

RAF COLLEGE CRANWELL

College Journal Extracts



1984-1985

1984-1985 - College Notes

CAREER BRIEF

AIR VICE-MARSHAL E H MACEY OBE



Air Vice-Marshal Eric Macey was educated at Shaftesbury Grammar School and, following a short period as a Flight Test Observer at A&AEE Boscombe Down, he entered the Royal Air Force in 1954 as a Direct Entrant.

After completing pilot training in the United Kingdom on Provost and Vampire aircraft, he served on Nos 263 and 1(F) Squadrons at Wymeswold, Wattisham and Stradishall where he flew Hunters in the Day Fighter role. He transferred to the Medium Bomber Force in 1958 and, following a co-pilot tour with No 214 Valiant Squadron in the air-to-air refuelling role, he converted to Vulcans in 1961 and completed a first tour as a captain with No 101 Squadron at Waddington.

On promotion to Squadron Leader in 1966 the Air Marshal attended the RAF Staff College, Bracknell before undertaking his initial staff tour at MOD in the Operational Requirements Division. He returned to Lincolnshire as a Wing Commander in 1970 where he first commanded No 101 Squadron at Waddington before becoming the Chief Instructor of the Vulcan Operational Conversion Unit at Scampton, a tour which led to the award of the OBE. Following a period with the Chiefs of Staff Secretariat in the MOD, he was promoted to Group Captain in 1975 and returned once again to Waddington to command the station. From 1977 to 1979 he served on the personal staff of the Chief of Defence Staff after which he was promoted to Air Commodore and appointed Senior Air Staff Officer at HQ RAF Germany. He returned to the United Kingdom to attend the 1983 RCDS course before completing a short tour as Director of Defence Commitments (Rest of the World) on the Central Staff of the MOD.

Air Vice-Marshal Macey, who took up his present appointment as the Air Officer Commanding and Commandant, Royal Air Force College Cranwell on 18 January 1985, is married and has 2 children, aged 26 and 21, both of whom are unmarried.

1984-1985 - Honours & Commendations

HONOURS AND COMMENDATIONS 1984-85

SERVICE PERSONNEL

Officer of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire

Squadron Leader C A Bailey RAFVR
(7630 Reserve Flight)

Member of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire

Squadron Leader J F L Pearce (now retired)
Squadron Leader J D M Widdess (now RAF Wyton)

British Empire Medal

Officer Cadet A J Philpott (ex RAF Halton)
Flight Sergeant J R B Wright (ex HQ RAFSC)

Commendation by the Air Officer
Commanding-in-Chief Strike Command
Flying Officer M F H Taylor (ex RAF Leuchars)

Commendation by the Air Officer
Commanding-in-Chief Support Command
Warrant Officer A F Gault (now retired)

Commendation by the Air Officer
Commanding Headquarters 11 Group
Student Officer C G Jones (ex RAF Portreath)

Commendation by the Air Officer
Commanding and Commandant
Corporal J Renshaw
Corporal G N Rooney
Senior Aircraftwoman D E Baillie

CIVILIAN PERSONNEL

Commendation by the Air Officer
Commanding-in-Chief Support Command
Mr J D Gray

Commendation by the Air Officer
Commanding and Commandant
Mrs V A Deardon
Mr J Elliott
Mrs S Pope
Mr W K Robertson
Mr R Whysall

1984-1985 - Course Awards (1)

COURSE AWARD WINNERS 1984

THE DEPARTMENT OF INITIAL OFFICER TRAINING COURSE AWARDS

The Sword of Merit is awarded to the RAF cadet of each course who has demonstrated outstanding ability, leadership and other officer qualities, and the greatest potential for further development.

Winners:			
73 IOTC	Fg Off S P Nelson BA	GD/P	Feb 84
74 IOTC	Fg Off S J Ainsworth BSc	Supplr	Mar 84
75 IOTC	Not Awarded		
76 IOTC	Fg Off R S H Battersby BA	Admin (Sec)	Jun 84
77 IOTC	Not Awarded		
78 IOTC	Not Awarded		
79 IOTC	Not Awarded		
80 IOTC	Plt Off G J Cannon BSc	GD/P	Nov 84

The Sash of Merit is awarded to the WRAF cadet of each course who has demonstrated outstanding ability, leadership and other officer qualities, and the greatest potential for further development.

Winners:			
73 IOTC	Not Awarded		
74 IOTC	Plt Off S M Gordon BSc	GD/Grd (ATC)	Mar 84
75 IOTC	Not Awarded		
76 IOTC	Fg Off J M Cruickshank	Admin (Sec)	Jun 84
77 IOTC	Plt Off J P Minihane BA	Admin (Sec)	Jul 84
78 IOTC	Plt Off D Hill	GD/Grd (ATC)	Aug 84
79 IOTC	Plt Off D C Keracher BA	Supplr	Oct 84
80 IOTC	A/Plt Off L E Thompson	GD/Grd (ATC)	Nov 84

The Hennessy Trophy and Philip Sassoon Memorial Prize is awarded to the best all-round RAF or WRAF cadet of each course, other than the winners of the Sword of Merit or the Sash of Merit.

Winners:			
73 IOTC	Fg Off E L R Radford BSc	GD/P	Feb 84
74 IOTC	A/Plt Off L M Oliveira	GD/Grd (FC)	Mar 84
75 IOTC	Fg Off M K Lee	Admin (PEd)	Apr 84
76 IOTC	Fg Off A J Stafford	GD/Grd (FC)	Jun 84
77 IOTC	Fg Off K C Ridley	GD/AEO	Jul 84
78 IOTC	Fg Off R C Old	Supplr	Aug 84
79 IOTC	Fg Off M Rubenstein MSc BSc	Admin (Ed)	Oct 84
80 IOTC	A/Plt Off A M Rossall WRAF	Supplr	Nov 84

The British Aircraft Corporation Trophy is awarded to the cadet, whether RAF, WRAF or Foreign and Commonwealth, on each course with the highest mark for professional studies.

Winners:			
73 IOTC	Fg Off C S Blount BSc	GD/N	Feb 84
74 IOTC	A/Plt Off S A Hayward	GD/P	Mar 84
75 IOTC	A/Plt Off C Stroud	GD/P	Apr 84
76 IOTC	A/Plt Off R J O'Keefe	Supplr	Jun 84
77 IOTC	Fg Off M C Fenlon BSc	Eng	Jul 84
78 IOTC	Fg Off L J Humphries	Eng	Aug 84
79 IOTC	Fg Off J W Verth BA	Eng	Oct 84
80 IOTC	Plt Off J B Nash BSc	GD/P	Nov 84

The Overseas Students' Prize is awarded to the F & C cadet on each course who has the best overall performance in leadership, officer qualities and professional studies.

Winners:			
73 IOTC	Not Awarded		
74 IOTC	Not Awarded		
75 IOTC	Plt Off F S Y Al Baluchi SOAF	GD/P	Apr 84
76 IOTC	2nd Lt K N Al Mesnid QEAF	GD/P	June 84
77 IOTC	Plt Off H A M Al Kilbani SOAF	Eng	Jul 84
78 IOTC	Not Awarded		
79 IOTC	Plt Off S A Al Mashani SOAF	GD/P	Oct 84
80 IOTC	Plt Off S K Al Amri SOAF	Admin	Nov 84

THE DEPARTMENT OF SPECIALIST GROUND TRAINING COURSE AWARDS

The Whittle Prize is awarded to the student on the Aerosystems Engineering Course who has been adjudged the best student in terms of progress in studies and contribution to the success of the course as a whole.

Winner:			
3 ASEC	Flt Lt K M Forrest RAAF	Eng	Dec 84

The Royal United Services Institute Prize is awarded to the student who has been adjudged runner-up to the winner of the Whittle Prize.

Winner:			
3 ASEC	Sqn Ldr C F Field BSc	Eng	Dec 84

The AVM Sir Thomas Shirley Memorial Cup and the Minerva Society Prize is a conjoint award to the student of the Initial Specialist Training (Engineering) Course who has achieved the best overall performance of the academic year both in engineering studies and in Initial Officer Training at the RAF College.

Winner:			
	Fg Off A Wilson	20 BAEC	Aug 84

1984-1985 - Course Awards (2)

The Halahan Trophy is awarded to the student of the Aerosystems specialisation who achieves the best all-round performance on each Initial Specialist Training (Engineering) course.

Winners:		
18 BAEC	Fg Off M A Clark BSc	Mar 84
19 BAEC	Fg Off P G Hicks BSc	May 84
20 BAEC	Fg Off A Wilson	Aug 84
21 BAEC	Fg Off C R Waldwyn BSc	Oct 84
22 BAEC	Fg Off A J Shears	Dec 84

The Chicksands Cup is awarded to the student who achieves the best overall performance on the Communications-Electronics specialisation of the Initial Specialist Training (Engineering) course.

Winners:		
19 BCEC	Fg Off A N Mawston	Jan 84
20 BCEC	Fg Off G A Hawley	Apr 84
21 BCEC	Fg Off S J Couch BSc WRAF	Jun 84
22 BCEC	NO COURSE	
23 BCEC	Fg Off B D Lees BSc	Oct 84
24 BCEC	Fg Off D McMahon BSc	Nov 84

The Royal New Zealand Air Force Trophies are awarded to the student of each specialisation of the Initial Specialist Training (Engineering) course who achieves the best performance in applied technologies.

Winners:		
18 BAEC	Fg Off M A Clark BSc	Mar 84
19 BAEC	Fg Off C D Prout BSc	May 84
20 BAEC	Flt Lt C F Wray BSc	Aug 84
21 BAEC	Fg Off C R Waldwyn BSc	Oct 84
22 BAEC	Fg Off A J Shears	Dec 84
19 BCEC	Fg Off S W Bennison	Jan 84
20 BCEC	Fg Off G A Hawley	Apr 84
21 BCEC	Fg Off S J Couch BSc WRAF	Jun 84
22 BCEC	NO COURSE	
23 BCEC	Fg Off D J Keep BSc	Oct 84
24 BCEC	Fg Off P J White	Nov 84

The Beckwith Trophy is awarded to the student of each Initial Specialist Training (Engineering) course who, irrespective of specialisation, submits the best paper on a selected engineering subject.

Winners:		
18 BAEC	Fg Off P J Holden BA	Mar 84
19 BAEC	Sqn Ldr P Stafferton	May 84
20 BAEC	Fg Off A Wilson	Aug 84
21 BCEC	Fg Off S D Bronte-Stewart BSc WRAF	Jun 84
22 BAEC	Flt Lt P Jackson MSc BSc	Dec 84
23 BCEC	Fg Off D J Keep BSc	Oct 84

The Supply Cup is awarded to the student who achieves the highest standard in professional studies on each course.

Winners:		
349 ISC	Fg Off K A Edwards	Jan 84
350 ISC	Flt Lt R R Ashford	Mar 84
351 ISC	Fg Off J N Wilkinson	Jun 84
352 ISC	Fg Off M B A Ferrill	Jul 84
353 ISC	Fg Off A R Bagnall	Oct 84
354 ISC	Plt Off R J O'Keefe	Dec 84

THE GROUP CAPTAIN P W LOWE-HOLMES AWARD FOR SPORT

The Lowe-Holmes award is made to the student officer or officer cadet from DIOT or commissioned student from DSGT or FTS undergoing Initial Specialist Training who, by active, cheerful and sportsmanlike participation, has given the greatest service to sports and sportsmanship at the College during either the summer or winter season.

Winners:			
	Plt Off R Underwood	GD/P	Winter 1983/84

THE DEPARTMENT OF AIR WARFARE

The Andrew Humphrey memorial Gold Medal is awarded to the best overall student on the GD Aerosystems Course.

Winner:		
17 GD ASC	Flt Lt N V Lacey BTech	GD/N Dec 84

The Aries Trophy is awarded to the student on each GD Aerosystems Course who produces the best personal project.

Winner:		
17 GD	Flt Lt P R Boyle BSc	GD/N Dec 84

THE FLYING TRAINING SCHOOL COURSE AWARDS

The Hicks Memorial Trophy is awarded to the RAF pilot who is placed first in his course order of merit in Ground School.

Winners:		
41 IBFTC	Flt Lt S J P Bowell BSc	Mar 84
42 IBFTC	Flt Lt D N Tallent MBChB	Apr 84
43 IBFTC	Flt Lt J M Purse BSc	May 84
44 IBFTC	Flt Lt G WHEELER BSc	Jun 84
45 IBFTC	Fg Off G A Capon	Sep 84
46 IBFTC	Fg Off J D Warren	Oct 84
47 IBFTC	Not Awarded	
48 IBFTC	Flt Lt P N Tyson BSc	Dec 84

1984-1985 - Course Awards (3)

The Dickson Trophy is awarded to the RAF pilot who, on completion of his training course, has shown most proficiency in applied flying.

Winners:		
41 IBFTC	Flt Lt R W Last BA	Mar 84
42 IBFTC	Flt Lt J D Greville-Heygate BA	Apr 84
43 IBFTC	Flt Lt M D Whitehead BTech	May 84
44 IBFTC	Flt Lt G Wheele BSc	Jun 84
45 IBFTC	Flt Lt D Morrison BSc	Sep 84
46 IBFTC	Flt Lt M J Murtagh	Oct 84
47 IBFTC	Plt Off S Chittention	Nov 84
48 IBFTC	Flt Lt P N Tyson BSc	Dec 84

The Battle of Britain Trophy is awarded to the RAF, Navy or Army pilot who, on completion of his training, is judged to be the best aerobatic pilot on his course.

Winners:		
41 IBFTC	Not Awarded	
42 IBFTC	Not Awarded	
43 IBFTC	Flt Lt M D Whitehead BTech	May 84
44 IBFTC	Flt Lt S W Moir BSc	Jun 84
45 IBFTC	Fg Off R Underwood	Sep 84
46 IBFTC	Flt Lt D R Johnson BA	Oct 84
47 IBFTC	Not Awarded	
48 IBFTC	Flt Lt S M Bell	Dec 84

The R M Groves Memorial Prize is awarded to the RAF pilot who is placed first on his course in the combined final order of merit for flying and associated ground school subjects.

Winners:		
41 IBFTC	Flt Lt R W Last	Mar 84
42 IBFTC	Flt Lt J D Greville-Heygate BA	Apr 84
43 IBFTC	Flt Lt E S Braman	May 84
44 IBFTC	Flt Lt G Wheele BSc	Jun 84
45 IBFTC	Flt Lt D Morrison BSc	Sep 84
46 IBFTC	Flt Lt M J Murtagh	Oct 84
47 IBFTC	Not Awarded	
48 IBFTC	Flt Lt P N Tyson BSc	Dec 84

1984-1985 - Air Navigation (1)

ARIES 84

This article was prepared by Squadron Leader D F Cook, Department of Air Warfare.

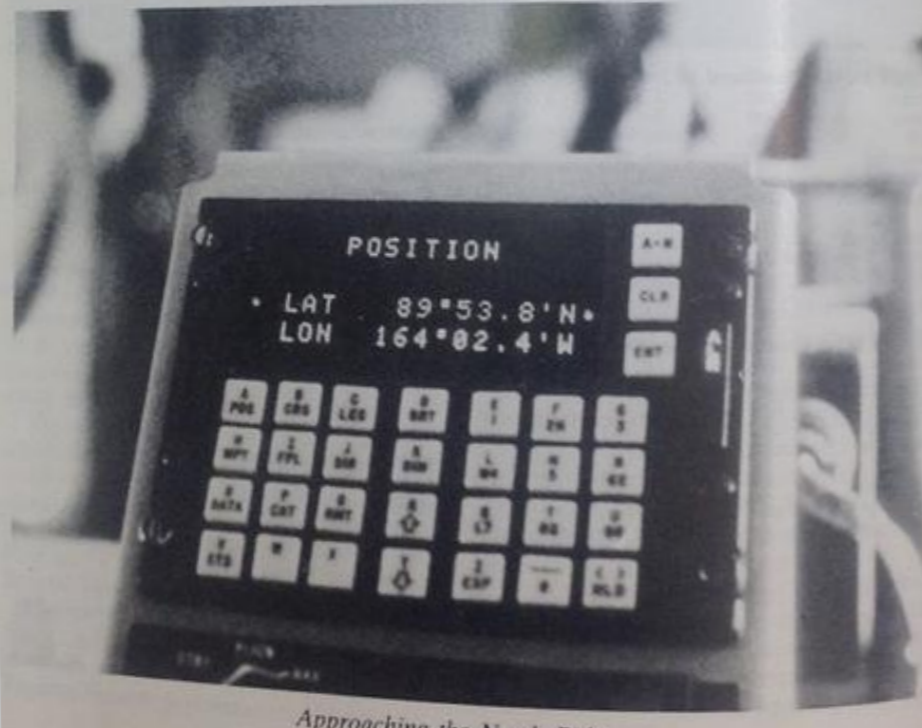
Ever since the advent of non-visual navigation of aircraft the RAF has been keen to evaluate the performance of new aids to blind navigation. During World War 2, under the auspices of the nostalgically named Empire Air Navigation School, a series of long-range flights was undertaken in a modified Lincoln aircraft which was christened 'Aries'. This aircraft became the ancestor of a line of Aries aircraft in which similar flights were flown throughout the late 40's and 50's and it is from them that the name for Exercise Aries is derived. The so-called Aries flights are now undertaken by staff and students of the General Duties Aerosystems Course (GD ASC), which is run by the Department of Air Warfare (DAW), and they are used to introduce ASC students to the operation and evaluation of modern avionics systems during long range flights.

Exercise Aries 84 took place during the period 6-10 August 1984 using a specially modified VC 10 aircraft. The aircraft was operated by crews of No 10 Sqn and two series of flights were flown. The first flight staged to Goose Bay in Labrador, via Iceland, overflying the North Geographic Pole and returning to Brize Norton after an overnight stop. The second flight staged to Winnipeg, via Norway, and traversed both the North Geographic and North Magnetic Poles, returning to Brize Norton on the following day. Prior to the flights a team from DAW and the Department of Specialist Ground Training, with the aid of Brize Norton engineering personnel and representatives of Industry, fitted the systems to be carried into the passenger compartment of the VC 10. This called for new cabling and power supply packs to be installed as well as

re-routing aerial outputs and, in one case, fitting a new external aerial. These fairly major modifications went surprisingly smoothly and all the equipment was ready and working within the space of four days. This was no mean achievement when you consider that we had managed to beg, borrow or steal from both industrial and Service sources no fewer than six Inertial Navigation Systems, an Omega receiver, a Tactical Air Navigation System, a Twin Gyro Platform, an Altitude and Heading Reference System, two Global Positioning System (GPS)/Navstar receivers and a variety of desk-top computers and printers.

The equipment worked excellently throughout the Exercise, reflecting the increasing reliability of modern avionic systems, although one firm's representative (it would be churlish to name names) largely rebuilt one of the inertial systems on the floor of the aircraft during flight. During each flight positional and heading data was collected every ten minutes and compared to an in-flight datum equipment. For more accu-

rate and detailed analysis of the data it was compared on the ground back at Cranwell with a computer-derived datum position. Just as important as the gathering of raw data was the fact that the students and officers from various departments of the Ministry of Defence were able to question the representatives of firms who accompanied each equipment. The routes flown were deliberately chosen to push the various systems to their limits and to reveal their capabilities in an unfriendly environment. For example, gyro systems and some inertial systems have great difficulty in coping with high latitudes and it is always interesting to see how they perform. Even so-called worldwide systems such as the Omega can have great difficulties when operating in polar regions because of attenuation which occurs when the signal traverses large areas of ice, and there is certainly no shortage of ice at the North Pole. Satellite systems, such as the GPS/Navstar which we carried, are still in the early stages of their development but should eventually give true global coverage with accuracies in



Approaching the North Pole.



'and there is certainly no shortage of ice at the North Pole'

1984-1985 - Air Navigation (2)

the region of 16 metres. On the few occasions that sufficient satellites were available for navigation the GPS/Navstar proved to be very, very accurate.

Of course Aries 84 was not just hard work and black boxes and during our nightstops we received some excellent support and hospitality. The RAF element at Goose Bay seemed particularly pleased to meet a group capable of intelligent conversation, normally meeting for the most part only visiting Tornado crews, and they induced us to imbibe and barbequed at least two cows (steers in the vernacular, I suppose) in our honour. Winnipeg was also first-rate, despite the fact that the exotic dancer in our hotel had done her last performance for the week on the previous evening.

It is interesting to note that in 1945 'Aries 1' became the first RAF aircraft to navigate both the North Geographic Pole and the North Magnetic Pole. On their return to the UK the crew received no fewer than three AFC's, two AFM's and seven Queen's Comendations for Valuable Services in the Air; when we repeated the trip all we got on return to Brize Norton was an inordinately grumpy Customs official who demanded VAT on the equipment which we were 'importing' and initially refused entry to one of the company representatives. Next year we will try to avoid carrying a Japanese-American working for a Canadian firm, based in France and operating out of UK. Either that or spike the Customs man.

1984-1985 - DAW News

DEPARTMENT OF AIR WARFARE ACTIVITIES 1984

The year saw a busy but routine programme for the Department. Altogether 718 students attended the 1984 Courses and study periods; of these 43 were civilians and 163 were officers from the NATO, Commonwealth and foreign countries. This reflects a slight decrease on the 1983 student throughput (767 students). The second half of the year brought some social scene changes because the "Department's Officers Mess", York House, was unable to host the several functions associated with the courses because the kitchen was being refurbished. This called for careful and detailed arrangements with the other two messes so that social responsibilities could be met in full: they were.

It was another year of wide-spread travel for lectures on such topics as weapons, space and electronic warfare were given to audiences in Canada, Holland, Germany, Malaysia, Jordan, Bangladesh, Belgium, Italy as well as in many parts of Britain. These visits provide valuable insights for those lecturers involved as well as meeting commitments to the various recipients.

The year was notable in being the last one when the GD Aerosystems Course (an intensive one year course on avionics and allied subjects) ran from January through to De-

cember. In future, after a syllabus review during the first half of 1985, the course will be concurrent with the normal school year i.e. September to July. The prize winners for 1984, when No 17 Course were resident, were Flt Lt Neil Lacy, who won the Andrew Humphrey Memorial Gold Medal for the best overall student, and Flt Lt Phillip Boyle who won the Aries Trophy for the best personal project. Lady Humphrey presented these prizes at the end-of-course dinner held in College Hall on 9 December 1984.

One significant gathering of old boys occurred on 29 May 1984 when the Flying Colleges and Air Warfare Courses met at the Annual dinner of their Association in York House Officers Mess. The speaker was Geoffrey Pattie MP. The next dinner is planned for 30 May 1985.

Another was the Aries Association Dinner (for Specialist Navigation and GD Aerosystems Course graduates) held on 26 October 1984 when Air Marshal Sir Thomas Kennedy was the guest speaker.

In summary, for the Department it has been very much "business as usual". The staff situation has been very stable after last year's turnover and the major change in the near future will be when the GD Aerosystems Course begins, with a new syllabus in Summer 85.



No 17 AIR WARFARE COURSE

Sqn Ldr DOW	Wg Cdr WILLIAMS	Wg Cdr SMITH	Wg Cdr ROCHFORTH	Cdr O'CONNOR	Wg Cdr NIELD	Lt Col LENTZ
Wg Cdr BOSTOCK	Lt Col COOPER	Wg Cdr FERGUSON	Gp Capt BOWMAN	Wg Cdr HALL	Wg Cdr HILL	Wg Cdr KENNELL



No 48 AIR WARFARE COURSE

Lt Col WRIGHT	Lt Col WATERS	Wg Cdr WARSAP	Wg Cdr RANCE	Wg Cdr NEEDHAM	Wg Cdr LOVETT	
Wg Cdr BLAZE	Wg Cdr BENN	Lt Col DALY	Wg Cdr EDWARDS	Wg Cdr FEATHERSTONE	Wg Cdr LAWSON	Wg Cdr LEE



No 17 GD AEROSYSTEMS COURSE

Flt Lt THOMPSON	Flt Lt SMITH	Flt Lt BIRD	Flt Lt FARNELL	Flt Lt HAYWARD	Flt Lt SNOWBALL	Flt Lt CLARKE
Flt Lt PETERS	Flt Lt BARNES	Flt Lt BAFF	Flt Lt OAKES	Flt Lt ROWNTREE	Flt Lt BLAGROVE	Lt MANCINI
Flt Lt CHERRY	Capt CUPPONE	Flt Lt BOYLE	Sqn Ldr GRAY	Lt Col HUGHES	Sqn Ldr FERRES	Capt WRIGHT
	IAF	RAAF	RAAF	BN	USAF	USAF

1984-1985 - Soviet Journeys

JOURNEYS IN THE SOVIET UNION

This article has been prepared by Air Commodore A Musker FBIM RAF, Assistant Commandant.

As the British Defence and Air Attaché I lived in Moscow for 2½ years. What does a D&AA do? Without giving away any secrets, it is one of the duties of a diplomat, according to the Vienna Convention on Diplomacy, to collect information about the Host Nation "by all legal means". Unfortunately for military attaches, the Soviets are so obsessive about secrecy that there is virtually no legal means of gathering military information. One certainly cannot glean anything really worthwhile from the media, or Defence White Papers, or the equivalent of "Aviation Leak". So sitting at one's desk in the Embassy achieves nothing but an increasing girth from gallons of vodka and tonics (Russian vodka really is super but best drunk neat and not frozen). Thus, the attaché must travel. And when you travel in the USSR, by Aeroflot, by rail or by car, things happen. Things go wrong by accident or design. Here I jot down, for your interest or amusement, some of the little incidents which occurred to me during my visits to over 40 Soviet cities.

Before you may travel outside the capital, there are two hurdles to jump, because the life of foreigners in Moscow is intensely regulated and parts of "the System" have to be put in place first. The initial move is to arrange with a Department of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs (MFA) for train/air/hotel bookings. Obstacles may arise — the train/plane does not exist/is cancelled/is full. The hotel is full (we know they exist and they can't be cancelled!) But assuming the bookings are good, the next hurdle is notification to the Soviet MOD of the full and detailed itinerary at least two working days in advance. Their charmingly irritating habit is to dream up reasons why you may not travel — and tell you by telephone late on Friday afternoon for Monday's departure. I recall one notification to visit Kazan by air with my Canadian colleague from a Monday to a Wednesday. I received a message from MOD on the Friday before, inviting me to an

interview at MOD on the following Tuesday afternoon. "They can't have forgotten my trip", I thought. So I rang our desk officer, a Captain in the Soviet Navy, and asked the Comrade Captain if I could call next Thursday or Friday instead. "I invite you here on Tuesday, at 4.00 pm" he repeated. "Comrade Captain" I said "are you telling me I can't go to Kazan?". "Oh no" he said, "you can go to Kazan, but some other time". I never did go to Kazan.

Having overcome the difficulties of the MFA and the MOD, one finally sets off. I recall my very first trip within days of arrival. I went with a colleague for a 48 hr run by train down to Baku. The trip was notable only for my first experience with "the goons" — the Organs of State Security. Our travelling companion in the next coupe kept his distance but shortly after I had a chat with a traveller returning home to Baku our goon spoke to him and he refused to chat with me again. Shortly thereafter, as I returned to our coupe from the ubiquitous samovar, our goon said loudly (in Russian) "English Snobism!" Three and a half years later I am still wondering what his problem was.

Strolling in the park at Baku, I was amazed at the number of goons deployed to look after us. Small ones, big ones, male, female, old, young, a lady with a pram, a loving couple. They popped out from behind trees, through hedges — everywhere. When we suddenly turned to retrace our steps one of them was so surprised he almost dropped the briefcase camera he was fingering.

My first experience of Soviet service-industry manners occurred in a restaurant in Ashkabad. We had been waiting 20 minutes to order some lunch (patience is a virtue in the USSR — they have much practice). A Russian at the next table who had preceded us, finally stopped a passing waitress and asked how long he would have to wait. "Where's the fire?", she snapped, and stalked off.

My wife and I had a similar experience in the hotel at Voronezh. Walking into lunch, we found the restaurant deserted. Eventually a large, imposing white-smocked lady emerged from the kitchen with a ferocious scowl and peremptorily ordered us out — "The restaurant is closed for repair", she shouted. I went off to Reception to argue the case as guests but meanwhile my wife enjoyed a shouting match with the lady — and won it. We had lunch, even if it was foul. He who shouts loudest in the USSR..... When we arrived at that hotel — it was midwinter — we were told there was no water for another two hours. So we left our bags and set off to see the town. On our return I tried the tap and — yes — we had water. I took out our heater element and tea-billy to make tea (illegal in hotel rooms) and, guess what, no electricity. Par for the course.

That evening we entered the restaurant for dinner to find it crowded. We were shown to a table already occupied by a couple but, despite sinking hearts at the probability of a table shared with goons, we sat down. Sure enough, when I had dealt with the stropky waitress and non-existent menu, the man leaned across and said "Difficult for a senior officer isn't it?" Later on, after a desultory conversation, he could contain himself no longer and leaned across again. "Tell me" he said, "are you very rich?" "Only as rich as a KGB man" I replied. End of conversation. The next day, 5 kms away in the suburbs, we were standing at a bus stop and who should accidentally turn up — our table companion, with a big smile. He invited us to return to the town centre where there are 'tourist attractions'.

There was an interesting occurrence after one of our visits to Leningrad. We had not been there for a long time and my wife had forgotten what a disgusting hotel we had to use there, the hotel Baltiskaya. Even my driver was astounded when I told him we stayed there, saying that the Baltiskaya is only for peasants. Anyway, when we saw our tatty, dirty room my wife went into orbit and vented her rage long and loud at the walls. Some weeks later I was having one of my regular "friendly" chats in the MOD with a

Vice-Admiral and, as the interview ended I made to leave. "One moment, Comrade General" he said, I sat down again. "Do you have a problem in Leningrad?" I was astounded. I asked if he meant me personally and he said "Yes". "Well, Comrade Admiral" I said, "I do. My wife....." and before I could go further he stopped me and said "I know — the hotel Baltiskaya!" Talking to the walls works.

I remember my first arrest, which was a set-up — a fit-up as they say these days. As a diplomat, one cannot really be arrested but it amounts to that. We notified intention to visit by car a certain town. We knew it was a closed town but NATO attaches had been there once before so we decided to try our luck. Our notification was not turned down, which was tantamount to approval, and off we went. As we turned off the trunk road towards the town, our hearts sank. The militia were waiting for us. The usual too and fro conversation followed: "Where are you going?" "To so and so". "No you're not, it's closed". "But we have permission". "I don't care". And so on for 5 minutes. In the first minute I had noticed an air force bus which just happened to stop, with a major and two airmen in it. The major had dismounted and was listening to our chat with the militia, all the time with a big grin. Eventually the militia said we had to follow them and off we went in convoy — the militia leading and the bus in trail — to the police post on the trunk road. There we all dismounted again; the major stood around sporting his big grin while a militia man wrote out the charge. We refused to sign it and the two airmen were produced to sign as witnesses to the fact that we had been caught deviating illegally from our route by ½ km. Since the authorities in Moscow knew we had notified the trip nothing further was heard of the episode.

There was a fascinating and curious incident during the long drive between Smolensk and Minsk. Miles and miles from anywhere, we came across a succession of tiny, wizened old ladies sitting at the roadside selling poor quality crab apples. We decided to stop and buy one out for a few kopeks so that she could go home — wherever that was. Our chosen little old lady soon spotted our ac-

cents and asked whence we came. "From England" we said. She gasped, her eyes widened, a huge smile appeared and she threw her arms around my wife's neck exclaiming "Wonderful English culture!"

We became adept at ice-breaking — of the social kind. We were in Rostov on Don with American colleagues and on entering the hotel restaurant for dinner we noticed with horror a lone table with a US flag on it and a sort of sanitized, people - and table-less area around. The goons really did mean to isolate us this time, for the rest of the room was full. So we ate a rather subdued meal, with a touch of vodka and a drop of wine, watching the usual frenetic dancing to the usual Strength Ten electric pop-group. Eventually they struck up a familiar Central Asian rhythm which is impossible to ignore. To a man and a woman we joined in a ring of dancers, me in the middle with a Russian girl. When the music eventually stopped I plonked a huge kiss on her and we returned to our table. Immediately a hand appeared over my right shoulder and deposited a bottle of vodka on the table. My colleague and our wives were dragged off to dance and I turned to chat with the vodka donor. He was the Rostov on Don football trainer. "I'm from Liverpool" I said. "A genuine football town" he cried. And the evening began at last.

It was interesting to compare attitudes from Republic to Republic, ranging from boorish unhelpfulness to those who could not do enough. I remember flying with the same US colleague and our wives to Yerevan, capital of Armenia, on the Turkish border. We were to collect a pre-positioned Volga car and drive north through the Caucasus. At the garage we found the car battery was as flat as a pancake. We were soon surrounded by a small crowd of helpful Armenians headed by a mechanic. "Let's give you a jump start", he said. Now, jumper cables are unknown in the USSR so this was going to be interesting. They drove another car up to ours and winkled out from around the yard two bits of scrap iron. One man held one iron touching both car wires and another bent the

other piece to connect the battery terminals. A third started up their car. But our car refused to start until about after 20 mins of shouting and much advice we succeeded. "You need a new battery" the mechanic said, "these Russian batteries are not good". Amen to that, the car was only 6 months old. "You have", he said, "to go to Echmiadzin where there is a central supply store." But, knowing the town was 14 kms away from our route (having been before) I was wary of that one after the previous 'off route' incident. "Never mind", he said, "this is Armenia" and gave me directions to the store. Off we went with some trepidation hoping not to see a militia man.

In Echmiadzin we took further directions from a soldier, found the store and thankfully drove into the yard. At my request I was shown into the Boss's office. A wrinkled old Armenian faced me across the table. I explained the situation and requested a battery under guarantee. Impassively he asked me if I could read Russian. "Yes" I said. He told me to go and fetch the handbook which he took, opened at page whatever and said "Read that". And there it was: "All parts are guaranteed for 12 months with the exception of tyres, clocks and batteries". So I asked to buy a battery. "No" he said; he picked up the phone and asked for the master mechanic who appeared in another car, and a cloud of dust, minutes later. He put his head under the bonnet, a new crowd of helpers jabbered away in Armenian and with a gleam in his eye the Boss announced in triumph that we did not need a battery — we needed a relay — and that is guaranteed! Minutes later we were in business — but we were not allowed to leave. He announced that our car was dirty and ordered us across to a tap. There the crowd washed and dried the car and we were despatched with good wishes and a refusal to take a kopek. There are many places in the USSR where that could never happen.

I could go on and on. But that is as good a story as any on which to stop. People ask, "is Russia in Europe or Asia?" It is in neither — it is in Russia.

1984-1985 - UAS News

RECRUITING FOR THE UNIVERSITY AIR SQUADRONS

This article has been prepared by Flt Lt L M Warrington, QFI Liverpool UAS

There was an article published some time ago by a member of the staff of the OASC at Biggin Hill which referred to candidates hopeful of being commissioned in the Royal Air Force as the "Cream of Britain's Youth" or "COBY's". I intend in this article to give an insight into how the University Air Squadrons skim the churns of academic gold top in their quest for good quality Air Squadron Supporters or "ASS's".

It all begins with some high-powered advertising during the University "Freshers Week". This takes the form of a display featuring pictures of Bulldog aircraft in various (legal) attitudes over various (legal) locales. This is reinforced in true Central Flying School style by high visual impact aids such as flying helmets and sick bags. It is here that we first set eyes on the prospective ASS. He will ask if he can join the squadron, how much it will cost and when told "Nothing" he will ask "What's the catch?" If he is convinced there is none, we then have to ask four mandatory questions which he must answer satisfactorily to be considered for initial interview. I only hope there are not too many 24 year old Chinamen with bullion-glass spectacles and hay fever who now consider themselves non-starters in the human race.

The initial interviews are conducted on an ASS versus QFI level. This eliminates those (the ASSs not the QFIs) whose sole interest in life is watching "Crossroads" and those who are prevented from ever wearing an oxygen mask by various, irremovable pieces of decorative hardware inserted in, up and around the nostrils. There is also a filter here for those who have done time in "the Scrubs" for armed robbery and for aviation enthusiasts whose only contact with flying has been drug-smuggling by Cessna in the summer vacation.

There then follows a medical examination where candidates who possess one-leggedness are sadly bid farewell. These things can be missed by the interviewer whilst conscientiously writing notes, particularly the other side of a desk. There may also be a discussion at this stage as to whether ASSs with names such as "Kosygin" or "Guevara" will manage to slip past those with the eagle-eyes at Rudloe Manor.

Events now progress to the most interesting phase — that of the final interview. This is normally conducted by the Commanding Officer of the UAS, ably assisted, where possible, by a University Professor. There is a third member of the Board whose job is that of a scribe and also to stare fixedly at the ASS to put him at his ease.

The candidate's patience is tested at this stage by asking him an identical set of questions to those he has already spent 45 minutes answering on paper. These questions trace his life from the cradle to the hall of residence he now occupies. It is here that the interviewer must exercise the poker-player's skills of keeping a straight face and not giving way to expressions of incredulity or fits of uncontrollable hilarity.

The candidate's schooling and academic abilities are assessed to determine if he has the ability to study and gain a degree and, coincidentally, devote his spare time to the UAS. Findings on this score range from the marginal to one ASS who almost had more 'A' levels than the sum total of the Board. Asked if he was pleased with his achievements he explained he was bitterly disappointed — as was his father — so much so that they didn't speak to each other for a week; this period coinciding with the family

holiday in Paris. He thereby learnt the principle that "you-can't-please-some-people-any-of-the-time" which will stand him in good stead if he ever becomes a squadron entertainments officer.

Whenever recruiters meet, the word "initiative" will not be absent from the conversation for long. This quality was beautifully illustrated by a young man who was asked how he had spent his time between leaving the VIth form and arriving at University. He explained that he had been fascinated by pictures of the Afghan War on television news programmes and decided he would like to see it at first-hand. He had somehow got to Afghanistan, made contact with a rebel group and had spent 6 months with them staging guerilla attacks on Soviet armoured vehicles. I hope the interviewer exercised his initiative and replied "That's all very well, but were you ever in the Scouts?"

Although it is not necessary for a prospective member of a UAS to express his intention of joining the Royal Air Force to fly, it is the primary role of the squadrons to find high-calibre potential officers for that purpose. To that end it is advisable to examine the candidate's motivation and his interest in aviation. One of the easiest ways of doing so is to ask the simple question "What makes an aircraft fly?" Some answers to this riddle would be quite useful to a QFI taking his A2 examination, yet if he utilised some of the other replies in a similar scenario it would ensure a rapid posting to Saxa Vord — such as the bright-eyed, eager response, "Its the propeller!" Easily countered, that one. "What about a Jet?" Long, red-faced, silence punctuated only by the occasional "Er....".

The type of leisure activities pursued by a candidate can provide an accurate insight

into his character and personality. Interests span the range between sporting and sedentary, intellectual and frivolous. Membership of the "Irish Society" listed on one application form demanded closer scrutiny by the Board, who possibly feared some sinister security connotation. The following explanation was proffered "Any Society who can get me to Dublin for a 12-hour visit round the Guinness Brewery for 75p can't be all bad". He was enlisted immediately.

One of the sadder facets of recruiting this year was having to refuse squadron membership to some delightful young ladies who expressed great interest in learning to fly. The pros and cons of whether to employ women as aircrew in the RAF are way outside the scope of this article, but I am sure I speak for most QFIs in believing that at least females would brighten the place up a bit! This would be, I suspect, a view not wholly endorsed by the feminist movement. Nevertheless, the proposal to recruit female UAS members is being studied and may come to pass in the future. However there is probably one situation likely to arise which has not been considered in the corridors of power. Consider a wife who having met a blonde, vivacious attractive student (a female one) at a squadron party, being left with the following haunting phrase at 8.30 a.m. "I'm just off with Bloggs this morning to practice slow rolls". It could go a long way to shattering hard-won connubial bliss.

Any reader who has passed through the UAS system will realise that the squadrons do provide high-quality, competent and well-motivated officers for the RAF. These people will no doubt soon solve the eternal question of why such finely-honed intelligence drops to 10% of normal output when encased in a "bone-dome".

1984-1985 - Seeking Higher Things

Still seeking higher things

This article was prepared by Squadron Leader N Hudson, until recently the Air Staff Instructor on the War Studies Team, Department of Initial Officer Training.

Tradition is a two-edged sword to a fighting Service. There are, on the one hand, many examples of military disaster engendered by an overly rigid adherence to tradition. Most commonly these disasters are actually caused by a failure to adapt to changing circumstances and foresee the effects of advancing technology on both strategy and tactics. The Services must, therefore, move with the times to ensure that when called to arms they are not employing cavalry against tanks, hunting submarines with battleships or vainly pursuing monoplane bombers with biplane fighters (or, to be more traditional, scouts).

Tradition can, in this sense, be a brake on progress. This is the edge of the sword that cuts the user. The second edge of the sword, on the other hand, is equally sharp, for military history is also redolent with examples of tradition leading men to achieve apparently impossible tasks, often at great personal cost. This is the edge of the sword that cuts the opponent and its significance stems from an analysis of why men fight.

It is a personal view, and one that may open the 'viewer' to accusations of cynicism, but I believe that the reasons men give in peace for why they will fight in war undergo something of a transformation when the first shots are fired in their direction. It is easy in the 'piping days of peace' to speak majestically of the 'defence of democracy' or 'the protection of our national way of life.' In this age of the anti-hero it also appears to be quite fashionable to assume the mantle of the necessary and claim to be doing it "for the money." Laudable or honest as these reasons may apparently be in turn, it is interesting to speculate how long they will survive in combat. I suspect that western democracy and our national way of life may suddenly seem rather less attractive when you are standing in a foxhole confronting a Main Battle Tank with what has suddenly become the smallest rifle you have ever seen in your life! When

you are picked to be the lucky one selected for the suicide raid on a target of vital importance the proportion of your annual salary that you actually receive for the privilege may suddenly seem to be somewhat inadequate recompense for the job.

At this point extra factors are required to make a human being stand his ground without flinching. Some, such as courage and honour, are given to each man in his due portion and will either suffice for the occasion or not. One in particular, is a force that a fighting Service can use as a potent weapon in its armoury. Men will undergo great hardship and face great personal danger because the tradition of their Service or Regiment is so inbred in them that it simply never occurs to them that they should refuse to do so. Tradition is, therefore, a key that unlocks the ability to make men fight. The Spartans stood at Thermopylae not to defend democracy but because that is what Spartans always did.

The trick with tradition, therefore, is to use what is good about it without allowing it to stifle the development of weapons and tactics. Had the Spartans come home from Thermopylae (as their saying went) "either carrying their shields or on them" through fault or outmoded operational procedures they would thereafter have been regarded as great fools rather than great soldiers. Equally, it is necessary to provide a focus for tradition by giving it tangible expression so that it will, in course of time, become the kind of power that can be used. It is not advisable, lest the unwary try it, to invent a tradition only minutes before you wish to use it.

For the Army and the Royal Navy, this "use of tradition for military purposes" is relatively easy because of their long histories. For a younger Service like the Royal Air Force it is somewhat harder because of the commensurately greater dangers of confusing tradition with habit, fad or fashion. It is

also arguable that in its relatively short life the Royal Air Force has had to learn to adapt more rapidly than its older brothers and that it must, therefore, guard even more carefully than they against the adverse affects of tradition on rigidity of tactics and procedures.

The Department of Initial Officer Training (DIOT) at the Royal Air Force College Cranwell has consequently a crucial part to play. Crucial not only because of the excellence of its officer training must always be a cornerstone of any successful military service but also because Cranwell holds such a critical position in the traditions of the Royal Air Force. It is not possible for any but the most insensitive to walk through the portals of College Hall without feeling a great sense of history and tradition. The whole history of the Royal Air Force is there, in tangible or visible form, from the faith of the Founder in his fledgling Service of the Twenties and Thirties, to the erection of the present building and the expansion of the RAF in the early 1930s and the Service today.

Generations of fading Old Cranwellians gaze eternally from the walls in various sporting garbs and poses or in the patient cohorts in which they graduated. History and tradition are patent for all to see in every aspect of College life, and it is the kind of experience which, if properly understood, will develop the resolve to fight when the occasion demands. Cranwellians fight because that is what Cranwellians always do.

The College represents, therefore, exactly the kind of focus that is required to extract the benefits of tradition. By the same token it is also in a unique position to create the worst kinds of tradition - rigidity of outlook coupled with a reverence for habit for its own sake. As an outsider coming to Cranwell with no previous experience of the College, or indeed with any significant experience of officer training in any guise, I freely confess that I fully expected to find the first kind of tradition in full measure but felt it almost inevitable that it would be leavened by the second.

The reason for these fears was based on some reactions encountered during the

turbulent period of the late Sixties and early Seventies. As the circumstances and requirements of the Service changed they set in train a chain of events which began with the amalgamation of the Royal Air Force Technical College with the Royal Air Force College in 1966, led to the discontinuation of the Flight Cadet entry system in 1970 and culminated in the introduction of Single Gate Initial Officer Training in 1980. These events brought about the end of an era of officer training which, apart from a break of 6 years during World War II, had stood unchanged for 50 years. The shock of such a change is always likely to be considerable, particularly upon those who underwent such training and are understandably proud to have done so. Such a considerable shock to the system is always likely to produce adverse reactions in the form of entrenched rigidity, leading to the kind of "traditional backlash" which prevents any good coming of change.

Notice that the expression used was not 'progress' but 'change.' It would be folly, in an article of this kind, to equate the two and it is not the intention so to do. Nor is it intended to reopen the controversy about whether the new system with its 18 week course is better than the old one where Flight Cadets spent a full 3 years at the College. Such an argument is actually without meaning since the two courses arose from different circumstances and do not bear direct comparison. The present system is not a progression of the old but something new.

And yet the current Initial Officer Training Course is not new in the sense that the College still trains officers for the same Service as it did in 1920. And the training of those officers is still a cornerstone upon which the future must be built. So the old and the new differ, therefore, in structure but not in intent. And since the intent is the same, it is still just as important to instil in officers training at Cranwell the right sorts of tradition so that when (or more hopefully if) they are called upon to put their courage to the test, they find within themselves a sense of tradition that will sustain them.

Old fashioned words and values perhaps, but ones that should not be obscured by more recent inventions such as 'detente,' 'deter-

rence' and a pinch of 'SALT.' Words and values which mean that, as an outsider, I was reassured to find at the College the right emphasis on the right kind of tradition. My fears were, therefore, proved groundless despite occasional mutterings about longer courses which stem rather from a recognition of how much there is to teach rather than

rigid hankerings for past procedures. And I am, therefore, convinced that Cranwell is the best place to train young officers, whether the course lasts 18 weeks or 18 years. If you cannot train a man when he is surrounded by the history and tradition of the Service he has joined, then you cannot train him anywhere else!

1984-1985 - Cadet Memoirs (1)

MEMOIRS OF A CADET

This article was prepared by Flying Officer M Rubenstein MSc BSc, 79 Initial Officer Training Course.

INTRODUCTION

Ten years is a quarter of one's productive life. It is a suitable landmark at which to stop and consult the map: to check where one has been, and to reconsider the route ahead. In 1982, during 12 months at a military college, I did just that. I discovered that my life had lost its forward momentum and its sense of direction. After a decade in engineering I was surrounded by dark, turbulent horizons. I was a prisoner of nihilism, trapped in a seemingly fantastic routine, and unable to justify my existence let alone any remuneration. It became impossible to distinguish one day from the next. I was determined to repudiate the lack-lustre, automatic actions of each day: travelling to work on the same train, seeing the same people, hearing the same inane conversations, and performing the same senseless tasks. And my superiors were no more content than I; the only difference between us was their acquiescence to this state.

I had had sufficient contact with the military world to formulate a belief that the military life can add that vital spark which converts a two-dimensional figure into a three-dimensional person. It had taken a long time, but I had finally realised that service in the armed forces was probably the only occupation with which I would be content. Fortunately, I came to realise this before it was too late. And the Royal Air Force came as my Saviour.

If music has the power to express feelings too abstruse and profound to be described in words, and I believe it has, then Mahler's Second Symphony, The Resurrection, allegorises my present sentiments. The first movement questions the relevance and meaning of our existence. In much the same vein, T E Lawrence, in *The Mint*, states, "perhaps all physical existence is a weary pain to man: only his alert stubborn spirit will not acknowledge it." Thankfully, Mahler answers these questions. He carries us from

the mechanical and aimless trivialities of life through to a climatic awakening and Renaissance. I see my time on the Initial Officer Training Course, IOTC, as this cathartic transition, this *Dies Irae*. Is this not the essence of the collegial motto, "superna petimus"?

I have written only about those features of the course that will remain vivid in years to come. Consequently, a large part of this article is devoted to our leadership training and to the two camps which consolidated that training. My week in the office simulator is mentioned because, apart from being the most enjoyable week of the course, it served to alloy most of our academic studies. But people will be remembered long after the content of the course has been forgotten. And with so many vivid characters in my Squadron, I have felt compelled to speculate on how we will choose to remember them.

LEADERSHIP TRAINING

The various exercises in leadership in the early stages of the course lead to the important Camp One and Camp Two. More so than any other part of the course, these are the media through which one's character is developed and altered. These preparatory tasks provide a training in the methodical and systematic solution of problems. Certainly, against my expectations, I can vouch for improved and more disciplined thought-processes and cerebrations. It was also through these initial exercises that we discovered the effects of different styles of leadership. The considerate leader has the full support and effort of his flight; the inconsiderate leader does not.

The cadet who would clap his hands twice and shout, "OK, flight run," deserved the mutinous response which resulted in a resigned "OK, flight walk." We were always conscious of the part played by our greatest benefactor: fine weather. It was not until

Camp One that leadership under adverse weather conditions was tested. What a different proposition that proved to be! These exercises also fostered greater intimacy and cohesiveness within the flight. The execution of our tasks gradually became more coordinated and resolute. At the same time, the allegiance to the flight grew stronger.

THE NON-COMMISSIONED INSTRUCTORS

Our non-commissioned instructors were the oil that made the machinery run smoothly. Their congeniality contributed largely to an enjoyable and remarkable course. Their humour, idiosyncrasies and charismatic panache have endeared them to us. Long after IOTC has become a translucent haze, they will remain in our memories. One will be typically remembered as the person who, when the fire-control order "fire at will" was shouted, leaped out onto Langford Bridge and hailed, "I'm Will."

My memories of another will include his demonstration of therapeutic benefits of ironing clothes and polishing shoes. I shall also recall his aplomb during the most humorous incident of the course. It came as a foreign student practised his communication drill on the squad. His credibility was immediately destroyed by a falsetto voice and unintelligible commands, but his undoing lay in the failure to project his voice. For, he gave the command, "about turn," just as an overflying jet roared at its loudest. Consequently, only the rear half heard or understood this and the two halves marched off in opposite directions unaware of the débâcle. His attempt to redeem this crisis, by shouting "about turn," resulted in both sections marching towards each other in mirthful astonishment. Our favourite NCO halted us just in time to prevent a tearful head-on collision. With characteristic sensitivity, the instructor grasped the reins and minimised that cadet's embarrassment.

How will we remember our two guardian angels, the Squadron SNCOs? I will recall the first as the person who carried out the first inspection of my room and who took a genuine interest in the books I had on display. I shall also picture him striding down

the aisle of the lecture hall at the start of a lecture on ceremonial and asking, "How many bars does a flight lieutenant have?" "Two," we all replied. "Right" he said "that's the Customs and Etiquette lecture over with. Everyone get down to Hangar 69." And who will not think of the other epigrammatic SNCO whenever recollection of the phrase, "I froze in that position," is triggered? Some cadets will also remember him running Top Dog. But most of us will smile at some humorous recollection, such as his impassive reply when asked if all swords are the same: "No, some are older than others." With such instructors, our lessons and training was anything but tedious.

CAMP ONE

From the day one arrives on the IOTC, one is assailed by stories of Camp One and Top Dog. Consummating eight days of wearisome exercises, Top Dog is reputedly the hardest military race in Britain. Before Camp One, we had not experienced adverse, or even unpleasant, weather. Consequently, our potential powers of leadership had not been tested thoroughly. The exercises that demanded most from the leader were those conducted at night and in the rain. Then, everyone is disposed to indolence. The leader's powers of motivation are subjected to the acid test under such conditions. The effect the leader has on his team should not be underestimated: my memories of the aptly named Exercise Bad Trip are still haunted by pain, yet a member of another flight admitted to enjoying that exercise. There is nothing simulative about the emotions of the team even though the task may seem spurious.

During Camp One we passed the peak of our fitness, and Top Dog represented the target to which that fitness was directed. It symbolised the physical climax of the course. An electric tension permeated our camp at Otterburn on the day Top Dog was run. And the singing on the vehicle taking us to the race was an unsuccessful attempt to quash that tension. It was also an expression of solidarity in the face of common adversity. Within the first few minutes of the race, I had waded through the river twice, and fallen in

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once. Running in wet clothes and with wet feet was a wholly new experience and one to which I rapidly had to accustom myself. The race comprised seemingly unending collections of pine-poles, ropes, oil-drums and stretchers. And, to top it all, there was the ubiquitous hernia-box – and a raw egg. (Though the humour associated with the egg was lost to us at the time). Since then, there have been numerous occasions when I have wondered how we carried our various impediments up the herculean ascents. My emotional relief on approaching the finishing line was a reflection of the imminent conquest of the physical zenith of the course. But my sympathies lie with those who did not participate in this race, for it is through such an experience that the essence of the phrase, *per ardua ad astra*, is revealed. An anti-climatic depression was a feature of the week following Camp One: a major obstacle had been surmounted and the next one seemed both small and distant. Coupled with this was a, hitherto unknown, physical tiredness.

ACADEMIC STUDIES

The office simulator (and to a lesser extent, the examinations) represented the culmination of most of our academic studies. It was the focal point of our training in written and oral communications, Air Force Law, Service knowledge, accounts and personnel. It was also my most enjoyable week of the course. But the most captivating simulations were the practice charges. Unlike most of the physical sciences, where quantities can be defined precisely, the law is open to a certain amount of subjective interpretation. And that provides much substance for dialectical discussion.

The accent in the simulator was on humour and fun. If nothing else, it relieves the directing staff's frustrations. I did, however, come close to crossing the line of acceptability with a member of the directing staff.

As OC Families, I had just received her request to have her lounge painted lilac. I then telephoned her in her role as OC WSF to relay this request. "Lilac," she said, "that's a bit faggish, isn't it?" "Yes," I replied, "but I've just been speaking to her and she's an American. And you know what they are like."

CAMP TWO

Camp Two, the tactical camp, was preceded by exercises on the campus playing fields designed to remind us of the duties of a leader. And this was one of the times when I marvelled at our achievements in Camp One. After two days of light exertion, our feet and bodies ached more than they ever did at Otterburn. Morale, in the initial phase of Camp Two, was as low as the rain was heavy. Wet clothes are tolerable, but wet feet are debilitating. The provision of weatherproof footwear would effect a singular improvement of the morale of the fighting man.

Our lack of sleep and our mental tension played strange tricks on us. One morning I awoke to see a man in a respirator pointing a rifle at me. As I fumbled my way through all the permutations of affixing the magazine to a self-loading rifle, I thought that this was not my idea of a joke. When he made no moves to prevent my actions, I studied him closer and saw that he was nothing more offensive than the shadow cast by the heater of the paraffin lamp. The state of limbo between the oblivion of sleep and alert wakefulness, with all its grotesque images, was one we were to visit often in Camp Two.

Though I might not have realised it at the time, my term as squadron commander for the final three days of Camp Two ranks as one of my life's cardinal experiences. The first of these days was the closest I have come to a living nightmare: never have I experienced such anxiety. I could see my suffering reflected in the sympathetic and consolatory expression on the face of one particular cadet. Her gentle and solacious encouragements were made all the more sincere by her having occupied the same post only three days earlier. Since then, I have deliberated on the part played by the lack of sleep on my anxiety; I suspect it was greater than I will give it credit. But the extra-mundane reward was commensurate with my suffering – *per ardua ad astra*. To be chosen for that executive post is a privilege shared by a select few. My first day in command was a storm which, with encouragement, I rode out. My second day, after some sleep, was quite different; I came to realise that I was part of a game, a game between a member of the directing

staff and me. And part of the privilege lay in the unfolding discovery of the real person behind the abrasive facade. This was a game, a battle of wits, I was determined to enjoy and play to its fullest. So, when he telephoned me at midnight to ask what I would say if he told me we were going to move camp within 4 hours and in total darkness, I replied, "I would say that our friendship was about to come to an abrupt end, Sir." Needless to say, we did not move camp, and our friendship is still intact. Now that it is over, I can see those events more objectively; I still drift off into a reverie to relive some incident or other of those three days. In spite of the torture of the first 24 hours, I would submit myself unequivocally, to the same rigours again.

RETROSPECTION

The Fates have smiled upon me during IOTC. And to record my views of the course

O Glaube, mein Herz, O glaube:
Es geht dir nichts verloren!
Dein ist, was du gesehnt!
Dein, was du Geliebt,
Was du gestritten!

O glaube,
Du warst nicht umsonst geboren!
Hast nicht umsonst gelebt,
Gelitten!

Was entstanden ist
Das muss vergehen!
Was vergangen, auferstehen!
Hor' auf zu heben!
Bereite dich zu leben

Aufersteh'n ja aufersteh'n
Wirst du, mein Herz, in einem Nu!
Was du geschlagen
Zu Gott wird es dich targe!

is, for me, a privilege akin to that of my command in Camp Two.

Recording one's emotions not only crystallises and focuses those emotions, but it also prevents the erosion and temper of those sensations with time. I have accepted the confirmation of my graduation with equanimity tinged with sadness; graduation signifies the end of the course that provides us with a passport into a club that reflects everything that is sublime about our country.

At dinner the other day, the cadet whose words so encouraged me during Camp Two, said "You've enjoyed this course haven't you?" I said that was perfectly correct and asked her how she knew. "I can tell from the contented look on your face," she answered. How acute that observation was: contented summarises my present state completely. It is only fitting to end with parts of text of the final movement of Mahler's Second Symphony which quintessentialises my view of the past 18 weeks.

O believe, my heart, O believe
Nothing is lost with thee!
Thine is what thou hast desired,
What thou hast lived for,
What thou hast fought for!

O believe,
Thou wert not born in vain!
Hast not lived in vain,
Suffered in vain!

What has come into being
Must perish,
What perished must rise again.
Cease from trembling!
Prepare thyself to live!

Rise again, yea thou wilt rise again,
My heart, in the twinkling of an eye!
What thou hast fought for
Shall lead thee to God!

1984-1985 - Reflections on Flying

RUM, SODOMY AND THE LASH

This article was prepared by Flight Lieutenant R Lock, Headquarters Squadron, Flying Training School.

Colonel Bogey woke me up. He has done every morning since Auntie's Christmas present list leapt into the eighties last year. As an antidote to torpidity, my alarm clock enjoys considerable success. In straight competition with the more traditional bat person bearing a deadly chalice of NAAFI tea, however, the silicon chips are really down. Lying here, Selina Scott cooing softly in my ear, I survey the pile of dirty washing fidgeting in the corner, that awful glaucous green worn only by aircrew and dehydrated toads. I had imagined that achieving instructorhood would somehow reduce my flying kit's saline consumption and thus my time spent chained to a washing machine. Being a QFI here at Cranwell has meant fewer wash cycles, but only as I no longer worry about wearing jerseys striped with sufficient successive sweat bands to do a Celtic player proud.

Within the hour I find myself tied firmly to one of Martin Baker's earlier designs. With the met man's confident forecast of day-long blue skies and light winds still ringing in my ears, I power the canopy of my Jet Provost 5A forward, preventing the horizontal rain from further disturbing my student's interpretation of the pre-start checks. Truly, he has embarked upon a sequence of events over which he will have little control and hitting the start button is the point of no return.

My hitting the cavity where his brain was once planted is a way of suggesting that checking with the groundcrew first might have prevented the expensive paint job that the CFI's carelessly manoeuvred mini would now require.

Taxying onto the runway, the cranial clout is now interpreted as "lower the flaps, dummy." It makes the take off less of a challenge but allows more time to concentrate on keeping clear of the centre line, avoiding climbout headings and climbing speeds and in particular it doubles the number of opportunities to overstress something really important. I peer casually over the side to be greeted with the magnificent sight of Lincoln

Cathedral directly below basking in the Autumnal sunlight.

"Peterborough, Sir" cried my pea-brained prodigy. A noticeable improvement I feel; he recognised it as a city.

Flushed with success we attempt a spin. An unconventional entry perhaps; one has grown accustomed to doing pre-spinning checks first, but an effective entry nonetheless. My head bangs gently from side to side exactly in phase with the ailerons oscillating urgently about their ideal neutral position. The sun tumbles into view for the fifth time; I hear a cry of "one, sir" and acknowledge with the terse instruction to "recover now, ugly."

"Good one mate" I lie as we ease out of the dive, rudder pressed firmly to one side. I ready myself for his aerobatics, head tucked between knees as we snap 6g during the first manoeuvre. I must have misinterpreted the cry of "slow roll Sir."

The aeros pass, enthusiastic as they are unrecognisable. A simulated flame out provokes an immaculate mechanical failure drill. We land well in to avoid wearing out the numbers on the threshold. The centre line painters will not be required again for a few years either. Juddering clear and closing down, brake pads contemplating whether combustion would be all it is made out to be, my student stops the engine, breathes a sigh of relief to match the falling RPM; at last he is back in control.

His final act of the morning is to brew a coffee that defies description and consumption. Satisfied he returns to his crewroom and the other ground-struck mortals with their surly bonds. I slip away too.

Cranwell, with its naval genesis, spawned today's Flying Training School at which events such as I have described are as commonplace as a QFI's grey hairs and wrinkles. "Naval tradition," said Churchill, "consisted largely of rum, sodomy and the lash." If it is alright by you, Fishheads, thanks for the start but I'll stick to flying.

1984-1985 - In Memoriam

In Memoriam

We record with regret the deaths of the following Old Cranwellians during 1984/85:

MRAF The Lord Cameron,
Asst Cmdt 1965-68
Flt Lt B S Clew 39 IOT
Air Cdre W C Cooper 25-26A
Flt Lt A S Dakin 24GE
Flt Lt D W Frost 33GE
Flt Lt T R Gribble 55B
Fg Off J L Jackson 38 IOT
Fg Off S P A Kapuscinski 75 IOT
Plt Off M A Moore 63C
Air Cdre J M A Parker 54C

Flt Lt D W Payne 99B
Gp Capt K F T Pickles 26-27B
MRAF Sir Thomas Pike 24-25B
Fg Off L E R Radford 73 IOT
Air Mshl Sir Anthony Selway 27-29A
Air Cdre T P Seymour 38-39B
Flt Lt M L Thompson 89B
Gp Capt M D Thunder 31-33A
Air Cdre P Walker 69A
Flt Lt M P Walters 68C
Wg Cdr D Weston-Burt 35-36C