

The Haltonian Magazine

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Summer 1928

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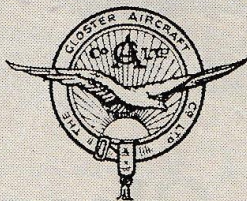
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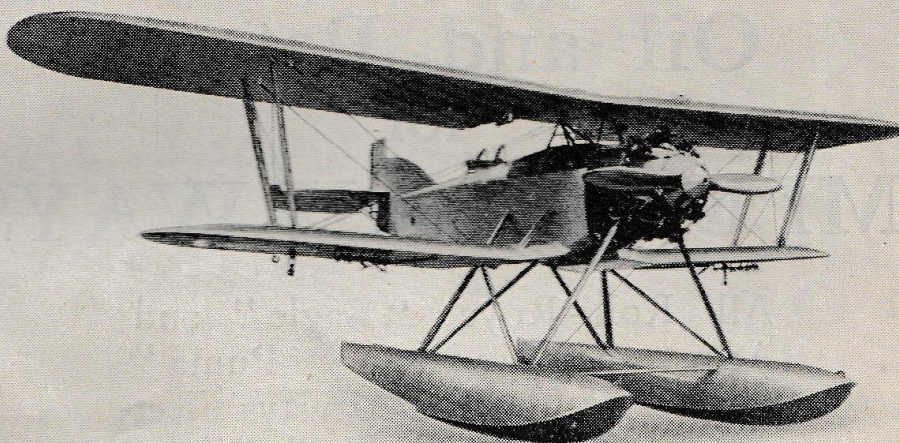
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Gloster "Goring" Seaplane

THE GLOSTER "GORING" SEAPLANE is an entirely new design of two-seater seaplane, convertible to a landplane, and fitted with 480 h.p. Jupiter engine. The machine has been designed to be used as a reconnaissance or bomber type. It carries the usual armament, crew and other equipment. Its useful load is 2,200 lbs. (1,000 kgs.) including petrol up to 150 galls. 680 litres.

The Halton Magazine



SUMMER 1928.—In presenting the present number of the *Halton Magazine* to our readers we should first like to draw their attention to one or two items which we are glad to publish as the result of numerous requests.

We are reprinting, as a special supplement, the Halton Anthem together with the words and music specially written for the musical revue, "Time Flies," also a Royal Air Force hymn which has been much in demand. We should like to take this opportunity of congratulating heartily all those who had a share in producing this original and amusing revue. It proved extremely popular.

The *Halton Magazine* has on sale, at the Canteens and elsewhere, the above-mentioned songs. It is hoped that readers will avail themselves of the opportunity of purchasing this volume. The price is sixpence.

We are enabled to publish our three-coloured frontispiece by the courtesy of the Aircraft and General Fine Art Company, of East Grinstead, who have lent us the necessary blocks. They have asked us to mention that they publish a large series of Christmas cards on the same lines.

AIR COMMODORE I. M. BONHAM CARTER, C.B., O.B.E.—Our first duty is to welcome the arrival of Air Commodore I. M. Bonham Carter as Air Officer Commanding, in succession to Air Vice-Marshal C. L. Lambe, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.

We feel sure that Halton will benefit and thrive greatly under his guidance.

A record of service appears on page 10.

From the point of view of the *Halton Magazine*, we welcome the Air Officer Commanding as President of the Magazine Committee.

We would also like to take this opportunity of congratulating another member of the Magazine Committee, the Senior Technical Officer, Group Captain C. D. Breese, A.F.C., on his promotion.

HALTON AERO CLUB.—The Club continues prosperously on its way. We wish to congratulate all concerned on the success at Hamble, where the newly modelled machine won the Wakefield Cup.

We are glad to be able to publish a photograph of the H.A.C.2 on page 53, also a page of Hamble photographs.

We also wish the Club success in its attempt to win the King's Cup on July 20th and 21st.

We were glad to notice that the H.A.C.2 took part in the "March Past" of new machines at the Hendon Air Pageant.

VALE.—We have to bid farewell to the 12th Entry, No. 2 Wing, at the end of this term, and we are glad to be able to publish a photograph of Wing Commander D. Harries, A.F.C., Officer Commanding No. 2 Wing.

The results of the Passing Out Examination are not yet to hand, but we hope the results will be as good as, or even better than, those obtained by this Entry's predecessors, the 11th Entry.

BELGIAN BATTLEFIELDS TOUR, 1928.—As in the two previous years a party of aircraft apprentices, selected from the two Senior Entries, and accompanied by other members of Halton, are making a tour of the battlefields of Belgium.

The arrangements are in the capable hands of

Mr. A. C. Kermode, and it is therefore certain that the tour will be a successful and enjoyable one.

REVIEW COLUMN.—We should like to draw the attention of our readers to our Review Column, page 107. The books reviewed in this issue are all of an interesting and intriguing nature, and the reviews are written by writers who are authorities on their subject.

These books, therefore, should be read when an opportunity occurs.

They will be found on the shelves of the Wing Libraries.

PARENTS' DAY.—Parents' Day this year will be held on Saturday, July 28th. Given fine weather, we feel sure that it will be as successful and enjoyable as last year.

Finally, we have the pleasant task of wishing our readers an enjoyable Summer leave.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of complimentary copies from our contemporaries.

The Daedalus.

Cadet College (R.A.F. Cranwell).

The Gloster.

The Overseas Airman.

The Eagle (Bedford).

Air.

Airways.

The Sanawarian (The Lawrence Royal Military School)

The Albanian (St. Albans School).

The Gordon Boys' Home Quarterly Gazette.

"481 Flight" R.A.F. Mediterranean Quarterly Review.

The Aeroplane.

Some Impressions of the Zeebrugge Raid

ST. GEORGE'S DAY, APRIL 23rd, 1918

[*In the words of Mr. Winston Churchill in the "World Crisis,"*
"The famous story of the blocking of Zeebrugge on St. George's
Day, by Admiral Keyes and the Dover Force . . . may well
rank as the finest feat of arms in the Great War, and certainly
as an episode unsurpassed in the history of the Royal Navy."]

ROUTINE work—patrolling, minesweeping, minelaying, and submarine hunting—had been periodically interrupted during the course of some months, by urgent orders to proceed to Dover. A number of times we returned to our several bases knowing that the execution of some secret plan of operations had been either postponed or cancelled.

What was behind it all? No one seemed to know, but one remembered—"ours not to reason why." Opinions were frequently exchanged, but none foretold even in part the nature of the ultimate attack.

On some of these visits we found only ourselves—some twenty of the Sheerness motor-launches—joining up with the Dover motor-launches. On another occasion as many as eighty launches, from half a dozen bases, were concentrated for practice and instruction in manœuvres and smoke-screening. These days were full of interest, and excitement was provided as we took our share on the Dover Straits night patrol, the Belgian Coast night patrol, and the smoke-screening of monitors during a daylight bombardment of Ostend or Zeebrugge. The mysterious preparations could not be allowed to interfere with the everyday work of the Dover and Dunkirk Patrols.

We could not but wonder why we were so frequently engaged on flotilla manœuvres—sedulously practising in fair weather and foul those movements so vital to concerted action and success in almost any venture of war, by sea, land or air. Practice was so thorough and regular, that parts of the flag code became unconsciously learned by heart, and many experienced for the first time the fascination of a flag signal flying in the bright sunlight over blue seas with a fresh breeze blowing. Added to this were the thrills of ploughing the

waters at full speed in consort with a pack of others, feeling the spirit of team work animating eighty odd lively small craft.

Surely this meant part of something big to come, and opinion was divided mainly between the probability of a huge bombardment of the German coast defences in Belgium, or a military landing to outflank the Germans on the Western front.

Considerable experimental work and practice was carried out with smoke-producing apparatus, and before long we became skilled in the use of the smoke-screen. After learning the knack of deftly transferring wet soapy-looking slabs of phosphorus from sealed canisters to the oven of the smoke chimney, we blessed the advent of a new device for producing smoke without the handling of phosphorus or the belching of flames from the chimney, as a necessary adjunct. Few guessed that the new idea replaced the old because flames meant detection at night before a screen could be got under way.

Who would have even dreamt, however, that our fellows were going to land on the Zeebrugge Mole, of all places; that we were going to cruise inshore under the muzzles of the coast batteries; and that old hulks were to be scuttled at the canal entrance? To most of us this was the biggest surprise we had met. Marines to land on the Mole! For the first moment or two we felt that some one was playing a joke. With the unfolding of the plan of attack in detail, scepticism soon gave place to admiration and enthusiasm for such wonderful staff-work.

The question of months was answered, and the following day we were to set out for Zeebrugge, while another party was to bottle up enemy craft at Ostend. The tide was at Springs. If any delay occurred we should have to wait another fortnight for the return of the Spring tides, and the secret of the attack might leak out and wholesale slaughter be the result of any attempt. Would the night be calm enough for the host of small craft to be able to cross? We did not want moonlight. Would the wind be light enough, and on shore, from a quarter which would allow us to leave that diagonal passage in the smoke screen which would allow our blocking ships and their attendant craft to see their way in, direct to the Mole, without being seen too soon?

We started out in the late afternoon, and weather conditions seemed favourable. Soon we saw *Vindictive* and the rest beyond the North Foreland coming from the Thames to join

us, and before long we had combined forces and formed a unique procession of queer craft on the high seas.

Night began to fall and the wind dropped almost to a calm, with land out of sight and shadow ships gliding in formation into a darkling, chilly-looking northern sky. We seemed to be the sole inhabitants of a watery world, sailing through a mystery soon to be solved.

The last memory of the twilight is that of a large white ensign unfurling at the masthead of the Admiral's flagship—the destroyer H.M.S. *Warwick*—fast and brand new. How it seemed so wonderfully to take up the high rays of the western glow. We heard afterwards that the flag was silken—white silk, red cross of St. George and the Union Jack—no statelier flag could be imagined.

Soon after, the party for Ostend left us, and we wondered what fortune would attend their exploit, what news the morrow might have of friends who had enheartened and enlivened us in harbour and ashore.

When we were on the point of going inshore to spread the screen the wind fluttered and changed. "Man proposes, God disposes." A critical decision had to be made. The order for a sixteen point turn to starboard told the decision made, and early morning saw us tying up again in Dover Harbour.

For a fortnight or so we learned that anticipation can be worse than realisation; then the Spring tides came round again and another day came which invited a second sally.

We started with a wind which an hour later freshened and made us turn back. Our feelings and thoughts can easily be imagined. The longer the delay, the smaller the chance of success and the greater the fear of secrecy failing.

Once more, some days later, conditions arose which favoured another start. How we hoped that this time we should see the thing done!

At a prearranged position, some few miles off the Mole, we made the last preparations. Tows were slipped by submarines loaded with explosives, and by C.M.B.'s too small to carry enough fuel for the complete run across channel. We greased our faces against the acrid smoke; all had their "tin hats" on and gas masks slung ready.

The first to dash in were the C.M.B.'s—tiny, swift and hard to hit. Smoke buoys were dropped in appointed positions and on time, the M.L.'s surged in to increase the screen and keep it going throughout.

By this time star shells were soaring to cause a weird alternation of pitch-black darkness everywhere, and gigantic domes of brilliant white light surrounded by an outer darkness. The larger craft were intermittently silhouetted against the outer blackness offshore, lurking there with quiet and deadly intent.

Again we were turning in our own smoke, as we plied to and fro on our section of the screen, peering through the smoke or the darkness to keep in touch with those ahead forming our party; when death at the hands of friends almost enveloped us. A shout overhead made each man of us face about, to be confronted by the looming mass of a blocking ship gliding in for the Mole entrance. A narrow shave! A sharp look-out from the blocking ship had saved us, and we fell astern of our big sister as we had seen tug-boats slide astern of our ocean-going leviathans in harbours round the coast.

Still the star shells soared and sprayed us erratically with light; searchlights wavered beyond the smoke, like lamps moving through a fog, and the whine, boom, rattle and screech of every kind of infernal gun and shell rose through a steady crescendo to a sustained concatenation. In the middle of this our smoke producing apparatus failed, the screen thinned, star shells periodically showed rippling water lapping a sandy beach, and we strove to put things right. Soon smoke recommenced to puff from the acid cylinders, but not before we had seen a tremendous column of flame and débris soar into the sky like a magic illuminated Lombardy poplar. At least one of the two submarines had completed her job of daringly piling herself up against the structure of the viaduct connecting the Mole with the mainland, and successfully detonating her terrible cargo.

Once or so during the attack it flashed through the mind that our men must be having a fierce time in the glare of searchlights on the other side of the smoke—those actually clambering on to the huge parapet of the Mole with a nasty drop down to the space below, those in the hand to hand fighting with the gun crews, those demolishing with explosive and flammenwerfer all they could; using cutlass and bayonet, knob-kerry and fists, those planting the Union Jack in the heart of an enemy stronghold, and those doggedly navigating the tricky approach to the canal entrance, or smaller craft dropping calcium flares as a guide to the canal and rescuing

the crews of blocking ships, settling down, we hoped, in their appointed places.

Sooner than expected, after what seemed a nightmare of excitement, an inferno of fireworks, a destroyer's siren sounded the Retreat. Where had the enemy small craft been all this time? Nothing seemed to have come out to interfere with us, as we had expected, and we had not fired a round.

What would we hear when we got back? Anyhow, where were we? Which way for home? We headed west hoping to fall in with a destroyer, and in the light of the morning glided through the harbour entrance, to find old *Vindictive* home before us, with superstructure battered into chaos, but with hull almost untouched. She had returned at full speed with the furnaces belching flames from her shattered funnels.

Newspapers told us within a few hours almost all we wanted to know of what had been a great success, and on looking back we felt that we had also experienced a moral success in the co-operation of all ranks. We realised the interdependence of every individual and every branch of the Services, both in war and peace, whether military or civil.

Sadness was side by side with success, for every one had lost admired and well-loved shipmates.

J. P.-J.

Record of Service

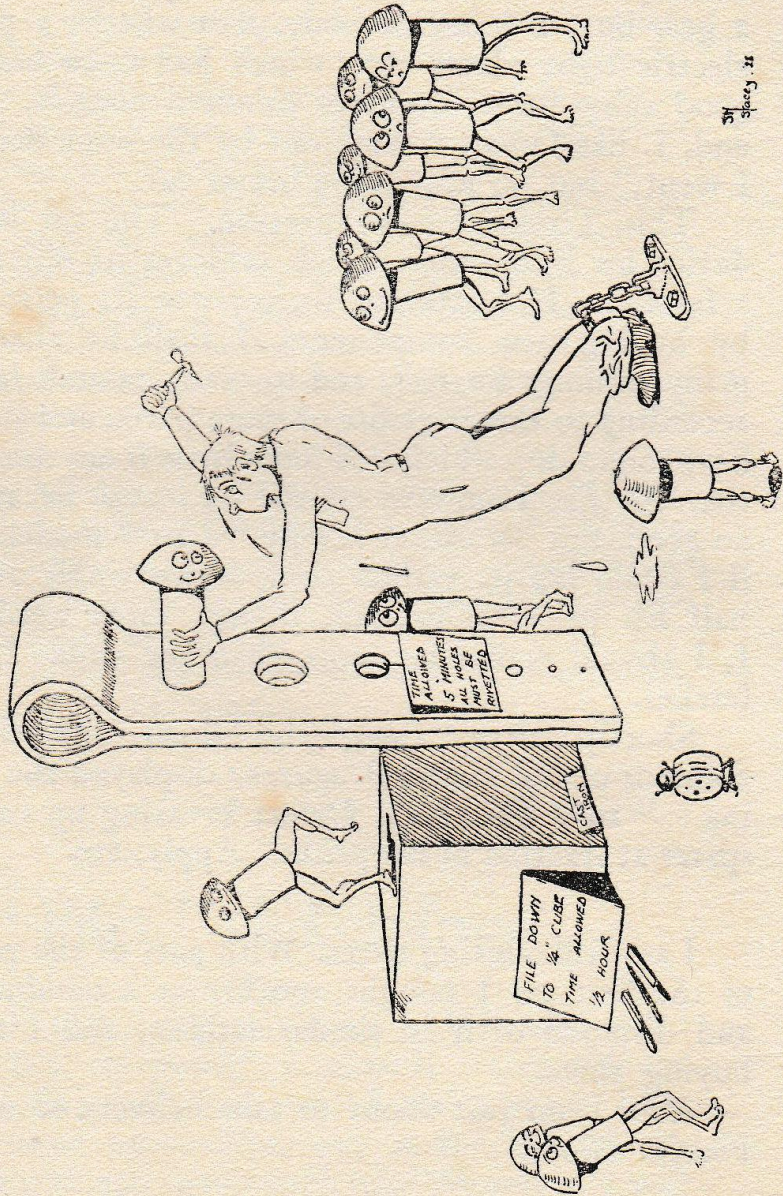
Air Commodore I. M. Bonham Carter, C.B., O.B.E., assumed command of this Station, April 1st, 1928.

He obtained a commission in the Northumberland Fusiliers in October 1900, and saw war service on the lines of communication in South Africa, 1901-1902, and later on the North West Frontier, India, in 1908, with the 5th Fusiliers.

He was seconded to the Royal Flying Corps in 1914, and at the outbreak of the World War he served in No. 4 Squadron, Royal Flying Corps.

He was appointed Group Captain in August 1919, and commanded the Royal Air Force in Ireland, 1920-1922, and later was posted to the Inland Area, Uxbridge. Subsequently he was appointed Officer Commanding No. 23 Group Headquarters, Grantham.

THE METAL-RIGGERS NIGHTMARE.



By
Sperry . 11

The Daily Round

When morning light illuminates the sky,
And night-inspired visions fade and die,
Borne on the air we hear the hated cry—
“ Git aht o’ bed ! ”

Then when we breakfast, dreamy at the mess,
And eat some stuff impossible to guess ;
We hear the angry Sergeant’s fond caress—
“ Shut up talkin’ ! ”

And when that short and hasty meal is o’er,
Amid our scurried work we wish for more,
Until awakened by a deafening roar—
“ Git on parade ! ”

And when with honest pride our bosoms swell,
When on the march we think we’re doing well,
Our hopes are shattered by that awful yell—
“ Git yer arms up ! ”

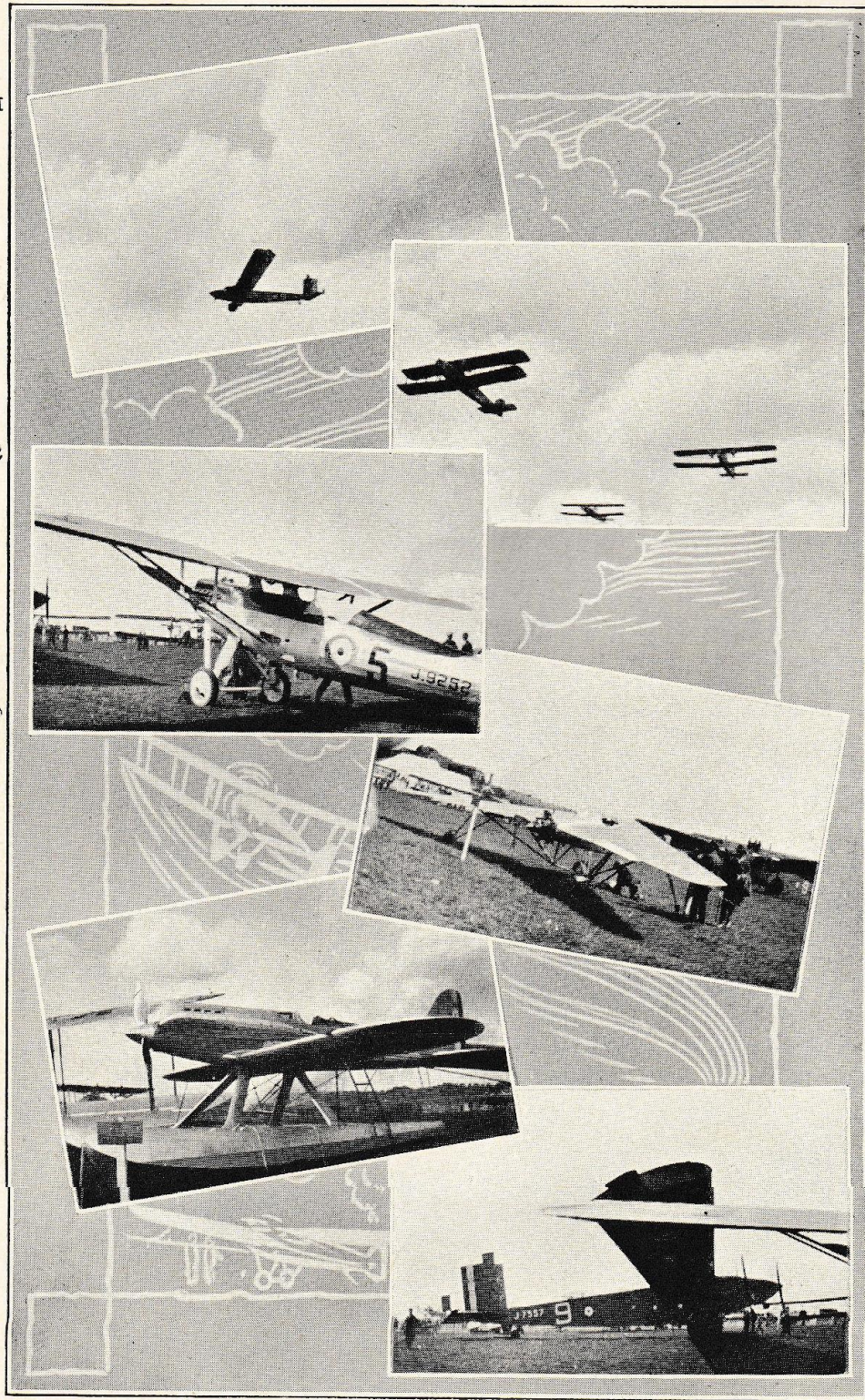
And still at dinner is the cry supreme,
When homeward thoughts are clogged by smell
and steam,
Across the cook-house rings the dreaded scream—
“ Will yer keep quiet ! ”

And when at last we reach our welcome bed,
And on the pillow rest a weary head,
There rings a shout enough to wake the dead—
“ Git them lights aht ! ”

At present we must listen in repose
To all the language which so often flows,
Our turn, perhaps, will come one day—who knows,
“ Ahem ! I wonder ! ”

R.

ROYAL AIR FORCE DISPLAY, HENDON, 1928.



1. Inflexible taking-off.
2. Westland Wizard.
3. Schneider Trophy Winner.

4. Formation of Virginias.
5. Pterodactyl II.
6. The Inflexible.