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### Dowding and the Battle

A BOOK recording with definitive accuracy the events of the Battle of Britain as seen by **Air Chief Marshal Lord Dowding** is due out next month.

It has been written by author **Mr. Robert Wright**, who was Lord Dowding's personal assistant during the battle, when Lord Dowding was Commander-in-Chief, Fighter Command.

Lord Dowding, who is now 86, lives at Calverley Park, Tunbridge Wells. During the last 12 months he has been working closely with Mr. Wright researching for the book which, he says, aims to "get the record straight" on what actually happened 28 years ago.

"Mr. Wright was with my husband all through the battle," said Lady Dowding this week, "and as a result he wanted to write the story of those very dramatic times. He has discussed every point with my husband."

"This is the correct version. There is nothing that has been written in it that will not be confirmed when the papers relating to that period are released in two years' time."

Lord Dowding has also been collaborating with the makers of the film, "The Battle of Britain", which has its premiere on September 15 — the day the book comes out. "I think it was the film that persuaded him to start the book," said Lady Dowding. "It naturally brought to mind a great many issues."

The book, to be published by Macdonalds, will be called "Dowding and the Battle of Britain".

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15 SEP 1969

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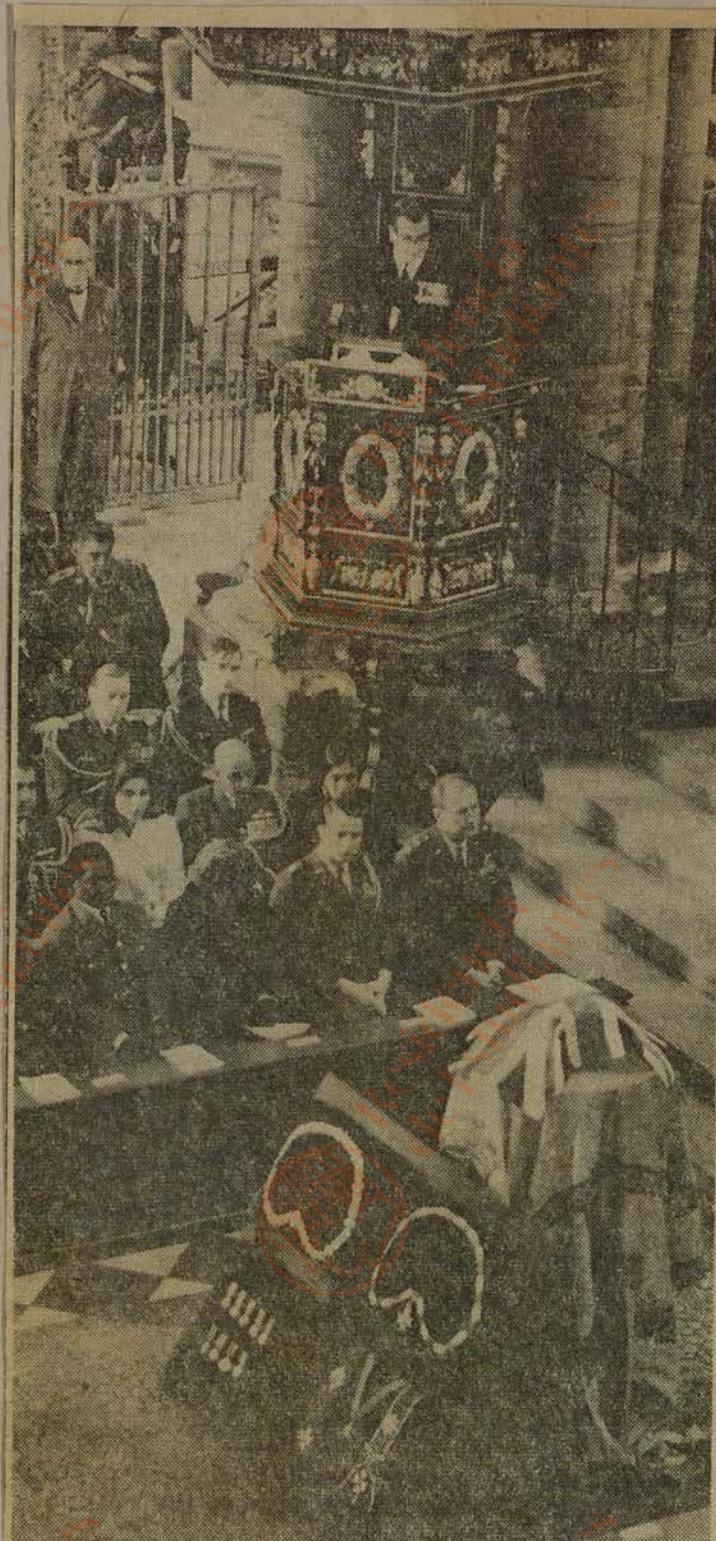
## Little story

### and AUTHORS

Michael and Mollie Hardwick —

test "Woolton Pie"; "Color  
of Blimp" and "Workers' Play-  
time"; Wilfred Pickles a  
lier the Brains Trust.

And there are more  
particular memories, specific  
to a few, such as the farcical  
situation in 1942 when over  
1,000 miners at Betteham  
Colliery, near Deal, went  
on strike and were fined under  
an ill-conceived wartime  
decree. Only nine paid up, but  
there was no jail space  
and anyway,



Mr Healey speaking in the Abbey, with Lord Dowding's insignia on display

## Many honour Dowding

AIR CHIEF MARSHAL LORD DOWDING, who won the Battle of Britain but lost the war of words afterwards in Whitehall, was buried alongside the stained glass Battle of Britain window at Westminster Abbey yesterday.

His ashes, in a wooden casket, were laid to rest underneath a hole pierced through the thick stone walls by a German bomb fragment toward the end of the battle in September, 1940, only feet away from the ashes of Lord Trenchard, founder of the Royal Air Force. Opposite is the grave of Oliver Cromwell. Lord Dowding, who led

Fighter Command from 1936 to 1940, died, aged 87, on February 15. After the battle he was abruptly dismissed and retired the following year. During recent controversy over his dismissal it was suggested that he should have been promoted to the senior rank of Marshal of the Royal Air Force. Five Air Marshals were at the service yesterday, including Lord Portal, his war-time colleague in the RAF.

The Secretary for Defence, Mr Denis Healey, gave the address. He said he and everyone owed a personal debt to Lord Dowding: "He was one

of those great men whom this country miraculously produces in times of peril."

Group Captain P. T. Gleave, a pilot in the battle and close friend of Lord Dowding, bore the casket in ceremonial procession to the chapel. He was followed by 16 former Battle of Britain pilots, including Douglas Bader, Bob Stanford-Tuck, David Kingaby, and "Cat's Eyes" Cunningham.

The pilots were among a congregation of 1,700 which included representatives of the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Queen Mother. Lady Churchill was also at the service.

## OPLE and THINGS: By ATTICUS

reassured by the news that the principal character is a forthright Inspector of Police and that the last agonies of the murderer's victim are as realistic as anything in a Clouzot film.

In calling on Georges Auric for the music, and on Bernard Buffet, that most lugubrious of painters, for the décor, Roland Petit has kept well within the Parisian pack; but the male protagonist, Buzz Miller, is, like M. Simenon, a recruit to the ballet. Arizona ranchman and former G.I., he greatly contributed to the high wind of novelty which last week

blew through the Théâtre des Champs Elysées.

*Parrhesiarch*

DR. GILBERT MURRAY might, I suppose, be considered the greatest Oxford man since Matthew Arnold, and his ninetieth birthday, which falls tomorrow, will be kept with gratitude and affection by people all over the world who share his passion for liberty, justice, and truth.

One of his presents will be a bundle of advance copies of his new verse-translation of Aristophanes' "Knights," which is due

out in the middle of the month. I can say that it shows no falling-off either in Dr. Murray's neat and exact wit or in his ability to move with the times. (A phrase about "talks with enemy agents on the sly" sticks in my mind.)

Dr. Murray never forgets the present; and in prefacing the "Knights" he speaks with admiration of "the high degree of 'parrhesia,' or free speech, that was allowed in Athens even in the height of an exhausting war." If there is free speech in the modern world, it is to men like Dr. Murray that we owe it; and I imagine that

many people will be glad to follow the Duke of Edinburgh's lead in contributing to the Gilbert Murray 90th Birthday Fund, whose proceeds are to be devoted to furthering his own two lifelong preoccupations: Greek studies and international co-operation. (The address of the Fund: 25 Charles Street, London, W.1.)

*Bachelor Comforts*

MY recent note about the motor-car of the future has brought me a letter from Hollywood describing the Cadillac Eldorado owned by Mr. Hal Hayes, forty-

## Portrait Gallery: CAPTAIN OF THE COMET

WHO can better represent the adventurers into the future, to whom each successive New Year belongs, than the man who has just flown a jet airliner across the Atlantic at 548 miles an hour, at the end of a flight of 30,000 miles round the world?

John Cunningham, D.S.O., O.B.E., D.F.C., was quite an old and experienced pilot before he became the familiar of jet aircraft towards the end of the war. He was appointed de Havilland's chief test pilot in 1946, and among the initial flights of new jet aircraft which he has since made was that of the first Comet liner, on July 27, 1949. He had been expected to try the prototype only on the ground at that first outing, but, when the fascinated crowds had gone, he decided to take her up and start test flying.

\* \* \*

BOTH that decision and his latest calm demonstration of a new liner over a testing route before a watching world are typical of this steady, resourceful, devoted young man. He is now thirty-eight but no one who knew him as a Flight-lieutenant in 1940, or as a Group Captain in the last year of the war, thinks of him as much more a veteran than he was then.

A slim, fair-haired lad of twenty-three, he joined No. 604 Auxiliary Squadron, which he later commanded—helping in the change-over from Blenheims to Beaufighters, making the squadron's first kill by night with the help of airborne radar, nursing the young pilots along in the new technique, sharing in their frustrations, reassuring them by limping sixty miles home, after a combat over the North Sea, with one engine shot up. His comrades talked then of his composure and his resource. They believed, too, that he had something most others had not.

He had come to his wartime flying equipped as a technician, though always determined to fly. On leaving Whitgift School at the age of eighteen he enrolled as an aeronautical student in the de Havilland Technical School. All through the war he was employed on difficult duties, and after solving so many awkward problems he took the transition to the jet age in his stride.

\* \* \*

PERHAPS his greatest quality now, as in earlier days, is that of performing remarkable tasks without a flourish and of making them seem simple and natural. Never has he been known to "shoot a line." Rarely can he be induced to recount in any detail his experiences. Yet he is a friendly, sociable man, liked by fellow-pilots and fully articulate when the technical fruits of his test-flying come to be discussed. His share in the development of the jet liner, a piece of Britain's finest pioneering, and of the methods of jet operation, is outstanding. To it he brought the persistence and tenacity characteristic of his earlier work, and also that special flair which marks the great pilot.



*(Specially photographed for THE SUNDAY TIMES by DOUGLAS GLASS)*

Group Captain John Cunningham

ART

TELEVISION

RADIO

MUSIC

## More the Merrier?

By MAURICE WIGGIN

THE Christmas programmes proved, if proof were needed, that *more* television does not necessarily mean *better* television.

The remarkable thing about television is that it is not a good deal worse. When there were two hours of it every evening there was a reasonable prospect that accumulating experience would bring a progressive rise in standards. That becomes less likely as television approaches a condition of non-stop distraction. The New Year will see an acceleration of this process, to the point whereat everybody will have a free choice of second-rate alternatives. There simply is not enough first-rate talent to go round.

It sometimes seems absurd to apply standards proper to the evaluation of a work of art to a production which is put together in a desperate hurry to fill an idle hour, and which can have no life beyond that hour. But criticism is valueless if it forgets that the passable is the enemy of the good.

I sympathise with anybody who has the thankless job of providing television at Christmas; when, for the lucky majority, it is needed less than at any other time. All the same, the programmes seemed determinedly unimaginative. The I.T.A.'s contractors seemed to think that the challenge could be met simply by putting on the usual week-end turns with the word "Christmas" interpolated here and there. These turns included two plain playlets, the usual give-away shows, the routine crime and comedy quickies, and an almost unintelligible jamboree of song-and-dance acts labelled "Rum Punch." This mixture proved yet again that to succeed on television an entertainment must be devised with a ruthless eye for what the medium will bear, and that crowds of people making spurious whoopee also make the most disenchanted picture you can put out.

THE B.B.C. corroborated this with their far-flung Christmas party, but they did have one item which showed understanding of what can be done with television making a virtue of its hard necessities. This was the amusing "Pantomania," which owed almost everything to the wit of Mr. Eric Sykes. But the production of "Bird In Hand" was so slow and tame that to call it pedestrian would be unfair to walkers, and the production of "Take It Away" so floppy and sprawling that even Mr. Harry Green could not pull together and give it point. It seems ironical that in a week crowded with "special efforts" the most enjoyable half-hour would have been provided by the old stand-by, "Animal, Vegetable, Mineral." But it isn't really odd, his entertainment it will bear.

JOHN RUSSELL

Robert Adams at Gimpel's, Lench and Raymond Mason at the Beaux Arts, Craxton and Inlander at the Leicester, Guys and Gleizes at the Marlborough, Vera Cuninghame and Leonor Fini at the Lefevre, Bianchon at Tooth's, Knapp and Carini at the Hanover: these do not promise a dull season. The year's most famous debutant is Oel Coward, whose paintings will be shown at Arthur Jeffress's in the summer. For those who can say, with pride, "Les extrêmes me rassurent," I commend two other shows, each of which will be in its different way an historic occasion. The recent death of Nicolas de Staél bbed the School of Paris of its most gifted young artist; and Staél to have, at Whitechapel, a memorial exhibition in which the full range of his work will be seen for the first time in England. (One base of his work will be shown

saying again) is made to measure: it satisfies the inescapable requirements. Namely, a *very small* number of decorative, characterful, and intelligent people, unfussed, unbedevilled by ostentatiously busy "production," creating in their talk the tension of drama, the relief of comedy, and a mildly euphoric atmosphere of civilised urbanity. I agree that it is high time an equally good alternative turned up.

One thing at least we in the Home Counties owe to the coming of commercial television: on Saturday nights it provides a play as an alternative to the B.B.C.'s variety. (On Sundays the roles are happily reversed.) To end on a grateful note: after the B.B.C.'s competent production of "Richard of Bordeaux" I was able to catch half an hour of Miss Fay Compton as "Adeline Girard." Is there an actress to surpass her? Not on television.

## Radio

## Keeping It Up

By ROBERT ROBINSON

THE "characters" of pre-electronic days must have used the anecdote in much the same way as their natural heirs, the "personalities," use television: as a medium for self-expression. What price George Moore for "What's My Line?" "Seeing me in the street and not knowing who I was," he put to an acquaintance, "would you not say I was a country gentleman come up to London to see his lawyer?" Henry Kemble might even have got headlines ("Kemble warned by Ronnie Waldman") for "I have never, sir, seen a sillier fool. Yes, I have," he added, on reflection, "once—in a public house in Oldham."

Such anecdotes were the stuff, last week, of "Café Royal" (Home) and "Supper at the Garrick in the Nineties" (Third). The Café Royal item was in the nature of a Bump Supper and opened with a rollicking chorus from the diners (I allow Bohemians all vices save that of community singing) followed by a cataract of reminiscence: Edgar Lustgarten on James Agate, Hesketh Pearson on Hugh Kingsmill ("If I had my life over again, I'd use fewer commas . . ."), Eric Maschwitz on Michael Arlen, Wyndham Lewis on Ezra Pound. There was a rhubarb background of waiters, dish-noises, tray-clanging and bottle-opening: a contrived banquet, licensed hilarity, chaps too doggedly *keeping it up*. What was to have been a conversation piece more resembled a convocation of witty town-criers.

Success in anecdote depends upon the listener being no farther from the decanter than the teller: I drank a glass of brandy while listening to Mr. Philip Carr's recollections of the Garrick, and enjoyed them the more.

## TODAY'S TV AND RADIO PROGRAMMES

## TELEVISION

BBC 2—"Royal Journeys" (film). 3—"Hollywood Hit Parade." 4—"Brains Trust." 4.30—"I Married Joan." 5-6.5—"Children's TV" ("Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," "Sunday at Six"). 6.15-7.15—"Covenant Service" from Methodist Church, Kenton. 7.30—"News, Weather." 7.45—"National Institute for the Deaf" appeal. 7.50—"This Is Your Life." 8.20—"Sunday Night Theatre." "In Writing." 9.45—"Stranger Than Fiction." 10—"Music at Ten." 10.30—"Time for Prayers." 10.35—"News, Weather."

ITA 2—"Sunday Afternoon." 2.30—"Free Speech." 3—"Movie Magazine." 3.30—"Stage One: "Man-Trap." 4—"Liberace." 4.30—"Leslie Randall Entertains." 4.45—"Adventures of Noddy." 5—"Roy Rogers." 5.30-6—"Adventures of Robin Hood." 7.30—"News, Weather." 7.40—"Strange Experiences." 7.45—"Sunday Night at the London Palladium" ("Mother Goose"). 9—"Theatre Royal: "The Triumphant." 9.30—"I Love Lucy." 10—"Jack Jackson Show." 10.45—"News."

## RADIO

HOME (London Region, 330m., 93.5 Mc/s VHF). 7.50—"Reading." 8—"News." 8.15—"Morning Melody." 9—"Organ Pe-

## TWO COMPOSERS

By ERNEST NEWMAN

LAST Sunday I cited a speculation of Goethe's on the advantage it is to a certain type of artistic creator to know instinctively and precisely the nature and the scope of his own powers. The supreme representative of that type in music was Mozart. Goethe also pointed out, however, that there is a reverse side to this picture: there are artists who scale as yet unconquered heights but only by dint of long and bruising endeavour. This type, of which Beethoven is the outstanding example in music, is perpetually making difficulties for itself subconsciously as it plunges deeper and deeper into the matter in hand—difficulties of the kind with which Beethoven's Sketch Books have familiarised us.

In general terms we may say that Mozart at once, by a divine instinct, predetermined and limited the musical problem of the work in hand—the range of its expression, the manner of its expression, its containing form—to what lay naturally within his powers; while Beethoven was driven by his peculiar daemon to keep extending each problem beyond the limits he had more or less vaguely had in mind when he embarked upon it. In this connection his studies for the *Eroica* in particular are specially instructive.

which, in other circumstances, they are grateful to Mozart.

As Amiel pointed out, Mozart is "stronger than destiny, because he takes life less profoundly," and Beethoven "less strong because he has dared to measure himself against deeper sorrows." The struggle with self-created difficulties of expression and form has strengthened Beethoven's powers by sheer resistance, and we listeners too emerge from the spiritual struggle fortified and re-energised. As Stendhal has put it, only what resists can be leaned upon.

With Beethoven it is the whole man who imposes himself on us, as Shakespeare and Goethe do; with Mozart it is primarily the impeccable artist. With creators like Beethoven and Wagner and Goethe a multitude of experiences, many of them seemingly quite irrelevant to their development as an artist, have gone to the making of the artist in them.

WE may turn with an indulgent smile today from Wagner's frantic endeavours to take command of all the activities of his epoch—political, philosophical, social and the rest. Yet finally we are left with the feeling that without all this wasteful rough-and-tumble this apparent superfluity and misdirection of effort, and the mental discipline that had accompanied it, the creator of the "Ring" and "Tristan" and "Parsifal" would have been of lesser stature than in the end he became. And so with Goethe. For some ten years in the prime of his life he turned his back on poetry and plunged into science—many sciences; yet who can doubt that these apparently misdirected energies contributed in the mysterious depths of him to make him the poet we now know and wonder at?

A consideration of these subconscious depths of the psychology of the greatest artist-creators throws, it may be, a sidelight on a phenomenon that is at first sight rather puzzling. How is it that the greatest musical lyricists—Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Grieg, Wolf, Mahler, Debussy, Fauré for example—have all been composers who have either mastered or had the capacity to master much larger forms than the lyric?

We would have expected *a priori* that the best songs would have come in any quantity from composers who had concentrated their whole powers on the song alone; but it has not been so.

Is the explanation, perhaps, that the tensions they have undergone and the resistances they have met with in the conquest of the larger forms, the discipline to which they had to submit themselves in the overcoming of them, endowed them with added strength when they spread their wings in the more rarefied atmosphere of the song pure and simple?

WINTER