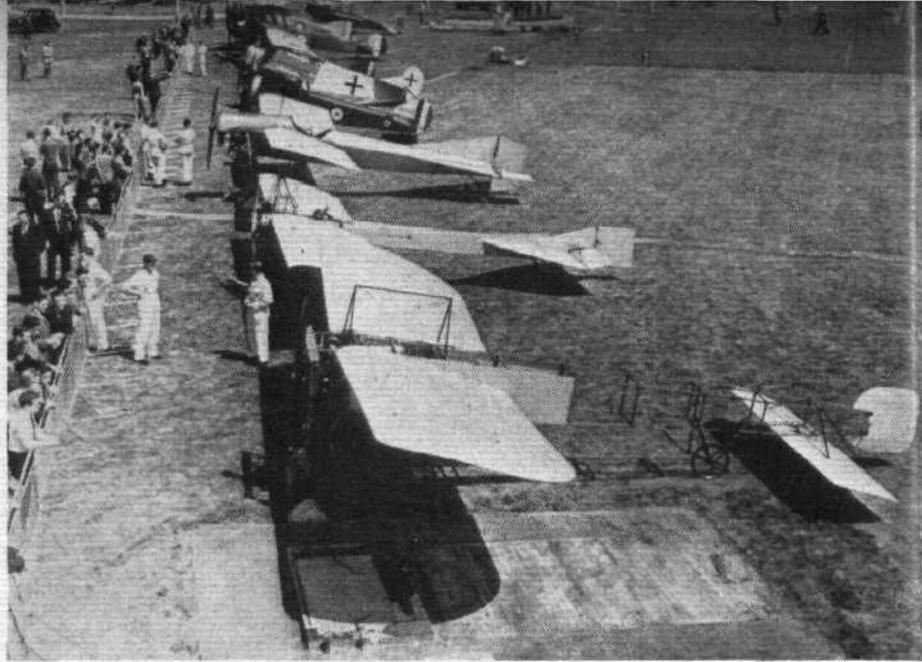


# Farnborough's Golden Day

*Princess Margaret at  
Fifty-year Celebrations*

"FLIGHT" PHOTOGRAPHS



**A** BRIGHT sun, an assuaging breeze, good company, noble aeroplanes, technical wonders and, above all, the gracious presence of H.R.H. Princess Margaret: these were the makings of the Golden Jubilee celebrations at the Royal Aircraft Establishment, Farnborough, on Thursday, July 7th.

The Princess arrived from Buckingham Palace in a Whirlwind helicopter of the Royal Navy, with Lt-Cdr. J. C. Jacob and Lt. W. Powell as pilots. As she descended, to be welcomed by the Lord Lieutenant of Hampshire, the Duke of Wellington, she was greeted with cheers; and having met the Minister of Supply, Mr. Reginald Maudling, and his wife, and Sir Arnold Hall (Director of the R.A.E.) and Lady Hall, Her Royal Highness went by car to begin her tour of the static show. As a memento of the occasion she was presented with a table lighter by Mr. Charles Wilshere, B.E.M., a 72-year-old joiner who has worked at the Establishment for 45 years. The lighter incorporated a model of a futuristic supersonic aircraft, and Her Royal Highness said, "It is awfully nice, and I will use it." Sir Arnold remarked: "It is our idea of an aircraft of the future," and Mr. H. T. Hill, assistant director of workshops, added, "It is an impression of a supersonic aircraft of probably some twenty to thirty years' time." (The model had a very slim fuselage, with small, straight-tapered wings having power units at their tips.)

At Cody's tree the Princess met Mr. Vivian Cody, son of the great pioneer with whose name Farnborough will always be associated, and Mr. Samuel Cody, a grandson. In reply to the Princess's question "Why did your father tie his aeroplane to this tree?" Mr. Vivian Cody replied, "The idea was that we could run the engine to test the pull. We always did this together and I often flew with my father."

The tour, and lunch, concluded, Her Royal Highness took her place to view the flying. By this time the glowing brilliance of the morning had passed; but such was the enjoyment of the occasion that there was little complaint, though it was recognized that the gathering cloud would inhibit the jet aerobatics.

Like another aerial demonstration lately in the world news, the afternoon's flying events were signalled by a salvo—though this time of starter-cartridges, in eighteen Hawker Hunters of Nos. 54 and 247 Squadrons. Quickly the Hunters streamed on to the runway for a mass take-off; whereupon one, from a height of a few hundred feet, was seen to break to starboard. It disappeared from view and a mushroom of smoke rose distantly. Nothing was said of these events, and only afterwards was it learned that the Hunter had crashed near Fleet and that its pilot had died from injuries sustained after ejection. Later the Hunter wing flew past in fine style.

The aerobatic team of No. 43 Squadron was baulked by cloud, but got in some rolls in echelon and showed how to change from echelon port to echelon starboard in a turn. The Bristol Fighter and Sopwith Pup dog-fought realistically, and the Gladiator, Hart and Swordfish completed a quintet of the best-loved biplanes ever to see British military service. A Spitfire and a Hurricane had a thoroughly good set-to, with honours fairly even; and a

Lancaster, Beaufighter and Mosquito were other heroic representatives of 1940-45. To the Royal Navy, however, must go the credit for introducing something quite novel—and perfectly executed. From the left eight Gannets came whining in low, with both elements of each Double Mamba propelling them at a spanking rate. Then, as one, they suddenly shut down to half power and each feathered an airscrew. While this was happening there approached from the right a wondrous melange of naval helicopters—two Whirlwinds in the lead, four Hillers on the flanks, and six Dragonflies bringing up the rear. All subsequently landed, but one Hiller took time out for a breezy session of crazy flying and auto-rotation.

Ever-welcome visitors to any flying affair are the Coastal Command Sunderlands, and three of these, from the Flying Boat Training Squadron, Pembroke Dock, boomed over low, followed by nine Shackletons of 228 Squadron in as tight and tidy a formation as one is ever likely to see demonstrated by big aeroplanes.

Bomber Command, represented by elements of Nos. 35, 90, 115 and 207 Squadrons, put up another novel show. The first four Canberras came in as a box, and, having passed the Royal Enclosure, broke into a "Prince of Wales's feathers," the box man meanwhile diving low. The next four came in echelon and broke to port; four more broke to starboard; and the last box dispersed as the first.

The pointed-nose Javelin (after much booming and hissing on the runway) came past singing in a fine tenor voice; it Derry-turned, rolled and passed by very fast and low. The Valiant B.1 made a circumspect passage overhead; the Vulcan was lower; and the Victor lowest of all. The Britannia looked faster than ever before.

A unique formation comprised the Boulton Paul P.111 delta and the jet-deflection and prone-pilot Meteors. The delta touched down decidedly "hot" and popped its tail parachute; whereupon the jet-deflection Meteor, sitting down amazingly slowly, blasted the 'chute neatly off the runway.

The *pièce* of the show was, of course, the English Electric P.1, making its first appearance. This fighter looks for all the world like a futuristic test model machined from the solid; but it was handled by Roland Beamont like a Canberra. Though its speed was well in the .9s, its rates of roll and turn were astounding.

A Jet Provost performed as though it had several times the thrust of its Viper, and its show was co-ordinated with the C.F.S. team of Meteors, which finished an immaculate show with a bomb-burst break-up.

At the end came the old brigade—the Blériot and Blackburn monoplanes, Hawker Tomtit and Cygnet and Percival Gull. Neville Duke on the Tomtit did an impressively protracted falling leaf.

On the Friday the Cody kites managed to get airborne and a Hunter put up a superb individual show.

**The Exhibits.**—Seldom has the the R.A.E. laid itself open to public scrutiny; and never to such an extent as on Thursday,

*Our report on this page that the Victor made the lowest run of all the V-bombers was in respect of Thursday's performance, but that the same held good for Friday's is confirmed by this picture, taken on that day.*

