

FROM ALL QUARTERS . . .

in a 40-knot gale). There was a visit to Cranwell, during which instructors showed how Vampire formation aerobatics should be done and the two T.C. Beverleys arrived—one landing with 100 troops aboard and the other air-dropping paratroops and a loaded jeep.

Finally, there was a film of 2nd T.A.F.—after the C.A.S. had briefly explained the purpose of this force and commented that its radar installations gave this country better early warning of air attacks. A Swift F.R.5, Hunters, rocket-firing Venom F.B.4s, Thunderstreaks dropping napalm and a Canberra B.8 lobbing “the bomb”—simulated, but impressive—showed the variety of attack disposable by 2nd A.T.A.F. commanders. And at the end of the programme—on the technical skill and comprehensiveness of which the B.B.C. is to be congratulated—the C.A.S., whose demeanour throughout was both impressive and charming, returned to his opening theme that the R.A.F. stands as a strong factor for peace by providing an efficient deterrent against war.

Lindbergh Film Released

THIS week, to salute the 30th anniversary of Charles Lindbergh's pioneer West-East solo flight over the Atlantic, Warner Brothers have released their new film *The Spirit of St. Louis* (Warner Cinema, Leicester Square, London, as from today, May 24). It is an enthralling film. J.M.R. reviews it as follows:

It is the night of May 19, 1927, and torrential rain beats down on Roosevelt Field, New York. Inside the hangar a last-minute fuss is being made of the Ryan monoplane *Spirit of St. Louis*. In a nearby hotel the Press reports to a suspenseful world: “Lindbergh is sleeping like a baby.” Lindbergh (played by James Stewart) wishes he was. Twenty hours later, 2,000 miles out over the Atlantic, he is to wish it even more.

He remembers (in a flashback) the mechanic who, years before, advised him not to fly to Chicago with the mail. Sure enough, he loses his way in the fog and his D.H.4 (the authentic Paul Mantz specimen is used in the film) runs out of fuel, and he bales out. He later happens to sit in a train next to a suspender salesman who wants to know what holds airplanes up. The man reckons they need more than air—something like suspenders. Ha! Ha! But Lindbergh hears from this salesman about the plans of American

and French pilots to fly the Atlantic, and he gets an idea.

Back at base he puts through a long-distance call (always an impressive thing to do) to New York. “I am the representative of an important group of businessmen here in St. Louis and I want to buy a Bellanca.” All he has to do now is to find a group of important businessmen. He never was much of a hand at smooth talk, but eventually he convinces a group of bankers that, in backing his proposal to fly the Atlantic, they will not be financing a suicide. “What happens if you have to ditch it in the Atlantic?” one asks, kind of brightly. “I am not going to ditch it in the Atlantic,” he replies.

The Bellanca deal falls through, and judging by the appearance of the Ryan company's premises when he arrives in San Diego, things do not look too hopeful there either. Someone is asleep by the front door, a large dog lies asleep across the threshold, all the windows are broken. Where is the boss? Mr. Mahoney, who is busy with his welding torch frying sand-dabs, starts talking about his aeroplanes. They are real tough, they will keep up for ever. Lindbergh meets the chief engineer, Donald Hall, plans for a special design are agreed, and soon there is a new sense of purpose at the Ryan Aeronautical Corp.

The 90-day schedule is cut to 60 because of mounting competition. Everything possible is done to save weight: radio means half an hour's gas, and Lindbergh would rather have the gas. The engine, a 223 h.p. J-5-C Whirlwind, arrives—a new type which has actually completed a whole 50 hours on the test bed. As Lindbergh pats it news comes through that Davis and Wooster have been killed taking off from New York during full-load take-off tests before attempting to cross the Atlantic.

On the 60th day *Spirit of St. Louis* is ready for take-off tests, and take-off measuring pegs are driven in to the hard-baked surface of Dutch Flats. The competition excitement mounts. Is it still worth going through with this thing? The first flight is successful—“She sure loves to fly,” says Lindbergh.

And so back to Roosevelt Field, where the rain has abated. We all know that Lindbergh got airborne, but that does not detract from the suspense of the take-off at Roosevelt Field. It just goes on and on and on, way past the safety posts beyond which, if not yet airborne, he knows he must stop.

We all know he got to Paris, but this does not spoil the excitement of a wonderful film.

THE STUDENT BEGINS ITS STUDIES AT SHOREHAM



FIRST flight of the Miles M.100 Student was successfully completed at Shoreham on Tuesday last week by Mr. George Miles, the designer. Of all-metal construction, and fitted with a retractable nosewheel undercarriage, the Student is powered by a Blackburn-Turboméca Marboré 2, but alternatively can have two Palas 600s. Gross weight is 3,100 lb. A detailed description appeared in *Flight* for December 16, 1955. The first British jet aircraft designed from the outset as a primary trainer, the Student seats pupil and instruction comfortably side-by-side.

