

Twin-jet liner,  
Russian style: the  
Tupolev Tu-104.



from Czechoslovakia. But in the hands of one Blaha it differs from the general run of trainers in going through its aerobatic repertoire in attitudes the reverse of normal. A tough, obliging little aeroplane: a superb pilot: a heart-tripping performance—but sufficient negative *g* for the moment.

The Max Holste Broussard, Potez 75 and Scottish Aviation Twin Pioneer are less given to cartwheels and handstands. They are what one might call multi-purpose specialists with responsible jobs. The blue-and-white Broussard (pilot Jouannet) is fitted out for agricultural work; the drab, sober "75" (Détré) impresses by its staunch dependability (it is intended, indeed, for police duties in colonial service); but the Twin Pioneer is conducted by Roy Smith more like a Paris taxi than the big station wagon, or small bus, which the McIntyres of Prestwick intended it should be. There is nothing like it at Le Bourget, nor (it is pleasant to reflect) elsewhere.

Here, now, are André Moynet in the H.D.34 and Ian Forbes in the H.D.M.105, putting on a sort of Box-and-Cox act which is subtle, telling propaganda for the richly promising ultra-high-aspect formula. This attenuated pair of aerodynes would hardly be out of place at Lasham; except that every now and then the H.D.34 reminds one quite definitely that it does have engines.

New, and not-so-new—Dutch and Russo-Czech—approaches to the fast-resolving feederliner problem are the Fokker Friendship and Avia 14: which is not to imply that the Avia is a has-been. (Far from it, as colleague Lambert will testify next week.) Both pilots are in frisky form. Burgerhout takes the Friendship over the vertical against a dead Dart (killed at take-off) and Kaustik gives the scenery a good going over after a short-field departure. He touches down and brakes with such determination that he blows one of the four main tyres.

Behold, now, a wheeling silver vision—the Britannia 301.

Britannia the beautiful, the silent, the magnificent. She passes by and France pays homage. That is the simple, evident truth; and there is nothing more to say.

Something of that same "big-liner" stateliness is seen now in the Leonides-Herald; but liner or not, "Hazel" shows that there is nothing fine and fancy about *this* aeroplane. It snaps to the job—sharp. No fuss. No frills.

Vallette, in the Marboré-boosted U.A.T. Noratlas (Nord 2502) gets off well with full traction and thrust, cuts a Hercules and continues with "two burnin' and one turnin'" till touchdown. Then, as Wally Gibb sets the Britannia down, we hear a most curious sound from the opposite end of the runway. In no time a swarm of beating, whirling, flapping, chugging, flailing helicopters is upon us. Seven Djinns in the lead—or is it eight? The elegant Gouverneur skating swiftly beneath. Eight Alouettes. Check. An S-55, an S-58, and the two big Vertols bringing up the rear. There is a scrambling, wheeling into file, a rushing, shuffling by, and again silence.

Glossy white, black-beaked, wing-tanked, thunderously quaking with power, a Valiant takes off like a great sea bird. A slow run past; a second—then forward go the throttles, back comes the stick, up goes the nose, back stream dark Avon-trails, and up, up, up, goes the pride of Bomber Command.

Now, whatever people may be saying, we have seen that Britain really is at Paris; and here is Bill Bedford in the blue and grey Hunter T.7 to remove any doubt about it. The Avon blasts and screams at five-figure thrust. The Dunlop "anchors" are held fast-on; then abruptly snapped off. Off goes the Hunter like an arrow, up, and out of sight. Confused and half-stunned, a hare goes leaping over the grass. The *pompiers* of the crash-crews are just abandoning their calling for that of *chasseurs*, when, without warning, their hard-pressed quarry receives the disconcerting

Twin-jet liner, French style: the S.E. Caravelle. A cockpit commentary was transmitted over the public-address system.

