

# RAF COLLEGE CRANWELL

## College Journal Extracts



Spring, Summer and Autumn 1960

# Spring 1960 - Lead Photo



*Vampires in Hangar 30*

# Spring 1960 - 465 Years Service



## 465 YEARS' SERVICE

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

# Spring 1960 - 76 Entry Graduation (1)

## Passing-Out Parade of No. 76 Entry

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

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

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

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

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

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

### The Reviewing Officer's Address

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

'And finally, the fourth point, on which I

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

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

### Presentation of Wings and Prizes

On the eve of the passing-out parade, at a ceremony in the College Lecture Hall, the Commandant presented wings and individual prizes to members of the Senior Entry. In his address he said:

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

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

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



# Spring 1960 - 76 Entry Graduation (2)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

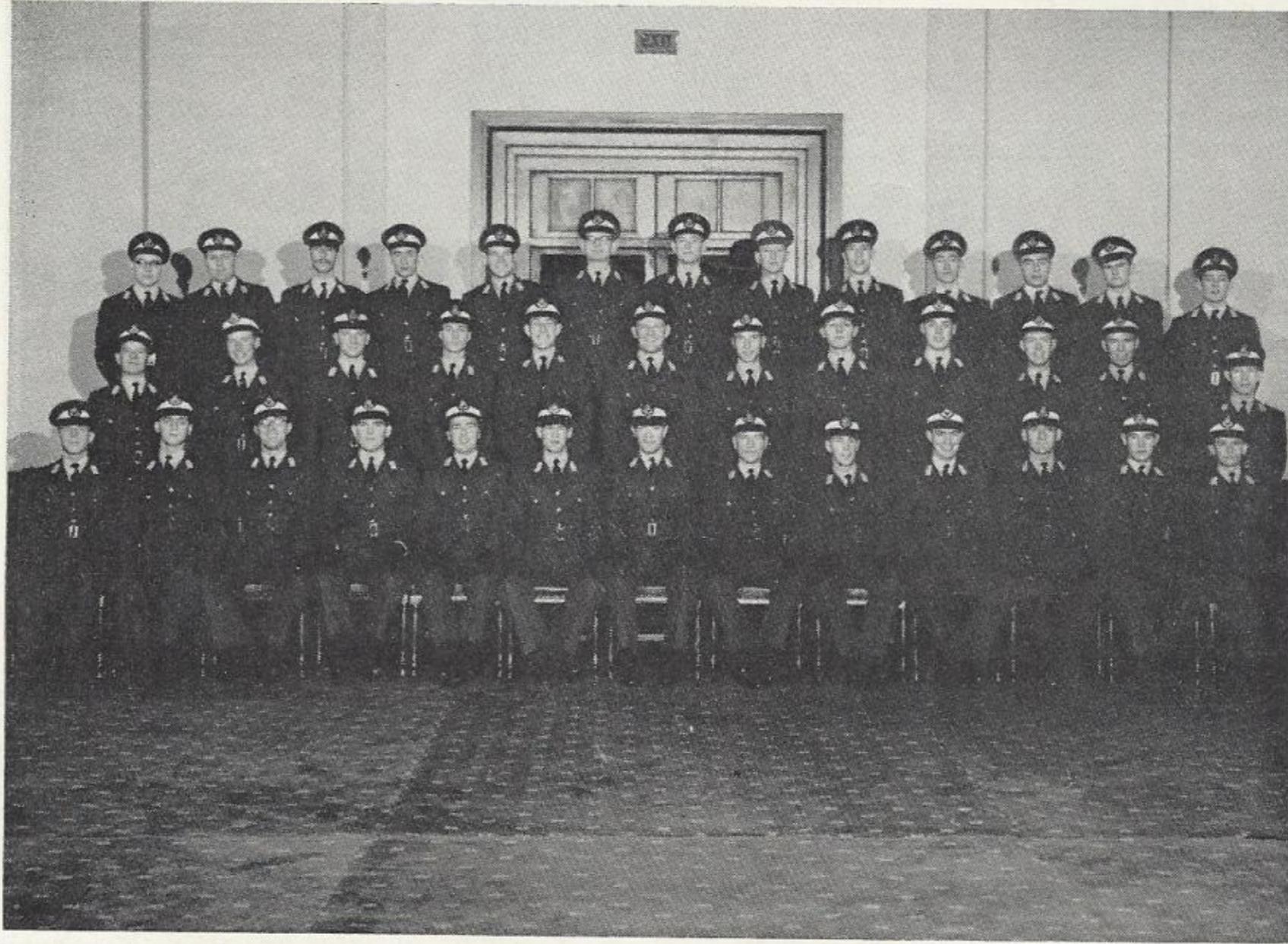
Give me the spirit, Master Shallow."

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

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



# Spring 1960 - 76 Entry Graduation (3)



**THE SENIOR ENTRY, AUTUMN TERM, 1959**

*Back row (left to right): S.F.C. D. Packman, S.F.C. F. R. Styles, S.F.C. J. W. Hulland, S.F.C. V. B. Howells, S.F.C. C. J. Horsley, S.F.C. D. Lawrence, S.F.C. A. R. Read, S.F.C. M. J. Porter, S.F.C. W. B. Maden, S.F.C. E. R. Perreux, S.F.C. P. A. Billinge, S.F.C. C. S. Parkin, S.F.C. R. H. Holmes*

*Centre row (left to right): S.F.C. M. A. Johnson, S.F.C. B. Johnston, S.F.C. I. F. C. Hutchinson, S.F.C. A. L. Hooper, S.F.C. J. N. Herbertson, S.F.C. I. Weddle, S.F.C. M. R. Smith, S.F.C. C. Green, S.F.C. T. A. Pearson, S.F.C. J. A. Horsfall, S.F.C. A. M. L. Maxwell, S.F.C. D. M. O'Herlihy*

*Front row (left to right): U.O. B. Potter, U.O. P. J. Maitland, U.O. P. J. Symes, U.O. R. M. Trowern, U.O. H. D. Herd, S.U.O. J. S. B. Price, S.U.O. T. C. Porteous, S.U.O. E. H. Hunter, U.O. M. J. Graydon, U.O. R. E. Johns, U.O. H. Coriat, U.O. A. P. S. Jones, S.F.C. R. E. Gardner*

# Spring 1960 - 76 Entry Graduation (4)



**PRIZEWINNERS, DECEMBER 1959, AFTER THE PARADE**

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

# Spring 1960 - 76 Entry Graduation (5)



# Spring 1960 - Change of CAS



*Sir Dermot Boyle*

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

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

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

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

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

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

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN has been pleased to appoint Air Chief Marshal Sir Thomas Pike, K.C.B., C.B.E., D.F.C., as Chief of the Air Staff with effect from 1st January 1960, in succession to Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir Dermot Boyle, G.C.B., K.C.V.O., K.B.E., A.F.C.

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Sir Thomas Pike*



# Spring 1960 - "It's All In The Notes"



## TWENTY YEARS AGO....

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

6th June 1940

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

18th/19th June 1940

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

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

30th/31st August 1940

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

3rd September 1940

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

3rd July 1941

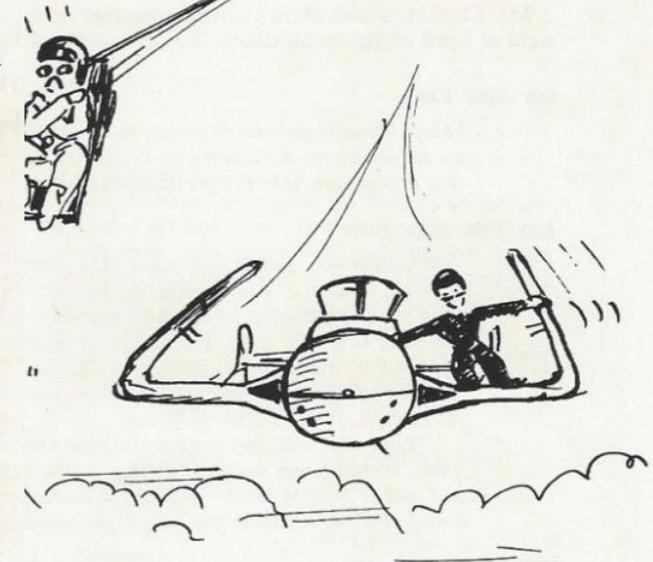
'Cranwell has continued to enjoy immunity from enemy action and it is now 12 months since the shelters were occupied for any but practice reasons.'

17th/18th August 1941

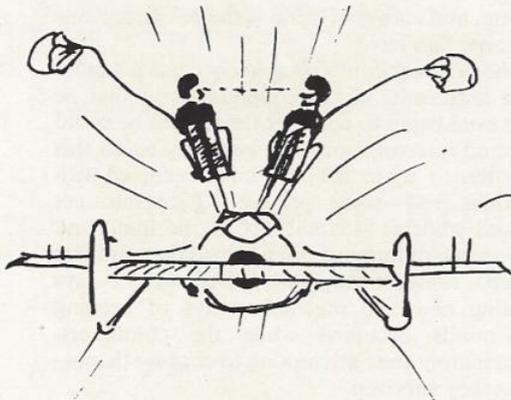
'One incendiary bomb fell on the roof of "A" Sqn. Officers' flat but did little damage as it failed to penetrate. It was swiftly removed from the gutter and one slate requires replacing.'

18th March 1942, 2100 hours

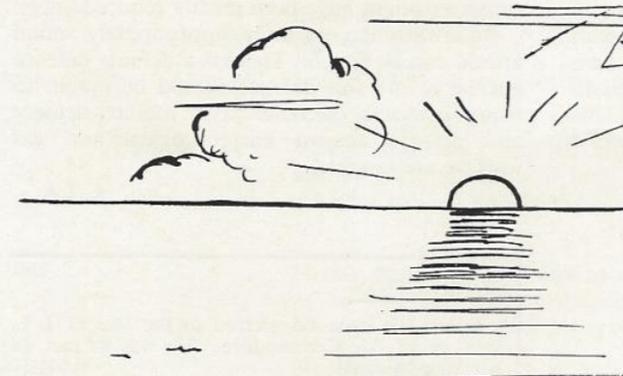
'Whitley bomber of No. 3 O.T.U. fouled the tower of A.B. Squadron and swerved into the roof of the west wing of the main building (lecture room). Tanks were full and fire caused much damage. Three occupants were killed. Removal of the many gallons of water pumped in was a problem and further damage was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



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



'After landing turn the pressurisation off..'

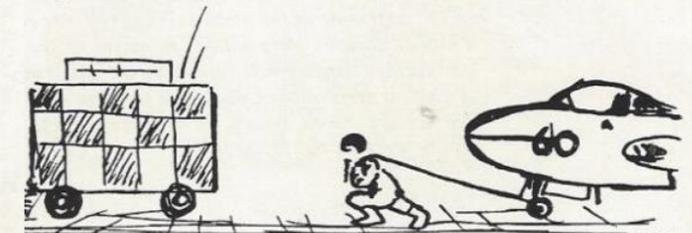


'The ditching characteristics are believed to be poor..'

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

'single engined landing presents little difficulty..'

27th + 13.60.



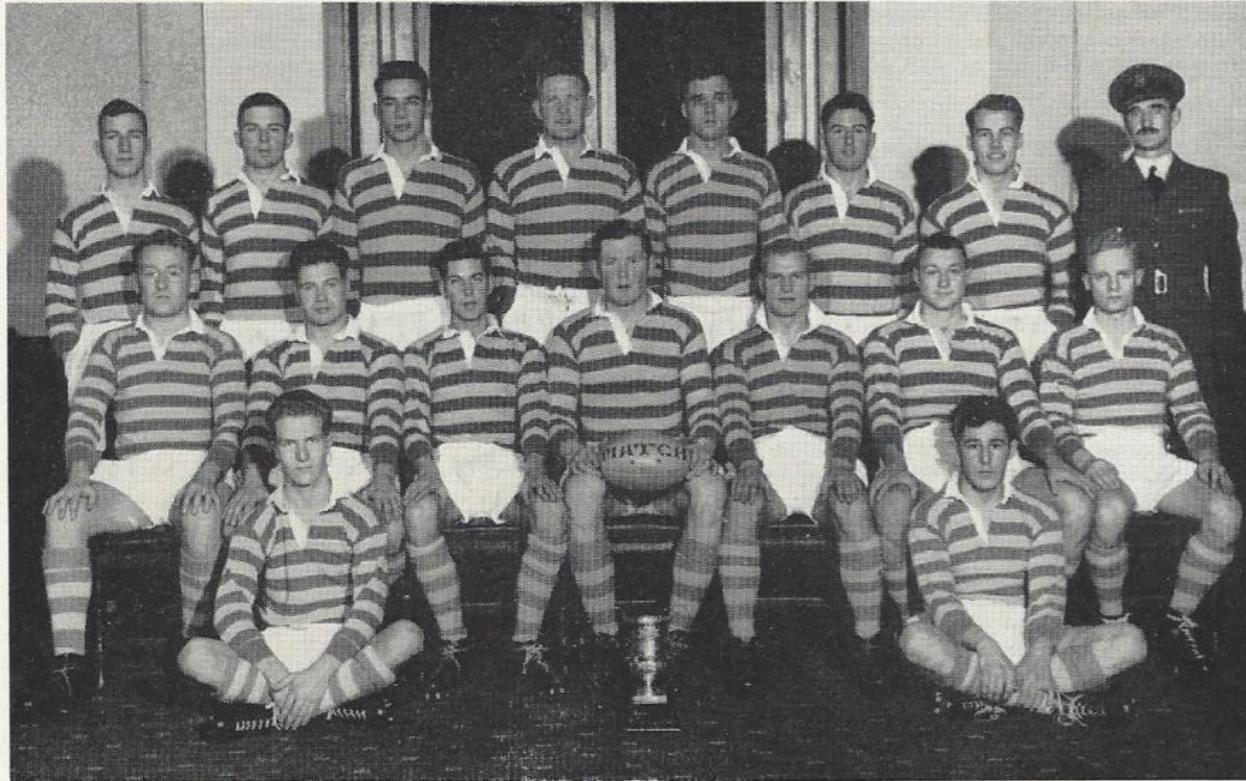
# Spring 1960 - War Time Diary Entries

## Flight Cadet Prizes and Awards

- When an Old Cranwellian mentioned that the Kinkead Trophy was awarded for squadron flying in his day we thought it would be of interest to list the principal prizes and awards granted to individual flight cadets at the end of their senior term:
- The Sword of Honour and R. S. May Memorial Prize**  
The Air Council awards the Sword of Honour to the flight cadet who is recommended by the Commandant as having most distinguished himself in leadership and in general influence for the good of the College while in residence at Cranwell. The R. S. May Memorial Prize was a bequest in the will of Flight Lieutenant R. S. May of £150 per annum to be shared between the winners of the Sword of Honour each year.
- The Queen's Medal**  
The Medal is awarded to the flight cadet who is placed first in the final order of merit. This order of merit depends upon the results of all aspects of training.
- The Philip Sassoon Memorial Prize**  
The Air Council perpetuates a memorial prize originally given by Sir Philip Sassoon, Under-Secretary of State for Air. The prize is awarded to the flight cadet recommended by the Commandant as the best all-round cadet, excepting the winner of the Sword of Honour.
- The Abdy Gerrard Fellowes Memorial Prize**  
The Air Council perpetuates a memorial prize originally given by Mr R. C. Fellowes in memory of Captain Abdy Gerrard Fellowes. The prize is awarded to the flight cadet showing the greatest proficiency in mathematics and aeronautical science and engineering. It consists of a grant of £10, to be expended on items approved by the Commandant, the principal items to be inscribed and engraved with the College crest.
- The Air Ministry Prize for Imperial and War Studies**  
The prize is awarded to the flight cadet showing the greatest proficiency in Imperial and War Studies including English. The award consists
- of a grant of £10, to be expended on items approved by the Commandant, the principal items to be inscribed and engraved with the College crest.
- The R. M. Groves Memorial Prize and Kinkead Trophy**  
The prize is presented in memory of Air Commodore Marsland Groves and consists of a monetary award of £15 and a set of bound volumes to the value of £5 containing a portrait of Air Commodore Groves, a reproduction of his autograph and a suitable inscription. The prizewinner will be the first in order of merit for flying.
- The Dickson Trophy**  
The Tours Schneider Cup, won at Tours in 1910 by Captain Bertram Dickson, R.F.C., has been presented by his sister Mrs Wills Gordon to be held as an award for a degree of excellence in connection with flying. It will be awarded to the flight cadet who shows most proficiency in instrument flying alone.
- The Michael Hill Memorial Prize**  
This prize is awarded to the flight cadet who wins the Dickson Trophy. The value of each prize shall be determined by equally sharing the income of the Trust between the prize awards made during the year.
- The J. A. Chance Memorial Prize**  
The prize is presented in memory of Pilot Officer John Anthony Chance, and consists of a grant of £10 to be expended on items approved by the Commandant, the principal item to be inscribed and engraved with the College crest. It is awarded to the flight cadet who obtains the highest position in both terms work and examinations throughout the course in drill, physical training, ground service training, the Squadron Commander's assessment and flying.
- The R.U.S.I. Award**  
The Council of the Royal United Services Institution presents free and full membership of the Institution for five years to one flight cadet on passing out. It will be awarded to the flight cadet whose work on his selected subject is considered by the Commandant, on the advice of the Director of Studies, to be the most meritorious.
- (Concluded at foot of opposite page)

of the west wing of the main building (lecture room). Tanks were full and fire caused much damage. Three occupants were killed. Removal of the many gallons of water pumped in was a problem and further damage was caused by the water and the efforts made to conduct it out of the building. A cinema performance was on at the time otherwise the loss of life may have been heavier because the lecture room struck by the aircraft was used as a dormitory for 30 S.F.T.S. pupils, all of whom were at the pictures.'

# Spring 1960 - Sports Teams



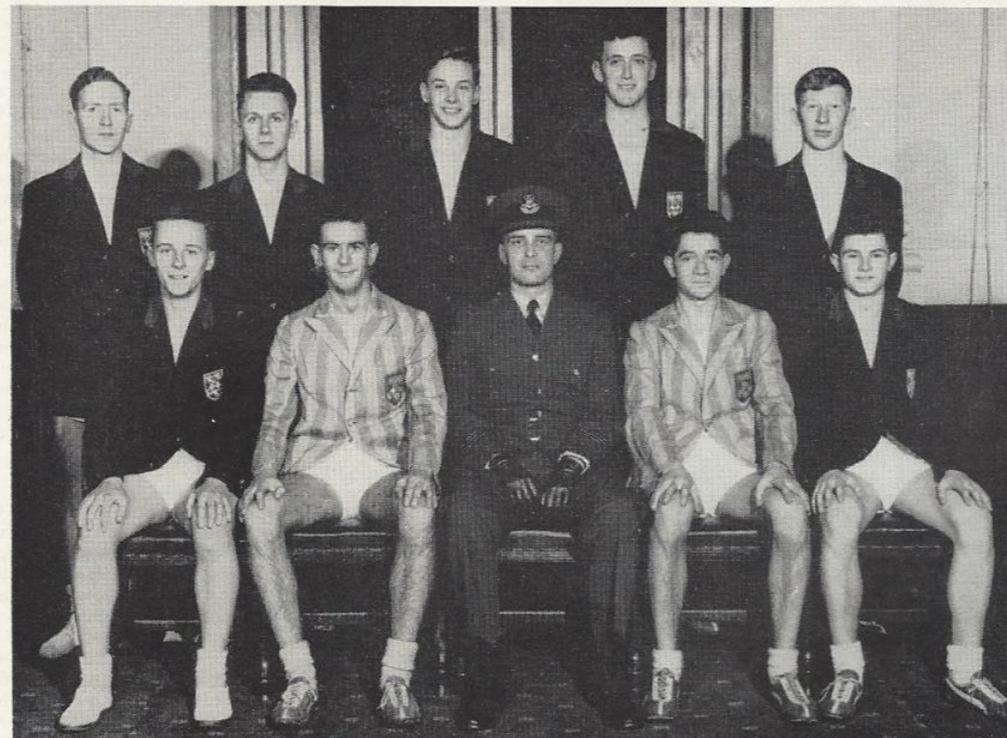
**THE RUGBY TEAM**

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



**THE SOCCER TEAM**

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



**THE CROSS-COUNTRY TEAM**

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

# Summer 1960 - College Notes (1)



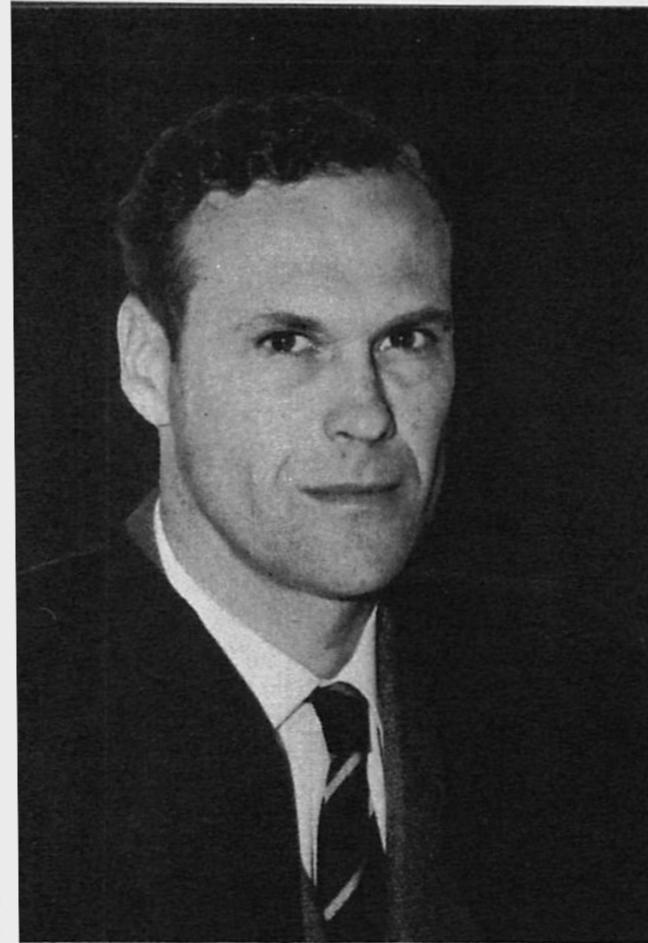
## College Notes

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



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

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



Mr J. A. Boyes, M.A.

joined H.M.S. *Anson*, a King George V Class battleship, and went with her to the Far East to join the British Pacific Fleet. Immediately after the Japanese surrender, the *Anson*, under the command of Admiral Harcourt, received the surrender of Hong Kong, and officers and men spent some months ashore helping with the administration and policing of the colony.

Returning to Cambridge in 1946, he played rugby for the University intermittently for two seasons, though he was not awarded a Blue, and was reserve for England at Murrayfield in 1948. He took his degree that year with First Class Honours in History, and was awarded the Mellon Fellowship to Yale University. The next two years were spent partly in securing an M.A. degree from Yale, but chiefly in travelling as far as possible through the United States and Canada in a 1935 Dodge. In 1950 he took up an appointment as assistant master at Rugby School, teaching sixth form History, and Classics and English at humbler levels. For three years he was in charge of the Rugby XV, and of the Naval Section of the C.C.F. He was appointed in 1955

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

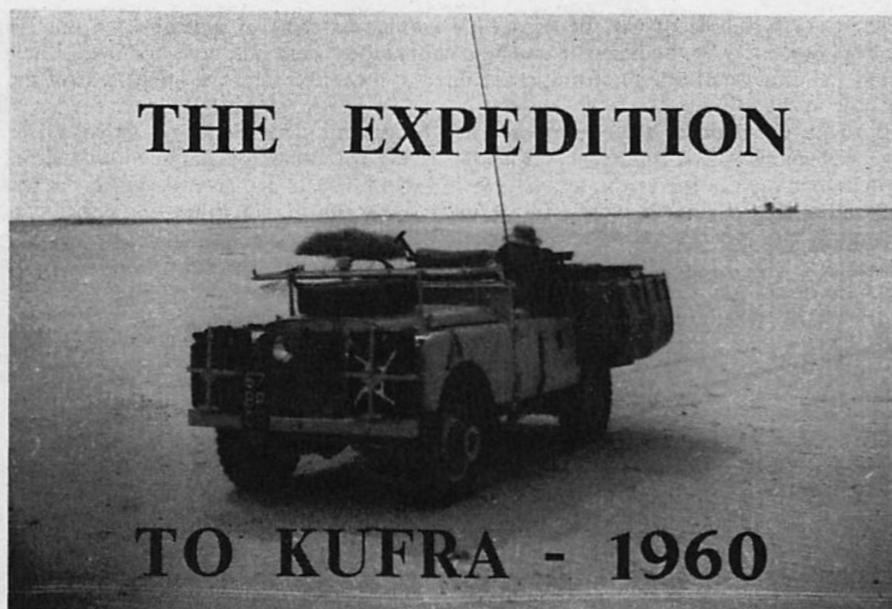
Mrs Boyes is a Cambridge graduate in English. They have two daughters, aged nine and seven.



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



# Summer 1960 - Lead Article (1)



*THIS year a joint expedition to the Kufra Oasis in Libya was carried out by the R.M.A. Sandhurst and the R.A.F. College. Kufra is approximately 700 miles south-east of Benghazi, and has seldom been visited since the war, when it was a base for the Long-Range Desert Group. The College decided that it could afford to risk the lives of four volunteers, Under Officer K. Edwards and Flight Cadets P. A. Jenner, P. M. Riley and M. Sabine as our representatives on this expedition. The following is an extract from Jenner's personal diary.*

## Friday, 8th April

The modification to the Land-Rover fuel pumps being completed we left Benghazi at 0914 hours and followed the road down the coast to Agedabia. The land is flat for miles, but there are still long lines of trees, usually along the roadways. Even now the sun is quite warm. Outside it is pleasant, but the inside of the three-tonner cabin is a bit oppressive.

Passed through a small native settlement, called Geminir, at 1053 hours. Skyline is one straight unbroken line and the only things that seem to move are the telegraph posts not far from the road. The sky is a very pale blue with streaks of high cirrus cloud.

The countryside became more hilly down towards Agedabia. Passed through Agedabia and stopped just outside the town. Surrounded by natives, mostly children, yelling for 'backsheesh' or whatever they call it. Gave some sweets away to the children. Native settlement just shacks and shanties where apparently they cram in whole families.

After Agedabia the desert was flat and gently undulating with quite an overall coverage of tiny scrub bushes.

As the afternoon passed the ridges became wider apart and the scrub gradually disappeared until almost nothing of it could be seen. The dust kicked up by the trucks and jeeps is thick and white and cakes the eyes and face. Although the track we followed was very rough it gradually improved, until at times 30 m.p.h. could be maintained for minutes at a time. At 1620 hours we halted at the edge of a ridge to wait for a Land-Rover with a puncture. It was Pete Riley's Rover so I will give him a rough time when I see him. Just in time we skirted what seemed to be a minefield which was outlined by low, thin strands of barbed wire. If it had been dark we would not have seen them.

The desert floor is rubble of various sizes with a loose covering of pinkish-fawn dust. This dust gets kicked up, especially by the heavy trucks, and chokes the throat and nose and eyes. I have a good view as I am standing on a little platform in the three-tonner cabin and the upper part of me is stuck out of the hole in the top.

We stopped for the night at 1730 hours on a flat, hard sand plain. Sergeants Copeland and Willis cooked an excellent stew, and rum went well with the tea. The evening is very cool and clear; the sun going down rather rapidly leaves the ten vehicles a tiny cluster of lights in so much darkness. I am quite tired and a cigarette tastes wonderful. After a day's run of 162 miles our position tonight is 20° 43' E. and 30° 11' N.

During the stop No. 5 Land-Rover and the Radio Land-Rover had wheel changes. The three- and one-tonners are doing very well and coping easily as well as the Land-Rovers. So far the desert floor has been quite hard; when we reach sand I fear we will bless the Land-Rovers.

## Saturday, 9th April

The second day out we met with our first trouble. The desert became soft sand in patches and as the ridges became more frequent the going got worse. The three-tonners were the big trouble and many times we had to dig and use sand channels to get them unstuck. Once free, the drill was to grab up the sand channel, rush forward and wait until the truck seemed to be sticking, then throw it under the wheel. Once the lorry got into second gear it invariably pulled away for at least 25 yards before sticking again.

In the late morning of the second day we came across a mined fort of white stones which Captain Adami said had probably been built by the Turks.

We passed on and made reasonable going until a very bad patch of loose, fine sand in the form of a steepish hill. It was tufted with long, spiny grass and slowed every vehicle down, including the Rovers. I think everyone got bogged down in this, but on the other side the progress was much better and only now and again were we stopped.

By now we had penetrated well into the Serrea, which is said to be the largest featureless area in the world. Certainly there are flatter regions, but nothing could be more utterly devoid of any land form other than flat, gritty sand. Usually the sand is found underneath a very thin surface of fine pebbles and stones. Almost like ice to travel over, the top layer being just firm enough to walk upon without sinking in.

At 1230 hours we came across quite a large formation of rock which stuck right out of the desert. We stopped for biscuits, jam and cheese and then continued making very good progress, strung out in ragged formation over a distance of about four miles.

At 1730 hours we again struck treacherous sand when trying to cross a chalky ridge. The one-ton Signals Truck was stuck almost to its axles and we had some trouble getting it out. Even the Rovers were gingerly creeping about in four-wheel drive. After many tries at different routes over the ridge we found the only way was to retrace our steps and go all the way round the dip and work carefully upwards. We eventually got over the ridge and did fifteen more miles before camping for the night. By now everybody had caught the sun and was feeling some of the effects of it. I played noughts and crosses with Robin Letts in the sand. He was very good at it. Our camp was just below a ridge from which Jalo Oasis could be seen. It was at Jalo that we were to refill empty fuel cans. Water we hoped to get from a small water hole some miles south of Jalo.

## Sunday, 10th April

Captain Adami's Rover and my three-tonner went to collect the petrol from the dump very near Jalo. They took presents for the Mudir of Jalo. I went with the two Land Rovers southwards to find the water hole to refill 13 jerricans. Captain Duckworth navigated and it was not very long before we saw a big Jebel with small tufted lumps about the place. This, we thought, was the water hole. We arrived there but no water could be seen anywhere. A tiny dip in the sand about 4 feet in diameter looked promising. We started digging. Five feet later the only sign of water was a slight dampening of the sand. We decided to go northwards to Jalo for the water. After 20 minutes or so we saw a solitary camel moving in the opposite direction to us. It looked so fine in the flat expanse, slowly rolling along. We came closer and saw it had two riders. We stopped and greeted them. They dismounted and Captain Duckworth asked them where the water hole was. They immediately pointed well to the

# Summer 1960 - Lead Article (2)



Where others have been before . . . an abandoned L.R.D.G. vehicle

east of where we had come so we could not have been at the water hole at all. Robin Letts had a ride on their camel—I paid with some cigarettes. The camel made some astounding noises and poor Robin took a long time to get on. He nearly lost his glasses and was sweating profusely by the time he had installed himself on the pack of baggage there. Needless to say the two natives were going to Kufra—just like that! We swallowed our pride and waved cheerio.

The approach to Jalo was very bad and we used four-wheel drive all the way. We eventually drove into the populated part of the oasis and immediately became the centre of interest of about 20 or 30 natives. It was hot there with lots of flies which could bite quite well. The natives didn't worry much and let the flies crawl in numbers round their noses, corners of their eyes and round their lips. Here I must point out that the oasis covers several square miles and is not just a romantic clump of palms with a crystal-clear spring flowing and exotic flowers here and there. Certainly there are palms—thousands of them—but usually they are quite widely spaced, covering a large area. The water, too, is always suspect and the doctor was chary of taking much. He tasted it, however, and said it was reasonable. Whilst moving the jeeps to the well—in full view with all our equipment, radio, etc., we got horribly stuck in the loose, deep sand which apart from the trees was the most noticeable thing about the oasis. While we were digging out Captain Duckworth was invited to drink tea with the Mudir of Jalo. We filled the water cans.

Apparently Jalo had been an Italian outpost before the war and the garrison was still well preserved though now it looked like a market place. I noticed how undernourished and heavily laden the donkeys were. I felt sorry for the wretched brutes. They were pretty mangy, too.

We finally left Jalo at about 1230 hours and took a northerly route out of it to circle round to the west for the base camp, thus avoiding soft sand.

On reaching the camp I had a cup of warm orange juice before the whole convoy moved off again.

This time I had taken Pete Riley's place in the Radio Land-Rover as he had got heat exhaustion. We were positioned at the rear of the convoy with the Assistant Quartermaster's Rover and the one-ton Signals Truck. This truck caused a bit of trouble and progress was very slow.

Our group of three vehicles gradually lagged behind and the distance increased as the afternoon wore on. By late afternoon we were about 56 miles behind and the sun was dropping. I was driving the Rover and as the sun went below the horizon we could only follow the three-tonner tracks on dipped headlights. Once or twice we stopped for the one-tonner, but on average we made good time. We all saw then a light on the horizon ahead of us in the general direction we were going. By now the main party had made camp for a good two hours. I found myself getting cold. At about 2030 hours we saw a red flare on the horizon and soon we made radio contact with camp. After another 45 minutes

we arrived and hot stew was waiting for us. During the late evening Sergeant Copely took a theodolite fix. The theodolite is very accurate, far more so than the R.A.F. navigator's sextant which is virtually useless in the desert.

## Monday, 11th April

Before striking camp in the morning we did short 'sun compass' exercises. Travel in the desert is done by bearings on the sun compass which provides a visual indication when the driver is going away from his original required bearing. Also a heading is maintained for, say, 50 miles registered on the speedometer. Then a constant log of speedometer readings of at least two vehicles is desirable.

We were still in the Serrea, but hoped to reach the sand sea by nightfall. At mid-afternoon the sand got deeper and deeper and the convoy came to a grinding halt. It was decided that the three-tonners should try to find their own routes across hillocks of sand. Numberless times we had to dig out both Rovers and three-tonners. The afternoon was hot. My right foot began to swell and it hurt. I removed my shoe and drove with a sock on. We passed an old wrecked ambulance which probably belonged to the Long-Range Desert Group in the last war. The ridges became steeper, but the sand was not too bad in places. We made camp at about 1630 hours and dug a hole by a clump of peculiar palms. Lots of muddy water soon oozed into the hole but it was very cool on the feet. We paddled.

Now my foot is bad—I hope it will get better by tomorrow—as yet we are just on the outskirts of the sand sea. Tomorrow will be quite hard going.

*(At this point, Flight Cadet Jenner was 'invalided out' of the expedition because of his foot, which was giving him considerable pain. He was flown out the next day to the Military Hospital in Benghazi. The rest of the expedition continued their journey to Kufra and back relatively uneventfully—a quiet piece of extremely competent desert navigation, for which they all deserve great praise.)*

## Britain's Better Bookshop

NEW BOOKS      GRAMOPHONE RECORDS  
SECOND-HAND BOOKS      STATIONERY  
LIMITED EDITIONS      WRITING ACCESSORIES  
FINE BINDINGS      LEATHER GOODS  
CHILDREN'S BOOKS      BOOKCASES  
THEATRE TICKET BUREAU

THE TIMES BOOKSHOP

WIGMORE STREET LONDON W.1

# Summer 1960 - Second Article



[By kind permission of Hunting Aircraft Ltd.]

## FAREWELL TO THE PROVOST

**S**INCE this term is the last during which the piston Provost is scheduled to fly at the College, *The Journal* considers it most appropriate that a short note of adieu should appear in this issue.

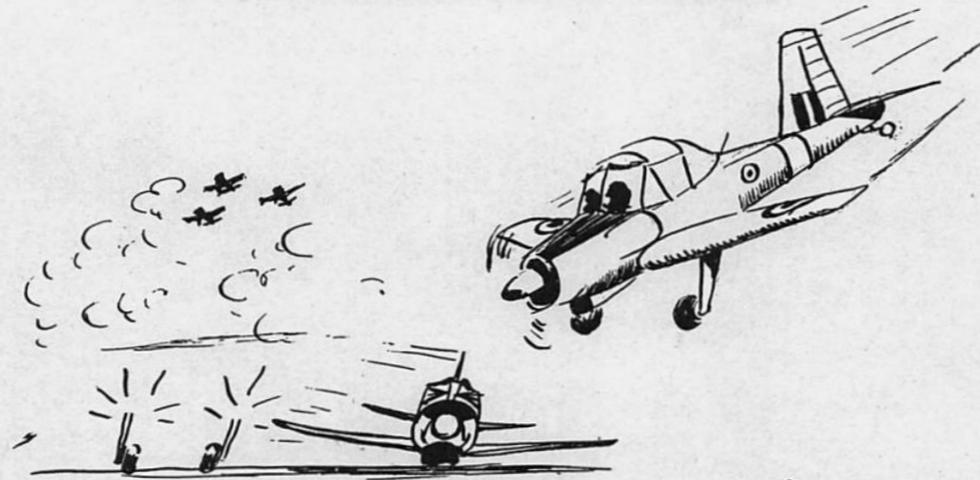
The prototype of the Hunting Provost was first flown on 24th January 1950, and with modifications it was eventually accepted by the Royal Air Force as its standard basic trainer, followed by the Air Forces of Rhodesia, Eire, Burma, Iraq and the Sudan. In all, 461 aircraft were made. By no means all these were used for training purposes; some of those sold abroad carried two machine guns and an assortment of bombs, rockets or cameras. A few versions were installed with aerial cameras and used for survey work.

The Royal Air Force College first began using the Provost during 1955, when it succeeded the Chipmunk as the primary trainer. Since that time the Provost has seen numerous cadets through all the aspects of their basic flying with few complaints. Most students have found the Provost delightful and look upon it with affection as the first aircraft in which they have flown solo.

Although the entries now coming to the College have the pleasure of *ab initio* jet flying to look forward to, those who flew the Provost before graduating to jets are mostly grateful that they have gained piston experience, believing they are, as a result, more the complete pilot.

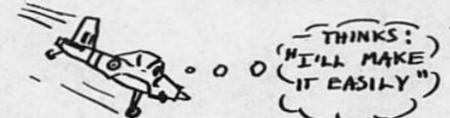
# Summer 1960 - Cartoon

'BUT SIR, THE BOOK SAID ...'



"REMEMBER TO KICK OFF THE DRIFT"

"THE GRASS IS NOT FIT FOR TAXYING"



THINKS!!  
!!!

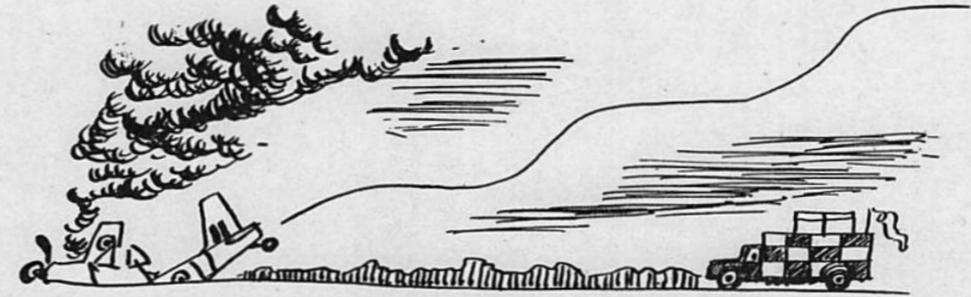
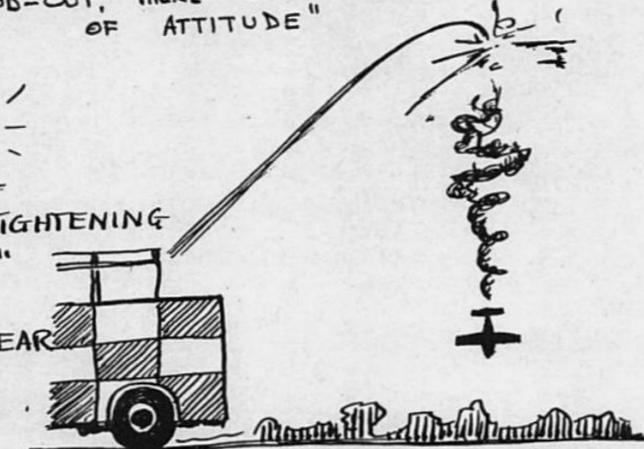


"ON THE GLIDE ROUND-OUT, THERE IS A MARKED CHANGE OF ATTITUDE"



"YES I HAVE BEEN TIGHTENING UP MY LOOPS, SIR"

"THE A.T.C WILL CLEAR THE CIRCUIT WITH A VEREY PISTOL"



"FOR COMPLETE ELECTRICAL FAILURE AT NIGHT, DESCEND TO 200' ON FINALS EXERCISING THROTTLE CONTROL..."



"TO BALE OUT, LOWER THE SEAT FULLY...."



.... DIVE FOR THE TRAILING EDGE OF THE WING "WAP!!"



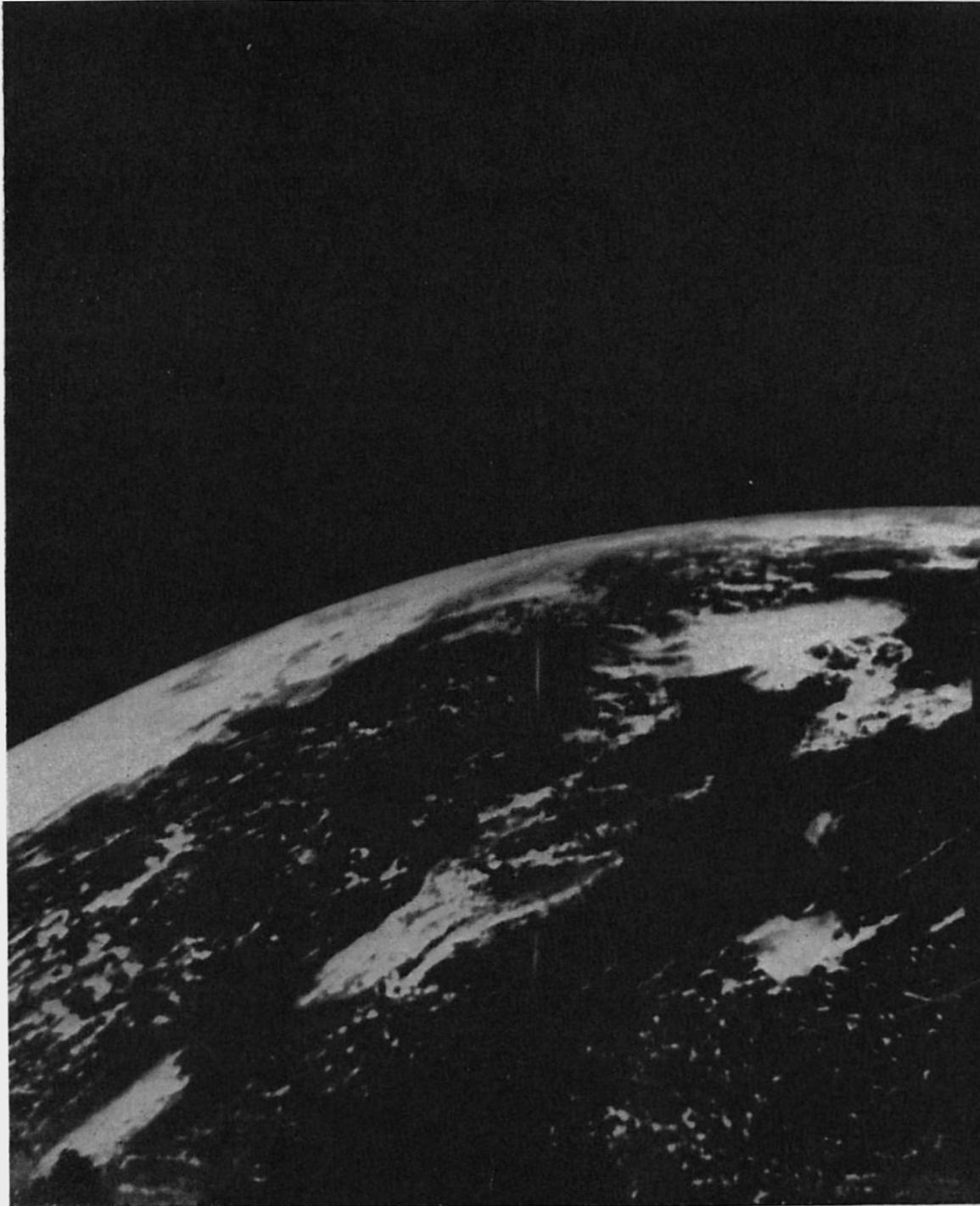
"... INSTRUCTOR!"



RB + FB + ,60

"...AND AFTER THE TRIP, WE'LL JUST NIP INTO THE W.A.A.F. QUARTERS FOR A QUICK DE-BRIEF" JAG 40

# Summer 1960 - Third Article (1)



(Reproduced by permission of the General Electric Company)

## 'BEGIN YOUR DESCENT NOW . . . .'

Looking south-west towards the Caribbean Sea with Puerto Rico at extreme left, Hispaniola at centre and Eastern Cuba at right. South and Central America lie on the horizon.

This photograph was taken with a camera mounted in the General Electric nose-cone of an Atlas I.C.B.M., fired over the Atlantic from Cape Canaveral in August 1959. Altitude above 200 miles.

## PETIMUS ASTRA

OPERATION ORDER No. 28/79

References: G.S.G.S. 69252, Northern Hemisphere, Sheets 2-8, Scale 1:10,000.

Time Zone used throughout the order: Z

Task Organisation: Astronautical Research Command

1. SITUATION. A.R.C. Satellite Delta is scheduled to be in Minor Star servicing position after three months orbit, from 060010 Nov to 070030 Nov.
2. MISSION. To re-energise solar reactors on Satellite Delta, carry out minor meteor servicing in accordance with A.R.C. Tech. S.O. 21/78 and to slip satellite crew.
3. EXECUTION.
  - a. General Outline. Six Ferret supply missiles of No. 256 Sqn. are to be in position by 051530 Nov and are to be fired at hourly intervals from 052100 Nov to make good the orbital rendezvous path at a mean free fall level of Trop 45.
  - b. Re-entry and Base Landing. On completion of servicing, Ferret missiles are to be prepared for Brake Thrust Re-entry let-downs and approaches in accordance with R.C.S.O. 12/72, timing and frequencies as detailed in Command and Signal

YES, the familiar pattern of an op. order, but while its layout conforms to the conventions of service writing of today, its content presumes to illustrate the possible role of a yet unborn Royal Air Force Command, charged with the responsibility of conducting Britain's future astronautical research programme. Before dismissing this as a rather wild and unjustifiable prediction, remember that next year a manned vehicle will make a free fall flight outside the earth's atmosphere, completing several orbits of our planet before returning for a controlled descent into the South Atlantic. This experimental flight will be the first of many sorties into near and outer space, culminating eventually with a manned landing on our nearest neighbour in space—the Moon.

The degree of Britain's participation in these experiments is by no means established, but it is very interesting and encouraging to note that two Commanders-in-Chief and a Chief of the Air Staff have expressed confidence in Britain's potential in the space race, intimating a significant role for the Royal Air Force in any future British space programme.

No one would be prepared to offer a definite prediction as to how long it will be before a manned vehicle lands on the Moon, although the late 1970s seems to be the American view and this is not contested as being an unreasonable estimate by the British Interplanetary Society.

One thing is certain and that is the ultimate requirement for pilots and crews for orbital flights, the operation of manned satellites and subsequently for deep space operations to the Moon and planets.

The real point at issue, however, is not the acceptance or rejection of this hypothetical role for a future Royal Air Force Command, but rather the instigation of a willingness to look ahead to the long-term future in the light of current research and development, and a resistance to any diversion of thought towards stagnant speculation of the immediate future.

Perhaps it is because of the very uncertainty of a future based on so many unpredictable variables that our minds automatically cling to the established memories of the past; we may analyse and marvel at the technical achievements of the past thirty years, but it is not so easy or

# Summer 1960 - Third Article (2)

necessarily desirable to peer ahead to the 1990s.

The approach and development of the space age is likely to be very gradual, allowing considerable time for public adaptation and general acceptance of the idea. With the numerous satellite firings that have taken place to date, including a direct hit on the Moon, this process of space acclimatization is already with us and the achievements so far accomplished have finally removed any doubts as to the ultimate feasibility of manned space flight. If another artificial satellite is put into orbit tomorrow no one will be very surprised, but when *Sputnik One* first bleeped its way round the globe it was staggering news for the whole world. With a little imagination we can take this argument a stage further and reasonably assume that most aircrew of today would be somewhat alarmed at the thought of a four-day 'cross-country' to the Moon; in much the same way, Orville Wright would presumably have been bewildered had he been offered a high altitude sortie in a Bomber Command Vulcan. The situations are certainly analogous, if not identical, and they are separated by little over half a century in the march of time.

Fifty years is a minute portion of the estimated four thousand million year age of the earth; in fact an analogy attributed to Sir James Jeans makes the potential life of our planet of almost incredible length: Consider the Cleopatra's Needle obelisk on the Victoria Embankment, which is about 70 feet high; place a penny on the top and place a postage stamp on top of the penny. The column then represents the age of the earth, the coin the whole period of Man's existence and the stamp the length of time during which he has been slightly civilized. The potential life of mankind corresponds to a further column of stamps, certainly hundreds of yards and probably over a mile in height. Unfortunately the human brain is not designed even to begin to comprehend the future evolution and development of such an existence. But returning to our more modest fifty-year slice of time, the difficulties of speculation into the future and the incredulity of the human mind become readily apparent. It is almost alarming to realize that some of the greatest aviation pioneers themselves had little faith in the potential usefulness of the machines to which they tendered so much time and devotion. In the first decade of this century, Octave Chanute wrote:

'The question occurs as to what is to be the probable use to Man of these new modes of transit. We can already answer that they will

have no commercial value for the regular transportation of freight or passengers, as the useful loads will be too small and the trips too uncertain and irregular. We may, however, discuss their merits for sport and for war purposes, and leave it to the future to show whether new utilities are to be found beyond those of explorations of otherwise inaccessible regions. . . . Apparently the chief use for flying machines will be in sport. Their advantages will be their cheapness, as the cost need not exceed 5,000 dollars; also the superiority of their speed, which is now 40 m.p.h. and presently will be increased to 50 m.p.h. or more. Moreover, they are small and cheaply housed. Their disadvantages are that their useful loads will always be small, as their own weight increases faster than their total carrying capacity.'

If there is any conclusion to be drawn from these considerations, it is surely that complacency with the present is the potential enemy of the future.

Undoubtedly scientific research and development will mean the ultimate solving of the purely technical problems, but Man himself has often been labelled the weakest link in the chain—weak because his basic design limitations cannot be altered. His inherent vulnerability has to be protected by complex and expensive equipment almost as soon as his three dimensional movement becomes apparent; and achievements in the vertical plane so far are almost negligible.

With a background of several thousand years of earthbound captivity, it is hardly surprising that the prospects of flight beyond the protection of mother earth present some new and complex problems. However, it is the psychological as well as the physiological limitations which are liable to cause the greatest difficulties when Man ventures beyond the earth, no matter how well he is protected from the dangers of outer space. The thermodynamic problems of the heat barrier and atmospheric re-entry may shrink into insignificance when matched against the mysterious psychological reactions of the human mind when it is obliged to spend long periods completely divorced from its earthbound environment. Indeed, the 'mind barrier' could prove to be the ultimate complication and limiting factor in Man's conquest of space, resulting perhaps in the necessity to drug future astronauts in order to reduce the possibly terrifying phobias of outer space.

However that may be, it is obvious that any

opinion passed on this aspect of the subject at the moment is conjecture and based on the limited evidence obtained from the very few experiments that have so far taken place.

It is nevertheless not too early to prepare for this approaching renaissance, and condition our outlooks to the future, so that we are at least mentally geared for the time when the theoretical studies of the present mature into the practical experiments of the future.

A few moments of contemplation and thought forward into the next two or three decades, attempting to apply the lessons history has been so willing to teach, surely justify the conclusion that the ultimate fate of the Royal Air Force is not to be one of gradual contraction as the prospects of warfare become simpler and more horrific. It is reasonable to hope it will be the

reverse, and notwithstanding a certain reduction in conventional military aircraft and weapons, a growing research force will become established to pioneer Britain's experiments beyond the atmosphere into outer space.

Only time can provide the answer to such a question, but may we speculate that future historians, when writing the story of the twentieth century, justly praise the wisdom of the designers of the motto of the Royal Air Force, and indeed the motto of the Royal Air Force College, for choosing their words with such foresight, well knowing that while they would provide great inspiration for the moment, the day would come when their pure metaphorical significance would mature and indicate with literal accuracy the ultimate destiny of the Royal Air Force?

R.D.B.

## BATES

21a JERMYN STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

Telephone: REGent 2722

one minute from Piccadilly Circus

Officially Appointed as Cap  
Makers to the Royal Air  
Force College

*Renowned maker of the "BATES" light-weight Cap and proud of our association with the Royal Air Force, including service to senior officers and air aces of both world wars.*

We do not have two qualities of cap. One quality only—the best—and at an extremely reasonable price.



# Summer 1960 - Fourth Article

## 80 ENTRY'S VISIT TO B.A.O.R.

LINCOLNSHIRE'S mid-April felt to your correspondent like west Wales in March. However, the shock of having to endure a black-thorn winter in north-east England was delayed for over a week. After winging our way across the Polderland of Holland, the waterlogged Netherlands were succeeded beneath us by a landscape of pine forests and numerous separate homesteads that looked truly Germanic. We finally touched down at Gütersloh and found ourselves revelling in the delights that are typical of an English May. The Entry divided into small parties and set off across a luxuriant countryside, heavy with blossom. Mountains lay invitingly to the east, but we never reached them, and we turned off to a cul-de-sac amid a sandy pine wilderness that was the Sennelager home of the 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards.

One day was spent with this spirited polo-playing cavalry regiment. Attempts to drive the Centurion tank met with varying degrees of success. One incompetent could hardly engage any gear but second, while another, slipping the clutch on a hill almost burnt it out and enveloped the machine in acrid smoke. At hitting small models 'hull down' in a sand-pit, all were expert. If a .22 mounted in the line of the main armament was at all an accurate simulator, we could boast an extraordinary degree of expertise in tank gunnery. The night with the Inniskillings was begun with an interesting exercise. We set out in two troops of Ferret Armoured Cars, and by homing on to the other's headlights the two troops had no difficulty in effecting a rendezvous. We then clambered down, and though one imbecile cross-country runner thought that nocturnal movement should be carried out at the rate of five minutes a mile, we soon settled that difference of opinion by splitting up into small groups, and set out to blow up the objective, a bridge over a stream. This was done in spite of a lively enemy reaction in the form of flares and pyrotechnics. These led one of our officers to approach the bridge, muffling his progress by wading down the brook. It was a damp, but not disheartened, Flight Lieutenant that emerged triumphant like Thetis from the waters, Thunderflash at the ready, only to meet one of his Flight Cadets walking down the first yards of roadway to the bridge. He was greeted cheerily with 'It's all right, sir, there are only three men out against us; two sleep, and they take turns to be the one letting off the flares.'

We then moved on to the 41st Field Regiment of the Royal Artillery at Lippstadt. We were shown all round the guns, and were given an excellent demonstration of battery deployment. Off duty we explored the town of Lippstadt, which slightly lost its appeal on being described as a 'Teutonic Sleaford.' It is true that the population were not exactly Anglophile, but that was inevitable as they had had to tolerate a British garrison for many years. Nevertheless, after a splendid guest night with the Gunners, we were shown round the vast brewery that undertook to slake the colossal thirst of the town. With megalomaniac Germanic exactitude we were told to a tenth of a litre the millions of hectolitres consumed. It was a distinctly pallid eye set in a jaundiced face that many cadets, tired after the previous evening's over-indulgence, cast over the frothing vats, as they grappled with their heaving intestines. That afternoon a navigation exercise took us to the Möhne Dam. Our wonders at its construction, destruction, and rapid reconstruction were interrupted by the soliloquy of our guiding subaltern. He was holding forth in loud English of the beauties of human architecture exhibited in a nearby female form. Unfortunately, he forgot that the Dam is the Mecca of all English-speaking peoples in Germany, and a clear cockney remark from the mother of the subject of his admiration made him feel distinctly *persona non grata*.

We ended our stay with the 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards. Impressive demonstrations were laid on with marvellous precision, except when one sand-filled mortar bomb landed in the middle of the R.S.M's hallowed acre, causing a considerable indentation. We visited nearby Düsseldorf. Its modern architecture was wonderful, especially one solitary skyscraper that rises to ethereal heights in the centre of the town. Some went to the fine new Opera house and others decided (and happily with success) to make a personal contribution to the improvement of Anglo-Germanic relations.

It was with sorrow, indeed, that we left the Army. We were very impressed by the hospitality and spirit of the regiments we visited. We were glad to have an extra two days in Germany at Wildenrath, during which we revived ourselves in tranquillity for the hardships of a new term. It also helped us better to realize the gratitude we owed for such an interesting visit. J.A.D.W

# Autumn 1960 - Lead Photo



*On Monday, 25th July 1960, the College was honoured by the visit of Her Majesty The Queen and His Royal Highness The Duke of Edinburgh. Her Majesty reviewed the Passing-Out Parade of No. 77 Entry and presented a new Queen's Colour to the College*

# Autumn 1960 - Royal Visit (1)



## College Notes

'Flight Cadets of the Royal Air Force College:

'It is a great pleasure to me to have this opportunity of visiting the Royal Air Force College so soon after becoming its Commandant-in-Chief and of taking this Passing-Out Parade. Cranwell has a great reputation throughout the Air Forces of the world and many distinguished leaders of the Royal Air Force and other Air Forces received their training here. I am very happy to have this closer link with the College.

'I already have a close link with you, for Colours are symbols of the personal relationship which exists between the Sovereign and units of the Armed Forces of the Crown. That is why I am presenting the College with this new Queen's Colour today. It will be a constant reminder to all who serve at this College that they are entering my personal service for the protection and defence of the realm.

'In war the Services are the guardians of the nation. In peace, they are the guardians of the nation's good name in every kind of testing circumstance. This Colour, therefore, should also be to you a reminder of duty, of your duty to uphold our Christian principles in all circumstances against every kind of evil.

'Finally, this Colour embodies the traditions of the College and of the Royal Air Force, traditions of steadfastness and devotion, courage and skill, intelligence and inventiveness. At this time of change and uncertainty, these qualities are more important than ever. Conditions may alter from day to day; but it was these qualities of the spirit which made the Royal Air Force, and it is they which will sustain it in the future.'

In reply to The Queen's speech the Commandant said:

'Your Majesty:

'This gracious presentation of a second Royal Colour to the College is an unprecedented honour to our Service which we all, past and present flight cadets and members of the staff, appreciate most deeply.

'That you have honoured us in this way, not only as our Queen, but as our Commandant-in-Chief, will be a constant source of pride to each one of us.

'We thank Your Majesty most sincerely for the confidence you place in this College, as symbolized by this new Colour and Your Majesty's gracious presence here today at the time of the graduation of No. 77 Entry.

'This confidence will provide us all, not only with a constant reminder of the present, but with inspiration for the future. In this we shall have new pride of service and a determination to be worthy of the gracious honour you have done us this day.'

### HER MAJESTY ARRIVES AT CRANWELL

Left to right: Lady Euston, Sir Edward Ford, Sqn Ldr Carver, H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh, H.M. The Queen, The Rt Hon George Ward, Air Chf Mshl Sir Thomas Pike, Air Mshl Sir Hugh Constantine, the Commandant



# Autumn 1960 - Royal Visit (2)



B

*As Her Majesty approached the dais, 16 aircraft of the Advanced Flying Wing flew past*



*Her Majesty inspects 'B' Squadron*

# Autumn 1960 - Royal Visit (3)

The Parade, which was commanded by Senior Under Officer P. J. Kemp, received The Queen with a Royal Salute. Her Majesty then inspected the three squadrons, which were commanded by Senior Under Officer M. J. Barringer, Senior Under Officer N. Bonnor and Under Officer K. B. Willings.

The Parade, which included the most junior Entry, marched past in slow and quick time; when the squadrons had re-formed at the receiving base, the Old Colour, borne by Under Officer M. B. Bullocke, was marched off for the last time, and later was laid up in the College Chapel.

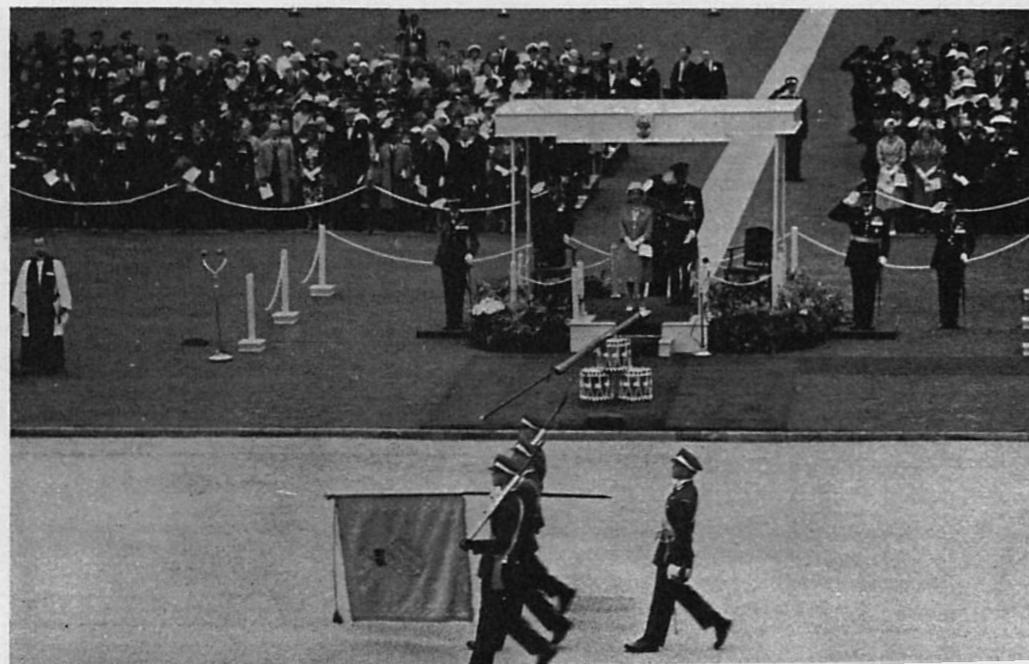
Her Majesty then presented the New Queen's Colour, which was received by Under Officer R. J. Howard, and gave her address. With the Parade at the 'present,' the New Colour was slow-marched to the receiving base. There followed the Advance in review order and Royal Salute, after which Her Majesty presented the Sword of Honour to Senior Under Officer Kemp and the Queen's Medal to Senior Under Officer Bonnor.

After the Parade the Royal Party made their way to the top of the new Queen's Avenue, where Her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh each planted a tree.



*Her Majesty presents the new Queen's Colour, received on behalf of the College by Under Officer Howard*

*The old Colour is marched off for the last time*



*H.M. The Queen presents the Sword of Honour to Senior Under Officer Kemp*

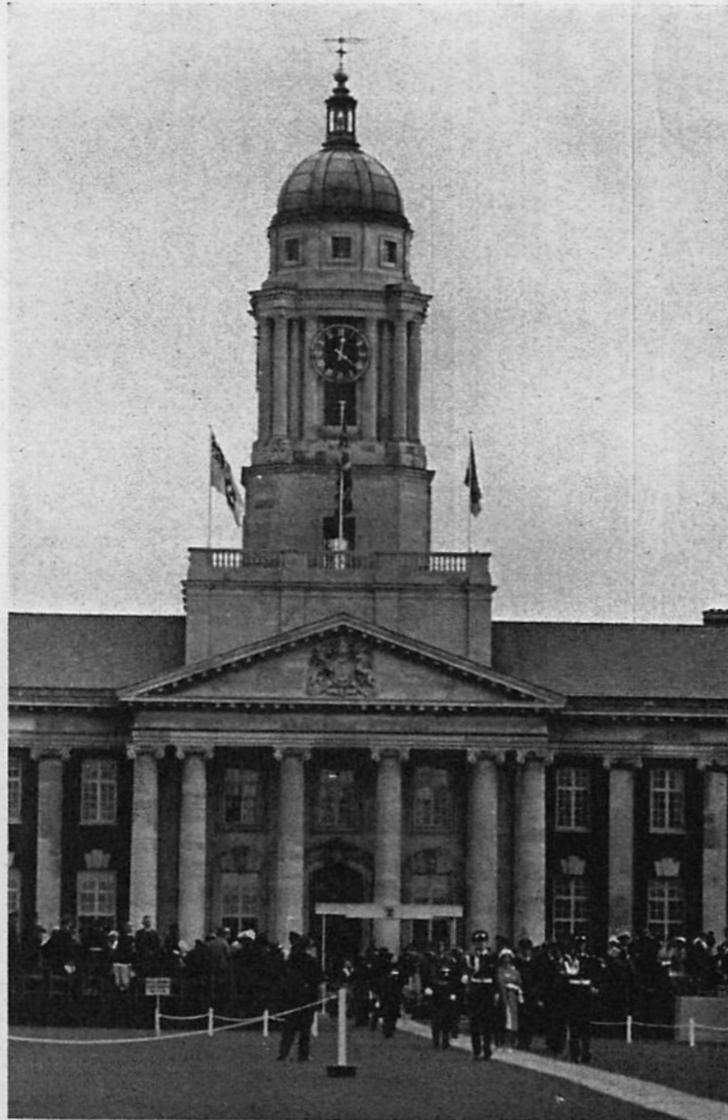
# Autumn 1960 - Royal Visit (4)

These words, spoken by the Chaplain-in-Chief, formed part of the ceremony of the Consecration of the New Colour:

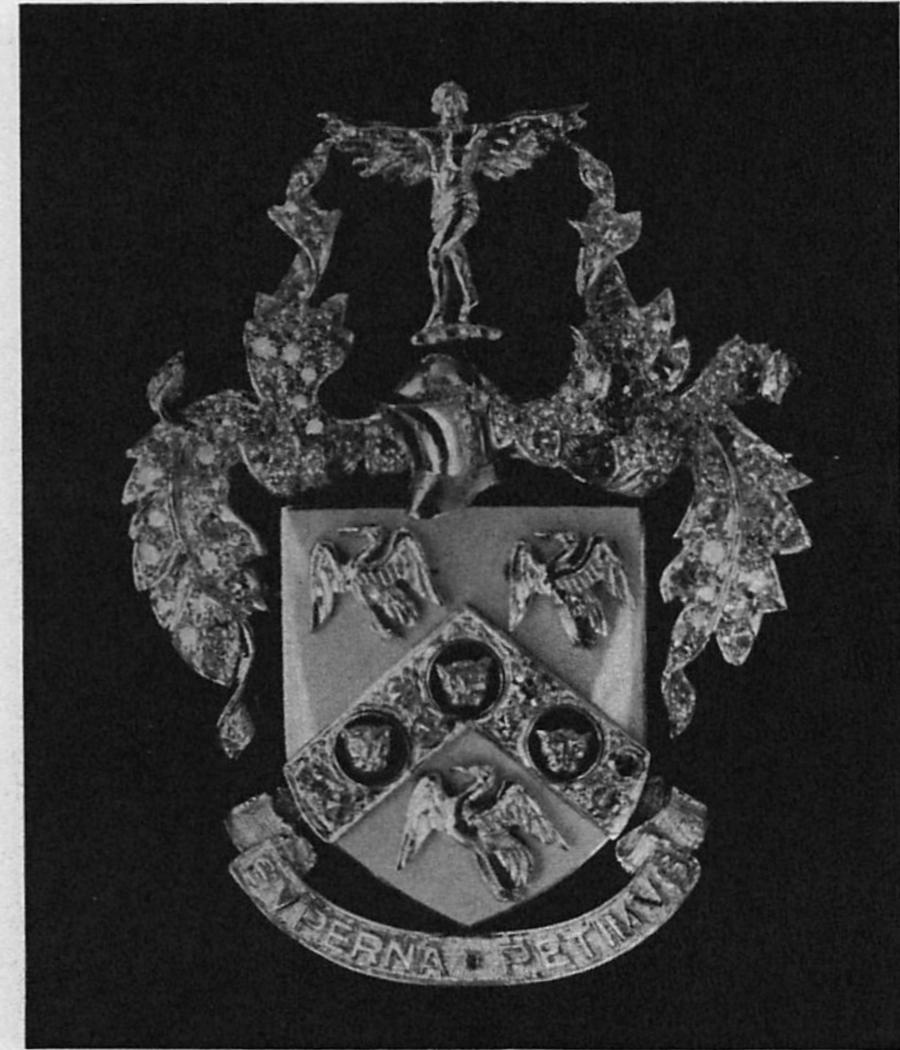
'We are gathered here to consecrate this Colour, the solemn symbol of our loyalty, and with it ourselves, our service, and our life. May this Colour never be unfurled save in the cause of justice, righteousness and truth.'

'Remember always that this Colour which we have here dedicated to God represents unto us our bounden duty to Our Queen and Country which is to serve her, her realm and our fellow citizens to the utmost of our power, to maintain as much as in us lies the gift of honour and the sanctity of man's plighted word, to protect all those who pass to and fro upon their lawful occasions, to preserve order and good government after the example of our comrades who counted not their lives dear to themselves so that others may live in peace.'

'Go forth into the world in peace: be of good courage: hold fast that which is good: render to no man evil for evil: strengthen the fainthearted: honour all men: love and serve the Lord, rejoicing in the power of the Holy Spirit.'



*Her Majesty leaves the parade for the tree-planting ceremony*



*The Platinum Brooch*

The Royal Party took lunch in the College, and the Commandant presented Her Majesty with a brooch subscribed to by past and present members of the College. The brooch, of platinum, was made by craftsmen of Garrard and Company, Limited, London. The scroll work surrounding the badge and the chevron are studded with diamonds; the cranes and lettering are in raised enamel.



Before leaving Cranwell The Queen and The Duke of Edinburgh inspected the Flying Wings, and were entertained by a display of aerobatics.

# Autumn 1960 - Royal Visit (5)



*Review of the Flying Wings—Her Majesty with Wg Cdr C. F. Green*

## HER MAJESTY WATCHING THE FLYING DISPLAY

*Front row (left to right): Air Chf Mshl Sir Thomas Pike, The Rt Hon George Ward, the Commandant, H.M. The Queen, H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh, Gp Capt Lynch-Blosse, Lady Euston, Air Mshl Sir Hugh Constantine*



## THE VAMPIRE AEROBATIC TEAM

*Left to right: Flt Lts Gould, Edwards, Ward, Whittam and Fg Off Bailey*

During the course of organizing some of the day's arrangements, the College Administrative Staff occasionally faced the interesting problem of fitting the 2,490 spectators, who would be seated on the Orange if the weather was fine, into the 1,004 seats which would be available in the hangar if the weather was bad, and the long-range forecast was for rain. But on the day the sun shone so brightly that the dark glasses worn by Senior Tutor (H.) did not look out of place. Two thousand four hundred and ninety spectators sat in 2,490 seats and watched the best Parade in living memory.



The following message of congratulations was received from the Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Flying Training Command:

# Autumn 1960 - Royal Visit (6)

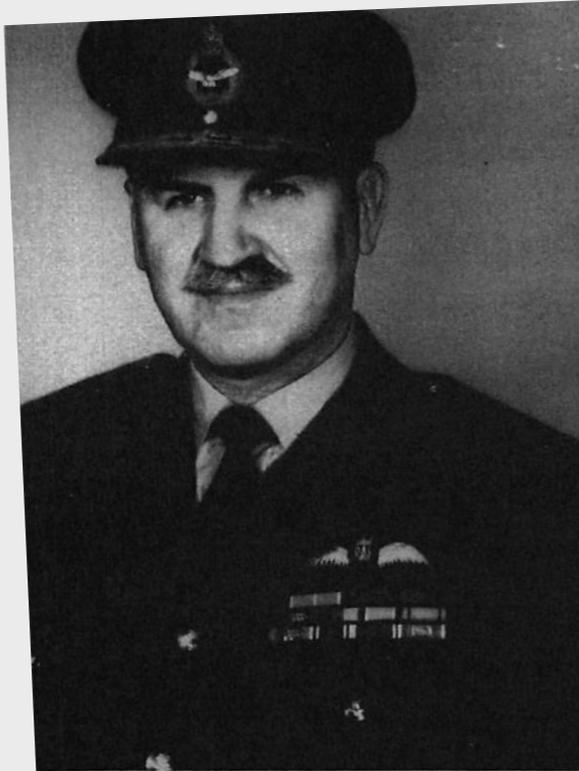


**THE ROYAL PARTY DEPARTS FROM THE SOUTH AIRFIELD**

*Left to right: Sir Edward Ford, Lady Euston, The Earl of Ancaster, Air Mshl Sir Hugh Constantine, Air Chf Mshl Sir Thomas Pike, H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh, H.M. The Queen, The Rt Hon George Ward, the Commandant*

‘You have every reason to be very proud, the Passing-Out Parade, the flying display, the lunch, and indeed all the arrangements that you and your staff made for the visit of Her Majesty The Queen and His Royal Highness The Duke of Edinburgh to the R.A.F. College today were carried out with meticulous precision and to the highest standards that we have traditionally come to expect from Cranwell. Please convey my heartiest congratulations to all concerned.’

# Autumn 1960 - Other College Notes (1)



*Air Marshal Sir Hugh A. Constantine, who was a flight cadet of the January 1926 Entry*

On the day before The Queen's Visit, Air Marshal Sir Hugh A. Constantine, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Flying Training Command, presented Wings and Prizes to No. 77 Entry.

After congratulating No. 77 Entry as a whole and the prize-winners in particular, Sir Hugh went on to emphasize the importance of sport and activities in Service life. Looking into the future, Sir Hugh continued:

'... the world has seen remarkable progress in the first 50 years of aviation. I think there will be equally great progress in the next 50 years. We are now entering the space age, and I don't think anything will stop men exploring space as they have explored the bottom of the sea and the highest mountains. In your time we shall probably be travelling to New York in maybe an hour. We shall see great changes, and a flying career offers a great challenge, for the R.A.F. will surely play its full part in the progressive years ahead.

'I am convinced we shall not have a third World War if the people of the West continue to realize that the deterrent policy is the right policy, and the great alliances N.A.T.O., C.E.N.T.O., and S.E.A.T.O. stand firm together against aggression.

'The R.A.F. today has the great moral task of providing the "V" Bomber Force, with the one aim of preventing war. At the same time you young men have got to master your trade and the art of war, and be ready for war—preparedness is also necessary if we are to prevent war.

'There is one further point I would like to touch on—one of our major problems is going to be to find sufficient young men of the right calibre to volunteer for aircrew. I am quite convinced that the scientists are going to provide the weapons and aircraft we need, but I am not so sure that we are going to find it quite so easy to get the right

type of men in the right numbers to join the Service. May I remind you, that you are our greatest recruiting inducement. We need more chaps like you as aircrew; go back to your schools and persuade more young men to join—tell them what a worthwhile career the R.A.F. is.

'Our officer corps numbers some 22,000, of which only 8 per cent are from Cranwell, a small percentage of the whole. So you will appreciate that, with the long training you have received, people will expect more of you. You must take the lead by personal example and at all times set a high standard. You have got over the first hurdle. Volunteer for any new task; accept responsibility eagerly; don't "pass the buck"; get into the habit of making decisions, even if some of them prove wrong; believe and have confidence in yourselves, and develop moral courage. At times it will be awkward to tell people what you think of them, but don't shirk your duty. Don't avoid difficult decisions just because they may be unpopular decisions.

'Next, it is very important for all of you to maintain a flexible mind. We are the youngest of the three Services and sometimes famed for unorthodox thinking—not a bad thing. Do not become rigid in your thinking. Understand your trade, your job in the air and get to grips with the Air Force and all its problems, but don't forget also to look outside at the part the Air Force plays in the future well-being of the country. Be ready and prepared for changes. Believe me, there will be many in the next 30 years or so, by the time you are about to become Commanders-in-Chief.

'I think it is true that you get out of life what you put into it, you will reap your reward according to what you put in. Our promotion system is, I believe, the fairest possible, but occasionally an officer will ask to see the Air Secretary to enquire why he has not been promoted. Inevitably he will be told "because your qualities and qualifications do not measure up to those of your contemporaries." Remember it is the impression you will make on your superiors which counts, but perhaps it is the impression you may make on your subordinates which may often provide the truer picture.

'Great opportunities exist for you in the Royal Air Force. It's a wonderful life. I certainly have never regretted my choice. I know that in the years ahead a variety of interesting tasks will come your way; flying in many roles, staff appointments, N.A.T.O. postings, exchange postings, duty as air attachés; you will see almost every corner of the earth.

'In life we can all expect our normal quota of luck. I think you have had a fair share already, and for this I think you should thank your parents for arranging matters in such a way that you should be at Cranwell at this particular time, to be reviewed by The Queen tomorrow.

'I hope you never forget what this great College has done for you and that you will return to Cranwell frequently. Some of you will return as Flying Instructors, as Housemasters, Assistant Housemasters and so on, to put back into the College something of what you yourselves have gained from it.

'I would like to congratulate you on your choice of career—you couldn't have made a better. Finally, I wish you all success and the enjoyment that I know you are going to have in your future life in this great Service of ours.'

# Autumn 1960 - Other College Notes (2)

Although preparations for The Queen's visit overshadowed all aspects of life at the College, day-to-day work proceeded much as usual. Visitors to Cranwell last term included:

*On 12th May* the Headmasters of St Paul's, Oundle, Brighton College, Bancrofts, and King Henry VIII, Coventry; the Senior Masters of Repton, Brentwood, Wolverhampton Grammar School, and Radley; a Housemaster of Aldenham; and the Careers Master of Royal Masonic, Bushey.

*On 26th May* the Director of Education and the Assistant Director of Education for Guernsey; the R.A.F. Member, J.C.E.; the Headmasters of Uppingham, The Leys, Dover College, and Guernsey Grammar School; the Senior Master of Bloxham; and the C.C.F. Master of Christ's Hospital.

*From 30th May to 3rd June* cadets from R.M.A. Netherlands.

*From 25th July to 2nd August* a number of Air Force cadets to attend the C.C.F. Camp at Cranwell.



Visiting preachers last term were:

*On 8th May* The Reverend W. E. G. Payton, M.A., Assistant Chaplain-in-Chief, Flying Training Command.

*On 22nd May* The Reverend E. Baker, M.A., Ph.D., President of the Methodist Conference.



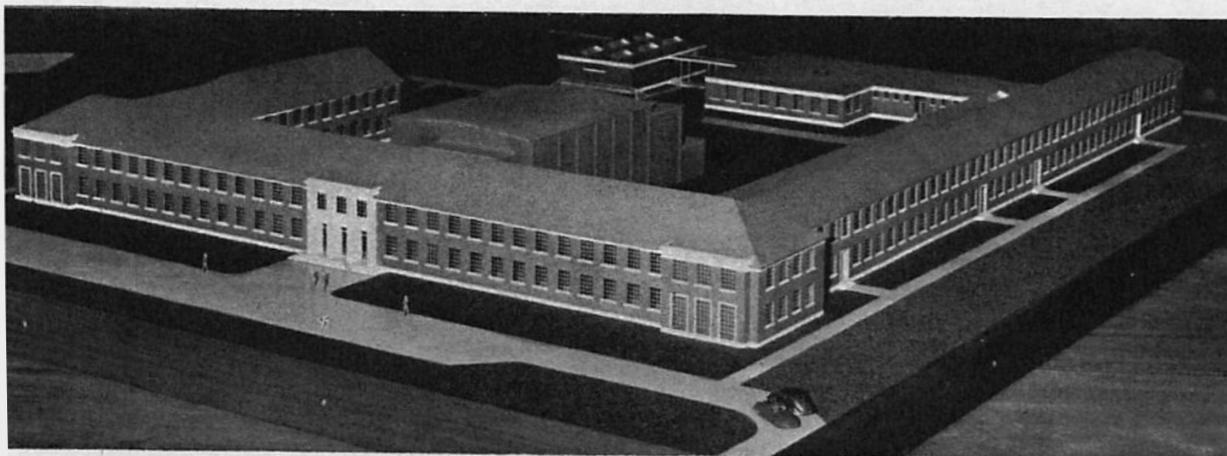
A few of the many visits made by flight cadets last term were:

*On 5th May* the Equipment cadets of No. 80 Entry to the Mechanical Handling Exhibition.

*From 9th May* a number of flight cadets to R.M.A. Netherlands.

*On 16th May* the Navigator cadets of No. 77 Entry to Thorney Island for 12 days.

*An architect's model of the new Instructional Block which will rehouse West Site and Science Site*



*On 16th May* the Equipment cadets of No. 80 Entry to No. 27 M.U., Shawbury, for three days.

*On 19th May* a dozen flight cadets to a Transport Support Demonstration at Abingdon, and the Equipment and Secretarial cadets of Nos. 77 and 78 Entries to the Business Efficiency Exhibition.

*On 9th June* flight cadets of No. 78 Entry to the School of Infantry.



The new Entry, No. 83, is 63 strong. Of these, 50 are training as Pilots, 8 as Navigators, and 5 are Equipment or Secretarial cadets.

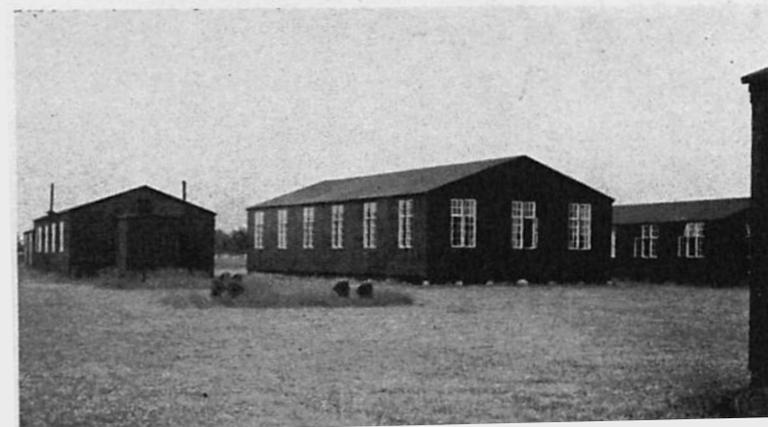


During the summer vacation parties of officers and flight cadets visited B.A.O.R., N.A.T.O. units in Europe, the Mediterranean Fleet at Malta, R.N. Portsmouth, the Joint Anti-Submarine School, Londonderry, the Elementary Parachute Training Course at Abingdon, the Fettes College Mountain Rescue Training Camp in Scotland. Flight cadets were shown the workings of Royal Air Force stations at Wyton, Finningley, Cottesmore, West Raynham, Stradishall, Leconfield, St Mawgan, Lyneham, and Abingdon. The Leadership Training Camp ('a rose by any other name . . .') for No. 82 Entry was held in Scotland.



The Queen's Colour was paraded on the first Sunday of term, 1st May, and on Her Majesty's birthday, 11th June.

*West Site, after its recent redecoration*

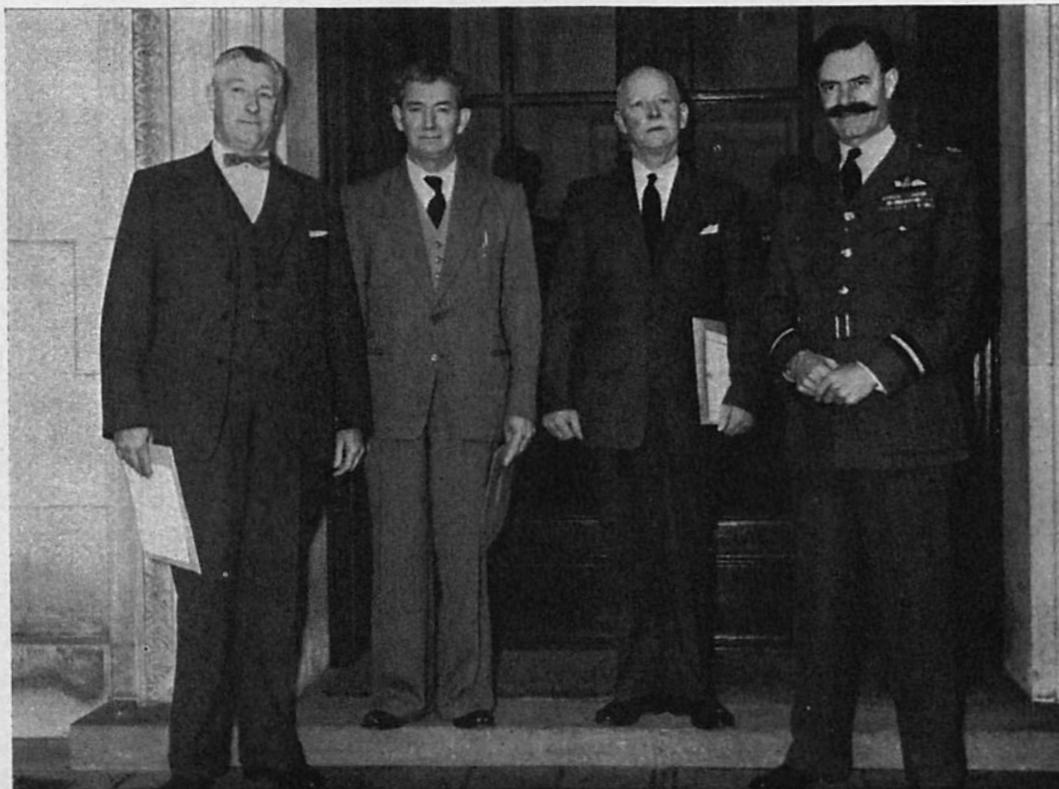


# Autumn 1960 - Other College Notes (3)

Cranwell was well represented in Her Majesty's Birthday Honours List. Wing Commander R. Duckett, Senior Tutor (A.S.E.), was awarded the O.B.E. Flight Sergeant T. McCall (now serving in M.E.A.F.) received the B.E.M., Flight Lieutenant J. Loat, Navigation Instructor, was awarded the A.F.C. The Queen's Commendation for Valuable Services in the Air went to Flight Lieutenant G. D. Bain (now serving at R.A.F. Shawbury) and to Flight Lieutenant R. E. Pyrah, the Unit Adjutant. Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief's Commendations have been presented to Flight Sergeant H. W. Wheeler and Sergeant M. T. Murphy, and the Air Officer Commanding's Commendation to Corporal G. P. A. Warren.



The Cranwell Little Theatre has continued to flourish. The play *Epitaph for George Dillon* by John Osborne and Anthony Creighton was presented in the Astra Cinema in May; this was an ambitious choice which seems, on the whole, to



Messrs F. J. Brown, H. Gill and F. G. Mayhew after the ceremony in which the Commandant presented each of them with the Commander-in-Chief's Commendation for services to the College

have been very well received. Other activities have included play-readings and organized visits to the Theatre Royal at Lincoln. At the time of going to press, the Little Theatre are rehearsing for their autumn production of the farce *As Long As They're Happy* by Vernon Sylvaine.



In July the Cranwell Aeromodelling Club, which recently competed in the United Kingdom National Championship held at Scampton, won the Challenge Trophy awarded to the best station team in the Inter-Command Model Aircraft Championships at Debden. The Cranwell team also played a major part in winning the Inter-Command Shield for Flying Training Command.



In May, Flight Lieutenant J. R. Whittam, an 'H' Flight Instructor, was adjudicated second in the aerobatic competition for the Wright Jubilee Trophy, after tying for first place. Flight Lieutenant Whittam is a member of Cranwell's Formation Aerobatic Team, who gave a flying display on the occasion of Her Majesty's visit.



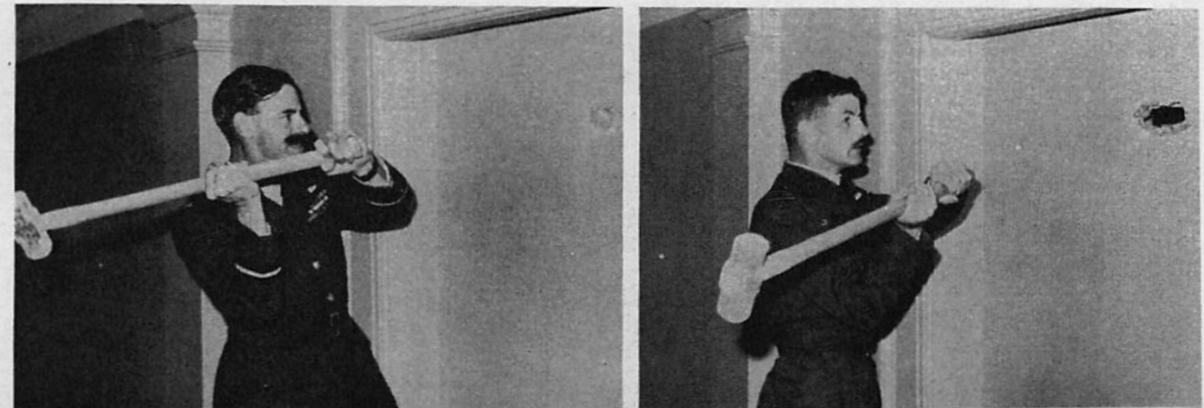
The station cricket team did well in the Inter-Station Championship last season; five players played regularly for Command, and Flight Lieutenant W. E. Close played for the Royal Air Force.



In its first three months of existence the Cranwell Flying Club has done some 220 hours. Four members have obtained their Civil Instructor Endorsements, and

*'If at first . . .*

*. . . you don't succeed . . .*



# Autumn 1960 - Other College Notes (4)

six others have gone solo. Four of the latter are approaching their hour qualification for their Private Pilot's Licence, and they hope to complete their tests by the end of the year.



It is with deep regret that we record the death of Pilot Officer W. H. (Bill) Smith (75 Entry) in a road accident on 16th May 1960.



Last term the Commandant presented the Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief's Commendation for Services to the College to Mr F. J. Brown, of the Junior Mess, who has been at Cranwell since February 1935, to Mr H. Gill, the Assistant College Librarian, and to Mr F. G. Mayhew, the Head Batman of 'C' Squadron. Mr Mayhew tells us that he arrived at the College on the Cranwell Express one evening in November 1921, when there was a foot of snow on the ground. He walked round the old Mess once or twice and would have gone back if there had been a train.



Flying Officer W. V. Nadin, a 'G' Flight Instructor, won the Royal Air Force Long-Range Championship at Bisley at the end of May. The Long-Range Championship is competed for in two stages, 15 rounds to count at 900 yards, and 15 at 1,000 yards. This was the fifth time that Flying Officer Nadin had competed at Bisley.

... send for the Flight Sergeant

On 13th May 1960 a small group of officers, n.c.os and cadets took turns to break down the 'temporary' wall which separated the new wing of the college from the original building



We regret to record the death in a flying accident of Flight Cadet Peter Robin Tomes. Flight Cadet Tomes came to the College from Hardye's, Dorchester. He joined No. 80 Entry in January 1959 and was posted to 'B' Squadron. He soon made his mark at Cranwell and was well known and liked for his cheerful disposition. He played scrum-half for the First XV, and represented his Squadron at hockey and cricket. His death is a great loss to the Service, and to his family, and to the many friends he made at the College.



The station athletic team did very well last season. They won handsomely at Manby in the first round of the Inter-Station Championships, and in the semi-final held at Cosford on 27th July they failed by only four points to reach the final.



We repeat the appeal made in the last issue for donations to the projected Church of England Church at Cranwell. The following item is taken from a recent Air Ministry News Letter.

'Work is about to begin on the building of a new permanent Church of England Church at the Royal Air Force College.

'The old hangar church of St Michael and All Angels which has served the College for something like 40 years will be demolished and the new church erected near the site to the east of the main College building. Its architectural style will conform to that of the College building and the new Instructional Wing shortly to be built.

'The internal design of the church will provide for the perpetuation of the traditional pattern of worship developed at Cranwell over the last 40 years—which includes music by the College Band as well as the organ. Seating capacity will be for about 500, including the choir.

'Interior furnishings and embellishment will be of the highest standard as befits the church's central place in the corporate life of the College. No financial provision has been made for this purpose and a fund of £20,000 has accordingly been opened. Among the items required are panelling, pews, altar rails, frontals, altar cross and candlesticks, alms dishes, stoles, lectern Bible; many will be required before June 1961 when the church should be ready for consecration.

'Intending donors should send subscriptions to the Honorary Secretary of the Old Cranwellian Association at the College.'



Anyone who feels that Lincolnshire with its mists and bus services is a claustrophobic kind of place may gain some comfort from the knowledge that, according to an advertisement in a June issue of *The New York Times*, Cranwell is also situated

# Autumn 1960 - Other College Notes (5)

in the heart of the Berkshires 140 miles from New York and Boston. It is, furthermore, a camp for boys which offers a 'well-rounded program of recreation and cultural activities.' For this information we are grateful to a previous editor of *The Journal*, who spotted the item.



The new wing of the College has already mellowed and weathered into the older parts. This description of the original building and its surroundings, which is taken from *The Journal* for Autumn 1933, may be of interest.

'The College was designed by J. G. West, O.B.E., one of the senior architects of H.M. Office of Works, and consists of a group with a central block containing the cadets' mess, lecture hall, lecture rooms, library, recreation rooms, and laboratories, flanked on the east and west sides by the squadrons' quarters, which have accommodation for 150 cadets in separate rooms. These flanking buildings will be extended to house 200 cadets and are connected to the central block by one-storey structures planned to contain the principal lavatories and the entrances from the parade ground. The boiler house is separate and in the rear.

'The architecture externally and internally conforms to an English tradition. Externally the walls are faced with rustic and moulded brickwork with the more important features in Portland stone. The façade of the central block is designed on classic lines with a portico of six columns surmounted by a pediment and a tower. The tower is 130 feet high and is a landmark in the neighbourhood.

'The building lies 600 feet to the south of the road from Cranwell village to Newark and has a frontage of about 820 feet. The area in front of them has been laid out with drives in a large circle.

'Avenues of lime trees have been given by Sir Samuel Hoare, who was interested in the building during his term of office as Secretary of State for Air.

'The planning of the College called for directness and simplicity to obtain proper communication and relationship between its numerous sections, and an endeavour has been made to secure a satisfactory result by a symmetrical arrangement with the principal departments centred on axial positions. The cadets' recreation rooms, including the library, occupy the southern frontage of the central block overlooking the parade ground, and the importance of securing a similar aspect for the cadets' rooms in the squadron blocks has not been forgotten. No room occupied by a cadet or by an officer at the College is lighted solely from the north.

'Other aims have been to provide a collegiate atmosphere by the grouping of the cadets' rooms around quadrangles. The quadrangles in the squadron blocks are dominated by a pedimented feature and a lead-covered flèche reminiscent of the buildings of our older universities.

'The foundation contract was executed during 1929 and 1930 by Messrs Bernard Pumphrey, of Gainsborough, and the superstructure has been carried out by Messrs J. Chapman and Sons, of Leicester.'

Our congratulations go to the undermentioned Old Cranwellians on their recent promotion:

Air Marshal A. Earle, C.B., C.B.E., Air Vice-Marshal C. Broughton, C.B.E., Air Commodore R. I. Jones, C.B., A.F.C., Group Captain R. L. Wade, D.F.C., and Squadron Leaders K. V. E. Gilbert, P. Gilliatt, W. F. Jacobs, J. D. Leary, E. H. Leggett, E. V. Mellor, H. J. Ridout, I. L. Schwaiger and R. A. Streatfield.



Our sincere congratulations go to the undermentioned Old Cranwellians who appeared in the Birthday Honours List:

*C.B.*—Air Commodore J. N. H. Whitworth, C.B., D.S.O., D.F.C.

*C.B.E.*—Group Captain W. Pitt-Brown, C.B.E., D.F.C., A.F.C.; Group Captain B. P. Young, C.B.E.

*A.F.C.*—Squadron Leader P. J. Bardon, D.F.C., A.F.C.



The College has been greatly honoured to learn that Viscount Trenchard has agreed that the R.A.F. College Museum shall be entrusted with the safekeeping of many relics of his father, Marshal of the Royal Air Force the Viscount Trenchard, G.C.B., O.M., G.C.V.O., D.S.O. It is expected that among the items will be orders and decorations and many fascinating and important documents.

A later edition of *The Journal* will record full details of this historic and magnificent collection.



Graduates of the College are reminded that a new edition of the List of Graduates is in preparation, and are asked to send details of their current rank and decorations to: Mr J. Tanner, R.A.F. College, Cranwell, Sleaford, Lincs.



The College Museum, so long projected, is now a reality, having opened its doors for the first time on 25th July 1960.

No effort was spared to make this addition to the College's public rooms a place worthy in every way of those commemorated, and it has already been honoured with the safekeeping of a splendid and richly varied collection of items. It is recorded with pride that Her Majesty The Queen has graciously loaned three items.



The Annual Reunion was held this year on Saturday, 25th June 1960. Altogether some 130 members of the Old Cranwellian Association were able to put in an appearance and make their contribution to the fortieth year of the College by creating a new attendance record.

# Autumn 1960 - Other College Notes (6)

There was no Guest of Honour on this occasion; instead the Association was greatly honoured to welcome the Chief of the Air Staff, Air Chief Marshal Sir Thomas Pike, as its after dinner speaker.

Air Commodore D. F. Spotswood, chairman of the O.C.A., reminded the assembly that C.A.S. was the first Old Cranwellian ever to serve on the Air Council as D.C.A.S. He also reported to the Association the many and varied activities of the College in the past year, and was able to give a most encouraging account of progress on the new building programme. Models of the instructional block and the new church were on show.

The Association was also honoured to entertain as its guest the Bishop of Fulham, whose brother, Patrick Coote, was a Sword of Honour winner at the College.

The dinner followed, of course, the traditional menu of: Turtle Soup; Scotch Salmon; Roast Duckling; Strawberries and Cream; Savoury Egg.

The games results were:

*Cricket:* R.A.F. College, 201 for 8; Old Cranwellians, 205 for 6. *Tennis:* R.A.F. College, 6; Old Cranwellians, 3. *Squash:* R.A.F. College, 4; Old Cranwellians, 4. *Golf:* R.A.F. College, 2; Old Cranwellians, 2.



The Reverend Leonard J. Ashton took his leave of the College on 3rd October 1960, after a four and a half year ministry as College Chaplain, spent for the most part without an assistant chaplain in this large and scattered parish. He arrived at Cranwell in January 1956 to take over from the Reverend W. E. G. Payton, M.A. (who was leaving on posting to H.Q., 2nd T.A.F.), and conducted his first service on 5th February 1956—the month in which, he often told us, the roof of St Michael's sprang 27 leaks and 8 radiators burst!

Many and varied were the aspects of the peculiar ecclesiastical post occupied by Padre Ashton for so long. There were the Fellowship meetings held in St George's Church and the Y.M.C.A. (both East Camp) and the College Christian Fellowship, the Anglican Society, the Teen-age Group, the Sunday Schools, as well as confirmation classes, baptisms, marriages and burials.

His hearers in St Michael's at Matins were left in no doubt as to his outstanding ability as a preacher, and, outside the Royal Air Force, he enjoyed a well-deserved reputation, and was much sought after as a visiting preacher by parishes up and down Lincolnshire. He believed in presenting the quintessence of his message using three or four headings only, and if these could be reduced to three or four words so much the better. He did not think that the man in the pew would remember more than that.

He was an expert in, and practitioner of, humour in church, and would use it to arouse in his congregation a readiness to listen and collaborate. The following story is typical of those he regularly retailed in church:

*Discussion between Padre and Teen-age Youth (aged 16):*

PADRE: 'Well, John, and what are you going to do when you grow up?'

JOHN: 'I want to have a nice little tobacconists and sweetshop on Brighton pier, wife, kids, and maybe a car. . . .'

PADRE: 'And what about God?'

JOHN: 'What about God?'

He prized the many vacation-time postcards sent by thoughtful flight cadets from many overseas—and sometimes exotic—addresses.

Towards the end of his tour he was responsible for advising on the detail of the design and planning of the new College Church, and was, of course, present on parade in support of the Chaplain-in-Chief when the new Queen's Colour was consecrated and presented by Her Majesty.

His ability to mix with and 'get alongside' people in all walks of life has made him many friends at Cranwell, all of whom wish him *bon voyage* and a successful ministry as Senior Chaplain, British Forces, Arabian Peninsula, where he will always be pleased to welcome Cranwellians past and present.

The College extends to his successor, the Reverend T. R. Quin, M.A., and Mrs Quin and their family, a very warm welcome and wishes them a happy and successful tour at Cranwell.

---

## Commissioning List

### No. 77 ENTRY

#### General Duties Branch

M. J. BARRINGER, Senior Under Officer: Gliding (Captain); Engineering (Secretary); Archery; Field Shooting.

N. BONNOR, Senior Under Officer: The Queen's Medal; The Philip Sassoon Memorial Prize; The Institute of Navigation Trophy; Air Ministry Prize for Navigation; The Abdy Gerrard Fellowes Memorial Prize; The J. A. Chance Memorial Prize (Joint); Rowing (Captain); Badminton; Photographic; Radio; Motor Club; Dancing; Film.

P. J. KEMP, Senior Under Officer: The Sword of Honour; Royal New Zealand Air Force Trophy; J. A. Chance Memorial Prize (Joint); Rugby (Colours); Debating (Chairman); Film; Motor Club.

M. B. BULLOCKE, Under Officer: R. M. Groves Memorial Prize and the Kinlead Trophy; Cricket (Colours); Shooting (Colours); Dramatic; Motor Club; Film; P.M.C. (Cadets).

M. A. COLLIN, Under Officer: Rugby (College); Swimming (Half Colours); Canoeing; Riding; Film; Motor Club.

K. J. EDWARDS, Under Officer: Rugby (Colours); Tennis (Captain, Colours); Golf; Mountaineering (Captain); Potholing; Photographic (Secretary).

J. S. HALKES, Under Officer: Cricket (Captain, 3rd XI); Editor of *The Journal*; Fine Arts (Secretary); Music; Debating; Potholing (Treasurer).

R. J. HOWARD, Under Officer: Cross-Country (Secretary); Rowing (Colours); Field Shooting (Captain); Gliding (Cadet Deputy); Motor Club; Film.

B. C. JOHNSON, Under Officer: Boxing (Vice-Captain, Colours); Rugby (Captain, 3rd XV); Motor Club; Jazz; Film; Potholing.

W. L. MCKEE, Under Officer: Athletics (College); Cross-Country (College); Debating; Motor Club; Film; Gliding; Dancing.

# Autumn 1960 - Other College Notes (7)

- R. K. C. MELVILLE, Under Officer: Rugby (Captain, Colours); Athletics; Boxing; Wildfowling and Field Shooting (Secretary).
- A. C. TOLHURST, Under Officer: Swimming (Captain, Colours); Water Polo (Captain, Colours); Rugby; Motor Club; Film; Photographic; Dancing.
- M. C. TURNER, Under Officer: Shooting (Captain, Colours); Potholing; Dramatic; Chess; Film; Choir; Motor Club.
- K. B. WILLINGS, Under Officer: Hockey; *The Journal* (Editor); Dramatic; Debating; Motor Club; Film.
- A. R. BELL, Senior Flight Cadet: Archery (Secretary); Jazz; Potholing; Film.
- R. F. BIRCH, Senior Flight Cadet: Rugby; Motor Club; Geographical; Film.
- K. J. DEARMAN, Senior Flight Cadet: Shooting; Fencing; Choral (Secretary).
- C. R. GEACH, Senior Flight Cadet: Badminton (Colours, Captain); Tennis; Squash; Motor Club (President); *The Journal* (Staff); Potholing; Art; Operatic and Dramatic; Film.
- M. D. EVANS, Senior Flight Cadet: R.U.S.I. Award; Rowing (Colours, Vice-Captain); Rugby; Dramatic; Film; Music; Jazz.
- W. J. HOWARD, Senior Flight Cadet: Rugby; Film; Motor Club; Potholing; Dramatic; Aeromodelling (Secretary); Fine Arts; Historical and Geographical; *The Journal* (Sub-Editor).
- C. C. LE CORNU, Senior Flight Cadet: Fencing (Colours, Secretary); Swimming; Water Polo; Film; Motor Club; Gliding.
- D. J. LIGGITT, Senior Flight Cadet: Rugby; Squash; Motor Club.
- R. B. LLOYD, Senior Flight Cadet: Rugby; Hockey; Film; Motor Club (Secretary); Gliding.
- R. R. LUCKING, Senior Flight Cadet: Fencing (Colours); Cricket; Rugby; Golf; Hockey; Rowing; Chess (Captain); Music; Film; Bible Study.
- C. R. PATERSON, Senior Flight Cadet: Hockey; Cricket; Dramatic; Debating (Secretary); Gliding; Motor Club; Film; *The Journal*.
- A. P. PHILLIPS, Senior Flight Cadet: Hockey (Captain, Colours); Film; Sub-Aqua; Canoeing; Motor Club.
- A. R. P. PHIPPS, Senior Flight Cadet: Music (Secretary); Fine Arts; Debating; Dramatic; Motor Club; Sailing.
- R. M. PROTHERO, Senior Flight Cadet: The Hicks Memorial Trophy; The Dickson Trophy and Michael Hill Memorial Prize; Shooting (Colours); Gliding (Secretary); Engineering;
- Dancing; Photographic; Motor Club; Film; Historical and Geographical; Music.
- J. D. G. ROWLAND, Senior Flight Cadet: Hockey (Colours); Film; Gliding; Motor Club.
- J. D. RUST, Senior Flight Cadet: Cricket; Rugby; Squash; Hockey; Film; Motor Club.
- A. SHEPPARD, Senior Flight Cadet: Victoria League Award; Fencing; Fine Arts; Music; Film; Motor Club; Debating; Gliding.
- P. F. H. WALKER, Senior Flight Cadet: Rowing; Potholing; Archery; Debating; Historical and Geographical; Music; *The Journal*; Motor Club; Film.
- M. J. WEBB, Senior Flight Cadet: Arnold Barlow Award; Rowing (Colours); Badminton; Sub-Aqua; Dancing; Archery; Film; Photographic.
- D. N. WETTON, Senior Flight Cadet: Motor Club; Dramatic Society.
- D. J. WILLIS, Senior Flight Cadet: Modern Pentathlon (Captain, Colours); Riding (Captain); Jazz; Motor Club; Canoeing.
- J. D. WINGFIELD, Senior Flight Cadet: Rowing (Colours); Rugby; Mountaineering; Sailing; Motor Club.

## Equipment Branch

- F. G. ALLEN, Senior Flight Cadet: Hockey (Secretary); Cricket; Motor Club; Debating; Film.
- J. F. P. BROWNE, Senior Flight Cadet: Air Ministry Equipment Prize; Boxing (Captain); Swimming; Film; Jazz; Riding.
- C. R. DENT, Senior Flight Cadet: Rugby; Water Polo; Swimming (Colours, Captain); Sub-Aqua; Music; Bridge; Historical and Geographical.
- I. DORRETT, Senior Flight Cadet: Cricket; Soccer (Colours, Captain); Bridge (Secretary); Motor Club; Film.

## Secretarial Branch

- T. J. ALLEN, Under Officer: Film; Motor Club; Historical and Geographical; Riding.

## CADET WING LISTS

### PROMOTIONS

#### No. 78 ENTRY

- 'A' Squadron:* Flight Cadet Senior Under Officer A. A. Mackay. Flight Cadet Under Officers M. H. Wilson, G. H. Glasgow.
- 'B' Squadron:* Flight Cadet Senior Under Officer R. P. Hallam. Flight Cadet Under Officers R. W. A. Woodhead, N. C. V. Ireland.
- 'C' Squadron:* Flight Cadet Senior Under Officer P. G. Pinney. Flight Cadet Under Officers D. E. Leppard, R. M. Bayne.
- 'D' Squadron:* Flight Cadet Senior Under Officer W. J. Wratten. Flight Cadet Under Officers E. R. Cox, P. F. A. Canning.

#### No. 83 ENTRY

- 'A' Squadron:* B. E. Allcorn (N), Eastbourne Grammar School.

R. C. Betts (E), City of Norwich School. R. H. Brawn, Wellingborough Grammar. R. B. M. Crooks, Blundell's School. M. Dales, R.A.F. Locking. R. B. Duckett, Hardye's School. K. A. D. Evans, King's School, Peterborough. P. G. Gainsford, Caterham, Surrey. D. R. Green, Colfe's Grammar School. C. C. Haysom, The Paston School, North Walsham. K. W. Jarvis, Grammar School for Boys, Dover. R. M. Lane, Grammar School for Boys, Gravesend. G. J. D. Maynard, St Edward's, Oxford. R. C. Moore, Collyer's School, Horsham. R. K. Piggott, Barnard Castle School. M. A. Wood, Heversham Grammar School, Westmorland.

*'B' Squadron:* G. A. Ayre, Slough Grammar School. W. N. Blair-Hickman, Woolverstone Hall, Ipswich. C. J. M. Carrington, The French Lycée, London, S.W.7. T. Eeles, Sherborne School, Dorset. K. L. Fitzpatrick, St Phillip's Grammar School, Edgbaston. P. P. Gilroy, Ulverston Grammar School. D. A. Griffiths, Chard School, Somerset. A. J. Jenkins (N), St Peter's School, Southbourne. B. E. Johnston (N), Saltash Grammar School, Cornwall. M. A. Latham (E), Marlborough College. D. R. H. McGregor, Haileybury and I.S.C. P. Millar, Malvern College. M. M. Morrow, Epsom. J. A. Porter, High School, Scarborough. R. C. Sierwald, Windsor Boys' School, Hamm, Germany. W. T. Whight, Tonbridge.

*'C' Squadron:* P. G. Azzaro, Chichester High School. J. J. Bowler, Priory School, Shrewsbury. C. C. Chacksfield, Peter Symond's School, Winchester. M. Davies (E), Forest Grammar School, Berks. W. S. Erskin-Crum, Eton. W. J. C. Fisher (S), Magdalen College School. E. S. Gorton (N), Dr Challoner's Grammar School, Amersham. H. A. C. Griffiths (N), Shebbear College, Benworthy, North Devon. I. C. J. Hughes, Plympton Grammar School. S. Ives, Rugby. K. A. Jones, Hove Grammar School. T. N. F. Liles, Christ's Hospital, Horsham. R. C. McKinlay, Portsmouth Grammar School. D. A. Needham, King Edward VI Grammar School, Retford. M. A. Radforth, St Francis Xavier's College, Liverpool. R. J. Ward, Highgate.

*'D' Squadron:* P. C. Bailey, Clifton College, Bristol. D. A. Bradford (N), Brighton, Hove and Sussex Grammar School. P. A. Cox, Cardiff High School for Boys. B. R. Debenham, Rickmansworth Grammar School. K. Evans, Merchant Taylors', Crosby. A. R. Freeman, R.A.F. Halton. R. C. Grattan (E), Brechin High School. C. P. Guest, Brockley County School, London, S.E.4. M. R. Jackson, Cardinal Vaughan School. J. D. Kendrick, Oldershaw Grammar School, Wallasey. I. D. Macfadyen, Marlborough College. C. J. Payne, Portsmouth Grammar School. P. E. Reddy, King Edward VI School, Bath. G. C. Shorrock, Clitheroe Royal Grammar School, Lancashire. A. E. J. Weaver (N), Huish's Grammar School, Taunton.

# Autumn 1960 - 77 Entry (Summer 1960)



**THE SENIOR ENTRY, SUMMER TERM, 1960**

*Back row (left to right): S.F.C. I. Dorrett, S.F.C. A. P. Phillips, S.F.C. R. B. Lloyd, S.F.C. F. G. Allen, S.F.C. C. C. Le Cornu, S.F.C. D. N. Wetton, U.O. R. K. C. Melville, U.O. B. C. Johnson, S.F.C. J. D. G. Rowland, S.F.C. C. R. Geach, S.F.C. W. J. Howard, S.F.C. A. Sheppard, S.F.C. D. J. Liggitt, S.F.C. M. J. Webb*

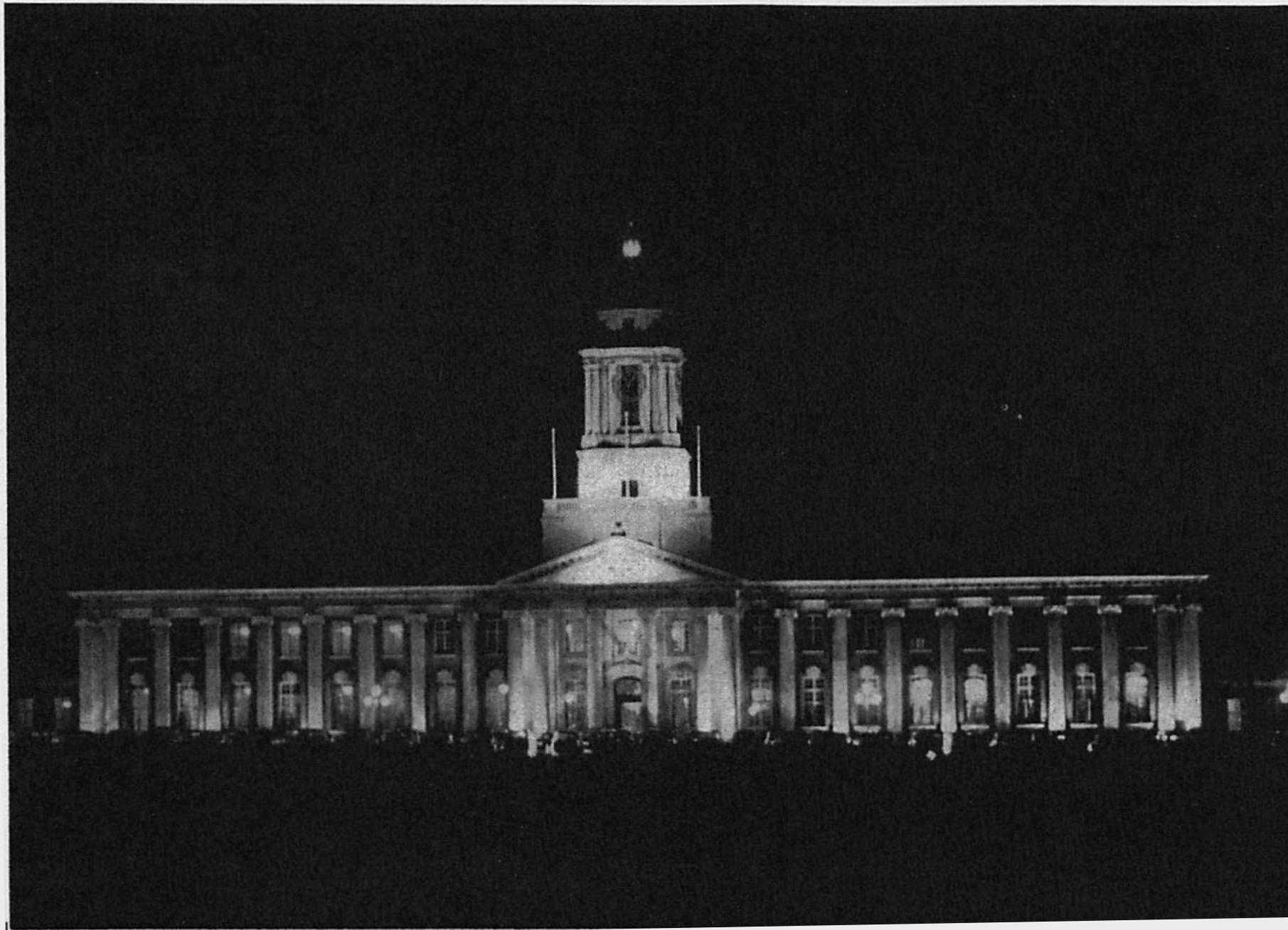
*Centre row (left to right): S.F.C. K. J. Dearman, S.F.C. M. D. Evans, S.F.C. R. F. Birch, S.F.C. C. R. Paterson, S.F.C. A. R. P. Phipps, S.F.C. C. R. Dent, S.F.C. J. D. Wingfield, S.F.C. P. F. H. Walker, S.F.C. R. M. Prothero, S.F.C. D. J. Willis, S.F.C. J. D. Rust, S.F.C. R. R. Lucking, S.F.C. J. F. P. Browne, S.F.C. A. R. Bell*

*Front row (left to right): U.O. M. C. Turner, U.O. W. L. McKee, U.O. K. J. Edwards, U.O. A. C. Tolhurst, U.O. M. A. Collin, S.U.O. N. Bonnor, S.U.O. P. J. Kemp, S.U.O., M. J. Barringer, U.O. J. S. Halkes, U.O. M. B. Bullocke, U.O. K. B. Willings, U.O. T. J. Allen, U.O. R. J. Howard*

# Autumn 1960 - Feature Photo

## CRANWELL BY NIGHT

*The College illuminated for the 77 Entry Graduation Ball*



# Autumn 1960 - Feature Article (1)

## BY TIGER MOTH TO BRATISLAVA



by Flight Lieutenant J. R. AYERS

*The author running up his mount in preparation for the day's competition*

WHEN the Aero Club of the Republic of Czechoslovakia announced, early this year, that the first F.A.I. World Aerobatic Championship was to be held at Bratislava, it was decided by the Tiger Club to send a team of two or possibly four pilots to represent Great Britain. Mr Elwyn McAulley was given the task of organizing the venture and training the pilots. Tragically, he lost his life whilst on a practice flight and the author took over the task.

It was decided that the Lockheed Aerobatic Contest held at Baginton on 9th and 10th July would decide the two nominations, and, following the contest, the two were Flight Lieutenant Peter Phillips and the author, with Mr Michael Popoff and Mr Charles Boddington as reserves. By kind permission of the respective Commanding Officers, most of the training flights were carried out at the R.A.F. College Cranwell and R.A.F. Stradishall; Sywell and Redhill were also used as training grounds.

Finance for the trip was gradually solved by donations and contracts for aerobatic displays. Eventually there were sufficient funds, either in

hand or promised, to send all four pilots. Unfortunately, Michael Popoff had to drop out as the peculiar summer weather had upset his harvesting programme and he could not afford to spend any time away from his farm.

Planning the route to Bratislava had some problems. The two competition Tiger Moths had a maximum range of 180 nautical miles in still air and only a limited amount of baggage space. This meant using a Jodel D-140 for luggage, spares and for passengers. A visit to the Royal Aero Club Touring Department was followed by a visit to the Aeronautical Information Service at Pinner. Here, Mr Caisley, head of the A.I.S., was singularly helpful, and, with the best available information at our finger-tips, the following route was decided upon:

Redhill-Lympne, clear customs;  
Lympne-Gosselies, clear customs;  
Gosselies-Frankfurt, clear customs;  
Frankfurt-Schwabisch Hall;  
Schwabisch Hall-Munich Main, clear customs;  
Munich Main-Linz, clear customs;  
Linz-Ivanka, clear customs;  
Ivanka-Vajnory.

The marginal leg was from Gosselies to Frankfurt with a distance of 160 nautical miles, and the alternate for this leg was Kohn (Wahn). The other legs were all in the 100-130 nautical mile region. As the Jodel carried 25-channel V.H.F., entry to Frankfurt was assured (or so we thought). Diplomatic clearance to cross the Czech border was obtained through the M.T.C.A. Visas were surprisingly easy to obtain and only required a couple of visits to the Czech Embassy in London.

On Thursday, 25th August 1960, having obtained a route forecast from Gatwick, the team set forth from Redhill on the 730 nautical mile journey to Bratislava. The flight plan gave the following crewing (which remained the same out and back):

Tiger Moth G-AOAA (The Deacon): The Author (Competitor);

Tiger Moth G-ANZZ (The Archbishop): Flight Lieutenant Peter Phillips (Competitor);

Jodel D-140 G-AOVZ: Norman Jones (Club Chairman), Charles Boddington (Competitor), Denis Cheeseman (Mechanic).

Responsibility for navigation lay with AA as it carried the least fuel, but for entry to major airports the lead was handed over to VZ for radio clearance at about five miles from destination.

The journey out was most enjoyable after the first 100 miles, when the low cloud and drizzle cleared to 8/8th blue sky. The trip out was not without its incident either. A Belgian Hunter from Chievres, with flaps down, tried unsuccessfully to formate on ZZ. At Frankfurt, after orbiting for 20 minutes waiting for instructions to land, AA ran out of fuel and had to force-land, hastily followed by ZZ. However, this had been anticipated by both pilots and neither came to grief. At Linz, the Senior Air Traffic Control Officer (whose English was of the American variety with a fine smattering of Saxon) plied us with steins of excellent beer and made our night stop there most pleasant.

Some buzzards, gently circling at 3,000 feet, were all that could be seen as we crossed the Czech border. Some ten minutes later we were having trouble with the Slovak language at Ivanka airport as we went through the customs and immigration procedure. Luckily, our interpreter, a woman doctor, had a fair grasp of English. Through her we discovered that each national team was being sponsored by one or more of the local factories. Our sponsors were the gas works and fish factory! (Accommodation and food were provided by the sponsors.)

All 29 competitors from 9 countries were staying at the Devin Hotel along with their mechanics, trainers and team managers. This arrangement proved most pleasant, for despite the language difficulties and the watchful eyes of team managers, quite a few international parties occurred in the evenings. One might add here that throughout the nine days spent there we detected no political overtures.

On the 28th August, in a rather Olympiad style, the contest was opened. A first-class air display was laid on for the 100,000-odd spectators and included such items as formation aerobatics by Mig.15s, Zlin Treners, Yak 18s, and sailplanes; individual aerobatics by competitors and mass parachuting. Feats of particular note were a genuine formation slow roll by the Zlin Treners, the vertical suspension by the nose beneath a helicopter of a glider and subsequent tailslide on release, and finally a circus trapeze act beneath a parachute from about 1,000 feet downwards.

Monday the 29th was the tragic day when Leon Biancotto was killed during a practice period. He had completed the first compulsory sequence and was making a second attempt at the second compulsory sequence after making a mistake during the tailslide. Whilst pushing up into the tailslide following the inverted spin the Nord 3202 went out of control and went into the ground in an inverted spiral dive. The exact cause was not announced, but structural failure in the elevator was conjectured.

The first compulsory sequence was flown off during the afternoon of the 30th. A strong northerly wind did not help, but not many competitors went out of the competition area. Most difficulty was experienced during the first three manœuvres, namely:

A one and a half flick roll to the right;

A two and a half turn inverted spin to the left;

A three-quarter outside loop.

Several pilots spun in the wrong direction and none of the British competitors made the outside loop.

The second compulsory sequence, flown on the 1st September, involved a tailslide instead of an outside loop. The overall standard of flying was much higher, but again some pilots spun the wrong way and a few did manœuvres out of sequence which earned no marks.

The voluntary competition day sounded the farewell to biplanes as mounts in international aerobatic competition. Up to this point, Verette of France on a Stampe was lying 2nd and Pawolka of Federal Germany on a Jungmeister

# Autumn 1960 - Feature Article (2)



*Ft Lt Peter Phillips,  
Charles Boddington,  
Norman Jones, the author  
and Denis Cheeseman*

was lying 7th; Albert Reusch of Switzerland, also on a Jungmeister, was well up the field and the three British were lying 24th, 25th and 28th. Czechs on Zlin Trainers took eight of the finalist places and Boris Vasjenko of Russia on a Yak 18P was the only foreign finalist.

The nine finalists put up immaculate performances on Friday the 2nd during the finals fly-off. Only small mistakes could be detected and the seven judges must have had a hard task. However, no one was surprised to find that Czechoslovakia took the first six places and those competitors certainly earned their placings. During the voluntary group great use was made of the inverted flick roll to produce some highly unusual and intricate figures. Both Bezak and Blaha did a sequence which appeared thus:

Push up from the inverted;  
Vertical inverted flick roll;

A stall turn and at the same time rotating through 360 degrees about the pitch axis.

Blaha, the Czech national champion, was unfortunately slightly off form and made a couple of small mistakes in positioning which allowed Bezak to beat him by a very small margin to become the first world champion.

Saturday the 3rd was a packed day for several pilots when they exchanged aircraft. The three British, Verette, and Price of the U.S.A. all flew the Zlin Trainer, whilst Blaha, Stoklass and Souc tried their hands on the Tiger Moth and Yak 18P. Suffice to say that a vertical inverted

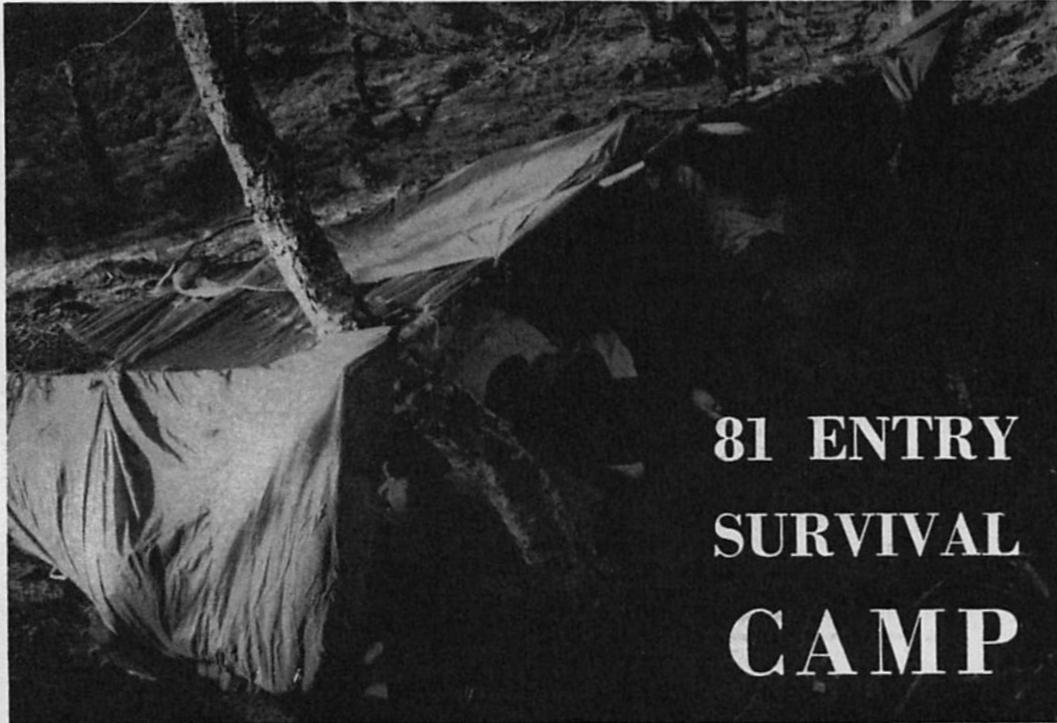
flick roll is easy to do on the Zlin.

The homeward trek started on the 5th and the weather was such that the British team had to divert to Vienna. The next day was not much better and at times low cloud and heavy rain forced the Tiger Moths down to about 100 feet or so above the Austrian forests. Frank Price, who had attached himself to the formation because he had no maps, considered the weather too bad and landed in a field some ten miles short of Munich. An attempt to complete the journey to England was made on the 7th, but when the cloud base dropped to about 100 feet with a visibility of about a mile near the Rhine, the formation diverted to a small grass airfield just outside Frankfurt. Norman Jones, in the heavily loaded Jodel, had to make a couple of passes before touching down on the tiny strip.

Ready cash was becoming short, but Thursday the 8th, after early morning fog, became fine and the forecast wind was only 10 kts from the NNW. This wind gave us a 20-minute margin on the long leg to Gosselies but it was enough, and four and a half hours' flying time after take-off from Egelsbach a rather weary formation landed at Redhill.

What did we prove and gain by going to Bratislava? We proved that Great Britain has pilots who are up to the standard required for international contests, given the right mount, and we gained both experience and some prestige by competing.

# Autumn 1960 - Second Article (1)



## 81 ENTRY SURVIVAL CAMP

OUR action-packed saga of the North really starts at Cranwell on the 5th April. This being our last taste of luxury before leaving for the barren wastes of Scotland most cadets were to be seen invading the local area. The biggest thrill was, of course, to be let loose in the seething metropolis of S—. However, as yet no serious complaints have been received from the inhabitants of that town, so the trail of destruction cannot have been as great as at first feared. Rather mysteriously, everyone returned and had changed, packed and appeared almost in time to catch the overnight train to Edinburgh.

To our horror we did not arrive at Aviemore station until the following afternoon, when very many apprehensive cadets spilled from the train's coachés. This apprehension did not clear on the journey to the site, especially when the front wheel of one of the lorries went over the side of what seemed to be a very unsafe bridge on an equally rough track. 'But surely this is marked as a "B" road on the map? We must have a lousy Nav. on board.' Alas, we were soon to realize our mistake. On arrival at Base a

really good meal was provided by the Headquarters staff and the job of preparing the sites began. All the section sites were dotted along the side of what at this stage seemed a wonderfully picturesque lake. The weather was fine, we had eaten well, and even though it took a good ten minutes to battle our way into the sleeping bags, a lot of our fears had by now subsided.

*It could be said that morale was high*

This morale took a serious blow the next morning when a coating of ice was found on the water in the fire buckets; 22 degrees of frost had been recorded the previous night! No wonder we had had very little sleep. These first two days were spent in completing the sites and doing what the instigators glibly called a 'warming-up' period for the later exercises. As is usual in warming-up sessions, we poor victims were left limp and protesting, and the mountains which had looked so beautiful from the train had many far more colourful adjectives attached to them. The risks and discomfort of sleeping in hastily constructed A-frames that night only served to increase our vocabulary of adjectives.

The morning of the 9th was devoted to the customary team race. By this time almost every section had casualties in one form or another. In some cases the remaining members were able to have a brew ready for the sections' return. This was indeed a good thing, as without this incentive to rise up and take a swig, the bodies would no doubt still be lying clutching the flagpole, battered into insensibility. We had little difficulty in complying with the rather dubious suggestion that we rest our limbs that afternoon in readiness for the night exercise. After an assembly that evening, we moved off by sections at ten-minute intervals towards the starting point for the forced march, which consisted of a high-rate-of-knots march along a bleak Scottish road for a distance of almost three miles. Most sections made it within the half-hour, and the record set up by No. 80 Entry last summer was immediately shattered. This proves something—. After this came the long haul along an endlessly uphill track, or so it seemed to our numbed brains. Few realized that this took us along the fourth dimension into the next day.

*Morale was high?*

Many, many hours' marching almost brought us to our eventual destination, but not before most sections had been bounced by a wandering band of vagabond p—s. A very kind gentleman led us to a rather secluded camping area by the side of a river. We willed ourselves to build shelters for each section without immediately falling asleep on the spot, and finally made the haul into the sleeping bags at 0615 hours that morning. We are still trying to work out whether we lost an hour's sleep or an hour's marching by the change from G.M.T. to B.S.T. that night. Concentrated kip followed until our own Florence Nightingale, in the very welcome form of Flight Lieutenant Lemon, appeared during the afternoon. The air was soon filled with the sounds of bursting blisters and sighs of relief.

At the preparation for the second night's march, the extra emphasis placed on the part of the briefing concerned with watching out for the enemy made some feel that this evening we would be left unmolested, but the scares on the first leg banished any bravado among the sections, especially ours. On the path to Loch Morlich we stumbled on a wonderful place for an ambush on our right. At the instant we stopped to listen some stones fell down a small bank—much to our terror! There was no point in breaking either way as we were in open country, so we just stood there quaking. After a few minutes of this we began to feel rather silly and someone

suggested we moved on. What happened five minutes after that was only made clear after an informal de-brief in the train back to College; at the time it was pitiful and chaotic. First we stopped at the instant of seeing an army lorry just beyond a croft—another good place to be bounced. At the same instant we heard footsteps behind us. 'Crikey! We're surrounded. Break!' Six bodies vanished into the heather. The footsteps turned out to be a second section. On seeing the lorry it stopped, heard more footsteps behind and broke the other way. A third section marched into view, saw the lorry, also saw many dark shapes at either side of the road, and promptly vanished vertically upwards in terror! What goes up must eventually come down, and when the third section did it scattered, one of its members kicking over a dustbin behind the croft in his bid to get away from the supposed enemy. Many minutes later we all realized what had happened, and after a hurried consultation a combined force of three sections surrounded the lorry. Flight Lieutenants Gilliatt and I'Anson were found to be inside, scared out of their wits by the strange noises and shapes surrounding them. Order was eventually restored and we crossed a bridge onto the main road. Apart from the appearance of a small number of cars which necessitated evasive action, and compared with recent events, the journey back to Base was pretty tame. We staggered in at 0130 hours the following morning and went straight to bed in the luxury of a bivouac.

Although we had been up for about three hours the following morning, we did not actually wake until around 1000 hours. The events of this day proved quite entertaining and instructive. Two sections of the R.A.F. Regiment had arrived to give us a very convincing demonstration of movement in the field; the first section showed us the wrong way to do it and the second the correct way. At another parade later on in the morning a Captain Russell was introduced to us and immediately scored a hit with the entry with his impressive bearing. His talk on movement and tactics went home all the better for this. The third assembly of the day was devoted to a thorough briefing on the coming evasion exercise, after which the general air of 'Oh Boy! Let's get at 'em. Let battle commence' prevailed.

The early evening was spent in making preparations for the cooking competition. In the case of our section, 'Sam's Arabian Caff' was founded—'the Soho of the North.' Entertainment was provided by the host in the form of a steaming

# Autumn 1960 - Second Article (2)

Arabian love dance with Bob as his partner, Vern being generally efficient as waiter except when his temporary bow dangled in the Commandant's soup. Luckily the Commandant deigned not to taste the prunes placed before him. Our Chef Mk. II had merely soaked the said prunes in water and had omitted to stew them! (He was shot at dawn the next day.) We were unable to tell the results of our efforts immediately, but as the Commandant was able to walk away unaided we felt nothing drastic had occurred—even to the extent of the hitherto unheard-of 'lentils' being used purely experimentally as the basis for the soup. (N.B.—In the interests of Caff security surnames have been omitted from the above account. If there happens to be any resemblance to anyone alive, dead or decomposing, we shouldn't be at all surprised.)

The late evening saw a very worried group of cadets feverishly plastering mud on their faces and hands, and generally preparing to do battle. By this time, of course, the high spirits had completely fizzled out and last-minute snacks joined the many butterflies in filling stomachs.

*Morale was \*!\*\*\*?/\*?!!*

Little need be said of the actual evasion exercise itself, as it was not until much later that the individual stories were adapted to make crew reports acceptable. However, some of the choicest quotations might not go amiss here, although I cannot vouchsafe for the accuracy of some of the following:

'Dropped us off the blinking map, and even then we set off the wrong way.'

'I went into ze cowshed to keep warm but ze cow she refused to sleep wiz me.' Well, it all goes to show—

'I had an awful job trying to explain why I didn't try to escape when the lorry stopped. I don't even remember it stopping—must have been asleep or something.' Or something?

The R—e gazed after the rapidly fleeing cadet. 'You know, it's not much fun when they escape.'

'It's O.K., chaps, we can cross the river here. It's not very dee—' (blup, blup, blup).

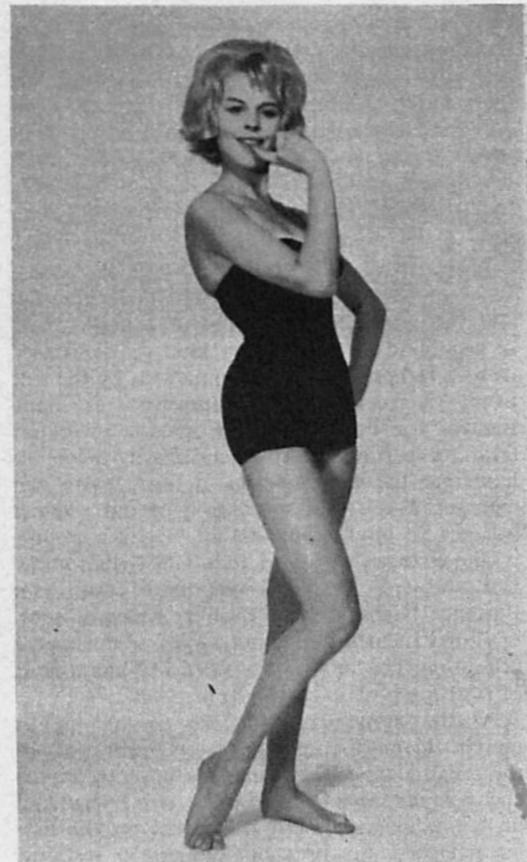
*Morale—what's that?*

Well, that was just about it. The morning following our return found us breaking camp and leaving the shores of what had at first seemed a wonderful scene, but which by now gave us nothing but nightmares. Even in the train back to Edinburgh the sense of being fugitives had not completely left us. Somebody happened to mention coffee-break and at the

word 'break' one dozing cadet woke and almost leapt onto the luggage rack.

It was a complete day after leaving Aviemore before we were able to set off from College to our respective homes, and get back to civilization again. Only one thought clouded the picture at this hour: we wondered what percentage of the entry would not be able to live up to its adopted motto—'They Shall Not Return.'

*Morale—ugh!*



## TALKING ABOUT MORALE . . .

We don't know who she is. But if anyone should—how about letting The Journal staff in on the secret?



# Jet Provost

Powered by one Bristol Siddeley Viper ASV 8 or ASV 11

Now in regular service at Royal Air Force Flying Training Schools. Also in service with the Royal Ceylon Air Force.

Entering service with the Royal Air Force in 1961. The Jet Provost T.Mk. 4 takes off in 1030 ft lands in 1415 ft climbs to 30,000 ft in 13.3 minutes has a max. level speed of 357 kt and a max. range of 600 n.m.



## HUNTING AIRCRAFT LIMITED

Member Company of British Aircraft Corporation