, Senior Flight Cadet : The Ecole de l'Air Trophy ; French (Secretary) ; Golf ; Field Shooting ; Skiing.
- J. R. CABORN, Senior Flight Cadet.
- I. J. CHILDS, Senior Flight Cadet : Shooting (Colours) ; Chess (Captain) ; *Journal* (Cadet Editor).
- R. DAVIES, Senior Flight Cadet : Fencing (Captain, Colours) ; Athletics (Colours) ; Sub-aqua (Captain) ; Film (Secretary) ; Ocean Sailing.
- E. C. R. DICKS, Senior Flight Cadet : Athletics (Colours) ; Angling (Captain) ; Skiing.
- B. J. DOYLE, Senior Flight Cadet ; Athletics (Colours) ; Cross-Country (Colours) ; Canoeing ; Debating ; Dramatic ; Skiing.
- J. C. FEATHERSTONE, Senior Flight Cadet ; The Ministry of Defence (R.A.F.) Prize for Secretarial Cadets ; Athletics (Colours) ; Ocean Sailing ; Parachuting ; Angling.
- J. E. JEFFREY, Senior Flight Cadet : Athletics ; Cross-Country ; Soccer.
- M. P. KAYE, Senior Flight Cadet : The Ministry of Defence (R.A.F.) Prize for War Studies and Humanities and the Royal New Zealand Air Force Trophy ; Swimming (Colours) ; Water Polo (Colours) ; Debating ; Film ; *Journal*.
- J. R. MUGRIDGE, Senior Flight Cadet : Ocean Sailing ; Potholing ; Music.
- I. A. NAQVI, Senior Flight Cadet : Angling.
- T. PEARSON, Senior Flight Cadet : Cricket (Vice-Captain, Colours) ; Rugby (Vice-Captain, Colours).
- C. F. REDMOND, Senior Flight Cadet : The Dickson Trophy and Michael Hill Memorial Prize ; Badminton (Colours) ; Canoeing ; Dramatic.
- M. A. RIZVI, Senior Flight Cadet : Badminton ; Squash ; Tennis ; Sub-aqua ; Photographic.
- B. T. STABLEFORD, Senior Flight Cadet : The Battle of Britain Trophy ; Shooting (Colours) ; Canoeing ; Climbing ; Skiing.
- B. E. TOLLADAY, Senior Flight Cadet : A.F.R.Ae.S. ; The Abdy Gerrard Fellowes Memorial Prize ; Gliding ; Chess ; Fine Arts.
- C. S. WILKINSON, Senior Flight Cadet : Fine Arts ; Photographic.

No 87 ENTRY PROMOTIONS

December 1964 :

'A' Squadron : Flight Cadet Senior Under Officer O. W. Epton, Flight Cadet Under Officers W. S. Brereton-Martin, A. A. Akers-Douglas and N. Burrows (April, 1965)

'B' Squadron : Flight Cadet Senior Under Officer K. G. H. French, Flight Cadet Under Officers A. G. Williams, C. M. Humphrey and D. J. Gurney (April, 1965)

'C' Squadron : Flight Cadet Senior Under Officer E. A. Jones, Flight Cadet Under Officers P. J. Gooding, T. C. Swinney and K. A. Crowley (April, 1965)

'D' Squadron : Flight Cadet Senior Under Officer W. F. C. Tyndall, Flight Cadet Under Officers J. B. Hill, R. K. Moore and J. A. F. Ford (April, 1965)

OLD CRANWELLIAN NOTES

HONOURS AND AWARDS

The *Journal* offers congratulations to the following members of the Association who featured in the New Year's Honours List :

Air Marshal P. G. Wykeham (35/37E) was made a Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath, Air Marshal D. J. P. Lee (30/32E) a Knight Commander of the Order of the British Empire. Air Vice Marshal N. S. C. Rutter (26/31E) was made a Companion of the Order of the Bath. The Air Force Cross was awarded to Squadron Leader P. J. H. Lewis (61E), whilst Queen's Commendations for Valuable Service in the Air were given to Squadron Leaders D. G. Slade (56E), J. R. Whittam (62E) and R. C. Wood (52E).

PROMOTIONS

To the following Old Cranwellians who were promoted on the 1st January, the *Journal* would like to add its congratulations :

Air Marshal D. J. P. Lee (30/32E) ; Air Vice Marshals A. H. Humphrey (39/40E), R. I. Jones (33/35E), J. H. Lapsley (36/37E) and L. D. Mavor (35/37E) ; Air Commodores A. H. W. Ball (39E), J. H. L. Blount (38/39E), N. M. Maynard (40E) and A. M. Ruston (38/39E) ; Wing Commanders P. J. Bardon (48E), H. S. Carver (49E), D. B. D. Hamley (45E), R. Hollingworth (52E), M. H. Miller (47E), R. L. Tavanyar (45E), K. A. C. Wirdnam (53E) and D. Wright (47E) ; and Squadron Leaders D. J. Anderson (57E), P. J. Anstee (60E), R. M. Baldwin (69E), T. S. B. Boyce (60E), P. B. Cash (59E), J. K. Craven-Griffiths (55E), R. G. Davey (55E), J. R. Davies (56E), A. C. H. Denney (59E), J. B. M. Dobson (62E), K. W. Hayr (69E), D. J. Hollis (63E), R. Horsfield (64E), P. A. Hoskins (54E), D. S. Lilley (56E), P. C. Little (69E), P. M. Papworth (64E), C. T. B. Peile (59E), C. G. H. Pierce (55E), M. E. Rankin (62E), B. T. Sills (69E), E. J. E. Smith (68E), R. T. F. Snare (63E), R. I. Stuart-Paul (67E), B. W. Weskett (58E) and I. D. Wilkinson (62E).

NEWS OF OLD CRANWELLIANS

Pride of place in this section must surely go to two whose achievements at the beginning of the year had us reaching for our daily newspapers to see how they were getting on, or glued to our television sets when news of their appearance was given, Flight Lieutenants J. W. Blockey (71E) and R. E. M. Freeman (74E) hit the world of winter sports. They came third in the first-ever British boblet championships, sixth in the world, and fourth in the Swiss boblet championships. In this, a new sport for Old Cranwellians, there was a danger that the R.A.F. pair would be overshadowed by the British — and World — Champions, but far from letting this happen at one stage they even led them. We wish them both even greater success next year in their boblet which always carries the Royal Air Force roundel.

Two other members of the Association are also in the news, but for a different reason. Flying Officer J. E. C. Williamson (81E) wrote to point out that there are now two Old Cranwellians in the Provost Branch. Having completed the Home Office Detective Training Course with the Lancashire Police he is now in charge of the Special Investigation Section at Headquarters No. 2 R.A.F. Police District. The second member of the branch is Flight Lieutenant P. H. G. Hawken (80E) who is at Spitalgate.

News is usually given in this section of Association members at present on the College instructional staff. This has led one member to claim a record for his entry, 52. At one stage last year there were no less than seven of them on the staff. This will surely be hard to beat.

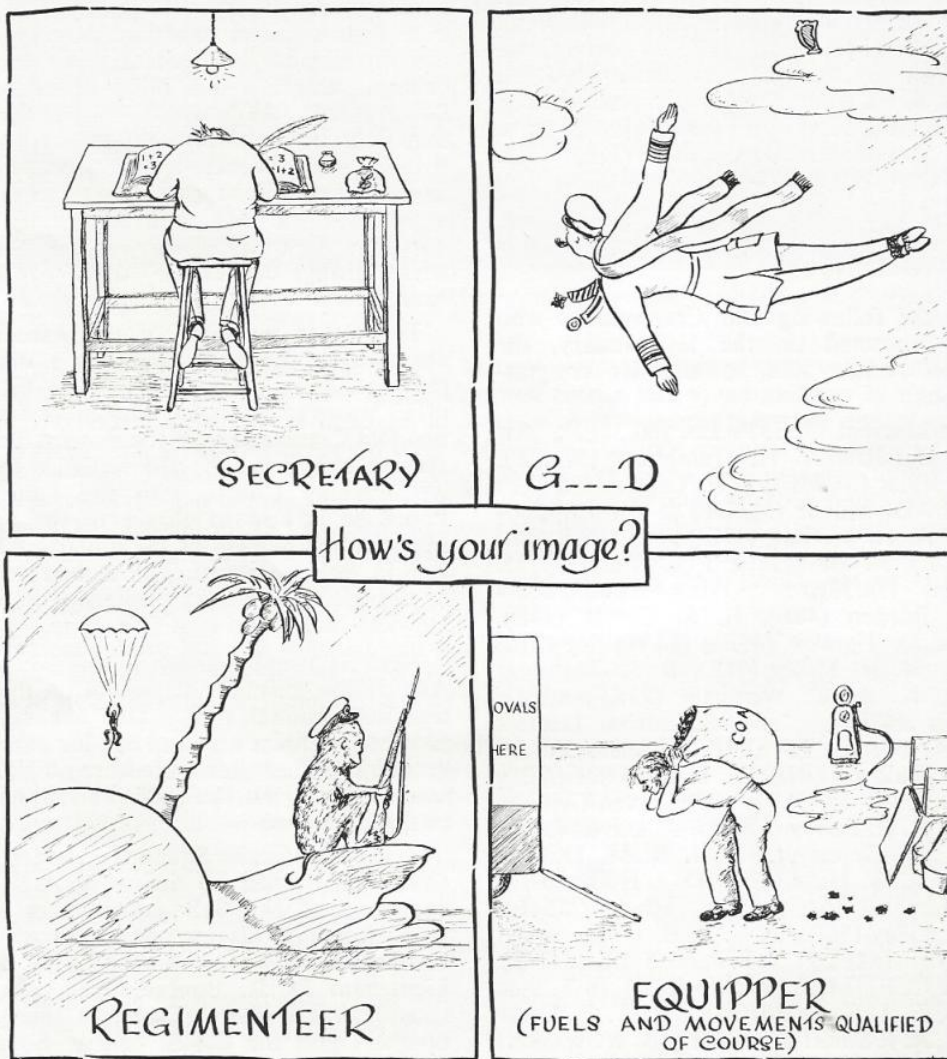
A surprise awaits Squadron Leader P. B. Cash (59E) when he arrives to take over command of No. 3 Squadron later in the year. Amongst his instructors he will find another ex-Digby equipment cadet, Flight Lieutenant D. R. Bourne (61E), who has recently joined the staff after a tour on V bombers and the C.F.S. course. Squadron Leader Cash has been in Washington where

he was the A.D.C. to the Commander of the R.A.F. Staff.

Recent Old Cranwellians to join the staff include Squadron Leader P. J. Giddens (52E), who is teaching war studies, and Flight Lieutenant's C. S. M. Anderson (78E), T. H. F. Delap (71E) and W. J. Howard (77E) who are flying instructors. Flight Lieutenant R. C. Saar (79E) has joined the navigation instructional staff, and Flight Lieutenant K. P. Austin (63E) has joined the Equipment and Secretarial Wing.

GONE AWAY

Finally a message from the Business Manager. Twice a year he posts two thousand copies of the *Journal*; twice a year he has many returned marked "Gone Away" or "Not Known at this Address." Please raise his spirits by letting him have your latest address. Even better, include a little personal information. Other readers like to know what YOU are doing.





BIRTH OF AN IMAGE

The Media Consultant fingered the lapel of his suit, which was unmistakably Reid and Taylor. He was listening carefully to Humphrey the P.R.O. The Creative Coordinator took the sharp crease of his trousers between a manicured thumb and finger and moved it fractionally so that it lay exactly across the centre of his kneecap. The Art Director ran his eye slowly over the tall secretary in the grey leather dress. She was aware of it, and pleased. The Copy Writer drew triangles on his blotter.

"And so," said the P.R.O., "we're giving you chaps just about carte blanche on the whole thing, where it goes, what form it takes, what points it emphasizes, you tell me. I'm just going to sit back and listen, then when you've come to some sort of decision I'll simply do the necessary admin. with the Mods. It's as simple as that. Any questions?"

The Media Consultant lit a cigarette.

"I think you've made things perfectly clear, Humphrey" he said slowly, leaning back in his chair. "I don't see any reason why you should not relax and listen while my colleagues and I air our thoughts, although I've no doubt we shall want your advice on a number of points."

"Gladly, gladly."

"In that case, perhaps I may begin."

There was a pause. Other cigarettes were lit. The Creative Co-ordinator adjusted his pocket handkerchief so that its upper edge was exactly parallel to the line of his breast pocket. The Art Director smiled a private smile. The Copy Writer drew circles round his triangles.



"To reach the kind of young man in which I think you're interested I don't think we could do better than the Sunday Colour Magazines. I was thinking while you were talking that we might even try to get a feature in one rather than buying space. If they could be persuaded to give the job to the photographer I have in mind it would have immense prestige value."

"He wouldn't touch it," interposed the Creative Co-ordinator, "and, in any case, the magazine wouldn't feature this line. It wouldn't be politics. There are the other Services."

"That's true" said Humphrey.

The Media Consultant fingered his cigarette.

"Those points had occurred to me," he went on, "I was simply informing you that the possibility had gone through my mind. I rejected it, partly for the reason you mention partly because we want to say what we want to say and I know of only one way of being sure that that happens."

"The Colour Magazine it is then." The P.R.O., decisively.

"In colour, of course." The Art Director, tentatively.

"Of course!" The P.R.O.

"Any ideas on the shape of the thing then?" asked the Media Consultant. He turned to the Creative Co-ordinator, who was pulling gently on the cuff of his shirt so that exactly one-quarter of an inch showed beneath the sleeve of his hound's-tooth jacket. The Art Director raised his eyebrows as the tall secretary shifted in her chair swinging one elegant leg over the other. The Copy Writer drew squares round his circles. "Well, as you know," said the Creative Co-ordinator "the theme of all, or nearly all of R.A.F. publicity in the last few months has focussed on individuals. It's a good thing I'm sure. After all we are all individuals."

"Indeed" remarked the P.R.O.

"And one of our most successful techniques," the Co-ordinator went on, "has been this 'a week in the life of ' series. I think we might consider that. It could be frightfully effective. It would sustain the impact of the ones we've done already and they in turn would reinforce the impact of this one. You see the boy will see himself, right from the start, as a member of the same team as the chap in fighters or

bombers. And I'm sure we can make a week seem awfully exciting and full of attractive things."

"No problem, no problem at all" said Humphrey, "I think we're on the right track from the word 'Go'."

"So the basis of the presentation" the Creative Co-ordinator continued, "would be seven pictures with text highlighting the event in the frame, but with a snippet or two to cover the humdrum things."

"Sounds splendid" the Media Consultant murmured and ran his eye down the front of his suit, noting with pleasure the skill with which this tailor had achieved continuity in the pattern where the lapel lay against his chest. The Creative Co-ordinator smiled and moved his tie fractionally so that it lay exactly along the line of his broad-striped shirt. The Art Director appraised an ankle. The Copy Writer drew ellipses round his squares.

"Seven pictures" said the Art Director, "let's think. Monday: aircraft, usual break-away shot, above cloud, looks good. Tuesday: formal dinner, all candles and silver. Wednesday: I suppose a certain amount of time has to be spent in labs. and classrooms so it'd better be a couple of lads having a look at the inside of an engine or a radar set, something like that. Thursday: flying again, I think, something low-level, daring-looking, farmhouse large as life under one wing tip. Friday: weapon training — how about that, do they do it?"

"Oh! yes, I think so," replied the P.R.O.

"That's it then, .38 on hip. Saturday: sport, an off-beat sport like polo, salvage some of that prestige value Media Cons. was worried about. And perhaps Copy could throw a dance in the text. Or perhaps a dance shot would be better, more colour, play down the healthy clean-living sporting gent. Sunday: How about relaxing in his comfortable room showing girl-friend shots of ski-ing holiday last winter. We are broad-minded enough to allow girl-friends in our rooms aren't we Humphrey?"

"I'll check on that" replied the P.R.O.

"Well, that's something to go at anyway," went on the Art Director, "I'll gladly listen to other suggestions."

"Excellent plan, that" remarked the Creative Co-ordinator, "though if I recall correctly the Service plays sport on Wednesdays as well as Saturdays"

“Quite correct” put in the P.R.O. “. so you could have your sports shots there, playing down the classroom angle and the dance could be Saturday’s picture.”

“Better not have the same girl in Saturday’s and Sunday’s pictures though” said the Art Director raising his eyebrow and giving the tall secretary a conspiratorial look that earned him an amused smile.

The Media Consultant was gazing at the high sheen on the toecaps of his water-bison shoes. The Creative Co-ordinator flicked a speck of cigarette ash from his sleeve. The Art Director approved the even tan of the secretary’s shoulders. The Copy Writer drew several nervous strokes through his earlier doodles and cleared his throat.

“I’d really like a little more time to consider the copy for this layout. But, for what they’re worth, these are first thoughts.”

“Please, go ahead.” Humphrey indulgently.

The Copy Writer cleared his throat again. “I think we’d have a quote-line ‘It’s a great life’ or something of that sort, then the introductory patter. Captions are what I really want time to think about. But I think a good menu would back up the formal

dinner picture, trout and tournedos, say. The dance picture caption ought to run home the play hard theme and perhaps gently suggest that the glamour job gets the girls. I’d really have to have more time to work out the rest.”

“I’m sure you’ll do an absolutely splendid job” said the P.R.O.

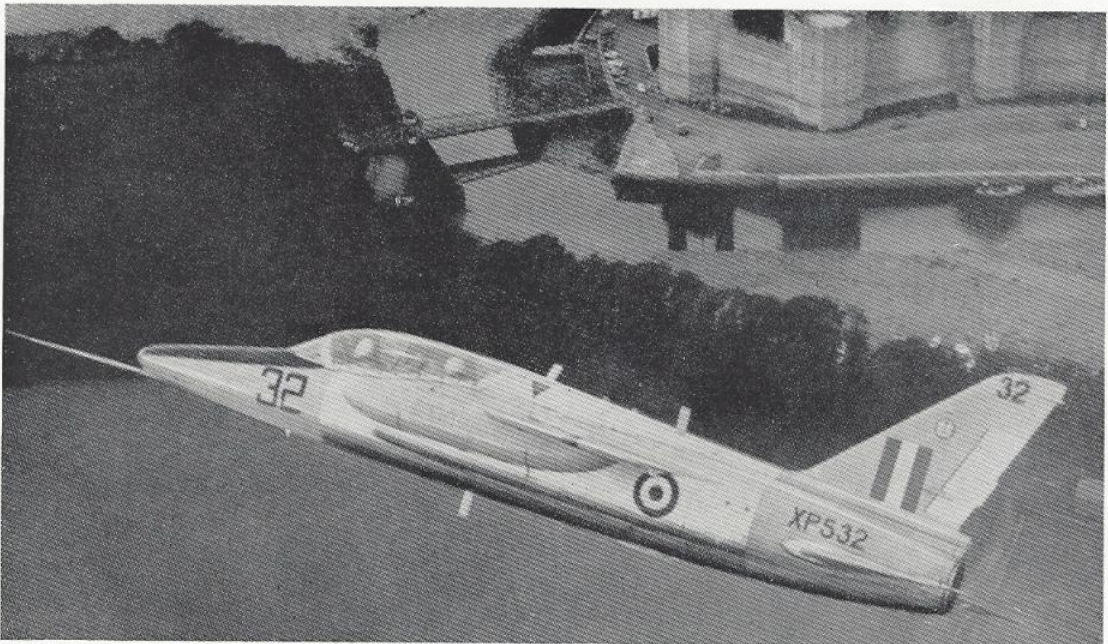
“We seem to have got that sorted out rather well, don’t we” announced the Media Consultant, his tone suggesting that he was ready for his lunch.

“Indeed we do” the P.R.O. agreed, “I’ll take the minutes to the D. of P. at M.O.D. for approval this afternoon and I see no reason why I shouldn’t be in a position to give a few chaps the go-ahead in a couple of days.”

He thanked them all and rose to leave. The Media Consultant and the Copy Writer followed. The Creative Co-ordinator stood by his chair carefully fastening the centre button of his jacket. The Art Director drew back the secretary’s chair as she rose.

“Where the hell is Cranwell, anyway?” he asked

“Up North, I think” she replied with a smile.



THE TRUTH ABOUT THE STONE



TO THE EDITOR ROYAL AIR FORCE COLLEGE JOURNAL

Dear Sir,

I have hesitated to cross words with so distinguished an officer as Sir Thomas Pike but I feel that in the interest of College history, I must correct his statement that the laying of the foundation stone by Lady Hoare was unattended by bands or parades. It may well, as he says, take more than a change of Government to reverse Cranwell now, but it would have taken more than an impending change of Government in 1929 to deprive such a distinguished visitor of a suitable reception.

There was a band : and there were, in fact, two parades, each of unique ceremon-

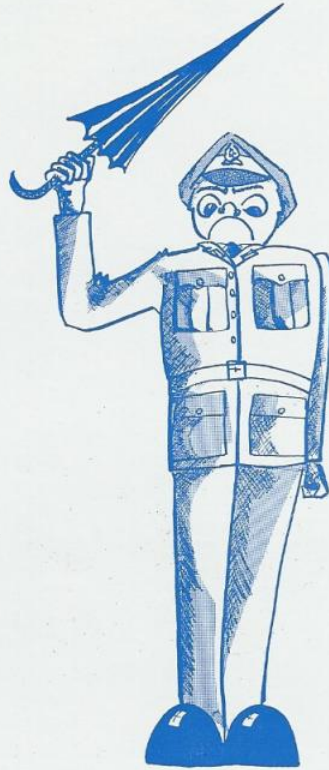
ial impact. The first took place during the actual laying of the stone and was distinguished by the aftermath of an irresponsible decision to provide the cadets with unlimited free beer at lunch. We arrived at the appointed place in great style behind the phantom band, but shortly after having taken up position, the inclement weather began to contribute to a marked deterioration in the dress and bearing of the Guard of Honour, which Sir Thomas Pike has, if he was unfortunate enough to be present, charitably forgotten. Several cadets threw down their arms, perhaps through a gnawing realisation that they



would be useless in the defence of Lady Hoare should she be unaccountably attacked : one man wandered off across the North Aerodrome into the gathering gloom.

A lifelong student of military history, I have treasured the memory of the return and disintegration of the parade as a poignant reconstruction of the more distressing phases of the Retreat from Moscow.

The second parade took place after dinner. It was still snowing. The rank and file were first year cadets clad externally in their pyjamas. Alertness and bearing were of a much higher order. All the principals in the earlier parade were suit-



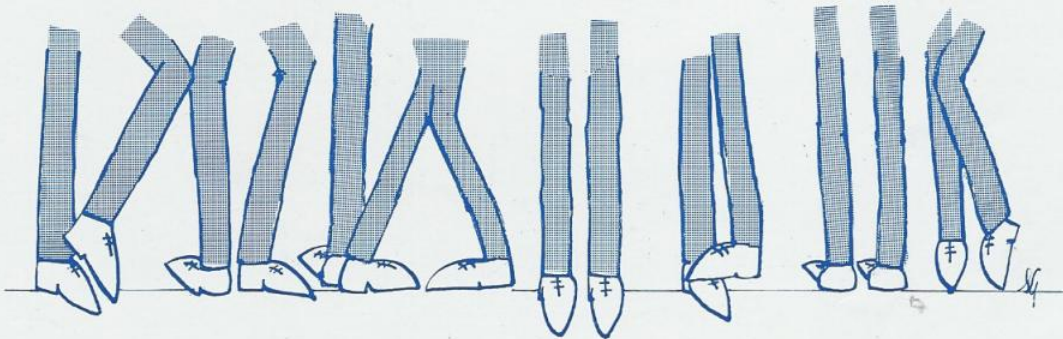
ably represented including particularly, Warrant Officer Beresford, whose inspiring stance, ebony stick held aloft, inherited from the King's Company Grenadier Guards, was reverently impersonated by a cadet wielding an umbrella.

As a stickler for the ceremonial precision with which I was indoctrinated at Cranwell, I was grieved to note, in the *Winter Journal*, Major Swinton's disapproving eye light on two misplaced rifle butts: if anyone cares to refer to an historic photograph of the whole Cadet Wing drawn up in line in 1927, he will easily distinguish me as the only man on parade with his feet in the right position.

Army and Navy Club,
Pall Mall,
London, S.W.1.

Yours faithfully,

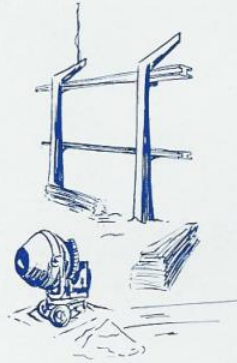
(R. E. de T. VINTRAS.)
Air Commodore (Ret'd)





waiting

for



en lot



The following fragment was found in an upturned dustbin, unearthed by an excavator near the Trenchard Building. In the fond delusion that the literary throw-outs of today are the General Certificate of Education "Advanced" Level set books of tomorrow, the editor prints this fragment in its muddy entirety.

"Waiting for ENLOT"

a farcical tragedy in 45 acts (and an epilogue) by
samuel blockett

ACT 1 (or 37)

A desolate heath. In the background two steel girders and a cement mixer. At intervals throughout the action men come and look at the girders. They are not seen. They go away. The men are different; the girders remain the same. Astragon is sitting on a low pile of mud trying to put on a name-tag. He stops, exhausted, rests begins again, stops.

Enter Teknikom.

ASTRAGON As before they come not to go again.

TEKNIKOM I believe that myself. I cannot instruct in instruction if that which is to be instructed is not in structure. (points to girder which now has a flagpole on top).

ASTRAGON We have waited here long. I think I will hang myself if he does not come. Yesterday he was to come when the girder was in blossom, but the ground whitens and he comes not.

TEKKNIKOM (without gesture) Enlot is not far off. His proximity is increasing as the heap of bones you keep in hope decrease. I saw Enlot yesterday. At least I saw someone yesterday and who would come Highdyking here if not Enlot. No one whose mind was ripe. Cheer up. Our day would not have dawned in its new eight periodic way if Enlot was not in sight.

ASTRAGON Insight on site is cited by my sighs. But Enlot come. Studies cannot be basic but by your sight.

TEKKNIKOM (takes off his glasses. He is now indistinguishable from Astragon. He puts his glasses back on. Wry face). See peace. The beflagged blue vehicle comes to our aid at last. Enlot we greet thee.
(Tekknikom steps forward arms outstretched. He is knocked over by a man in a white vest and blue shorts who runs past carrying a non spherical leather ball under his arm. As Tekknikom rises he is trampled down once more by a group of younger men in white vests and blue shorts who seem somewhat less enthusiastic than the first man. Finally Tekknikom is helped to his feet by a man riding past on a bicycle with notebook and pencil in his pocket. The cyclist rides on behind the others.)

TEKKNIKOM (meditatively) Nothing happens. As before. Were we not engaged in formal conversation I would smoke one of the narcotic drugs you brought back from afar.

ASTRAGON (Cheerfully) Do you remember our march?

TEKKNIKOM (Reminiscently) We sang when we marched.

ASTRAGON (Affectionately) It was a slow march.

TEKKNIKOM (Nimbly) We sang a slow song.

ASTRAGON (Whimsically) Nobody watched our slow marching song.

TEKKNIKOM (Enthusiastically) We charged them no money and nobody came.

ASTRAGON (Lightheartedly) Our oriental cousins made much ado for money and everybody came.

TEKKNIKOM (Lasciviously) Everybody is comforted by what he knows. Nobody is uplifted by the unknown. Long burn he who marched us singing along.

ASTRAGON I did enjoy that. Let me take off my boot again today.

TEKKNIKOM This really is a charming spot. Spotted in charms. The machines that leap high leap not now laughingly for when Enlot come he will show them that they rise not so high as the girder. (He points to the girder. The flagpole now has a flag on it.)

ASTRAGON (Picking up his boot and taking his name-tag out of it.) Now I know who I am again. Knocked on in Noct on and on. (A motor vehicle drives past. It contains food, coal, milk and newspapers. It drives to some buildings and exchanges half of its contents for two sacks of money. It drives to some open land near the buildings. It puts down its remaining contents and picks them up again.)

TEKKNIKOM O Enlot come. Not just for me. You being two and ninety are one younger than I who am but one and ninety.

ASTRAGON (Uninterestedly) That is really very interesting. But how do you know that. You spend your time when not with me aloft. I read and figure on it. You are on your orange run for shavian sin while my study is not of the air.

TEKKNIKOM (As to a child) You may forget that soon. When the son is united, and the sun is untied you will be me telling of the past with your past forgotten. You will soar to the summit. Remembering your humble beginnings but little.

ASTRAGON (Horrified) You know so much. Can Enlot write to right us rivals?

TEKKNIKOM (exaggeratedly) Write! The green of Enlot is like the grey of the heath. So alike, so like they not grey. Enlot's magic signs and sines would not change. Without the green and signs who would know Enlot from the greybeards.

ASTRAGON (nodding) Enlot come and swell our ranks if not with swells with magic signs.

TEKKNIKOM (lovingly) I've been ruled by line and law. who could wish for more. That does not scan Can scannery see scenery? Not when the girders blossom. (He points to the girders. There are now two flagpoles).

ASTRAGON (objectionably) Had I wanted to be at school. I would have stayed there.

TEKKNIKOM (Wantonly) I could be commanding two men and a mascot.

ASTRAGON All I have led is a discussion.

TEKKNIKOM (Insinuatingly) And that would not follow.

ASTRAGON (Seductively) I could be a leader,
 If someone followed me.
 I'd be a proper bl* (here the
 manuscript is defective)
 At home and oversea.
 I would make decisions,
 Each and every day,
 And with my divisions
 I'd hold a sovereign sway.
 If someone would tell me
 I'd be sure to know,
 Or if someone could sell me
 the rules for stop and go
 I would be a leader
 So brave for all the day.
 Instead I'm just a reader
 Of Sci and Humanitay.

TEKKNIKOM (Succinctly) There was no need for that I am sure. Enlot will not arrive while you are catastrophically caterwauling. But look. He comes.
 (Enter two men. One well-to-do, one ill-at-ease. The well-to-do is Treshree; the ill-at-ease, Quippa. Quippa leads a horse and cart. The horse is Sir Pligh, the cart is overloaded. Astragon and Tekknikom retire.)

TRESHREE You ask a lot, Quippa, you ask a lot. Were I to call again, Call again, he would not let your horse shackle less than twenty hundredweight.

QUIPPA But your worship knows my horse's will's on the right side which is now left. I cannot ask him to carry more. Not Tan nor any threat like that, would make him carry more.

TRESHREE My last offer, Called or requested is that I will pay your men sixpence more if your horse carries twice as much.

QUIPPA All flesh is as mortal as a tessarrtoo* (this word apparently was written out of the English Language in 1965; meaning obscure. ED.)

TRESHREE Therewith I plight thee my horse, Sir Pligh. To Whittleigh straight to seal this bargain. (Men load further burdens on Sir Pligh. He is led out. Exit Treshree and Quippa shaking hands.)

ASTRAGON (Coming up from under the cement mixer.) I hadn't thought of that. Perhaps paint is impeding progress. Faint panting is not phantom painting. Time stops on the scaffold. Soon I shall be enriched from my basicness, or basis, from my namesickness or nemesis.

TEKKNIKOM (Coming down from one of the girders) What shall we do now?

ASTRAGON Strike us not. Not to be affected is good. Let us wait for him. Let us see what he has to say.

TEKKNIKOM Who?

ASTRAGON Enlot

TEKKNIKOM Good idea.

ASTRAGON Or we could ask riddles.

TEKKNIKOM (Folding his arms) Ask me a riddle.

ASTRAGON (Trying to conceal his excitement) What is it that is more favoured when it is not round in a rectangle, especially when Woden's wooers are wont to watch, except when the round is past the quarter, and no round is not around?

TEKKNIKOM Let us see what he has to say.

ASTRAGON Who?

TEKKNIKOM Enlot.

ASTRAGON Good idea.

TEKKNIKOM Look this time he is coming. Mr. Enlot sir, and I use the word advisedly, could we have a word with you? (Enter two men. The first, Sporta, in blue and gold, leads the other, Lakki, by means of a thin, elegant rope. Lakki is burdened by many hundreds of sheets of paper, each sheet bearing many symbols.)

SPORTA (referring directly to Lakki and meaning no offence to Astragon and Tekknikom, nor to Astragon or Tekknikom.) On, Dog, On.
(Lakki falls to the ground)
Stay there you verminous cur. (Lakki gets up and begins to run until the rope tightens and begins to choke him.) Give you grace, gentlemen. I did not see you, do forgive me. I do most humbly and in my instructed manner beg your gracious pardons for not addressing you sooner, (sotto voce) that should be worth sixteen out of twenty, (falsetto voce) Do you live here often?

TEKKNIKOM Only in the . . . excuse me too. Mr. Enlot. I am, that is, we are, very glad to see you here at last, but why do you pull your bepapered friend so.

SPORTA Enlot? Who in the name of the Duke of Bedford is Enlot. I'm Sporta, Sporta, does that name mean nothing to you?

ASTRAGON You would never be here if you were older than twenty, sir. You would be disqualified at the outset. In spite of your strength and undoubted athletic prowess, sir. Tell us about your friend. He that carries the paper calls the tune as we would say if we knew the expression.

SPORTA That dog. (all three look at Lakki. The second flag on the girders flutters wildly.) He is not a paper carrier. He is a singer of modern songs. He is Cilla Buss; he is mine. (Air Chief Marshal equivalent consternation).

ASTRAGON Then why keep him on a rope, sir, if he is yours and you both know it.

SPORTA I know it, he knows it, and now you know it. But others know it, look at him, and would change him. So I keep him lovingly on a rope. On, you cur, on.

LAKKI Given the existence of anything quaquaqu, I will sing my story.
When I was bound a flighty cadet in famous
Lincolnshire,
Full well I served my tutor for nigh on
three long year
Till I took up to approaching as you shall
quickly hear
Oh, I'll be a converger on the forthcoming
merger any season of any year.

As me and my companions did head for
Akkers' block
We saw our flighty commander and he gave us
a shock
No flying for our first term, and work
right round the clock,
Oh, I'll be a converger on the forthcoming
merger any season of the year.
My favourite evening of the week is when
I

SPORTA (Smiling as best he can) Quiet, Dog, Quiet.
I'm sorry, sirs both, he never makes sense.
On rabbit on. Begone, hare, Begone.
(Sporta leaves; the rope tightens. Lakki
leaves rather quickly.)

ASTRAGON (in a weary manner) That passed the time.
TEKKNIKOM (enthusiastically) It would have passed
anyway.

ASTRAGON Yes, but a lot more quickly.
(Enter a boy wearing a duffle coat. On the
front of the coat is written M*NK on the back
P*MFREY)

BOY Sir, Sir. (He salutes) Are you waiting for
Mr. Enlot?

ASTRAGON What an ignorant boy. That is the second
time I have been saluted in my life. I was
born to be a leader after all.

TEKKNIKOM What do you want, boy?

BOY Mr. Enlot, sir, he won't be here today.

ASTRAGON Why in the name of

BOY It is not my fault, sir. No quarter was
asked or given. He will come soon, I am
sure.

(Exit boy.)

ASTRAGON Wait. Perhaps it is all for the best. We
would be better off if we separated. You go
Haywonning back. It is all for the best.
Enlot will not come. We weren't made for the
same road.

TEKKNIKOM You're right of course. I'll go at once.
(He does not move)

Curtain

ACT 2 (or 28)

Next day, same time same place, the two steel girders
and the cement mixer have been replaced by two cement
mixers and one steel girder. At intervals throughout the
action men come and look at the girder. The girder
changes; the men remain the same.

Astragon is sitting on a very high pile of mud trying
to put on a

Here the fragment ends. Anyone finding further fragments is earnestly requested to use
the *Journal*.



THE MIKADO

The Royal Air Force College Society Choral Section presented Gilbert and Sullivan's operetta, "The Mikado," on the 1st and 2nd of March, 1965. Playing to capacity houses in the Whittle Hall the Society provided two evenings of excellent entertainment to enthusiastic audiences. Much of the credit for the success of the performance must go to the College Light Orchestra, which under its leader Mr. M. H. Thompson, and conducted by Flying Officer D. G. Robinson, was suitably delicate in the sensitive passages, and played with fine bravura in the more roistering sections. David Robinson's interpretation was sympathetic and faithful to the original intention: the overture was perhaps a shade muted and tentative in parts, but this was more than compensated for by some excellent passages later, particularly in the skilful musical enlivening of Koko's execution song. The finale, with its subtle re-echoing of the melodies of the operetta, was a musical tour-de-force.

Though it would be invidious to single out any soloist for especial praise, since the standard of performance was good through-



Keith Carlidge, Paul Buckland, and Richard Slogrove



Colin Cruickshanks, Tony Ford, Keith Cartlidge, Paul Buckland, Richard Slogrove, Pamela Gibbon, Pat Fisher, Kathleen Gilbert, Angela Carryer

out, probably the most memorable singing of the evening came from Tony Ford as the Mikado himself. He showed an enviable technical mastery of both music and lyric, and combined this with real power and ex-

cellent sense of timing. His interpretation of the part had all the necessary firmness and authority, and his sinister bellow of a laugh was a joy to hear. Colin Cruickshanks as Nanki Poo was a trifle thin in the higher register, but showed a sympathetic understanding in the more romantic passages. Pish Tush was sung with fine clarity and real authority by Keith Cartlidge, and Paul Buckland's imposing physical presence as a rather over-weight Pooh-Bah was matched by a roundness and a firm tone in both his singing and speaking. Credit for the best all-round performance by a male soloist must go to Richard Slogrove whose sparkling performance as the love-smitten, tender-hearted, Lord High Executioner was a delight both to watch and to hear. With his entry the operetta began to gain in depth and movement and for the first time stopped taking itself too seriously.

Prominent amongst the lady soloists were Angela Carryer as Katisha and Pamela Gibbon as Yum-Yum, the heroine of the tale. Katisha's dramatic entrance was suitably impressive and her overall performance was a sincere and movingly tragic interpretation



Rosemary Brealey, Bill Campbell, Janice Collins, Dave Marshall



The Chorus

Back Row : Roy Sandford, David Marshall, David Phillips, Teddy Wilding-White, John Gilbert, Colin Lovegrove, Brian Little, Richard Northcote, Alan Macdonald, Bill Campbell, Tom Caldicott, Bert Holt, Paul Turley, Bill Burnett

Fourth Row : Ann Price, Lesley Burks, Anne Williams, Tamara Ord

Third Row : Barbara Roberts, Jane Baseley, Shirley Scoggins, Sheila Jinman, Gillian Mackay

Second Row : Jill Turner, Eileen Marshall, Sheena Tapp, Janet Cope

Front Row : Jennifer Flathers, Elsa Richmond, Betty Wallace, Thea Marsh

of what is musically the most exacting part in the operetta. Yum-Yum was becomingly attractive and daintily Japanese ; her singing had a liquid quality and mellow depth to it which were beautifully matched by her subtle changes of tone and intonation in the

recitative. Kathleen Gilbert and Pat Fisher as Pitti-Sing and Peep-Bo, the sisters of Yum-Yum, were charmingly melodic and did much to make the "Three Little Maids" trio outstanding.

Both male and female choruses provided excellent backing to the soloists ; their superb timing in the closing stages of Act 1 brought a real sense of urgency into the verbal battle between Nanki-Poo and Katisha as the latter is frustrated in her attempts to reveal Nanki-Poo's true identity. The essential delicate balances between male and female choruses at the close of the opera were also minutely observed.

The Producer of the show, Brian Sandford, deserves high praise for an energetic and entertaining production. His moving of the main characters was sound and in the best traditions of D'Oyly Carte, though the groupings of the choruses in Act 1 were less fluid and visually exciting than in Act 2. The introduction of the Mikado's guards (Bill Lewis and David Sowler) as a kind of syn-

thesis between modern Japanese soldier and cadet undergoing survival training provoked much mirth and provided a neat contrast with the multitudinous colours of the other players' Oriental costumes. These were indeed superb, and their setting within the overall framework of Christopher Gardiner's and Brian Peggall's equally colourful scenery afforded a kaleidoscope of iridescent colour which was a delight to see.

Finally, no appreciation of the show would be complete without favourable mention of the attractive programme produced by the Printing Section of the College Society : the two-colour programme with its excellent lino-cut on the front page betokened the imaginative and careful preparation which were characteristic of the entire production.

MARCHING SONG

What does a man of honour do when he is faced with the choice of suicide or national disgrace ? This was the central theme of the play "Marching Song" by John Whiting which was performed by the Drama Section of the College Society in the Whittle Hall on 7th December.

The action takes place in the capital city of a defeated European country some weeks after the occupying forces of the conquerors have been finally withdrawn. Democracy reigns triumphant, but before the people can hold up their heads proudly once more, they must be reassured that their defeat in war was attributable to someone other than themselves. The government's choice for a scape-goat is General Rupert Forster who has already served seven years imprisonment for losing a battle.

Forster is released from prison but before he can begin to enjoy his freedom he is told of the true reasons for his release. He is thus faced with the prospect of either undergoing a public trial with all its attendant humiliations or of destroying himself so that the state can brand him as a traitor. He works out this dilemma in the house of his former mistress, Catherine De Troyes, who, in Rupert's absence has filled her house with shabby hangers-on. There is a faded doctor ; an obsequious priest ; and there is Harry

Lancaster, an American, who made a film of the city twenty years ago, and who is trying now to make another film although he has long lost the ability to do so. Harry brings a young girl, Dido Morgen, to Catherine's house, but Dido soon shows a lot more interest in Rupert than in Harry.

The drama is worked out slowly and deliberately. We see the effect each character has upon the others ; we watch the Chancellor, John Cadmus, as he tries by logical argument and sweet reasonableness to force Rupert to take his own life ; and we wait to see how the other characters will react to Rupert's decision

"Marching Song" is a very difficult play to perform. Whiting himself called it an "anti-theatrical" play. There is very little action on the stage, speeches tend to be set and formal, and there is no sub plot to take attention away occasionally from the main theme of the play. Therefore, the performers can easily become mere mouthpieces for differing points of view, losing their individuality and interest as human beings. One did not feel this with the college society. The audience felt that it was watching real human beings caught up in real human tragedy.

The first credit must go to the designer and to those members responsible for creating the set. The spaciousness and opulence of Catherine's house were suggested by the

*Keith Jackson, Adam Wise,
David Clegg*



richly equipped lounge with its impressive balcony, and by the tasteful decoration.

From the time the play opened, Sandy Semple, who played the part of Harry Lancaster, never faltered, either in his American accent or in his portrayal of a man who is getting old and who is just beginning to realise that he is a failure. Harry's early bravado and his later maudlin drunken sentimentality were portrayed with equal accuracy.

Although Keith Jackson looked a little young and robust for a man who has been subjected to the indignities of prison life for seven years, he carried off the very exacting part of Rupert Forster very well. Forster is a man with perhaps too great a regard for the truth; a single-minded, cold character with few illusions; a man who showed weakness once and who has paid the penalty. Keith Jackson conveyed all these qualities well and was at his best in his scene with Dido when he relived his last disastrous battle.

Dido, the young city girl who does not want to become involved with other human beings—she is “the girl you see on the edge of the street accident”—was played with the necessary pert aggressiveness by Rosemary Wheelton. The other woman in the cast, Catherine De Troyes, is, in many ways, the

only sympathetic character in the play. She has given up seven years of her life to wait for Rupert, and when he returns, he has fallen out of love with her. She is besieged by scroungers, and all her wealth and influence cannot obtain for her the things she really wants. Jackie Coombs was completely convincing as the woman left only with memories and a vague hope of a brighter future.

John Cadmus, the old chancellor who is prepared to ask Forster to commit suicide, was portrayed as a dried-up politician by Brian Clifford, who not only captured the voice but also the movement of an old man.

The minor parts were all played competently. Stephen Walton and David Clegg performed proficiently as the doctor and the young captain, Bruno Hurst, respectively, while Paul Cooper gave a delightful performance as the priest who has found his way into the De Troyes household.

Because of the formal nature of the play, the producers, Paddy Waugh and Adam Wise might have introduced some cuts into the play without losing effect, particularly towards the end of the play when the main issue had been resolved, but they have every reason to be proud of their production. They tackled a very difficult play and came out of the experience with much credit.

THE SHADOW WITNESS

The Cranwell Little Theatre, presented the *Shadow Witness* by Falkland Carey and Philip Weathers in the Whittle Hall on 10th and 11th November, 1964.

The plot of this play is concerned with the murder of the tight-fisted old recluse, Uncle Daniel and the situation within the family which makes nearly every character a suspect. Uncle Daniel never actually appears and it is only during the action that the fact of his death is learned. The other characters, therefore, have to give him life in order that the fact of his death should have any impact on the audience

The acting was good with the competent performances that we have come to expect

from the Little Theatre. Derrik Adams gave a sound portrayal of the farmer and stock exchange gambler, Andre. His movement on the stage suited the character but his voice might have been improved by the addition of more variation in pitch. Inspector Rouse was given adequate authority by Derek Woodburn but the characterisation could nevertheless have been more dynamic.

Andre's wife Paulette (Jackie Coombs) was a very sound portrayal of an intelligent and efficient wife. Rosemary Wheeldon was extremely convincing as their young, vivacious daughter, Jacqui. Leon, Jacqui's young artist friend, could have been characterised more forcefully by Barry Rimmell ;



Rosemary Flanagan and Rosemary Wheeldon

his performances should improve as he gains in experience.

Rosemary Flanagan gave an excellent performance as the old servant Martine. Her movements and gestures were completely those of a brittle old woman and she managed to capture the Gallic essence of the part. This was a considerable achievement for a first appearance on the stage. The other old servant, Berthe, a rather tougher character, was played very effectively by Val Eden. Madeleine, (Margaret Williams) Daniel's attractive and capable housekeeper, had considerable sang-froid but could have had

a little more fire. Finally the villain, Michel (Mike Hesketh), was convincing in his bonhomie and was a suitably unlikely killer.

The quality of the production was aided considerably by the fine set and make up. The true atmosphere of an old French farmhouse was recaptured very convincingly.

The producer, Terry Lambourn, faced a difficult task with this play as it was somewhat lacking in dramatic quality. However, it was a pleasant and entertaining production, and considerable credit should go to the producer and cast.

*This morning was cold, Lincolnshire mornings are cold,
The squad was formed on "Holy Acre," panting
Heavy vapours into the thin air, standing in bold
Silhouette against the wakening grey sky
Stiffly at attention now, feeling the chill gusts grasping
At fingers and toes, dreaming of warmth,
Log fires and Christmas trees and tea, steaming
In huge cups on kitchen tables.
Crisp crackling springs my mind to face the bitterness,
"Your belt, sir, dusty, and your shoes, sir, are a mess."
"Sergeant," recalling last night in the billets,
Listening to Luxembourg, and to perfection,
Bulling brasses, boots and belts and brushing berets.
How could they be, his heart fumbles as he listens to his charge.
Two other days on 'strikers.' Is it
By this, was it to be in this way for us,
Mouthing upwards into his living air,
"Per ardua ad astra, superna petimus."
How far the stars, how high before the highest things unfold.
This morning was cold. Lincolnshire mornings are cold.*

TO
PERKY

THE
RETURN

*By the too bright college lights, struggling blithely home,
Suffering abortively from beer,
And other forms of alcohol, mixed in hectic quantity
Unsteady legged specimen of Christmas cheer.
White capped uniforms bearing down, grabbingly.
In the flight-commander's room, a charge to hear.
Repentant on parade-square, shock felt stabbingly
What a bastard way to start a brand new year.*

Roger Cresswell.



OF COURSE I
UNDERSTAND. I USED TO
PLAY GOLF MYSELF



BUT GOLF ISN'T A
TEAM GAME, AND THE
WHOLE AIM OF THIS
INSTITUTION IS



TO DEVELOP A
FEELING OF TEAM SPIRIT
AND SERVICE BEFORE
SELF



THAT'S WHY I WANT
YOU TO SUPPORT A
TEAM GAME THIS
AFTERNOON



WHO DID YOU SAY
YOU WERE PLAYING
GOLF WITH?



OH!



I SEE



WELL, AS I WAS
SAYING, I USED TO
PLAY GOLF MYSELF



NOW, WHO CAN WE
GET TO MAKE UP
A FOURSOME.....

SAS

THREE DUCKS STICKING THEIR NECKS OUT

This is hardly a dignified description of the armorial bearings of the Royal Air Force College, but no doubt it is adequate for those uninitiated in heraldry. The purpose of this article is to translate this short but expressive description of the College Coat of Arms into the picturesque and romantic language of heraldry. To do this it is necessary first to have a brief outline of the origins and rules of this ancient art.

ORIGINS OF HERALDRY

Heraldry is commonly supposed to have sprung from the seals with which Kings and other V.V.I.P's, from about the 8th Century A.D., used to mark their letters and edicts. A seal became, in effect, a sort of signature and with the passing of time became a means of identifying the owner. In the 10th and 11th centuries when "tin battledress" became the fashion, the need for some sort of identification became quite real in battle as well as in letter writing, as the rank and file had to have some means of knowing whether the wearer of this armour was friend or foe. So the idea of a mark or symbol to act as a rallying point in battle spread from kings to knights, barons, earls and all "gentlemen at arms" who led their troops into battle. Normally some form of emblem or design on the shield was adopted.

As this custom spread, the symbol or design came to be regarded as its wearer's property and possibly as a pictorial version of his name. On a man's death, his son continued to use his father's shield and so the idea grew up of hereditary rights to these symbols.

Eventually, in order to safeguard individual designs and to get some sort of order into the system, a set of rules was drawn up

and nominal rolls were kept by heralds, who were responsible for registering Coats of Arms and for seeing that the rules were kept. By the 12th Century, heraldry was an established practice and in the next few hundred years it flourished, until, about the 16th Century not only individuals, but also corporate bodies such as guilds and towns adopted a coat of arms as a symbol of their identity. Designs became very flowery and complicated, but from the 17th century onwards, with the passing of suits of armour, heraldry declined.

It is interesting to note, however, that during this century a new form of heraldry has sprung up in the numerous badges adopted by Navy, Army and R.A.F. Formations and Units.

THE RULES

Before describing the College Coat of Arms a brief reference to the rules is necessary. They are few and simple and were designed principally to preserve the artistic values of heraldry.

The design must be depicted in one or more of five colours, two "furs" and two "metals." The colours — with their heraldic names are as follows :

Red	Gules
Blue	Azure
Black	Sable
Green	Vert
Purple	Purpur

The furs are "Ermine" and "Vair," the first being self explanatory and the second a representation of the skin of a squirrel, and depicted in alternate wavy bars of blue and

silver. The metals are gold and silver, or "Gul" and "Argent" as they are known heraldically. The only other rule of importance is that the "charge" or symbol must not be of the same designation as the "field" or background. In other words if you have a field of gules, then the lion's head, or eagle or whatever it is must be shown either in a metal or a fur.

A charge can consist of almost anything, but there are certain basic ones which are most commonly used. These consist of a broad, horizontal, vertical or diagonal band across the shield known as a "fesse," a "pale" or a "bend" respectively; a "chevron" which is self explanatory but upside down according to our ideas in the Service; and a "saltire" which is a diagonal cross similar to that of St. Andrew. Another very common charge is some form of cross and you can get some idea of the size of the vocabulary of heraldry from the fact that there are over a hundred kinds of cross, each described differently.

Armed with this knowledge, it is now possible to pass on to the Coat of Arms of the R.A.F. College and describe it in detail in the curiously attractive mixture of English and French which makes up the language of heraldry.

THE COAT OF ARMS

The Shield. When describing a shield the field is referred to first, followed by the main charge and then the subsidiary charges. The most important part of a coat of arms



is the shield. In this picture the shield has a blue background, upon which are depicted a chevron between three birds (which are in fact cranes) on the wing: these are the main charges. On the chevron are shown three lions' faces of gold, each superimposed on a red disc (the subsidiary charges). One reason for the red disc is that it would be incorrect to have lions' faces of "or" on a background of "argent." There is also another reason but that comes later.

This combination is described in heraldic terms as shown in the right hand column of the box below:

<i>Name</i>	<i>Description</i>	<i>Heraldic Term</i>
The Field	Blue	Azure
The main charges	a chevron and three flying birds all of silver	a chevron between three cranes volant argent
Subsidiary charges	three lions' faces on three red discs	three lions' faces or on three roundels gules (or tertiaux).

Connecting up the right hand column with suitable prepositions and changing it slightly, the description becomes :

“ Azure on a chevron between three cranes volant argent, as many roundels gules each charged with a lion’s face or.”

What does this all signify ? The Coat of Arms was very carefully chosen after much consideration and correspondence with the Chester Herald, and everything shown on it has some symbolic meaning. Taking them in the same order :

The Field	—represents the sky.
The Chevron	—a convenient background for the lions’ heads, and appropriate to the Service.
The Cranes	—the village of Cranwell was originally known as Crane-well.
The Lions’ faces	—symbolise the Royal connections of the College. (Cf. the three golden lions on a red background in the Royal Arms).
The Roundels	—again, these symbolise the Royal connections of the College. In addition, some background for the lions’ heads is necessary to conform to the rules.

The Helmet. After the shield comes the helmet, which is placed just above it. The interesting point about this is that different kinds of helmet denote different rank. In the Royal Arms, the helmet is of gold facing the front and has bars across the opening, and may only be used by the king. The helmet on the Cranwell Arms is of the kind normally allowed for a “gentleman” or “esquire.”

The Wreath. On top of the helmet sits the “wreath” which looks rather like the coil of rope used in “tent-quoits.” Its purpose originally was to conceal the join of the Crest to the top of the helmet. It usually consists of alternate plaits of the two principle colours on the shield and in this case would therefore be depicted in azure and argent. When this is so it is known as “a wreath of the colours.”

The Crest. Rising from the wreath is the Crest. The word Crest applies only to this device mounted on the helmet. Any other form of symbol — such as those representing R.A.F. Units — are badges and it is incorrect to refer to them as crests. The Crest of the R.A.F. College is a figure of Daedalus and, as it happens, a most appropriate one, Daedalus being one of mankind’s first known aviators — albeit not a very successful one. H.M.S. Daedalus was incidentally, the name by which Cranwell was known during the First World War when it was a R.N.A.S. Station. The original camp of those days was

laid out to conform roughly to the silhouette of a ship, but after nearly 50 years this fact is not now recognisable from the air. The figure of Daedalus is represented as “proper” — that is in natural colours as opposed to one or more of the five heraldic colours.

The Mantle. Next comes the “mantle,” which is the name given to the flowery looking design all round the shield. Actually, it has no floral significance at all but represents the back half of a surcoat or tunic of which the front was of chain or mail armour. It was made of felt or some such material and naturally after many campaigns used to become tattered and torn. Hence, the military prowess and experience of a gentleman at arms was reflected in the rags and tatters of his mantle. A plain sort of drape round a shield would indicate that its owner was as yet inexperienced in battle — in other words, pretty “non-operational”. Like the wreath, the mantle is usually depicted in the principal colours of the shield.

The Motto. Finally, on this coat of Arms, is the Motto, formerly known as the “Cri de Guerre” and originally some blood curdling war cry with which the Commander and his men used to fling themselves into the battle. As heraldry acquired more peaceful characteristics, the nature of the Cri de Guerre changed and finally resulted in the Motto. The Motto in this case is “Superna Petimus,” a phrase which is extremely difficult to trans-

late adequately into idiomatic English. Perhaps one of the best, if not the most accurate, is "We spurn the petty things."

Supporters. There are other additions to a complete Coat of Arms, such as "Supporters," which consist of two figures, one each side of the shield and supporting it. An example of supporters can be seen in the Royal Arms, namely the Lion and the Unicorn. Other embellishments, such as Orders, are also included when applicable, but, as the Cranwell Coat of Arms does not have

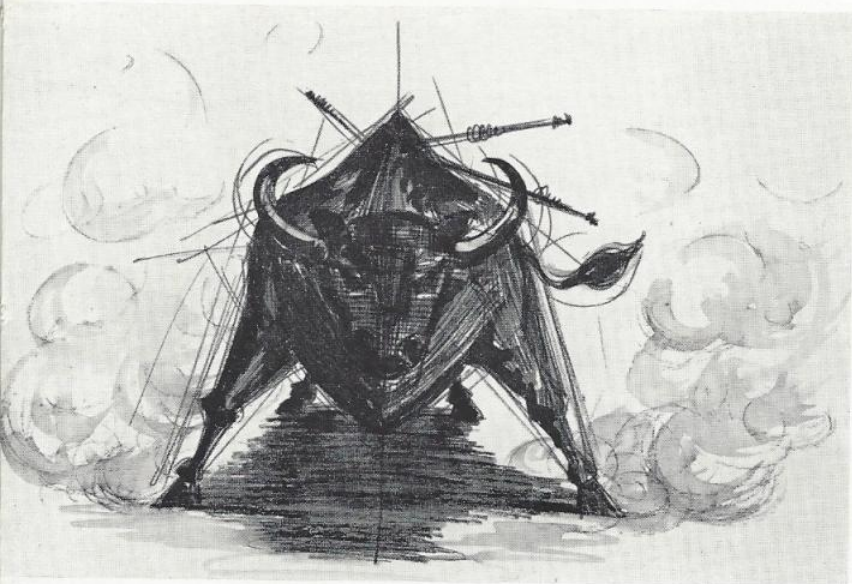
them, they need not be mentioned.

The story is now complete and the three ducks in the title of this article have become, in this impressive example of the language of the ancient heralds :

"Azure on a chevron between three cranes volant argent, as many roundels gules, each charged with a lion's face or. And for the Crest on a wreath of the colours a figure representing Daedalus proper."

E. H. L-B.





CORRIDA

The corrida had been billed all Summer. There was just one each month, in the ancient Roman areas. Now it was Sunday, and two hours to go to the start. There would be only one house, so the town was already bustling with aficionados and others. Ice-creams were selling well, far above their normal price, to the tourists, sweltering in the fierce heat. Then it was announced that the matador had been gored and could not come; the second had missed his plane. Two more were found quickly, for a "mano a mano." The aficionados, disappointed, went away, those of them who would be there next month and the month after. The tourists would not. For them a change in the cast meant little, anyway; a toro's a bull, and a torero's a fighter, et voila tout.

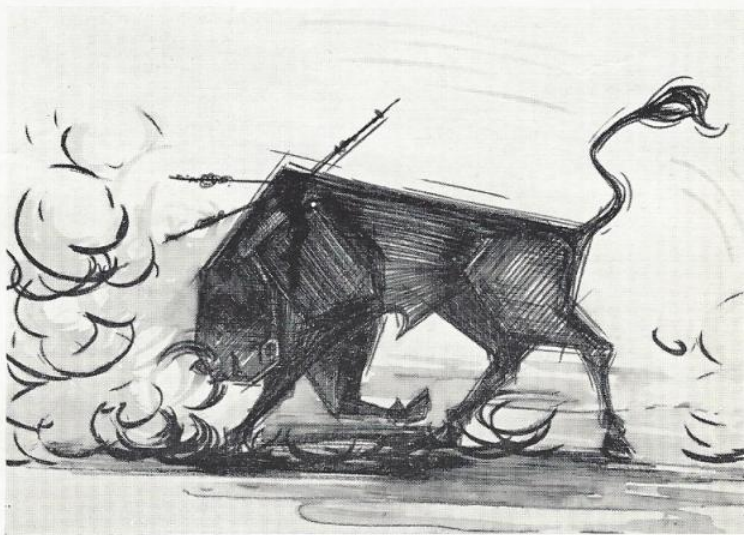
So the arena filled up, just the same; row on row of colourful skirts and hats, reds, blues, and greens, under a sky too blue to gaze at for long. Below, a cart was watering down the oval expanse of dirty sand.

At a quarter past the appointed hour nothing was happening. The management was rudely invoked, in Spanish, in French, and even in English (as the Americans call it). Thirty minutes late the "paseo" emerged. Toreros all, and a couple of nags, padded and patched, striving to keep up with the procession, paraded unenthusiastically before a half-mocking audience. They retired, midst due applause for the matadors.

The arena is empty: silence amongst the crowd.

The boys of the cuadrilla stand around the barrier, escape doors at hand. The traps open and out staggers the bewildered bull. They have probably "worked" him before letting him out. He stands for a second, accustoming himself to the light and the arena, then charges hesitantly at the nearest coloured flag. Its holder quickly springs behind the fence: the bull careers onto the next flag, and so round the ring.

The bull is alone in the ring. It thinks it has won. Tired, it retires to the centre and



lies down. The matador appears with his scarlet muleta. Those of the other toreros are orange. The bull ignores him ; the matador seems uncertain whether to disturb it or not. The crowd tells him. He has a reputation, this killer. They call him "Corazon" perhaps because he is courageous ; or because he has a heart ; or because he can never get his espada into the bull's heart first go. Now the picadors, on their four-legged pin-cushions, are in place at the sides of the arena. The bull unwillingly gets to its feet. The matador approaches slowly, always watching the bull. Its feet remain apart. Now it draws them together : head down, it trots towards the torero. Some half dozen waves of the flag before the bull's head, twisting now this way, now that, serve to tire it. The cuadrillas' absurd toying has already sapped a good deal of the bull's strength. Now the bull is brought out of a banal sort of "rebolera" to face the picador. The old horse senses trouble and shifts uneasily. The bull charges ; the lance fails to pierce the animal's shoulder muscle, and its horns come under the horse's flank. With a desperate jab of the pic the bull is forced back a pace, but neither horse nor rider is strong enough to resist its advance. To save the nag for another fight, one of the cuadrilla draws the bull away. The horses limp off.

This farcical interlude is not without its consequences, however. The bull is now bleeding from the pic wound. Banderillos, thrust into the same spot by nimble-footed banderillos, serve to keep the wound open, and add to its colourfulness. The daring of the young boys excites the crowd. Leaning right over the bull's horns, they take a greater risk with their darts than the torero with his cape and sword. The arena echoes to the sound of honest and well meant "Oles."

The bull's black coat is now streaked with red stripes from the shoulder down the back and sides. Every contortion of its body squeezes another gush of blood from the wound ; every sideways movement of the head enlarges it. The Matador, with a series

of "naturelles" has the bull turning giddily in circles about him, until the animal can stand no longer, and falls, half dead, to the ground. The crowd whistles and jeers at such an unethical, unaesthetic display. The final estocado remains to be put into a virtual corpse ; which, however neatly done, cannot be beautiful. True to form, Corazon thrusts, and misses. You can hear the sword jarring on the backbone. He tries again, but needs a third go to find the animal's vitals, through the skeleton. Two horses drag the body off to the butchery, and they start again ; another bull, another matador.

The "moment of truth" came in like manner to a half-dozen other bulls. But to the enthusiastic Spaniard they were no more than half-truths. The lethargy of the bulls, not altogether reprehensible, allowed of no beauty in the matadors' efforts, and hence no truth. For, to the Spaniard, Truth is Life, and Man, and Danger ; and "Io aburrido" is needs "falso." As is frequently the case, the bull-fight was momentarily saved from the depths of falsehood by the skill of the banderilleros. The third bull offered a scene of satanic farce when it unhorsed a picador and pursued his steed urgently across the ring, to the accompaniment of coarse shouts from the mob.

The crowd was already flowing out into the streets as the last bull was given his ticket to cross the bovine Styx. Then he was dragged off to be dismembered along with his fellows-in-glory, and sold in the market next day. The townfolk would pay well for the honour of eating him.

The sand was settling again under the weight of the blood, in contrast to the still unstained walls of the arena that had held sixty generations of men (and women) whilst in the streets this latest of them milled unintelligently around, drank its "pasis," and visibly disintegrated, as a catherine-wheel which ejects its points of fire to extinction in the unsympathetic emptiness of the ether — in this case, into the still imperturbability of all their Christian churches.

C. A. Humphrey.

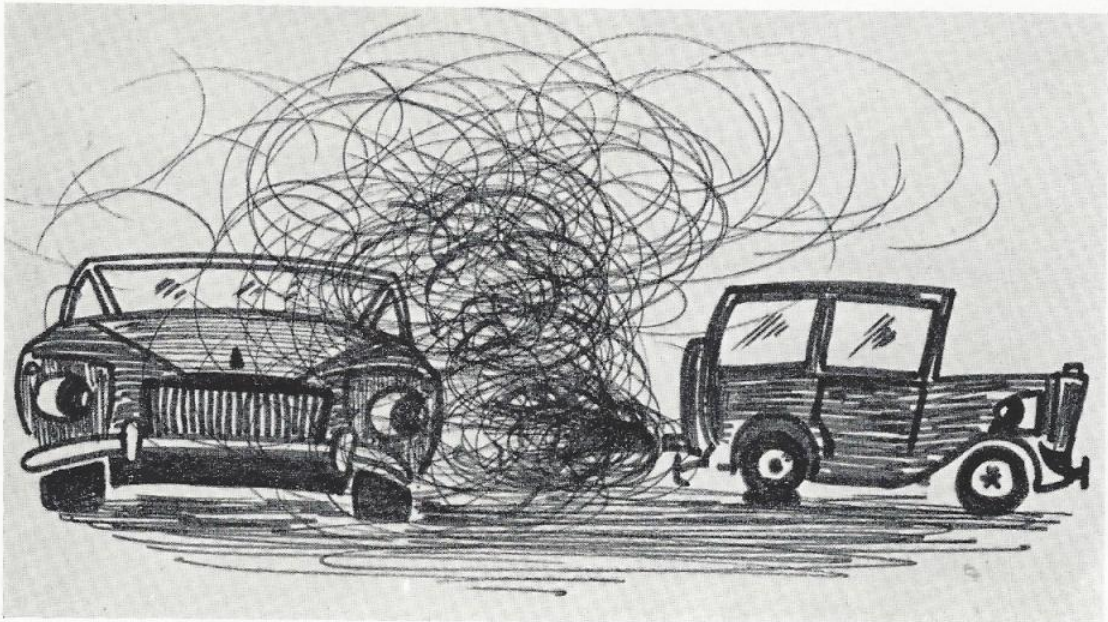
ABSTRACT IN OILS

A draughty contraption of girders and acres of metal and held together by ever-growing pillars of bird droppings, a proud container of automation, stands the Cadets' Garage. It is situated far, far away from the dwellings of the eager drivers, who curse the distance that has to be covered at break-neck speed on unsteady legs, when the clock reads nigh the time for curfew.

Perhaps it is this distance from the College that gives the Garage its character. Isolated, lonely and chill, mourning the passing of leisurely years, the hangar is a symbol of the past. It casts metallic eyes at the Chipmunks which fly overhead and dreams reminiscently whenever the throaty roar of a prop-driven aircraft is heard. Its views on the younger generation cannot be printed. It dislikes the cursing of the cadets at their labours to start their vehicles but it forgives them readily whenever it considers that each cadet is paying ten shillings a month for the honour of lodging within its metallic ribs. It is none the less grateful for the attention it receives. A member of the Senior Entry

has responsibility for the condition of this ancient monument. The garage dislikes the strident voice of humans who venture out to their cars, but it does appreciate the small army of workers which armed with bristleless brushes makes a futile termly effort to sweep the oily, cracked, dusty concrete floor.

The Garage seems to be alive! In high winds it groans audibly and when the bitter North wind blows it desperately bangs sheet of metal against sheet of metal in an effort to get warm. But to no avail: the temperature inside differs little from that of the outside. The atmosphere of cold military respectability does not engender much warmth. Spaces are marked with what was once white paint, cars are hurriedly dressed off, always facing outwards as the regulations demand and inspections take place at regular intervals. But the garage does not mind. You see, once upon a time the Garage was a hangar, the proud container of aircraft, and now utterly degraded, reduced to the rank of a garage, it rejoices in discipline and respectability.



The character of the garage is most affected, however, by the cars it contains. Within the last six months a transformation has occurred. The 'Bangers' have been taken to their metallic and rusty graves, but the odd 'special' survives and offers token resistance to the squadrons of expensive saloons that now dominate the hallowed ground. 'Bangers' that remain, hide in cobwebby camouflage in dimly-lit corners but defiantly pour forth choking fumes to corrode their sworn enemies — the expensively furnished saloons. A small select group of M.G.'s snobbishly sleep under gleaming chromium but they provide no danger, only nuisance value.

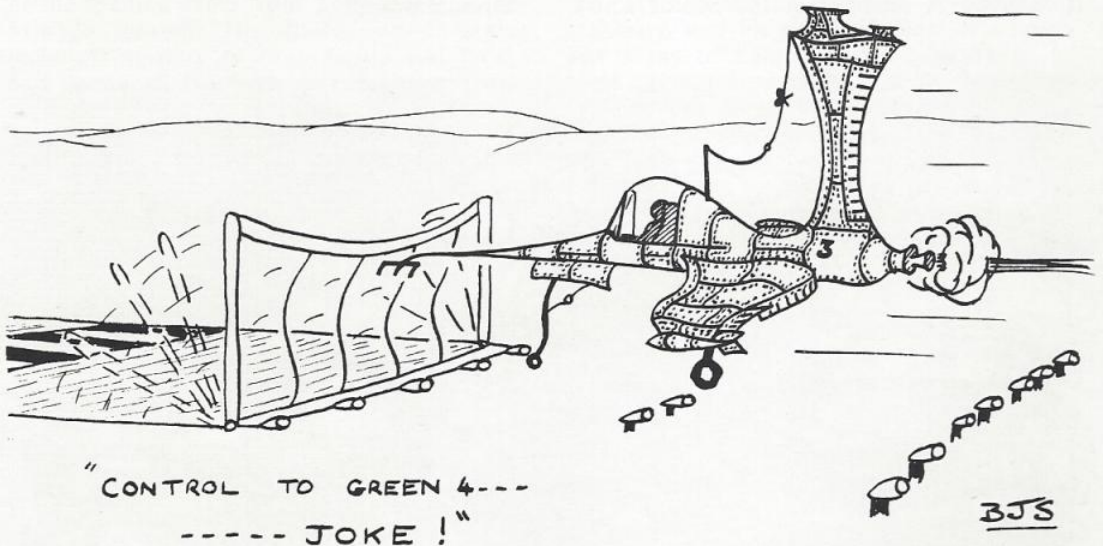
There are few members of the battered clan left, and a steering column and wheel stands in defiance like a tattered standard. It is unimportant that this steering column is lodged in a dustbin ; the dustbin has not

been emptied for years—and may it never be emptied, for if it is, the last symbol of a lost class would disappear too.

The need for safety and reliability and the growing affluence of society have been the cause of this tragedy. The fitting of safety belts on a 'banger' is pointless ; for if belts are to be fitted, then the steering might as well be adjusted, the tyres changed and the brakes fixed. In fact the car would lose its character.

The memory, however, lingers and a militant company of devotees, membership of which depends upon drinking a pint of back-axle oil in under thirteen and a half minutes, has elaborate plans for a strike against the saloon cars, based on the classic principles of fire and movement. After the fire, the intention is that there shall be no more movement.

R. P. Slogrove



I DREAMT

*I dream of a too hot summer's day,
Of grassy banks and the smell of clay
The upper Thames, divided now,
Silverly rushing against the bow
Of a coxless four from Pangbourne.*

*I dream of a nut-brown leaking tub
Moored across from Remenham Club
Brimming and beamingly full of chaps
With sacred boaters, rowing caps
And first colour badges, newly worn.*

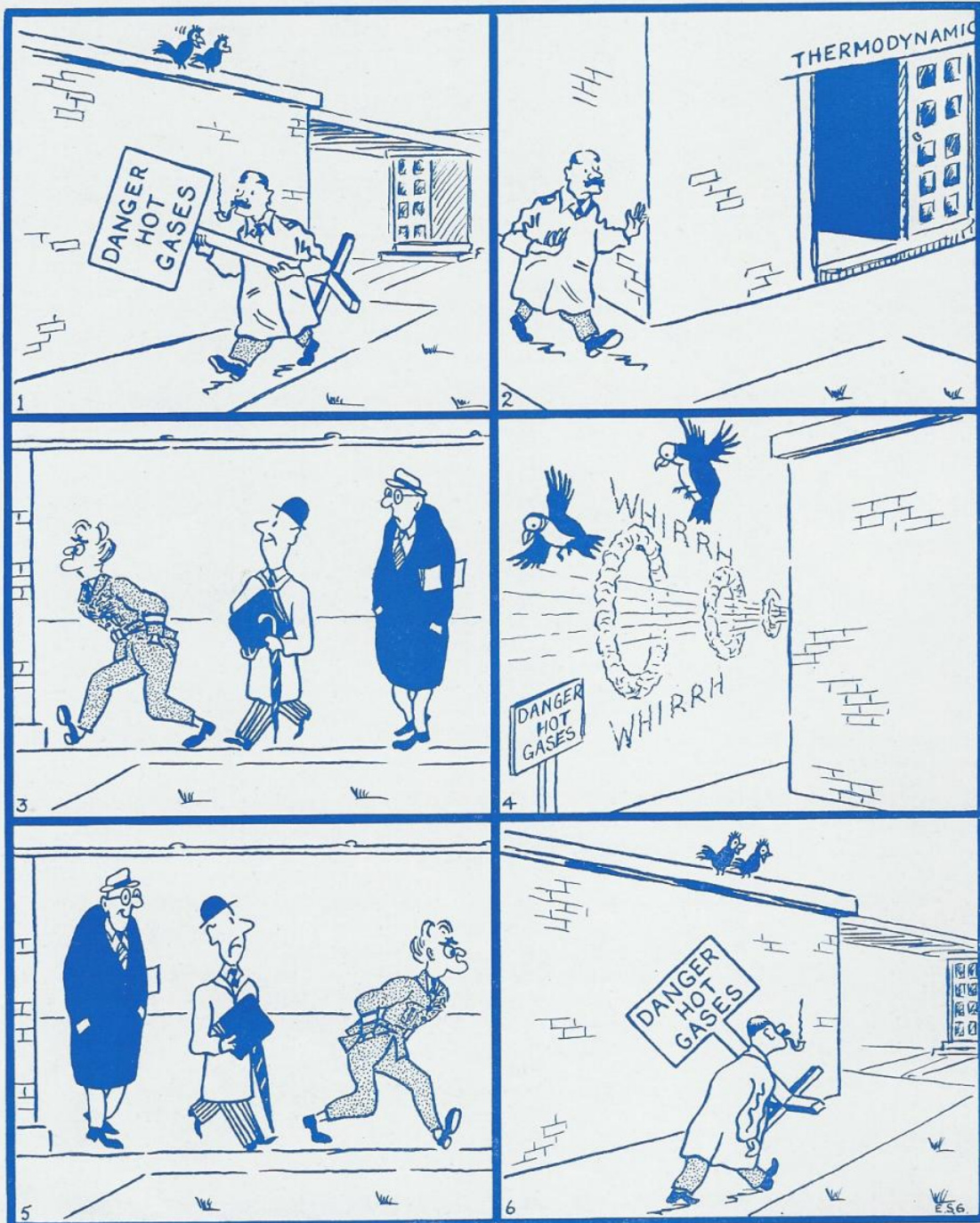
*I dream of the London's coxwain's cry,
Of aged bicycles hurling by,
Of sixteen well-timed blades and yet,
Eighteen people poised in sweat,
Giving her ten to the stand.*

*I dream of the walk on the towing path
Under the spell of a young girl's laugh.
The smell of beer, the muddy stream,
Exciting Henley Royal scene,
And tea is served before the band.*

*A pink sky drawn from Fawley snapping
The song of the blades and the water slapping
On balanced eights and people clapping,
A hundred boats are gently lapping
To the weeping willowed shore.*

*Over the bridge of a thousand sighs
Hearing the last Leander cries
Of "well rowed chaps," and "jolly good show."
I hold a pint, full amber glow.
I drain the glass — of orange juice,
A hospital bed — Oh what's the use
Of dreaming.*

Roger Cresswell



Entertainment for V. I. P. visitors to Tutorial Wing

THE AEROPLANE STRUCTURE

by A. C. KERMODE : 2nd Edition : *Pitman* : 25/-

There are many hundreds of members of the Royal Air Force still serving who owe their proper understanding of many branches of aeronautical science to the author of this book. His first contact with Cranwell was in 1916 when he trained in H.M.S. *Daedalus* before becoming a R.N.A.S. pilot in the 1914-1918 War. As a member of the R.A.F. Educational Service he was here in the early days of the apprentice scheme and again on the directing staff of the College immediately before the 1939-45 war. After the war he was deputy director of studies and senior tutor in aeronautical science and engineering, leaving the College staff for the last time in 1948. In 1960 Air Vice Marshal A. C. Kermode retired as Director of Educational Services, Royal Air Force, a post which he had then held for nearly five years.

This long association with aeronautics is well reflected in the second edition of a book first published in 1940. After over twenty eventful and progressive years it would not be surprising if this new edition bore little resemblance to its forerunner. In fact there have been few major changes — and this, of course, speaks highly for the original volume. By and large it has stood the test of time and where there has been a significant addition, deletion or alteration it is noteworthy that in the first edition there was almost always an indication that progress might soon change the story

Such changes as there are provide an interesting commentary on progress in aircraft structural design since the early days of the last war. Although the book retains its historical flavour and references to biplanes are by no means eliminated, we find, for example, that in the opening chapter there is no longer mention of the confusion in nomenclature of the “landing-wire” or “anti-lift wire.” To wood, steel and aluminium alloys as structural materials are added titanium and plastics. To the drawing board and slide rule, the equipment of the stress-man, is added the computer. To the power plants whose weights are discussed are added the jet and the turbo-prop; nuclear power merits mention.

In the first edition a typical specification for a fighter aircraft calls for a speed of at least 300 m.p.h. at 10,000 ft. and a landing speed not greater than 70 m.p.h.; in the 2nd edition this fighter is to have a speed of at least 700 m.p.h. at 40,000 ft. and a landing speed not greater than 100 m.p.h. More striking is the conversion from the civil requirement for a “fourteen-seater passenger aeroplane with a cruising speed of at least 150 m.p.h. and a range of 1000 miles” to “an airliner to carry a hundred passengers at twice the speed of sound over a range of 2000 miles.”

The general form of the book remains unchanged, though there has been some splitting and rearrangement of chapters. The basic properties of frameworks, ties, struts and beams are now discussed before the loads to which an aircraft structure is subjected in flight. This change of order has not improved the continuity of the book and a few minor blemishes have appeared as a consequence of it. For example, terms such as “load factor” are now freely used in Chapter 4 but are not defined until Chapter 8. In the new Chapter 8 the fail-safe principle is briefly described with the statement “this will be discussed more fully in the next chapter.” In the next chapter, however, there is only one insignificant reference to the principle whereas in Chapter 3 about half a page had been devoted to the topic. Furthermore only one of the three references is mentioned in the index. Similarly there are two widely separated and unrelated introductions to the topic of fatigue — and again only one appears in the index.

The index, indeed, is not particularly useful and it is hard to decide what policy, if any, has determined the references to be included. Hooke’s Law, for example, was mentioned in the index to the first edition but does not appear in the index of the second edition even though it figures in the text in exactly the same form.

But these are relatively minor criticisms and there is no doubt that a useful purpose has been served in producing this second edition. Apart from the updating of the text

the layout has been much improved and extensive subdivision by the use of side headings has made the book much easier to read. And it is indeed a book to be read and not a work of reference. As the author has been at pains to point out in his preface, it is not intended as a "popular" book in the usual sense of the word. It is, however, an attempt to give to the reader with little or no mathematical background a real understanding of the fundamental principles of aircraft structures. In this attempt it must surely succeed, for the author's wide experience in the classroom has brought him an acute awareness of the difficulties in understanding which beset those who are academically ill-equipped for the pursuit of

engineering studies. Simple though the treatment is, it is thorough and well-rounded; the reader is unlikely to find himself left with important questions unanswered. He may not, perhaps, gain, as the author hopes, "the same knowledge as is claimed by the expert" but he will surely have "a sound knowledge of the sort of problems which confront the designer and of the engineering principles involved in design."

Finally mention must be made of the carefully chosen collection of photographs at the end of the book. They form a useful summary of the text and a fitting conclusion to an informative and eminently readable volume.

HAWKER V.C.

Tyrrrell M. Hawker : *Mitre Press* : 35/-

"At last he realised that the DH2 was incapable of bringing him into a firing position against the Albatros, and that for the first time he had met a German pilot who was prepared to stay and fight on to the end; this fellow at least had the courage and determination to stick to him. Spontaneously he waved his hand to him and Richtofen waved back."

This extract from the description of what the dust-jacket of "Hawker V.C." describes as "the most thrilling and famous air duel of all times" is typical of the popular picture most people have built up of air fighting in the First World War. It is moreover easy to see why this picture should prove so fascinating. The recent flood of books about the 1914-1918 war and the B.B.C.'s documentary series have emphasised the mud, squalor and frustration of trench warfare on the Western Front. War had taken a new, impersonal and inglorious turn. Yet in sharp contrast to the lot of their bogged-down comrades below, the aviators were developing an even more novel form of combat, one with a much higher dramatic appeal. Instead of a turgid epic with a cast of millions there were the swift climaxes and the emphasis on individual performers, the razor-sharp point of decision between the victor's laurels and the funeral pyre. Indeed in terms of personal

drama the air fighting of this war exceeded that of World War Two, or, one imagines any future war. The play was more novel, the theatre smaller, one could distinguish the cast more clearly. It is not surprising that the inevitable comparison was made to the combats of mediaeval knights. This was not fighting by the rank and file but by the leaders whom the grooms and armourers had mounted and equipped for battle. A knight might sometimes be unhorsed by a missile dispatched by some lowly fellow but his proper end was on the point of another gentleman's lance.

There is, then, no doubt of the fascination of the subject of aerial fighting in 1914-1918, but it is a subject already fairly well covered and the question therefore arises whether "Hawker V.C." has any fresh contribution to make. This book seems to have been written some thirty years ago and one wonders why — apart perhaps from the recent spate of public interest in "The Great War" — it has been thought worthwhile to publish it now. The book starts with the disadvantage that the sentiments and language are somewhat archaic:

"What a rag there would be in the mess that night! He would pull the legs of the pilots of the patrol sitting up above whilst he fought the scrap of his life down below.

What a laugh his lads would have when he told them how he had been chased all over Hunland by this bold Boche !” There is a certain naivety of expression which perhaps grates on a reading generation which has cut its literary teeth on James Bond. One need scarcely add that the personal relationships of the 1914 officer were somewhat different to those of “007.”

This book, then, is not the rounded work of a present-day writer, It is instead a “period piece,” a primary source, the raw material of history. Seen thus its apparent disadvantages are outweighed. The reader is shown the War as it seemed to some of the generation that fought it, the middle-class gentlemen who in 1914 answered the simple call of duty. Unconsciously, it is a social study. One sees portrayed the strengths and limitations of the breed which had built the Empire and which largely carried us through the First World War.

Within its obvious limitations this is a useful biography. It gives a picture, perhaps not in proper focus since the portrayer is too close to his subject (his brother), from which one can get a fair impression of a man and his times. The man was a key figure since he was one of the first air V.C.’s, a pioneer of aerial combat and the C.O. of the first “fighter squadron” formed in the Royal Flying Corps. The book is valuable as a “documentary” in the glimpse it gives of the problems and daily pre-occupations of this early squadron commander. There are no false heroics and there is none of the dressing-up of the subject that it might have received from a professional writer. Even the “most thrilling and famous air duel of all times” receives a pretty matter-of-fact treatment. It appears that the aircraft circled each other, with each plane handled to the limits of performance by the pilot, each unable to open fire on the other until finally Hawker had to head for his own lines, giving his adversary a brief opportunity to shoot him down.

There is no over-dramatisation — in this too the book is true to its pedigree — but as raw material “Hawker V.C.” is well worth reading, particularly by the young would-be combat pilot.

SHORTER NOTICES

CONVENTIONAL WARFARE IN THE NUCLEAR AGE

Otto Heilbrunn : *George Allen
and Unwin* : 21/-

Otto Heilbrunn has already written at length about guerrilla and partisan warfare. He now turns to the problem of conventional warfare in the nuclear age and provides closely argued and interesting theories about the deployment of forces, their organisation and the pattern of the conventional battle in the shadow of the tactical nuclear weapon. He also discusses the distribution of troops over the battlefield and assesses the tactical problems of the highly mobile warfare envisaged, the logistics problems posed, and the dilemma of the switch from conventional to tactical nuclear warfare.

The author obviously draws strongly from his previous studies in warfare to propose the use of a significant proportion of the regular forces allocated to N.A.T.O. in operations in the enemy rear areas. These forces would operate in conjunction with partisans to isolate the attacking enemy, cut him off from his sources of supply and force him to draw back. Another interesting and convincing theory put forward is that with the advent of highly mobile operations, no fixed front line and wide dispersion, the defence no longer retains its advantage over the attacker to any noticeable degree — thus underlining the need for strong conventional land forces within N.A.T.O.

As a treatise on modern warfare this book is both imaginative and balanced, and is worthy of attention also because it is clearly written, comparatively short and yet looks with some depth into its subject.

TORPEDO STRIKE

John Wingate : *Macdonald* : 13/6

AIR GUNNER

Mike Henry : *Foulis* : 25/-

GREAT FLIGHTS

Norman Macmillan : *Bell* : 21/-

Chapter 2 of John Wingate's story of the Fleet Air Arm in the Mediterranean at Matapan and Taranto begins :

"Though Bill Tanner felt no fear, a strange numbness came over him. He could not analyse his feelings. He only knew he had a job to do and must concentrate. If he did as he'd been trained during these weeks, he might survive.

The dark line of the breakwater swept under his nose and then, as he watched the C.O. jinking ahead of him, he eased back the stick. There must have been an A.A. emplacement on the breakwater, for flak was streaming up at him from beneath the belly of the Swordfish. The destroyer was now firing everything she had"

The passage, typical of the whole style and concept of the book, reveals the alarming disease of language and thought endemic among novels about war. The sincerely creative writer aims at enlarging our experience by the power of his artistic imagination and by a conscious attempt to explore the potentiality of language to communicate a wider vision. Here, the writer avoids what ought to have been his principal task, to tell us what Tanner felt at that moment. The language reveals by its clichés, colloquial and loose construction that the moment meant very little to the writer.

'Torpedo Strike' is billed as the first of a new and 'exciting series of books about great sea battles of the Second World War,' based on the principle that 'you are there.' By a mixture of fact and fiction the intention is to reveal how these battles were fought, and that the characters appearing in the book were 'the men who actually (sic) fought' there. The result is supposed to be 'something fascinatingly new, modern battle as you live through it.' The approach is that of rather poor journalism, and little thought appears to have been given to the audience envisaged. The language and ideas expressed are at times beyond young children, and for the

remainder, beneath an adult. Moreover, the blend of fact and fiction invalidates the whole purpose. Where does one end and the other begin ?

Mike Henry's book is an ordinary account of an ordinary wartime career as an air gunner. His experience, in combat, crashes, and travel, bear a striking resemblance to many other tales to emerge from the Second World War. (The title we give to that war is significantly ordinary). Its style can best be described as a happy hunting ground for collectors of tales of the air clichés.

It is sad to reflect that the most exciting aspect of man's technical progress, that of flight, has yet to be chronicled by a writer of feeling, artistic sensibility, and technical competence. One hopes that, twenty years having elapsed since the end of the war, these sad books will disappear.

However, one of the brighter features of the interest in flight is exemplified in Macmillan's book 'Great Flights and Air Adventures'. Some twenty great flights, from a balloon trip to Russia in 1907 and Moisant's courageous flight from Paris to London in 1910 to the space orbits of Glenn in *Friendship 7*, are described. These are straightforward accounts of events and personalities, and the writer is not attempting to impress or invest the events with unnecessary drama : the stories speak for themselves. It is, however, a great pity that either the author or the publishers thought it unnecessary to illustrate the book.

THE AIR WAR IN THE WEST

T. N. Dupuy : *Edmund Ward* : 11/6

This little book is the seventh in a series of sixteen volumes by Colonel Dupuy described as "The Illustrated History of World War II." It tells the story of the air war in the West from June 1941 to April 1945 in 66 pages with a considerable number of well presented photographs, sketches and graphs.

It is essentially a "potted" history of air power in Europe and North Africa in the Second World War and as such might have satisfied the need for a short, concise and quick reference for the student of that war. However, although well written and accurate the subject matter suffers from being condensed into so small a book. Bomber Command's strategic offensive against Germany, for instance, is dealt with only in the most sketchy outline. Again, the author's priorities

WING PARADE

*I had time, a little time, to wonder :
A brief lull, a tiny haven of calm,
In the midst of sweating thunder, like the eye
Of a hurricane
And so, I wondered what he was doing there.*

*I had never seen an earthworm there before
What dumb, compelling urge had driven him
From the warm womb shelter of the damp earth,
Out from the white grass roots, to fumble blindly,
Across a gargantuan, hostile space that must seem to him
Like the surface of an alien world,
As Siberia would seem to me, perhaps,
If it was covered with concrete and gravel
Instead of snow ?*

*Him, indeed. I had given him a personality already.
Stupid of me. Worms are bisexual, surely ? I think
I remember that fact, from some deep formless abyss of memory,
From some cold seed of knowledge planted there years ago
As I stood in the cool glow of the fluorescents
Between the microscopes and the dissecting dishes,
While the silent rows of jars on the shelves
Grew dust, and their host of mummified lodgers
Glared at us out of long-dead eyes.*

*I had sympathy with him, though, for he was so brave
He was fighting a battle with the Square, as was I,
But I had two hundred allies ranged
On either side, two hundred carbon copies
Gleaming faintly in a shimmer of Brasso and sweat,
So still and silent now ! Like Trolls,
Just this moment turned to uncomplaining stone, as the morning Sun caught them :
It was hard to believe that before the Sun had moved much further
They would suddenly erupt
Into a cataclysm of movement
And noise
Like a vast, frantic, amorphous machine, or perhaps more
Like an army of steel-plated soldier ants.*

*Sure, I had enough allies
But he was alone, and so small,
And naked under the blistering sun
Which glittered grimly on the facets of the gravel
And made the empty air above them shiver, as if
The stones themselves were crying out at the heat.*

*(You must never think
That all these proud conclusions required a long meditation :
Rather it was as if time had slowed down,
As if you could take a slow-motion film of a breaking wave
And match the transient moment of white ruin
Resolve into a lazy infinity of drifting motes,
Each with its own story.)*

*It was too much to hope that he would survive.
It was too much to hope that sometime, perhaps, he would find
Whatever harbour he had been seeking so strangely
That he would escape
From the cruel sun and the clawing gravel,
There were twenty score feet of Humans on that Square,
And the next time I looked for him I saw
That he had found a haven, though not, I think, the one
For which he had been searching.*

*Always look up when you're marching, they said.
Don't look down, there's nothing there for you
To tread on.*

I always knew they were wrong.

Hugh Kennedy

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A SELECTIVE SERVICE

INTRODUCTION

As regular readers of 'The Royal Air Force College Journal' already know, we run a special Services Advisory Bureau to advise members of H.M. Forces on all insurance and mortgage matters. This Bureau is wholly staffed by retired officers, giving us ample expertise on which to draw when advising you.

SELECTIVE ASSURANCE — WHOLE LIFE AND ENDOWMENT

Anyone can easily take out a life assurance policy, at any time. But to be able to *select* the *best type* of policy demands expertise. There are over 90 leading Life Offices in U.K. Do you know which is the best for your needs, i.e. which gives the best profit on your investment at the best rates and, at the same time, full cover against Service and War Risks at no extra cost? (except standard extra premiums for aircrew but these are partly refunded by the Air Ministry, we explain all aspects of this refund). Some Life Offices give good terms to the younger man but not so good to the older. Do you know which? Obviously, it is against the interests of one Life Office to tell you that better terms are obtainable from another. But specialist brokers, like ourselves, can and do give impartial advice. We have no axe to grind, our sole aim is to ensure that every client gets the best possible contract open to him.

It is impossible to list the best types of policy for everyone. Let it suffice to say, as an example, that a young officer investing just under £1 a week can make a net profit of between 200% and 300% on his outlay. The earlier the policy is started, the greater the return. Such a profitable return, coupled as it is with first class financial protection for present and/or future dependants, makes the *selection* of the right kind of *policy* a *vital factor* in every officer's long term planning.

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Much publicity has recently been given to the acute shortage of funds for house purchase loans. The effect is that it is practically impossible to obtain immediate loans, or loans within the next few months. There is every sign that this situation will continue for an indefinite period.

We therefore wish to bring to your notice that we can arrange House Purchase Plans which will **GUARANTEE** you a loan after a minimum waiting period of one year. This type of Plan will make you wholly independent of the lack of funds in Building Societies or any other source of house purchase loans. You could therefore plan ahead with complete confidence, in the certainty of getting your loan at the exact time you require it, having selected the property you wish to buy. The Plan we *select* for you would be tailored to your precise needs and would assure you of a handsome cash sum when the loan is paid off. This sum would be free of Income Tax or Capital Gains Tax.

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We can arrange any kind of policy you want, Car, 'All Risks' Kit, Public Liability, World Wide Personal Accident and Sickness, etc. Here again, our service is selective because we ensure you get the best policy available at the cheapest cost, sometimes at specially reduced rates.

CONCLUSION

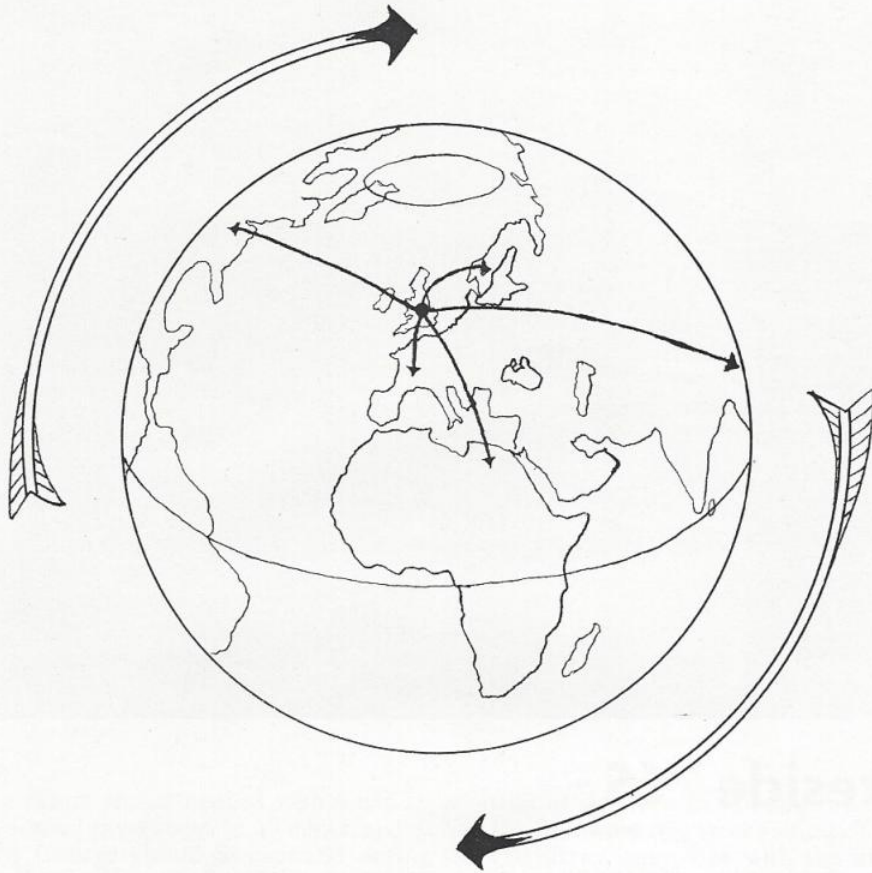
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VACATION ACTIVITIES

Far and wide, in the old continent of Europe, in the new one of America, and on the high seas, flight cadets of all entries marched, sailed, skied, visited, talked, and enjoyed the hospitality of the Royal Navy, the Army, the United States Air Force and the French Air Force. Visits to Service establishments were organised on a large scale, and there was great support for the Ski-ing Section of the College Society. The ski slopes of France and Switzerland were

littered by enthusiasts who at times paid for their ardour with broken limbs.

Privately organised expeditions under the Trenchard Award scheme rarely flourish during this season, since organised visits and winter sports predominate, and time is limited. Plans for ambitious visits during the summer vacation are already being formed and the next edition of the *Journal* will contain reports of the antics and adventures of these small groups of pioneers.



stateside '65

Aircraft everywhere, flags, rifles, a guard of honour — for us ? Yes, this was America. A tight programme lay ahead of us, little sleep and hardly any free time in Washington. The British Embassy was duly visited and we fed our eyes on the superior architecture and furnishings.

The Gemini space shot was executed during our visit to Goddard Space Centre. The visit was confusingly impressive in the time available, although handouts of "instant gen" supplemented the visit. We were all rejuvenated in the evening by a formal ball at Bolling Air Force Base. Our hostesses proved entertaining, despite the fruit punch, and the "Gay Gordons" was traded for the "Bunny Hop."

At Norfolk naval base we encountered the American zest for large scale layouts. The ships viewed were interesting but the best part was yet to come. We all boarded a miniature train on which we proceeded to tour the base. A commentary was supplied by loudspeaker as we gazed in awe at the mass efficiency of the workshops where aircraft were stripped, overhauled and reassembled. We also received a briefing at H.Q. SACLANC which took the form of a simple guide to N.A.T.O.

The naval academy at Annapolis proved an outpost of rigid discipline. We scrutinised chapels, lathes, water tanks and museums, but were unable to liaise with our counterparts, which proved disappointing. The morning after a free evening in Washington, we moved relentlessly on with the help of "in flight" fried chicken.

Offut Air Base is the headquarters of Strategic Air Command. It was here that we received the most memorable briefing of our lives. Not one cadet slept through the brief ! Despite the opinion possessed by most cadets concerning any strategic force, spirits were high as we left that lecture room, all shaking our heads in amazement.

A good landing at Peterson Field, a drive through snow covered Colorado and we arrived at what appeared to be a luxury mountain hotel. Appearances can be deceptive ; it was the U.S.A.F Academy

Breakfast parade came all too soon after a late night caused by hours of yarning with our hosts. The conclusion at this point was that cadets are the same on both sides of the Atlantic. A comprehensive brief was given on the Academic, Military and Sports syllabi at the Academy. We were now armed with the knowledge which would make our questions more sensible and our time better spent.

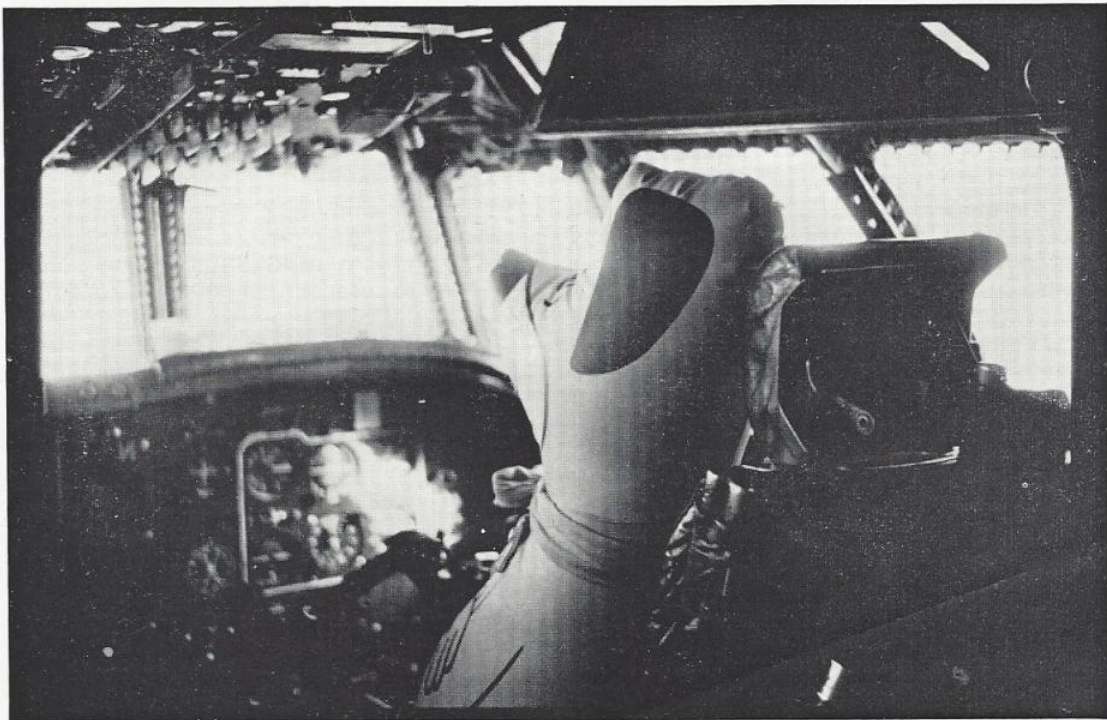
Formal dinner was programmed and was preceded by an afternoon of high speed drives from bar to bar. The dinner was excellent, although high spirits could not be contained for long and most cadets left the dining hall amid a shower of sugar packets and bread buns.

Our hosts were accomplished entertainers and had a whole day free with us to prove it. The R.A.F. found itself in many parts of Colorado, although most cadets tried skiing. We even brought back a usefully employed plaster cast.

We attended classes with our hosts and were subjected to studies as varied as psychology and computer theory. An enjoyable couple of hours were spent in the Academy Planetarium which provided an interesting new experience for most (i.e. Sleep).

The American forces excel in their presentation and the NORAD brief backed up this statement. The brief ended on a lighthearted note, thanks to a competent young Lieutenant's discourse on the A.11 which was shrouded in humour.

The final morning brought us into contact with the Army at Fort Carson. A chromium helmeted honour guard treated us to a display of unconventional arms drill which relied on uncanny skill and precise timing. A display of equipment and keenness by Charlie Company followed including a meeting with the mascot, Brutus the bear. We travelled cross country by armoured personnel carriers arriving at the open range mud splattered and jubilant. To war with America ! We fired off 25000 rounds with great zest, each cadet sampling at least two weapons. A fitting conclusion was coffee and cake, provided by the catering section.



Yogi, the mascot of 87B, at the controls

Unfortunately the ground was unfit for rugby so the only inter collegiate sports possible were basketball and water polo. In both we put up a good fight but at 7,000 feet the air is thin and our energy burned up faster than usual.

There are certain traditions at the Academy and as a result of one of these most guests found themselves overpowered by friendly fourthclassmen (juniors) and cheerfully scrubbed down in cold water. American cadets have less freedom of movement than their English counterparts so an extensive cadet club is at their disposal. Facilities are provided for snacks, pool and ten-pin bowling. Obviously we sampled everything, even the electric shocks caused by dry air and rubber soles on pile carpets.

We had all learned much about Academy life and felt almost a part of the scenery when the time came to leave. The friendships formed were many, and we will all remember with joy the time spent as guests of the U.S.A.F. Academy. Before parting we showed extraordinary foresight and decorated one of their static display aircraft with R.A.F. roundels.

The Manhattan skyline loomed into view as cadets counted their dollars and drove to the hotel. The first part of "Operation New York" was reconnaissance, and patrols were despatched to Broadway, Greenwich Village and other nightspots.

A charming guide met us at the United Nations and we were conducted on a comprehensive tour of the building. The majority of our questions were tactfully answered whilst cameras recorded the superb interior furnishings.

A more detailed lecture concerning Britain's part in the United Nations followed. Mr. Hayden and Colonel Cowan gave an excellent performance, despite having to orate from a stage set for "Look Back in Anger." The session was concluded by an exhaustive question period in which words were not minced and our curiosity was satisfied.

Life had been fast and furious. Free time was now available and suddenly the veil of fatigue had lifted. We tried to see everything in the remaining time, and naturally did our best to give back the Americans all their currency.

The lights of New York at night, souvenirs, satisfaction and sleep green grass, Customs ? Vulcans ? — WADDINGTON ! We were home.

BAOR

On the 8th March, 122 flight cadets of 90 and 91 Entries, along with 16 officers left these shores to visit various units of the British Army in Germany. Working, perhaps, on the principle that in small doses anything is tolerable, the party was split up into thirteen small groups, and hosted by individual army messes, amalgamating each day to form several larger sections for the visits.

The activities of the groups were many and varied, particularly the extra-mural activities of which more will be said later. Most sections had, and took, the opportunity to drive tanks and armoured cars. Some drove excavators lorries, bulldozers and even a mobile crane. In fact, anything that had wheels or tracks, and was capable of being moved without any physical exertion was doomed to the not so tender attention of cadets. The inevitable happened — several times. One tank now requires a new gearbox, a Saracen armoured car and a tank ended up stuck in the mud, and to crown it all, a tree jumped out in front of a Saracen without warning.

Several static displays were arranged, with cold, tired soldiers turning handles, pressing buttons, lifting and loading imaginary shells. One such demonstration came dramatically to life when on the initiative of some junior officers at Dortmund (splendid fellows !) four 25 pounders let fly with blanks. This unexpected barrage was fine as far as cadets were concerned, but the German public voiced their indignation through their police.

Crash action is a popular phrase in the army, and so we were treated to crash action with 8in. guns, crash action with 5.5in. guns, crash action with 25lb. guns ; indeed anything that could be crash actioned, was.

Missiles proved of some interest. Cadets saw the Honest John and the obsolescent Corporal Missile. A simulated flight of the latter missile was laid on. This entailed coloured lights flashing at random, dials flicking back and forth (clearly we did not have a clue as to what was going on) whilst the proud operator explained that he was simulating a rev. drop in the pitch-auto-stabilizer-gyro thirty seconds after take-off, or something. Because it was a cold afternoon the heated control caravans provided welcome warmth.

A large number of cadets took to their own element in Army Air Corps Skeeters and Austers. Another group experienced the tremendous skills of an R.A.F. Wessex pilot whilst taking part in a lifting exercise with the Grenadier Guards. The Guardsmen were clutching an assortment of weapons whilst others, clearly feeling a little inadequate, were unarmed.

One of the plums of the army visit is the firing of weapons. Some fortunate cadets fired mortars and 25lb. blanks and nearly all fired the Self Loading Rifle and General Purpose Machine Gun. Both weapons were great fun, but the machinegun was a delight. None of the usual economy of ammunition applied — a burst of fifty rounds for each cadet at least !

One section actually went to war on a cloth model exercise which proved truly interesting. A position was defended by nine hundred stalwart Englishmen against the ever advancing Bolshevik hordes. The battle was intense and hard, but the arrival of tea brought about a rapid and successful conclusion to the battle.

The visit opened eyes to the equipment and manpower problems of the army in Germany, some claimed that the Russians were in as bad a way, but that is really living on cold comfort farm.

For one week in March the total strength of the British Army had been increased by a company of cadets, but considering the damage and destruction left in the wake of so active a force — the High Command must have had doubts which side this force was supporting.





The Flight Deck, H.M.S. Centaur



HMS CENTAUR

The aft end of the flight deck was lined by cadets as the aircraft carrier steamed out of Portsmouth harbour with the band playing, flags streaming, pipes shrilling and with strange nautical phrases, carried by a strong wind, falling on unaccustomed ears.

H.M.S. Centaur completed a year's service in the Far East and docked last December with scenes of festivity and full B.B.C. coverage. Centaur's first trials in the Channel after three months in the Dockyard did not receive the same publicity, but various dockyard maties and hardened seamen must have stared in awe at the phenomenon of the thin blue line on the flight deck. We were not without some trepidation. Our concern was that the wind should remain fair and that no pirates would be encountered in the Channel. Our fears were groundless, for conditions were reasonable and we met with no pirates, though the cadets frequently manned the Bofors and practised gun drill using screeching seagulls as targets. The shelter of the harbour was soon left behind and as the Isle of Wight was passed we descended below to start our programme, slowly becoming accustomed to the movement of the ship, the continual noise of machinery and electrical equipment, narrow passageways, endless ladders and confined spaces.

The programme was devised so that lectures enlarged the facts and information that had been obtained from observation and questions. During the week at sea we had the opportunity to visit every Section of the carrier. We clambered down lengthy vertical ladders to reach the bowels of the ship and here there was the hiss of steam, deafening noise and incredible heat.

Working conditions here, as in any part of the ship, were difficult and dangerous. Men in oil-stained white and blue overalls watched, tended and maintained the engines, generators and boilers which provided not only the functional services of driving the propellor and producing the steam for the catapults, but also were responsible for providing the full range of domestic services.

Seamanship was demonstrated on occasions when the carrier met tankers and supply ships and restocked with fuel and vital equipment whilst sailing at a steady rate of knots. Boat drills were carried out and the rescuing of a 'man overboard' was frequently practised. Provisioning and catering were the problems of a large staff. The stores on the ship could be approximately valued at one million pounds and every conceivable item of equipment was carried. Stocks of food capable of feeding the ship's company for three months were kept in refrigerated stores and during our visit it would be no exaggeration to state that the ratings had a choice of ten courses for lunch one day.

Aircraft maintenance was carried out in the huge hangar directly underneath the flight deck. As there was no squadron resident during our visit, the hangar was relatively empty. The helicopters attached to the ship occasionally appeared in the hangar for a wash and brush up and for a night's rest, and at other times the hangar was used as a chapel for Evensong and also as a Concert Hall for the Royal Marine Band.

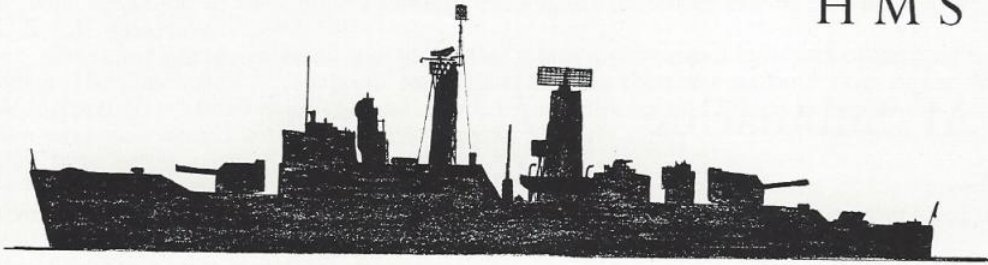
When the officers gathered in the Ward Room and Ante Room it was possible to see how many officers were required to run the ship efficiently. Seamen, Fleet Air Arm officers, ops, direction engineers and electricians, doctors, dentists, educators, suppliers, caterers, navigators and gunnery officers, to name a few. We received excellent hospitality and soon became used to wearing mess kit for dinner. The food was wonderful, as was the service, and it often became necessary to take nocturnal strolls along the flight deck, (something that cannot be done every day), as the carrier lay at anchor, tantalisingly close to Teignmouth. It was on occasions like this, when there was a reasonable degree of silence, that we realised that the call of the sea was a national characteristic. Something similar was experienced when viewing the foaming sea around the propellers, when alone with the laughing seagulls, we became mesmerized by the colours of the ocean. Reveries were frequently short-lived, for efforts were made to push the dreamer overboard, or cadet aeronautical experts shrieked with delight at the flying ability of paper darts and other rolls of paper, and shattered the tranquility.

The deck landings of Gannets and Sea Vixens were an amazing sight. The costumes of the flight deck crew added splashes of colour to a scene of great activity. Scurrying figures went speedily about their tasks and here on the flight deck the work and functions of every other department in the ship was focussed on these figures and the aircraft. It was a wonderful display of teamwork and co-operation at all levels, given an air of excitement by the thunderous roar of jet engines at full throttle some fifty feet from our position. Here in the open air was the realisation of the efforts of every member of the carrier's crew, and in such a compact unit this fact was very evident. During this display of naval efficiency the Royal Air Force had not been forgotten. One patriotic fire-fighter resplendent in protective clothing and helmet, had painted on his back — "Per Ardua ad Asbestos."

We hope that we returned the respect shown to us by the officers and ratings for we were very impressed. A high standard of cleanliness was achieved in a very short time after the depressing dirt left by the dockyard maties. We, for our part, did our best to follow naval customs and paid our respects to Lord Nelson every time the quarter deck was visited. Our only mishaps occurred late one night when the emergency lighting was shorted by one of our electrical boffins, and on the final morning before docking, when the Commander (Air) discovered what was happening to valuable supplies of paper.

The carrier docked safely and web-footed cadets thundered down the gang-plank uttering wild nautical phrases such as 'Ah! Jim lad, stow the parrot below.' Cranwell had departed from Centaur and we, though happy to be ashore, were grateful for a wonderful visit. The quarter-deck which proudly displays battle honours such as The Saints, Minorca and the Baltic, can justifiably display another scroll — Cranwell 1965.

H M S L Y N X



LYNX is fitted with stabilizers, but nevertheless, as we sailed through Portland Race in a force 8 gale the day after joining the ship at Portsmouth, three very green-faced flight cadets waited on the bridge to meet the captain.

The previous evening had been spent at dice, (a game common to all naval wardrooms), and some of the competitions we are accustomed to on guest nights. We had retired in the early hours to our temporary accommodation in the third wireless office, where we were surrounded by dials and knobs, but at least one radio was persuaded to provide us with the entertainment of Radios London and Luxembourg.

It seemed only minutes after we had "got our heads down" that we were dieselling down the channel. Yes, dieselling, for Lynx is powered by eight diesel engines which give her a range of four thousand miles. This range however is at the expense of speed, for she is capable of little more than 20 knots, which is far slower than an equivalent steam-powered ship.

The first three days were spent in the channel completely at the mercy of the "boffins" who were on board to evaluate a radar device. Their demands for everchanging courses and speeds were always met, with some additional changes to avoid the dense flow of mid-channel traffic.

On the Thursday afternoon two cadets participated in a gunnery sight trial which consisted of taking ciné shots of the Nab tower whilst the ship performed a variety of manoeuvres with the stabilisers operating in reverse to simulate a rough sea. We returned to Portsmouth for the evening and had a party on board.

On Friday visits to H.M.S. Centaur and to a somewhat older vessel, H.M.S. Victory, preceded our departure on Saturday morning for Lamlash in the firth of Clyde. En route we met the Van Ewijck, a Dutch ship, with whom we were to exercise, and the passage was completed with her in line astern.

The second week was spent in exercises with Van Ewijck and H.M. Submarine Orpheus, aboard which was a N.A.T.O. Commanding Officers Qualifying Course whose desire was for practical experience in submarine operations. Van Ewijck and Lynx took turn as target and escort ship as Orpheus tried to attack without detection. In spite of her ancient anti-submarine equipment, for she was designed for the anti-aircraft role, our trusty frigate frequently detected and pressed home attacks against Orpheus.

One day was spent in the cramped conditions aboard the submarine, after an early morning leap aboard from the ship's boat as it swept alongside. We admired the submariners, who retained a high morale and sense of humour in spite of their conditions, and who joked as grenades from the surface warships exploded in the water nearby and sent an ear-shattering echo through the ship.

Prior to our departure from Orpheus, the mad Irishman amongst us performed the doubtful task of "buoy-jumping," for which he had volunteered. This required him to leap from the deck onto a tossing buoy and attach the anchor cable. It must have become a fetish with him, for he volunteered for the same task the following day aboard Lynx.

Our final evening was spent off Greenock, where another party was held on board. We left the following day, tired and a little sorry that we could not go on with the ship to Denmark, but with recollections of a memorable visit.

H M Submarine OTUS

“ She’s outboard of the Jaguar ” said the sentry, and I followed a rating up the gangplank and across the frigate of that name. A plank about 18 inches wide, and sloping at a precipitous angle connected the two ships. The only effective protection against a quick swim was a pair of rope handrails. This first obstacle however was successfully negotiated. The hatchway into the depths of the submarine must have been designed so that my suitcase would not fit. I eventually found myself wedged in the wardroom where a film was showing. At this point, I should point out that the wardroom is not more than 10 feet long ! When the film reels were changed, there was a dive for the well stocked drink cupboard and rapid introductions were made. The evening was spent in playing dice, and discussing matters from the Fleet Air Arm to the delay in the delivery of “ Playboy.” At about 2 a.m., a miraculous change occurred as the wardroom became sleeping accommodation for seven people.

The various exercises included harbour manoeuvring, co-operation with the Royal Marines, and torpedo firing. The first named was achieved by various of the officers while the captain’s hair went grey, but the morning resulted in only one very gentle bump on the dockside. It was very much more difficult than it looked, and it certainly did not look easy. A look over H.M.S. Jaguar, an anti-aircraft frigate, occupied the afternoon and revealed that radar directed guns were its sole anti-aircraft armament.

The marines’ dinghies were strapped to the casing and they were launched in singularly foul weather to make landfall. Sentiments such as “ Thank heavens for the Marines,” and “ sooner them than me ” were echoed by the R.A.F. component. We picked them up later on, and took them back to harbour. We then headed for a rendezvous with a Torpedo Recovery Vessel, at which we were hoping to fire some torpedos.

These torpedos are designed to be guided by wire until they could pick up the target and home acoustically. I was told that most submarines had experienced some failures, but that H.M.S. Otus was more successful than most. During the passage to the firing area, it became painfully obvious that submarines roll considerably on the surface. When we were ready for firing, we submerged to periscope depth, and it became evident that submarines roll at periscope depth as well. There was even a dial which indicated how much roll was being experienced : most disturbing. Two torpedoes were fired in the morning, and both were recovered. In the afternoon a further three were fired. The Torpedo Officer was somewhat worried when the last torpedo could not be found, but eventually it was sighted by the First Lieutenant much to everyone’s relief.

Course was set for Portsmouth and the dice were produced and rolled across the wardroom table far into the night. The ship seemed to require a very small number of people to keep it going in the right direction. The prospect of a bath was encouraging, since the only washing facility on the ship was a basin — in a very small room where one could barely stand up. In general the utilisation of space was fantastic. In the wardroom, every inch of wall space was taken up with cupboards, crammed with documents labelled SECRET.

Eventually we reached Portsmouth, a bath, breakfast and the all too soon end to a most enjoyable visit.



WINTER SPORTS

The skiing season opened with a trip to an artificial ski slope in London, which, in fact, proved a good investment to all concerned during the following two weeks skiing. Two parties from the College visited Switzerland during the Christmas leave, one with the intention of training for the Inter Service Colleges Championships at St. Moritz, and the other party, which consisted mostly of beginners and second season skiers, set off for a holiday at Zermatt. At Easter a party of flight cadets visited Ancelle in France at the invitation of L'Ecole de l' Air.

ZERMATT

The party to Zermatt, six in all, set off from London on December 21st. At 9.00 a.m. the next day it arrived at Visp where there was a chase for a hurried breakfast before catching the cog railway up to Zermatt. The first afternoon was spent acquiring equipment and settling into the very comfortable 'Bellevue Hotel.'

The following days saw everyone on skis ; the party was split up into various ski school classes and skied in these classes every day except Christmas and New Year's Day. Skiing began every day at 9.30 to 10.0 a.m. and the Gornergrat, Blauherd and Schwarzsee runs were used mostly. Skiing would end at 4 to 4.30 p.m. when the whole party would meet at the 'Jug,' a very congenial café in the town itself.

The visit to Zermatt lasted two weeks in all, during which time two of the party learnt to ski from scratch and the remaining four received expert instruction in the ski school. For one and all, it was a very agreeable way to spend Christmas.

ST. MORITZ

When the six flight cadets who were to comprise the team for the Inter-Service College races arrived in St. Moritz, their most important task was to find a suitable trainer. For this job a young guide called Walter was chosen and he immediately began knocking the team into shape. The first few days were spent in fairly gentle exercises, but since time was so short, the team soon had to move on to practising on the actual slopes which would be used for the races. Although the Downhill course had not been set at this time, Walter knew the approximate route, and several mornings and afternoons were spent learning this run. These sessions were often hampered by cloudy weather, which would cause a complete 'white-out,' making skiing at speed very difficult and dangerous. During this time the team, under Walter's direction, also built their own slalom course on a reasonably secluded hill. Slalom racing being more difficult, the team spent many frustrating hours weaving between, and knocking down, the forest of poles on the course. It was in one of these practice sessions that one of the better College slalom skiers fell and twisted an ankle, eliminating him from the races.

The week before Christmas soon went in a whirl of training and expensive evenings. Christmas Day itself was spent in free skiing and the weather turned out to be perhaps the finest of the whole fortnight. After this pleasant interlude, the team spent the next few days in final training for the races.

The racing programme really started on Monday with the 'Non-stop' run on the downhill course. This run was intended to assure the judges that each competitor was able to complete the course successfully. Unfortunately there were some patches of cloud over the slopes which hindered visibility and slowed everyone down; however, all the Cranwell competitors finished the course successfully, and thus qualified for the race itself the next day. That afternoon was spent on the practice slalom slope with our trainer. Only an hour and a half was spent on slalom as the weather was unfavourable; the visibility was still poor and the strong wind had blown away much of the snow on the top runs.

The race was due to start at 11 a.m. the next day. By 10.45 a.m. all the racers were at the top of the course, collecting and putting on their starting numbers. There had been a lot of cloud scattered over the lower slopes, but suddenly this lifted at about 10.30 a.m. At 11.01 the first "Vorlager" ('forerunner') went off down the course, followed one minute later by the second one. At 11.03 the first competitor set off (Sandhurst), and a minute later the first from the Cranwell team, S.U.O. Lanham, the captain. The starting numbers rotated in the order: Sandhurst, Cranwell, Dartmouth. Thus the second Cranwell cadet, F/C Richardson, started No. 5. No. 8 to start was U/O Akers-Douglas and No. 11 was U/O Brereton-Martin.

The first half dozen competitors encountered slight difficulty as there was a layer of thick cloud across the longest straight, however, they all managed the descent without losing the track. Cranwell's results were varied and, perhaps, a little disappointing as a team. F/C Richardson had the fastest Cranwell time of 1 minute 34.5 seconds and came second to Off/Cdt Dumas of Sandhurst with 1 minute 32.3 seconds. Next for Cranwell in 5th position was S.U.O. Lanham (1 min. 38.6) and third in the team at No. 12 was U/O Akers-Douglas with 1 minute 46.3 seconds. The last member of the team U/O Brereton-Martin came in at No. 18 with a time of 1 minute 57.8 seconds.

The overall result of the downhill race gave Sandhurst a 15 second lead and Dartmouth were another 4 seconds behind Cranwell at the end of the first day. Although the Cranwell team was disappointed at not having beaten Sandhurst outright in the Downhill, it put Cranwell in a good position for the next day's racing, the Slalom.

The team was up on the slopes by 9 a.m. the next day and was taken over the course by the trainer before the start. At 9.30 a.m. the three Vorlanfer who were all British Olympic skiers set off at one minute intervals, followed by the first of the Sandhurst team. First for Cranwell was F/C Richardson; S.U.O. Lanham started 5th, U/O Akers-Douglas started 8th and F/C Dixon who was racing in the slalom only, started No. 11. The first run was a success all round; all except three or four of the competitors finished the 40-gate course without incident; the fastest time was that of F/C Richardson (Cranwell with 61.9 secs. and Sandhurst had a close second fastest time of 63.2 secs. All three other members of the Cranwell team did good times,

in particular, the new member of the team, F/C Dixon, with a time of 68.3 secs., the second fastest in the team. At the end of the first run, Sandhurst still just had the edge on Cranwell and led by 6 seconds. Hopes were high in the Cranwell team, as one serious fall in the Sandhurst team would put Cranwell well in the lead.

However the second run was disastrous for Cranwell ! Three of the team fell and the fourth member missed a gate which meant climbing back several yards. Two of the Sandhurst team also fell, but did not lose as much time as the Cranwell team. F/C Richardson, No. 1 for Cranwell, fell 10 yards from the finish after catching the point of his ski on a gate ; S.U.O. Lanham lost a ski near the start and U/O Akers/Douglas missed a gate. The fourth member, F/C Dixon, also fell. The overall placings were F/C Richardson 3rd (75.8 secs.), U/O Akers-Douglas 8th (83.2), F/C Dixon 12th (101.7 secs.) and S.U.O. Lanham 16th (115.9 secs.).

This brought Cranwell into second place behind Sandhurst, with B.R.N.C. Dartmouth third. The prizes were given away by Miss Gina Hawthorn, a British Ladies Olympic skier ; after the races the party spent the following day exploring some of the longer runs around St. Moritz before returning to England on 2nd January.

M. J. Richardson



AMERICA

During the annual visit by members of the Royal Air Force College to the U.S.A.F. Academy at Colorado Springs, some forty R.A.F. cadets went skiing in the Rockies one Sunday. There were some 94 inches of dry powder snow, and conditions, except for the cloudy weather, were superb. As usual, there was a Giant Slalom race between the U.S.A.F. Academy and ourselves, held this year at a ski resort called Winter Park. The Cranwell captain, exuding enthusiasm despite the early hour, (the 'buses to the resort left the Academy at five-thirty a.m.), assembled a team of some half dozen stalwarts, who claimed they knew which way round to put skis on. The Academy, recognizing they held the advantage, demanded that the race be held soon after arrival at Winter Park. Many of the Cranwell competitors had obviously had a fairly heavy night enjoying the pleasures of Denver, but in spite of this there was some spirited racing and Breton-Martin did very good times on both runs, coming third in the overall placings.

When the results were announced, Cranwell had managed to come second, and the so-called Basher Trophy, a singularly attractive design consisting of a broken ski-tip nailed to a sturdy wooden base, was awarded to the U.S.A.F. Academy, where it will doubtless be competed for in future years. Good luck to the Cranwell captain who has to pay excess weight when it next returns to England.



ANCELLE

On Monday March 8th a party of 20 flight cadets and two officers left from Victoria Station to spend ten days in Ancelle at the invitation of the French Air Force. The journey went without any crises whatsoever and duly at 6.45 a.m. the next day the party stepped onto French soil at Gap. Capitaine Prud'homme was waiting to greet the party at the station and accompanied us on the slow 'bus journey up to Ancelle, which lies some 2,000 ft. above Gap. The Capitaine was in charge of all the training that took place at Ancelle, in particular the survival training and skiing.

Our introduction to the French Air Force came in the form of a splendid breakfast at 8 a.m., when we finally reached Ancelle. Everyone's spirits rose quickly after this hearty breakfast and a brisk walk up the hill to the upper chalet which was to be our encampment for the next ten days. It was still early and the French Air Force ski instructors decided that we would start skiing immediately after our lunch. As a final welcoming gesture, a French Air Force "Fouga Magister" arrived overhead and proceeded to put on a low level aerobatic display over the chalet!

Before lunch we began to settle ourselves into the chalet. There were two dormitories for ten each and the officers slept separately. We had two-tier bunks made of iron, but which proved surprisingly comfortable, and there was an abundance of blankets. All in all the chalet proved a very comfortable alpine 'Mess.'

Lunch was cooked by the "resident chef," an A.C.2 called 'Dan' who was later voted the most comic character in either Air Force! The food was fresh and well cooked. Apart from the actual cooking we looked after all the rest of the work in the chalet ourselves.

Skiing began at 2 p.m. on the 'Nursery Slopes,' where the instructors could assess our skiing ability — if any! We were finally split into three classes and settled down to some very gentle skiing. There was one class purely beginners, nine in number, another of five 'second season' skiers, and the third with the eight "aces" and including the two officers. It was a pleasant and sensible start to our skiing. The conditions had been a perfect mixture of sunshine and crisp snow.

During the next two days everyone concentrated on regaining their former prowess and the beginners took to the sport with obvious enjoyment. The magnificent weather continued and the snow remained firm. On the third day one of our members met with a very unlucky accident in falling awkwardly over a bump and fracturing his leg in three places. He was transported to hospital in Gap and later flown back safely to England. The only other injuries sustained were bruises and sunburn.

On the afternoon of our fourth day's skiing the weather started to break. A warm southerly wind sprang up which started to melt the snow on the lower slopes, making it rather heavy going. To make up for the disappointing afternoon's skiing most of the party disappeared into the local hotel which was the sole source of entertainment in the village.

It froze hard overnight which enabled everyone to enjoy a full morning's skiing. It was warm but not sunny and by three o'clock the lower slopes had all become "slushy," so skiing again stopped quite early in the afternoon. By this time however the beginners were venturing out on most of the runs, to the constant alarm of the local skiers! And the Capitaine was trying to teach "la methode française" to some of the more obstinate members of the top class.

On Sunday (our sixth full day at Ancelle), the snow was only good enough for four good runs in the morning, and so the Capitaine arranged a 'bus tour for the party that afternoon. However, we had not covered more than five miles before we ran into trouble, having overshot a turn-off, the 'bus driver suddenly decided to reverse back to it, thereby shunting the cars behind the 'bus back up the road! We spent forty-five minutes listening to and trying to console the French drivers in the other cars before the local gendarmes arrived and persuaded all concerned that it was only an "accident." We finally reached our destination which was a small village called "La Chappelle," where we spent half an hour sampling local brews and conversing with an elderly peasant who seemed to think the war was not yet over and wanted to know where our aircraft were!

Because of the poor snow, it was decided that there should be no skiing at all. Instead the morning was spent tidying the chalet; after lunch some sat down to an afternoon of bridge while others went off to attempt some amateur mountaineering. The Capitaine had planned for us to visit another higher resort the next day, where we would certainly get some more skiing.

SPORTS AND ACTIVITIES



RUGBY

This past season has been one of many contrasts in Cranwell rugby. At times spectators and players alike have been thrilled by the pace and style of play produced, but it is sad to have to report that at other times a certain indifference has been shown towards the basic fundamentals of the game — tackling and the giving and taking of passes. However, credit is due to all players for the enthusiasm with which they have approached all games, and in particular for their perseverance in sticking to the arduous training sessions which led up to the games with Sandhurst and Dartmouth.

The season started with a game against Welbeck College, which was won quite comfortably. The next game was against Harlequins. It was unfortunate that, owing to the new term structure, this hard game had to be played so soon in the term, before all players were fully match fit. After holding the 'Quins

for the first half, the College were beaten after half-time as much by the tiredness of their own legs as by the skill of their opponents. The next match was against Market Rasen. As always, it was a close and exciting game, but the College hung on for a 9-8 victory. After this came the game against London Scottish, which proved to be one of the highlights of the season. On a perfect day for fast open rugby, the College team produced some sparkling play to beat their opponents by 14 points to 6.

After this performance, it was rather disappointing to go to Sheffield and be beaten 14-3 by a team whose play was based largely on "spoiling" tactics. The College was again beaten in its next match, against a very strong R.A.F officers side, which contained many past, present and future R.A.F. representative players. It was no disgrace to be beaten in this game, and the College team

won praise from opponents and spectators for their efforts in the match. The same cannot, unfortunately, be said of the next game, in which the College was beaten 9-3 by a Wisbech team which should have been defeated comfortably. The last game before the Inter-Academy Tournament was against Oxford University Greyhounds, and much confidence was restored, for the College produced some really fine open rugby to win 6-3.

Now came the two games for which everyone concerned with the 1st XV had been preparing since the beginning of term — against R.M.A. Sandhurst and B.R.N.C. Dartmouth. The College team was at peak fitness, for it had endured a ferocious period of training before the games, often rising early in the morning for extra sessions. The game at Sandhurst was fiercely contested at a furious pace throughout. Often it seemed that one side or the other must score, but neither could breach the last desperate defences. Eventually it was R.M.A.'s luck to get a good bounce from a kick ahead, throwing the College defence on to the wrong foot and leaving the path clear for the only try of the match. To be beaten by 3 points was a bitter disappointment for the exhausted College team, which had put up such a magnificent performance.

The game against B.R.N.C. Dartmouth was just as exciting, if a little more dour. Much of the game was fought in the forwards, and it finished as a 6-6 draw. This was

perhaps a fair result, even if they did only manage two penalties to our two tries!

After Christmas, some of the edge went from the College play, which was a little unfortunate with such a strong fixture list. The 1st XV met defeat at the hands of such strong teams as Northampton Wanderers, Cambridge University LX, Bedford Wanderers and Leicester University. All these teams possessed past internationals or current county players, so it was perhaps not such a disgrace to be beaten by them, especially as the College always produced spirited performances.

To compensate for these defeats, there were victories against Lincs. Poachers, Lincoln Hall and Oundle 'A'.

The hardest game of the post-Christmas period was undoubtedly that against L'Ecole de l'Air, played this year at Salon. After two days and nights of magnificent entertainment from the French cadets, the College met a very fit, fast team on a pitch which resembled the Oval cricket pitch at the end of a 5-day test, and were beaten 18-3, largely thanks to the French captain, who kicked 12 points in penalties and conversions.

As for the other teams who represented the College this year, the 2nd XV were always good enough to provide the 1st XV with able substitutes when they were required, which is sufficient recognition of the standard of play. The Bulldogs and Demons always showed the spirit and enthusiasm which has come to be associated with them.

SOCCKER

For the First XI, the 1964-65 season was one of the best for some years. The team was undefeated in the inter-College games, and reached the semi-final of the Argonaut trophy competition, for the second time in four years. Of the 26 games played, 14 were won, 4 drawn, 8 lost.

The season began, as a number of previous seasons have, with a defeat at the hands of the County Police. However, good wins, at Repton, and over Scunthorpe G.S. at Cranwell, put the side in the right frame of mind for the visit of Sandhurst for a second round Argonaut trophy match; this was to be a rugged game. The College played some attractive attacking football under Law-

rence's inspiration but were often put out of their stride by the robust play of the Sandhurst defence. However, a beautifully taken goal by Gibbs, a hat-trick from Yates, and a goal from Rump assured Cranwell of a deserved victory. Sandhurst scored twice, but with the College reduced to ten men for most of the second half, (nine for a critical ten minutes), it would have been surprising if they hadn't.

There followed a lean spell of four games without so much as a draw, until the time came to meet Sandhurst again in the annual fixture. Because of this unhappy run of defeats it was impossible to be optimistic, in spite of the earlier win over the Academy.

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Back Row : Hamlin, Cooper M.G., Forder, Swinney, Parsley, Childs
 Front Row : Cooper P. A., Lawrence, Yates, Felwick, Gibbs

Anxiety was heightened when Sandhurst, against the run of play, scored first. After half-time, however, Cranwell had their opponents under sustained pressure, and inevitably the scoring chances came ; nevertheless an equalising goal proved elusive. Moore hit a handsome drive against an upright ; Lawrence ran through to meet a neatly chipped pass, only to fail to make contact by inches. Gibbs was sent clear on the left wing only to be crudely up-ended on the edge of the penalty area. In the end it was left to Rump, gathering a loose ball in the Sandhurst goalmouth, to level things.

A fortnight after this hard-fought draw, Dartmouth came to Cranwell, and at half-past ten on a typical December morning — keen wind and a lace of hoar frost on the grass — the two XIs took the field. The Cranwell team had a slightly lop-sided look, with Yates appearing in the unaccustomed

position of left-winger. This was a tactical gambit which, in the event, paid off. There was little to choose between the two sides in the opening exchanges, but midway through the first-half Gibbs was put clear on the right wing by one of Lawrence's characteristically imaginative passes. The ball was centred firmly across the Dartmouth penalty area and Yates, tearing in from his touchline, shot a fine goal. In the second-half, Yates scored again, once more by moving in from his wing to meet a Gibbs centre.

Of the Second XI's record up to Christmas the less said the better. Reilly found it impossible to get a settled side, because players were so often required for the First XI, and the team suffered some heavy defeats. In view of the difficulties the team had, the wins over Louth and King's Lynn Grammar School sides were creditable achievements. The team fared little better after the break. A win over

the Huddersfield Amateurs reserve side started 1965 off well enough, but before long, injuries and calls from the First XI again disturbed things and it was not until a visit to Laxton G.S. in mid February that the team next won — and that with the help of two or three First XI players. In the last of the annual games against Henlow the Second XI lost by 2 goals to 1.

For the First XI itself, on the other hand, things went remarkably well in the New Year. Huddersfield Amateurs, Sheffield Falcons, and a poor Northern Icarus team were defeated at Cranwell. The early season defeat by the Lincolnshire Constabulary was suitably avenged at Scunthorpe, where Yates scored his third hat-trick of the season, and the Nottingham Forest XI which came to us in February was held to three goals.

The real focal points of this part of the season were the Argonaut Trophy games — the quarter-final, in which Cambridge Falcons were beaten 2-1 (after extra-time), and the semi-final, in which the College's opponents were the Trophy holders Icarus, and which ended in a win for Icarus by three goals to one, (also after extra-time). The match against the Falcons was played before the customary small band of loyal supporters, in a fierce wind. With this at their backs the College held their own in an even first-half. Falcons created a number of scoring chances but poor marksmanship and Forder between them prevented any score. It was, indeed, slightly against the run of play that Cranwell took the lead, when Yates gathered a mis-hit clearance and shooting from fully 25 yards, succeeded in squeezing the ball in at the foot of a post. After the interval, Cranwell were kept on the defensive for a harrowing three-quarters of an hour. By dint of energetic covering and determined tackling, the continuous threat of a lively Cambridge attack was withstood. Swinney and his fellow-defenders played superbly, and when they were outpaced or outwitted Forder was on hand to produce a number of competent, and at least two brilliant saves. Falcons did, in fact equalise. One defensive slip, and the ball was blasted into the roof of the net, making extra time necessary. It looked in the first extra period as though the game was slipping Cambridge's way; indeed, had they not squandered one glorious scoring chance, it might have done. But, happily for Cranwell, there came a surprise break-away attack, and

Gibbs, cleverly avoiding a desperate tackle, ran on to score a delightful goal. The Falcons set about the task of drawing level again with some spirited raiding, but by this time the College team seemed to have sensed that the game was now theirs, as eventually it was.

The semi-final against Icarus, also played at Cranwell, was no less exciting. It was "Soccer on Ice," and the pace at which the game had to be played meant that the College team's edge in youth and energy could not be turned to good account. From the start it was clear that Icarus had enough shrewd players to dictate the course of the play, and this they did. The Cranwell defence was in splendid form however. Inspired and encouraged by a superbly noisy crowd of supporters they repelled every challenge until a minute or so before half-time. Then the Icarus left-winger floated a cunning centre into the College goalmouth, and the wind did the rest. For the second-half the College had this wind behind them, Unhappily, an injury to Gibbs handicapped the attack and the initiative stayed with Icarus. Hopes of an equalising goal were beginning to slip away until M. G. Cooper moved upfield to meet Lawrence's free-kick and score with a well-placed header. Thus this game also went to extra time. In the extra half-hour Icarus scored the decisive goals. With Gibbs, and now P. A. Cooper, unable to make any effective contribution to the play, it was well-nigh inevitable that they would. Cranwell held on for the first period, but then, as the ball ran loose in the College's goal area, an Icarus boot appeared to force it past Forder, and in the dying minutes of a memorable match the Icarus left-half set the seal on a fine personal performance by scoring with a drive from the edge of the penalty area.

It was sad that the season had to end this way, but the College XI has reached the semi-final of the Argonaut competition twice in the past four seasons. Third time lucky? Let's hope so.

CROSS COUNTRY

This has been the most successful season for the Cross-Country Club for many years. The First Team won all but one of the home fixtures, the College record was cut by one minute sixteen seconds, and on one occasion the Club was able to muster three teams.

For the first half of the season from September until December the team was captained by B. J. Doyle, who led the team to its peak. He improved the Club's spirit and ability, and its repertoire of jokes. It was during this period that the two inter Service College matches took place. The first was against the R.M.A. Sandhurst on their home ground. R. F. Sandford was the individual winner with M. R. Coe and K. W. Cartlidge chasing two of the Sandhurst Team, forty seconds behind the leader. The final result was a win for R.M.A. Sandhurst by 35-45. In the other inter-Service match, against B.R.N.C. Dartmouth the Cranwell team were hosts and with better knowledge of the course won convincingly by 27-55. This was the first victory over Dartmouth for many years, and it is hoped it is a good sign for the future.

A notable achievement during the first half of the season was the way in which the record for the course was reduced progressively. After defeating Nottingham and Sheffield University second teams and the West Riding Police, the first home match was held against Denstone College. In this race R. F. Sandford and M. R. Coe both beat the existing record for the 4½ mile course, R. F. Sandford clipping thirty four seconds from the time. In the following race the team faced a Loughborough College eight and easily won what was expected to be a tough race. The record was further improved by the same two runners. A defeat by University College London and the victories over Nottingham and Leicester University teams were followed by a victory over Nottingham College of Education. K. W. Cartlidge found strong form in this race, and leading from the start returned a time of twenty five minutes twenty four seconds. This record still stands. The important factor shown by these records is not the prowess of the individuals, but that the whole team was improving. The eighth man was regularly within two or three minutes of the leaders and it was evident that the pack was working together.

The other important feature of the season was the increased interest in cross-country running in the College, which enabled the Club to put out two teams regularly before Christmas and occasionally afterwards. The second team's successes include victories over Denstone College 'B' and City School

Lincoln, and a very close match with King Edward VI Grammar School, Louth.

On 24th February the First team travelled to Henlow for the last of the annual matches against the Technical College. The more powerful Cranwell team dominated the race, and by packing closely together won by 22-61. The final match of the season was in London, a venue guaranteed to boost the morale and ruin the finances of any team. For this race, the Hyde Park Road Relay, the team's performance was good. The final position of 36th in a field of 88 Teams showed an improvement of 31 places on last year.

None of the present team are leaving before next season and two new entries will be arriving at the College. It is hoped that the success this year will be a prelude to even greater achievements next year.

BADMINTON

The 1st team has had a moderately successful season winning seven of its fixtures and losing six. In the two 'key' matches the College beat the R.M.A. Sandhurst but was convincingly beaten by the B.R.N.C. Dartmouth.

One rather disappointing aspect this season has been the great number of cancellations on the part of our opponents. By selecting them more carefully it is hoped to ensure a more reliable fixture list next season.

Of the six players in the 1st team only one will not be here at the beginning of next season, which is an indication that the team should be quite successful, especially if the two new entries, which arrive before next season, contain any good players.

This season saw the formation of a second team, which won two of its four fixtures and it is hoped next season to provide it with a full list of fixtures.

Colours were awarded to C. F. S. Redmond and D. J. Hargreaves.

FENCING

This season has only been partly successful for the College team. Most of the time has been devoted to training and building a new team, rather than to active competition. As always, the cry is for more fencers ; we have

excellent equipment and an excellent Instructor, but too few people realise the enjoyment to be had from fencing.

The First team won two out of their five matches. In the Inter-College contests, they won against Dartmouth but lost to Sadhurst and l'Ecole de l'Air. The second team won one match and lost the other.

Of the five First team matches, undoubtedly the most enjoyable was the encounter with l'Ecole de l'Air. This year, it was the French Academy's turn to play host, and their hospitality was overwhelming. Together with the Rugby team, the Fencers toured the local countryside, flew in the jet-powered Fouga Magisters, and spent an unforgettable evening in Marseilles.

The contest itself, started at nine o'clock in the evening as an "after-dinner entertainment." It was fought on the stage of a theatre, in front of a large audience, something which is unusual in Britain. Although the French won, the College Team enjoyed the experience very much.

At the Royal Tournament in July, 1964, Sanders is to be congratulated for winning the "Young Officers and Cadets" Epee Championship.

Colours were awarded to A. G. Williams and Sanders.

ROWING

This season we have been unfortunate to lose the devoted services of Squadron Leader Hutchinson who has been posted to Leeming to put his well known theories into practice. The club would like to take this opportunity to wish him and his wife all the best in the future.

Squadron Leader Hill has taken over in place of Squadron Leader Hutchinson as guiding officer of the club, and after a coaches' course under the A.R.A., has filled the club with the spirit and the method to achieve a season of success.

We now have a regular strength of four crews rowing from Newark. The spade blades ordered last year have seen excellent service, and four more have been ordered this year. The shell boats and remaining blades have been overhauled, and so the equipment is in first class condition. Training has already started for the coming re-

gattas with crews boating each Wednesday and Saturday. Tuesday and Friday nights have been put aside for weight training. There is already a good programme of regattas for next term, and we hope to put up a good showing in them.

We will be doing some rowing in eight boats this season in preparation for the R.A.F. races, and it is expected that we will expand in this direction in the future. It is hoped to improve the facilities at the Newark club and we are also hoping to bring coaches from outside sources to look at the crews and supplement the work of Squadron Leader Hill and Flight Lieutenant Clark.

With the much improved club facilities and training systems we are looking forward to a successful season. Our only weakness is on the coxwaining side; any cadet with a sadistic streak, and who feels he would like to take the whip to senior cadets would be welcomed in this capacity.

SHOOTING

Ask any member of the rifle club what he connects with the long low building on the end of the M.T. hangar, and the chances are that, at the moment, he will say "grey paint." Under the guiding and paint-smearing hand of Flight Lieutenant Turner, our range has taken on a new look. Between the Club members and the Ministry of Public Buildings and Works, every surface, with the exception only of the floor, has been given a new coat of paint, and all the old furniture has been replaced. Flight Lieutenant Turner has done a remarkable job of trading in the tatty relics that served us as tables and chairs and procuring a set of five matching armchairs and two green-topped tables.

He tells us that he was in the furniture sale room one day when he saw the armchairs in a corner. The resulting conversation went something like this:

"What do you want in exchange for those?"

"Any five armchairs."

"Oh, I don't think we've got any."

"What d'you sit on in the range, then?"

"Some rickety old wooden chairs."

"They's got arms, ain't they?"

"Yes."

"Them's armchairs." !

And thus we obtained five chairs, Unfortunately, he was unable to persuade the same man that our old table with one drawer could be swapped for a fully equipped bureau. Pity

All this spring-cleaning and refurnishing matches the mood of the club just now. At Christmas we lost nearly all the remaining members of the previous year's eight, so this year has started without a team, but with plenty of keen members among the junior entries. By the end of the year we will certainly have a first-rate team that will stay together for at least a year and a half, with the exception of two members only. At the moment, a certain amount of talent is being frustrated by the unavailability of suitable weapons, but this is in hand, and shortly we will have four serviceable No. 8s for use by the club.

Before Christmas the club was involved in both the matches with Sandhurst and Dartmouth. Under the captaincy of S.F.C. Childs (86B), we went to Sandhurst in November, where we beat the Army by 1141 to 1140. This score was only arrived at after two recounts and several references to the rule book. The atmosphere in the range during the shoot was almost electric. The club room, where those not actually shooting waited for the results of each detail, could have been mistaken for the waiting-room at a maternity hospital, judging by the number of worried, chain-smoking, young men who were pacing the floor. Unfortunately the same team was beaten by two points when B.R.N.C. came to Cranwell. The suspense was equally great during this match, and I think it is fair to say that the result was not the thing that mattered because both sides on both occasions so enjoyed taking part.

With the passing out of 86 Entry has come the urgent necessity to coach a team from the members of 90 and 91 Entries. This is a job in itself, never mind running the rest of the club, but both must be done, and the results at times can be amusing. Many different backgrounds produce vastly different initial standards. Some cadets have never handled a projectile more delicate than a rugby ball; others have shot before, but only big game, and think that they still have to "get the target before it gets them." A good many applicants are mightily surprised when they come to their first shoot. Under the impression that nothing could be easier

than lying on their bellies and aiming a stick at a mark, their illusions are shattered when they look through the sights. What was a clear round target before they got down has become a dancing, hair-covered egg, that meanders freely around the foresight before fading suddenly into an indistinct grey fuzz. The shape may vary from person to person, but the reaction is always similar. One cadet even reported seeing a U.F.O. We thought he was joking until he tried to shoot it down!

With the advent of the Summer term, thoughts are turning to full bore shooting once more. Four newly reconditioned No. 4s have been obtained, and, weather permitting, we should be off, every Wednesday to the open range at Beckingham. The most popular events of the full-bore season are those that take us to Bisley, and so far two have been arranged. Bisley has a magic that only the rifleman can share, although many others have witnessed it, but to a lesser degree it can be found on any open range. I'm not really much good at describing what fun there is to be had from full bore shooting. All I know is that there are many who come back to it year after year. If you think you might like to try — then come along with us one day. You are always welcome.

SQUASH

This season has been one of three distinct phases. The first was of building up the team, the second was gaining the maximum strength in time for the Sandhurst and Dartmouth matches, and the third was the not so hectic period after Christmas with no inter college matches to work for.

Initially the team consisted of Gooding, Allport, Rizvi and Irfan from last year, joined by Stokes, a newcomer who immediately took his place at Number One. By the time of the Sandhurst match the team was well trained, with Bedford, another newcomer as reserve. Before the Inter-College games seven matches were played, mostly against intentionally stiff opposition, of which three were won.

Against R.M.A. Sandhurst, although the team as a whole played well, they lost due to the greater experience of the Sandhurst side. Stokes is noteworthy in playing well to take

his opponent to five games, but was unable to stop the match score being 5-0 to Sandhurst.

A fortnight later, for the match against B.R.N.C. Dartmouth, Bedford replaced Rizvi and the match was won 3-2. The winning players were Stokes, Gooding and Bedford, all of whom won 3-0. This match showed the team at its best and was a good reward for the training of the previous months.

For the remainder of the season the team has not altered much. The only significant change being the introduction of Elliot, who improved greatly throughout the season, and should do well next year.

Of the matches played after Christmas, that against the Jesters is noteworthy as the hardest, and probably the most enjoyable. The Imperial College, who have beaten us in previous years were beaten on their courts in a good match, the score being 4-1 to Cranwell. Stokes, Gooding, Bedford and Elliot winning well fought games

The season has been a successful one as far as the improvement of the team is concerned, and some good matches have been won. Next year Stokes, Bedford, Irfan and Elliot will remain, so with the possibility of more newcomers before then the prospects are good.

Many more people in the College are now playing squash and the second team has had plenty of players to choose from. With Pook as captain they have had several good games, their best being the win against Boston S.R.C. 3-2.

Played 18, won 7, lost 11.

BEAGLING

R.A.F. Cranwell is the host station for the 'Per Ardua' (R.A.F.) Beagles which is the sole pack run by the R.A.F. Beagling Association. It was formed in 1951 and since then it has become an integral part of the Lincolnshire hunting scene, with meets stretching from the Lincolnshire Wolds to R.A.F. Manby and R.A.F. Wittering.

For the past two years, College support for the pack has been intermittent but this season there has been a much larger number of cadets who have turned out on Wednesday afternoons when the hunt meets. The regular transport which the cadets have used has been the land rover which the Master uses to

tow the beagles' carriage to the hunt though occasionally when all the cadets could not be squashed in the back, civilian members of the hunt have helped out in taking cadets to meet. The cadets are very grateful to both Air Commodore Levis, the Master, and to all the other people who have helped the cadets in this way.

Lincolnshire is not a particularly suitable country for beagling. The fields are very big and cause the hounds often to hunt by sight rather than scent. Also there are large numbers of hares which make it difficult for the hounds to follow the same hare as they keep finding new trails. However, despite difficulties the pack has hunted very well together.

Cadets in general still distrust beagling. They have the misconceived idea that it is like a bumper cross-country run across heavy sticky plough chasing disappearing hounds, and they feel disinclined to test the truth of any other versions of a hunt which they might be told. However, gradually, as more cadets are going out with the hunt, beagling is becoming accepted and it is hoped that in the future beagling will regain the popularity it enjoyed in the College in the pre-war years.

RIDING

From a very small nucleus the membership of the riding club has expanded until, at present, the instructional timetable is so full that we are having difficulty phasing new members into it.

Two new horses have joined the stable, while evening talks and discussions have increased members' knowledge of, and interest in, other aspects of horsemanship apart from the actual riding. One member attended an Instructors' Course, arranged by the Royal Air Force Equitation Association, last summer, and similar projects are planned for the future.

Especially encouraging has been the increased interest shown, not only in the junior entries, but also by cadets in the top half of the College, and every effort is being made to make riding more enjoyable and interesting (and less painful) for them.

Autumn saw the successful re-introduction of the inter-squadron competition for the Jorrock's Trophy, which was won by Sover-

eign's Squadron. This was followed by successes over the Royal Military Academy Sandhurst and Imperial College, London. In 1965, the victory over Hull University continued the trend which we hope will be furthered by the newly-formed College 2nd team when they meet a Bristol University team. The College team has now maintained its 100% record for a year.

BASKETBALL

The College basketball team has done exceptionally well this season. The record to date against English Universities and amateur clubs stands at : won 18, lost 4. The team once again beat Sandhurst and Dartmouth maintaining a long record of successes against our rival colleges. In addition such notable sides as Sheffield University, the Universities Athletic Union champions, and the Latvian, a London Premier League team were beaten.

Unfortunately the team will be losing W. F. C. Tyndall, K. A. Crowley, J. C. Hill, and G. Rayfield, who pass out in the Summer. These four members of the team have been key players for the last two seasons and their experience and enthusiasm will be greatly missed.

The team welcomed a new coach at the beginning of the season. He is Major K. Cook who replaced Major R. Pomeroy. Like his predecessor, Major Cook is an excellent tactician, and has worked hard and enthusiastically, giving up much of his free time to coach the team. Under his guidance the basketball team should make even greater strides in the future.

Both matches against Dartmouth and Sandhurst this year were extremely hard and well fought games. At Sandhurst the opposition forced the College team to revise completely their tactics during the course of the game. Greater flexibility, however, and a higher all round skill gave Cranwell victory by 49-30. Stables did particularly well, scoring 15 points.

Against Dartmouth the College won another hard game by 41-32. Although always in the lead, Cranwell was never able to completely dominate the game as it would have wished, due to a very unusual and well played Dartmouth defence.

Future prospects look very good since five members of the team are in 90 and 91 Entries, in addition to Buckland and Grossett who will be available for at least part of the next season. In spite of this, however, the team is constantly on the lookout for new talent which will enable it to maintain its excellent record.

CHESS

The College Chess Team has again been competing in the South Lincolnshire Chess League this season. Though it is difficult to arrange regular meetings within the College, since few can spare the time or are not otherwise committed, the team has met with reasonable success in its matches. The interest and support from the junior entries is most encouraging, and the standard of chess continues to improve.

HOCKEY

With the arrival of new entry and term, the hockey season started with great success. We had the added incentive of beating our rival teams from Sandhurst and Dartmouth. Our matches in the first half of the season produced some good hockey and infused a competitive spirit in the players. By the time we met the R.M.A. team at Sandhurst we were physically and mentally ready for a good game. The superior skill and fitness of our team were instrumental in giving us a 1-0 win in a hard fought match. We were unfortunate in losing 2-1 against Dartmouth. Although our team controlled most of the play we were unable to provide the finishing touch, so necessary for victory. The match produced a very high standard of hockey.

The second half of this season brought some changes in the organisation. Squadron Leader Lawrence became our new guiding officer and H. Varris took over captaincy. Owing to excessive injuries and adverse weather the College team could not boast of successive wins in the later part of the season. However much training and practice was accomplished in preparation for next season's Inter-Collegiate matches.

POTHOLING

The beginning of the term was spent writing reports on the two expeditions which took place over the Summer leave. One expedition was to the Pyrenees, and the other to Italy. Both expeditions were successful, and the reports written at the start of the term gained the Section the Pye Trophy.

During the first half of the term three expeditions were made. These were all to Carleswark Cavern in Derbyshire, and their object was to explore the new system which was discovered earlier in the year. The old system in Carleswark is fairly long, but it has no outstanding features, apart from the entrance flooding in winter. The new system, however, contains many fast-flowing underground streams, and some fairly good stalactite formations. These formations do not compare with those of France and Italy, but are of a reasonably high standard for Derbyshire.

On the last of the three expeditions to Carleswark, entrance to the new system had to be gained by a new shaft, leading directly to it, as the entrance to the old system was flooded. Exploration of the new system was made difficult because the levels of some of the streams were very close to the roof, and in some places actually reached the roof. To overcome these difficulties the Section has made a set of five electric lights which can be used under water safely, by experienced members.

With the start of the New Year a resolution was made to carry out an average of one expedition a week, for the rest of the term. This aim has been achieved. Expeditions have been made every weekend except one, but on two weekends expeditions were made on both Saturday and Sunday.

The first few expeditions were made to Devonshire Cavern at Matlock. This cave had not been visited previously by the Section. The first part of the cave was, at one time, a show cave, but owing to rock falls it is no longer open to the general public.

On the fourth expedition to Devonshire Cavern a minor rock fall took place. One member of the party climbed over a boulder and dislodged it. However, he managed to hold it still while the other members of the party retreated to safety. He then got clear

of the boulder which rolled down the slope, dislodging some rocks in its path. The fall made a great deal of noise making it seem more serious than it really was. The party checked the area for any other signs of loose rock, but it appeared safe, and was still safe the following week when the last expedition visited the cave.

The third party to visit the cave found a lake at the bottom of a narrow passage, near the bottom of the system. It appeared to be quite deep and extensive, but the level was too high to explore it at the time. A further expedition will be made in the summer when the level should be lower.

In January an expedition was made to Manifold Pot near Peak Forest in Derbyshire. The expedition was not able to penetrate far into the cave as the entrance was practically flooded, and a stream was flowing straight into the main system.

The same day Gautries hole was visited. This hole is only 100 yards from Manifold Pot. Flooding had sealed off many parts of the hole, but there were still many interesting parts to explore. Gautries is a wet hole and care had to be taken against sudden flooding.

At the end of January, with snow on the ground and snow showers still falling, an expedition returned to Eldon Hole. This hole is on Eldon Hill above Peak Forest. It goes 240 feet vertically downwards and is 50 feet by 30 feet at the top. The first 100 feet can be scrambled down, but the last 140 feet has to be tackled with ladder as the walls are sheer.

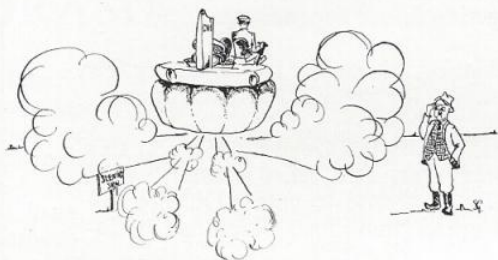
Only a few years ago the entrance to a cavern at the bottom of the ladder pitch fell in. The expedition's task was to look into the possibility of reopening the cavern. It has now been decided to start digging in the Summer.

The last expedition was to the Lathgill area, north of Baslow in Derbyshire. The first expedition to this area showed that it held promise for the future, and at least another two expeditions will be made to the area next term.

This term many new members have been gained from 90 and 91 Entries. These new members, together with some more experienced members, will take part in the two planned expeditions this Summer. One expedition will be to Morocco, and the other to Italy.

HOVERCRAFT

All was quiet at the Sleaford Show. People had flocked to the showground in their thousands and were intent on watching the various demonstrations and competitions which were in progress. Suddenly at the far end of the field an engine started up. It was a noisy engine with a rather badly fitted silencer and the noise from it drowned all other attempts to attract attention.



“ Arrh ! What be that, Bill ? ”

“ I think that be the 'overcraft from Cranwell, Bert. They've flown it several times this afternoon ; thought you would 'ave 'eard it. Makes enough noise.”

“ Arrh, that's right, the minister 'ad a ride on it, didn't 'e ? ”

The small white craft floated across the grass and disappeared through the gate in a cloud of dust. This was the finale of one of the several public showings of CH-1 last year. The following week we were on B.B.C. Television.

Since then we have spent most of our time working on CH-2, which is progressing quite well, although it may still give the impression of being just a flimsy frame. We have already used over 3,000 rivets and six hundred feet of aluminium on CH-2. Several modifications have been carried out on CH-1 during the past term. It has now a dural underside to prevent damage when landing and the stability of the craft has been improved by the addition of lateral and longitudinal skirts in the form of a cross on the underside. The next modification will be to strip off the rather battered polythene deck sheeting and make the whole craft inflatable.

As far as CH-2 is concerned, the main framework is almost complete and we expect to take delivery of the first of the two gas turbine engines during the next few weeks.

DEBATING

The Section, enthusiastic though small in numbers, has so far held two debates this term and plans for another before the *Journal* goes to press.

With the new Guiding Officer, Squadron Leader Towey in the chair, the Section successfully proved itself not only to be vital and alive but to possess speakers of high ability and eloquence by defeating the Motion : “ This Society believes that it is going to the Dogs.” Later in the term the Section decided by the narrow margin of one vote, with five abstentions, that it would rather spend its money on butter than on guns.

To encourage the art of debating, correspondence has been opened with local societies and it is hoped that visits will later be exchanged between the societies and the College. Further visits are being arranged to places of interest, notably the House of Commons.

MOTOR

As this is the off-season for Motor-racing the club's activities had been confined to film shows, until February 14th, when it was decided to hold a treasure hunt as an experiment. It is hoped that we will be able to run several events of this type during the course of next term.

The films shown were of varying types, all however with a bias toward competition motoring, and quite a reasonable attendance was received, mainly from among the two junior entries.

Overall, the Motor Club is becoming more active now than it has been for the last two years, and the success of the treasure hunt was an indication that cadets are realising that the club is not as inactive as it has been for some time, and, with a Trenchard Award Expedition beginning to take shape, the 1965 season promises a certain degree of success.

BRIDGE

The Section's aim of promoting bridge in the College was achieved with considerable success. Fresh membership, regular meetings and outside matches were the high lights of

this term's activities. Besides providing a pleasant pastime for the cadets, these activities proved to be of valuable assistance to serious bridge players. A completely new technique of bidding, originated by the Guiding Officer is being researched and proved.

With continued interest from members the Section hopes to be encouraged in expanding its interests in the coming term.

DRAMA

The Section is gradually easing itself into its ambitious programme of "twelve-months-a-year action." After the success of John Whiting's controversial 'Marching Song,' its Christmas production, the Section has not been inactive, for it has joined with the Cranwell Little Theatre to stage, in April, Pirandello's "Six Characters in Search of an Author," a merger which the Section hopes will continue for one production a year, so giving the members two plays to take part in.

The Section again helped in the Lincoln Training College's Christmas production, this year 'Ring Around the Moon'; the cadets who took part in the play's production attributed a great deal of its success to the producer, Rosa Blandford.

Theatre visits are becoming a very important activity of the Section's activities and before June it will have attended performances of Macbeth, Richard II, Oh! What a lovely War, and the Quare Fellow. To maximize enjoyment from these performances their scripts will previously have been studied at the Section's fortnightly play-reading sessions.

In conjunction with other Sections of the College Society the Drama section will be actively engaged in the Saddle Club and Station Band's production of their tribute to the horse, at the end of May.

To enable Section members to gain as much dramatic knowledge as possible, a series of lectures is being arranged on all aspects of the Theatre, for the coming Autumn. This will be in conjunction with the Cranwell Little Theatre Club.

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THE
ROYAL AIR FORCE
COLLEGE



JOURNAL

CRANWELL

WINTER, 1965

VOL. XXXVII No. 2

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE COLLEGE JOURNAL

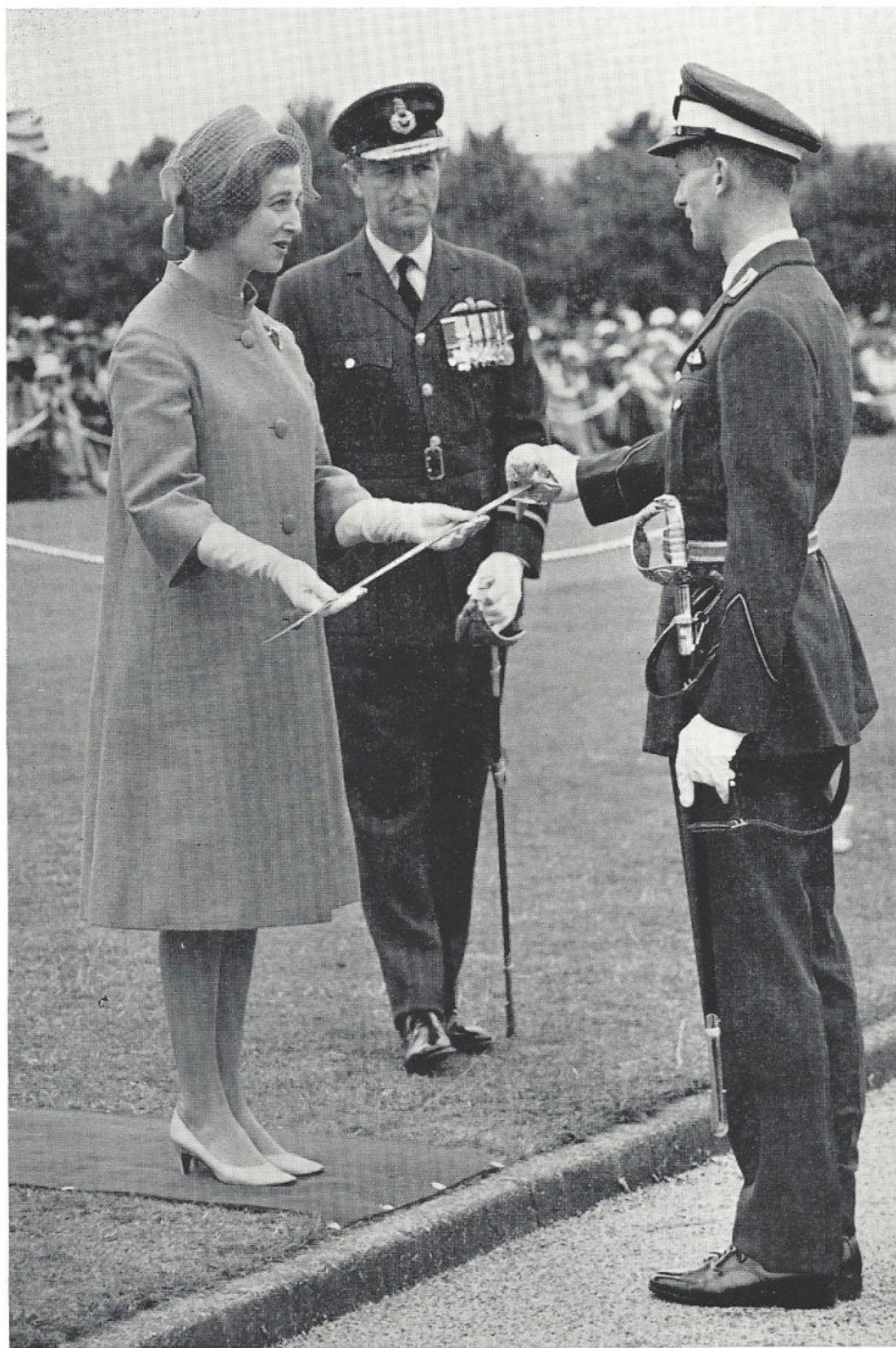
WINTER 1965 VOL XXXVII NO 2

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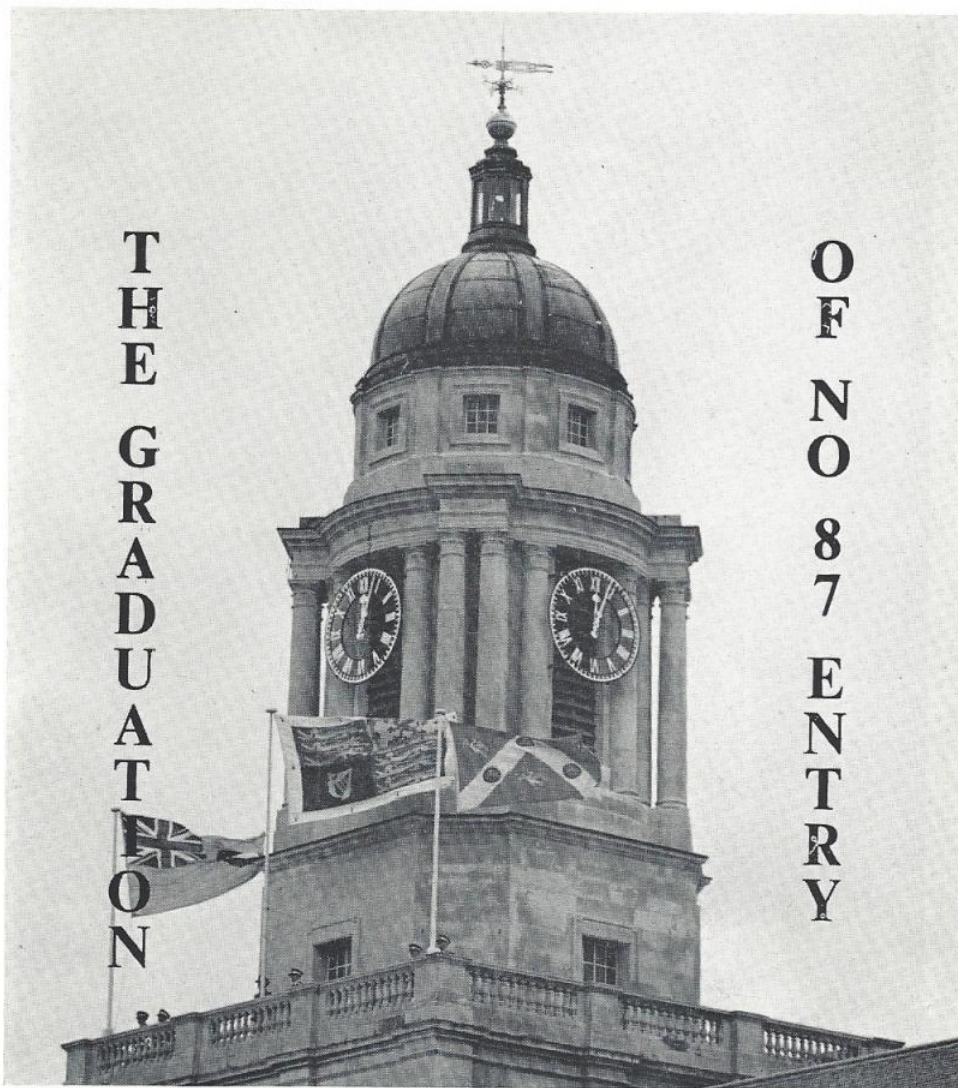
*Edited and Published at the Royal Air Force College, Cranwell, Lincolnshire
and Printed by Dolby Brothers, Limited,
West Street, Stamford, Lincolnshire.*

CONTENTS

	<i>Page</i>
The Graduation of No 87 Entry	140
College Notes	150
Military Professionalism	160
Can the Royal Air Force Afford to Wait ?	165
A Chipmunk Chapter	170
Foxes and Foxhunting	174
Nijmegen	176
Epituff	178
Book Review	179
On the Twenty Fifth Anniversary of the Battle of Britain	180
Six Characters in Search of an Author	181
Salute to the Horse	183
Book Reviews	184
Vacation Activities	187
Sports and Activities	219
Old Cranwellian Notes	245
College Records	247



*Her Royal Highness Princess Alexandra presenting the Sword of Honour
to Senior Under Officer W. F. C. Tyndall*



The Graduation Parade of No 87 Entry took place on the morning of 24th June, 1965. The parade was reviewed by Her Royal Highness Princess Alexandra, the Honourable Mrs Angus Ogilvie. The parade was commanded by Senior Under Officer W. F. C. Tyndall, and the Parade Adjutant was Under Officer C. M. Humphrey. The squadrons were commanded by Senior Under Officers O. W. Epton, K. G. H. French, E. A. Jones and Under Officer J. B. Hill.

As Her Royal Highness approached the dais twenty two Jet Provosts flew past in an 'A' formation. After the Advance in



Her Royal Highness inspecting D Squadron

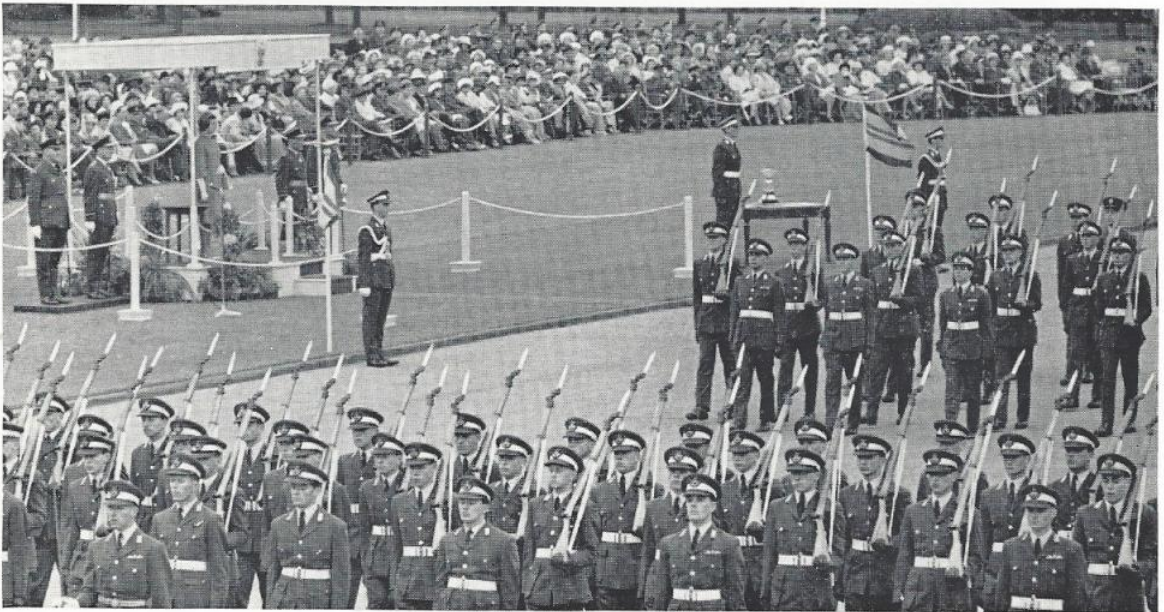
Review Order Her Royal Highness presented the Sword of Honour to Senior Under Officer W. F. C. Tyndall, the Queen's Medal to Senior Under Officer E. A. Jones and the Kinkead Trophy to Senior Flight Cadet A. R. C. Mathie, and then gave the following address :

“It is a great honour for me to have been asked to take this Passing-Out Parade, an occasion to which I have much looked forward. I

would like to congratulate you on your impressive bearing, and on the excellence of your drill. The achievement of such a high degree of precision and smartness calls, I know, for a great deal of effort, and much credit is due to you all and to your instructors.

For those of you who are about to leave the College, this ceremony marks the first milestone in your careers. All that you have learnt here during your years of training will doubtless have impressed on you just how much will be required of each one of you throughout your service. For in choosing the Royal Air Force as your career, you have given yourselves the opportunity of serving your Queen and your country with honour ; you have also dedicated yourselves to a life which, while offering infinite variety and adventure, will call upon all your efficiency and skill, all your judgement and endurance, and above all, on your qualities of leadership. You may be sure that these qualities will be of supreme importance throughout your careers, no matter what fundamental changes may lie ahead. By remaining true to yourselves and to the highest tradition of this great Service to which you have given your loyalty, you in your turn will bring fresh honour to the Royal Air Force.

I wish each one of you good fortune and happiness. May God bless you all."



The March Past



Pilot Officer W. F. C. Tyndall

Pilot Officer E. A. Jones

Pilot Officer A. R. C. Mathie

The Wings and Prizes Ceremony

THE AIR OFFICER COMMANDING IN CHIEF'S SPEECH AT THE PRESENTATION OF WINGS AND PRIZES ON 23rd JUNE, 1965

“I am pleased to see so many parents, guardians and friends here at Cranwell to witness the graduation ceremonies of No 87 Entry. The course which they have just completed is an arduous one. Indeed, were it not so, it would be ineffective. Many starters have failed to finish and those who have completed it successfully deserve considerable credit for so doing. I feel certain that supporters endorse the choice which their cadet has made, and are proud that he has successfully graduated. This success must in part be due to the support which you — parents, guardians and friends — have given him, and I congratulate you upon his success which is in part your own.

Those cadets who have won trophies for prizes may be allowed an expression of modest satisfaction, because competition has been keen and performance meritorious. Conversely, those who have not won prizes need not be despondent, because the margin is paper-thin between winner and losers. Yet, narrow though the margin may be, it is marked by a handsome trophy for the winner, and often nothing at all for being close second. Ponder this fact objectively : it will repeat itself to you in analogous forms throughout your life.

However, trophies and prizes are as nothing compared to the commission which you are now to hold. Before taking that commission to whatever fortune is in store for you — read it — and consider carefully the implications of its wording. It lays special emphasis on the personal trust which our Sovereign places in you ; it lays responsibility upon you, endows you with authority : and neither time, nor place, nor plain clothes nor leave can divest you of that responsibility, authority and trust.

By its wording is made clear that integrity is the quality which an officer must possess, and without it he is no officer.

You will not exist, primarily, for the value of your individual personal qualifications, though sound professional qualifications are essential, but for your ability to take charge and show the way. That ability is a compound of force of character, trained intelligence and articulacy, all solidly based on integrity.

There are four qualities which contribute to force of character. The first, and most important, is good health. Without good health

everything is difficult : therefore I cannot emphasise too much the importance of building a sound and durable constitution by taking much exercise, both physical and mental, outside the normal scope of your daily work. Next in importance comes courage, physical and mental. Without courage none of your other qualities can be brought into full play. Thirdly, I lump together concentration, industry and enthusiasm. Judgement, which is the ability to accumulate knowledge and use it, is the fourth. If you have these qualities you will be able to take charge and show the way to others.

Your squadron time will pass and you will have to face problems in the field of defence at higher levels, dominated by the rate of change of scientific and technological advance, and comprehensible only by trained intelligence. Thus it is important that you keep your intellect already well-grounded in academic disciplines here at Cranwell, in good trim, or you will be left far behind. You will need, if you aspire to middle and senior rank, some depth of knowledge, not only of science and technology, but of finance and international affairs, and an understanding of how the Royal Air Force, the Army and the Royal Navy should be constituted and work together in the best interests of this country.

You may ask how to reach this condition. My answer to you is do not waste time. Do your daily work diligently and with a questing mind : do not leave promotion examinations to the last minute : do the reading and take these fences at the first opportunity : qualify yourself for Staff College as soon as possible : read widely and thoughtfully over the whole range of literature for which you have a taste, and your intelligence will keep in good trim. Nor will your private life suffer.

Finally, sound judgements and the decisions flowing from them, are useless unless communicated clearly to those you wish to act upon them. Nor will you be successful in establishing a policy unless your advocacy is clear and persuasive. It was probably Confucius, and if it was not it is of no consequence, who said " If language be not exact, then what is said is not what is meant ; and if what is said is not what is meant, then what ought to be done remains undone." Therefore you must acquire a superior ability to express your thoughts in words, not only on paper but in speech, because success tends to gravitate to men of judgement and decision who can also think on their feet and put their thoughts across. Build therefore upon the foundation laid at Cranwell, and aim to become an articulate man of action and integrity."



PRINCESS ALEXANDRA WITH THE COMMISSIONED ENTRY

- Back Row :* Pilot Officers D. L. Felwick, R. H. W. Wakelin, M. T. Wilson, R. K. J. Whaley, M. K. Allport, B. V. Sandford, P. J. Seymour, D. V. Loveday, P. J. G. Sanders, A. C. Dobbs, V. E. Ayres, D. A. Wadsworth, G. Rayfield, J. S. Fountain, A. P. McGrath, N. J. Pollard
- Centre Row :* Pilot Officers P. Smith, D. J. Sowler, J. B. Beards, W. R. Lewis, A. C. W. Boxall, J. W. Pierce, A. V. B. Hawken, D. Lowe, J. C. Hill, M. A. Kirk, R. W. I. Allison, N. R. Dyer, G. Shields, W. M. Burnett, K. D. Rhodes, D. McQuillan, R. H. O. Johnson, J. C. Burton, A. R. C. Mathie
- Front Row :* Pilot Officers N. Burrows, C. M. Humphrey, D. J. Gurney, A. A. Akers-Douglas, W. S. Brereton-Martin, P. J. Gooding, K. G. H. French, W. F. C. Tyndall, E. A. Jones, O. W. Epton, R. K. Moore, K. A. Crowley, A. G. Williams, J. A. F. Ford, J. B. Hill, T. C. Swinney

COMMISSIONING LIST

- O. W. EPTON, Senior Under Officer : Rugby ; Rowing ; Motoring (Captain); Gliding ; Film.
- K. G. H. FRENCH, Senior Under Officer : Cricket (Captain).
- E. A. JONES, Senior Under Officer : The Queen's Medal ; The Philip Sassoon Memorial Prize ; The J. A. Chance Memorial Prize ; Ocean Sailing.
- W. F. C. TYNDALL, Senior Under Officer : The Sword of Honour ; The R. S. May Memorial Prize ; Swimming (Captain, Colours) ; Basketball (Colours) ; Skiing ; Canoeing ; Sub-Aqua.
- A. A. AKERS-DOUGLAS, Under Officer : Royal United Services Institution Award ; Skiing (Colours) ; Dramatic ; Film.
- W. S. BRERETON-MARTIN, Under Officer : Skiing (Colours) ; Rugby ; Golf ; Dramatic ; Film.
- N. BURROWS, Under Officer.
- K. A. CROWLEY, Under Officer : B.A. ; The Ministry of Defence (R.A.F.) Prize for War Studies and Humanities and the Royal New Zealand Air Force Trophy ; Basketball (Colours) ; Golf (Colours) ; Motoring ; Film.
- J. A. F. FORD : Under Officer : Skiing ; Water Skiing ; Golf ; Dramatic ; Bridge.
- P. J. GOODING, Under Officer : Squash (Captain, Colours) ; Sailing ; Motoring.
- D. J. GURNEY, Under Officer : Aeromodelling ; Hovercraft.

J. B. HILL, Under Officer : Rowing (Colours) ; Debating ; Dramatic ; Bridge.

C. M. HUMPHREY, Under Officer : Rugby (Colours) ; Angling ; Ocean Sailing ; Fine Arts.

R. K. MOORE, Under Officer : Skiing ; Judo ; Debating.

T. C. SWINNEY, Under Officer : Soccer (Captain, Colours) ; Choral ; Music.

A. G. WILLIAMS, Under Officer : Ministry of Defence (R.A.F.) Prize for Secretarial Cadets ; Fencing (Colours) ; Angling ; Jazz ; Cadet Social Secretary.

R. W. I. ALLISON, Senior Flight Cadet : Rowing (Colours) ; Ocean Sailing (Captain) ; Skiing ; Parachuting.

M. K. ALLPORT, Senior Flight Cadet : Squash (Colours) ; Skiing ; Motoring ; Fine Arts

V. E. AYRES, Senior Flight Cadet : B.A. ; Photographic ; Music.

J. B. BEARDS, Senior Flight Cadet : Potholing.

A. C. W. BOXALL, Senior Flight Cadet : Fine Arts ; Motoring.

W. M. BURNETT, Senior Flight Cadet : Fine Arts ; Choral.

J. C. BURTON, Senior Flight Cadet : Athletics (Colours) ; Choral ; Dramatic ; Film.

A. C. DOBBS, Senior Flight Cadet : The Institute of Navigation Trophy and the Ministry of Defence (R.A.F.) Prize for Navigators ; Athletics (Colours) ; Bridge ; Printing ; Photographic.

N. R. DYER, Senior Flight Cadet ; Water Skiing (Captain) ; Fine Arts.

D. L. FELWICK, Senior Flight Cadet : Soccer (Colours) ; Potholing.

J. S. FOUNTAIN, Senior Flight Cadet : Cricket ; Rugby ; Squash ; Field Shooting ; Angling ; Photographic.

A. V. B. HAWKEN : Senior Flight Cadet : Fine Arts.

J. C. HILL, Senior Flight Cadet.

R. H. O. JOHNSON, Senior Flight Cadet : The Ministry of Defence (R.A.F.) Prize for Equipment Cadets ; Hockey (Colours) ; Bridge.

M. A. KIRK, Senior Flight Cadet : Skiing ; Water Skiing ; Bridge ; Fine Arts.

W. R. LEWIS, Senior Flight Cadet : Potholing ; Field Shooting ; Parachuting.

D. V. LOVEDAY, Senior Flight Cadet : Rugby (Colours) ; Sailing ; Motoring.

D. LOWE, Senior Flight Cadet : Mountaineering (Captain) ; Field Shooting (Captain) ; Canoeing.

A. R. C. MATHIE, Senior Flight Cadet : The R. M. Groves Memorial Prize and Kinhead Trophy ; The Dickson Trophy and Michael Hill Memorial Prize ; The Battle of Britain Trophy ; Gliding (Captain) ; Hovercraft ; Parachuting.

A. P. McGRATH, Senior Flight Cadet : Hockey (Colours) ; Sailing ; Sub-Aqua ; Ocean Sailing ; Go-karting ; Water Skiing.

D. McQUILLAN, Senior Flight Cadet : Rugby ; Skiing ; Gliding ; Ocean Sailing ; Choral.

J. W. PIERCE, Senior Flight Cadet : The Hicks Memorial Trophy ; Badminton ; Rowing ; Motoring.

N. J. POLLARD, Senior Flight Cadet : Field Shooting ; Folk Music ; Choral.

G. RAYFIELD, Senior Flight Cadet : Basketball (Colours) ; Photographic ; Field Shooting ; Angling.

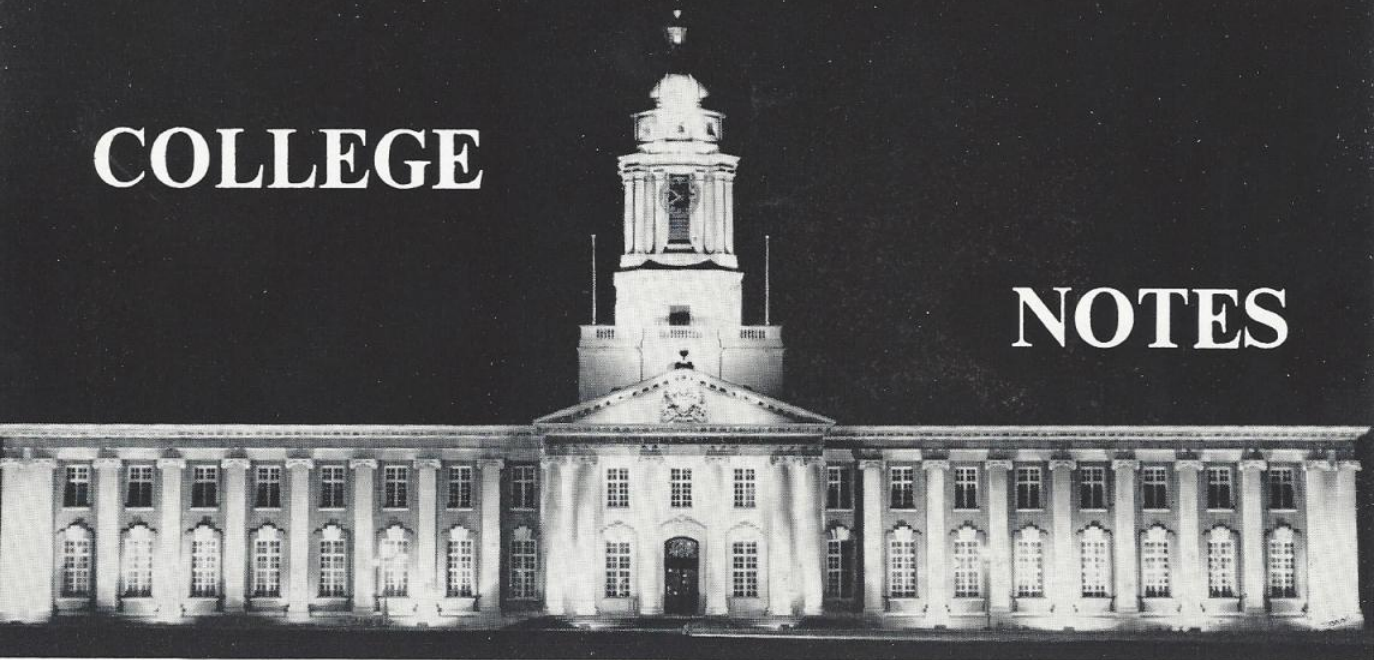
- K. D. RHODES, Senior Flight Cadet : B.A. ; L'Ecole de l'Air Trophy for French Studies ; Canoeing ; Fine Arts.
- P. J. G. SANDERS : Senior Flight Cadet.
- B. V. SANDFORD, Senior Flight Cadet : Potholing ; Sub-Aqua ; Choral ; Photographic.
- P. J. SEYMOUR, Senior Flight Cadet : Athletics (Colours) ; Sailing (Colours) ; Ocean Sailing ; Film.
- G. SHIELDS, Senior Flight Cadet : Choral ; Bridge ; Aeromodelling.
- P. SMITH, Senior Flight Cadet : The Abdy Gerrard Fellowes Memorial Prize ; Cross-country (Colours) ; Potholing (Captain).
- D. J. SOWLER, Senior Flight Cadet : Potholing ; Dramatic ; *Journal*.
- D. A. WADSWORTH, Senior Flight Cadet : Hockey (Colours) ; Angling ; Motoring ; Bridge.
- R. H. W. WAKELIN, Senior Flight Cadet : Rowing ; Choral ; Motoring ; *Journal* (Editor).
- R. K. J. WHALEY, Senior Flight Cadet : Sub-Aqua ; Gliding ; Chess ; Fine Arts.
- M. T. WILSON, Senior Flight Cadet.



Before leaving the College Her Royal Highness has a word with the children

COLLEGE

NOTES



As part of the preparation for the amalgamation of Cranwell and Henlow the College has been reorganised into Departments : the Department of Cadets under the Assistant Commandant (Cadets), responsible for all aspects of cadet training ; the Department of Engineering under the Assistant Commandant (Technical), responsible for the specialist training of technical cadets and technical officers. The Director of Studies is responsible to the Commandant for the educational aspects of training. He will have two assistants, an Assistant Director of Studies (Science and Humanities) in the Department of Cadets and an Assistant Director of Studies (Technical) in the Department of Engineering.

The reorganization has been accompanied by some renaming of buildings. The Commandant, Director of Studies and the headquarters staff are in the College Headquarters Building which has previously been known by various names. The main College is now called College Hall and is the headquarters of the Assistant Commandant (Cadets). The Assistant Commandant (Technical) has his headquarters in the new Trenchard Hall which is where most of the applied science will be taught. The name Tutorial Wing has disappeared and the whole building is now referred to, correctly, as Whittle Hall ; here the basic sciences and humanities are taught.



Air Commodore John Samuel Rowlands, G.C., O.B.E., B.Sc., was born in Flintshire and was educated at Hawarden School and the University of Wales. He joined the Royal Air Force Volunteer Reserve in 1939. Between 1940 and 1943 he was engaged on bomb disposal duties. In August, 1943, he was awarded the George Cross and the citation in the London Gazette stated that he had repeatedly displayed the most conspicuous courage and unselfish devotion to duty in circumstances of great personal danger. He is the only holder of the award still serving in the Royal Air Force.

After attending the Advanced Weapons Course in 1944 he was a Superintendent of Design in the Armament Design Establishment until 1946 when he attended a course at the Royal Air Force Staff College in Haifa, Palestine. Subsequently he served for a short period in the Royal Aircraft Establishment then later at the Atomic Weapons Research Establishment. He was in charge of the Royal Air Force team which participated in the first British Atomic Weapons tests in the Monte Bello Islands in 1952.

From 1953 to 1955 he commanded the Bomber Command Armament School, Royal Air Force Wittering, where he was the first Commanding Officer. After a further tour in Bomber Command, as Senior Technical Officer, Royal Air Force Binbrook, he was posted, in 1958, to be Senior Royal Air Force Officer at the Atomic Weapons Research Establishment, Aldermaston.

In 1961 he became a specialist attaché in Washington, where he served as Representative of the Chief Scientific Adviser, Ministry of Defence. Following a year as a student at the Imperial Defence College in 1964 he was posted to Cranwell as Assistant Commandant (Technical) in June 1965.

The *Journal* extends a warm welcome to Air Commodore Rowlands, Mrs Rowlands and their family.



Doctor George Tolley, M.Sc., Ph.D., F.R.I.C., was appointed Director of Studies at the Royal Air Force College on 1st September, 1965.

Doctor Tolley graduated from London University in 1945 with First Class Honours in Chemistry. He was awarded his M.Sc. in 1948 and his Ph.D. in 1952 for research in the field of physical chemistry.

From 1945 to 1949 Doctor Tolley was Chief Chemist for Metalisation Ltd., being responsible for research and development work relating to applications of sprayed metal coatings for corrosion protection, bearing surfaces and nuclear work. From 1949 to 1950 he was a Rotary Foundation Fellow and Visiting Research Fellow at Princeton University, USA. In 1951 he went to the Department of Chemistry at Birmingham College of Advanced Technology and from 1954 to 1958 was Head of the Department. He left Birmingham in 1958 and became Head of the Research Department at Allied Iron Founders Ltd., where he was responsible for research and development into production and application of new materials, particularly plastics, for use in the building and engineering industries. In 1961 he was appointed Principal of Worcester Technical College. He remained in this appointment until taking up his present position at the Royal Air Force College.



Doctor Tolley is a member of the National Council for Technological Awards and has contributed, in various capacities, to the work of the Plastics Institute, the City and Guilds Institute, the Commonwealth Library for Science and Technology and the Institute of Mechanical Engineers.

The *Journal* warmly welcomes Dr Tolley, Mrs Tolley and their family to the College and to the Royal Air Force.

Mr J. B. Boyes, M.A., who has been Director of Studies at the Royal Air Force College since April, 1960 has left to become Headmaster of the City of London School.

Mr Boyes' stay with us coincided with our relatively brief essay into recognizably academic education. He will be remembered for his enthusiasm in this cause and particularly by the Old Cranwellians who achieved graduate status in his time.

His youthful zest will also be remembered by those with whom he played tennis, those whom he trounced at squash, and those who appreciated the part he played in the social life of the College.

We wish to congratulate Mr Boyes on his excellent new appointment and to wish him, his wife and daughters the best of good wishes for the future.



We welcome Group Captain R. Duckett, O.B.E., B.Sc. to Cranwell for the third time. Group Captain Duckett joined the Royal Air Force Education Branch in January, 1937 and was posted to Cranwell as a civilian education officer in the Electrical and Wireless School which was then here. During the war he served in various appointments in aircrew Initial Training Wings and also did a three year tour in India.

After the war he was Group Education Officer at Headquarters No 42 Group and then from 1951 to 1955 he was Senior Physics Instructor at the Royal Air Force Technical College, Henlow. Group Captain Duckett came to Cranwell for the second time in July, 1955 as Senior Tutor (Science) and remained in that post until January, 1963. During this time he had, as he says, the additional cross to bear of a son as a flight cadet in 'A' squadron of No 83 Entry.

From Cranwell Group Captain Duckett went to Halton and served there until December, 1964. He then moved on to Henlow and then back to Cranwell in July, 1965. He is now Assistant Director of Studies, Basic Sciences and Humanities.

We hope that Group Captain and Mrs Duckett will enjoy their latest tour here.

Between 31st August and 10th September the College was host to the Commonwealth Inter-Service Study period, Unison 65. This was the fourth of a series of biennial studies which began with Uniflex in 1959. The study was led by Field Marshal Sir Richard Hull, K.C.B., D.S.O., A.D.C., the Chief of the Defence Staff and was attended by many senior officers from the Commonwealth countries.



A Royal Navy Wessex Mark V helicopter taking part in the Joint Warfare demonstration on the North Airfield

The purpose of the study was to examine the problems of defence organisation in the light of changing strategic concepts and weapons systems. Lectures were supplemented by a large static display of fighting equipment used in the United Kingdom services with particular emphasis on joint operations equipment. A two and a half hour flying display showed most of the aircraft at present in service together with others still in the development stage and culminated in joint service displays of bridge laying, airborne assault, photo-reconnaissance, low-level supply dropping and a helicopter assault.



His Excellency the Argentine Ambassador presenting the Argentine Air Force Award to Pilot Officer P. J. Gray

At a parade held on 2nd June, 1965, His Excellency Dr Adolfo A. Vicchi, the Ambassador of the Argentine Republic presented the Argentine Air Force Prizes to Pilot Officer P. J. Gray and Flight Cadet R. N. Coles. Pilot Officer Gray's award was for having achieved the highest marks among flight cadets graduating from the College in 1964, and was in the form of a replica of the sabre of an Argentine national hero. Flight Cadet Coles was awarded a gold medal for having achieved the highest marks among apprentices passing out in 1964 at No 1 School of Technical Training, Royal Air Force Halton.



Lord Shackleton being welcomed by the Commander-in-Chief

On the 21st May the Right Honourable Lord Shackleton, O.B.E., made his first visit to the Royal Air Force College as Minister of Defence for the Royal Air Force. Lord Shackleton served in the Royal Air Force from 1940 to 1945 as an intelligence officer in Coastal Command and at Air Ministry and reached the rank of Wing Commander. He was made an O.B.E. in 1945. After the war he entered politics and was elected to Parliament in 1946 as the Member for Preston. From 1946 to 1950 he was Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Supply and in 1951 held the same post with the Foreign Secretary. He was created a life peer in 1958 as Baron Shackleton of Burley.

The following promotions were made in No 88 Entry in June, 1965 :

'A' Squadron : Flight Cadet Senior Under Officer R. G. L. Williams, Flight Cadet Under Officers R. Kingston, I. Reilly and J. D. Annan.

'B' Squadron : Flight Cadet Senior Under Officer R. R. C. Parsley, Flight Cadet Under Officers R. Dixon, M. J. Purdie and A. T. L. Coverdale.

'C' Squadron : Flight Cadet Senior Under Officer S. N. Bostock, Flight Cadet Under Officers M. C. Roberts, D. H. G. Rowe and J. Morgan.

'D' Squadron : Flight Cadet Senior Under Officer B. J. Clifford, Flight Cadet Under Officers R. H. W. Hedges, J. D. Dale and C. E. Upton.



The competition for the Prince of Wales Trophy and for the title of Sovereign's Squadron was won by 'C' Squadron who won the Chimay Cup, came second in the Knocker Cup competition and last in the Ferris Drill Trophy competition.

The Senior Ferris competition was judged by a party from the Depot, Royal Marines, Deal, led by Major F. Reynolds R.M. The Malaya Cup competition was judged by a party from No 1 I.T.S., Royal Air Force, South Cerney led by Squadron Leader A. M. Bowman, R.A.F.

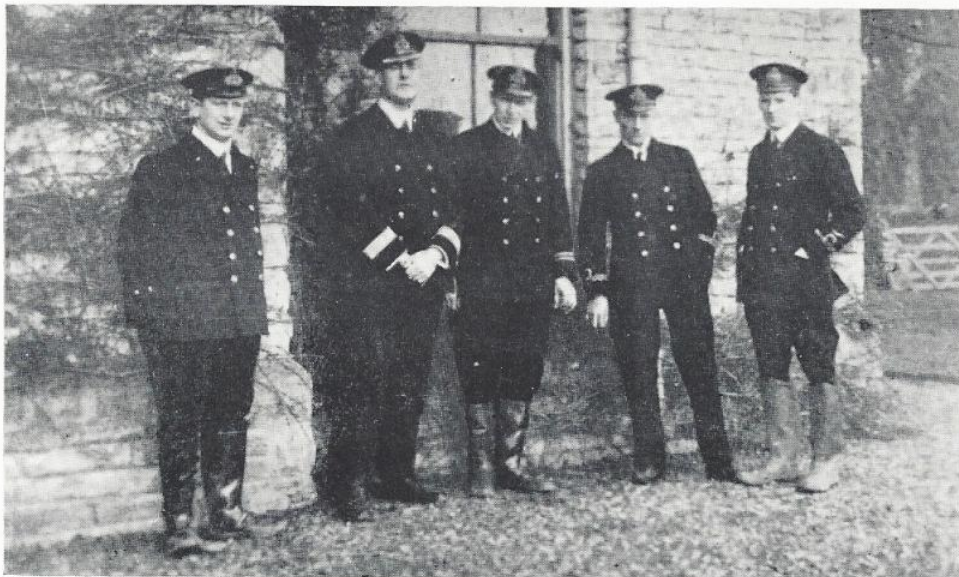


In the University of London examination held this Summer the five candidates who were entered from the College were successful and were awarded the Bachelor of Arts degree. They were Pilot Officers V. E. Ayres, K. A. Crowley, M. P. Kaye and K. D. Rhodes and Senior Flight Cadet P. A. Walliker (88 Entry). In the examinations of the Royal Aeronautical Society Pilot Officer P. Smith qualified to apply for graduate membership of the Society.



Flight Lieutenant Derek Marsh who was Assistant Editor of the *Journal* from 1961 to 1964 and Managing Editor in 1964 is leaving the College and the Royal Air Force to take up an appointment as assistant master at Llandoverly College.

Derek Marsh employed a high degree of application, energy, skill and enthusiasm in his work for the *Journal* and in the process made many friends. We wish him success in his new career, and his wife and family every happiness in the future.



Warrant Officer Stevens, Fleet Paymaster Tier, Flight Commander J. H. Lidderdale, R.N., Lieutenant J. R. Potter and Flight Sub-Lieutenant F. H. M. Maynard, R.N.A.S. outside The Lodge in January, 1916

Flight Commander J. H. Lidderdale R.N., Lieutenant J. R. Potter, R.N.V.R. and Flight Sub-Lieutenant F. H. M. Maynard, R.N.A.S., were the officers who opened Cranwell as a Royal Naval Air Service Station in December, 1915. They used The Lodge as their Officers' Mess until early in 1916 when buildings for a Mess were erected on the site of the present Officers' Mess. Flight Sub-Lieutenant Maynard later joined the Royal Air Force and retired as an Air Vice Marshal. Air Marshal Maynard flew the first aircraft into Cranwell and we publish below his account of this historic event.

“Of the three original officers who met each other for the first time at Kings Cross station in December, 1915, I am the only survivor. The other two were Flight Commander Lidderdale, aged about 25 and the chap in charge, and Lieutenant S. R. Potter, R.N.V.R. Both are now dead.

I was sent in late January or early February, 1916 to collect the first aeroplane, a BE 2c, from Chingford in Essex. I was the only available active pilot and had just completed about four months as an assistant flying instructor at C.F.S.

I duly collected the BE 2c, No. 3999, and set off for Cranwell. It proved to be too long a flight for this elderly aeroplane and I had to refuel. This I did by landing in a rather small field just outside Bourne. The usual small crowd collected and when I had explained my needs

some kind chap rushed off and collected three or four two gallon cans of petrol from a local garage. With refuelling completed I set out on the last lap after a rather sticky take-off due to a railway embankment. I had a few feet to spare so all was well and I duly arrived at Cranwell and thus completed the first landing at that station.

We, the BE 2c and I, were very heartily received and we at Cranwell all felt less bogus after the arrival of an aeroplane which really belonged to us ! It was several weeks later before we acquired any more and meanwhile I flew our BE 2c all round the district just to show the flag and to indicate that we really were some kind of aircraft establishment. The BE 2c was housed in a canvas hangar.”



We always thought that College Notes were read only by the writer, the Editor and the subjects. However, this illusion has been shattered by a letter from Flying Officer M. C. Brooke of No 16 Squadron. He points out that Air Commodore Cameron could not have flown with No 16 Squadron in the Battle of Britain, as we said in our last issue, because they were flying Tiger Moths. Air Commodore Cameron in fact flew with No 17 Squadron.

We apologise for our error and thank Flying Officer Brooke for his interest and his letter.



Mr L. W. H. Topley died at the age of forty three on the 7th August, 1965. He was a College Mess clerk for the last thirteen of his twenty five year association with Cranwell and the wartime Royal Air Force Volunteer Reserve, but it is not only for this that he will be remembered. To hundreds of service and ex-service sportsmen he was an organiser, an adviser and a friend : the secretary of the unit football club, the unit cricket club, the Lincolnshire Services Football Club and a number of sports organisations in Sleaford.

Whether he was acting as secretary, as team selector, as linesman, as referee or as an emergency right winger, he was always scrupulously honest and fair. Add to these qualities the product of the quiet unstinting, conscientious, painstaking service he gave to cricket and football and it can be understood why so many felt a deep personal loss when they heard of his early death.

Mr L. W. H. Topley leaves behind a widow, a daughter, many friends and a very fine example.

MILITARY PROFESSIONALISM

by WING COMMANDER J. WALSH

Until recent times, the professional character of the modern officer body has been neglected as a field of study, whereas the nature of other professions as professions has been thoroughly examined. When studies of the military profession have been made in the past, they have tended to define professionalism in the military exclusively in terms of recruitment, promotion and other career considerations. The result has been that when the term professional has been used in connection with the military it has normally been in the sense of "professional" as contrasted with "amateur" rather than in the sense of "profession" as distinct from "craft" or "trade"; and the phrase "professional soldier" or "professional airman" has obscured the difference between the regular serviceman and the career officer who is professional in the sense of one who pursues a higher calling in the service of society.

In the last few years there have been more satisfactory attempts to analyse the professional nature of the officer corps, notably by General Hackett in this country, and by Professors Huntington and Janowitz in the United States. Huntington points out, in his book "The Soldier and the State," that a profession is a peculiar type of functional group with highly specialized characteristics. Sculptors, typists, train-drivers and advertising copywriters all have distinct functions but no one of these functions is professional in nature. Huntington sees the distinguishing characteristics of a profession as responsibility corporateness and expertise. The responsibility is to society, in whose service the professional places his monopoly of special skill, without monetary gain as his prime consideration, and guided by a set of values held in common with his fellow professionals.

Corporateness springs from the feeling of solidarity and distinctiveness due partly to the special training and special skills of the group, and partly to the shared feeling of responsibility. The expertise, or specialized knowledge or skill, is acquired by prolonged training of both a general and a technical nature.

Is professionalism characteristic of the modern officer in the same sense in which it is characteristic of the doctor or the lawyer? An officer's responsibility to society lies in his commitment to serve and defend his country, a commitment supported by a strict sense of honour and a dedication as great if not greater than that of any other profession. The corporateness of the officer corps is also evident. The military profession has a complete way of life of its own, summed up in the acceptance, even by the general public, of the term "civilian" in reference to what is non-military. Solidarity is based on a communal life in the unit and in the mess, and is fostered by a strong professional loyalty, often a sense of danger, and the detailed courtesies and protocol even in social life which give the military profession a distinctive cohesion. It is more difficult to distinguish the expertise, the third characteristic. The officer corps appears to contain a great variety of specialist skills, some of which are not peculiar to the military. There is one generally recognised common and central skill, however, which has been termed "the management of violence," or to use General Hackett's phrase, "the ordered application of force," which distinguishes the military officer as a military officer.

The military profession can therefore be said to meet all three criteria. All professions

however, are facing the problem of adjustment to a period of great changes. How will military professionalism stand up to the challenges of the next few decades ?

It seems that it will be in the field of expertise that it will meet its greatest challenge. The impact of a host of technological, economic, political and psychological factors will place heavy demands on service leaders. The old "heroic" leadership attributes that singled out the profession in the past must still be inculcated and fostered in officers, but the revolutionary developments in weapon technology and the inter-relationship of military, economic and foreign affairs mean that new dimensions must be added to leadership skills. For instance, the expertise needed for such appointments as those on a NATO planning staff or in R and D work have little relationship to the traditional expertise associated with the "management of violence."

The organizational revolution which pervades the modern world and which implies management by means of manipulation and persuasion, with great dependence on managerial skills, is also to be found in the services. For some time there has been a movement, particularly in western navies and air forces, away from authority based on coercion. In the future, commanders will increasingly tend to concern themselves, not with the enforcement of discipline as such, but with the maintenance of high levels of morale and initiative. Since this entails reliance on the team concept of organization, the skills associated with civilian administrators and officials will more and more be required by the military profession. Any tendency to over reliance on influencing behaviour by manipulation or persuasion, however, will inevitably bring about its own problems in a basically authoritarian organization. In an age when airmen in the ranks may feel that regulations are there to protect and support them rather than to restrict and compel them, what happens in time of crisis when officers have no time to explain unpleasant decisions ? The attitude of the American commissary general, who complained bitterly in 1898 when the Spanish-American War came along and disrupted his splendid, smoothly-running supply organ-

ization, is indicative of the dangers faced by the military profession when it tends to forget its *raison d'être*.

The dangers will be all the greater as the last general war of 1939-45 becomes increasingly remote, whereas the next general war, being suicidal, will also seem remote. While security will be more important than ever, it can never again, it seems, be a "given" in the strategical situation, but only a goal. In the prolonged non-war based upon deterrence, the maintenance of morale and initiative in the services will become more difficult, since deterrence clashes with the traditional ideas of military leadership. With the main purpose of the armed forces being more and more the negative one of preventing, rather than of winning, war and with the military philosophy of victory more and more submerged under the political philosophy of compromise, the difficulty of keeping the services ready for war will be increased manifold.

A further challenge to the expertise of the military profession comes from the vastly increased need for specialization in the modern services. The technological revolution has made the management of violence increasingly skilled and complex, and the associated strategic revolution has produced an elongated spectrum of violence stretching from subversion to "spasm" nuclear war — a spectrum graphically depicted by Herman Kahn's forty-four rungs in his ladder of escalation. Specialists are needed in all types of warfare and in all military programmes in preparation for warfare. In the past when specialists were less numerous and less specialized, the conflicting requirements could be reconciled, and more-or-less "integrated" service leaders could be appointed. The technological and strategic revolutions are making the reconciliation much more difficult. Although the trend towards specialization is found in almost all professions (for instance, the decline of the generalist doctor (G.P.) is very marked in the U.S.A.), the fact that the military profession is more hierarchical than any other profession compounds its difficulties in this respect. In medicine, the doctor starts with a basis of general professional knowledge and goes on to become progressively specialized in some

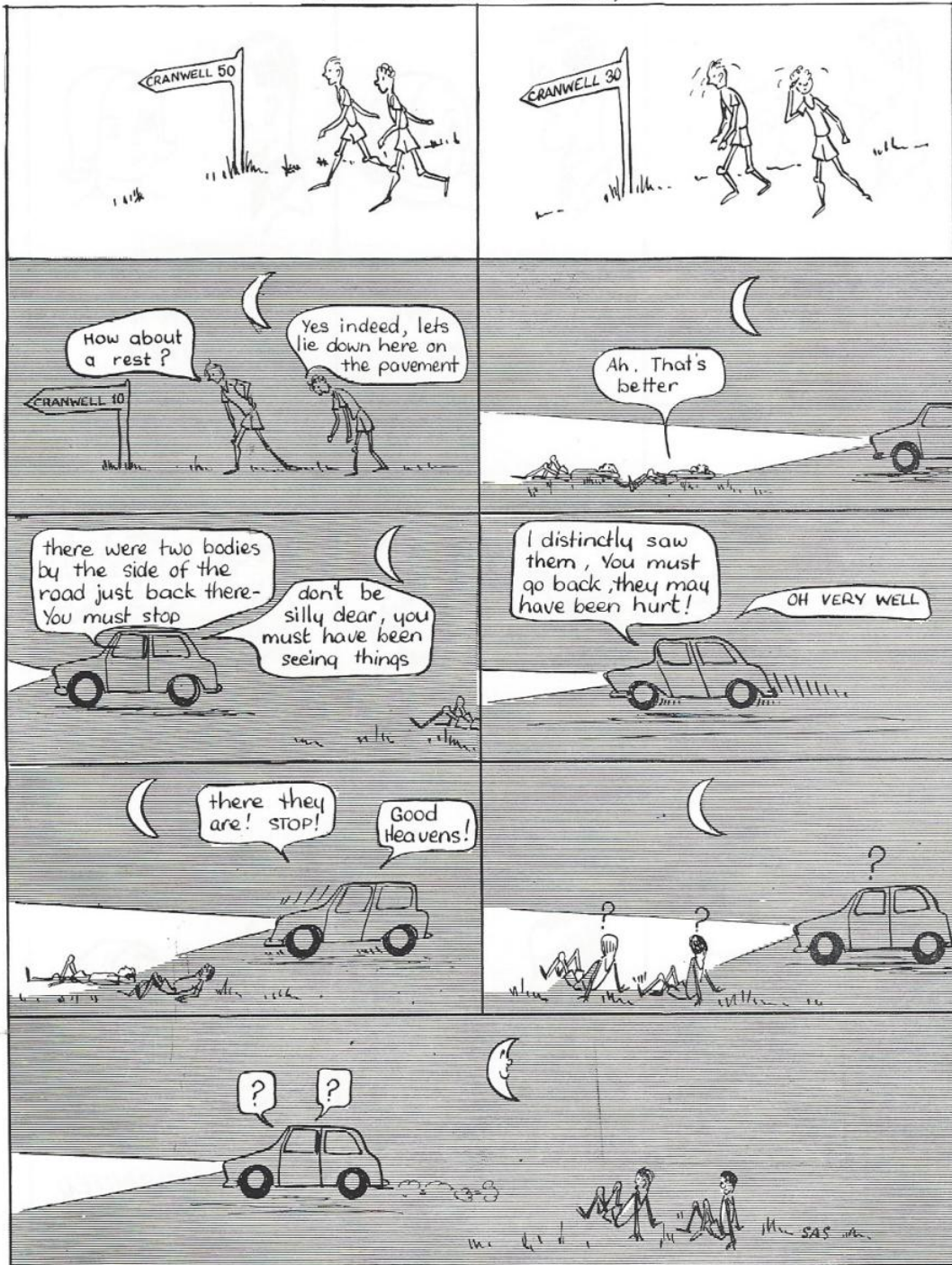
distinct branch. There is no conflict between increasing technical specialization and professional advancement — if anything, the latter is becoming more and more dependent on the former. In the officer corps, however, top leaders are needed who are not narrow specialists: “the generals must also be generalists.”

The challenge to military professionalism from civilian experts has been felt for a number of years now in the U.S.A. A new type of expert has emerged since 1945, the military intellectual. Men like Herman Kahn, Bernard Brodie, Wohlstetter and Kissinger “move freely through the corridors of the Pentagon and the State Department rather as the Jesuits through the courts of Madrid and Vienna three centuries ago.” Secretary MacNamara has relied considerably on his analysts, notably Charles Hitch, an economist who was until recently Comptroller of Defense, for to MacNamara it seems that in present-day decision making the nature of strategy involves a kind of analysis for which military training and experience is alone insufficient. In addition, much reliance is placed on such “think” institutions as Rand Corporation, an independent non-profit making corporation which, with access to top secret information, does conceptual and systems analysis on contract from the U.S. Air Force, the Department of Defense and other defence agencies. It exercises influence through its publications and reports, its briefings to top officials and to some extent, its interchange of experts with the government. Expert advice, studies and investigations on complex military issues are therefore available to American government leaders from sources other than military, and it is clear that the military profession is no longer the only, or even the main, source from which strategists are drawn. In the U.S.A. it seems inevitable that, against a background of complexity and difficulty, wider sources of brain power will continue to be tapped, especially since those who are committed (i.e. serving officers) to a particular affiliation or tradition, find it very difficult to agree on an inter-service basis on the future allocation of resources amongst the services and since, supported by “outside” expertise, the civilian officials can be in their own right more critical of service advice. In the U.S.A. the military leaders have found themselves in danger of being ignored, on three of the four general functional areas

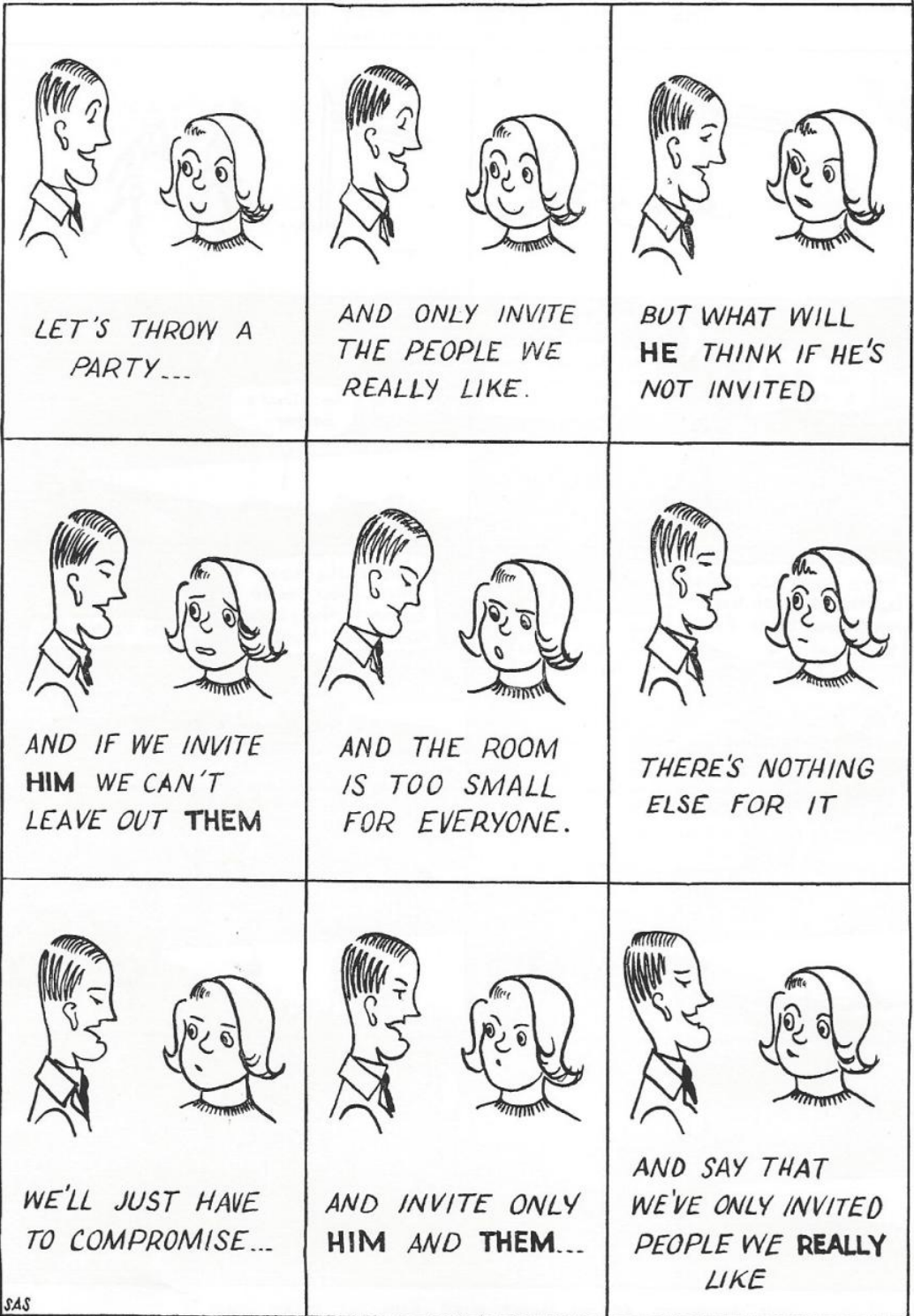
into which military expertise falls: planning for operations; the design of strategy and the make-up of forces to carry them out; and the management of military resources. Only in the fourth, the conduct of operations and training for them, is military expertise unchallenged (but even then, in particularly critical operations such as in the Cuban missile crisis, there has been very tight operational control over the military leaders by civilian officials. In Britain, it is probable that civilian expertise has hardly yet emerged as a challenge to military expertise on the American scale, but the trend towards the Pentagon model seems to have started in our own newly centralized Ministry of Defence with its increased emphasis on cost effectiveness. It should not be forgotten, moreover, that Sir Charles Snow has pointed out that as long ago as World War II, the really “cardinal choices” of options — those that really determined strategy — were made by a handful of British scientific experts. The famous Lindemann-Tizard bombing controversy of 1942 concerned one of these cardinal choices.

These then are some of the challenges to military expertise. Specialization, the stress on management skills and the intrusion of civilian influence into what has been a military domain all indicate a “civilianizing” encroachment on the military. Can the two other characteristics of responsibility and corporateness remain unchanged and virtually unchallenged? The three characteristics are of course closely related, and it is probable that a weakening of the corporateness of the profession, or at least a loss of some of its special and distinctive qualities, will ensue as a result of the problems and innovations discussed above. It is not impossible that in reaction to civilian encroachment and control a British military leader might misinterpret his responsibility, as did General McArthur in the United States, saying that “no proposition could be more dangerous than that the members of our armed forces owe primary allegiance or loyalty to those who temporarily exercise the authority of the executive branch”—but highly improbable however, given the traditions of military service in Britain. The essential point is that this one characteristic should be intact and undiminished in all the complexity of the future: responsibility, based upon moral commitment and dedication, is the soul of the profession.

THE ERMINE STREET 50 MILE WALK
(THIS ACTUALLY HAPPENED)



ANY GUESSES AS TO WHAT WAS SAID IN THAT CAR?



CAN THE ROYAL AIR FORCE AFFORD TO WAIT BEFORE APPLYING THE TECHNIQUE OF COST-EFFECTIVENESS GENERALLY IN THE DAY TO DAY RUNNING OF THE SERVICE ? OR HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE MY GOLDEN BOWLER

What is cost-effectiveness, sometimes called cost-benefit analysis, sometimes systems analysis ? It is a way of looking at problems. For an example of this way of looking at things read this extract from Mr McNamara's report on the "Economic Aspects of the United States Defense Programme 1965-6" made on January 27th 1964. "Suppose we have," he says, "two tactical fighter aircraft which are identical in every important measure of performance, except one — Aircraft A can fly ten miles per hour faster than Aircraft B. However, Aircraft A costs \$10,000 more per unit than Aircraft B, thus if we need about 1000 aircraft, the total additional cost would be \$10 million.

If we approach this problem from the viewpoint of a given amount of resources, the additional combat effectiveness represented by the greater speed of Aircraft A would have to be weighed against the additional combat effectiveness which the same \$10 million could produce if applied to other defence purposes — more Aircraft B, more or better aircraft munitions, or more ships, or even more military family housing. And if we approach the problem from the point of view of combat capability, we would have to determine whether that given amount could be achieved at less cost by buying, for example, more of Aircraft B or more aircraft munitions or better munitions, or perhaps surface-to-surface missiles. Thus the fact that Aircraft A flies ten miles per hour faster than Aircraft B is not conclusive. We still have to determine whether the greater speed is worth the greater cost. This kind of determination is the heart of the planning-programming-budgeting, or resources allocation problem within the Defense Department."

This way of looking at things has been arranged under five headings in chapter 7, "Efficiency in Military Decisions," of Hitch and McKean's "The Economics of Defense in the Nuclear Age."

"The elements of a military problem of economic choice, whether its solution requires advanced mathematics, high speed computing equipment, or just straight hard thinking are therefore the following :

1. **An objective or objectives.** (What aim or aims are we trying to accomplish ?).
2. **Alternatives.** (By what alternative forces, equipment projects, tactics and so on may the objective be accomplished ?).
3. **Costs.** (What resources are used by each alternative).
4. **A Model.** (Make models of the alternative means of achieving the aim. "Models are abstract representations of reality that help us to perceive significant relations in the real world, to manipulate them, and thereby predict others.")
5. **A Criterion.** (The test by which one alternative is chosen rather than another, usually maximum objective at minimum cost.)"

If this may seem too simple, read what Alain C. Enthoven, the U.S.A. Assistant Secretary of Defense for Systems Analysis said in a paper presented at the annual meeting of the American Economic Association in December 1962. In his conclusion he said : "First, the tools of analysis that we use are the simplest, most fundamental concepts of economic theory combined with the simplest quantitative methods The advanced mathematical techniques of econometrics and operations research have not proved to be particularly useful in problems I have described (Economic analysis in the Defense Department). Although a good grasp of this kind of mathematics is very valuable as intellectual formation, we are not applying linear programming, formal game theory, non-linear programming under uncertainty, or anything like it. The economic theory we are using is the theory most of us used as sophomores. The reason Ph.D.'s are required is that many economists do not believe what they have learned until

they have gone through graduate school and acquired a vested interest in marginal analysis."

What fundamental concepts do economists learn in their first year studying the subject? Enthoven mentions marginal analysis, McNamara in the report quoted above mentions diminishing returns, a third concept is diminishing utility, and a fourth from John J. Clark's article on Defence and Systems Analysis in the R.U.S.I. Journal, November, 1964, is "*opportunity cost.*"

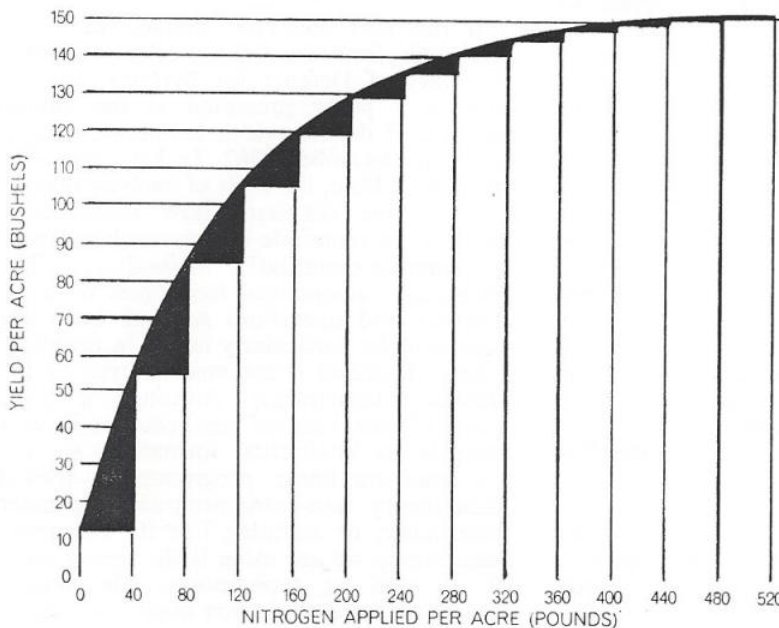
A margin at school is a line drawn down the side of an exercise book beyond which the writing does not go. As the pupil grows older the marginal line disappears but the margin remains and is quite real, although the line is no longer there.

The margin in economic analysis is an imaginary line that separates the units of production that we produce from those that we might have produced but did not; the margin separates the biscuits that we bought from those that we did not buy. If we measure units of things produced in numbers and we produce 1000 cars in a period, then the margin comes after the 1000th car, but before the 1001st car. The 1000th car is the marginal car. What that car sells for is the

marginal price, what it costs to make is the marginal cost. This is a useful concept, for marginal costs and marginal revenues are more sensitive to change than either total costs or average costs. For example, an economist, given the task of increasing recruiting would look at the total number of recruits, look at the average number of recruits, but would get most information by looking at the margin, the imaginary line that divides the recruit who only just thought it worth while to join up from the civilian who almost joined up but who just failed to sign on. It is in this area that recruits are to be found, not amongst those who want to join the R.A.F. no matter what the pay is, nor among those who would never join up even if the pay were astronomical.

So much for an introduction to the concept of the margin. What about diminishing returns and diminishing utility? The law of diminishing returns says that, after a certain point, as the units of men, machines or land used in a productive process is increased the marginal return (the increased output added to the total by each marginal or extra productive unit as it is employed) will decrease. Two examples of decreasing returns are:

a. The yield from Nitrogen applied per acre as shown in the diagram below:



Fertilizer Economics are indicated by the curve of yield compared with applications of fertilizer. This curve is based on a crop of irrigated corn grown in the state of Washington. With nitrogen as with other fertilizers, crop yields diminish with increasing applications of nutrients. In time additional increments of fertilizer become uneconomical.

(Diagram from *Scientific American*, June, 1965)

b. As the number of servicemen recruited in the last war rose so the standard of new entrants fell. Standards of entry were progressively lowered if only because the best applicants were selected first.

Now for the law of diminishing utility. This states the more we have of a commodity the less utility we get from possessing more of it. The classical example is loaves of bread to a starving man and glasses of water to a thirsty man, but it can also be applied to the fighter aircraft received by the C-in-C Malta during the last war. When the only aircraft on the island were Faith, Hope and Charity the first few fighters to land or be unloaded were of greater value than those reaching the island at a later date, just as the first loaf is more important to a starving man than the tenth, and to a man dying of thirst the first glass of water is more important than the tenth. Thus the student of economics sees that, after a point, both output and satisfaction decrease as the total units employed and consumed increase. He sees that, beyond a point, increased numbers of aircraft become more and more difficult to produce and that more and more aircraft beyond a point do less and less harm to the enemy. The student sees that the problem is when to switch resources from one use to another, when to stop using resources to build more aircraft and when to build, say, more tank-landing craft. The economist is on the look out for situations to which the laws might be fruitfully applied. For example " air attack on Germany only became a truly strategical operation when it was directed against the sources of energy and the means of distribution. From the first, had bombing been restricted to them, vast economies would have been effected and the savings could have been invested in the production of landing-craft, anti-submarine and transport aircraft, which throughout the war were in constant short supply." (P. 286 "The Conduct of War" Fuller.)

This quotation from Fuller leads on naturally to the concept of opportunity cost. The opportunity cost of any course of action (a) is the course of action (b) or (c) or (d) that has had to be forgone when course (a) was embarked upon. In this sense the cost of (a) is what we have had to do without (b) or (c) or (d). The cost of painting white kerb-

stones for an inspection is a coat of paint on perhaps two sheds or twenty pairs of goal posts.

Are we in the services directed to look at problems in this way? For example how does cost-effective analysis or systems analysis compare with the analysis laid down in the Joint Service Staff Manual on Service Writing of which para 1006 says :—

"The basic framework of a service paper consists of :

- a. Introduction or background.
- b. Aim.
- c. Discussion.
- d. Conclusion.
- e. Recommendations.

In the whole chapter there is not once mentioned the word "costs." Under the side-heading "Revision," para 1012 ends : "The following tests should be applied :

- a. Has the aim been kept in view throughout ?
- b. Does the title aptly describe the paper ?
- c. Is the introduction concise and complete ?
- d. Have all aspects of the subject been covered ?
- e. Have all facts been correctly stated, and are they in the right order ?
- f. Is the reasoning sound ?
- g. Is the conclusion concise, complete and logical ?
- h. Is the distribution correct ?
- j. Can the English be improved ?
- k. Does the construction follow the rules contained in this manual ?

No mention is made of considering the costs involved. Again, in Chapter 11 the word "history" is used once but not "costs." In Chapter 16, "Appreciation" para 1609 :—

" Method of Appreciating

1609. The method used is that of breaking the problem down to its component parts so that each may be examined in detail. There are five distinct steps in writing a complete and formal appreciation :

- a. The first two steps resolve what must be done by :
 - (1) Studying the existing situation.
 - (2) Deciding on the aim to be attained.

b. The next three steps decide how it should be done by :

- (1) Reasoning out all the relevant factors.
- (2) Considering possible ways of attaining the aim.
- (3) Deciding the best course of action to attain the aim."

Costs are not named as one of the component parts, nor anywhere in these chapters is it even suggested that aims should be related to costs. When revising an appreciation para 1658 reads :—"1658. After completing the appreciation, it should be revised and checked to ensure that it will stand up to the following tests :

- a. Is the reasoning sound ?
- b. Is it set out in logical order ?
- c. Is everything in it relevant to the problem, and has anything relevant been forgotten ?
- d. Is it free from uncertainties and ambiguities ?
- e. Is it accurate, e.g. are positions, times and distances correct ?

f. Has the aim been kept in mind throughout and can the plan achieve the aim ?

No question here of the costs involved being justified, no questioning if this is the cheapest way of achieving the aim, no asking if a less ambitious aim would save enough resources in material or lives to be justified.

Not only is there no mention of costs in the manual, but there is no mention of using "models" either. Models can be small scale models of aircraft in wind tunnels, or contour maps, or they may be diagrams on paper, or mathematical models, or formulae, or sketches on the back of an envelope, or the cruet and knives and forks on the dinner table, or they may be simple comparisons like the Zulus' comparison of their plan of attack to the head and horns of a bull. They are not over complicated, but essentially simplified to show what is needed to understand and to solve the problem in hand.

Compare, then, the Service Paper, the Appreciation and Cost-effective analysis :—

Service Paper	Appreciation	Cost-Effectiveness
1. Introduction or background.	1. Review of Situation.	1. Aim.
2. Aim.	2. Factors affecting the selection of the aim	2. Alternative Methods of Achieving the Aim.
3. Discussion.	3. The Aim.	3. Costs of Alternatives.
4. Conclusion.	4. Factors.	4. Models of Alternatives.
5. Recommendations.	5. Enemy Courses.	5. Criterion.
	6. Enemy's most probable Course.	
	7. Own Course.	
	8. Selection of Best Course	
	9. Plan.	

All three are concerned with achieving the aim, but only cost-effectiveness makes special mention of relating costs to aim, and only cost-effectiveness suggests that models be used.

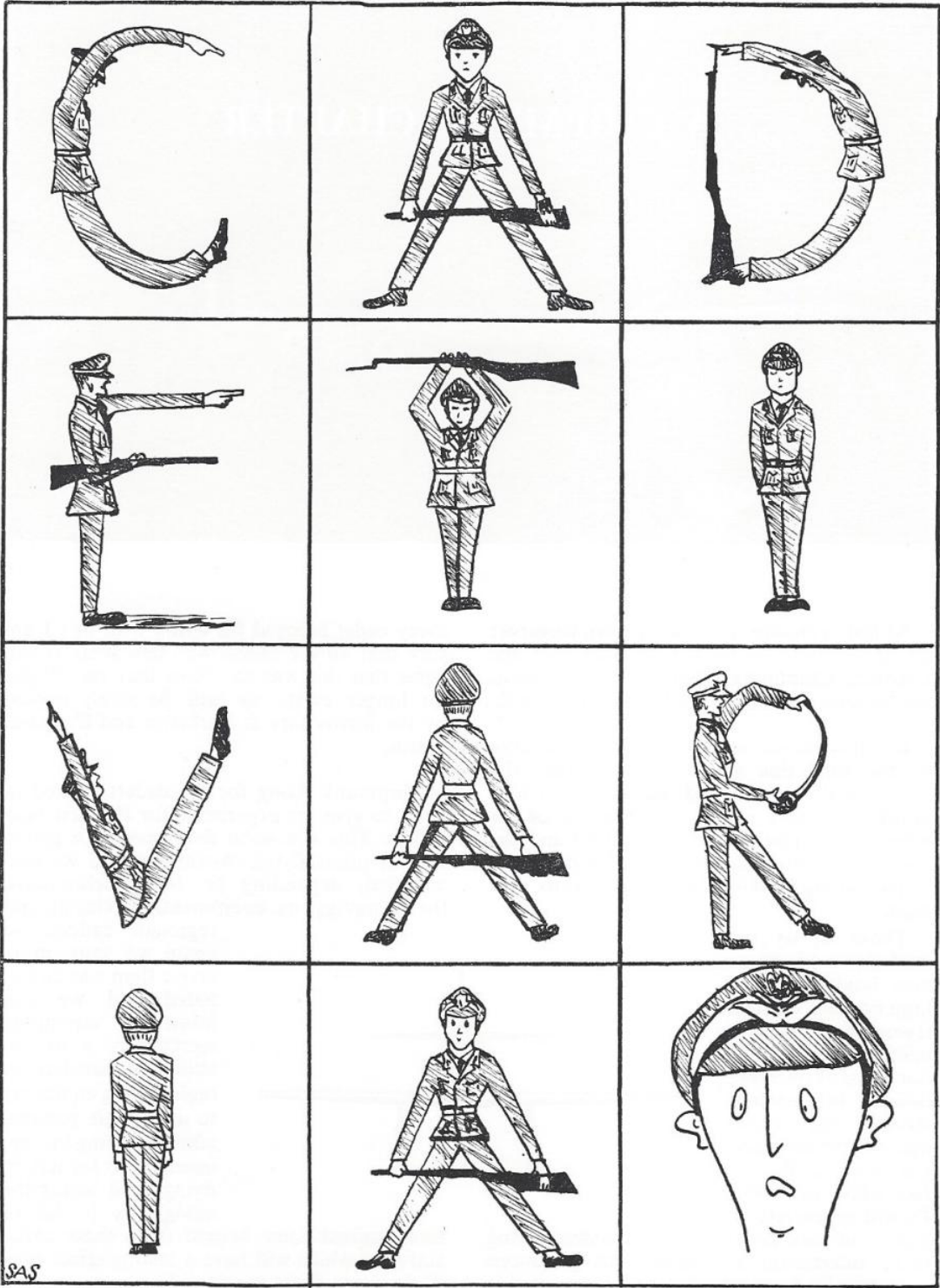
Should the elements of this new technique, which are included in the Economics syllabus at this College, be written into the Manual of Service Writing ? In ' Cost and Benefit Analysis : A Survey ' by A. R. Prest and R. Turvey, The Economic Journal, December, 1965, the authors write :

" An important advantage of a cost benefit study is that it forces those responsible to

quantify costs and benefits as far as possible rather than rest content with vague qualitative judgements or personal hunches."

" Even if cost benefit analysis cannot give the right answers, it can sometimes play the purely negative role of screening projects and rejecting those answers which are obviously less promising insistence on cost benefit analysis can help in the rejection of inferior projects, which are nevertheless promoted for empire-building or pork-barrel reasons."

D. D. W. N.



SAS

A CHIPMUNK CHAPTER



At last, a chance to blow our own trumpet; an opportunity to record the fact that the Cranwell Chipmunk Flight really did exist, and despite sceptics, served a useful purpose.

But this record must be nostalgic because by the time this article is being read the Flight will have closed down, the Chipmunks will have bolted into their holes (or whatever Chipmunks do on demise) and the users of 'Lighter than Air' road will be able to pass along its length with their heads held high.

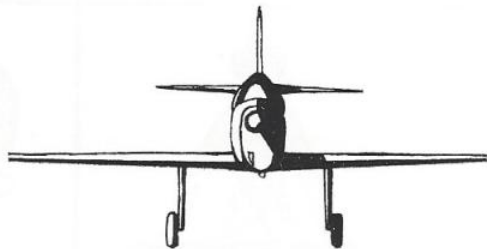
Those of us who staffed the Flight can also hold our heads high because we made it work, despite having neither an official task nor terms of reference; besides this each instructor had an average of fifteen cadets per week to fly — a fact which other Q.F. I's will appreciate. To make our task easier and the cadets' flying more interesting a syllabus was produced domestically to ensure that as far as possible

every cadet enjoyed his flying with us; I am sure that all the cadets who flew with us will agree that this was so. Now that the Flight no longer exists we will be sorely missed by the instructors at Barkston and Cranwell South.

Chipmunk flying for the cadets started in 1959 to give air experience for the first year cadets. This was soon developed into giving the u/t pilots flying instruction and we also included, depending on their inclinations, the u/t navigators, equipment, secretarial, and

regiment cadets. So again we were more active than was anticipated and we can boast of equipping secretaries with an ability to aerobat, of regimenting equippers to the circuit pattern, administrating the regimenters to formation flying, and losing the navigators! All of

them gained some benefit from these aerial activities which will have a lasting effect even if their pre-flight meals did not.



*Photographs
A. J. Steel*



During the Flight's short history we had our moments, and any visitor to the crew room would have remarked upon the preponderance of grey hairs (I am referring to the staff) not entirely due to advancing years. This fact can be verified by questioning any members of the audience who witnessed

our bi-annual, misnamed spot landing competitions. They saw that our proteges' skill in handling the Chipmunk included an enthusiastic determination to commit suicide, which, but for the intervention of the rear seat passenger would have included murder as well. But before an impression is gained



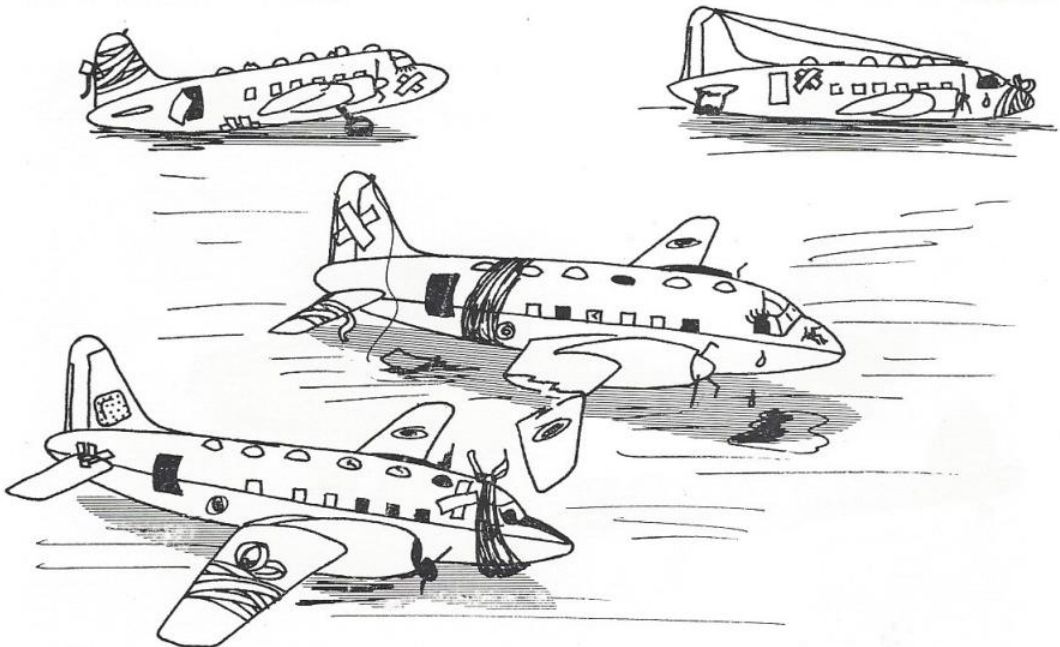
from the foregoing that the cadets' performance during the (ouch !) landing competition was a mirror of their flying skill, or more precisely a censure on the flying instruction they had received, I must in all loyalty defend both their effort and ours. It was as much due to the circumstances — some competitors had less than three hours solo in their log books — as to our choice of days, which, as many of the spectators will confirm, did not include good weather. To my knowledge 85 Entry's competition was held during a snowstorm, 86's in rain, 87's landings were downwind, 88's in a thunderstorm, 89's in a gale and only 90's effort was in good weather conditions.

I think also that we must seek recognition as being the original all weather flight ; with conditions that stopped our paraffin partners participating we were flying a full

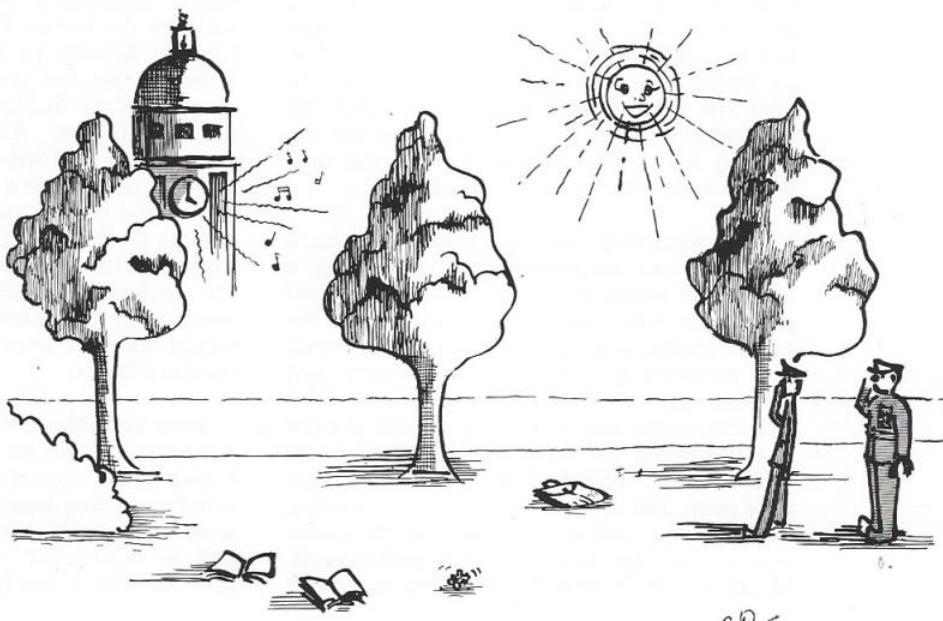
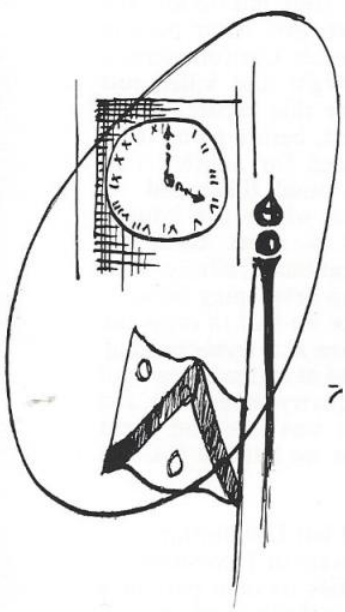
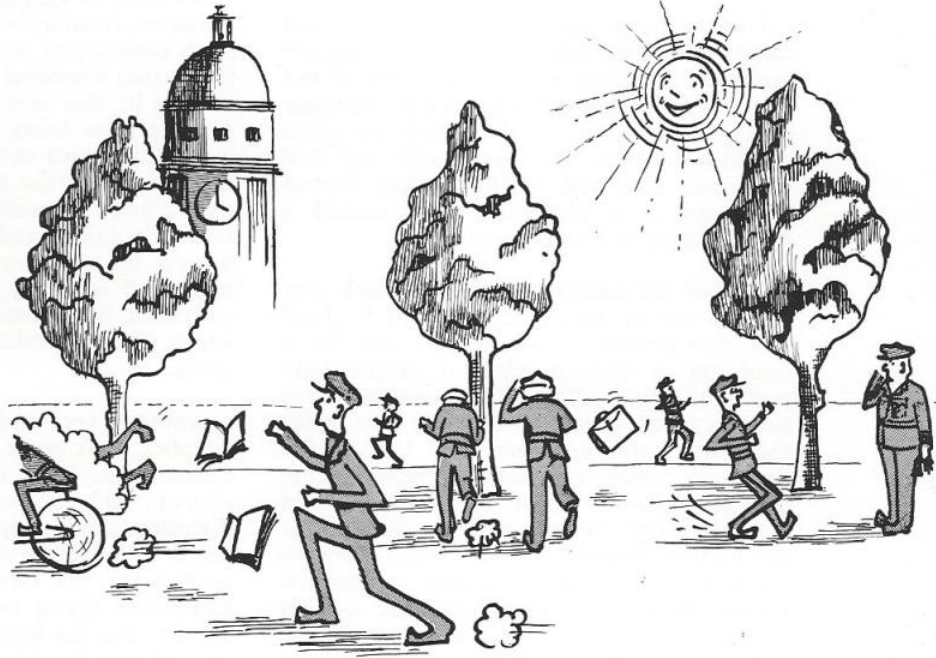
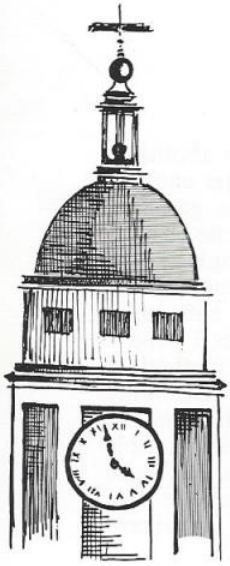
dual programme. Because of our lower limits we had to develop our own recovery procedure — I think it is now safe to release the details of the system whereby we turned right at the Ashby water tower, turned left at the Brauncewell telephone and then homed overhead the sewage farm. The only weather condition that defeated us was strong winds which was just as well, as our main homing aid was completely unreliable in such weather.

Well the Chipmunks have gone, but not completely from the minds, I hope, of all who were associated with them ; those of us who join hands in a mental Auld Lang Syne will offer a prayer that should they return please may the aircraft be fitted with cockpit heating and the bumps of the North Airfield be flattened.

Flight Lieutenant J. Neale.



СВЕТЛОСТЬ И РАДОСТЬ



FOXES AND FOXHUNTING

SOME REMINISCENCES OF MR S. GODSON

I was a lad of twelve when I first decided upon a hunting life. I went as a learner groom to a farmer who had a stable of five fine hunters. From the beginning riding came easily to me, and this fact gave me great confidence. After two years with my first employer, I moved on to become second horseman to a gentleman who owned a mixed stable of hunters and racers.

One of the earlier hunts that I took part in, was one at which the Duke of Rutland was also present. It was a great day for a hunt and a large number of people took part; the ones without horses followed the hunt in cars, cycles, and even on foot. After the Master and huntsmen had been in for the toast, which is always customary before a hunt, everyone set off in the direction of Rauceby High Wood. After a short while the hounds disturbed the fox, and they set off at a fast pace past Ancaster to Sparrow Gorse. Here the fox turned back on his tracks, only to be headed off again by the followers on horseback. He then headed towards a plantation called Stack Hill. By this time both the hounds and the huntsmen were very close and everyone was travelling at a great pace. For about ten minutes the fox dodged about among the shrubs, and then he decided to slip down a hedge row, to Cliff Hill Plantation. I was close up with the hunt at this point and was lucky to see the leading hounds catch the fox, on the outskirts of the Plantation, and kill him.

This particular fox was believed to have been the one responsible for destroying a number of young hens belonging to a retired policeman, who kept them to supplement his rather inadequate pension. This occurrence was reported to the Hunt Committee and resulted in the hunt just described. This incident is just one of many in which the fox has destroyed the very livelihood of some small farmer. This destruction goes on year after year, and is the main reason for hunting taking place, and not as some people insist, simply for the sport of the participants. Many maintain that fox hunting is a cruel

sport, and for this reason wish to abolish it as a means of keeping the fox under control. However, from my own experiences, gathered from twenty-two years in the saddle, I have found that whenever the fox is caught by the hounds he dies instantly. In no case has he escaped after being injured, and suffered a miserably drawn out death. In fact I believe that hunting is the most humane method of controlling the animal. Shooting often only results in injury and a slow death from the wound or starvation; while the horrible results of scientific methods can easily be witnessed by reference to the terrible fate which has overtaken the rabbit in recent years.

Another very enjoyable hunt that I remember, took place at a small village called Leadenham. The hunt started at eleven o'clock, and after a short time the hounds disturbed a fox which made off in the direction of Stupdon, a small village on the way to Newark. He then circled round, passing Caythorpe Gorse and making for Frieston. By this time the hounds were hot on his trail and he was beginning to tire. After passing Frieston he tried to reach Carlton Scroop Plantation, but was caught and killed just before reaching it. After this exciting chase we gave the horses a rest, before going in to Carlton Scroop to search for another fox. However no fox was found there and we moved on to Sudbrook where the hounds discovered one. After a short chase he crossed the Sleaford-Grantham railway track and this resulted in a gap developing between us and the hounds, since we had to cross the railway farther up the line at a level-crossing. The chase then continued at a great pace until we reached Ancaster quarry where the fox went to earth. Since it was late and night would soon be upon us we left the fox and returned home.

Soon after this hunt I left Lincolnshire and went to work on an estate in Leicestershire. I had many opportunities to take part in a number of fine hunts, in Leicestershire, and soon came to the conclusion that the fox was just as destructive here as he had been in Lincolnshire. Usually hunts in Leicestershire

were longer than in Lincolnshire since the greater amount of woodland and higher hedges resulted in the fox having added advantages over the hounds and huntsmen. My stay in Leicestershire came to an end and when I was offered the post of groom in the stables of His Royal Highness the Duke of York, at Windsor, I felt bound to accept the invitation since it would be the high point of my career. I enjoyed every moment of my time in Royal service. I was treated with great kindness and respect at all times. When finally I left Windsor, it was my desire to hunt again which formed the basis of my decision. The Duke of York was extremely understanding and wished me luck, and I finally returned to Lincolnshire not long before the war took place, and the fox was able to carry on his destruction unrestrained. At the end of the war I was

offered the task of restarting the Riding School at the R.A.F. College, where I had held a post immediately before the war. I accepted and in the closing stages of my career spent many enjoyable days hunting with the Blankney hounds. After one such hunt at Waddington I hung my whip and spurs up for the last time, after twenty-two years in the saddle.

I hope that in the future fox hunting will continue to be as popular as it has been in the past. Also that people realise the mean and destructive animal the fox is, and that hunting is the most humane and effective way of controlling him. For my own part I am proud to have been one who has been able to take part in so many hunts and gather so much satisfaction from them.

K. D. R. Mans.

UNISON '65





(Author's note — This next piece of prose should be read at a fast pace).
(The faster the better — Ed.).

Forget the pain, the aches, the socks full of powder, sweat and blister juice and the next weary mile ; think only of the triumphant tumultuous trek along the broad highway to the finish. Martial music mingles with the noisy appreciation of a crowd, estimated at four hundred thousand.

Stagger five yards more — an embrace and a bouquet of carnations from a delicious Dutch maiden with sparkling blue eyes and

long golden tresses ; what have you stopped for now ?

Wonder which gorgeous female is going to throw her flowers at me next ? 'Luftwaffe' they shout.

Proud, frantic pointings to Union Jack unfurling in glory next to right ear ; inexhaustible supply of Beatles' songs to reveal our nationality beyond question.

Finished ? technically yes, at last. Physically ? many miles ago. Receive bronze star for conspicuous cowardice — proudly pinned on right breast — my first decoration — foreign one too — the things I have done for my country which have never been recognised. I had better buy a miniature for my mess kit. No, I won't be allowed to wear it on my chest. Better find somewhere else to pin this medal.

Safe as houses ! Always on my feet at Cranwell. I'll stick it where they would have told me to anyway.

Four days, twenty-five miles each day — same thing — left, right, keep the same step, damn you—sing until you're hoarse—could have done with one but the object is to walk !

Talk — no energy for that. Eat, sleep and be merry for tomorrow you have to walk another twenty-five miles.

Give me strength : the others can go without me.

Morning again. Cold ?

Frozen. Shave on the rocks. Pass the armed guard at the barrier — shoot, damn you — no luck.

Who is overtaking us now ? Americans ? There's the Royal Canadian Regiment on



“ the triumphant tumultuous trek ”

the left flank singing some stirring bawdy song of dubious origin.

Make a note of the bard for future reference will you ?

School girls next — all holding hands and singing — they must be on an afternoon stroll.

On your feet, London policeman marching by. I won't budge until Miss Israel goes past.

Follow me follow, down to the next check point .

Do you recommend this first-aid tent ?

Better vintage of brandy in the next one.

They call this a latrine ?

What's that ?

I think I've got a blister !

You poor suffering soul — I've got ten.

Ten what ?

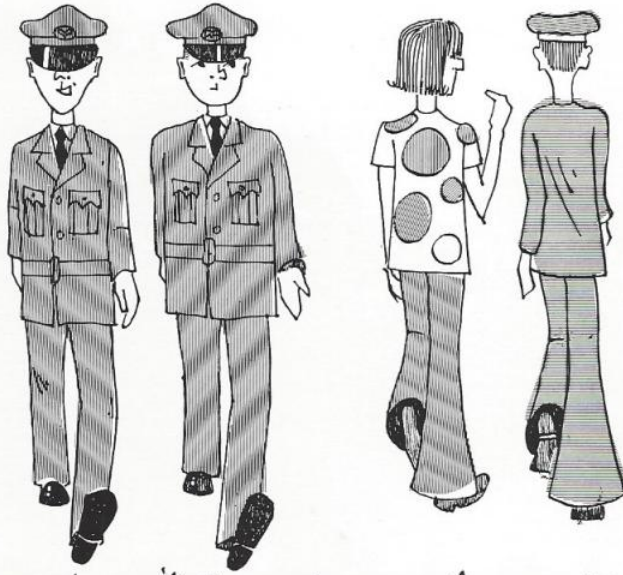
Ten miles to go

And so it went on. Nevertheless the complete team, composed of two officers and nine flight cadets (plus one cadet as camp orderly) finished the course of one hundred miles, carrying a twenty-two pound pack, in the 49th International four day march organised by the Royal Netherlands League of Physical Culture.

R. P. Slogrove.



Hello, Henlow



now why cant they make our uniforms mod too!

EPITUFF !

It is only an hour before the squadron leaves its happy home of straw mattresses and cardboard replicas of Douglas Bader and once again does battle with the evil forces of nature. This life that I have led has been a good and fruitful one : but now, if my number has to come up I want people to know that I go knowing I do this for my squadron. My past has been reckless, nay it has been foolhardy, but now that my hour is near I begin to see everything so much clearer. Oh horror, how I have wasted my days that have dwindled away now to nothing-ness, days that I would now give my right arm to live again, only this time more fully. A life I could spend away from the frustrating eyes of parents and friends, to be spent with you living purely on the fruits of life, the joys of togetherness, and the hotted-up beat of Radio London.

Joy, oh joy, I still have thirty minutes of sheer unadulterated pleasure left. But what is there for me to do ? Can I do in such a

short period what I have failed to do in a near lifetime ? Never will my name be recorded alongside those great predecessors of mine for deeds of valour. For what I go to do now is a mere trifle compared with the feats of A. J. Pilkington, H. Z. Ramsbottam and B. Razimalthusiant those great pioneers of the all-British gas pencil sharpener, a fleeting memory of a bygone age, an age now long forgotten in this apathetic world in which we now live.

But hush, no more, for the hour approacheth and I must think of my comrades that will be there sweating alongside me as we go to do battle once more. Why do we do it you may ask ? To explain in only a few minutes would be foolish. Why do men climb mountains, swim seas or explore the underworld ? Why indeed ? Every man has a reason for doing what he feels he should do. I go now to run $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles around the Knocker course because I bloody well have to.

K. H. Minton.

BOOK REVIEW

Inadvertently, the *Journal's* Book Review sub-editor sent a copy of College Standing Orders to the T****, in place of a novel that was to have been reviewed. However, before the mistake had been discovered the following manuscript, together with the copy of C.S.O.'s, was sent to our offices.

These fifteen thumb nail sketches of life in a military detention centre by Petimus are the product of forty years of evolution and experience gained in administering a state prison. Edited by G. C. Bluff it is published by Rafcoll Press — price 3/6d.

Bluff has tried vainly in this edition to escape from the original ponderous prose of the author; he fails to disguise the unreality of the book and the author's inability to think logically, clearly, and concisely.

When this work is compared with Alexander Solzhenitsyn's "A Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich" and Beehan's "Borstal Boy" the situation appears unreal and contrived. This undoubtedly is because Petimus has only looked at the subject from the outside; unlike Beehan and Solzhenitsyn he has never suffered what he is trying to describe.

This impression of hollowness is enforced by the wealth of irrelevant detail with which the book abounds. This detail, instead of compensating for the author's obvious lack of experience, only helps to heighten this deficiency. It does however leave the regular reader with a high regard for Petimus' academic knowledge of his subject.

The clash of personalities between the two main characters, trusted U. Officer and suspected newcomer F. Picquet, provide the

underlying theme to the novel — one which is made difficult to follow by the stilted and Victorian prose used. It provides heavy reading without the reward of seeing the author completely explore or exploit his subject. At times U. Officer's continual battle to make his fellow inmates a mirror image of himself is very well treated; particularly in the poignant scene when U. Officer's relentless interrogation of F. Picquet reaches moments of both high drama and sadistic humour.

Overall the cramped style and compression of language used makes this a very obtuse novel. Compression is taken to such lengths that at times the reader is left helplessly mystified and puzzled as to the true meaning of several passages.

But the novel is not to be dismissed out of hand. Despite the obvious inadequacy of the presentation the theme is one which deals exhaustively with its topic. For the reader interested in such a subject, provided he has the time and the perseverance, a thorough study of the book could prove to be rewarding, if somewhat boring.

W. S. Waugh.

Entry in College Calendar, "4th October, 92 Entry start Pet Provost flying"





*On the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary
of the Battle of Britain*

SEPTEMBER 1965

September sky, still summer showing,
next a water-laden sun,
Expectant trees, late autumn glowing,
peaceful standing, turning dun,
And croaking rooks are restless growing,
at the distant engine hum.

Upturned eyes, heartbeats, held breath

Vapour traces, streams unfolding
from a far-off Merlin roar.
A speck, a dot, a line is holding
to a course oft held before
A fuselage, majestic wingspan, moulding
figures of a score

Two decades old.

Twenty-five years old these laces,
woven in a cordite pall,
Sweat-blackened, sleepless, tense, young faces
pledged to bring oppression's fall
Pledged against the Fuhrer's aces,
hurled their aircraft, gave their all.

Per Ardua.

Spitfire — spit fire and damn the odds,
Hurricane — soaring craft of gods,
Who measure all I could give life
Am I now worth their sacrifice ?

Death in beauty, life in death.

R. F. Cresswell.

6

CHARACTERS IN SEARCH OF AN AUTHOR

“Progressive” and “Independent” are words well-known to the inhabitants of Kesteven at the moment. It is, therefore, fitting that this year’s annual full-length drama competition organised by Kesteven County Council should have been won by Pirandello’s “Six Characters in Search of an Author”; a play generally labelled as progressive; and especially by Paddy Birney’s production which was undoubtedly independent.

“Six Characters” is basically a difficult and unsatisfying play. It is difficult because the involved discussions on the nature of reality tend to be unrelieved, and it is unsatisfying because once the dramatic revelation concerning the nature of the six characters has occurred, there is no comparable highlight in the play. The stepdaughter’s continual elevation of a sordid little event into high tragedy can only be stomached for so long; the father’s guilt complex is out of all proportion to his sin; the mother’s patient suffering makes one wish that she had been a much more positive

character who would have sorted out her family’s troubles without needing recourse to an author.

The trouble with “significant” drama is that too many people go to see a particular interpretation of a play rather than the play itself. If one is seeing “Six Characters” for the tenth time then one is familiar with the arguments of the play and can concentrate on interpretation. But most producers would be very unwise to assume that their audiences had this background knowledge of the play. They must try to make the main issues as clear as possible, and to stress those qualities in the play that everyone can understand.

Paddy Birney, therefore, made his play visually very attractive. The groupings of the actors, the colours, and the lighting all combined to make the play easy and pleasant to look at. He had a difficult task in distinguishing the “characters” from the “actors” — who is more real? An actor who is never himself or a character who has no self to be? — This he achieved by make-up, obviously feeling that the traditional masks had no place in a production aiming to be up-to-date. He also paraphrased many of the speeches and made some of the issues clearer for the audience.

This was very much a producer’s play but nevertheless there were some very creditable performances from the cast. The play stands or falls on the performances of the father and the stepdaughter. Peter Eden coped very well with his long, involved, repetitive part, and Jane Gledhill as the stepdaughter gave



Neil Smith, John Liddell, Paddy Waugh, Eddie Spindler, Stephen Walton, Alexandra Stewart, the Eden Family

the performance of the evening with her interpretation of a very difficult and unsympathetic role. Val Eden's silences created exactly the right atmosphere — the fury of her spoken sorrow was a little too much — while the two children, Niall Eden and Alexandra Stewart, must be congratulated on a feat of discipline which would give the lie to all who claim that modern children are incapable of doing what they are told. Mike Phillips as the son could have stepped straight from "West Side Story" or "I Didn't Ask to be Born but Here I Am." In addition to proving that he could put his hands very deeply into his pockets, Mike Phillips showed himself capable of giving a forceful performance.

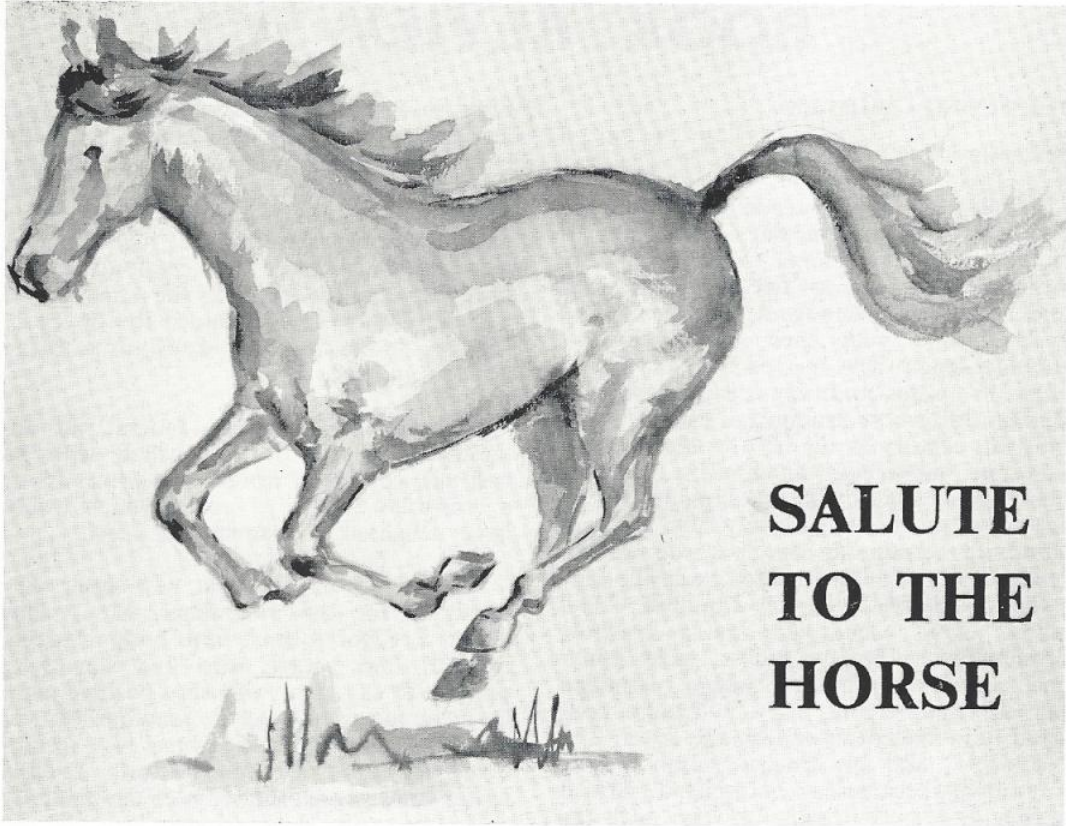
Eddie Spindler as the producer gave an extremely realistic interpretation of his role — if anyone in the play represented reality it was he — his reactions as he grad-

ually became aware of the nature of the interlopers into his company were conveyed delightfully.

All the minor parts were convincing and it is no reflection on the other actors if two are singled out as really adding something to the quality of the play. Veronica Stewart as Madam Pace was only on the stage for a few minutes but she made a significant impression on the audience, and Graham Martin as the Leading Man gave a performance which it would have been hard to better.

The combined might of the Cranwell Little Theatre and the College Dramatic Society must be congratulated on winning the Scott Cup. It would be nice to think that next year they will win the cup again with a play that is not only good drama but also intelligible to the audience.

J.V.T.



SALUTE TO THE HORSE

Nations less fond of horses and of light music than are the British might well find the prospect of an evening's 'Entertainment in Music and Words' with the title 'A Salute to the Horse' rather depressing: but the enthusiastic audience which nearly filled the Whittle Hall on 29th May 1965 clearly found matters otherwise. From the opening chords of Suppe's Light Cavalry Overture to the lively rhythms of Richard Rodgers' Oklahoma at the close, the constant variety of this imaginative entertainment had the audience under its spell.

Variety and novelty there most certainly was: in a subtle blend of recitation, music, prose readings, and sketches, some very moving and others extremely funny, the horse was presented to the audience in many guises — as friend, noble animal, generous servant, uncertain betting prospect, and courageous fighter of witches. The balance between music and narration or recitation was skilfully managed and generally well

maintained. The first half of the performance could not have been bettered, but there was a tendency for the spoken items in the second half to become repetitive and to lose pace.

The Royal Air Force College Band showed fine fervour and panache throughout. The woodwinds were a trifle obtrusive in their backing to some of the verse recitals but under David Robinson's sensitive guidance they fully compensated for this in the more musically important passages, notably the overture from *Rienzi* which rounded off the first half.

All in all this joint production of the College Band and the Saddle Club provided an unusual and enjoyable evening's entertainment. All concerned in the production are to be congratulated but particular praise must go to those who were responsible for the original concept and who compiled the material.

P.E.B.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE FLYING CATHEDRAL

Arthur Gould Lee : *Methuen* : 20/-

People at large have tended to confuse the identities of two spectacular contemporaries, Buffalo Bill and Colonel Cody. Both were Americans of the post-Civil War generations and both were flamboyant showmen. They looked alike with their goatee beards, shoulder-length hair, stetson hats and frock-coats. From this confusion it is probable that Buffalo Bill, whose prominence extended well into this century as the hero of much cheap literature, has received much of the credit for many great and colourful exploits of the subject of this book, Colonel Cody, the man who bore the same surname but who was not related. As the author makes clear, the self-styled "colonel", Samuel Franklin Cody, whose early background as a cowboy, bronco-buster, buffalo hunter, gold miner and circus sharpshooter closely resembled that of Buffalo Bill, as a showman consciously modelled himself on the latter. The "colonel" and his English family — he eventually became a naturalized British citizen — toured Britain for years with the famous "Klondyke Nugget" melodrama which was based, in a liberal fashion, on his own experiences.

S. F. Cody's interest in flight began as a boy on the Texas prairies when he liked to fly the kite of the Chinese chuckwagon cook. It seemed to him to be like an eagle tugging him aloft. Later, as he barnstormed throughout Britain with his show at the time of the Boer War, his experiments with man-lifting kites immediately attracted the attention of the public but not for a long time that of the War Office. Some of the best descriptive and illustrative pages in the book deal with Cody's work in the post of civilian kiting instructor that he eventually obtained with the Army Balloon and Kite Company of the Royal Engineers. From his man-lifting kites—which as they evolved were able to carry two or even three observers in a basket — it was not a long step for the untrained but ingenious Cody to design and construct an aeroplane, "Army Aeroplane No. 1," in which he became the first man to achieve powered

flight in Britain, in October, 1908. A larger aeroplane, the Flying Cathedral (the "cathedral" was originally its hangar but the name stuck to this and subsequent models) followed and others in turn. Some idea of his vision and his faith in the future of flight may be gained from his plan for a monoplane with a wing span of 120 feet to fly the Atlantic with a crew of three. He remained the doyen of English pilots until his death in a flying accident in 1912.

His ceremonial military funeral, an unparalleled honour for a civilian with its half-mile cortège of troops, was witnessed by a crowd of 50,000, a funeral which would have delighted his showman's heart.

The subject matter must have been very satisfying for the biographer, Mr Arthur Gould Lee, for it must have been relatively easy to find people who had something positive to say about this very positive man. Once in the public eye he was hardly ever out of it again. He used reverses as a spring-board for more determined efforts. Yet the writer conveys well the sense of the painfully and necessarily slow progress and of the frustrations of this ambitious pioneer of flight who felt the difficulties of the conquest of the air as a personal challenge.

This is a well-compiled book, of general appeal, readable and well illustrated. It will appeal to anyone who enjoys a story of pioneering in any field or of the colourful and carefree exploits of the past, exploits which can today be paralleled only in the gallant but cautious, computerised world of the spacemen, for "Colonel" Cody was the most individualistic of those great individuals the pioneer airmen.

J.W.

WHAT OF TOMORROW ?

Dudley Seward : *Queen Anne Press* : 16/-

The thrills of high speed flight, a test pilot's grim battle with a crippled prototype aircraft, the challenge of space travel, the cut-throat rivalries and back-stabbing of big business, warm, at times passionate romance,

the sinister repercussions of an old family curse : the assiduous reader will find all these elements and more in Dudley Saward's second book, 'What of Tomorrow ?'.

The central figures in this many-sided novel are Richard Casson, a test pilot who is dedicated to his work and to bachelorhood, Stephen Carthies, his former C.O. in the R.A.F. and now an authority on radar and electronics, and Stephen's attractive daughter Jill, who before long breaks down Richard's former indifference to romance. The story of developing love is subtly interwoven with the theme of Britain's place in the space age and the whole is given great verisimilitude by the inclusion of vivid accounts of actual events in the space race between Russia and America. Mr Saward's very real descriptive powers are nowhere better demonstrated than in the tense chapter where Lunik II's successful strike on the moon is narrated.

For those who have an interest in space and a bias towards aeronautics this is likely to prove a fascinating book. For those who like their romances uncluttered by quite lengthy discussions on business rivalry and the merits or demerits of participation in the space programme the story may very well drag at times, for the impression that Mr Saward, like Stephen Carthies, is often pursuing his 'favourite hobby horse' is hard to remove.

It is a pity that such a thoroughly prepared and meticulously observed novel (for Mr Saward's backgrounds, whether Service or civilian, are painstakingly convincing) should have been so carelessly printed. The reader may, after a while, learn to live with the printing errors ; they can scarcely be expected to add to his enjoyment.

P.E.B.

POWER TRAVELLING-WAVE TUBES

J. F. Gittens : *E.U.P.* : 50/-

This book is principally intended for design engineers in high power travelling wave tubes. This is a very narrow specialisation even allowing for the steady increase in the use of t.w.t.'s as microwave amplifiers. However, the author has taken care to present the material in a manner that can be readily followed by physicists and electronics engineers in general.

The book begins with a brief history of the t.w.t. followed by a clearly presented, but slightly empirical, development of the basic theory of the valve. The subsequent chapters on slow wave structures, the electron beam and its focussing, and electron guns complete the first half of the book. All of these chapters consider t.w.t.'s generally with only a slight emphasis towards the power t.w.t..

A brief chapter on M-type valves is included at this point. This is much too brief for a group of valves almost as important as the O-type to which the t.w.t. belongs. The book would have lost little if the chapter had been omitted.

The later chapters consider the special problems of the power t.w.t., giving greater emphasis to practical detail than in earlier chapters. The book concludes with interesting chapters on construction and measurement techniques. Here, where practical detail predominates, the author seems more at home.

The diagrams are particularly clear and well drawn except for a few which are mainly in the first chapter. The number of references is contained to reasonable proportions and almost all relate to publications which are readily available.

'Power Travelling Wave Tubes' is a well arranged account of the theory and practice of travelling wave tube design with just enough emphasis on power t.w.t.'s to justify its title. For a book relating to so narrow a field it is unusually clear and engaging in its style. As such it should be interesting and informative to all concerned with electronics.

M.B.C.

STATICS AND HYDROSTATICS

C. G. Lambe : *E.U.P.* : 7/6

In the characteristic appearance and layout of the 'Teach Yourself' series this volume has been prepared to present the basic principles of Statics and Hydrostatics to students working independently and those wishing to revise past work.

Much of the material is extracted from the more advanced work, 'Advanced Level Applied Mathematics' by the same author,

and the simplified treatment serves well as an introduction.

An elementary knowledge of Mathematics would enable a student to tackle most of the book, though for chapter 5, on statics of ropes and chains, some experience in calculus is required.

The examples at the ends of the chapters are straightforward and well selected and it is pleasing to see an index and relevant mathematical tables included in a book of this size.

As a minor observation the reviewer noted that in the text and examples both notations 'lbf' and 'lb wt' were used for the same force unit. As the former is now a recommended standard it would perhaps have been better to have used this throughout, with a note on the other notation included in the text for the student who will meet it in wider reading.

A chapter introducing shearing forces and bending moments would have been a useful

addition though no doubt lack of space decided its exclusion.

The book however is well able to fulfil its purpose and the author's experienced and lucid style makes it easy to read and very good value for the price.

G.C.H.

OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED

Advanced Electrical Engineering.
R. V. Buckley. E.U.P. 12/6.

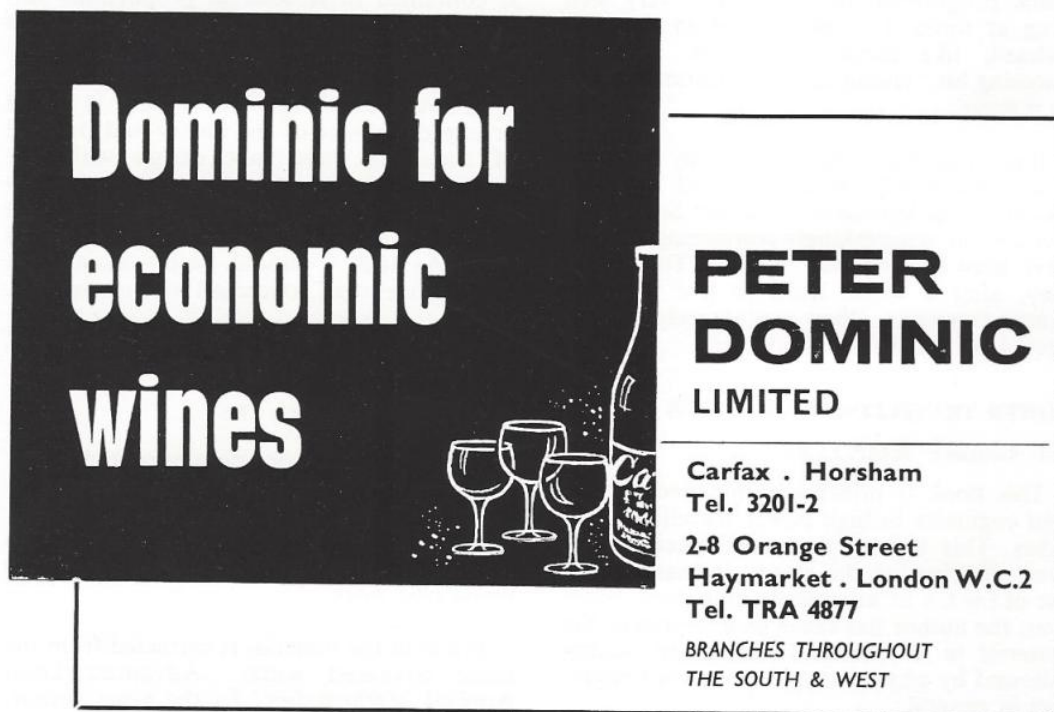
National Certificate Mechanical Engineering Science. J. D. Walker. E.U.P. 15/-.

Introduction to Technical Drawing.
H. Ord. E.U.P.

T.3 Workshop Technology.
T. R. Pritchard. E.U.P. 12/6.

Spacecraft and Boosters 2. K. W. Gatland.
Iliffe. 115/-.

Wine Mine Summer 1965. Dominic. 1/-.



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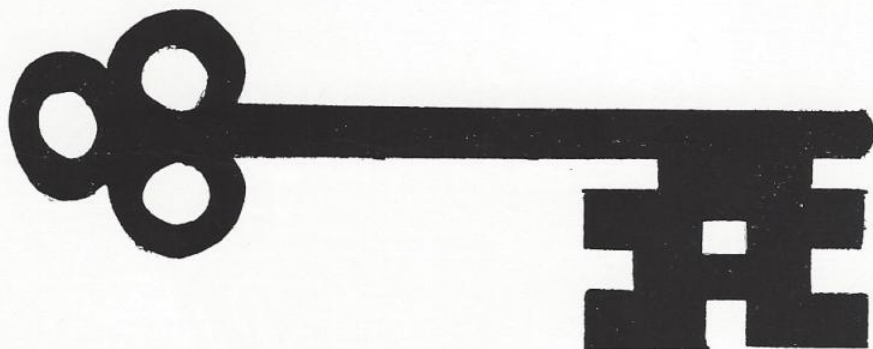
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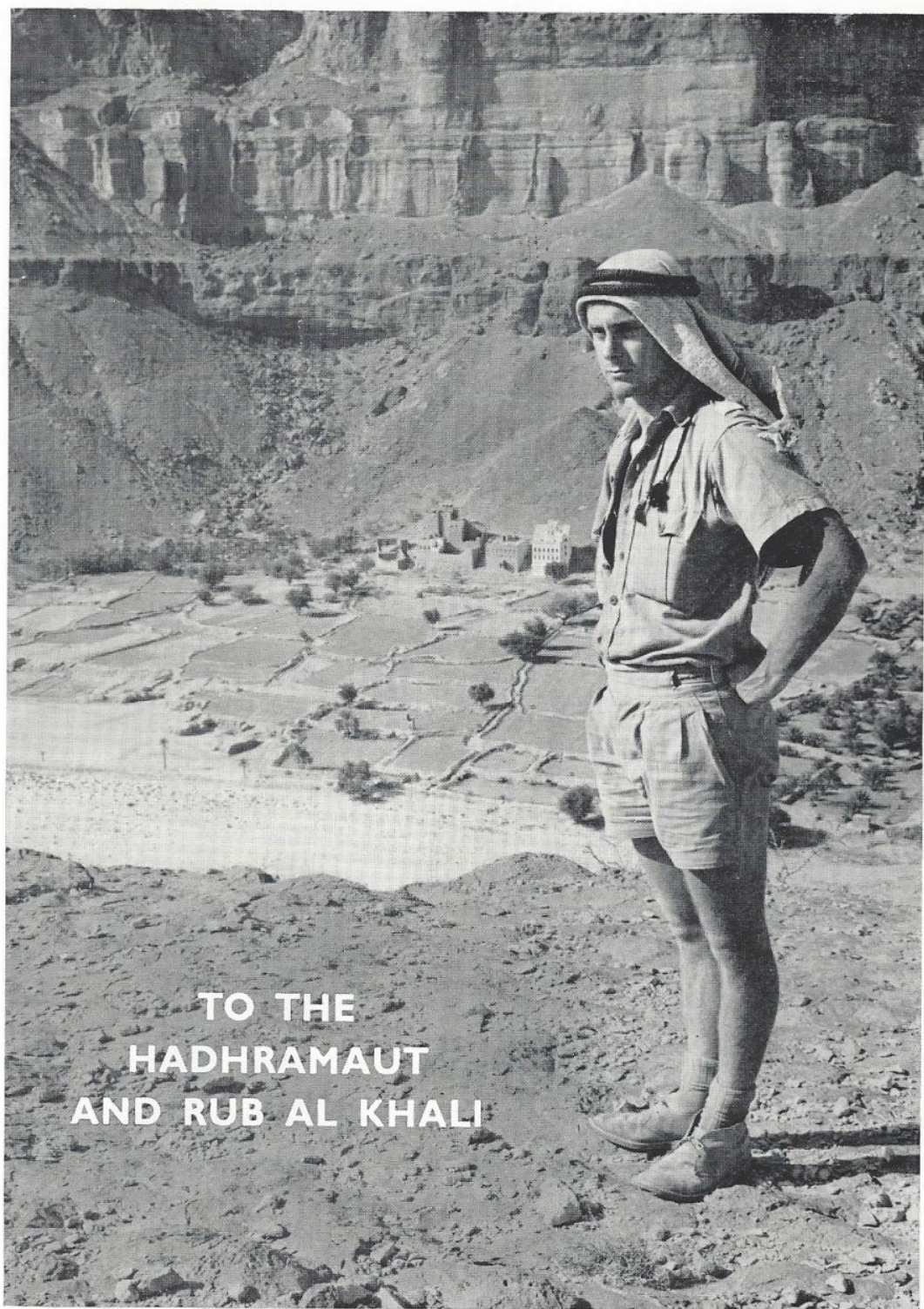


In addition to the varied organised service visits which transported cadets to the NATO countries, Malta, the Far East, Germany, the wilderness of Scotland, and Sweden, many cadets still found the energy and time to take advantage of the Trenchard Award Scheme. The potholers went underground in France, Spain, Morocco and Italy. Iceland and the Dolomites were blessed with the efforts of the Mountaineering Society. Four Regiment cadets travelled overland by coach to India as members of the Comex expedition, while others found the backs of camels more exciting forms of transport. Other Trenchard Awards enabled cadets to go to the Iberian peninsular and to the Scilly Isles. One cadet of New Zealand origin found time to travel home while another visited his parents in Hong Kong. Some cadets preferred to go abroad independently and destinations varied from France to Turkey. Five linguists went to Germany to improve their knowledge of the language and to visit German Air Force stations. Six members of 90 Entry helped as administrative staff for the Keystone Adventure Camps at R.A.F. St. Athan for sixteen days.

Once again, Cranwell travelled far and wide in search of the sun, adventure, and knowledge.

ACTIVITIES





TO THE
HADHRAMAUT
AND RUB AL KHALI

THIS ARTICLE BY S. C. GRUNER HAS WON THE TEN POUND PRIZE FOR THE BEST CADET ARTICLE

After the event it is difficult to analyse the reason why eight cadets should want to go for a trip in the desert, sunbathing in temperatures of 140°F. and sharing their beds with scorpions, camel-spiders, vipers and other friendly insects.

The answer can partly be found in the fact that the idea was born at a guest night many months ago when the winter weather and slightly merry atmosphere combined to turn our thoughts to hotter and more exotic climes than Skegness for a summer holiday.

Whatever the reason, the expedition was a fantastic success. Each member of the party came back imagining himself to be an amateur Lawrence, but there was nothing amateur about the amount of knowledge that had been gained concerning the geography of the area and the customs and history of the people.

The expedition was based at R.A.F. Riyan in the Aden Federation, and the first five days were spent there becoming acclimatised and assembling equipment. The M.T. section had already worked long hours on the vehicle and thanks to them we were able to get down to the serious business of learning how to drive in soft sand. This was done on the glorious beach at Riyan which stretched for hundreds of miles from Aden at the entrance to the Red Sea right up to Muscat on the Gulf of Oman. The landrovers were bogged down in the dunes and then dug out with the help of sandtracking just to give us an idea of what it would be like later on, working in the heat of the midday sun. When the time came, though, there would be no cooling sea in which we could lie and recover.

During this initial training period visits were arranged to the H.Q.s of the Mukalla Regular Army, the Quaiti Armed Constabulary and the Hadhramie Bedouin Legion. all of which were at Mukalla. Soldiering is a most honourable profession to the Arab and we were all very impressed by the standard of the new recruits after only a week of stamping around bare-footed on the stony ground. In the area there was a small number

of European inhabitants and a cocktail party was given by the C.O. and Adjutant of Riyan so that we could meet them and find out more of the problems facing the country. During the course of the evening we met Colonel Gray, C.O. of the Hadhramie Bedouin Legion, and his wife who is a very active welfare worker amongst the Arabs. Because the expedition planned to go a few miles from the Yemeni border political clearance could only be obtained on condition that we had an armed escort, and this Colonel Gray had kindly agreed to supply.

After all the preparation, in the early hours of Friday 3rd September we said goodbye to air conditioning and cold beer and headed inland with a cool breeze from the sea for company. The expedition now consisted of three R.A.F. landrovers and a 3-tonner together with a Hadromie landrover and a 1-tonner. These carried the eight cadets and Flt. Lt. Thomas from Cranwell, Flt. Lt. Reid, a cook, a mechanic, an interpreter, an Arab driver from Riyan and the Hadhramie escort. As we headed north across the coastal range following the rocky, dried up river beds, so the few patches of vegetation became less numerous, and a wilderness of flat plateau and steep-sided wadis came into view stretching as far as the shimmering air would allow us to see.

We were to learn that the desert can be very inhospitable to those who don't treat it with respect, but at the same time somewhere or other in its thousands of square miles man could find everything he needed in order to live. Our first surprise came only thirty miles out on the first day when we arrived at a small community of Arabs of the Humum tribe. They were living amongst a cluster of date palms, banana and coconut trees and sold their produce to the occasional passer-by. The bananas were green and viewed with mistrust until sampled, when they proved to be one of the most delicious fruits ever tasted and not at all like the dried up English imports. The first day ended after one hundred miles and everyone wondered how the landrovers could possibly stand up to another

thousand miles of battering. The equipment cadet soon learnt the importance of well secured loads as ropes kept breaking and petrol cans, water bags and sand tracking would periodically fly off the vehicles and send inquisitive lizards rushing off to their holes.

The journey up the Wadi Hadhramaut was fascinating. Here were to be found the legendary cities mentioned in the Bible; Sai'un, Tarim and Shibam. Shibam, the original skyscraper city rose vertically from the desert floor, a self-contained walled city of eight storey buildings constructed from camel dung bricks and white-washed with so brilliant a substance, that the glare could be seen by the traveller miles away. After obtaining a letter of introduction from the English Political Adviser, a visit was made to the Sultan's palace and an official of his household took us on a tour of the city — through evil-smelling alleys where an ingenious system of gutters running down the centre carried away at least some of the filth which was periodically thrown from eight storeys up. At the end of the tour our "air raid precautions" resulted in some very

stiff necks. In contrast the interiors of the buildings were extremely luxurious. There would be as many as seven carpets on the floor, each on top of the other, not to mention the carpets on the walls, and the carpets covering up the cracks in the ceiling. Although we did a lot of research we never did discover why the Arab has this fascination for carpets.

At Sai'un in the Arab equivalent of a transport cafe we were introduced to the bubble bubble or water pipe. Hundreds of children and old men gathered to witness the white infidels choke themselves on the Arabian version of canned London fog. The Arab sense of humour is one of his most remarkable and, perhaps, necessary qualities; Arabs can see the funny side in any situation and their laughter broke down any barriers which might have existed between us. On this occasion we were laughing with them when the long arm of the law without its boots on came striding through the crowd and gave the appearance of arresting two of us. We were not quite sure because he was speaking Arabic rather too quickly for our limited understanding but we became rather more



certain, uncomfortably so, when we were marched into the inquisition chamber of the local constabulary and accused of having violated the law by driving into the town at over 20 m.p.h. After driving in London for three years without incident it was too much to be caught for speeding in the desert, and as it must have been just about the first case in their history we lamely hung our heads and apologised. Our accusers then very kindly let us off with a ten shilling fine.

Two days later we arrived at the Hadhramie Bedouin fort at Al Abr, on the edge of the Rub al Khali — the Empty Quarter — a vast sea of sand stretching for hundreds of miles into the Yemen and Saudi Arabia in the north and into the Trucial States in the east. This was what we had really come to see, to experience the absolute emptiness, utter silence and almost unbearable heat. Perhaps also we would find many of the answers to things that puzzled us just as the great travellers, Philby, Thomas and Thesiger who came before us had done. Whatever the spiritual outcome of this part of the journey every one of the senses was to be subjected to a new kind of experience.

The eve of our departure into the sand sea was to be memorable as inside the fort at Al Abr a large fuhdle had been prepared for us. A fuhdle is the name given to the traditional Arab meal of rice and meat served on a massive communal silver dish and eaten while sitting crosslegged on the ground. By the light of a fire we noisily chewed the choicest bits of goats, recognisable by the intestines attached, and fashioned little balls of rice which were rolled down the throat. Around us could be seen silhouetted against the starry sky the Bedouin soldiers as

The Heira Pass on the Road to Mukalla



Dusk in the Sand Sea

they patrolled the ramparts of the fort. The setting could have been very romantic, but as the company was all male a word such as stirring describes it more aptly.

Into the sands we took more Hadhramie guards as we were not far from the Yemeni border where there had recently been some trouble. We also took an old Bedu guide whose face seemed to portray the wisdom of Solomon and whose body bore the scars of at least two dozen skirmishes. This was reassuring because, if nothing else, luck appeared to be his faithful companion. With a sixth sense he took us through hundreds of miles of what was to us a mass of shapeless landforms. The large trucks had been left behind to take a short cut across the rock desert to meet us later on and our landrovers were consequently heavily loaded with fuel and water. Travelling was only possible in the early morning and late afternoon as, during the midday heat, the hard crust on the surface of the sand would break up and the landrovers, even with low pressure sand tyres, would sink up to their axles. During this time the temperature rose to 140°F but fortunately once it dropped to 120°F, which was only just bearable, anything above this did not feel any different. The emptiness and the silence were strange, especially at night when getting to sleep was made difficult by the uncomfortable feeling that something vital was missing; that "something" was noise. Millions of stars illuminated the heavens and once a satellite, its journey bizarrely refracted by the atmosphere, appeared to zig zag haphazardly across the sky.

Out of the Empty Quarter we arrived at the fort of Thamud to find hundreds of



camels and goats being watered at the well. Hot, thirsty and completely exhausted we had a high jump, long jump and tug-of-war contest with the locals. They cheated terribly by pulling against us downhill, but then he who takes the initiative deserves to win. The first wash for days was had here, and beards which had been nestling under layers of dust exposed themselves as either being worthy of the owner or as being a complete disgrace to him. Another grand fuhdle followed, this time with the local chieftain and Major Hussein, a Mons trained officer of the H.B.L., who had done much to organise the plan of the journey. That night we slept on the roof of the fort as outside the ground was crawling with sawscaled and horned vipers, both deadly and vigorous night wanderers! As it was we had a game of hide and seek on the roof with a great hairy camel spider, cadets screaming and leaping off the floor every time a harmless cockroach was disturbed.

Driving down the Wadis Tarinat, Ghinab, Quai'an and their link tracks we encountered the worst surfaces of the journey. Boulders, large stones and pebbles made driving murderous. Drivers had to be changed every

hour as hands became blistered from the heat and bucking steering wheel and heads began spinning from the intense concentration needed. Three miles per hour was all that we could average at times, and a serious breakdown here would have meant abandoning the vehicle for good, as towing was impossible. One hundred and fifty miles later we hit soft, drift sand cutting visibility down to about twenty-five yards, quite hazardous as flash floods had carved deep ravines alongside the track.

The arrival at Tarim was like entering the gates of paradise. A surprise kept in store for us was a day at the Ata Rest House, a mansion with a beautiful shaded swimming pool surrounded by luxuriant palms and vividly coloured flowers. That evening and all next day were spent in a daze floating in the pool with a hundred empty cans of Carlsburg for company.

The last few days were in sight now. Refuelling from a dump previously established at Sai'un we drove out of the Wadi Hadhramaut and up onto the plateau a thousand feet above, by way of the Jahi Pass, a spectacular succession of gradients and

hairpin bends. It was frightening to watch the 3-tonner attempt this climb especially when it had to back almost over the edge of the precipice on the bends. During the operation the passengers wisely abandoned the cab and clung to the sides leaving 'Buka' the driver to work his miracles alone.

The final day's run over the plateau and mountain range was started in high spirits. We had suffered occasionally but had accomplished a great deal during the expedition which had presented new and fantastic experiences and sights every day. We were sad to say goodbye to our Hadhramie escorts, now firm friends even though there was a language barrier, and equally we were sad to turn our backs so soon on a way of life so different from our own. In the evening a mile

from Riyan, cold beer and soft beds, the desert had its final laugh. For the first time the 3-tonner had a puncture. We fumed but 'Taff' Jones the mechanic incensed by the thought of being separated from his beer any longer than necessary changed the wheel in eight minutes. The convoy entered Riyan with lights blazing and horns blaring, did a lap of honour and disgorged its passengers into the bar. Then everyone started reminiscing.

There are a hundred other incidents which keep coming to mind like the old Arab who came thirsty out of the desert, drank a large mug of water, collapsed and then a few moments later went striding back the way he had come from. If ever we go back some day we expect it will all be exactly as we left it.

NATO

The Britannia seemed to lose its way in the maze of taxiways at Le Bourget, or maybe these were delaying tactics by the French, but it eventually succeeded in disgorging its load of officers and cadets of Nos 88 and 89 entries for the annual pilgrimage to NATO formations and units.

We failed to storm the Bastille, because it is no longer there, but Parisians may have thought their city occupied yet again as we explored its every avenue. In the next few days we were to savour all aspects, high and low, of Parisian life.

Tired after our first night of exploration, we spent the following morning at the impressive NATO headquarters building in Paris where we learned of the politics of the alliance and watched a film with only a vague NATO connection but which included some of the finest aerial photography to be seen.

Thus uplifted and reminded of the significance of our chosen profession we flooded SHAPE headquarters at Versailles with our presence and learned from a team of officers of various nationalities about the organ-



isation of SHAPE, the threats to it and its answers to them, and its communications and logistics. We also had a chance to play with a fascinating new toy in the form of a simultaneous translation device which was used by one of the lecturers.

Discussion followed, and thence to a cocktail party in the grounds of the residence of Marshal of the Royal Air Force, Sir Thomas Pike. This provided amongst other things a fine opportunity for furthering international relations on the social level, and many found friends with whom to explore the night spots of Paris during the weekend, for which we were left completely to ourselves.

I don't know whether or not Paris suffered, but some of us did, and particularly during the two hour ride to AIRCENT headquarters at Fontainebleau early on Monday morning. There our criticisms were invited as we learned about the Mission and Tasks, Resources and Organisation of the Allied Air Forces in Europe. Its offensive and defensive capabilities were explained to us and we in turn did not disappoint our hosts with our keen interest. As at SHAPE headquarters we were impressed by the willingness and frankness with which our many queries were answered. Equally impressive was the knowledge of the guide around the Chateau de Fontainebleau in the afternoon. He was an R.A.F. Flight Sergeant who knew the history of the Kings of France better than most of us knew our own.

Tuesday saw us in Germany, and after a briefing about the organization of R.A.F. Germany we split into four groups and went our separate ways to the "clutch" stations of Bruggen, Geilenkirchen, Laarbruch and Wildenrath.

This was the "sharp-end" and we were pleased in the following days to see some thing of the work of an operational station. We were informally received in the crew-rooms where we met and talked to many recent graduates from Cranwell whom we had so feared and revered not so long ago.

Almost everyone flew, mostly in one mark or another of the Canberra, and a fortunate few found themselves on long low level trips to England taking photographs of home from a few hundred feet !

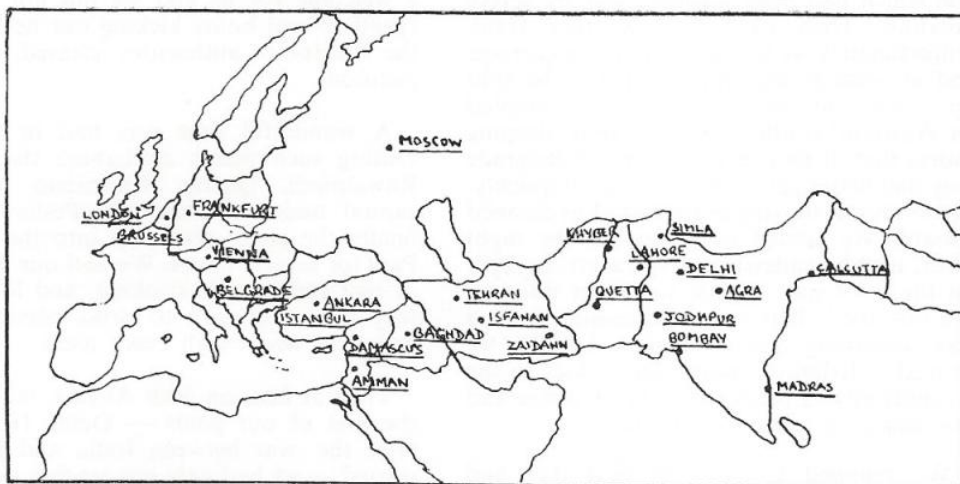
Visits to Dusseldorf and to Overloan War Museum in Holland proved interesting in their different ways, and some groups were conducted around an underground Sector Operations Centre reminiscent of the fighter control room of the last war. This establishment was of particular interest as it was under the command of an R.A.F. officer but administered and staffed entirely by the Luftwaffe.

As much was gleaned during leisure time, at the swimming pool or in the mess, from all the friends we made as from the lectures and tours which were organized for us, and we left many of them with the hope that we might soon be in their shoes.

Paris and Germany left their marks and their memories. None would deny that we learned a great deal, and that equally important, we enjoyed ourselves.

C. A. Humphrey.





WITH COMEX TO INDIA

On 30th July, 1965, five brand new Thames Trooper Buses drove out of London and down the A2 towards Dover. The buses were crewed by and filled with some two hundred and eight students of both sexes from fourteen different Commonwealth countries. Among them were four cadets from Cranwell. The Commonwealth Expedition to India, after three years of postponement and delay was, at last, on its way.

The idea behind the Expedition, called "Comex" for short, belonged jointly to Mr Nehru, the late Prime Minister of India, and Lt. Col. Lionel Gregory, an ex Gurkha officer very interested in youth and the Commonwealth. Their original idea had been to have a Commonwealth Festival in India, in the Himalayan town of Simla. Contingents from all the Commonwealth countries were to make their way own there and then participate in the Festival. Mr Nehru hoped that the venture would "build bridges" between Delhi and the other Commonwealth capital cities. However, this idea was unsuccessful, but Col. Gregory decided to take some students from Britain to act as a pilot venture. Five regions were set up — London, Wales, Scotland, Oxford

and Cambridge. We four cadets travelled on the bus allocated to the Scottish group. In addition to the five buses, a small van was also taken along to act as a mobile office and spare-part carrier. The last few days before departure were hectic, but the expedition miraculously grouped up and moved off on time.

Comex left London on 30th July, 1965 and crossed the Indian border on 30th August. The route took us via Dover and Ostend, through Belgium and into Germany, where a very pleasant evening was spent in the U.S.A.F. base at Frankfurt. (As we found out later, the meals they provided haunted our dreams when we were in the desert, eating nothing but bread and melons). And so on to Vienna, where we four cadets said goodbye to the rest of the Expedition and took a train to Belgrade, so missing out the trip through Hungary and a night in Budapest. The train journey, however, was just as memorable. In all it took seventeen hours. We boarded at 2.30 p.m. and found a compartment along with a Yugoslavian rag and bone merchant, whose sixteen string bound bundles, not only filled the rack and seats to overflowing but also exuded a quite unforgettable odour.

Next, it was necessary to change from train to 'bus in order to bypass part of the line which had been washed away by severe flooding. Then back onto another train. Unfortunately we boarded the wrong carriage and as soon as the train started to be split up, it was only Providence which prompted an Austrian youth to inform four sleeping cadets that if they wanted to go to Belgrade they had better get on the other train quickly. The train was moving as the last of us climbed aboard. We settled ourselves for the night (four, healthy cadets), in a space 8ft. by 2½ft. on the floor just outside the toilet door. A sad mistake ! If it wasn't someone's foot, it was something else altogether. Finally, we arrived in Belgrade about nine o'clock in the morning after a breakfast of black coffee and raw alcohol disguised as fruit juice.

We rejoined Comex the next day and moved on through Greece, Turkey, Syria, Jordan, Iraq and Iran. This part of the journey was done as quickly as possible because of the heat and the unclean water. Regarding the adventures in the Middle East it will suffice to say that every stomach ailment ever experienced, took its toll of both students and Jeyes.

On Sunday, 22nd August Comex crossed the border into Pakistan. For once, there was a welcome for us and we did not have to spend several hours kicking our heels, while the Customs authorities cleared the Expedition.

A wonderful time was had in Pakistan visiting such places as Lahore the capital, Rawalpindi, Quetta, Islamabad the new capital under construction, Peshawar, and finally the party drove up into the Khyber Pass for several hours. We had our first taste of real Indian-style cooking, and found out why it is necessary to drink about half a gallon of water with every meal.

Then at last, on 30th August, we reached the first of our goals — Delhi. (Five days after the war between India and Pakistan started — we had only just made it across the border in time). The Indian students who were hosting overwhelmed us with hospitality.

Sight-seeing tours and cultural performances of traditional Indian folk art were organised and above all the party ate more and more Indian food. The skeletons who



The Blue Mosque, Istanbul

had emerged from the middle East, began now to look more like human beings again. In return for this kindness, Comex put on shows including Scottish dancing, Welsh choir-singing and Shakespeare and cabaret from the London group.

The Expedition split up after a visit to the Taj Mahal on 3rd September. The London group went to Madras, Cambridge to Calcutta, Oxford to Lucknow, Wales to Bombay and we cadets, in the Scottish coach, to Rajasthan, a province in Northern India. The highlight of the visit, as far as we were concerned, was the night in the city of Jodhpur when the Pakistan Air Force bombed the city. It was certainly a novel experience, although at the time, not a very pleasant one.

On 15th September, the five groups met again and proceeded to the final goal—the little town of Simla, perched 8,000 feet up in the foothills of the Himalayas. A little mountain train took seven hours to get there, but every minute produced a new view, each more magnificent than the last. Simla itself has no vehicles, apart from lorries and buses which are restricted to one road, so Tibetan porters carried all the heavy baggage. After the heat of the plains, the cool mountain air acted like

a tonic on the whole expedition. Our visit to Simla was the “holiday” part of the trip, so long walks to visit Monkey Temples and waterfalls suddenly became popular. Without doubt, Simla, “the Queen of the Himalayas,” is one of the most beautiful places in the world. We were really sorry to leave on the 20th September and to plunge again into the heat of Delhi, to await a decision on how we were to return to Britain. It was obviously impossible to return by road because of the Border situation, so it was decided to sell the buses and return by Air India. In the meantime, in response to an appeal in a National paper, the 200 students were “farmed out” to Indian families for the remainder of the stay in India. This was certainly the most educational and enjoyable part of the whole trip. Most families, with traditional hospitality, treated us like their own children and many new friends were made.

But, all good things must end and on the 1st October the first group of thirty-six students, including us, flew back to London via Moscow.

Comex gave us the opportunity to see life we would never have seen normally; it was both educational and enjoyable; it provided opportunities to make new friends; it was a success.

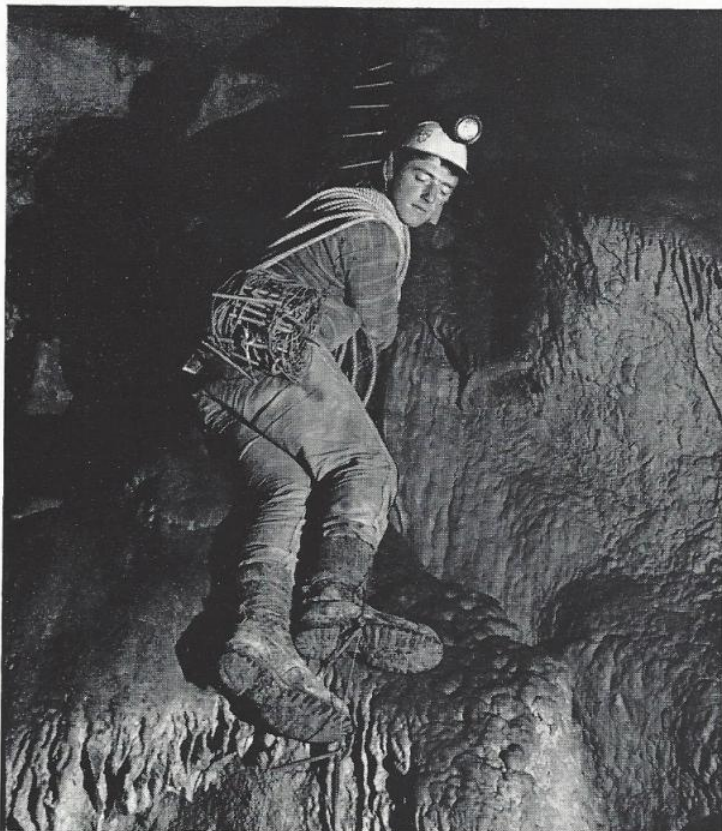
T. Kirkland.



The Taj Mahal, India

THE JOURNAL FIVE POUNDS PHOTOGRAPHIC PRIZE WAS WON BY A. J. STEEL

GRUPPO SPELEOLOGICO DI CRANWELL



*Entering the New System
of Caverna di Cranwell*

Inspired by the 1964 Expedition's tales of cave-ridden mountains and magnificent grottos, seven flight cadets travelled to the Ligurian Alps in Northern Italy with the idea of exploring the Caverna di Cranwell more extensively, and other caves in that area.

Information gleaned from the 1964 report enabled us to find the cave and local pot-holing groups easily and after our first guided descent, it became obvious that Italian caves far outclassed British ones for beauty and interest. It had also become obvious that the cave had changed considerably in the past year; earthquake action had shaken down many formations, blocked some passages and possibly revealed others, while the water level was much lower and where before a boat had been required, the water was now only inches deep.

In the course of the first two days we spent many hours in Caverna di Cranwell. Most of the passages made accessible by the low water became very tight and some were blocked by stalactites, but eventually we found one that 'went' and the party put to test its new electric lamps in the deep stream-way. The system we discovered after our crawl was apparently active in wet weather, which provided fewer formations, by comparison with the main cave, but gave the advantage of sand and smooth rock floors which made further exploration considerably more comfortable. This new system was followed down two ladder pitches, a traverse and a climb, a total depth of about eighty feet and length of about three hundred yards.

The photographers made attempts to record the various sights, which is a lengthy

process underground, and before we completed our exploration, surveying and photography of the cavern, the Italians showed us the work going on to make Caverna di Cranwell into a show cave. This work had recently unearthed remains of a mammoth, a rhinoceros and an antelope; the largest piece was a complete antelope skull, and excavations were still in full swing.

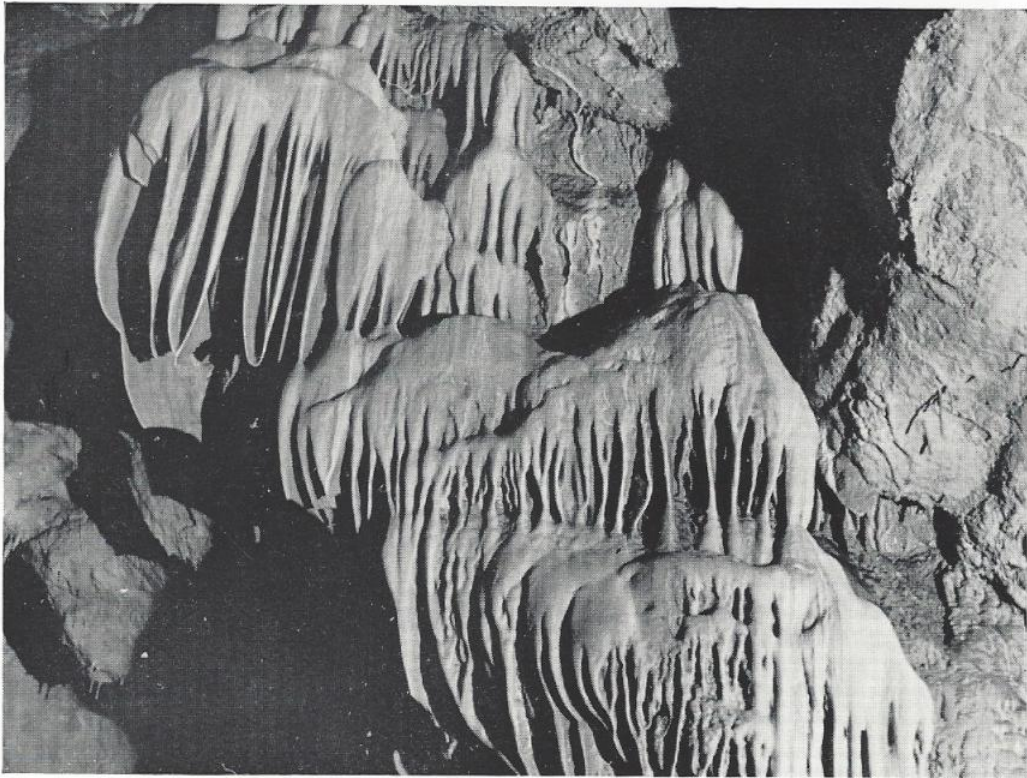
The following day, the old man of the group, who insisted that we were cadets of Cromwell, said he would take us to a cave in which he had hidden as a partisan in the last war. This cave was on an exposed face high up a mountain, the entrance was a hole three feet across and the entrance passage almost vertical. The nooks and crannies were inhabited by grotesque lizards and cockroaches living in complete darkness. The cave was about two hundred feet deep and about halfway down we found old ammunition casings and rows of holes across the walls, where the Germans had raided the cave and killed several partisans.

At the bottom we searched for further passages but they were all short and very rough and we only found broken stalactites and old chicken bones.

This cave provided us all with a new speleological experience — cave life other than bats, and a visit to a relatively recently inhabited cave.

On our final day of activity, we divided and one group went to see the remains of a mammoth excavation and the dwelling place of a neolithic family in a large open cave. The other went to a cavern shortly to be absorbed by a quarry. We were looking for souvenirs before they were destroyed, but inside the cave, blasting had already caused much destruction. It was here we saw the most perfect formations of all, but the crumbling walls and roof deterred us from staying too long and we emerged pale and sweating, but clutching our few prizes, a suitable time to end our caving in Italy.

F. Whitehouse.



A formation in the new system



Surtsey Erupting

The four Griffons thundered monotonously on, hour by hour as the stone-grey sea slipped silently below us. We were on what the Shackleton pilots called a 'cold road,' those long 12 hour sorties to Keflavic or Bodo. We were on our way to Keflavic, Iceland to do some glacier climbing.

Our first sight of Iceland was a tall plume of smoke on the horizon. On investigation this proved to be the tiny volcanic island of Surtsey. As the smoke was blown away by the breeze, it trailed debris behind it. Taking a closer look, we could see individual rocks being hurled hundreds of feet into the air. The sight of this minute, impudent island sticking up in the expanse of the Atlantic Ocean, spewing from its mouth fiery sparks and molten rock, was awe-inspiring.

Iceland is certainly one of the most recently formed land masses in the world and as such

*Iceland,
Land of
Frost and
Fire*

is extremely rugged. Volcanic ash is the soil and pumicestone the rock and there is very little vegetation. The first aim that we selected was to cross the Eyafallajokull and the second was to carry on to the sister glacier, the Myrdalsjokull and cross that also. To do this we took a bus to Mulacot, the last village before the foothills are reached.

With a bright morning sun and a fine view of our goal before us we set off in good spirits the next morning. Our first leg took us over the bed of a long since silted-up river. As we were walking across this to our astonishment we were overtaken by a land-rover, that stopped and whose driver hailed us in English. He was the warden of a Youth Hostel further up the valley. He showed us a feasible route to take and took us in his landrover to the other side of the valley, some six miles distant.

The first thousand feet proved to be the most difficult, with a 50lb. pack on the back it's no joke to go rock climbing. That night we camped just below the snow-line and used the glacier meltwater for cooking. To aid our progress over the ice of the glacier we strapped crampons, ten-pointed claws, on to our feet. This made the going a little easier. The first day on the glacier was hot, almost unbearably so. Flight cadets as well as the ice seemed to be melting in the sun. After we had eaten our lunch of 'compo' processed cheese and rum fudge the weather deteriorated and we found ourselves in a 'whiteout.' This condition is very dangerous on glaciers since sense of direction is lost so easily. In a 'whiteout' you can stumble over a lump of ice and not be able to see the obstacle since the diffused light throws no shadows at all. When this happens, it is time to set up camp, which we did.

A slightly better visibility the next morning saw us ascending again. We crossed about two miles of crevasse field without mishap, but there is something eerie and frightening about those deep, dark abysses. About four o'clock that afternoon we broke through the clouds, and there above us only about half a mile away was the summit. This proved to be the highest point on an extinct volcano crater. We were treated to a magnificent view that evening as the clouds rolled away, and as night fell a special performance of 'Aurora Borealis' was put on for us.

Our progress for the next two days was very limited. Movement was restricted to half mile hops that were made every time the weather improved a little. On the third day we were pressing on, in order to keep warm. Suddenly an intuition made the leader stop and there in front of him, hidden at six paces distance was a crevasse large enough to contain a cathedral! After this interesting experience we decided to wait a while yet again to see what the weather would do. To save ourselves from frostbite we cut ice blocks to make wind walls to shelter behind. As the day wore on the ice blocks became bigger and the walls higher until it became only a matter of fitting a roof to make ourselves a snug 'ig-house.' Although the roof dripped a little, we were warmer and out of the wind that night.

In order to beat the bad visibility we got up early next morning and set off with high hopes. However, the weather saw us coming. After five minutes walking the clouds rolled down the hillside and it was about turn for the safety and comfort of our newly made home. For the rest of the day we cooked, sang or told jokes.

It was appropriate, although unnerving, when the next morning one of our number awoke from his slumbers crying 'Doom, doom, I say!' Outside a real Oates-type blizzard was raging and to go outside for snow or to plug holes in the walls or for more natural reasons was a penance. Morale dropped that day, so did the temperature. At night we recorded a temperature of minus 15°C; the walls no longer dripped.

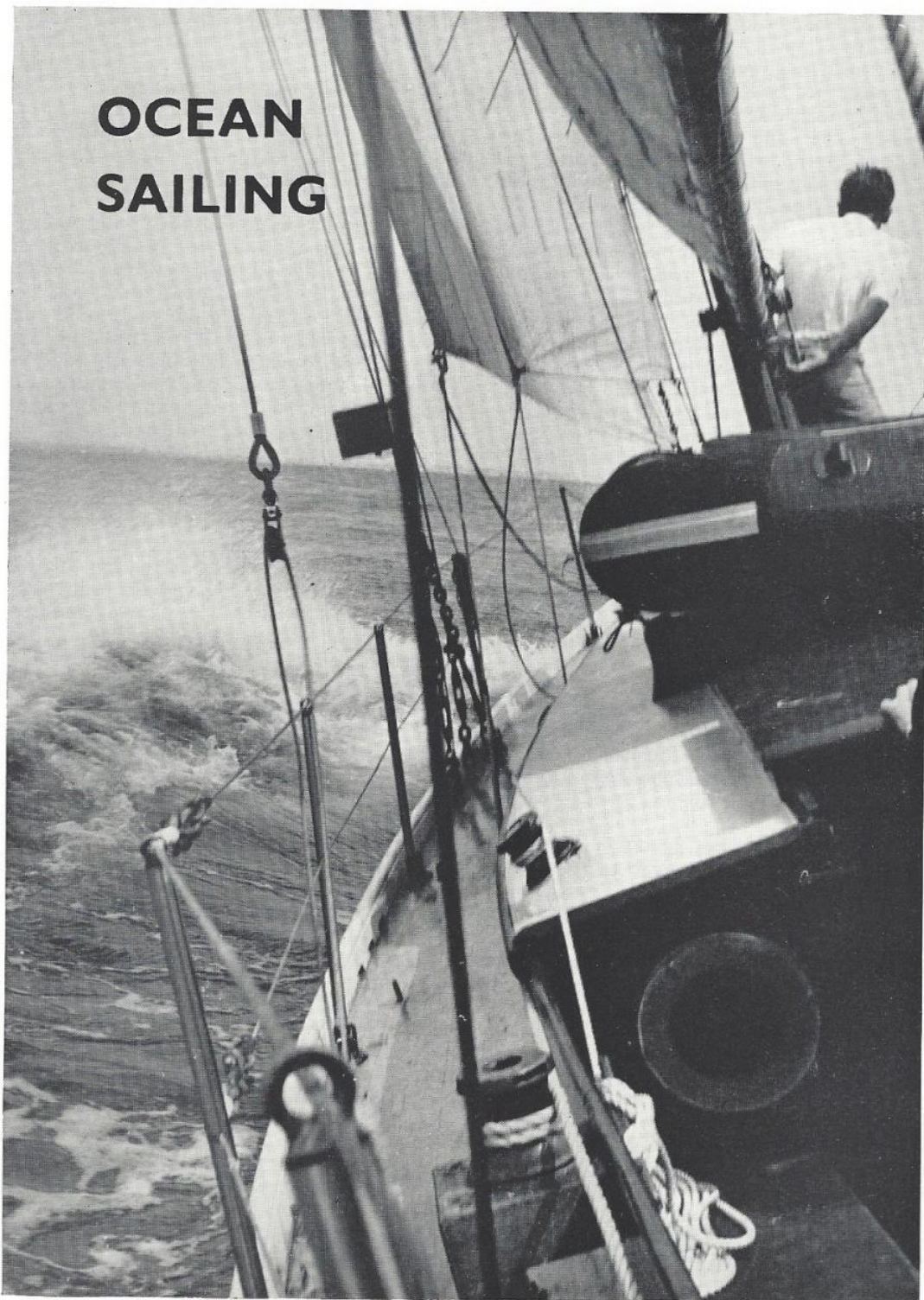
It was essential that we moved on, both to keep ourselves warm and to keep our minds active. We crossed the col between the two glaciers and struck out across the Myrdals-jokull. It was noticed that during the day the temperature rose a little and the wind had veered round and was now blowing a warm breeze up the hill. This brought sleet and the surface developed into slush. Fearing for the snowbridges that would afford us safe passage to the coast below, it was decided at this point to perform a strategic withdrawal. We set up camp for the last time and cooked a real 'bean-feast' of porridge, soup, meat stew, dried fruit, chocolate and more of that energy giving rum fudge.

Our ropework was tested twice on that final day as we plunged down the mountain-side. First the leader, then a middleman took a closer look at a crevasse as the snowbridge beneath him gave way. Fortunately, nothing more than a frayed temper was suffered. Finally, our feet touched terra-firma and we all gave a sigh of relief. Our mountaineering venture was completed with a thrilling half-mile scree slope dash. That night we slept cosily in an Icelandic barn whilst all our kit dried out.

We returned to Reykjavik by the first bus, a little wiser from our experiences on the mountains and a little disappointed with the Icelandic hostleries where they don't sell draught D.D. !

K. Cartlidge.

OCEAN SAILING



The crew for Jethou arrived through the morning of Saturday 4th September. Our skipper, Wing Commander L. Phipps, had already arrived the night before and stocked up with the necessary provisions. All that was left for us to do was to take over Jethou at midday. Thus we retired to the Bugle in Hamble for a traditional lunch of beer and curried prawns.

We took over Jethou at the Ditty Box and proceeded to load up our provisions. Here it was discovered that these included 72 cans of beer as well as several bottles of wines and spirits — a good omen for the trip! Our skipper then gave us a quick run-through of the boat and we immediately cast off.

After the usual cursing the engine was started and we motored past the congested line of yachts in the Hamble River out into Southampton Water. The sails were raised and with the motor still going we beat across to Yarmouth in the Isle of Wight by about 7 p.m. in the evening. This brisk sail gave

everyone an opportunity to gain or regain their sea-legs.

After a good meal we rowed ashore to Yarmouth and spent the evening in the Black Bull where, incidentally, we cleared customs at the same time. The dinghy did not return as steadily as it came ashore.

Having been woken the next morning by the 0645 hrs shipping forecast, we decided to make 'pour La France' instead of the West country where the other cruises were taking place. Navigating accurately out of the Solent (indeed so accurately that we hit one of the buoys we were aiming for) we set course for France.

Unfortunately there was very little wind by the time we passed the Needles at 9 o'clock and Jethou began to roll in the gentle swell. This caused several of the crew members to rush to the lee rail and pay homage to Neptune. With overcast weather and the motor going we managed to make a steady four knots throughout the morning and the



One of the massive meals aboard Jethou

afternoon. It wasn't until the early evening that the wind picked up and by then we were within sight of the Cherbourg and Cap de la Hague lights. The fact that Cherbourg appeared dead ahead gave us extra confidence in our skipper's navigation.

By late evening we were achieving five knots and by the time we sneaked around the western entrance to the outer harbour of Cherbourg, it was almost blowing a gale. After just avoiding a fishing vessel we entered the inner harbour. We then had the difficult task of trying to moor Jethou in the yacht basin, with an unpredictable engine that had no clutch and no reverse, in the middle of the night. However when we were finally moored by about 0100 hours the climax to the day came, when a voice from another yacht in the harbour shouted to us saying, "I say, could you lend me a styptic pencil — I've cut my chin shaving."!

The whole of the next morning was taken in cleaning up the boat which had accumulated a large amount of rubbish during the last few charters and in replacing some of the rigging. By the time this was finished we went ashore to our old friend, Henri Ryst, for our duty free stores. Having handed in our requirements we went for a wash at the yacht club.

After a mainly liquid lunch we went into the town of Cherbourg to do some shopping for the rest of the afternoon. The evening was spent in touring the various cafes in Cherbourg and sampling the local beer.

Tuesday morning started fine and after hearing the shipping forecast we decided we would make for Alderney. Having cast off (another tricky operation) we motored out of the harbour and raised the storm jib and mainsail. With the harbour to her stern, Jethou made a good 3-4 knots. However we kept the engine idling as we were soon to enter the Alderney Race. This is a tidal current which flows between the French mainland and the Channel Islands and can sometimes reach 10 knots with suitable tides. We were thus constantly having to alter course away from Alderney to keep out of the Race. We passed Cap de la Hague by midday and were within a couple of miles from Alderney when the "donk" decided to cut out. All our attempts at kicking it and

starting it failed to bring it to life again. Thus we were faced with a powerless approach into Braye Harbour — a task which is difficult enough with a motor. At least we provided entertainment for the other yachts when we started to tack up the narrow harbour with only our mainsail. Gaining a suitable position we tossed the anchor overboard, and settled down to a late lunch — a wine and cheese fondue with beer thrown in.

We rowed ashore and went shopping in St. Annes for the rest of the afternoon. After opening more cans of beer we decided to wine and dine ashore for a change.

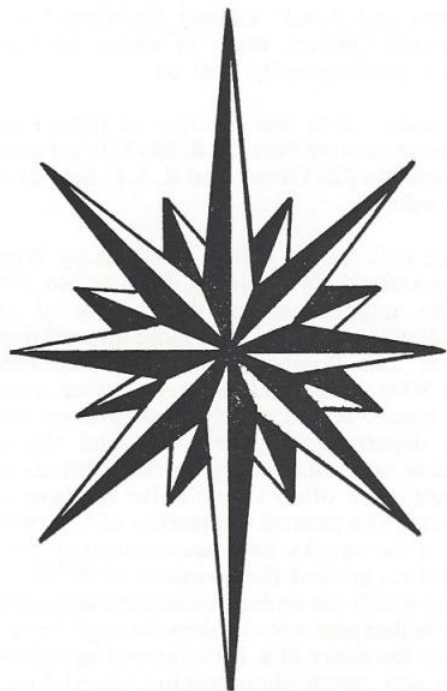
We woke up the next day to the music of the rigging striking against the mast — it was pouring with rain and a Force 9 gale was blowing outside the harbour (and at times inside the harbour so it seemed). We were surprised to see that we had not dragged our anchor during the night. The wind was so strong that it was hardly possible to lower the dinghy over the side of the boat. Eventually we procured the services of an engineer who was ferried out to Jethou, in return for a couple of cans of beer, by a R.N. diving boat. Carburettor trouble was diagnosed as the cause of the engine failure and after an hour of tinkering, it burst into life. This was celebrated with more cans of beer.



Alderney Harbour

By the evening the gale had still not abated and so we were forced to stay on board (a great pity since the crew had heard about the considerate licensing laws of Alderney). However, to console ourselves we opened our own bar and reduced the number of cans of beer. A massive meal, rounded off with coffee and liqueurs, completed the day in the traditional manner.

Thursday dawned bright with only a few patchy clouds. The shipping forecast had been promising so we decided to set off for England. As we left Braye Harbour a force 6 wind was blowing and after streaming the log we discovered we were making 5 knots. This turned out to be our best day's sailing. The clouds broke up and we had perfect weather. The wind remained steady throughout the day and with our lee rail often awash we made good time across the Channel. We soon sighted Anvil's Point and the Needles and with some hasty drinking to meet the customs requirements we sailed past the Needles and into Yarmouth. The customs men duly arrived and having satisfied them we turned in for the night, or, in the words of the skipper, we 'climbed to two feet and levelled off.'



Sunset

The next morning, after a late start, we had a briefing on spinnaker drills in preparation for beating up the Solent to Hamble. The weather forecast had been promising for this to be done in the large stretch of the Solent between Yarmouth and Cowes. However once out of the harbour we discovered that conditions were not quite as forecast. What little sun there had been disappeared for the day and a steady downfall of drizzle interspersed with rain squalls began. The tide had turned against us and the wind whipped up large waves. The use of the spinnaker was abandoned and with a mainsail only we made very little progress through the afternoon. This turned out to be our wettest day in fact. We had to tack all along the Solent until the wind changed and then we were carried into Hamble river by the tide.

After mooring Jethou we took the opportunity of going ashore to the Bugle again and sampling their famous T-bone steaks and beer.

The morrow brought the inevitable cleaning up after an excellent cruise. We finally went ashore clutching our duty free stores and went our various ways with memories of a most enjoyable week.

N. B. Smith.



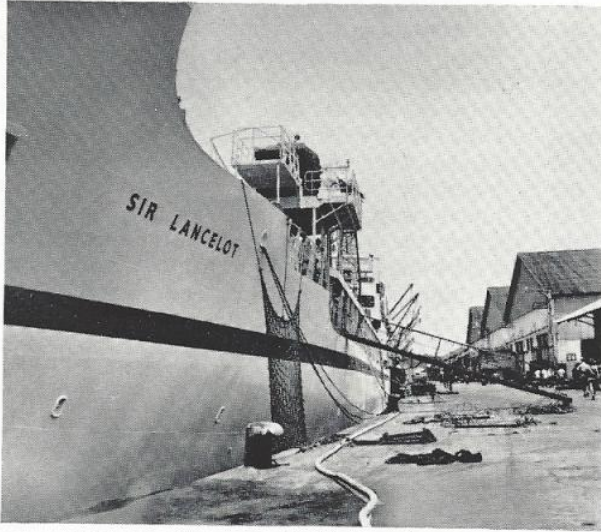
The morning of 23rd August was almost uncomfortably hot, a foretaste of the weather to come for Squadron Leader Lawrence, Flight Lieutenant Spencer and the ten Equipment and Secretarial Cadets of No 89 Entry who made up this year's party for the FEAF visit. Flight 2865 for Changi, a Comet 4 of No 216 Squadron departed at 1055 and, some 25 hours later, arrived at Changi, having stopped at Akrotiri, Muhurraq and Gan on the way. The party was met by Wing Commander S. E. Perrin who was responsible for the organisation of the tour.

To those unaccustomed to such luxuries as a batwoman at Cranwell it came as something of a surprise to awake on Wednesday morning and find a smiling amah enticing them to accept a cup of tea and produce a bundle of laundry. The day clearly promised to be one of interest, a feeling endorsed by a most interesting morning of lecturettes from the Senior Equipment Staff Officer, Group Captain Operations, Group Captain Technical Services, and a deputy of the Command Movements Officer each on his own particular responsibilities in the overall FEAF organization. A coffee break in mid morning provided an informal atmosphere for questions and theories. We spent a much appreciated free afternoon relaxing at the

Officers' Club and inspecting the wares and cut-throat competition of the shopkeepers in Changi village. For the evening a cocktail party had been arranged at Fairy Point to enable the cadets to meet socially the Headquarters and R.A.F. Changi Equipment and Secretarial Officers, many of whom we were to meet professionally later on.

Thursday 26th was the first of three days at Seletar viewing Nos 389 & 390 MU's, Headquarters No 224 Group and R.A.F. Seletar in that order.

The visit started with a brief talk by Wing Commander S. W. Wilding, C.O. of No 389, on the implications of the supply of an operational command with more aircraft than Fighter and Bomber Commands combined when 8000 miles and 6 weeks by sea away from home. It was clearly impossible to visit every department of the depot, and this in any case was unnecessary as the methods of one site were often very similar to those of the next. The general impression of the enormity of the stocks held was cemented by a coach-tour around the perimeter of the M.U., during which the underground explosives sites were visited and a look taken through barbed wire at the array of a Bloodhound squadron. There was much photographic material here



Singapore Harbour, with Sir Lancelot, a newly commissioned troopship in foreground

and it is unfortunate that security regulations forbade the use of cameras.

On the following morning only the Equippers returned to No 389 while the Secretaries spent the day at H.Q. FEAF at Changi. Briefings on the responsibilities of the Command Accountant and Organization Branch preceded their coffee-break, and a look at the workings of Command 'P' Staff, and the Provost and Security side followed. Their afternoon was spent watching a Police Dog Display and visiting the FEAF Jungle Survival School at R.A.F. Changi. Meanwhile at Seletar, the Equipment Cadets concluded their tour of No 389 with a talk on the AIS and brief visits to the POL and Chemical Metrology and Electronic Calibration Laboratories, all of which were run by U.K. based civilians. Following a final address by the C.O. opinion and criticism from the floor was invited. An excellent lunch in the now-familiar Seletar Mess was reluctantly concluded at 1400, and in the absence of the C.O. of No 390, Squadron Leader L. R. De Thier then delivered his introductory address. We passed the afternoon with three visits, to the Aircraft Repair, General Repair and Electronics Engineering Squadrons.

The final day at Seletar commenced at H.Q. 224 Group, a lodger unit on the station. In the refreshing cool air-conditioned conference room the party was first addressed by the A.O.C., Air Vice Marshal C. H. Foxley-Norris, D.S.O., O.B.E., M.A., on the diverse role of his Command, and later by Air Commodore S. G. Quill, O.B.E., D.F.C., the New Zealander S.A.S.O., who spoke of Commonwealth obligations within the theatre. An informal discussion over coffee again proved to be of great value and it was with some reluctance that the group was drawn from the air conditioning at 0930. A short talk by the Station Commander, Group Captain R. W. G. Freer opened the brief stay at Seletar proper, and this was augmented by an excellent presentation with slides on the tasks of the short and medium-range transport squadrons currently on operational duties in the Indonesian confrontation.

Unfortunately only half an hour had been allocated to a tour of the squadrons. The rest of the morning was spent viewing the work of the R.A.F. Mobile Air Movements Teams and their Army Equivalent, No 3 Army Air Supply Organization, both of which are largely responsible for supply dropping to forward troops in Borneo. After lunch we returned to Changi in a Marine Craft of 1124 M.C.U. in time to



Royal Air Force Motor Launch No. 2755

catch the afternoon sun at the Officers' Club swimming pool.

A late rise on Sunday morning gave way to a day of leisure on which the cadets chose to go their separate ways. Two had been invited to spend the day water-ski-ing at Seletar while the rest either investigated the mysteries of the Island or lazed in the sun at Changi, one even tried his luck in excellent company, at the Singapore races. A thoroughly enjoyable evening was spent as the dinner guests of Wing Commander and Mrs. Perrin at their home in Lloyd Leas.

Having spent nearly a week on the Island, we visited our host station on Monday the 30th. The morning was evenly split between the Changi Air Movements Squadron, second only to Lyncham in the amount of traffic handled each year and the Station Supply Squadron, where the conducting Officer was Pilot Officer D. J. Powell, an ex-cadet of No 85 Entry. A short visit to the headquarters complex in the early afternoon was followed by conducted tours of No 215 (Argosy) and No 205 (Shackleton) squadrons. The conducting officer of the former revealed that he was to be aboard our Argosy for Hong Kong later in the week and gave warning of an unpleasantly early E.T.D. Leaving the Squadron at 1600 hours we arrived at the Headquarters building in ample time for a short meeting with Air Marshal Sir Peter Wykeham, K.C.B., D.S.O., O.B.E., D.F.C., A.F.C., A.F.R.Ae.S.

A first hand view of the Indonesian confrontation troubles had been scheduled for the following day, but unfortunately we were unable to go. However, it was later possible to arrange a low-level tour of the Kuching district in a Belvedere helicopter, and this served as a measure of compensation. Group Captain Lamb, the former Assistant Commandant and now Deputy Air Force Commander in Borneo had hoped to be able to meet the party at Kuching but was unfortunately unable to leave his headquarters at Labuan. An additional feature of the day in Borneo was that here were the cheapest bar facilities since Gan and the last opportunity to stock-up before going home.

A late return from Borneo on Tuesday was rewarded on Wednesday morning with

an equally late start. The morning was to be spent at the Joint Service Port Unit at Singapore Harbour. An introductory talk on the function of the Unit was shared between the Army Commandant and the O.C. R.A.F. Element and we were then shown over a new air-conditioned cargo-troopship, a very well-spent hour. A picnic lunch was then taken to Jardine Steps, where the party boarded a Marine Craft for a 35-knot trip home to an afternoon of sun-bathing. Two cadets spent an uncomfortable but exhilarating night aboard a Naval Patrol Vessel on active service in the Malacca Straits.

The spearhead of the strike capability of FEAF is based on the western side of the island at R.A.F. Tengah, where two Javelin, one Hunter and one Canberra Squadrons, together with a detachment of U.K.-based V-Bombers, crowd into an uncomfortably small area. The steady increase in the importance of Singapore and the associated build-up of air power has unfortunately not been accompanied by the availability of new building land, thus posing considerable problems for air staff and ground crews alike. During Thursday's visit the time was equally divided between visits to the operational squadrons the considerable Technical Wing Complex (though centralized servicing has not been adopted) the Supply Squadron, and the Bulk Fuel Installation. A most interesting itinerary was necessarily curtailed to allow us ample time to traverse the island for our scheduled interview and question period with the A.O.A., Air Vice Marshal H. G. Leonard-Williams, C.B.E.

The flight to Hong Kong on Friday required attendance at Changi Air Movements at the early hour of 0430 but the Argosy of No 215 Squadron had been fitted with Comet seats and was sufficiently comfortable to allow most of us to sleep soundly until touch down at Saigon. Those enthusiasts who had hoped to photograph the splendid array of U.S.A.F. warplanes were also disappointed for they were hastily shepherded into a crowded passenger lounge where our only contact with the Vietnamese was the privilege of paying 3/6d. for a postcard.

On arrival at Hong Kong in the evening we learned that we were to return to U.K. a day early and that consequently the "ser-

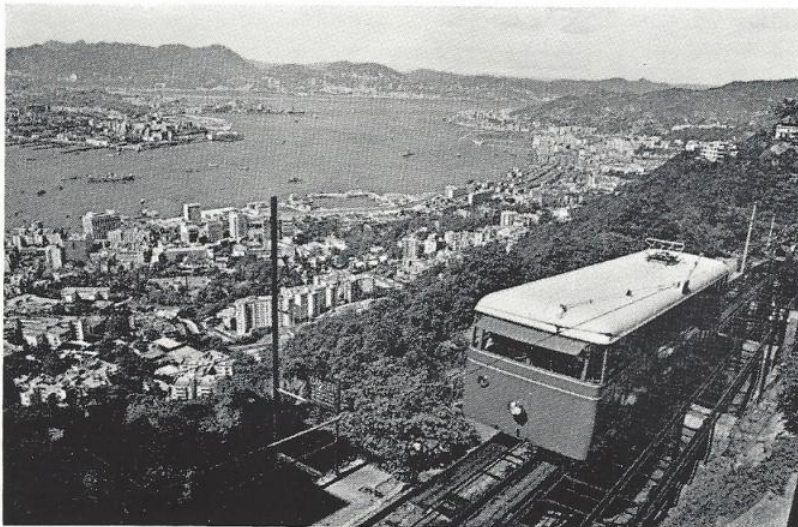
vice" side of the visit had been cancelled. A first evening of Kowloon night-life was followed on the morrow by a brief talk on the function of the Air Headquarters and R.A.F. Kai Tak. Later the equippers visited the Hong Kong Aircraft Engineering Corporation, a giant concern which maintains both service and civilian aircraft, while the secretaries were conducted around the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank. We spent a pleasant afternoon at the Kadoorie experimental farm in the New Territories. From the levelled lawns at the summit of a 900 ft. hill, reached by a precipitous and winding road, a panoramic view of lakes and hills beyond the Chinese border can be seen on one side, while carefully tended crops, chicken-runs and piggeries cling to the other. The farm's founder philanthropist Sir Elly Kadoorie, believed that to dissuade a Chinese peasant from communism one has to make him a capitalist, and with this in mind his organisation adapts European livestock and crops to suit the soils and climate of the East, passing on the products as gifts or loans to the poor farmers of Hong Kong. The most appreciated feature of the farm, however, was the natural mountain pool by the side of which a delightful picnic with ice cold drinks 'on the house' was enjoyed.

Saturday evening and Sunday were devoted to the bright lights of Kowloon and

Hong Kong Island by night and the pool and bar facilities of the United Services Club by day. Modern Hong Kong is a fascinating blend of old and new, of West and East. An ultra-modern International Airport stands opposite a block of flats inhabited by 60,000 people and the "Suzie Wong" nightclub, a favourite with the American sailors, brushes shoulders with the palatial Hong Kong Hilton.

It was a very tired, and a rather sad party that boarded the British Eagle Charter Britannia at 1120 on Monday morning. The majority were more tired still after a sleepless 25 hours of purgatory in the form of crying babies, and children tripping over themselves en route for the rear compartment. Those still able took their opportunity to purchase last minute gifts of silk or wood carvings at Bangkok Airport; then there was nothing left but brief re-fuelling stops at Bombay and Istanbul before arrival at Heathrow at 0800. It had been a really superb visit, and certainly the highlight of the Equipment and Secretarial Courses at the College. It was apparent that our hosts at FEAF had spared no effort to make the visit a success, and we cannot express too highly our appreciation

N. M. Griffiths.



Hong Kong from The Peak Tramways

POTHOLING IN FRANCE, SPAIN and MOROCCO



Painted Ceiling in Altamira

Only five hours separated the departure of this major expedition leaving the College on 27th August from it being part of the NATO visit returning from Germany. The object of the expedition was to visit the painted caves in the Dordogne region of France and the Santanda region of Northern Spain. In addition we were meeting up with another British caving expedition to explore the Chikker caves in the Middle Atlas Mountains of Morocco.

Our 5,000 mile journey began a day late because of a missing passport and so our already tight schedule was made even more tight.

A very early start on the 29th August and a hard day's drive South on the good French roads enabled us to regain some of our lost time. We eventually arrived at Montignac, our centre for the Dordogne cave region, at 2030 hours.

Inquiries in the town the following morning revealed that the major painted cave, Lascaux was closed to the public. The paintings in this cave are world famous for their quality and colour, and it came as a bit of a shock that

we would not be able to see them. We were eager to see the other caves in the area, however, and immediately set out for them.

The first cave we visited was Font-de-Gaume, famous for its two friezes of polychromatic bison on which are super-imposed engravings of mammoth. It was in this cave that we met three French-Canadian students who were interested in cave art and who were willing to act as our interpreters whilst in the region. With our new found guides we visited two more systems that day; Les Combarelles and Bernifall. These two caves we found particularly interesting because of the large number of excellent engravings, particularly in the former. We were allowed, after an initial guided tour to return and photograph these engravings although we were doubtful of the quality of the results because of the lighting effects required to bring out the relief of the engravings.

The following morning, 31st August, we contacted the Montignac Chambre de Commerce through our French speaking guides to try and obtain permission to see Lascaux — all in vain, however, as the person who could have given us permission was away from the town. The afternoon and following day was spent visiting other caves in the region. Among the better of the caves visited were Cap Blanc and Congnac, the former having some very fine, almost life sized sculptured horses whilst the latter had small but well preserved paintings including very curious "sorcerers" pierced by lances.

We left Montignac on 3rd September in order to be in Santander in Northern Spain on the 4th to meet the director of the Santander Museum with whom we had corresponded and who had agreed to help us to see

and photograph the Altamira and other caves in the area. When we visited the museum we found that the director had been called away but his assistant gave us the necessary documents to photograph the caves. What surprised us, however, was that we had to pay 100 pesetas at each cave to photograph it in addition to 100 pts. for entry—expenses that we had not bargained for.

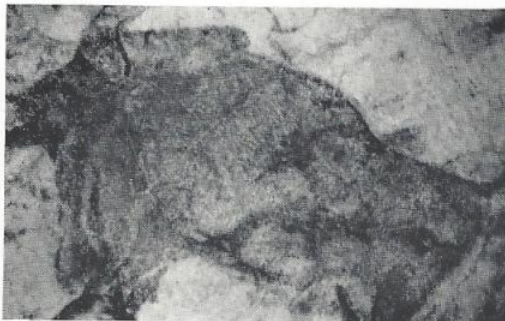
We went to Altamira cave that afternoon and the second most famous cave in the area, Covalanas, the following day. Both these systems have extremely good paintings of deer and bison and we made good use of the 100pts. photographic charge in each case.

On 6th September thunderstorms and rapidly emptying funds drove us south through the hot and infertile centre of Spain. We were on our way to our rendezvous in Morocco with the British Expedition to the Chikker. We crossed Spain in two very tiring days and it was with great relief that we eventually caught sight of the Mediterranean at Malaga.

The following day was spent idly on the beach at Torremolinos recovering from the last two days. At about 1400 hrs. while we were making the most of the sunshine and sea a loud explosion came from our camp site some hundred yards away. Turning towards it we found that our inflatable tent had blown up because of the intense heat, much to the amusement of the other people on the beach !

Mosquitos made the most of two of the party who were trying to sleep in the land-rover that night. We decided to make a detour to Gibraltar to get medical attention because one of the party was ill after being bitten by mosquitos. We also wanted to obtain another tent.

Another setback came at the Spanish border when, after waiting for three hours in the queue of cars waiting to go into Gibraltar the Spanish police refused entry to our vehicle because we were not in possession of the Registration book. This we eventually obtained with the assistance of the A.A. representative in Gibraltar and the advice of the officers at North Front ; but only after many endless hours walking the streets of Gibraltar.



Bison in Covalanas

Being thus armed we resumed our journey to Morocco on 11th September driving along the coast road to Algeciras where we were catching the 1200 hrs. ferry to Centa in North Africa. An hour later we landed in Spanish Morocco and it was at this point that we felt that the adventure really had begun. It took an hour to get through the Moroccan border and a further hour to drive to Tetouan. Here with the help of a guide we were able to buy motor insurance for the vehicle. Here too we had our first glimpse of a Moroccan Kasbah. We spent over an hour walking through the very narrow streets marvelling at the people, the dress they wore and the goods they offered for sale — everything in fact from intricate gold and leather work to coca cola and 'Craven A.' Regretfully we left the fascinating Kasbah and made our way into the Rif Mountains where we spent the night.

The first hint of trouble from the land-rover manifested itself the following day when a "rumbling" noise started in the back axle. The noise worsened as the day



The Kasbah in Tetouan

progressed and inspection that night revealed that a major repair was needed.

We reached Taza early the next morning and hurriedly sought a garage for the repair of the landrover. Unfortunately it was not until a day later that we were able to continue on our way.

By mid-day on the 14th September we were climbing with a comparatively silent vehicle into the Atlas Mountains. The defective component had turned out to be a badly worn half shaft bearing which in turn had damaged the back axle.

We met the other caving expedition early in the evening at the pre-arranged rendezvous. Their expedition was twenty strong, all very experienced potholers. Their aim was to trace the water source known to flow between the Chikker and Ifriou-Alto systems with a view of providing a water supply and for land irrigation in the area. In addition they intended to make extensive surveys of the two systems.

We made our first visit to Ifri-ou-Alto early the next morning. The entrance was a huge swallow hole, the associated sink hole being some 120 feet in diameter and 480 feet deep. The sink hole had worn and dilapidated steps going down to the cave entrance proper. These were remnants of the days when it was projected to open the cave to the public — a venture that never materialised. At the bottom of the entrance pitch we found an excellent scree run about 100 feet high which led to the small passage which was the entrance to the known part of the system. The cave is some 5,500 feet long and in places it entailed some very amusing albeit dangerous acrobatics to get along it. From the moment we entered the system we were amazed by its beauty. Stal formations were both huge and beautiful. The walls were covered with a quartz deposit that glittered whenever light was shone on it. On the floor

were ruinstone pools the size of which we did not think could exist. The known part of the cave ended in a low crawl at the end of which was a lake and mud straw barrier. The barrier had been broken by the other party to enable further exploration. We advanced through the duck, only four inches of air space existed between the water and barrier, and through a second a few feet further on. We continued past the second duck to a point where the passage opened out into a large cavern. We were now in virgin territory and the formations were indescribable in their beauty. Delicate gypsum flowers hung from the ceiling and walls, a phenomenon rarely seen in England. Helictites were in abundance and in one part of the cavern huge multicoloured flutes of stal hung down some two hundred feet.

Further progress along a smaller passage revealed another water duck partly blocked by a large stalactite. It took a full thirty minutes to negotiate this duck but we were well rewarded as we found a pure white calcited waterfall some seven feet high. Perhaps the full meaning of the word discovery was brought home to us here as we were in a part of the earth where no one had set foot before. Very tired, we made our way back through the ducks and eventually reached the surface after seven hours underground.

We became a part of the main expedition the following day when we helped set up their camp for their one month's stay. Field telephones were set up between the cave entrance of Chikker and Ifri-ou-Atto and to the base camp. An extensive ground survey was made of the unknown area between the two caves and many rock samples were taken to ascertain the nature of the ground.

In the afternoon of the same day we went underground with a cave diving team who wanted to test their equipment in one of the large underground lakes before they started



Ifri-ou-atto

on their main task of discovering underwater flow passages.

We stayed in the area working with the other expedition until 17th September, leaving a day before planned in case anything else went wrong with the landrover. Our route back was to take us along the Costa del Sol, the Costa Blanco, and the Costa Brava where we took full advantage of the gorgeously warm sun and sea at our evening camp sites.

The crossing from Spain into France was made via the Junquera — Perthus border

IBERIAN JOURNEY

The Road to Santiago, the Camino de Santiago, was one of the most important pilgrims' ways and channels for cultural exchange in the West. Every country in medieval Europe took an active part in creating and shaping this route. The pilgrims trekked through Europe, via this route, to the Tomb of the Apostle St. James ; and for several centuries nation met nation thus stimulating the hitherto stagnant civilisation of Western Europe.

Four flight cadets planned to retrace the old way through the mountains of Northern Spain and study the relics, shrines and the history left by the medieval pilgrims.

On August Bank Holiday Monday three members set out, with high thoughts and a College minibus, towards Dieppe. At Dieppe they spent a tranquil day gazing expectantly across the Channel awaiting the arrival of the fourth who was busy negotiating his entry into France with the authorities.

On Tuesday the mechanised pilgrims, now at full strength, began the real journey and drove all day towards the Spanish border. This was crossed at Somport high in the Pyrenees, in the middle of a snowstorm, after a journey notable for the cineramic quality of the scenery.

Driving down through the foothills of the Pyrenees the first impression, one that remained throughout the journey, was how little this part of Spain had advanced in the

control on 21st September. Two days of hard driving from here saw us safely camped for the night within sight of the English Channel, a sight which we had been looking forward to since leaving Morocco.

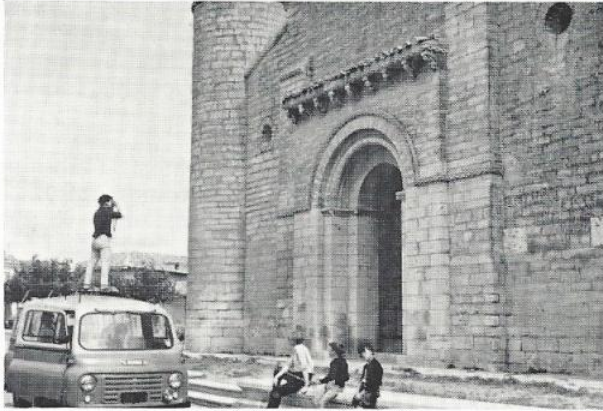
Before boarding the ferry the next morning the accountant of the expedition informed us that exactly 6NF50 remained in the "Kitty" — enough in fact for a duty-free toast to be drunk before arriving at Dover.

A. R. Thomas.

past six hundred years. Most of the villages and small towns looked much as they must have done to the original pilgrims as they walked this road to Santiago. Typical of this sort of settlement was the village of Tiermas, standing high on an isolated hill in the middle of a drab, brown plain at the bottom of a deserted valley ; the nearest village to it was merely a dark patch on the top of a similar hill on the horizon. This village consisted of perhaps a dozen yellowish brown houses built around two fine twelfth century Romanesque churches, even today accessible only by using a rough cart track.

The Romanesque style was developed by the pilgrims and wherever they went their influence was felt, particularly along the route, and generally throughout Europe. Many fine examples of this style of architecture were seen and studied on the journey, and of special note was the small town of Puente la Reine.

Here one of the priests of the Order of the Sacred Heart, who live in a small monastery in the village and were custodians of the remains of a famous resting place for the pilgrims, was prepared to show his visitors round. From him the party learnt the whole history of the ancient hostelry. Some German pilgrims had founded a small chapel in the twelfth century. Later the Knights Templar of Malta constructed a resting house and brought with them, from Malta, a life size wooden cross which is still over the altar of the renovated chapel. Opposite could be



seen the jousts where the Knights held their tournaments and relaxed and trained. This was a rectangular courtyard enclosed by the walls of the monastery and overlooked by the windows from which the spectators could watch the contests. Although the common language in this conversation with the priest was a halting French he managed to convey in this ancient setting, a vivid impression of the days of chivalry.

The party found on their travels that the Spanish people were, without exception, friendly and helpful and pleased by our interest in their country's history. We met several genuine present-day pilgrims ; and one of them, a priest from Argentina whose car was repaired on a deserted roadside by minibus spares which luckily fitted his machine, expressed interest and surprise at four protestants following the route of a catholic pilgrimage.

Considerably refreshed by the thought of philanthropic deeds, and loaded with cigars pressed upon the group by the grateful cleric, thrice blessed, the minibus sped on its way.

Throughout the journey a large number of shrines and churches left by the pilgrims were found and studied. However, the cadets were unable to claim the credit for rediscovering the route ; the Spanish Tourist Office had already mapped it and much was completely signposted.

Seventy miles from Santiago the minibus was stopped by a Carmelite monk who demanded a lift to the city. Once aboard,

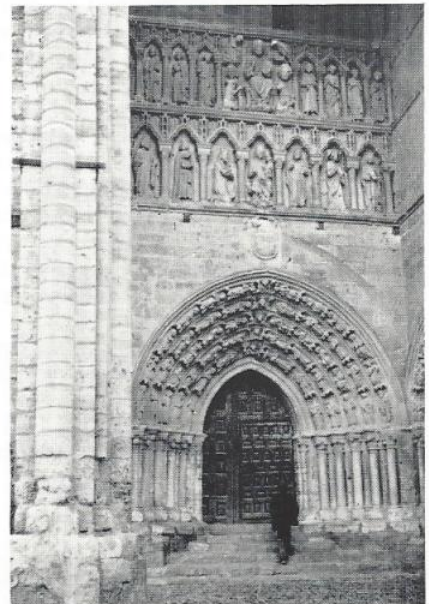
however, upon catching sight of the Protestant infidel, he grasped his Bible firmly in his hand, and to stave off the harmful effects of the Anglicans (and cadet driving), he spent the rest of the journey engaged in prayer invoking the aid of the Almighty.

On one of the very few really fine days of the three weeks, Santiago was seen. It lay in a shallow valley dominated by the spires of the magnificent cathedral, the focal point of the pilgrimage. At close quarters the city was no disappointment and the cathedral a most imposing sight, although the loud-speakers blaring organ music and chants were rather overpowering !

Inside the cathedral two of the party queued for some time to obtain a close look at the remains of St. James. However, these remains had been moved elsewhere.

Several more days were spent in Santiago looking around and collecting useful information on the pilgrimage before the minibus was turned towards the Atlantic coast and so back to England.

D. A. Foulger.





Resting in the Dolomites

SOUTH TO THE DOLOMITES

'Come to Iceland' they said. We shuddered. Somehow the prospect of snow and cold did not appeal to us. We wanted to climb rock in the sunshine, so we went south to the Dolomites. The Dolomites are the virtual Mecca of all rock climbers. Here sheer faces and overhangs tower up some 4,000 feet above the relatively gentle surroundings.

It was the prospect of conquering some of these giants that found five of us aboard the Channel Ferry on the first leg of the long journey to Italy. Despite the great amount of training behind us, we realised that the greatest problem would be the sheer scale of the peaks.

We reached our proposed base camp on the Sella Pass (6,740 ft.) within three days. Blue skies, local vino and sheer rock faces — what more could a climber ask for? Our main objective, the Third Sella Tower, lay

within a mile of the camp site and the sight of this pinnacle was a constant challenge.

The first objective was to prepare ourselves for exertion at these relatively high altitudes. Alas! This cannot be done lying down with a bottle of vino, so off we went to the top of the Sella Plateau which is about 10,000 feet. Most of this climb was spent wishing for an emergency oxygen supply.

Next day — Sella. However first a small civil engineering exercise, concerning one minibus, five cadets, an unlimited amount of rope, and one ditch. Shades of Daedalus House! This was also the day of the accident of the week. Here amidst the vast faces of the Sella Range, Flight Cadet Coe fell and cracked an ankle bone climbing out of the minibus. As if all this were not enough, on one day the weather broke and the previously cloudless skies now had a cloudbase only a few hundred feet above us. We also attempted

the Third Sella Tower, but were forced down by the weather.

Undeterred by this, like the true British masochists we were, next day in very poor conditions we finally climbed the Sella Tower. This brought to an end our attempts in the Sella area. Our departure was speeded by finding three inches of snow around the tents next morning. It was generally decided that snow was strictly for the bears (polar Mk 1) and so we left for a better area.

The secondary area chosen was the Brento where, despite the weather we attempted a very interesting climb on the main Group. This brought home to us the value of the abseil as a means of descent. On most British

faces an easy descent can usually be made by walking round the side of the face itself but here the sheer pinnacles can only be descended by this method ; some pitches were up to 100 feet in length.

Thus, sadly disillusioned by the weather, but greatly impressed by the rock, the 'beer and sunshine' section of the Mountaineering Society began its return to Cranwell. The standard of rock climbing had risen considerably and we look forward to a return visit to the Dolomites in the near future. We would caution future Dolomite expeditions with an old Italian proverb, learned from one of the local goatherds "It's cold in them thar hills."

M. Caygill.

SUB AQUA—SCILLY ISLES

The disappointment of last year's cancelled expedition to Gan was more than made up for by our visit to the Scilly Isles during the recent summer vacation.

The aim of this year's expedition was to locate the wreck of H.M.S. Colossus which sank off St. Mary's during a gale in 1798. Colossus was a British warship and took part in many of the famous battles of the period. Immediately before her wreck she had been taking part in the Battle of the Nile and it was on her voyage home, carrying troops who had fought in Egypt that she anchored in St. Mary's sound to shelter from the gale which subsequently wrecked her.

The equipment we used was the club twin compressed air cylinders, of which we have five sets, the club immersion suits and our personal mask, snorkel and flippers. Each twin set of cylinders gives a duration of approximately one hour, depending upon what depth we were working at. Most of our dives did not go below one hundred feet, although a depth of a hundred and twenty feet was recorded. In order to allow as many people as possible to dive we split the party of fourteen into two groups of seven. One group dived in the morning using one cylinder (two of the group acted as marshals and did not dive) and the other group dived in the afternoon using the other cylinder of the five twin sets. At the end of the day's

diving we had all of the sets recharged by a local sub-aqua firm. Most of our Trenchard award was allotted to paying for the air that we used (this cost us seven shillings per single cylinder) and the rest of the award went towards the use of a boat, which we were fortunate enough to borrow from the parish church on the island.

The party assembled at Penzance early on the 14th September and from there we went to Culdrose Naval Air Station to be flown over by helicopter. We were very fortunate with our accommodation as Flt Cdt Saunby's parents live on St. Mary's and very kindly offered to put us up in the Custom House. This was an act of generosity which demanded the utmost in patience — looking after a party of fourteen is no mean task !

The first day was spent unpacking our equipment, which had been sent on by rail, and attempting to hire a boat. By lunch time the following day we had made full arrangements to use the church boat and were ready for the first dive in the afternoon. Since there were five divers in each group one party of two went off together and when they returned the other three dived. This meant that we had at least four swimmers in the boat should an emergency arise. We were, in fact, very fortunate as far as this was concerned. Only once did we have to pick a diver up who was suffering from cramp, and

one member of the party had to stop diving towards the end of the expedition owing to a perforated ear drum. During the first dive visibility was good and a considerable amount of the search area was covered although nothing of the wreck was found.

Thursday's diving was equally as successful as Wednesday's, but again nothing was found. Unfortunately on Friday there were heavy storms around the islands and all diving had to be cancelled. There was still a heavy swell the following day so we dived from the shore as the boat could not put to sea. This proved to be very enjoyable as the sea-bed, off the islands has some very beautiful underwater scenery. We found that it was like being on the "lost planet": acres and acres of hideous looking plants growing on the sides of small valleys in the sea-bed, truly Cousteau's 'Silent World'! It was here that we met a party of divers from a club outside Manchester. We later met them on the shore and spent an interesting half hour exchanging useful ideas on equipment.

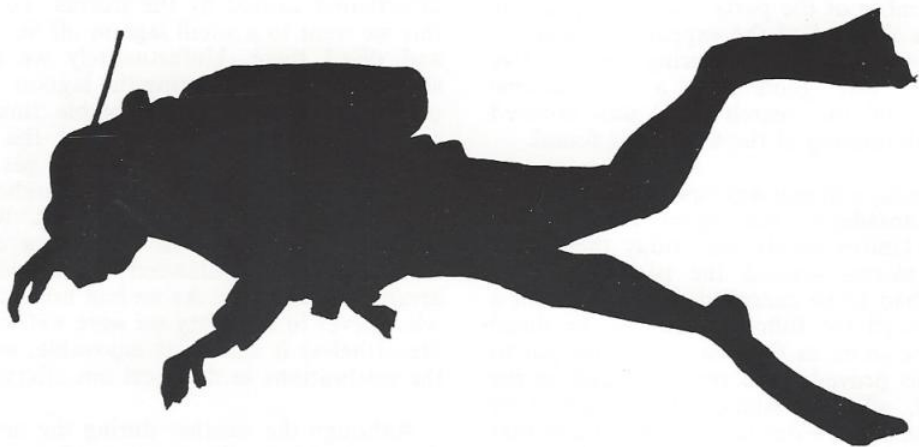
By Sunday the weather had completely settled and after going to church (on Battle of Britain Sunday) we planned further diving for the afternoon. The visibility over the search area was very poor because of the

disturbance caused by the storms. To avoid this we went to a small lagoon off St. Agnes and dived there. Unfortunately we had a small accident on entering the lagoon, losing our anchor, and much valuable time was spent searching for it. However the expedition photographer managed to get some good cine shots of us whilst we searched for, and eventually found, the anchor. We returned to St. Mary's in time for a cricket match against the islanders which had been arranged previously. As we had no cricketers whatsoever in the party we were well beaten. Nevertheless it was most enjoyable, as were the celebrations in the local inn afterwards!

Although the weather during the next few days was better than we could have ever hoped for, the visibility in our search area was very poor and made any search impossible. Because of this we made trips to various parts of the islands in order to give the less experienced members of the party some interesting dives. During one of these we came across large shoals of mackerel and in an hour's fishing we caught about five hundred. They were gutted on the way back which meant that we were escorted into harbour by a massive flock of hungry sea gulls. Most of the fish were sold to hotels and the rest we ate for breakfast next day.



*Mission
Accomplished*



Towards the end of the week the weather deteriorated a little but not enough to prevent us from diving. However it was raining for the start (and finish for most of us) of our football careers, when we accepted the challenge of the local team. After a post mortem of the match we all agreed that it was the weather that had caused our defeat !

The next day the sun came out again and between the morning and afternoon dives we tended the vicar's garden in preparation for the Archbishop of Canterbury's visit at the end of that week. On Saturday of the second week the party began to break up as some had to join rugby tours and others had to return to work. They left on Saturday afternoon leaving only nine of us over the weekend. Since the boat was needed for the Archbishop's visit on Saturday we hired a lorry to take our equipment around to the south coast in order to dive off the shore again. The swell however was very heavy and made entry into the water over the rocks impossible. As there was no way of contacting the lorry we had to carry everything back ourselves — an activity we all thought that we had left behind at training camp.

Sunday morning's diving took place in the harbour at low water (maximum depth seven feet) looking for the lost boat moorings of one of the local boatmen. It was a very good way of using the air remaining in our cylinders (it is an offence to send charged air bottles on the railways !) and at the same

time we managed to do a good turn to the boatman as we found his moorings. It seems that diving down for moorings is the only successful way of finding them — the boatman in question had been searching unsuccessfully with a boat pole for two years and we found them in just one hour. In the afternoon we took the boat over to Tresco and visited the gardens there. In the gardens we found a small museum full of pieces of wreckage found on the shores of the islands. Amongst them was the restored sternboard of the Colossus, one of the few pieces of the ship washed ashore. We returned in time to watch the inter-island gig race — a most exciting spectacle when viewed from alongside the gigs.

Monday was spent packing up the gear and nailing down our much travelled crate. We all caught the afternoon ferry back to Penzance from where we made our various ways home. Although we were unsuccessful in finding the Colossus we had a most interesting, useful and enjoyable trip. The newer members of the club had some very useful experience in diving in open water. Possibly the most important was the practice in operating from a fairly small boat in open water and with a swell for most of the time. We have no definite plans for next year's expedition but if it is as successful and enjoyable as this one then we will have had two lucky years.

M. Tester



SPORTS AND ACTIVITIES



EDITORIAL

College sports teams met with varying degrees of success in their Summer contests with the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst and the Britannia Royal Naval College, Dartmouth. At cricket and tennis the College lost to Sandhurst but beat Dartmouth. The golf team lost both its matches. In triangular matches the College won both the swimming and the water polo, came second in the athletics and tetrathlon and last in the sailing.

Some noteworthy results were achieved outside the Inter-College competitions by both teams and individuals. One member of the athletics team, Flight Cadet Gaskin, represented Great Britain in a decathlon match against Belgium and the Netherlands. Flight Cadets Cartlidge (89), Dobbs (87), Gaskin (91), Pilgrim Morris (90), Phillips (88), and Sandford (91) all represented the Royal Air Force. Five Flight Cadets and the relay team won Flying Training Command titles, establishing new records in the high jump and the 220 yards, and thus helped the College to win the Command Inter-Station Athletics Competition. From the swimming team, Flight Cadet Webster (92) represented the Royal Air Force and won the Inter-Services 220 yards freestyle title, Flight Cadet Hedges (88) was a member of the water polo team and Flight Cadet Pyle (90) was reserve. Flight Cadet Manser (88) reached the semi-final of the singles in the Royal Air Force Tennis Championships. The College junior four won the Royal Air Force Junior Fours for the second year, the first four came second in the Royal Air Force Bumps and represented Flying Training Command. The College riding team came first in the Royal Air Force Equitation Championships, Flight Cadet Walliker (88) won the individual championship and Flight Cadet Chalkley (89) came second. In the Young Officers and Cadets Fencing Competition at the Royal Tournament Flight Cadet Cadwallader (90) came second in the foil, Flight Cadet Faisal (92) came fifth and Flight Cadet Kirkland sixth in the epee.

ATHLETICS

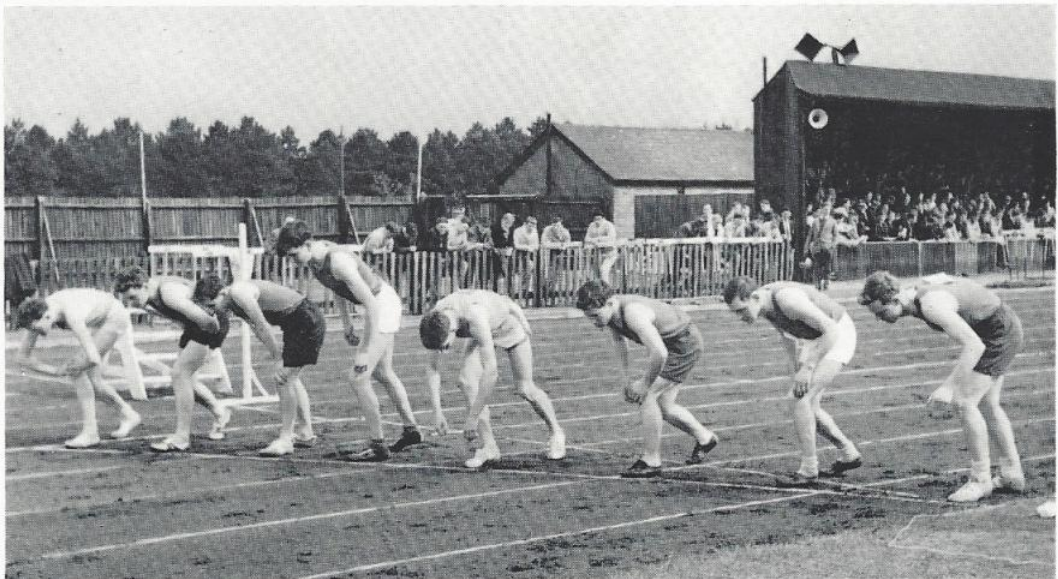
The new two-term system started the season early for the Athletics team. However, we were aided in our team selection by the Chimay competition being held in April this year. Without losing any members from last year's team we had been enriched by some strong, young blood in the junior entries. With this potentially very strong team we started the season with great expectations.

We struck good form right from the start and beat the City of London School. We repeated this performance by winning the first triangular of the season against Carre's Grammar School and Kimbolton School. Increasing the competition a little in an enjoyable match at Hurlingham Park, we beat Imperial College and Southampton University. In this match, Cooper with a fine putt of 45ft. 9½in. beat his own College shot putt record. Then followed our first defeat. In a triangular with Nottingham and Leicester Universities we were narrowly beaten by Nottingham by four points and the weaknesses in the team were shown up. In the two mile event Cartlidge struggled to come third and, returning a time of 9 mins. 45.2 secs. broke the College record.

The team went on to beat Denstone and Welbeck Colleges by a comfortable margin before coming up against some real opposition in the shape of the Loughborough Colleges. Loughborough sent two teams, one from the physical training college, the Gazelles, and one from the University. This was a very close match and near the end we were one point ahead, but we dropped the baton in the relay and so we lost the match. Against the Milocarians and Henlow we were triumphant over our old rivals Henlow, but lost to Milocarians.

On the quaint Sheffield University 330 yds. track we registered another victory against the University and Training College. In preparation for the coming battle with Sandhurst and Dartmouth, the National team coach, Mr. Paish, gave a course on instruction for three consecutive evenings and a lot of useful tips were picked up from his wide experience.

Only once in the history of the College have we beaten both Sandhurst and Dartmouth and we hoped to do it again this year. Team spirit was running high and victory seemed possible. But Sandhurst streaked into a 10 point lead. Then Gaskin and Kingston won the Javelin event and helped to close the gap.



The start of the Inter-Squadron 880 yards Race





First places in the two miles and 100 yds. by Carlidge and Glover closed the gap further. In the 220 yds. Dobbs broke the College record with a time of 22.4 secs. Four more fine wins by Gaskin in the discus, high jump, long jump and pole vault brought us closer still. In the discus event Gaskin established a new College record of 139ft. 6ins. The atmosphere was tense. With one event to go the position was Cranwell 118 points Sandhurst 117 and Dartmouth 81 points. Unfortunately Sandhurst won the relay by 0.5 sec. and thus won the match. It must be said that our own relay team broke the existing record and Dobbs, Phillips, Harrison and Glover can be proud of the achievement. This really had been an afternoon for the spectators, many of whom said they had never seen such an exciting match.

To round off this successful season we beat Retford Grammar School and Lincoln Wellington AC although we lost to a University-fortified Holbeach team. The successful season is a measure of the consistency and inspiration of Phillips, our captain, whose

strong running has helped the team to many a victory. Together with the vice captain and secretary he has welded together a fine team that could do well in the future.

This year more cadets than ever before have been allowed to participate in Royal Air Force Athletics. At the Flying Training Command Championships Phillips won the 440 yds., Cooper the shot putt, Gaskin the pole vault and high jump, Sandford the mile and Pilgrim Morris the triple jump. Eight Cadets represented the Command against Bomber Command and the USAF at Wittering and in the Royal Air Force Championships. Worthy of mention here is Sandford's 880 yds. in 1 min. 56.8 sec. and mile in 4 mins. 23.8 secs. at Uxbridge; most commendable performances. Gaskin was selected to represent Great Britain against the Netherlands in the decathlon, in which event he came second.

The standard set by the team this year has been very high, as is borne out by the records book. Although tough, it has been a satisfying season. Colours were awarded to Gaskin, Pilgrim Morris and Sandford.



OCEAN SAILING

The College Ocean Sailing Club has had a very successful season this year

During the summer mid term break there was one cruise on 'Lady Corinne.' This was skippered by Squadron Leader T. Delap and crewed by seven cadets. This cruise took place in perfect weather along the South Coast. They visited Yarmouth (I.O. W.), Weymouth, Cowes and Chichester and concluded with a party aboard at Portsmouth.

During the summer leave four cruises took place. 'Sperling' skippered by Flight Lieutenant J. Allard took part in two cruises around the South Coast and also visited the Scilly Isles. 'Lady Corinne' skippered by Flight Lieutenant P. R. C. Jones left Hamble on the 1st September and cruised around the West Country. Crewed by four cadets she visited Torquay, Torbay, Brixham and Weymouth.

Finally the RAFSA yacht 'JETHOU' skippered by Wing Commander L. W. Phipps and crewed by four cadets visited France and the Channel Islands. A report of this cruise appears elsewhere in the *Journal*.

DINGHY SAILING

The Sailing VI finished the summer term, with an unsuccessful season behind them. This was due to inexperience and the loss of three members with the graduation of No. 87 Entry. The team normally raced Fireflies but were able to adapt themselves to different classes for away fixtures.

The main match of the season was the match at Bembridge, Isle of Wight, between Sandhurst, Dartmouth, Lympstone (Royal Marines) and the College. The Bembridge One Design boats and the Channel weather gave an excellent weekend's sailing. After a very promising start the College finished third to Sandhurst (1st) and Dartmouth.

Once again many cadets have taken advantage of the facilities, provided by the College, at Newark. This has meant much hard work on the boats throughout the season, but it has proved worth while for the standard of sailing in the inter-squadron races was commendably high. After many exciting races 'A' squadron were the victors, closely followed by B, C and D, in that order.

Now that winter is upon us, everyone has settled down to overhaul the boats in readiness for an early start to next season, that it may be full and successful.





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CRICKET

The College 1st XI had a season of mixed fortunes because of inconsistent batting which, unfortunately, offset the advantages gained by good bowling and fielding. Of the 16 matches played, five were won, six lost, four drawn and three abandoned. Sadly, two of the abandoned matches were against the Free Foresters and the MCC. The Inter-College matches produced an easy win against BRNC Dartmouth and a defeat, in an exciting game, against RMA Sandhurst.

Amongst the batsmen Fountain, Labercombe and Robertson were the most successful but, unfortunately, they rarely scored runs together. Labercombe dominated the opening partnership with Forder who had a lean season. However, Forder perhaps compensated for this with some brilliant fielding in the gully. Robertson and Fountain batted strongly at times but they tended, particularly Robertson, to be inconsistent.

The bowling was more encouraging. Of the opening bowlers Patrick was the most successful especially when he bowled off his shorter run. Burns worked hard and bowled adequately: he will be more potent if he learns to control his swing. The real strength however, lay in the change bowling. P. F. Thompson the most improved cricketer in the College bowled 188 overs of deceptive "in-duckers" to claim 30 wickets cheaply.

Yates, the captain and slow left arm bowler, acquired 28 wickets despite his tendency to lose his length. Irfan, his co-spinner, had

a poor season as he was inclined to bowl too quickly.

Although it lapsed occasionally because of lack of concentration the fielding on the whole was good. Cornish-Underwood at cover point and Forder set a good example to the less gifted players.

In the match against a moderate Dartmouth team the College were never in trouble. Dartmouth were dismissed for 129 runs, with Yates claiming five wickets, and Cranwell through good batting by Forder (30), Labercombe (65 n.o.) and Robertson (31 n.o.) raced to a nine wicket victory in 121 minutes.

Sandhurst were a more formidable proposition. On a wet wicket fortunes changed constantly; the early scores in the first three innings were 29 for 5 (Cranwell) 35 for 5 (Sandhurst) and 10 for 4 (Cranwell). Despite this all innings topped a century. In the final innings Sandhurst were troubled only by Thompson and the clock. In fact, they emerged as victors on the penultimate ball of the game.

In the two remaining major games the Old Cranwellians held on to a draw and the Aastrians were defeated by 40 runs.

Last season's cricketers thoroughly enjoyed the game and the prospects for next season are good, with the majority of this year's side still available. Once again we must thank Fred Simpson, the coach, and George and Herbert, the groundsmen, for their unfailing efforts on our behalf. FC Edwards has our thanks also for being such a neat and accurate scorer.

TENNIS

At the beginning of the term, the College was in the unfortunate position of having lost half of its best players from the previous season. Several practices were arranged in the first week, in an effort to build up two good teams.

Unfortunately, however, neither team enjoyed much success throughout the season, the first team managing to win only three of its twelve fixtures. The best win of the season was against the Royal Naval College Dart-

mouth. Many of the remaining matches were closely fought and we were often unlucky to lose by the odd game of nine.

The second team beat Worksoop College and Henlow. It also experimented with many players, who showed promise for next season.

Senior Flight Cadet R. C. H. Manser, the captain, is to be congratulated on being selected as a regular member of the Royal Air Force team and for reaching the semi-finals in the Royal Air Force Singles championships.

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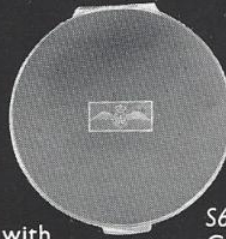
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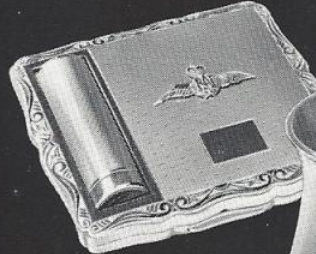
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MOUNTAINEERING

The term mountaineering embraces all activities to do with the exploration of the hills, and the Mountaineering section welcomes the long distance walkers into its fraternity. Since the inclusion of the walker's sub-section the section has grown to be one of the largest in the College. However, it is quality and not quantity for which we strive. During the many visits to Derbyshire last term, the quality has improved. 'Vee-Diffs' or to the uninitiated, very difficult climbs, are no longer things to be feared but are mere rock scrambles for warming up to greater things.

Derbyshire has, and always will, supply us with most of our climbing practice. In the past six months we have had five weekend expeditions to the Millstone grit Edges, and on one such trip Stanage Edge was ascended some forty times including eight severe climbs. The Millstone grit rock is famous for its lack of clean-cut hand and toe holds and requires a special technique of its own. This 'friction' climbing is an excellent way of improving one's sense of balance but it is not everyone's idea of fun.

The beginner needs climbs of varying difficulty, clean rock and peace and quiet, these requirements are not often found on the crowded Derbyshire Edges. To instruct some of our newer members we have recently made two sorties to distant climbing grounds. One to the sea cliffs of Swanage and the other to the Snowdonia National Park.

At Whitsun eight cadets made the long trek to the south coast to try for themselves the good, sound limestone cliffs of Swanage. Washed by the sea every day these cliffs are clean and free from vegetation. The handholds are firm and clean cut and present the beginner with ideal opportunities for developing a sound technique. Climbing sea cliffs is different from any other form of climbing for added to the sheerness of the rock and the buffeting of the wind there is the crashing of the waves only 50ft. below you. On this trip ten severe climbs were made and three very severe climbs conquered. The five beginners that we took were confident and safe climbers by the time that we left. Swanage has an over-riding advantage as a

climbing ground. What could be a better way of rounding off a hot day's climbing than a dip in the sea ?

In August a party of twenty flight cadets sallied forth to the crags of the Nant Francon Pass in Snowdonia. North Wales is the ideal spot for the novice rock climber. Near our camp site there was a nursery slope, and an old chapel made from dry stones, that served as good training. It is a strenuous and tricky exercise to circumnavigate that chapel without touching the ground. Before moving onto the crags the beginners were shown and learnt the art of abseiling in Tin Can Gulley. This 100ft., sheer-sided rock-rift is an ideal spot for this tuition. By Saturday afternoon the ideal slabs and the milestone buttress were covered with cadets searching for excitement.

In these more remote mountainous districts the call of the hills is really felt. In fact some cadets refused the dubious delights of an evening in the hostleries of Bethesda in order to sleep out on the tops. By the end of this weekend the novices we had taken had developed good rock climbing techniques. Overnight they were transformed to fanatics avidly reaching for wrist jams and mistrusting the flat surfaces.

All these trips in the United Kingdom, however, only form the base of the pyramid that is headed by the Summer activities. This summer we have had two major expeditions, one to the Dolomites and one to Iceland. Both these trips broke new ground and were enjoyed by all participating.

People have often asked, 'why do you climb?' Some answer 'because it's there.' Fair enough, but once tried, climbing is not forgotten and never regretted. If you stand on a ledge 1500ft. up, the exposure is frightening. As you cling to dear mother earth by a toenail and an imaginary finger-hold the adrenalin flows into your stomach. The wind billows the anorak about your head and you feel like doing the terribly un-British act of screaming. Then that awful lump that jumps in your throat when you are swept by a wave of relief on finding that crucial handhold. These feelings are the thrill of rock climbing, but they are surpassed by the pride and satisfaction of having fought and won. Try it !

RIDING

Although riding is both an activity and a sport, it is the sporting side which has stolen the limelight this term.

After the first team victory over Hull University, the second team lost to Bristol University, but its members vindicated themselves by winning every prize open to them in the Technical Training Command Championships, and walking away with the team prize.

This was followed by the first team's victory in the Royal Air Force Equitation Association Championships, in which we took the top two RAF individual places, won the RAF team prize and came third in the open competition — the first time an RAF team has been placed in the open.

A scratch team entered into the Area Prix Caprilli Championships, principally for the competition experience, did not gain a place, and neither did any of the individuals who entered the Lincoln Hunter Trials earlier in the term.

Meanwhile membership has risen to saturation level and the arrival of two new horses in the near future will be welcomed to ease the situation, which will become even more acute with the arrival of Henlow. A new indoor school for which a grant has been obtained will also be of great assistance.

During the summer the more masochistic members have been dragging themselves out of bed early on Sunday mornings to savour the glory of Lincolnshire mornings from horseback, and found to their mild and pleasant surprise that the canter across the North Airfield makes it all worthwhile. Late evening rides were also held with great success.

The vacation activities included an arduous 50-mile trek over Exmoor by two cadets, and an advanced course for instructors, which three members are attending.

Nothing breeds success like success and this is reflected in the full programme for next term, and if the standard of riding continues to improve as it has this term, coupled with the coming expansion, there is no reason why the already good record should not be further improved.



LONG DISTANCE WALKING

The Concise Oxford Dictionary defines masochism as a form of perversion in which a sufferer derives pleasure from pain or humiliation.

The long distance walking section was formed especially for the masochists within the College, and there are many of them. However, no member of this section has been subject to any humiliation, even if the pain supplied has been considerable. The members of this section can look back upon their achievements with considerable pride for this new section has been one of the most active in the College during the past few months.

Derbyshire was the scene of the first walk, a mere twenty-five miles of heather covered by eight members of the section during a Mountaineering section weekend in March.

The first major walk was the fifty mile walk which starts from South Ferriby on the Humber Estuary and which ends at the College with the customary stride across the Orange. At 3 p.m. on Saturday 24th April twenty-two cadets and one officer started on the walk. Blisters, tiredness and cramp took their toll and the first of the eight cadets and one officer to finish, reached the College around 4 a.m. on the Sunday morning. Most of those who had finished came in singing having walked at least twenty-five miles on their own.

It can be seen just how much was learned from this walk when we look at the results of the fifty mile walk held on July 24th. Twenty-four out of twenty-five cadets and two out of four officers completed the walk. This was due to several reasons, parties were encouraged to stay together and the support vehicles were able to give greater support and encouragement to the walkers. An innovation was Flt Lt Ramshaw's caravan, which was stopped at two points and the supply of hot soup and hot coffee from this caravan was a superb morale booster to walkers. It helped to start early but it was a pity that the officers and friends who gave encouragement during the day were not present during the early hours of Sunday morning to give encouragement over the

last few miles which are always the longest and most painful. Nevertheless the walk was a great success and a new record of 10½ hours was set up whilst times generally were a great improvement on the previous walk.

Ermine Street has not been the sole walk attempted by the section. The Lyke Wake Walk in Yorkshire was attempted by fourteen members on the weekend 15th-16th May. This walk was officially started in 1958 and many thousands have since completed it so the cadets are not the only people to derive pleasure from walking. The actual walk is an heirloom of North country legend, for the old folk believed that when they died their souls must walk the forty-five miles over the rough North York Moors before they could enter heaven. Fourteen cadets are now assured of their places in heaven if this legend is true.

Toughest challenge of the season was the Ten Tors over Dartmoor. Here, two teams each of six cadets took part in this event held each Whitsun weekend. The course involves sixty miles of walking to be completed in twenty-six hours with a ten hour overnight stop. Accurate navigation is essential to complete the course in time. The College teams were strangers to the moor and in comparison with the teams from Halton, Dartmouth and Sandhurst, extremely poorly trained, but what they lacked in experience they made up for in enthusiasm.

During the first day the first team suffered a misfortune when one of its members collapsed, was revived and forced to carry on only to collapse again and have to be taken away on a stretcher. The five remaining members carried on and finished with twenty minutes to spare, qualifying for individual certificates.

The second team was going extremely well until the final hours when it suffered from inaccurate navigation and one member suffering from cartilage trouble had to be encouraged on to the next check-point. Eight miles from the finish with only an hour to go, the remaining five members were withdrawn by the Ten Tors authorities as they could not have finished in time.

As yet the College has not had a full team complete the sixty mile Ten Tors course. Next year the section intends to return and claim that elusive honour.

To finish the term nine cadets and two officers spent the week 20th-31st July in Holland participating in the annual Nijmegen walk sponsored by the Dutch League of Physical Culture. The team had to walk twenty-five miles a day carrying a twenty-two pound pack, for four days. (This walk is the subject of a separate article). The College team successfully completed the walk and was the first Royal Air Force team to pass the saluting base, a fitting end to a busy season. The section looks forward to the coming year with a confidence born of continued success.

CANOEING

The canoeing section has had a fair share of misfortunes during this last year. February saw ten cadets training for the Devizes Westminster 128 mile canoe race. However a lack of available weekends forbade training on the river Thames itself. A moonraker for the fifth crew was weekly arriving from Henlow but never did so. There were then three weeks of leave, and vocational activities allowed only three crews to gain any experience of the River Thames. This was followed by three weeks on the River Trent which proved remarkably unsuitable for training.

The leading crew never began the race for the captain fell sick on the day before the race, the other four crews did not finish, one crew suffered from a slashed ankle, which though stitched, bandaged and wrapped in polythene, could not sustain carrying the canoe over five more portages. One boat was holed near the finish and another crew was exhausted by having to propel a rudderless, decrepit Moonraker, obtained from RAF Oakington the night before the race, against not only water but increasing crosswinds.

After the Devizes Westminster race some time was spent on repairing boats and training new canoeists. A trip to Skegness for nine people proved both interesting and

very wet. The sea was unusually rough and nearly all canoes were overturned at some point but each crew gained valuable experience and endless enjoyment riding the breakers.

We managed to race at Bath with four canoes and considering that no crew had raced before, fair results were achieved. The final weekend of the term was spent at Lake Windermere where seven people, of whom three were novices, managed to have a rewarding weekend.

GLIDING

The section has enjoyed a fairly successful summer term with several qualifications being gained. The weather at the beginning of the term was excellent and for several weekends good launches were had, with flights of over half an hour being logged quite regularly. At this time one member of the section went spiralling happily skyward until he found that Cranwell wouldn't be reached, he didn't know where it was anyway, and had to land away, lost. This was not a regular occurrence fortunately. During the term several people gained their "C" certificates. At this time also there was a large influx of members from the junior entry and the section was rather hampered in checking them out and training them because there was only one dual aircraft available. We now have two, so the situation is a little easier.

During the term several visits were paid to Spitalgate, where valuable experience was gained in operating off a crowded field. After operating alone on the open expanse of the North Airfield for so long it was a little difficult to get used to the idea of three gliding clubs all operating off the same field, with three sets of cables and recovery vehicles scattered over half the field. It was also entertaining to watch the antics of several gliders chasing each other round the sky, each thinking the other had found lift. When someone did find lift it soon became crowded in his area of the sky as others flashed to share his good fortune. It was not unusual see three or four gliders thermalling within a few scores of feet of one another, which is not as dangerous as it looks from the ground.

This term also we regained the use of our Olympia which one member of the section flew from Spitalgate to Skegness to gain one leg of his Silver 'C' certificate.

The camp held at Upavon during the Summer leave proved very successful as six people gained their C certificates and two members did the five hours in one flight necessary for one leg of their Silver C. The section has now a sufficient number of instructors to keep up an adequate training programme and is deeply indebted to them for giving up their spare time to forwarding the interests of the section. During the Winter term most of the time will be spent in training newcomers as the weather is usually unsuitable for soaring flights.

SWIMMING and WATER POLO

1965 was a very successful season. The swimming and water polo teams beat Sandhurst and Dartmouth. The swimming result was close; everything depended upon the final relays; but in the water polo, the College quite convincingly beat Sandhurst 7-1, and Dartmouth 11-2.

In the Flying Training Command Championships, Tester was 1st in the 3 metre diving and 2nd in the 5 metre diving, Hedges was 3rd in the 440 yds freestyle, Webster was 1st in the 110 yds and 220 yds freestyle, Annan was 3rd in the 110 yds backstroke, Hall was 5th in the 110 yds freestyle and Pook and Pyle were 4th and 5th respectively in the 220 yds breaststroke.

Four cadets competed for Flying Training Command in the RAF Championships. Webster was 1st in the 110 yds and 220 yds freestyle and was a member of the winning medley and freestyle relay teams. Tester was 5th in the 5 meter diving. Hedges and Pyle played in the winning water polo team.

Three cadets represented the Royal Air Force in the Inter-Services swimming and water polo: Webster won the 220 yds freestyle, was 2nd in the 440 yds freestyle and was in the winning freestyle relay team; Hedges played in the winning water polo team and Pale was a reserve for the water polo team.

Webster went on to represent the Combined Services in a TV gala against Wales. He was 3rd in the 110 yds freestyle.

SUB-AQUA

The College Sub-Aqua section has increased its membership this year and has become a Special member of the British Sub-Aqua Club, which enables it to take advantage of all modern techniques and ideas concerning diving.

In June the section undertook a survey of Denton reservoir, near Grantham for the Grantham Angling Club which was disturbed by the decreasing fish population. From the survey, which took place in very poor water conditions, results were obtained which enabled the club to decide whether or not it was possible to restock the reservoir.

Members of the section continued to train in the College swimming pool last term, and most of them have become proficient divers which will allow them to undertake more severe dives when the circumstances permit.

The section enjoyed a successful Trenchard Expedition to the Scilly Isles during the summer vacation and a full report is given in this *Journal*.

FIELD SHOOTING

As the whole of the summer term falls in the off-season for Game Shooting and Wildfowling there has been very little activity in the past few months.

In preparation for the new season, however two clay pigeon shoots were held, on 3rd and 12th August, and both were well supported, though the scores were very disappointing. The section has now purchased from the Officers' Shoot its share in the trap, and it is hoped that this will enable members to get their eyes in early next term, before the first live shoot. A Clay Pigeon match against the Officers was arranged for the last Wednesday of term but unfortunately was cancelled at the last moment.

During the summer vacation three members sampled some early-season wildfowling on Kidwelly Marshes but their efforts were very poorly rewarded.

GOLF

Golf this term was erratic but still exciting. The match against Sleaford was won, but the opposition was rather weak. Against Dartmouth, the College won the foursomes but lost all but one of the singles. Sandhurst was a disaster. This was a match we should have won easily but due to a guest night the night before and an arduous bus journey lasting five hours, the team was rather handicapped. The team did well to beat a strong Old Cranwellian team before travelling to London, where perhaps the best match of the season was played against Fulwell Golf Club. A return match was played against the same club at Sleaford, and once again it was a close match, the College losing by one game on each occasion. The last match was against the very strong Cranwell team which resulted in an interesting afternoon's golf.

SHOOTING

Now that the full-bore season has come to a close, the shooting team is confined once again to the freshly painted yet old indoor range where the devoted team members will spend the winter months becoming more and more frustrated as they attempt to gain the elusive "ton". Needless to say the rifles and targets will do their best to prevent the rare and coveted score, no doubt the old excuse will be heard time and again — "It was the rifle's fault, after all it can't be my fault." In between shooting details, what will the team do? Smoke, maybe, and reminisce. Some might say of what?

Well, of the Century Range at Bisley where they defeated United Hospitals by a narrow margin (741 to 740) and the resounding win over Alleyn's School also at Bisley. Maybe one of the two training weekends at Bisley will be recalled when Westminster College was defeated. Then there was the match against Oundle School — well we should beat them on the indoor range—and the disastrous match against Imperial College. What will the small bore season bring? For a start we have a record number of fixtures. The Henlow merger will bring some new equipment which will be appreciated. The new entry may contain some excellent marksmen who would prove a most wel-

come addition to the club and finally we might see a new range as the present one is destined for destruction.

Whatever the future holds, new members are always welcome, so why don't you come along to the range one day and show us what you can do?

Colours were awarded to D. E. North.

ROWING

In the darkest depths of January refugees from the rugger and soccer pitches return to their natural habitat: the pungent weed-ridden, oft inaccessible creek that is home to College oarsmen. After a great deal of out-of-season work, our equipment was in good order. Much use was made of it. The club participated at York, Chester and Bedford as well as at the normal RAF functions.

Two crews were entered in the RAF Bumps for the first time. The 1st IV lost a place to Wittering in their third row to finish second overall. The second crew made three bumps in four rows to give a good position for next year.

In the RAF Regatta at Peterborough the first crew lost in the final to an even faster Wittering crew, which is half of the Bomber Command VIII. The second crew again won the junior event in a very exciting final which demanded a re-row. Kelly lost in the finals of the junior sculls, after some fine racing. Both novice crews lost in the earlier races but rowed well. The following day the first IV represented Command, and were again beaten by a Bomber Command IV in the semi-finals.

The Cranwell-Henlow match, at home, was rowed immediately after half-term. Both the first and second crews had to be re-made because of No 87 Entry's graduation. Both crews, however, won easily.

In outside events, no silver was won, but there was hard and skilful rowing all round.

At one time the numbers in the club swelled to the half century of whom 50% were novices. Coaching is the main problem

and always has been. If there are any retired or frustrated oars among the readers, who wish to re-establish their connection with this sport of gentlemen, we would be glad to receive them. The acquisition of an eight, more blades and boats, and the start of winter rowing should give us a flying start for next season. Who knows, that vacant place in the Ladies at Henley (Plate, of course) may be filled by Cranwell quite soon.

MODERN PENTATHLON

The first match of the season was the RAF Modern Pentathlon Championships at RAF Halton, where, against very strong opposition, the team of six managed to better their own previous personal scores.

The same six members competed in a match at Whitgift School where again stiff opposition was met.

The triangular match against Sandhurst and Dartmouth proved the most exciting fixture probably because the standard of the teams was similar. The College was just beaten into second place by Dartmouth, Sandhurst bringing up the rear.

Training starts early next term for the first fixture against Cambridge University.

JUDO

This section, formed in December, 1964, has received support from many cadets. In fact at present the captain's list consists of a third of the College. Since December the Society has moved its meeting place from East Camp to the old science block near the Church of England Church, this position being more to the convenience of flight cadets.

Thanks go to Corporal Henn (first Dan-black belt) for his competent and patient instruction, which led to six members being upgraded. Better gradings hold promise for the future.

A weekend course was arranged under the instruction of Mr. Glynn Jones (second Dan-black belt) which proved both enjoyable and enlightening. Similar courses will be arranged for the future as those members attending the first received much benefit.

When a reasonable standard is obtained it is hoped to form a College team and hold matches against clubs in the area and other colleges.

It is stressed that the section welcomes not only flight cadets as new members but officers and their families also.

FINE ARTS

In the past few months the Fine Arts section has had its difficulties. The Summer term produced many problems through its heavy commitments and cadets had trouble in regularly attending the society. Furthermore, at the end of term we had to vacate our present room at short notice and move to another in the Junior Mess.

The section did, however, find time to visit the Dante exhibition in London. This was a new development, and one which we hope we will be able to continue in the future. The section also exhibited paintings in an exhibition held by the Station Education Centre.

We are now completely housed in our new premises and they promise to be very successful. Attendances have already improved over the poor ones of the Summer, and there are definite signs that the junior entries hold greater artistic talent than the College has had in recent years.

MUSIC

Even during the light summer evenings the Music Room was frequently in use, and throughout the time it was closed for re-decoration there was a constant stream of complaints from frustrated culture lovers. Twelve new LP records were added to the library which now comprises over 150 records, most of which are classics. The high fidelity equipment, although delicate, was found to be capable of producing an ex-

ceedingly robust sound, especially where some of Bach's deeper organ notes were concerned.

Two visits were made to Sheffield City Hall to opera concerts. The first was to hear the Halle orchestra, Barbirolli and three soloists in a selection from Wagner, and the second was to hear the Sheffield Philharmonic soloists and chorus render a complete performance of Charles Gounod's "Faust." These visits were enjoyed to the full, and at least one instructor was afterwards positively recognised in the character of Mephistopheles! Geography and bookings made a party visit to the Henry Wood Promenade Concerts impracticable, but many members managed to attend individually.

The new term began with pleasant anticipations of Handel's "Messiah" in December and the possibility that the arrival of Henlow will mean the addition of a stereophonic sound system to the high fidelity.

MOTOR CLUB

The Motor Club has proved extremely successful throughout the Summer term and many car owners participated in the rallies organised by the club. It is envisaged to hold a Rally Championship during the winter term so maybe you will become the Cranwell Rally Champion of 1965.

The motor-racing side of the sport was well supported and members attended the British Grand Prix at Silverstone and various club meetings at Snetterton, Cadwell Park, Mallory Park and Brands Hatch. The Motor Club provided the pit-crew for Flt Lt Hugh Mayes when he entered his D.K.W. in the European Championship Race at Snetterton. Unfortunately he was forced to retire seven laps before the end of the race but valuable experience was gained by all, and we hope to be of assistance to him again next season.

Throughout the winter there will be a series of films — all free — covering various aspects of Motor racing and Motor cars.

DEBATING

The College Debating section has remained inactive during the past year but it hopes that it will gain new support in the next few months. The section's new management hopes to overcome the general apathy of cadets to anything resembling a lecture room technique by sponsoring debates on controversial topics held, we hope, in partnership with the local ladies Training Colleges. It is also hoped that a team of officers will appear to air their views on topics of local interest.

BRIDGE

College redecoration and long daylight hours last term were responsible for bringing momentary decline in the Bridge section's otherwise busy schedule,

Bridge is becoming an increasingly popular pastime among cadets, and with new members from the junior entries and Henlow it is expected to flourish even more.

Members gained some valuable experience in outside matches against established players and produced creditable results.

The Bridge section has acquired new teach-yourself equipment which will enable all members to improve and indeed create new techniques in bidding and actual play.

FOLK MUSIC

The section has been quiet for the Summer term but a new group of instrumentalists has been formed and we now have several good players and reasonable singers.

It is hoped that the group will again be able to attend the Lincoln Folk Club to hear the excellent singers who make guest appearances there.

Regular practice and record sessions have also been established for anyone who cares to take part, or would like merely to listen.

OLD CRANWELLIAN NOTES

HONOURS AND AWARDS

In the Queen's Birthday Honours List Air Marshal C. Broughton (30/32E) was made a Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath, and Air Commodore H. E. C. Boxer (33/35E) a Companion of the Order of the Bath. Air Vice Marshal T. N. Stack (37/39) was made a Commander of the Order of the British Empire and Squadron Leaders G. J. A. F. Green (59E) and P. M. Worthington (47E) and Flight Lieutenant R. M. Salt (58E) Members of the Order of the British Empire. Squadron Leader J. M. Henderson (59E) was awarded a Bar to his Air Force Cross, and Queen's Commendations for Valuable Service in the Air went to Squadron Leaders H. H. J. Browning (52E) and R. Watson (51E) and Flight Lieutenant G. L. Aylett (68E).

To them all the *Journal* offers its congratulations.

PROMOTIONS

To these members of the Association the *Journal* would like to add its congratulations on their promotions announced on the 1st July :

Air Marshal Sir Charles Broughton (30/32E), Air Commodore I. R. Campbell (39/40E), Wing Commanders W. E. Kelly (50E), R. C. F. Pierse (55E), R. A. Pendry (46E), J. MacG. Robertson (46E), D. G. Slade (56E), R. A. Streatfield (56), L. C. Swalwell (48E) and R. Watson (51E), and Squadron Leaders M. J. Allisstone (62E), P. G. Biddiscombe (65E), A. Breakes (49E), M. S. Brown (57E), A. M. Chandler (63E), J. J. R. Cohu (71E), T. R. Cohu (65E), J. E. Cooper (61E), D. A. Cowley (70E), T. H. F. Delap (71E), A. C. Doggett (57E), R. Feakes (69E), R. G. Fox (68E), E. W. Gosling (63E), D. St. J. Homer (70E), R. A. Jackson (64E), M. A. Kelly (61E), B. R. Kent (63E), E. A. McCullagh (66E), D. H. Mills (57E), M. A. Noble (64E), G. H. Parkinson (48E), D. L. Parsons (63E), P. D. Raeburn (66E), M. A. F. Ryan (71E), J. N. Sawyer (64E), G. M. Turner (62E), J. R. Walker (68E), I. H. F. Walmsley (50E) and J. R. Watts (60E).

ANNUAL REUNION

The annual reunion was held this year on the 19th June. The sporting programme in the afternoon was hard hit by a general lack of members willing to show their prowess and a lot of last minute cancellations. Particularly hard hit were the sailing which had to be cancelled, though all who turned up got on to the water, the golf, and the cricket. However, eleven men did represent the Association on the cricket field and it is to their lasting credit that they earned a well deserved draw. The squash team won their match.

After the usual lively General Meeting there was a delightful ceremony in the entrance hall when Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh Constantine unveiled the new portrait of our President, Air Chief Marshal the Earl of Bandon. Several of us had had a preview and without exception had admired it, but to see the subject standing beside it made one realize what an incredible likeness it was. Mr Howard Barron is to be congratulated on this worthy addition to the Gallery of Fame which is now so appropriately housed in the Dining Hall.

The Guest of Honour was that colourful figure General Sir Richard Gale, GCB, KBE, DSO, MC, who really set the tone for a most enjoyable evening.

These reunions are great fun and it is hoped that in future a lot more of the younger members will come along. You pay for it through your annual subscription and you are guaranteed to get more than your money's worth.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Old Cranwellians. The Journals are addressed from list maintained by the Hon Sec at the College. Please let him have an up-to-date address — preferably a permanent one.

Other Subscribers. Notification of changes of address should be sent to the Business Manager

COLLEGE RECORDS

At the beginning of the Summer term there were 346 cadets on roll at the College. They comprised 253 Pilots, 36 Navigators, 29 Equipment, 19 Secretarial and 9 Regiment cadets.

During the Summer term the Queen's Colour was paraded on the following occasions :

On 14th April, when General B. A. Paolo Spadaccini, Commandant of the Italian Air Force Academy, reviewed Cadet Wing.

On 2nd June, on the parade for the presentation of the Argentinian Air Force Prizes by His Excellency the Argentinian Ambassador.

On 12th June, the Queen's Colour was trooped on the occasion of Her Majesty's Official Birthday. The Salute was taken by Her Majesty's Lord Lieutenant for Lincolnshire, the Earl of Ancaster.

On 20th June, at a Parade Service on Old Cranwellian Sunday. The Salute was taken by Air Chief Marshal the Earl of Bandon, G.B.E., C.B., C.V.O., D.S.O.

On 24th June, at the Graduation Parade of No. 87 Entry.

On 18th August, at a Commandant's Parade. The Colour was handed over from B Squadron to C Squadron.

Visiting Preachers were :

On 11th April, Right Reverend A. Otter, Lord Bishop of Grantham.

On 2nd May, The Reverend Alan M. Macleod, M.A., R.A.F., Assistant Principal Chaplain Maintenance Command and Director of Studies, Royal Air Force Chaplains' School.

On 30th May, The Reverend L. J. Ashton, Assistant Chaplain in Chief, Technical and Flying Training Commands.

On 20th June, Old Cranwellian Sunday, The Reverend Canon Leslie Wright, C.B.E.

On 24th June, The Bishop of Lincoln, the Right Reverend K. Riches, D.D. to conduct the Service of Dedication for No. 87 Entry.

On 11th July, The Venerable R. W. Richardson, C.B., Q.H.C., M.A., Chaplain of the Fleet.

On 11th July, The Reverend A. E. Cook, M.B.E., Assistant Principal Chaplain, Fighter

Coastal and Technical Training Commands.

On 8th August, The Reverend H. J. Stuart, M.A., Staff Chaplain to the Chaplain in Chief.

Visitors to the College included :

On 5th April, Mr L. J. Dawson, B.Sc., A.F.R.Ae.S., M.I.Mech.E., Chief Engineer, Projects, Rolls Royce Ltd. and Mr A. G. Heyworth, D.F.C., A.F.R.Ae.S., Manager, Engineering Operations, Rolls Royce Ltd. to lecture.

On 12th April, General B. A. Paolo Spadaccini, Commandant of the Italian Air Force Academy.

On 22nd April, members of the East Kesteven Rural District Council to view the new buildings and have the expansion programme explained to them.

On 10th May, two masters and five pupils of Loretto School. They were met by the Air Officer Commanding in Chief Flying Training Command, Air Marshal Sir Patrick Dunn, K.B.E., C.B., D.F.C., who is a Governor of the School.

On 20th May, Air Vice Marshal C. J. R. Salmon, C.B., O.B.E., Director General of Equipment.

On 21st May, The Right Honourable Lord Shackleton, O.B.E., Minister of Defence for the Royal Air Force made his first official visit to the College. The Air Officer Commanding in Chief, Flying Training Command was in attendance.

On 2nd June, His Excellency Senor Doctor Don Adolfo Vicchi, Ambassador of the Argentine Republic to present the Argentinian Air Force Prizes.

On 23rd June, The Air Officer Commanding in Chief Flying Training Command to present Wings and Prizes to No. 87 Entry.

On 24th June, Her Royal Highness Princess Alexandra, The Honourable Mrs Angus Ogilvie to review the Graduation Parade of No. 87 Entry.

On 6th July, members of the Sleaford Urban District Council to view the new buildings and have the expansion programme explained to them.

On 19th July, eighty-two Italian Air Force cadets and instructors.



The Station Water Polo Team with the Station Commander

Back Row : Junior Technicians D. Cole, A. Marshall, S. McNeillie, Wing Commander G. L. Cook, Flight Lieutenant A. Thomas, Corporal D. Damey, Leading Aircraftman D. Sills.
Front Row : Corporal S. Clarke, Squadron Leader G. A. W. Worsell, Corporal F. E. Waters, Sergeant T. Eyre.

On 20th July, two officers and six cadets of the Royal Hellenic Air Force Academy.

On 27th July, Air Marshal Sir David Lee, K.B.E., C.B., the Air Member for Personnel accompanied by Air Vice Marshal E. Knowles C.B., C.B.E., B.Sc., F.R.Ae.S., Director of Educational Services (Air).

From 2nd to 20th August, a film unit from the Short Films Group of the Rank Organization to make a recruiting film of the College.

On 24th September, 108 cadets and their instructors from L'Ecole de L'Air, Salon.

Station sports teams have had another successful season. The water polo team won the Royal Air Force Inter-Station Water Polo Cup for the second year running and the Lincolnshire County Water Polo Cup for the first time since 1946. The swimmers won the Royal Air Force Inter-Station Relay Competition. The following represented the Royal Air Force at either swimming or water polo : Squadron Leader G. A. W. Worsell (Captain, Water polo), Sergeant Eyre, Corporals Clarke, and Waters, Junior Technician McNeillie, Senior Aircraftsman Leask and Leading Aircraftsman Sills ;

Corporal Damey and Junior Technician Cole were reserves. The golf team won the Royal Air Force Inter-Station Competition. Flight Lieutenant R. J. Barrett played golf for the Royal Air Force, Squadron Leader S. P. Smith, Flight Lieutenant J. Price and Flying Officer T. E. Cummins represented Flying Training Command, Flight Lieutenants D. C. Matheson and J. W. Currie won the Aveling Barford Trophy at Belton Park. The athletics team came third in the Royal Air Force Inter-Station competition and the station won the Inter-Station Standards Cup. The tennis team reached the semi-final of the Royal Air Force Inter-Station Cup. Squadron Leader J. G. Hill played tennis for the Royal Air Force and Flight Lieutenant C. Spencer represented Flying Training Command. The shooting team provided most of the members of the Flying Training Command team which won the Rothermere Shield in the Inter Command competition. Squadron Leader P. C. Eden, Flight Lieutenants M. C. Turner and V. L. Warrington and Sergeant J. Dunstall were members of the Command team. In the Royal Air Force Service Rifle (B) Competitions Squadron Leader Eden won the First Range Prize at

300 yards and Flight Lieutenant Turner the Third Range Prize at 600 yards. At cricket Major D. C. Thorne played for the Combined Services and captained the Army; Squadron Leader G. A. W. Worsell played for the Royal Air Force and captained Flying Training Command; Squadron Leader V.J.W.M. Lawrence, Flight Lieutenant R. A. Gillam and Senior Aircraftsman Spence also played for Command.

Commendations have been awarded to the following personnel of the College :
Master Pilot W. T. Jackson, A.F.M. received the Queen's Commendation for Valuable Services in the Air; Flight Sergeant D. Hatton, Mr R. C. Dickinson and Mr R. Jenkins received the Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief's Commendation, and the Air Officer Commanding's Commendation went to Sergeant J. F. T. Tabrett, Corporal F. E. Waters, Junior Technician B. W. Henson and Mrs B. L. Kirk.

On 27th and 28th April the Cranwell Little Theatre and the College Society Drama Section combined to present *Six Characters in Search of an Author* by Pirandello. The production won the Scott Cup which is awarded to the best full length play in the Kesteven Drama Competition. On 29th May the Saddle Club and the College Band combined to present an entertainment entitled *Salute to the Horse*.

Service and Academic visits included :

From 4th to 9th April, two flight cadets to the University of London to attend a course in French.

From 23rd to 25th April, one flight cadet to the Welsh border country to carry out a geographical field study as part of the syllabus for the University of London degree examination in Geography.

On 29th April, nine flight cadets carried out a geographical field study of the South Lincolnshire region.

From 30th April to 2nd May, twenty flight cadets to the Royal Air Force Chaplains' School to attend a Moral Leadership Course.

On 1st May, eight flight cadets to the British Museum to visit the Dante and Hogarth Centenary Exhibitions.

On 28th May, fifteen flight cadets to Royal Air Force Binbrook.

On 2nd and 3rd June, four flight cadets to demonstrations by the Royal Engineers and the School of Infantry.

On 14th and 15th June, four flight cadets to Royal Air Force Bassingbourne.

On 22nd June, sixty four flight cadets to Royal Air Force Alconbury to attend a ground and flying display of the 10th Tactical Reconnaissance Wing, United States Air Force.

From 25th June to 4th July, four flight cadets to Royal Air Force Ballykelly.

From 25th to 27th June, four flight cadets to L'Ecole de l'Air, Salon.

From 28th June to 3rd July, four flight cadets and two technical cadets to the Royal Hellenic Air Force Academy, Tatoi.

From 28th to 30th June, one flight cadet to Royal Air Force Coltishall.

From 16th to 18th July, three flight cadets to the Royal Air Force Chaplains' School for a Moral Leadership Course.

From 26th July to 31st July, nine flight cadets to Nijmegen, Holland, to take part in the annual Nijmegen Walk.

On 28th July, twenty flight cadets to Royal Air Force Alconbury to visit the 10th Tactical Reconnaissance Wing, United States Air Force.

From 28th July to 4th August, one flight cadet to a University of London geographical field study course.

From 13th to 15th August, two flight cadets to Cravendale, Yorkshire to carry out geographical field studies.

On 13th September, nine flight cadets to London for Civil Service Commission Linguist and Interpreter examinations in French and German.

Visits by Equipment and Secretarial cadets included :

On 21st April, two officers and six flight cadets to S. Russell and Sons Ltd., at Leicester to study the organization and management of the firm.

From 16th to 25th May, one flight cadet attached to Royal Air Force Waddington and two to Royal Air Force Scampton to perform secretarial officer duties on an operational station.

From 17th to 21st May, five flight cadets to Royal Air Force Finningley to gain practical experience of supply techniques and procedures at an operational station.

On 18th May, three flight cadets to Royal Air Force Wittering to observe electronic

stores group procedures. One flight cadet to Royal Air Force Binbrook to observe Technical Supply Flight procedures.

From 31st May to 4th June, six flight cadets to London to visit the Ministry of Defence, Naafi Headquarters, Inspectorate of Recruiting, International Tabulators and Computers, Pay Agents, Lloyds Underwriters and the Stock Exchange.

On 8th and 9th June, four flight cadets to Ministry of Defence, Harrogate to be briefed on current provisioning methods.

14th and 15th June, two flight cadets to No 14 Maintenance Unit, Royal Air Force Carlisle for equipment training purposes.

From 16th to 18th June, ten flight cadets to Royal Air Force Lyneham for general familiarisation training.

On 21st and 22nd June, ten flight cadets to Royal Air Force Wyton.

From 5th to 8th July, three flight cadets to Royal Air Force Coltishall to gain practical experience of Supply Squadron procedures.

From 5th to 9th July, two flight cadets to Royal Air Force Leconfield to gain practical experience of Supply Squadron procedures.

From 13th to 15th July, two flight cadets to Royal Air Force Stafford to gain practical

experience of an Equipment Supply Depot.

On 13th July, eight flight cadets to the Redburn Works of Richard Thomas and Baldwins Ltd. at Scunthorpe to study the administration, accounting and production methods at the works.

On 15th July, three flight cadets to Stamford Quarter Sessions.

From 19th to 21st July, two flight cadets to No 236 Maintenance Unit, Royal Air Force Cosford and No 27 Maintenance Unit Royal Air Force Shawbury for supply training.

From 19th to 23rd July, six flight cadets to the Royal Air Force Record and Pay Office.

On 27th July, eight flight cadets to the Redburn Works of Richard Thomas and Baldwins Ltd.

On 29th and 30th July, seven flight cadets to the Ministry of Defence Harrogate to be briefed on current provisioning methods.

From 11th to 13th August, seven flight cadets to Royal Air Force Hendon, Supply Control Centre, London Docks, JSATS and Gatwick Airport.

From 16th to 20th August, fourteen flight cadets to Royal Air Force Lyneham and Royal Air Force Wyton.

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