

# RAF COLLEGE CRANWELL

## Pre-War College Events



College Life & Milestones between 1920 and 1939

Version 1.0 dated 19 September 2020 created by IBM Steward 6GE

In its electronic form, this document contains underlined, hypertext links to additional material, including alternative source data and archived video/audio clips.  
*[To open these links in a separate browser tab and thus not lose your place in this e-document, press control+click (Windows) or command+click (Apple Mac) on the underlined word or image]*

# Contents

To start any specific article:

1. Note the slide number shown in red on this page; then
2. Scroll to the slide number shown in the article, e.g.

3

- 3. Post-War Reflections (1920)**
- 6. Post-War Pastimes Cranwell Beagles (1920)**
- 8. Cadet First Impressions (1920)**
- 10. Cranwell in the Early 20s (looking back from 1955)**
- 12. Princess Mary visits RAF Hospital Cranwell (1925)**
- 13. Schneider Trophy (1929)**
- 16. Our Founder's Message (1930)**
- 17. College Hall Opens (1934)**



# Post-War Reflections (1)

An Article that appeared in the College Journal, September 1920

R.A.F. CADET COLLEGE MAGAZINE

31

## THE DULL ROUTINE OF PEACE.

BY AIR-COMMODORE PHILIP GAME.

MANY of us in France, and I have no doubt it was the same in other theatres, used to comfort ourselves when the prospect of an early victory seemed somewhat remote by an inward vow to have a real good spell of leave once the war was really over before we settled down again to what we fondly imagined would be the dull routine of peace.

We might have known better then if we had had time to think about it and had not been rather glad to hug the illusion.

We certainly know better now.

There is not going to be any dull routine of peace for the Air Force for many years to come, if ever, and for two reasons.

In the first place, even if we are at peace with the rest of humanity, a desirable state not yet realized, we are still left to struggle with the weather, the law of gravity, and other limitations of natural science, and with all the problems that confront man when he aspires to pursue his activities in an element totally different from that for which nature intended him.

Doubtless all these problems will be solved eventually as the growth of scientific knowledge and research enables us more and more to subdue the forces of nature to our needs, but they will provide arduous and intensely interesting work for many generations of airmen, and as they are solved fresh problems will inevitably arise to take their place.

The second factor which will preserve us from dulness and ennui may not be so lasting, but will be present in an acute form for the next few years. The older services have grown up through the centuries from small beginnings, moulding themselves in a comparatively leisurely fashion to meet changing conditions and needs. Even great advances in science, such as the invention of gunpowder or of the steam engine, did not cause sudden and violent changes in the constitution of our Army or Navy. The conquest of the air would in all probability have pursued a similar course as regards its military application had it not been for the war, though the writer remembers vividly how at the conference at the end of the 1912 Army manoeuvres, at which the opposing armies for the first time had aircraft at their disposal, Sir James Grierson, who commanded one side, began his narrative by insisting that aerial reconnaissance had revolutionized the whole business.

The war found aviation in the embryo, and compressed its birth, childhood, youth, and early manhood into four strenuous years.

The Armistice left us with an Air Force which had expanded a hundredfold, and had bequeathed to us an undying example of courage and staying power on which

32

R.A.F. CADET COLLEGE MAGAZINE

to build, but it had been raised almost entirely on a temporary basis, and what remains can only bridge the gulf for a short time, while we fashion the permanent force required in times of comparative peace with the necessary expansive power in the event of war.

It is a big business if you sit down to think it out—to create a complete fighting service in a year or two out of nothing but a grand example, four years' war experience, and a very temporary legacy of men and material. Minerva is reported to have sprung fully armed from the head of Jove; but even granted that the story is correct, the armament of a goddess in prehistoric times can have been nothing as compared to the equipment of even a single squadron of modern aeroplanes. Think for a moment of some of the problems that have to be tackled and solved. There are the bedrock problems of organization, expansion, terms of service of officers and men, and their initial and higher training, accommodation, equipment, storage, and many others. All these have to be decided and decided quickly, and in a highly technical service mistakes are apt to be costly and far-reaching.

We must also expect to be criticized, and it will do us no harm. As a race, we are intensely conservative and slow to accept novelties. The average man takes the Army and Navy for granted—he has known them more or less intimately all his life; but the Royal Air Force is a new creation. A great many people don't even know that it exists as a separate force. Others conceive of it as consisting of a certain number of aeroplanes and a vast amount of motor transport, both obviously expensive, and of little else. If they look a little deeper, they find we require considerable areas of ground for aerodromes, large hangars, and much workshop accommodation. These, too, obviously cost money, and as the financial aspect looms large on everyone's horizon nowadays, we are certain to be assailed on the score of expense. Again, we are bound to be compared in all we do with the Army and Navy, and must do everything not only as well as, but even better than, they if we are to overcome the handicap inherent in being something new.

All these are difficulties to overcome, but overcoming difficulties is, after all, the essence of existence and if we look on the other side of the picture there can be no doubt that aviation has come to stay. Be future developments what they may it is self-evident that no naval or military commander who has once enjoyed the advantage of "seeing the other side of the hill" is going to forego that advantage willingly in future.

Therefore whatever our initial troubles may be we have got to succeed and we can if we mean to. Organization, training, accommodation—all will come if we buckle to with a will; and the mere fact of making good will silence our critics, or, better still, turn their endeavours into useful channels.

The whole secret of success in the future lies in realizing what a tremendous



# Post-War Reflections (2)

An Article that appeared in the College Journal, September 1920



MESS ENTRANCE HALL.



MESS.

R.A.F. CADET COLLEGE MAGAZINE

33

proposition we are up against, and in taking off our coats and really getting down to work, and we must all do it, and all do it equally, from the Chief of the Air Staff to the last-joined boy-mechanic. The Air Force at this stage is no place for the half-hearted. It embraces officers of many categories and men of many trades, but each one is essential to the efficiency of the whole, and in so far as his heart is or is not in his job he reacts on the complete machine.

Another thing we must all remember is that we have got to make the best of what we have. There is no harm in asking for something better—more efficient machines, improved training facilities, or whatever it may be—and in continuing to ask for it, but that must not prevent us from doing our utmost with what we have. We must always guard against the tendency to say that if we had so-and-so we could do this and that, and to do nothing in consequence. There is a great deal of truth in the saying that “the best is the enemy of the good.” When the four original R.F.C. Squadrons went to France in 1914, they left behind them at Farnborough one unserviceable motor car and precious little else, but the officer left in charge there (the present C.A.S.) made the best of nothing, and within a few weeks mobilized and sent overseas a fifth squadron at twenty-four hours’ notice. That is the spirit we have to cultivate.

Apart from the actual professional work, we have also to develop the social and recreational side of Air Force life. These, rightly regarded, are a help and not a hindrance to professional work, and are of the first importance if we are to take our due place in the national life, and are not to become a more or less narrow professional force only dimly realized by the majority of our countrymen.

By the social side it is not intended to convey only such functions as dances and garden parties, but also the demand we must meet for the general education of all ranks with a view to sending them back to civil life at the expiration of their service better men and citizens from both their own and the national point of view.

We have one inestimable advantage. One of the world’s great military commanders—Napoleon, I think—said that he would always prefer an army of asses led by a lion to an army of lions led by an ass. Well, we have the lion (with, if rumour is correct, a well-developed roar and bite), and let us hope that the rest of us are not all in the other category.



# Post-War Reflections (3)

An Article that appeared in the College Journal, September 1920



1. BILLIARD ROOM.  
2. READING ROOM.

3. WRITING ROOM.  
4. SWIMMING BATH.



# Post-War Pastimes (1)

An Article that appeared in the College Journal, September 1920

R.A.F. CADET COLLEGE MAGAZINE

17

## THE CRANWELL BEAGLES.

THERE are some people, good sportsmen too, who can get no enjoyment at all from a day's shooting unless the bag almost reaches four figures, and will not fish a stream unless they can be tolerably certain of catching three or four brace of big trout in the day. There are, fortunately, others who will walk twenty miles over the wilds of Skye and come home happy with a couple of snipe, and will enjoy themselves with a rod by any stream or lake, though the chances of a fish are too small to thread on drawn gut.

Most of the followers of the pack last season must have been of this last type. How many miles the enthusiasts ran for every hare they saw killed no one will ever know, but it cannot have been less than a hundred, and may have been more. Those who were new to beagling, and expected hare hunting to result always, or even often, in hare catching, must have been very disappointed. In a certain sense it was a very disappointing season, however much we enjoyed it. Day after day and week after week the pack were robbed, by the untimely appearance of a fresh hare, of a well-deserved kill. Good though parts of our country undoubtedly are, there is no place where one can hunt a hare for an hour (and a 13-inch pack will hardly kill a Lincolnshire hare in less) without getting into some field which seems to be a sort of club where every hare from miles round comes to spend the afternoon.

In all forms of hunting, and in beagling most of all, a good hunt is a good hunt, and loses none of its goodness by ending in favour of the pursued; but it would be futile to pretend that we would not have liked to kill far oftener than we did. Two hares killed out of perhaps 70 hunted cannot give any hound a very good impression of the season, and in our case it was undoubtedly want of blood which caused the very noticeable loss of style towards the end.

The season began in rather an inauspicious way during October. Very few followers turned out, and the hunting was mostly done on the Aerodrome and near Sleaford. When the Cadet College was formed the pack was soon put on a sound footing, and regular meets took place twice a week from then till nearly the end of March. The hunt servants were put into uniform, which probably raised the prestige of the pack not a little; transport was provided for hounds and followers, and the success of the season was assured as far as was humanly possible.

The pack, which is the old "New Forest," numbered eight couple of old hounds and a few puppies, and was quite large enough until the usual thinning of the ranks took place in the early spring. Almost every hound was useful, some were very good, while one or two had periods of brilliance which gave the huntsmen an exaggerated idea of their reliability for weeks after they had relapsed into mediocrity.

The country over which we hunted lies in a half-circle to the east, south, and west of Cranwell; there are too many hares to the north. No meet lay more than

18

R.A.F. CADET COLLEGE MAGAZINE

eight miles off, and most were but half that distance. To mention by name every landowner and farmer who entertained us would be to write a small directory of the district. Our difficulty was not to find meets, but days enough to allow us to accept the invitations which were so generously given. Even though the heavy stock of hares was against us wherever we went, any day with a vestige of scent saw an excellent hunting run, while on a good day only those blessed with good legs and lungs saw anything at all. We generally started well, and ran our hare with scarcely a check till one of the fatal fields was reached from every corner of which hares, big, small, light and dark, could be seen fleeing from our approach. Then followed horn-blowing, whip-cracking, hard running, and, one fears, a little hard swearing, for it was generally useless to start hunting again. There were some well-remembered exceptions, days when no hound had a thought for any but the hunted hare, when the huntsman cast right first shot, and whippers-in always happened to be where they were wanted. One such day was November 25th, when our never-to-be-forgotten first kill was scored at Asgarby. Our hare on that occasion considerably ran a ring on the low ground, where other hares were scarce, and avoided the high ground above the village, where they swarmed in every field. Beginning at a great pace, the pack ran almost without faltering for an hour and seven minutes, and eventually pulled her down in full view of the whole field, and within 200 yards of where she was found. We also had an excellent hunt at Culverthorpe just before Christmas, and also at Quarrington in January, and Dorrington a little later. This last was the longest hunt of the season, and lasted an hour and three-quarters. The pace was good throughout, and only the failure of scent saved a very plucky hare at the end. Space will not allow even a mention of many other fine hunts; almost every day was a good one, and many produced two or more excellent runs.

Since the close of the season, which was wound up by a fine hunt from Bloxholm Hall, bad luck has dogged us. Of fifteen puppies born, only two are now living. Beagles seem to be the very poorest of mothers, and this, coupled with atrocious weather in April, and other misfortunes too numerous to mention in detail, has almost ruined our prospects for the present breeding season.

Next season we hope to start early and steal a march on some of the inexperienced young hares, and if we can blood the pack once or twice at the start we ought to have a first-rate season. We have discovered the best parts of the country, and we shall have quite enough thoroughly good hounds to show excellent sport. We can only hope that everyone will turn out at least occasionally, remembering that it is not all hard running and cold waiting. A bad day can be quite good fun if there are enough people out to amuse one another.

C. A. P.



# Post-War Pastimes (2)

An Article that appeared in the College Journal, September 1920





# Cadet First Impressions (1)

An Article that appeared in the College Journal, September 1920

## CRANWELL : AN IMPRESSION.

It depends so much upon your point of view : from that of the Fleet Street journalist so anxious to save his country's money it looks like one of those gorgeous, cloud-capped palaces in "The Golden Age" or "Dream-Days"; from the point of view of a man walking out from Sleaford or Ancaster on a bleak March morning it represents the nadir of existence, something unbelievably harsh and ugly and inaccessible . . . that lighter-than-air shed gets up and walks towards you and away from you like some ogre with a perverted sense of humour; to the hunting man riding over the soft down in the fast fading light after a day of heaven in the open it means a hot bath, comfort, food and drink, someone to tell the day's wild joys to; to the unimaginative—if the unimaginative can see at all—it looks like a joke, a lot of brick buildings dropped on one side of a wood, a lot of black wooden huts on another side of a wood, a modern country house in a wood, a grotesquely large black shed (you can never fail to see that) well away from a wood, a target, a haystack, a railway station, a lot of signposts, a post-office, and a running track. It is just a ridiculous toy bought by some unthinking Olympian for his giant or Titan babies to play with; the aeroplanes are, of course, his clockwork dragon-flies—every journalist has to say that sooner or later, so I might as well let it slip out now while I remember it.

From the point of view of— But I might go on like this for ever. What is the point of view of every man you have ever brought to it? Isn't it (sickeningly) the same?

"My hat!" he says. "This takes me back; this is an Indian hill station. . . . I can smell —"

"What can you smell?" you ask suspiciously.

He forgets to answer.

"But, my God! what a wind! Can't you fly without an accompanying gale?"

You point out pityingly that it is just possible. He doesn't listen.

"But healthy," he goes on. "Good heavens! you ought to be 'full out' here."

You tell him acidly that this is not Maidenhead, Ascot, or even Goodwood.

"You won't see the cream of England's youth lying in perfectly creased flannels on the greensward fanning themselves in the shimmering heat, if that's what you want," you grunt.

"A bit away from things, isn't it?" he goes on, soaring from platitude to platitude.

"It depends upon what you mean by 'things,'" you retort. "There are quite a lot of aeroplanes."

"Yes, I suppose you come here to fly," he continues.

"Well, as the fishing here isn't frightfully good, we do that sometimes," you moan.

"Yes—but after work . . . you can't fly all day."

By this time you are tired of answering questions.

"Follow me," you say.

He follows; after two hours' steady walking he sinks to the ground.

"I must have a drink," he gasps.

"But I haven't shown you anything yet: there are the swimming-baths, the squash courts, the fives courts, the tennis courts, the hard courts, the billiard-room, the wireless place, the canteen . . ."

"Oh, shut up!" he replies irritably. "We have lifts in London . . ."

"Which reminds me that I forgot to show you the kitchen and the parade ground."

"All right! all right!" he says. "I retract everything: this is a service flat with all modern conveniences; this is . . . oh, anything you like—but why do you try to pretend that you are in a wilderness when you're really a completely organized and very flourishing city?"

"I've not pretended any such thing," I said. "It's the country."

"Yes," he muses; "I believe you're right. They told me Lincolnshire was dull and flat."

"If by dull you mean a county which never looks the same for two minutes . . ."

"And flat with that pull up from Caythorpe . . . yes, we're an inaccurate race."

He settles down to his drink, and falls asleep in the middle of his next question. But what do they know of Cranwell who only Cranwell know?

To realize the endless variety and charm (yes, I repeat, charm—I hated it once) of Cranwell you must explore.

You must go out with the Beagles and the Blankney and the Belvoir, and get lost. If you have any historic sense, you'll rush through the centuries at incredible speed; you'll dash across a road, and see right and left a wide grassy straightness as far as the eye can see either way—Roman—you'll catch sight of a name on a signpost, "Skirth" or some such quaintness—Danish, pure Danish. You'll see an aged face of a workman standing as still as a stone as you flit past. One look, and your mind will hark back—hark back to something remote and precious, and well-nigh lost elsewhere. You may not be much of an archæologist, but in so far as you love this land at all you can't help being proud of something that Time hasn't changed and foreigners haven't spoilt. Lincolnshire is pure England.

Comes summer-time, and you wonder (you can't help it) at the wanton riot of colour in front of the Officers' Mess. This a wilderness? It's like Devon.



# Cadet First Impressions (2)

An Article that appeared in the College Journal, September 1920

You push out on foot, on "stink bike" or "push bike," and rediscover the villages, once clipped like a sheep, and bare to all the winds that blow (and there isn't one which spares Lincolnshire), now nestling among full-foliaged trees, their gardens prolific with the good things of life, their inhabitants pleasure-loving and energetic, unspoilt rustics. . . . Have you noticed how they dance in Lincolnshire? Can you ride ten miles on any evening in the week without seeing a game of cricket in progress?

There is hope for England yet if all her countryside is like this countryside . . . and what is it all due to? The wind! So that is why Cranwell is where it is, and why we are what we are. The wind!

## CRANWELL: ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW.

THERE is an undercurrent throughout the history of a locality which deeply affects those who are connected with the place, and leaves an impression on their memories which remains more deeply rooted than any visual details, though these all combine to produce the spirit of the place. This undercurrent is evolved from the ideals and enthusiasm of the inhabitants and their scenic surroundings, in which they endeavour to attain the collective and individual desires of the community to which they belong.

When we arrived here early in the year, the scene of grey corrugated iron and large open spaces, whose immensity seemed limitless in the sea of damp fog which surrounded the camp, must have made impressions on us which differed from each other as widely as the individual ideals with which each of us set out. The only thought which appeared to be in any degree common to us all was a red-hot enthusiasm to prove the right of our choice of profession, and to have a share in the building up of the institution of which we were the first members.

Most of us had had difficulties of many kinds in getting to Cranwell, and a feeling of relief was evident in those who collected round the mess fireplaces on that first evening.

During the first few parades by early morning moonlight we must have had the appearance of secret detachments of the Bolshevik army in training, since at first, and for several weeks to come, we paraded in an unbelievable variety of mufti intermingled with naval uniform. Such minor drawbacks as our unairmanlike appearance did not, however, damp our keenness to do our occasionally ludicrous best to assist those officers and instructors who began our training.

The countryside round Cranwell makes a fitting background to the discipline of camp life, its strength and restful relief being typical of the country which we hope to serve. In the winter it is bleak and expansive; the winds and mists give a touch

of northern hardness to the scene, as do the severe and rugged stone walls which are common to this part of the country. There are few evergreens round here, but beech and elm trees wave their naked arms over Cranwell village, and sometimes shake the snow in heavy clouds over the roofs of the cottages.

The Lincolnshire cottages are more often built of grey stone than of red brick; in the winter they are externally chilly and hard to look at, but inside are very habitable.

Even as we have a real winter at Cranwell with rain, wind, and snow, so we have a real English summer. Over what were broad expanses of plough a warm breeze sends green and golden waves over the ripening corn. The landscape appears to be more thickly wooded than in the winter, the thick foliage strengthening the outline of clumps of trees; laburnums and other flowering shrubs blaze from the cool green and restful copper colour of shady trees in garden and wood. Grasslands assume a fresher green, sprinkled with daisies and flooded with buttercups, while small wild roses and honeysuckle hide themselves in the hedges. Even the old stone walls are alive with small flowers peeping from crevices, and insects running over their hot and dusty slopes.

There are places round here full of possibilities for all—those who pursue elusive history along the old Roman road, Ermine Street; those who pursue the still more elusive golf-ball on the Rauceby links; and others who prefer to sit in the shade of hedge or wood, and do nothing more energetic than pursue their own thoughts.

The country gives us fox-hunting and beagling, and the hard, smooth roads unwind beneath the wheels of many motor cycles. In the representative sports we are at present few and inexperienced against the many and experienced, and as yet have our traditions at games to make.

Our camp life may be summed up quite shortly: more opportunity for games than we have time to play, rather more work than we think we can do, the whole leaving us barely sufficient time to tie our G.S. ties for dinner.

We are being trained to make the most of every minute, and our surroundings offer about ten times as many opportunities as those minutes will hold.

The country is a relaxation from, and at the same time a stimulant to, our life in the camp. Those of us who walk, ride, or motor-bicycle round the country are often able to recognize features of the landscape from the air, as old friends whose closer acquaintance we have made before.

Up here we have an "all-out" winter, an "all-out" summer, and the place itself, with all those living in it, is "all out" to be proved and to attain its ideal of adventure and efficiency.



# Looking back at Cranwell in the Early 20s (1)

An Article that appeared in the College Journal, June 1955

## Cranwell in the Early 'Twenties

By D.M.

**T**WENTY hours' solo in an elementary trainer and about half that number of hours' dual instruction with a few passenger flights was the total flying cadets did at first during the two-year course at Cranwell! 'Wings' were not awarded until some weeks after passing out from Cranwell and when further training in operational squadrons had been completed.

In retrospect that seems a strange start for those who were about to make the R.A.F. their career; but it is easy to look back and be wise after events. Lessons were very soon learned from early experience and the R.A.F. owes much to the wisdom of the early College authorities who gave it such a splendid start. It would be invidious to mention names other than perhaps the first Commandant—Air Commodore C. A. H. Longcroft (later Air Vice-Marshal Sir Charles)—who will always be remembered with affection by cadets who served at Cranwell under him.

The R.A.F. Cadet College, as it was then called, opened in February, 1920, and I arrived in August of that year and so was in the Second Entry to Cranwell. I found that there were two terms senior to mine, since a number of ex-Naval cadets had been transferred from Dartmouth to undergo one year's training as flight cadets before being commissioned in the R.A.F. Thus there was the 'Naval Term' in addition to the normal first term. As the full course was of two years' duration and there were only two entries a year, we first reached the full strength of four terms in August, 1921. The Cadet Wing was organized in two squadrons only, 'A' and 'B,' and the Flying Wing comprised 'A,' 'B' and 'C' Flights. During the first year at Cranwell a flight cadet was treated once a week, weather permitting, to a brief passenger flight during which he was required to sketch some local village from the air! Flying instruction started at the beginning of the second year and it was only then that the non-starters in flying were weeded out. Such a policy was therefore destined for early revision.

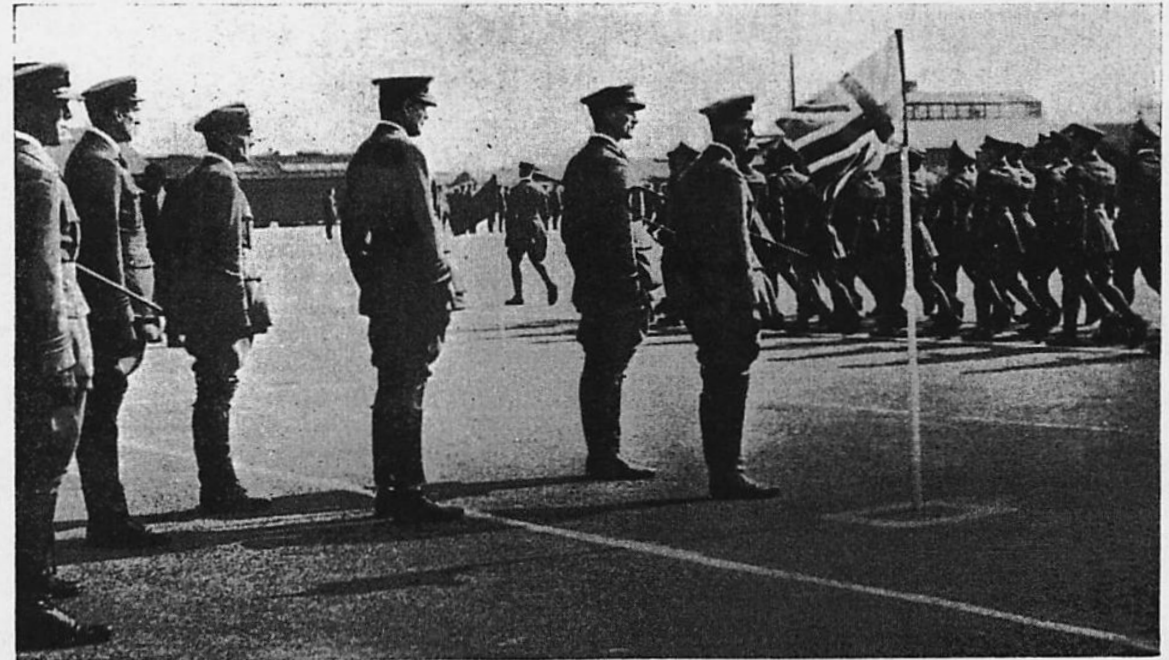
Flying for cadets took place only on the southern aerodrome, and my most lasting impressions of the flying flights were the noise and smell! The only aircraft flown by cadets was the Avro with the Gnome Monosoupape rotary engine. This engine had no throttle but was handled by a mixture control, which had only one

set position for running, and the switch. A special switch was fitted on top of the control column so that taxi-ing speed could be checked by switching off the engine. When taxi-ing, this produced a very loud staccato buzzing noise. The Gnome engine had to be run on pure castor oil, which gave off pungent blue smoke with a sickly smell. This was, I am sure, responsible for some of the early cases of air sickness. Compared with nowadays, a strange feature of flying instruction was that the pupil was enjoined on no account to look at his instruments and that all flying must be done by 'feel.' The reason behind this was that instruments were primitive and could not be relied upon. The one exception to the rule was that an occasional eye must be kept on the oil pressure gauge. Parachutes for pilots or passengers were, of course, unheard of.

The pupil was always taught to judge his approach to the aerodrome without the use of the



*Air Commodore C. A. H. Longcroft, first Commandant, remembered with affection by cadets who served under him*



*H.R.H. Prince Albert, later King George VI, takes the salute at the march past on the College parade ground, 23rd March, 1920. On the Prince's left is the first Commandant; to the rear is Lord Trenchar, then Chief of the Air Staff*

engine and any contravention of this, or 'rumbuling,' as it was called, was very much frowned on. Again there were good reasons for this. Engines were by no means reliable and forced landings were frequent. A feature of our training was thus practice in executing forced landings.

During my last term, a forced landing competition was organized. A 50-yard diameter circle was marked out on the aerodrome and the winner would be the cadet who finished his landing run nearest to the centre of the circle after throttling back at 2,000 ft. Only the first competitor took part in the trial and he finished in the middle of the circle. But unfortunately he landed off a half turn of a spin and the aircraft was completely wrecked!

Two names in my Flying Log Book are of particular interest to me. In my first year I find that the Chief Flying Instructor, Squadron Leader Portal (now Marshal of the Royal Air Force Lord Portal) was pilot while I was sketching the village of Rauceby. On another occasion, Flying Officer Harold Balfour (afterwards Under-Secretary of State for Air, and now Lord Balfour of Inchrye) force-landed in a hurry on the northern aerodrome with his engine on fire just as we were setting course for Leadenham!

I suppose life for the first flight cadets was a good deal more spartan than nowadays. We lived five to a wooden hut partitioned into two rooms,

one the sitting-room and the other a dormitory, with far from modern conveniences located at one end. Heating was supposed to be furnished by a central stove in each room. As the fuel ration was never sufficient, the huts in winter were bitterly cold. First drill parade was at 0655 hours and this was the time frequently chosen for the electric power system to fail, so that dressing often had to be completed in the dark. As the water system was also usually cold at that hour, the flight cadet did not feel in his most cheerful mood on those dark winter mornings.

First parade finished at 0730 hours, and after breakfast fall in for colour hoisting parade sounded at 0810 hours. This parade was quite impressive and consisted of three wings—the Cadet Wing, the Flying Wing and the Boy Entrants' Wing. I suppose about 1,500 in all were on parade. The Cadet Wing formed the centre of a hollow square and was flanked by the other two wings. When the colour was raised on the flagstaff some 150 yards away, the executive word of command was 'Royal Salute, Cadet Wing present arms.' The band, under its first conductor, Warrant Officer Halford, then struck up the National Anthem. I can clearly recall A. C. Bangay (the present Bandmaster) looking resplendent with the big drum resting against his leopard skin apron. An amusing incident occurred one day when the flagstaff was being repainted. As the



# Looking back at Cranwell in the Early 20s (2)

An Article that appeared in the College Journal, June 1955

flanks turned outwards to face the flagstaff, the figure of a painter in a bowler hat was observed perched at the top of the flagstaff in a wooden cradle. To the amusement of all he politely raised his hat immediately the National Anthem was struck up.

Uniform for all parades was tunic with breeches and puttees. We had a standard baratheia uniform for best occasions and, during the week, wore a tailor-made thick serge uniform of the same design. With the latter we were allowed to wear grey flannel trousers off parade. As all uniforms had to be tailored individually, we did not appear in uniform until about six weeks after arrival at Cranwell. Before our uniforms were ready, bowler hats and stiff white collars were the order of the day for Church or formal parades.

The first cadets were a little bewildered by the number of different uniforms worn by the officers in those days. The R.A.F. had been formed for less than two years and many officers still retained the first R.A.F. khaki uniform, and others the very pale blue fashion with gold rank stripes that shortly followed it. For flying, some even wore the old R.F.C. khaki uniform, and I can remember one of the early instructors flying in tartan trousers. But on Church parades all turned out in 'best blue,' which was much like the present pattern except for breeches and puttees for the junior officers; squadron leaders and above wore black field boots with breeches. White shirts with stiff white linen collars instead of blue were also standard dress. There must have been some doubt on the correct method of wearing neck decorations at that time, but this was solved by the

Commandant and the Assistant Commandant wearing a stiff evening dress collar with black bow tie, underneath which hung the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

Church parades were held at first in the gymnasium and the altar and chancel were contained behind a roll-top desk type of blind which was raised on Sundays only. I think it would be about in the middle of 1921 that the present Church hangar was consecrated and this was filled to capacity each Sunday by officers, cadets, airmen and boy entrants.

The original cadets' Mess, which was situated roughly opposite to the present main gates of the College, has now disappeared. This wooden building was infested with rats which made good practice with a .22 rifle in the dining-room after dinner. I understand that the rats migrated to another building on the station when the cadets went on leave. One Duty Officer was reported to have been given a bad fright when he saw many hundreds of eyes glinting in the moonlight as the entire colony scurried across the parade ground behind the Mess.

As a means of stimulating interest in the internal combustion engine, each cadet was issued with a P. & M. motor cycle which he was required to maintain in running order. Petrol and oil were a free issue and permission could be obtained to take the cycles away on leave. This perhaps was not quite such a happy arrangement as it might sound at first, since most of the cycles were in a sad state of disrepair. During my entire time at Cranwell I remember I never succeeded in getting any gear except top to function! One bright



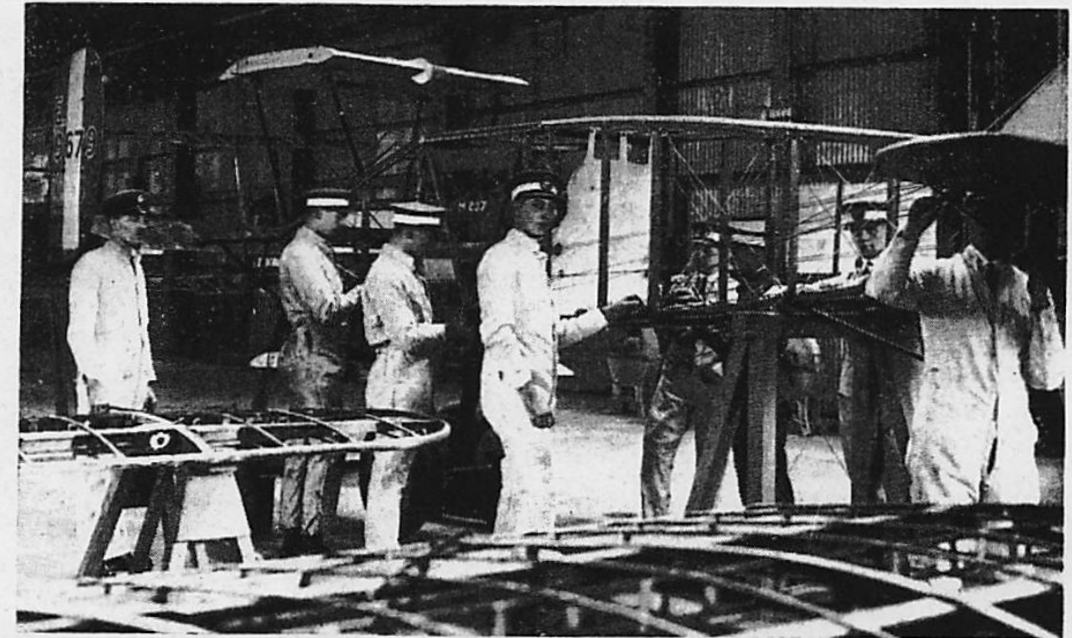
*Result of a cross-wind landing*

autumn Sunday afternoon a 'reliability run' was organized round the local countryside, passing through the villages of Leadenham, Caythorpe and Fulbeck. Many failed to complete the course and those who did lost most of the marks available for completing the course too quickly. Few had efficient silencers and I believe the College authorities were inundated with complaints from irate neighbours for the disturbance of their Sunday afternoon's rest. Strange to

say, there was only one accident and in that, unfortunately, a cadet broke his leg which set him back one term.

I do not think any article on early days at Cranwell would be complete without some tribute to the first domestic staff of the College who so quickly and so obviously became devoted to all that Cranwell stood for. A few of the original members are still serving and I know it is true to say that when revisiting Cranwell nothing gives the early ex-cadet greater pleasure than to meet these older members of the staff once again. They alone have served the College from its start. Long may they continue to do so.

*Rigging instruction was a regular part of the cadets' syllabus in those early days*





# Princess Mary Visits RAF Hospital Cranwell

An Article that appeared in the College Journal, Spring 1925

PRINCESS MARY VISCOUNTESS LASCELLES, who was attended by Miss Kenyon-Slaney, visited the Royal Air Force Hospital and the Royal Air Force Cadet College, Cranwell, on Friday, April 24th, 1925.

Princess Mary, who arrived shortly before noon, was received at the Hospital by Air Commodore A. E. Borton, Air Officer Commanding the Cranwell Station, Miss J. M. Cruickshank, Matron-in-Chief of Princess Mary's Royal Air Force Nursing Service, and Air Commodore D. Munro, Director of the R.A.F. Medical Services. A guard of honour of 100 boys and non-commissioned officers from the Boys' Wing was mounted under the command of F./Lieut. Brown, and was inspected by the Princess. Her Royal Highness was then asked to accept a bouquet; and several officers and ladies of the station were presented.

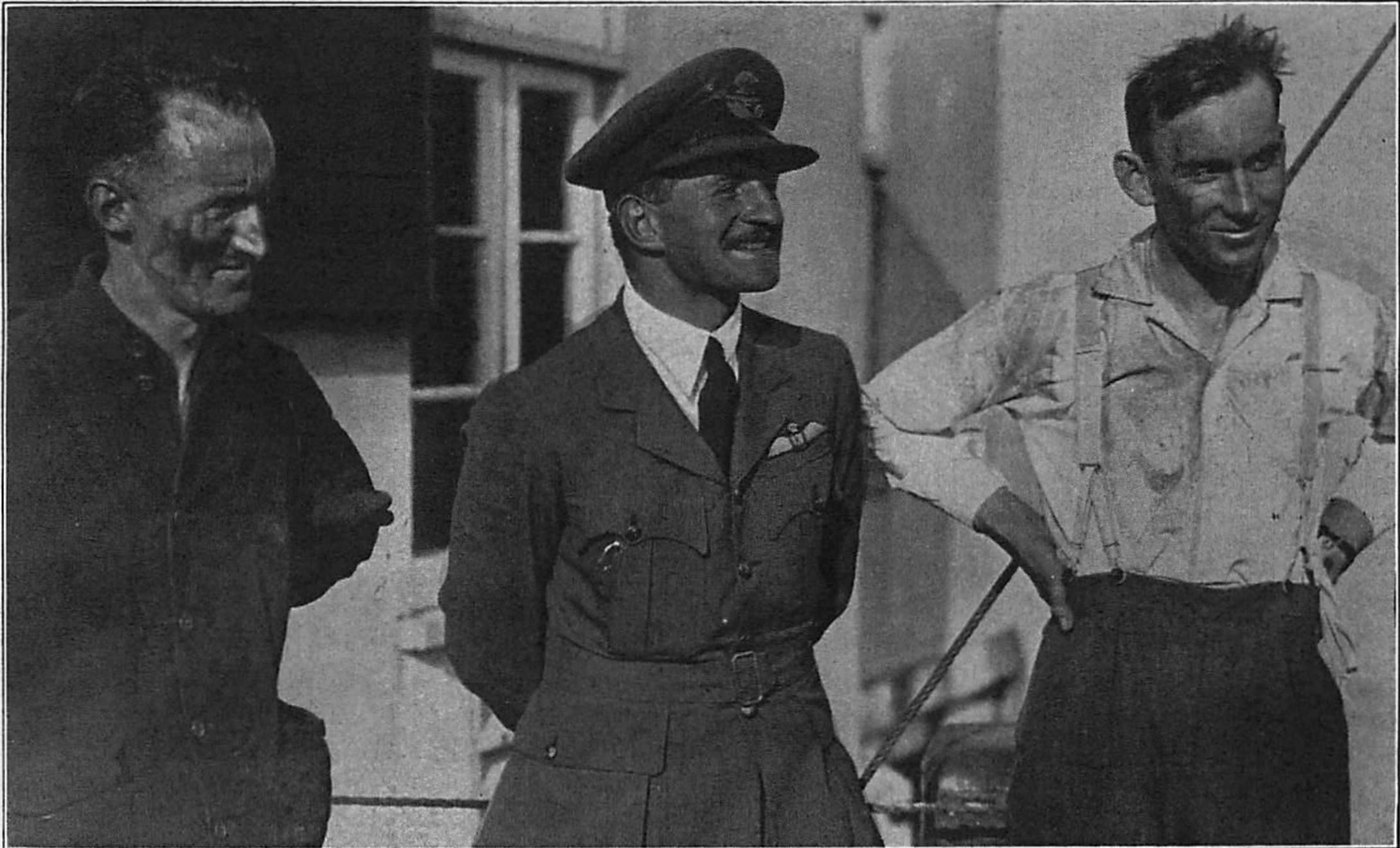
Princess Mary inspected the Hospital, going through the wards and kitchens, where she spoke to the patients and to those in charge of each section. She next visited the Cadets' mess and quarters. At the Sisters' mess Her Royal Highness was entertained at lunch by the Matron-in-Chief and the Matron. The Cadet College Band played during lunch. The Princess shortly afterwards left for Grantham, to join the train for London.





# The Schneider Trophy (1)

An Article that appeared in the College Journal, Spring 1930



*[By courtesy of "The Aeroplane."]*

**F./LIEUTS. GREIG, WAGHORN AND ATCHERLEY AFTER THE SCHNEIDER  
COMPETITION—SUMMER, 1929.**

Editor's Note: Atcherley was to be the first flight cadet to become commandant of the RAF College



# The Schneider Trophy (2)

An Article that appeared in the College Journal, Spring 1930

## THE SCHNEIDER TROPHY.

A VIEWPOINT BY FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT H. R. D. WAGHORN, A.F.C.

It was with rather mixed feelings that I took my first look at the sea on the morning of the Schneider Trophy race. After a period of training made up of a series of disappointments, I fully expected that the "Weather King" had some card up his sleeve which he would produce on that memorable day. It did not require much to cause a postponement, which would be a source of disappointment to thousands of people. The slightest swell or white horse on the one hand and dead calm on the other were the limits that bounded our capabilities.

The day was unique, a deep blue sky of a type rarely seen in this country, coupled with an amazingly good visibility. At the time, it was blowing ten miles an hour, and all was bustle on the tarmac. Some machines were already on their pontoons, while others were black with mechanics using the last minute for finishing-touches. The machine that I was to fly, the Supermarine N247, was not out yet.

Only eight hours before, one of the Rolls-Royce mechanics noticed a small bit of metal on the electrode of one of the plugs. Uneasy, they removed the block to find a seized piston and a hopelessly scored cylinder. What bad luck! No one considered it possible to be able to change the cylinder block of this particular engine in the time left. Under ordinary conditions, Rolls would not undertake it while in the machine; and it was midnight before the race! The story of how that block was changed, how their specialists (by chance in Southampton) were woken by police, is well known. Suffice it to say that these mechanics did it, and by so doing saved the trophy.

It was about 10.30 on Saturday morning when N247 came out of the hangar and had its final run-up. Soon after this, she was put on her pontoon and joined the queue of shipping which was still emerging in one long stream from Hamble River and Southampton Water. She had about two miles to go to the place that had been decided on for our take-off point. This was between Lee-on-Solent and Calshot, and so chosen because of the wind which was south-east. Here were already anchored the big pontoon and the three Macchis and our other pontoons with Greig's and Atcherley's machines on board. There was also the official starting ship—the *Medea*.

At about seven minutes to two, my engine was started by Lovesay, the Rolls expert, and was run by him for barely two minutes. I then climbed in and made myself as comfortable as possible. At two minutes to two I was lowered into the water and started to take off immediately.

I will here digress slightly and describe in detail the procedure followed up after opening the throttle, as the S6 was in many ways peculiar. Owing to the slow revs. of engine and propeller, coupled with the great power and consequent great torque effect, the first thing that happened on opening up the engine was that the left wing tried to dig itself into the water. This almost submerged the left float, and the drag so produced swung the machine rapidly to the left, making her quite uncontrollable; the more the machine swung to the left of the wind, the more rapid did the swing become until centrifugal force became greater than the drag of the left float, and she would suddenly throw her right wing down rather violently, making it essential to shut off the engine.

With a fairly fresh wind and full load, it is advisable to take off directly into wind, and with that end in view we found it essential to point the machine about 70 degrees to the right of the wind and to have right rudder on from the start.

The machine then runs along with its left wing a few inches from the water across wind, but not swinging. She is clear of the spray, which up to 30 m.p.h. completely envelops the pilot. Having got her, therefore, running across wind at 40 to 50 m.p.h., one is now confronted with what is really the trickiest part of the proceedings, and that is to get her into wind without letting her swing right round, which she will want to do. Once left rudder is applied, the machine will accelerate rapidly and, provided you have not put on too much rudder, should reach her hump speed by the time she is directly into wind. At this point she assumes a new position on the water—very much lower in front—and accelerates rapidly up to taking-off speed. She seems to leave the water at about 100 miles an hour, and I have never been able to take off with full load without two or three bounces.

To return to the race, once off the water I made my way towards Old Castle Point, and then turned left and dived down over the starting-line at about 350 miles an hour. The pylons were mounted on destroyers, and stood out quite well, provided they were not anchored against a background of shipping. We could not get a view directly ahead, and had to pick up the correct line largely while turning the previous pylon. On the long legs, we picked our course mainly by landmarks or shipping which we passed near. As an example, the Seaview turn was anchored, say, half a mile from the shore. By plotting our radius of turn on the chart, and from previous practice, we knew that we should have to have the coast, say, 500 yards on our right. By aiming to do this, we would arrive in approximately the correct position; when about 200 yards off the pylon we could see it, so that the actual turn itself was gauged with the pylon in view.


The first lap was naturally the most difficult, because we were not used to the various groups of shipping which afterwards helped so much to our course-keeping. As an example, while passing the Seaview turn on my first lap, I looked for the Chichester turn-ship and picked out the only isolated vessel in that area. I made for it, and while still some little way from it saw the pylon away on my left. I had been quite unable to see it, as it had had a background of shipping immediately behind it. The ship which I had mistaken for the turn-ship was in fact an oil tanker, and should not have been allowed to stray where it had. Atcherley, indeed, turned round it. My own détour cost me six miles an hour, and that is the reason my first lap speed was only 324. From the Chichester turn I could see the Southsea pylon while still turning and had no difficulty at all in passing it, the esplanade on my right being also a great help. Next I came to what was the most difficult leg of the course—that from Southsea to Cowes—as there was no land and practically no shipping to guide one on approaching the turn. To make matters more interesting for the competitors, someone had conveniently parked a flotilla of destroyers immediately behind the pylon; hence the amazing turns of some of the Italians embracing all the destroyers. I think in any future race (if there is one) the authorities should make quite sure that there be a lane quite clear of ships behind the pylon as viewed from the direction of approaching aircraft; this, of course, is not the same thing as a lane in continuation of the actual course, since the aircraft approach the turn very wide. Once round the Cowes turn the course was plain sailing again, there being plenty of shipping and the shore of the Isle of Wight to help one.

I had completed several laps, everything was going beautifully—never a miss from the engine, and the machine handling perfectly—when I noticed the Italian Macchi diving towards the starting-line just as I was coming up to



# The Schneider Trophy (3)

An Article that appeared in the College Journal, Spring 1930

Date	Location	Winning aircraft	Image	Nation	Pilot	Average speed
1929	<a href="#">Calshot Spit</a> , United Kingdom	<a href="#">Supermarine S.6</a>		United Kingdom	<a href="#">Richard Waghorn</a>	528.89 km/h 328.64 mph

the Cowes turn; at the Seaview turn I could not see him at all; at the Chichester turn I saw him a speck in front, and at the Southsea turn I saw him disappearing over Alverstoke—this time much nearer, and as I was obviously overtaking him rapidly, the question was, would I overtake him on the straight before the Cowes turn or just after? I hoped for the latter, for if I should catch him before the turn, I should not be able to see him. However, it planned out as I hoped; for, on rounding the Cowes pylon, I saw him just coming out of his turn a few hundred yards in front. I decided to pass him on the inside, and swung about a hundred yards to the left to clear him. I passed him about half-way down the straight.

By now, I had completed five laps and everything was going just as it should. The air in the cockpit was very hot, but, owing to a stream of fresh air from the ventilating pipe over my face, I was not too uncomfortable. An attempt to rest my knees on the sides of the fuselage was abruptly stopped when I discovered that they were to all intents and purposes red-hot; a slight exaggeration, perhaps, but that is what it felt like, and through my slacks, too! I was flying at about 150 to 200 feet, as I found that at that height I got the best view of the course, and it was sufficiently low to be able to keep level. I had been running all the time somewhat below full throttle, as, owing to the unexpected increase in power and consequent petrol consumption of the engine, she would not last the course with the petrol we were able to carry safely. The rate that petrol can be poured out of a two-gallon tin will give some idea of the rate that the engine was consuming its petrol during that race. I had therefore been told on no account to use full throttle, as I should not finish the course; imagine, then, my feelings when the engine momentarily cut right out and started missing badly just after I had finished what I imagined was my sixth lap! Would the Rolls engineers ever believe that I had not given full throttle? I began to gain height and continued round the course with the engine spluttering and only taking about half throttle. I climbed as much as possible, in the hope that, should she run right out, I could perhaps glide the remaining distance over the line; I was, incidentally, getting a very fine bird's-eye view of the entire course, but under the circumstances was not impressed. I got to the Cowes turn and, while banking, the engine cut out completely, and I was forced to land off Old Castle Point—only a few miles short of the finish. I leave my feelings to your imagination.

It was twenty minutes later that I learnt I had done an extra lap, and I also realized how deadly accurate had been Lovesay's estimation of the petrol consumption.



*The record breaking Supermarine S6*



# Our Founder's Message

An Article that appeared in the College Journal, Spring 1930

## LORD TRENCHARD OF WOLFETON.

SOME have already written, and many will write later of the constant and eminent services in many directions, which have been rendered in peace and war to the Royal Air Force by our departing Chief of the Air Staff, of whom we publish a photograph in this JOURNAL. Some will recall that he was flying in 1912; some that he was the General Officer Commanding the Royal Flying Corps; some will recall the difficult days when he resigned his command and another charge—that of the Independent Air Force—had to be found for him.

At the Royal Air Force College we shall remember him not least as the founder of the College in February, 1920, and we think it not inappropriate to recall the words he wrote in the first issue of the College Journal about eight months later:—

“ I hope this magazine will live and prosper, and be a great help in forming and guiding the destinies of this College.

“ It was decided to form this Cadet College because it was realized from the first that such a College was the essential foundation of a separate Air Service. This College, in conjunction with the School of Technical Training for Boys at Halton, will have the making or marring of the future of this great Service, which was built up during the war by all the gallant Pilots and Observers and other ranks who fought through it, and won a name in the air second to none in the world. It always held, and finally conquered completely, the German Air Service. If it is to continue its great work, which I am convinced we all intend that it shall do, we all realize that it has to live up to its war reputation, and we must ensure by every means in our power that it does so.

“ We have to learn by experience how to organize and administer a great Service both in peace and war, and you, who are at present at the College in its first year, will, in future, be at the helm. Therefore you will have to work your hardest, both as cadets at the College and subsequently as officers, in order to be capable of guiding this great Service through its early days, and maintaining its traditions and efficiency in the years to come.

“ H. TRENCHARD.”

It is our duty to see that these words about the College and the JOURNAL are fulfilled to-day in a manner worthy of a man who, already in the first place, has deserved well of his country, and to whom this country can look confidently for fresh victories in peace or war for many years to come.



*By courtesy of "The Aeroplane"*

MARSHAL OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE, LORD TRENCHARD  
G.C.B., D.S.O., D.C.L., LL.D.



# College Hall Opens (1)

An Article that appeared in the College Journal, Spring 1935

## THE FORMAL OPENING OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE COLLEGE BY H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, ON THURSDAY, 11th OCTOBER, 1934

THE Royal Air Force College was inaugurated originally on 5th February, 1920, as part of the several schemes whereby The Royal Air Force—which was evolved logically in the fourth year of the Great War—began to be consolidated for ever as a third and separate Service. For some years the flight-cadets were housed in the war-time huts which had been set up when Cranwell was H.M.S. *Daedalus*—a notable R.N.A.S. station—and in these huts, in each of which five cadets lodged, many pleasant and useful traditions, associated with a democratic and independent spirit, were forged. Indeed, flight cadets watched with not a little dismay the beginning and the steady progress of a palatial classical edifice which seemed likely to end their freedom and initiative.

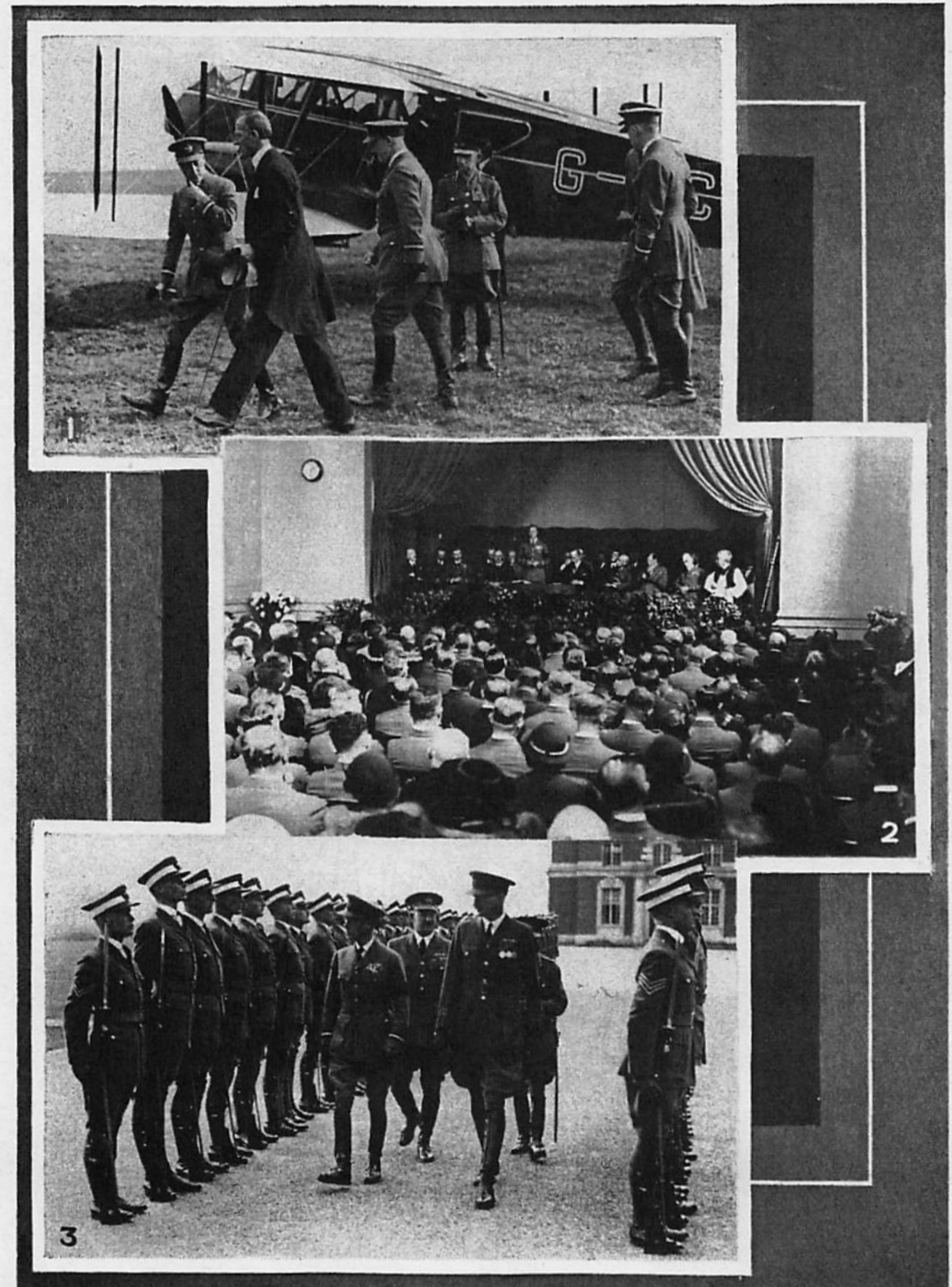
On April 4th, 1929, the foundation stone of the new College was laid by the Lady Maude Hoare, and in a slot in the stone was deposited a specially-made copper receptacle which contained the names of all present and past members of the College, and of all who were attending the ceremony.

The new College was first occupied in September, 1933, and the first days were not altogether comfortable or noiseless, as there was much to be done still, both within and without the College. The formal opening of the College was therefore postponed till everything was all glorious within, and till the grass and the gardens had been developed.

By October, 1934, so much had been done to the outside and to the inside of the College that the time was ripe for the Formal Opening which such a notable building deserved. It was fortunate, for instance, that the three pictures painted by Captain E. Verpilleux, and presented from the funds of the JOURNAL, were now in position in the Senior Cadets' Ante-Room.

Air Chief Marshal His Royal Highness The Prince of Wales, K.G., K.T., K.P., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., G.C.V.O., G.B.E., M.C., flew to Cranwell in his Dragon Moth, attended by his two pilots, F./Lieut. H. M. Mellor and F./Lieut. E. H. Fielden, A.F.C., and landed on the southern aerodrome. F./Officer A. F. McKenna was the duty pilot in charge of this and other arrivals by air, and F./Officer R. V. McIntyre was in charge of the Press.

His Royal Highness was met by the Lord Lieutenant of the County (Lord Yarborough), the Secretary of State for Air (the Marquis of Londonderry), the Chief of the Air Staff (Air Chief Marshal Sir Edward Ellington), the Air Officer Commanding Cranwell (Air Vice-Marshal W. G. S. Mitchell), Group-Captain P. Babington, and Wing-Commander T. Pretzman.



[Sport and General Press Agency, Ltd., Copyright.]

1. The arrival of the Prince.
2. The Prince formally opens the College.
3. The Guard of Honour.



# College Hall Opens (2)

An Article that appeared in the College Journal, Spring 1935

After the Lord Lieutenant and the Secretary of State for Air had greeted His Royal Highness, Lord Londonderry introduced Air Chief Marshal Sir Edward Ellington and Air Vice-Marshal W. G. S. Mitchell.

Two cars were waiting, one of which was for His Royal Highness, Lord Londonderry, and the Secretary of State for Air, and the other for the Chief of the Air Staff, the Air Officer Commanding Cranwell, His Royal Highness's Equerry, and the A.O.C.'s personal assistant, F./Lieut. R. Y. Eccles. These cars, the one conveying the Prince going second, left at a time calculated to allow His Royal Highness to arrive at the steps of the College at 1 p.m.

The Prince's route was past the Station Headquarters and into the main road, where there were numerous spectators from the neighbourhood. The two cars entered the College by the Main Gateway, and drove up to the College, where many officers and their wives and friends were waiting.

In front of the flagpole, facing the College, was drawn up a Guard of Honour, composed of the Cadet Wing, under Squadron-Leader C. E. V. Porter, with Squadron-Leader R. L. Crofton, M.B.E., A.F.C., F./Lieut. P. J. H. Halahan, and F./Lieut. V. B. Bennett as other officers. On the right flank was the Band of the R.A.F. College, under Mr. A. E. Sims.

On the arrival of His Royal Highness, the Guard of Honour presented arms, the Band played the National Anthem, and His Royal Highness's Personal Standard was hoisted by the Senior Warrant Officer, A. E. Bell.

On the steps of the College, Air Marshal Sir Hugh C. T. Dowding, K.C.B., C.M.G., Sir Christopher Bullock, K.C.B., C.B.E., and Air Vice-Marshal F. W. Bowhill, C.M.G., D.S.O., were awaiting the arrival of His Royal Highness, and were presented to him.

After the presentations, the Prince inspected the Guard of Honour and then entered by the Main Entrance Hall of the College. Here the following guests, together with others, were presented to the Prince by the Lord Lieutenant:—

The High Sheriff of Lincolnshire and Mrs. Oscar Dixon, the Earl of Londesborough, Lord Monson and Lady Monson, the Countess of Liverpool, and the Bishop of Lincoln and Mrs. Nugent Hicks.

And by the Secretary of State for Air: The Marchioness of Londonderry, Lord Trenchard and Lady Trenchard, Sir John Salmond and the Hon. Lady Salmond, Sir Robert Brooke-Popham and Lady Brooke-Popham, Sir Archibald Montgomery-Massingberd and Lady Montgomery-Massingberd, Lord Gorell, Mrs. Bowhill, Mrs. Mitchell, and Mr. West (the architect).

After these presentations, the Prince took his seat on the platform of the Main Lecture Hall, where a company of over 300 was awaiting him. It was a disappointment to all of us that it was not possible to invite more of our friends to this function, but the issue of invitations lay in the hands of the Air Council, and the accommodation within the College is limited.

The guests were shown to their places by Squadron-Leader H. W. Heslop, O.B.E., F./Lieuts. R. A. T. Stowell, W. K. Beisiegel, H. M. Pearson, M. Lowe and G. N. E. Tindal-Carill-Worsley, F./Officer H. V. Satterley and F./Officer D. B. D. Field.

The guests were seated in the hall approximately as follows:—

On the stage were: Sir Christopher L. Bullock, Air Marshal Sir Hugh C. T. Dowding, Air Marshal Sir Edward L. Ellington, H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, the Secretary of State for Air, the Lord Lieutenant of Lincolnshire, the Bishop of Lincoln, Marshal of The Royal Air Force The Lord Trenchard, Air Vice-Marshal F. W. Bowhill, Air Commodore The Right Hon. F. E. Guest, Air Marshal Sir H. Robert M. Brooke-Popham, Marshal of The Royal Air Force Sir John M. Salmond, the High Sheriff of Lincolnshire, Air Vice-Marshal W. G. S. Mitchell, the Right Hon. Lord Gorell, General Sir Archibald A. Montgomery-Massingberd, Group Captain P. Babington, Air Vice-Marshal N. D. K. MacEwen, Air Vice-Marshal A. M. Longmore, Air Vice-Marshal C. A. H. Longcroft, Mr. J. G. West, Air Vice-Marshal F. C. Halahan, Major-General A. A. Goschen, and Air Vice-Marshal P. H. L. Playfair.

In the Hall were assembled all the flight cadets of the College, together with a large company, of whose names it was not possible for the Editor to get an exact statement, as a few failed at the last minute and others signified their wish to be present also at the last minute.

In the Hall, among many others, were: Mrs. Nugent Hicks, Mrs. W. G. S. Mitchell, Lady Brooke-Popham, the Hon. Lady Salmond, Mrs. Oscar Dixon, the Marchioness of Londonderry, Lady Trenchard, Lady Gorell, Mrs. Bowhill, Lady Montgomery-Massingberd, Mrs. Longcroft, Mrs. P. Babington, Miss Halahan, Mrs. F. C. Halahan, Mrs. R. A. Mitchell, the Very Rev. The Dean of Lincoln, Mrs. West, the Right Hon. The Earl of Londesborough, the Right Hon. Edith, Countess of Winchelsea, the Equerry to H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, Mr. C. A. C. J. Hendriks, Mrs. Hendriks, the Countess of Liverpool, the Right Hon. Lord Monson, Lady Monson, Mrs. Longmore, Miss Longmore, Mrs. MacEwen, Air Commodore H. M. Cave-Browne-Cave, Mr. R. H. Fooks (the Chief Constable of Lincolnshire), the Right Worshipful The Lord Mayor of Nottingham and Lady Mayoress, the Right Worshipful The Mayor of Lincoln and Mayoress, The Worshipful The Mayor of Boston and Mayoress, the Worshipful The Mayor of Grantham and Mayoress, the Worshipful The Mayor of Newark and Mayoress, Mr. J. A. Webster, Colonel J. F. Turner, Air Vice-Marshal Sir David Munro and Lady Munro, Air Vice-Marshal J. McIntyre and Mrs. McIntyre, Mr. G. W. Henderson and Mrs. Henderson, Miss K. C. Watt, Mr. W. S. Liddall, Sir Walter J. Womersley and Lady Womersley, Mr. J. Blindell and Mrs. Blindell, Captain M. J. Hunter and Mrs. Hunter, Captain H. F. C. Crookshank, Mr. H. C. Haslam and Mrs. Haslam, Lieut.-Colonel A. P. Heneage and Mrs. Heneage, Lieut.-Colonel J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon and Mrs. Moore-Brabazon, Rear-Admiral Sir Murray F. Sueter and Lady Sueter, Mr. C. R. Brigstocke and Mrs. Brigstocke, Lieut.-Colonel F. C. Shelmerdine and Mrs. Shelmerdine, Mr. H. E. Wimperis and Mrs. Wimperis, Dr. G. C. Simpson and Mrs. Simpson, Mr. W. L. Scott, the Rev. J. R. Walkey and Mrs. Walkey, Air Commodore C. D. Breese and Mrs. Breese, Air Commodore C. L. Courtney and Mrs. Courtney, Air



# College Hall Opens (3)

An Article that appeared in the College Journal, Spring 1935

Commodore A. W. Bigsworth and Mrs. Bigsworth, Air Commodore J. B. Bowen and Mrs. Bowen, Air Commodore J. T. Babington and Mrs. Babington, Air Commodore H. R. Nicholl, Air Commodore A. W. Tedder and Mrs. Tedder, Air Commodore R. H. Verney, Professor R. de la Bère, Professor O. S. Sinnatt and Mrs. Sinnatt, Lord George George and Lady Seymour, Mr. J. Chapman, Mr. T. Chapman, Mr. G. H. Ledger and Mrs. Ledger, Mr. W. M. Page and Mrs. Page, Mr. H. A. Lewis Dale and Mrs. Lewis Dale, General-Major A. Nyssens, Capt. N. Arnaud, Commander Yeo-Chu Tsen, Monsieur H. Markus, Captain V. A. M. Albertas, Colonel Baron L. F. Geyr von Schweppenburg, Major Z. de Algya-Pap, Monsieur P. Alberts, Captain E. Trigona della Foresta, Major J. H. Perez, Monsieur R. Andvord, Lieut. A. Bayendor, Colonel J. A. dos Santos Lucas, Commander Don Jose Legorburu, Captain E. Toren, Monsieur W. A. de Bourg, Lieut.-Commander L. C. Stevens, Capt. J. W. Monahan, Squadron-Leader A. R. Boyle, Squadron-Leader C. G. Burge, and F./Lieut. A. Ferris.

After the Prince had taken his seat, Lord Londonderry said :—

“ Your Royal Highness, my lords, ladies and gentlemen—

“ Unhappily, the circumstances under which we meet to-day are clouded by the terrible events which have just happened on the Continent of Europe. The circumstances are, indeed, far different from those under which we had looked forward to Your Royal Highness's visit, for on Tuesday last the hand of the assassin deprived one friendly country of her sovereign and another of one of her leading statesmen. I know that I am voicing the feelings of all here to-day when I express our deep sympathy with both these great and friendly nations in their affliction.

“ I count myself indeed fortunate that the formal opening of these beautiful buildings has taken place during my period of office as Secretary of State for Air. I was First Commissioner of Works for two short periods while they were in building, and so I have personal interest of a very early date in their completion. But, quite apart from this, as Secretary of State for Air, I recognize the great importance of the present occasion, not only to the Royal Air Force College itself here at Cranwell, but to the Royal Air Force as a whole. For, as I see it, this College of Cranwell is the very heart and centre from which the Royal Air Force derives her vitality. Here it is that she continually recruits her strength, and year by year renews her inspiration.

“ I should be failing in my duty if I did not preface my remarks with an expression of the thought which I know comes first in all our minds to-day, and of the feeling that is uppermost in the heart of every member of the Royal Air Force, and of everyone who, like myself, is privileged to be connected with this young and splendid Service. Your Royal Highness, we welcome you here to-day, and gratefully recognize in your presence amongst us for the formal opening ceremony of the College, the interest which Your Royal Highness takes in the welfare and progress of the Royal Air Force. While we are by some centuries the youngest of the armed

forces of the Crown, we give place to none in our loyalty and devotion to the service of His Majesty.

“ Then I would ask to be allowed to take this opportunity of expressing the regret of the Air Council that limitations of space have necessarily prevented our entertaining here to-day many of those living in the neighbourhood of the College, of whose kindness and hospitality, both to the cadets and to the staff, we and they are most deeply sensible. The friendly welcome of local residents to all members of the College has played no small part in its early success, and we hope, and feel sure, that the cordial relationship already established will only be strengthened with the passing of the years.

“ Limitation of space has, unfortunately, also made it impossible for us to entertain as many of the past cadets of the College as we could have wished. We should much have liked to have been able to invite all of them to be with us on this great occasion.

“ This is not the time, nor is this the audience, for a dissertation upon the purpose and the function of this College as part of the organic structure of the Royal Air Force. I may be permitted just to record for a moment that, in common with so much else in our organization, it has owed its conception to the wisdom and foresight of Lord Trenchard, whose services to the Royal Air Force will never be forgotten, and who, I am happy to say, has been able to be with us here to-day.

“ Again, I would have you remember that we see here the finished project, of which the foundation stone was laid five years ago by Lady Maud Hoare, wife of a Secretary of State for Air, whose eminent services during two periods of administration will ever be gratefully remembered. It is, indeed, well and significant that the names of Lord Trenchard and Sir Samuel Hoare should be so intimately linked with Cranwell College, which stands to the Royal Air Force in the same close and vital relationship as Dartmouth, Sandhurst and Woolwich to the sister Services.

“ On behalf of the Air Council, I should like to express our warmest thanks to all those who have aided in the planning and erection of these magnificent buildings, and, in particular, to congratulate Mr. West, the architect, on the success of his design.

“ Your Royal Highness, it is my high honour and privilege to-day to ask you to be graciously pleased now to declare open the new buildings of Cranwell College. Here will be worthily housed successive generations of cadet officers of the Royal Air Force, from whom will come not only many great and distinguished servants of King and country, but also that necessarily far larger company of His Majesty's faithful servants, who, without rising to, or claiming any particular distinction, will none the less unite with their more fortunate brethren in serving him with a loyalty, devotion, and unselfishness which will ever be the constant inspiration of their life and training here.”

The Prince replied :—

“ The formal inauguration of this College is a red-letter day in the short history of the Air Force, and I look on it as a great privilege to have been invited as an Air Marshal to perform this ceremony. The story of the



# College Hall Opens (4)

An Article that appeared in the College Journal, Spring 1935

founding of this College and the work it has done since 1920, when it was founded by Lord Trenchard, is well known to you. It is a matter of interest to me that the first Commandant, Air Vice-Marshal Longcroft, was the first pilot to take me up in an aeroplane sixteen years ago.

"I have paid a visit here before, when the College was unworthily housed, one might say, and I remember the huts and all the rest of it. I think the architecture of this building is very impressive. It reminds me of the Royal Naval College at Dartmouth, where I spent two years as a cadet. The architect, Mr. West, is to be congratulated.

"One word to the cadets who are being trained here just now. The training you are getting is one which will stand you in very good stead, whether you remain and make the Air Force your career or even if you leave earlier than you expected. Besides all the various technical subjects you study and the flying you do you are given the opportunity to keep physically fit through games and sport.

"You have joined a great Service, and though the Air Force is a junior Service, it, along with the Navy and the Army, makes for confidence not only throughout the Empire but throughout the world—a confidence which is of vital importance until the make-up of the world changes very radically."

After the Bishop of Lincoln, who was in full canonicals—his crozier carried by the Rev. H. Thomas—had read a consecration prayer, the Prince returned to the Main Hall, where the following, together with others, were presented by the Lord Lieutenant:—

Lord Mayor of Nottingham and Lady Mayoress, Mayor of Lincoln and Mayoress, Mayor of Boston and Mayoress, Mayor of Grantham and Mayoress, Mayor of Newark and Mayoress, Mr. W. S. Liddall, M.P., and Mrs. Liddall, Sir Walter Womersley, M.P., and Lady Womersley, Mr. J. Blindell, M.P., and Mrs. Blindell, Captain M. J. Hunter, M.P., and Mrs. Hunter, Captain H. F. C. Crookshank, M.P., Mr. H. C. Haslam, M.P., and Mrs. Haslam, and the Chief Constable of Lincolnshire (Mr. R. H. Fooks); and by the Secretary of State for Air: Professor O. S. Sinnatt, Professor R. de la Bère, and Messrs. J. and T. Chapman (the contractors).

The company now took luncheon with the Prince in the Main Dining Hall of the College, after grace had been given by the Rev. H. Thomas.

In addition to the guests whom we have already recorded to the best of our ability there were present at the luncheon:—

The Countess of Liverpool, the Right Hon. Edith, Countess of Winchelsea, the Marchioness of Londonderry, the Earl of Londesborough, Group Captain P. C. Maltby, Group Captain C. W. Nutting, the Rev. M. K. MacLeod and Mrs. MacLeod, Mr. W. L. Scott, Miss Lubbock, Mrs. West, Mr. G. W. Henderson, the Rev. D. F. Blackburn, Captain J. Reeve and Mrs. Reeve, Air Commodore H. R. Nicholl, Dr. G. C. Simpson and Mrs. Simpson, Wing-Commander T. R. Marsden and Mrs. Marsden, Group Captain H. Gordon-Dean and Mrs. Gordon-Dean, Colonel E. Royds and Mrs. Royds, Captain G. J. Pytches and Mrs. Pytches, Mr. H. A. Lewis Dale and Mrs. Lewis Dale, Mr. G. Smith, Mrs. and Miss

Greenish, Mr. G. H. Ledger and Mrs. Ledger, Major J. W. Collinson and Mrs. Collinson, Group Captain F. N. B. Smartt and Mrs. Smartt, Captain C. W. Pollock and Mrs. Pollock, Mrs. Harrington, Mr. J. W. Green and Mrs. Green, Squadron-Leader T. A. Lawrence, Mr. C. E. Mee, F./Lieut. R. A. Sprague, F./Lieut. L. de L. Leder and Mrs. Leder, F./Officer W. I. H. Burke, F./Lieut. R. Y. Eccles, Captain J. W. Monahan, Squadron-Leader C. E. V. Porter and Mrs. Porter, Squadron-Leader A. R. Boyle, F./Lieut. W. Catchpole and Mrs. Catchpole, F./Lieut. E. C. Dearth and Mrs. Dearth, F./Officer A. F. McKenna, F./Officer W. T. F. Wightman and Mrs. Wightman, F./Officer E. A. Turnbull and Mrs. Turnbull, F./Lieut. E. C. Elliott and Mrs. Elliott, Squadron-Leader W. R. Westcombe and Mrs. Westcombe, F./Officer H. V. Satterley, F./Lieut. V. B. Bennett, Squadron-Leader G. H. Martingell and Mrs. Martingell, F./Lieut. G. N. E. Tindal-Carill-Worsley, Wing-Commander N. R. Fuller and Mrs. Fuller, F./Lieut. P. J. H. Halahan and Mrs. Halahan, Squadron-Leader R. L. Crofton and Mrs. Crofton, F./Lieut. H. M. Pearson, F./Lieut. W. K. Beisiegel, F./Lieut. F. G. H. Ewens and Mrs. Ewens, F./Lieut. R. A. T. Stowell, Wing-Commander E. R. Pretyman and Mrs. Pretyman, Mr. F. J. Rutherford, F./Lieut. J. Constable Roberts, F./Officer P. J. Polglase, Mr. R. P. Batty and Mrs. Batty, F./Lieut. W. J. M. Akerman and Mrs. Akerman, Mr. J. Walker, Squadron-Leader H. W. Heslop, Wing-Commander S. P. Simpson and Mrs. Simpson, F./Officer P. B. Coote, Mr. C. P. Robertson, Mr. J. Healy and Mrs. Healy, Wing-Commander A. P. V. Daly and Mrs. Daly, F./Officer P. Heath and Mrs. Heath, Squadron-Leader E. W. Simpson and Mrs. Simpson, F./Officer R. V. McIntyre, F./Lieut. M. Lowe, Mr. G. W. Bundock, F./Lieut. R. C. Jones, F./Officer D. B. D. Field and Mrs. Field, Mr. J. H. S. Lager and Mrs. Lager, F./Lieut. J. B. M. Wallis, Mr. W. J. Walder, Wing-Commander W. J. Sayer, and the Rev. J. A. Jagoe and Mrs. Jagoe.

After luncheon, the Prince adjourned to one of the ante-rooms for coffee and dessert, in company with the Secretary of State for Air, the Lord Lieutenant, Lady Londonderry, Mr. West, Mr. Hendriks, and his Equerry, and later began a tour of the building, moving first along the corridor to the west, then up the staircase back to the Library.

A Short History of Cranwell had been written for the occasion by Captain R. de la Bère, and four *de luxe* editions were presented to the Air Officer Commanding, Lord Londonderry, Chief of the Air Staff, and Lord Trenchard.

In the Library the Prince graciously accepted a similar edition and autographed another, which will become a permanent possession of the College.

Meanwhile the Guard of Honour paraded again in front of the College, and as His Royal Highness moved off a Royal Salute was given. After this the Prince's Personal Standard was hauled down. His machine took off without delay, and after circling the College flew back to Belvedere. After this the guests were shown over the College, and were entertained to tea.



# College Hall Opens (5)

An Article that appeared in the College Journal, Spring 1935

So concluded a successful day, which will be memorable always in the history of our College, and will give a finishing touch to the work of those who projected the College fifteen years ago, and in 1933 saw their project fulfilled.

## LAYMAN'S SALUTE TO CRANWELL

BY TOUCHSTONE.

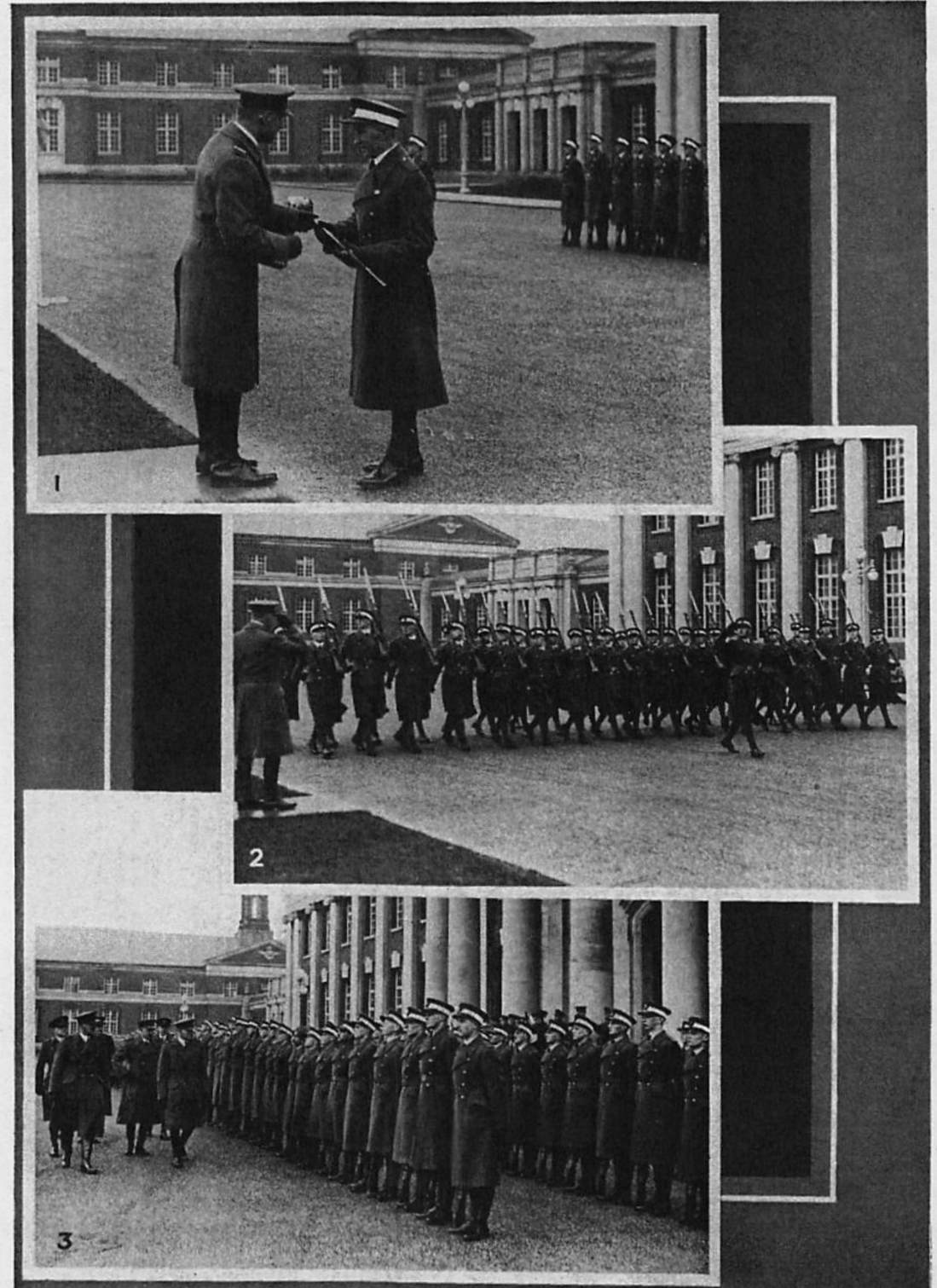
HERE'S to the College  
Where wealth of knowledge  
Will be instilled in each youthful brain,  
From mathematics  
To aerobatics  
And things a layman could ne'er explain.

There are older places  
That history graces  
Like Greenwich College, an ancient one,  
And all a man durst  
They learned at Sandhurst  
When the eighteen-hundreds were scarce begun.

But times are changing ;  
The airman ranging  
O'er land and ocean the world may rove ;  
And your and my land,  
No more an island,  
Her sons must guard from the realm above.

And so each man well  
May say of Cranwell  
She lights a beacon to pierce the skies.  
No cloud shall dim it,  
Nor shall a limit  
Be set to heights where her sons may rise.

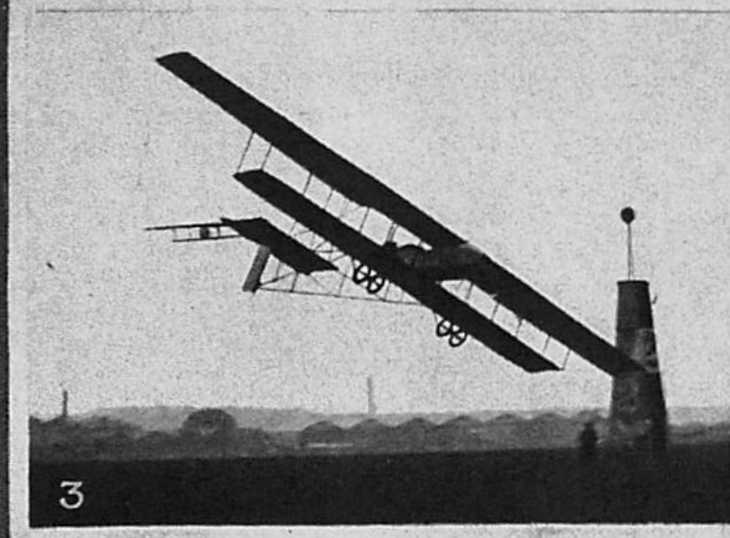
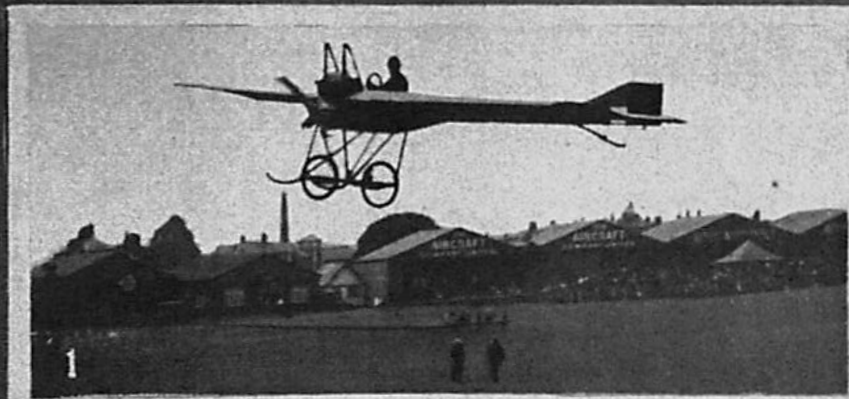
Then may her story  
Record the glory  
Which with her sisters 'tis hers to share,  
That none be reckoned  
As first or second  
Who guard the ocean, the land, the air.



[Photo: Gale & Polden, Ltd.]

1. F./C. U.O. H. M. Styles receiving the Sword of Honour.
2. "B" Squadron Marching Past.
3. Inspection by the Chief of the Air Staff





#### THINGS OF THE PAST.

- (1) Walter Brock at Hendon in 1914 on a Deperdussin, with a 35 H.P. Anzani engine.
- (2) Reginald Carr at Hendon on a Morane, with a 50 H.P. Gnome engine, in 1914.
- (3) A Henry Farman at Hendon, with an 80 H.P. Gnome engine, in 1914.
- (4) A Squadron of the R.F.C. in France in the Winter of 1917-18, on Nieuports, with 110 H.P. Le Rhone engines.