

The Haltonian Magazine and the Daedalus

43 Entry Edition

September 1943

(Scroll down)

Officers' mess, Halls House



**THE
HALTON
MAGAZINE**

SEPTEMBER, 1943.

A Message from

—the **A.O.C.**

So much to do, so little time in which to do it, probably best expresses the feelings of the Admin. staffs, instructors and trainees at a School of Technical Training. It is therefore all the more gratifying to find some who always seem willing to give up so much of their little spare time in order to make that of others the more enjoyable.

The production of this Magazine is a case in point and our thanks are due to those who have accomplished it. I hope that the talent and interest will be forthcoming to make the Magazine a continuing feature of life at Halton.

THE HALTON MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER 1943.

EDITORIAL

THE R.A.F. had to forge a birth certificate to get into the last war. Its tactical usefulness was still open to question; its strategic value not even existent. Four years ago the R.A.F. entered the second World War an equal partner with the older Services. It had to stand its part lest all perish.

Halton, which became an Air Force Station in 1918, has witnessed and in large part made the history of the years between. While successive Governments failed to find in public opinion sufficient warrant to build an Air Force adequate to our world wide needs, Halton together with Cranwell and Manston strove to ensure that the deficiency of its establishment should be redeemed by the quality of its training. When, twelve months after the outbreak of war, the R.A.F., with the barest margin of serviceable planes beat the Luftwaffe from the skies of Britain, it was Halton together with her sister establishments that stood vindicated.

It is therefore without any sort of apology that, after an interval of nearly four years, we have revived *The Halton Magazine*. Halton has served the country well and begs humble leave to tell itself so.

The last issue, that of Summer 1939, was a truly magnificent affair, boasting 80 pages of super thick paper. Our present issue however claims two novel virtues: first it is a monthly production instead of a triannual; secondly it is entirely home produced. It has been printed on the Halton Society Press. This station possesses great resources of specialised ability. Among its staff have been found expert newspaper men to whose skill as compositors and sub-editors the revived Magazine will owe what modest success it may achieve. The Magazine can use all the ability and experience the Station can provide in this direction and will

owe its continuance and improvement not to the labour of a chosen few, but to the exploitation of the ability in which this community has always been rich. Men and women who have experience of printing and its allied trades—who can write, draw, illustrate or be interesting or amusing on paper can be sure that their cooperation will be valued by the Editorial Committee.

Since the outbreak of war many changes have come to Halton. Men on intensive courses have replaced most of the apprentices. Women have come to supplement the supply of men. The flow of tradesmen has accelerated. From the Workshops many have gone to furnish in various parts of the world that air superiority on which success in modern war depends. Into the Hospital have come many whose personal safety mattered less to them than the Cause they serve. Elsewhere in these pages some record of these changes will be found. A wit once observed "The Royal Air Force is at war; one day the Halton Air Force will declare war too." Poor patient instructor! Your work is not always rich in its obvious rewards. But you will find your recompense in the regard of the aircrews whose aircraft, thanks to you, were maintained at 90 per cent serviceability during the worst conditions of fighting in the Western Desert.

During these years of war Halton has continued to preserve those amenities of life which are possible to a station of its size and equipment. Sport, entertainment, education are available to relieve the dominant theme of training. It will be the aim of this periodical to introduce Halton to itself; to draw upon its wit and invention to enliven its life; to publicise its many activities; and to celebrate its accomplishments.

In the Spotlight This Month

Air Commodore H. G. White

This camp is a community in which are to be found more interesting personalities than could be discovered in a Town of equal size. We propose to bring one of these personalities into the spotlight each month. We are privileged in the first issue to introduce the A.O.C. Not, if we may say so, because he is the A.O.C., but because few men in this country, let alone this camp, have had a more full, varied and interesting life.

EXCEPT for a mental picture of a heavily-braided hat and a thick band relieving an austere personality, what do we know of our Station Commander?

What do we know of him as a person? What does he like and dislike? Where has he been, and what did he do before he inherited the responsibility of shaping the policy of Halton and representing it to the outside world, and the even heavier job of dealing with our grievances, difficulties and uncertainties? It is to these personal questions that your reporter, with perhaps a little trepidation, set out to find an answer.

Like most versatile men, Air Commodore White prefers doing things to talking about them; his reserved air hides a history of accomplishment and adventure.

His first adventure might have been his last, for at the age of five he almost took to the air; when sent to his room for some juvenile crime he was later seen standing on his head on the sill of an open window, three storeys from the ground. This display produced full remission of punishment, when a friendly gardener drew the attention of his parents to the possible danger attached to a continuance of the performance.

From the age of six he rode his father's hunters—but often found this pastime more interesting when practised whilst facing aft. In riper years he has employed his equestrian abilities in playing polo, riding in steeplechases and point-to-points, and hunting with the Belvoir and Blankeney in England, and with the Peshawar Vale and Quetta Hunts in India.

In sport generally Air Commodore White's achievements are those of a first-class athlete.

In 1923 and 1924 he played Rugby for the R.A.F., when they beat both the Army and the Navy. Still a first-class tennis player, he was runner-up in the Services Singles at Singapore, and in various double events. For two years successively he and Air Vice-Marshal Fraser played the present King and Group Captain Sir Louis Greig in the R.A.F. Championships. They lost their match on the first occasion but reversed the result in the following year.

Our Station Commander showed first tendencies towards airmindedness at the age of seven, when he was taken for a flight in a balloon—wearing a straw boater. Nevertheless, his original intention was to join the Navy, but after having successfully interviewed their



Lordships of the Admiralty, he was thwarted from entering the Naval Cadets College at Osborne by a medical board pronouncing him colour-blind. This was proved to be incorrect only after he was too old to try again for Osborne.

Having been stumped by the French exam, in a sporting attempt to enter the Royal Naval College Dartmouth via H.M.S. *Conway*, he switched to the Army at the outbreak of the War, and passed into the Royal Military College Sandhurst at the age of seventeen.

At Sandhurst his enthusiasm for flying led to his exchanging several passenger flights at nearby Farnborough for fourteen days' C.C.

SEPTEMBER 1940

*A purr of evil, a pest of doom
Where a barrage of heavened gun-bursts hover,
Wail of a siren, fear in a room,
Death in a whistle and a rush to cover,
The pale strained face of a bomb-shocked
trembler;
Are these September?*

*A lash from April, a lure of June
And snippets of meek St. Martin's weather,
Cawk of a lapwing, rime on a moon,
With a rain-wet field and a speckled feather,
Drizzle and stubble, a smudge fire's ember;
Were these September?*

*A warp of a sunblaze, a weft of fawn,
Twisted and braided and woven together,
An old rose, browning; a misted dawn,
And a dry sweet lisp of wind among heather,
Motley and medley good to remember;
These were September.*

JAC.

apiece! At eighteen he was granted a commission in the Buffs, and simultaneously contrived to become attached to the R.F.C. After only two hours' instruction he made his first solo flight—and this was before the days of parachutes. After a further thirteen hours of somewhat adventurous solo flying, he joined Number 20 Bomber Squadron in France. Here he was promptly christened "the child pilot", and was heard to remark that he was much more frightened of his own flying than of any Huns!

After eleven months' continuous active service he was transferred home for flying instructional duties; where, as he puts it, he made the discovery that he did not know the first thing about flying.

During this short three months' break from active service he helped to analyse the art of juggling with death in an aeroplane, and had a hand in developing the School of Special Flying at Gosport. There he was one of the two Whites to evolve the roll, now better known as the Victory Roll; only one White survived this piece of flying research.

On his return to France, he became a Senior Flight Commander of 29 Fighter Squadron—at the ripe age of nineteen. After numerous encounters with the enemy he met his Waterloo while offering combat to nine German aircraft, in an attempt to draw them off the rest of his squadron, who were busily bursting observation balloons. After shooting down three of the enemy he collided with a fourth, which finally disentangled itself and disintegrated. There being no parachutes in 1918, F/Lt. White made for the British lines with what was left of his S.E.5 and made contact with the earth at the only speed at which some control remained, that is to say at rather more than 130 m.p.h. The result of this manœuvre was

that he spent several hours standing on his head in the remains of his plane, before German shelling ceased; when, as he puts it, "the body was rescued, placed right side up, and found to be reasonably serviceable—though badly in need of a half-can."

Later he commanded 64 (F) Squadron in Belgium and then 29 (F) Squadron with the Army of Occupation at Cologne—where he celebrated his twenty-first birthday by acting as President at a Court of Enquiry on a car accident sustained by S/L. Crowe, who was another Fighter Squadron Commander in that area.

Peacetime ushered in a variety of courses—including Cambridge University and Henlow Engineering Courses—after which F/Lt. White was posted to India, where he spent five years with 28 (Army Co-operation) Squadron. This Squadron operated throughout the country, but its chief work was to educate unruly tribesmen that war and crime does not pay over Waziristan and the Baluchi-Persian frontiers.

This time in India was succeeded by a period of home service, during which he held a Staff appointment at Cranwell College for three years, followed by two years at the Headquarters Air Defence of Great Britain. He spent the three years from 1936 to May 1939 at Singapore, then Headquarters of the Far Eastern Command.

Travelling has been a hobby as well as a duty for Air Commodore White. Before the war he visited Kenya, and a considerable collection of heads and skins prove him in addition to be a good shot. Other things he enjoys are flying, deep sea sailing, and fishing. When asked what are his principal dislikes, he answered with considerable feeling, "Writing, having a cold in the head, bombing from the target end, and being asked to say a few words."

HALTON IN PEACE AND WAR

HALTON was built for war. It was built to provide a nucleus of skilled tradesmen for the Service which, it was realised even in 1922, would be the main weapon in any future conflict.

Yet in the years before Munich war seemed very far from Halton. It was in some respects the West Point of the Air Force. Punctilious attention to discipline was an important feature of the apprentices' training; and this, combined with an equally thorough application to the technical side, profoundly influenced their attitude to life and to their task in the Service.

It would be wrong, however, to regard peacetime Halton as a gloomy place. On the contrary, it was much more lighthearted than it is now. The youngsters who served their apprenticeship entered the Service to make it their career, and had therefore a proper respect for its tradition.

The discipline, strict though it was, had an element of glamour. Its outward symbols—bands playing and men marching with absolute precision—had in peacetime a romantic air which war has dispelled. Even the regulations, as part of the tradition, were more or less cheerfully accepted.

But rules are made to be broken; the harsher the rules, the more fun there is in breaking them. Most ex-apprentices will tell you more about the occasions when they broke bounds, climbed in through windows stealthily in the dead of night, or wrecked half the camp in a colossal "rag", than they will about the restrictions imposed on them.

Halton indeed was a boys' school, where boys were boys in the usual way, and it was not a bad place in which to spend one's youth. In the workshops, as in sport and on the square, the spirit of competition spiced every activity. Wing vied with Wing, and there was an eagerness to do well which made the standard of achievement very high.

Rivalry was encouraged by the fact that training was on a Wing basis—instructors, engineering officers, and administrative staff were all in the same Wing as the boys under their charge.

For the boys themselves, the highlight of the year was Parents' Day, when prizewinners had the satisfaction of displaying the results of their work to extremely proud fathers and mothers—or, as they reached the end of their training, to sweethearts. Empire Air Day was another great annual occasion. There was

plenty of sport and spare-time entertainment, and a corporate spirit flourished

Friendships of the most enduring kind were formed in those days, for the boys spent the greater part of their time in camp. The towns of Aylesbury and Wendover were less developed than they are to-day, and the apprentices visited them infrequently. It was in their own barrack-rooms and canteens, and with their own friends, that they found most of their entertainment. Theirs was, in fact, a monastic sort of life.

The declaration of war was received by the apprentices with a great deal of enthusiasm, and they were tremendously eager to finish their training and volunteer for air crew duties. Most of them were soon out in the battle, and many have lost their lives. Their devotion to duty in every field of war has done Halton credit.

Meantime, in the camp, the black-out, hastily dug trenches, and elementary infantry training foreshadowed changes which were to alter its atmosphere completely. The boys accepted all these things as part of an exciting adventure: which is perhaps the best way to look at war, if one can.

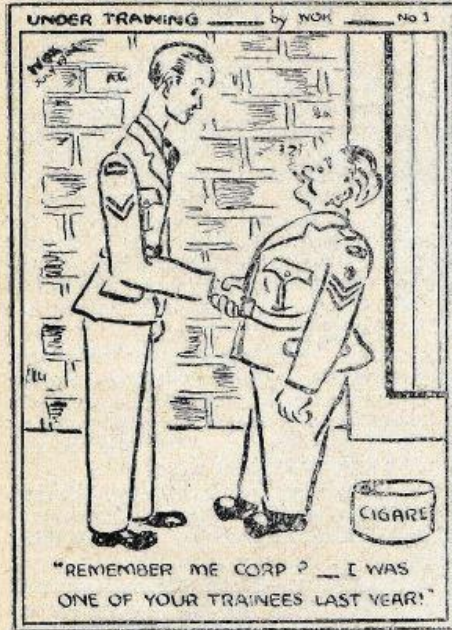
They got a good deal of fun out of many little incidents, such as the sudden blossoming forth of civilian instructors in uniform.

But there was a grim urgency behind the preparations. At first, until the number of apprentices dwindled, there were few striking alterations. Gradually, however, the changeover from long-term training to the task of turning out tradesmen quickly in large numbers was accomplished. With the exception of No. 1 Wing, the camp was soon occupied by trainees fresh from civilian occupations.

Inevitably much of the pre-war atmosphere was lost. Men who arrived and departed at intervals of months, instead of years, could not be expected to absorb the Halton tradition. They regarded the camp as a jumping-off place, and as they were older, and expected more sophisticated pleasures than either the camp or the neighbouring towns had to offer, most of them did not care how soon they jumped.

To-day Halton is in the same position as, for example, some of the old universities. It has had to give up something of its dignity in favour of speed; its traditions, so far as the airmen's wings are concerned, are in cold storage for the duration.

Hopes and Fears for Art



But there is no reason why this should be carried too far. Halton's traditions are the traditions of the Air Force, and these have a definite value.

The Air Force has expanded so much since the days when it was more or less a closed union, when ex-boys could be sure of meeting ex-boys wherever they went, that it is hardly recognisable.

But it is still basically the same, and the recruits who have entered it only for the duration have, by their sacrifice of precious years, proved that it is the same.

They feel proud to belong to a Service which is playing such a vital part in the war. Surely it is also right to have some pride in being trained, even for a few weeks only, at No. 1 School of Technical Training, which laid the foundation of the whole vast maintenance organisation of the R.A.F., and which has given to the Service men like Group Captain D. W. Lane (10th Entry), Deputy Director of Organisation; Group Captain R. G. Yaxley, D.S.O., M.C., D.F.C., of the 21st Entry, who is now missing; Wing Commander F. D. Terdrey, O.B.E. (11th Entry), now at the R.A.F. Staff College; Wing Commander T. Mahaddie, D.S.O., D.F.C., A.F.C. (22nd Entry); Sgt; Gray, V.C., and hundreds of other ex-apprentices.

WE decided to hold an Exhibition of Arts and Crafts! For months we tried to form an Arts and Crafts Club. We circularised the Wings; we made individual contacts; we made enthusiastic suggestions about art "parties", art "outings", art "discussions" and art "groups". We met similar enthusiasm everywhere—yet, somehow, it was never successful.

People preferred to remain individual in their art. They were all either shy or reticent about their capabilities and potentialities. Furthermore, they all specialised so much in a particular branch of the arts and crafts that we seldom found more than two or three with common art interest.

More startling was the fact that, despite our efforts, we could not contact or collect one-tenth of the people that we knew must be interested—so what now?

We were dubious, if not scared, of what we might receive and of the possible number of entrants. We "slammed" posters everywhere, begging for entries. We canvassed the workshops, the Wings and the hospital, and slowly we received names.

Fortunately, we'd given everyone plenty of notice and people were able to sort their work, trim it and enter it. Then—a week before the exhibition—we were suddenly flooded with entries!

Some of the work was truly excellent, and all the efforts of both W.A.A.F. and R.A.F. showed skill, originality and aptitude.

This puts paid to the idea that art interest is lost during War-time. Rather would I say that it is encouraged. Amusements are few these days; lots of pre-war hobbies and pastimes are dead—killed by lack of material, insufficient spare time and geographical inopportunity. So the active mind turns to art as a form of amusement.

We've decided to hold another Exhibition, and later another; and then another; and then still more. Why not? You can obtain material and advice from F/Lt. Barrett in the new schools. You can get all the possible help and encouragement from F/Lt. Boston in the old workshops. So get cracking! Why? Because this war is as much creative as it is destructive. We shall definitely have a new world and a new peace. You are winning it and your ideas are the foundation of the reconstruction. Art and design will play a huge part in the rebuilding.

One thing more. Has it ever occurred to you that there'll be lots of scope in post-war commercial art? There will! Have a go, chums! Don't forget, the next Exhibition is being held this month.

SERVICE EDUCATION

THE war has already wasted four years of everybody's life. Whereas youth and age can look upon this wastage philosophically and strike a balance between experience gained and amenities lost, the bulk of those in the Armed Forces are at that age where the loss is a much more serious matter. For it involves loss of those vital years of training on which careers and futures depend.

For this reason the Services are concerned to do as much as possible to reduce the wastage by the provision of educational facilities. The form of squandering the State can least afford is squandering of trained brain power.

No man or woman who, before the war, had ambitions should fail to enquire what these facilities are. To attempt to meet the vocational needs of every airman and airwoman is an essential part of the Station Education Officer's job.

Matriculation.—Did you know that in the Services you can sit for the London Matriculation under more favourable conditions than were ever available to you in civilian life? Did you know that the R.A.F. will pay a large part of your fees; that you can be granted special leave for sitting for the examination? On this Station it is possible to cope with all the major matriculation subjects.

Remustering.—But education in the Services is not solely concerned with preparation for careers. To remuster to any of the mechanical trades one needs a knowledge of basic mathematics; to remuster to the electrical trades a grounding in elementary physics and electrical theory; to remuster to Clerk G.D. Watch-keeper a familiarity with geography; to remuster to many other trades a good command of English; to be accepted for Aircrew, sound maths and clear English. The list is a long one.

Advancement in a highly specialised Service like the R.A.F. is largely a matter of educational attainment. Service interest and personal interest here combine. Tuition is available.

The Formidable Man.—Education has another side. It is designed to stimulate the thing we are fighting to preserve: independent thought and enquiry. We are a free thinking people, but for too long we have found it difficult to know what to think. Discussion, in barracks, in the N.A.A.F.I. and elsewhere, goes on ceaselessly as the critical issues of the day become apparent. It is the aim of Service education to encourage and stimulate this discussion. The truly formidable fighting man is the man who knows what he is fighting for and loves what he knows!

Recreation.—And education is recreation. By the time this magazine appears preparation will be nearly complete for the setting up of a Handicrafts Centre at Halton. You can't buy Christmas presents for your families and friends but you can make them.

Exhibitions, films, music, wireless, listening, reading, play reading; it is the function of Service Education to provide these and other things.

General Subjects.—Finally Service Education seeks to provide for the felt needs of airmen and airwomen whatever subjects of instruction are demanded. Languages (French, German, Spanish), Economics, English, Mathematics, Shorthand are the stock-in-trade on this as on other stations. Beyond this, correspondence courses are available to Service personnel in every subject from Chartered Accountancy to Advertising, from Market Research to Meteorology. Education is, so to speak, on the doorstep.

All this by way of preamble to what will be a regular monthly educational feature. Next month we shall set before you in some detail everything that is offered on this Station in the way of education. In the meantime watch for announcements and make known your needs, whatever they may be.

The Station Education Officer lives at Room 72, the Schools.

HOME FROM HOME

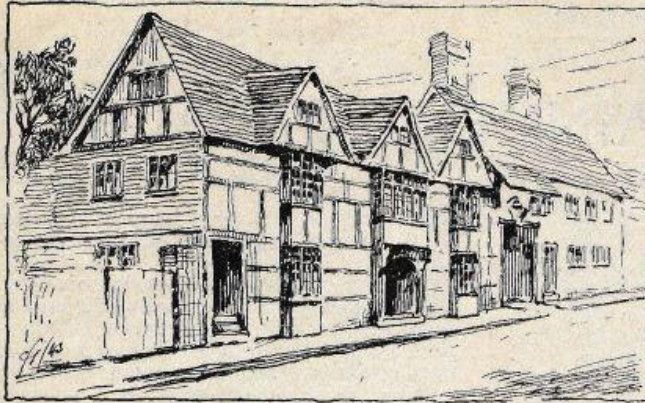
WE'VE washed the walls of the billet down;

The place is horribly neat,
With never a speck to cause a frown,
And nowhere to set our feet.

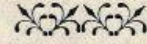
We'll drop no ash on the floor to-day,
Our junk is out of sight;
And this is the prayer we humbly pray,
"Please—no encore to-night!

"Oh! officer, marching through our room
Where brasses are all aglow,
And polished bedrails light the gloom,
Please let your people go!"

(And ah! for the day when freedom calls,
And inspections are no more;
When mould will grow on these grim walls,
And dust lie thick on the floor.) B. S.



WENDOVER GREW WITH ENGLAND



AND THE "RED LION"
LOOKED ON



"WENDOVER?" you say; "there's nothing to it." You might as well say there's nothing to England; for Wendover is in many ways typical of the country. It contains buildings that date from medieval times, and is in essence all the little towns and villages that have for centuries bred the steady English yeomanry.

It was here, on market days at the time when Elizabeth was playing ducks and drakes with Spain, that farmers met to discuss the tilling of their chalky soil, and no doubt also to grumble at the weather and malign the Spaniards in the rich Bucks dialect.

They and their like continued to raise fine crops during the Stuart interlude; then while the Pretenders made their romantic attempts at a come-back; and later, while the industrial revolution blackened the sky farther north, and unfair taxes just fell short of causing a revolution of a more drastic nature. Round Wendover the ploughing went on, as it does now despite the most violent upheaval to date.

In Wendover itself the houses mellowed and grew old, new houses were built haphazard, and it began to assume its modern appearance of sprawling somnolence.

Buses now rumble through the streets which once echoed to the rattle of coaches bound for London. Yet Wendover is much the same as it was then, and as it was over seventy years ago, when Robert Louis Stevenson, walking over from High Wycombe, looked down through the trees and saw it in the valley—"a straggling, purposeless sort of place".

"Everybody," he thought, "seems to have had his own opinion as to how the street should go; or rather, every now and then a man seems to have arisen with a new idea on the subject, and led away a little sect of neighbours to share his heresy."

R. L. S., with more good sense than one would have suspected, found his way at once to the inn—none other than the Red Lion, which was three hundred years old when he visited it. He describes it as "a pleasant old house, with bay-windows and three peaked gables, and many swallows' nests plastered in the eaves."

The hotel has been modernised since then, but the parlour can be no more pleasing than the one in which he sat—low, wainscoted, with a fireplace across one corner and a cupboard across the other. "The furniture was old and stiff. Everything was in keeping, down to the ponderous leaden inkstand on the round table. And you may fancy how pleasant it looked, all flushed and flickered over by the light of a brisk companionable fire, and seen, in a strange tilted sort of perspective, in the three compartments of the old mirror above the chimney."

However much the inn has changed inside, the walls are the old walls, within whose shelter dusty travellers, weary after a day's riding, stretched spurred and booted legs before the fire. It is not difficult, when dusk has fallen on the town, to imagine the clip-clop of horses' hooves in the quiet street, and the torches and bustle in the innyard. Then stillness again, and a door banging as a yawning ostler goes into the kitchen for a last jug of brown ale.

Nowadays the war has made Wendover busier than usual, but nothing can shatter its serenity. Looking down from Combe Hill, with the town nestling underneath and the hedgerow-patterned country stretching to the distant horizon, you realise that here there is something enduring, something which will ride out the storms of to-day or to-morrow and emerge essentially unchanged: something that is the spirit of England.

Fall in for a Good Time on

ENTERTAINMENT PARADE

with "YORICK"

ONCE knew a man who was the life and soul of his barrack room. He had remarkable powers as a mimic—from Stukas dive-bombing to eggs and bacon frying or Popeye singing, he could imitate them all perfectly. Unfortunately he was at his best about midnight. Even so he was superb.

But had he ever taken part in a station variety concert? Not he. The thought made him sweat blood—and that was in the days before voluntary blood donations.

Doctor's Orders

MOST of the people on this camp are here on courses which (let's admit it) are some-what binding. They impose quite a

severe strain on your grey matter, and if you are to remain sane you must have some relaxation.

This fact is recognised by Training Command. You have more leisure here than you'd have on an operational unit, and all sorts of entertainment are provided, with the ulterior motive of keeping you fresh and keen on your work.

So eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow you may be posted. In other words, fall in for a good time (as the mermaid said to the sailor).

Silent Service?

IT is strange, but true, that in the past entertainments at Halton have had less support than they deserved from the people they were

"THE GANG SHOW"

WHY IS IT SUCH A RIOT?

WHEN a Ralph Reader show comes to camp, the camp goes to the show. Yet some other variety concerts (no names no E.N.S.A.) have what we might tactfully call a lukewarm reception.

E.N.S.A. shows are not exceptionally popular on this camp, although they are backed by a huge organisation with hundreds of professional artistes to draw upon.

On the other hand the amateur activities of the Gang fill the concert hall night after night, and bring shrieks of ecstatic mirth from the audience. What is the vital difference?

You know the story about the girl he left behind him? (He had been posted overseas.) She heard he was having a good time with a Rhodesian beauty, and in her anxiety to hold her man she airgraphed this plaintive appeal: "What has she got that I haven't got?"

He airgraphed back: "Nothing, but it's arranged better."

Something like that can be said of the Ralph Reader shows. Most of the lads in the Gang are not particularly talented. The choruses are

sung in unison, and not brilliantly: any eight men on this station could sing as well.

There aren't any props, and the humour relies a lot on having men dressed up as women, and giving them physical peculiarities.

But we all enjoy it.

Where the show scores is in the emphasis on speed and polish and the avoidance of elaborate settings, which waste time. It is snappy, it carries conviction, it's topical, and the fellows on the stage give everything they've got.

The recipe for a Gang Show is to take less than a dozen airmen, some of whom can do a really good turn, get together a collection of songs, sketches, dances and instrumental items, turn what can't be done well into a burlesque, and give the service as far as is polite (or politic!)

Into this mixture pour a colossal quantity of pep, stir into vigorous movement, and serve hot.

What we want is bags of fun put over with a faintly cynical tang, and music well played.

Which is what Ralph Reader gives us.

meant to amuse. Station shows have been produced only after colossal efforts on the part of a few enthusiasts, and in many cases have made as much stir as a feather falling down a well.

Variety concerts have been less frequent than they should be, simply because not enough turns were found to make a larger number possible. There must be many lights hiding under bushels of modesty on the camp. We want to see them shine on the stage.

Look Here!

IN FUTURE there will be no excuse for apathy. Entertainment Parade, in conjunction with the "What's On" notices, is designed to let you know what shows are projected, whether or not you can help, and where you should make yourself known.

For inveterate on lookers there will be a fairly detailed forecast of entertainments, so that they will be able to enjoy themselves (within reason) in whatever way they choose.

What's Cooking

AT LEAST three major shows are to be produced this winter: two musicals ("Pride of the Regiment" in November and another in March) and a straight show, probably at the end of January. A play may be put on as an extra.

These shows are being run under Station auspices, and will be produced by the Station Entertainment Officer, F.Lt. W. A. Steiner.

You can get in touch with F.Lt. Steiner at the Dental Centre, near Maitland Guardroom, or, if that neighbourhood seems too morbid, through the wing organisation.

Have a Go!

A LARGE number of people will be wanted to help in these productions. If you can sing or act (or think you can), if you have talent enough to do a turn on your own or with a few others who are equally daft, or if you can play a musical instrument without having furniture thrown at you, you are the man (or woman) of the moment.

Behind the scenes stage hands, scenery designers and constructors are all required. Believe me, it's fun being behind the scenes at a station production. You have a wonderful feeling of being in the know, and can share in the performers' glory without running their risks.

It's all For You

REMEMBER, these shows are put on for your benefit—not only to amuse the camp for a few nights every two or three months, but to provide people who have talent with an opportunity of developing it, and at the same time

In the Band No. 1

SGT. G. CARTER

HAMPSHIRE born, Sgt. George Carter was meant to be a veterinary surgeon, but preferred music. Finally he faced the world armed with musical degrees, and considerable ability as a pianist.

He began as an accompanist and member of a classical quintette. Then he toured Britain with several musical comedies. When war broke out he had played in London and the provinces, and abroad, in theatre and cinema orchestras and well-known dance bands.

At Windsor, where he made his home, he supplied dance bands and concert parties for all sorts of social functions, and found time to do a good deal of broadcasting as an accompanist and in orchestras.

Joining the R.A.F. about three years ago he was posted on a F.M.A. course to Halton. In No. 3 Wing, which already had a small orchestra, he was encouraged by F.Lt. (now S.Ldr.) Jellicoe and S.Ldr. Porter to form No. 3 Wing military band and dance band. As a trainee he organised the first concert broadcast from the station. Eventually he was taken off the course to devote himself entirely to entertainments.

When the King visited Halton, 3 Wing Military band played for the A.T.C. march past, and at the Officers' mess. Sgt. Carter had the honour of being presented to the King, who congratulated him on the band's performance.

Shortly afterwards the two bands were taken over by the station, and he became station entertainment N.C.O. He has kept the bands up to standard although an average of five members are posted each week. Nearly 800 musicians have passed through his hands in the R.A.F. A large amount of mail reaches him from former bandmen all over the world.

Much of the success of the concerts on the station is due to Sgt. Carter, who has to keep track of music, instruments, musicians, and a very full engagement diary, and does it all with a smile.



giving them something interesting to do while the show is being rehearsed.

Don't let yourselves down. If you can help be big about it and help. And if you can't, then go to the shows when they are produced. They're yours.

E.N.S.A.

BESIDES the entertainments run by the Station, there will be an E.N.S.A. show once a fortnight. I'd like to give you the low-

down on these, but that will probably be impossible.

All I can say about them is that sometimes they are really good, and that hitherto they have not attracted sufficient attention. Give them a hearing, and if they fall below standard let a large moan be made.

Wing Disposal

WING variety concerts sprout at very short notice, which is as it should be. What is less satisfactory is that there should be so few of them. In my opinion there could be one in each wing every week. No. 5 Wing did well in this respect last winter; there is no reason why other wings should not follow suit. Once again, it's up to you. See your wing entertainment representatives, and things will get moving.

Talent Spotting

THESE wing concerts are a vital part of the Station entertainment scheme (or should be) because they can be got up very easily, and can be staged in the N.A.A.F.I. You don't need anything terribly ambitious. Somebody to play the piano, a few people who can sing, the inevitable compere, and there it is. You can fill up with community singing, which goes over in the N.A.A.F.I. much better than it does in some of the pubs around these parts.

Wing concerts, if they become an established custom, would make an excellent breeding ground for talent. The best performers could be recommended for station variety concerts, which would thus have a constant inflow of new blood.

Where were the Stars?

THE need for some such organisation—or rather for use of the existing organisation—was emphasised by the audition held last month to find new stars for the station concert party. A fairly good response was obtained, but only a few reached the standard required for a station show.

It may be argued that this was because the talent is not there to be found. This is unlikely. More probably people who could help are disinclined to do so. They must be encouraged to co-operate.

For example, an airman from Halton recently had an audition for Ralph Reader's Gang Show. Yet during his stay here he had never appeared in any station show. This should not happen, and only an access of enthusiasm all round can prevent it happening again.

Why not a Choir?

FINALLY, what about a Station Choir? There is certainly a demand for one—just listen sometime outside any barrackroom.

There's always somebody giving voice—not always tunefully, but does that matter? What these perpetual warblers want is a chance to exercise their lungs where they won't disturb anybody. A choir is the obvious answer.

Sgt. Summers (No. 4 Bay, old workshops), and Cpl. Stone (C.D.O., No. 4 Wing) are prepared to get a choir going. Hand your names to them. If enough names are received, information about where and when the rehearsals will start will be posted in your wing.

Stop Press.

Two 5 wing corporals were the pick of the bunch at last month's audition: Cpl. Sid Fazackerly, a first class pianist, and Cpl. Peters, baritone. You'll be hearing them in future shows.

L.A.C. Harris, an exceptionally fine tenor, is here on a course, but will probably be gone

THEY DELIVER THE GOODS

Station Entertainment Committee
Chairman:—Padre Groves.

Entertainment Officers

Station:—Flt. Lieut. Steiner.
No. 1. Wing:—Flt. Lieut. Saxby.
No. 2. Wing:—Flt. Lieut. Sanderson.
No. 3. Wing:—F. O. Saunders.
No. 4. Wing:—P. O. Canton.
No. 5. Wing:—W. O. Paley.

If you have talent or ideas (or both) get in touch with your wing officers, or with these N.C.O's:—Cpl. HOWARD (No. 2 Wing—No. 6 Bay, old workshops); Cpl. McGRATH (No. 2 Wing); Cpl. BOTTOMLEY (No. 3 Wing—No. 6 Bay, old workshops); Cpl. OKIN (No. 4 Wing—No. 7 Bay, old workshops); Cpl. SPENCER (No. 5 Wing—Progress, No. 2 Bay, old workshops) and Cpl. LUNN (No. 5 Wing—No. 6 Bay, old workshops).

before the season gets into its stride. A trained singer, with broadcasting experience, he would be a great asset to the station.

The station orchestra will be giving a concert this month, on a date not yet fixed. I understand there will be a lot of sketches and variety turns, besides music. The band is going to do the whole show. This should be good.

Make a note of the variety audition to be held in the Concert Hall on September 22.

?

Have you ever walked out of a Lyons' and washed your irons in the nearest horse-trough?



HOW TO MAKE £2,000

EARLY this year a variety show, "Spotlight on Flannel," was presented at Halton by two instructors—Cpl. Wally Okin and Cpl. Henry Howard.

When "Wings for Victory" weeks were being arranged in Bucks soon afterwards, the cast of "Spotlight on Flannel" were invited to lend a hand. They did. Between April and July they visited towns and villages all over the county, putting on a variety entertainment which became better and better as time went on.

Over this period the sum of £1,700 was collected for the "Wings for Victory" campaign and £500 for the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund.

Audiences ranged from 4,000 in an open-air stadium at Chesham (where £360 was raked in) to about one hundred in a small village hall—proceeds £20.

The party which achieved this success—in their spare time—included LACW Diana Male,

the station's popular soprano; F.Lt. Gottlieb (a first-rate tenor), F.Sgt. Jimmy Cummings (comedian), LAC Harry Illingsworth (ventriloquist), LAC Conrad Vince (compere), and LAC Wallie Buckland (accordeonist).

Sgt. George Carter acted as accompanist, and provided a swing orchestra; and of course there were the producers of the original show, Cpls. Howard and Okin, in their now famous comedy act.

Members of this group still on the station, with others of the "old gang" of entertainers, are forming the nucleus of a station concert party. Having already done a good job of work outside, they are prepared to do an equally good job in camp this winter.

There is no doubt that this development will be welcomed. It may be the beginning of entertainment "by the people, for the people," which should be the aim on a station of this kind.

STATION CINEMA

FILM OF THE MONTH

"Star Spangled Rhythm" — (Bob Hope and Bing Crosby)
Sept. 19-22.

The Bob Hope and Bing Crosby film needs no recommendation. Although it is propaganda, it is put over so well that you can't complain. In any case, you'd go to see Bob and Bing in anything. Who wouldn't?

The remainder of the films run true to pattern. The titles and stars will tell you what to expect. Here is a list:—

- Sept. 13-15—*The Navy Comes Through* (Pat O'Brien and George Murphy.)
- .. 16-18—*Criminal Investigator* (Robert Lowery and Edith Fellows.)

- Sept. 23-25—*Tombstone* (Richard Dix and Kent Taylor.)
- .. 26—*Laugh it Off* (Tommy Trinder and Jean Colin.)
- .. 27-29—*Bells of Capistrano* (Gene Autry and Virginia Gray.)
- .. 30—*Silver Skates* (Belita and Kenny Baker.)

*Note:—*The camp cinema runs two shows on Monday and Thursday—17.15 and 20.00 hrs.—and on Sunday—14.00hrs. and 18.00hrs. Other nights 19.00hrs. Seats at 1s. and 1s. 3d. may be booked in advance by telephone-ext. 65 - or at the cinema. The booking office is open from Monday to Saturday from 10.00 to 12.30hrs. and 16.30 to 20.00hrs; and on Sunday from 13.30 to 20.00hrs.



IT used to be said of British sportsmen and sportswomen before 1939 that we were becoming a nation of watchers, leaving the playing of games to a few specialists. The War has changed all this and I venture to hope to the lasting benefit of sport in these Islands when peace comes.

Nowadays, with millions of men and women in the Forces, active participation in games is possible for all. Hundreds are finding there is infinitely more thrill to be found in scoring a goal oneself than in shouting ribald remarks at a referee from the "bob" terrace.

Sport for All

HALTON, with almost unrivalled facilities, can claim to be in the forefront in supplying the demands of "Sport for All." Your most dyed-in-the-wool non-athlete will be forced to admit that for those who *want* sport there is plenty of it. If you fancy yourself as up to Station team standard, or just want to settle a friendly argument with the fellow in the next bed by blacking his eye in the boxing ring, you will find sports officials only too willing to put you in your right place. What is more, it won't cost you anything, not even for treatment for the black-eye!

It's up to You!

IN fact the only difficulty is to sort out sports talent on the station. To those anxious to play but a little backward in coming forward I say "Don't wait to be asked. The P.T. officer, Flt. Lieut. Doniger, at S.H.Q., any of the officers in charge of the various games, or

STATION S

By "THE HOOKER"

any of the P.T. instructors in the wings, will see you get what you want if you approach them. It's up to you, so get cracking!"

SOCCER

HALTON is rich in star Soccer players and at full strength the Station should have a very strong team this winter. It is a good thing, too, that these stars are fairly well distributed round the units, so that in the League competitions and Knock-out Cup matches, players of lesser ability who cannot aspire to the Station team will still have a chance of playing alongside the masters.

No League Games

IN pre-war days R.A.F. Halton were a power in Spartan League football. The War has turned the game topsy turvy, and it has not been found possible to enter a team which will include professionals in a League. Most of the Station sides matches will, therefore, be "friendlies," with some strong opposition and promise of exciting matches in prospect. Flt. Lieut. Statham, who is organising the Soccer, tells me this decision was arrived at reluctantly, but it was decided it was better to make use of all the top class talent on the Station, rather than field only half a team.

Challenge to No. 5 Wing

ALL the Wings with the exception of the Apprentices are represented in the inter-unit League, in which the Hospital is also to compete. No. 5 Wing, the champions, look like having plenty of strong competition. There will be two knock out competitions, one before and one after Christmas. And the Station are to compete for the Bucks and Berks Cup, although unfortunately the matches will have to be played away from home.

New Arrivals

SINCE last season the Station has lost the services of Flight Sgt. Jones, centre half. This position looked very open until quite

SPORT

DOKER "

recently when Sgt. Young, the former Reading centre half, arrived. He is in No. 2 Wing who will, no doubt, welcome this addition to their strength in the League competitions. Another arrival is Sgt. Burnikell, who used to captain Aldershot. He is with No. 4 Wing, who can also call on Sgt. Spencer this season.

Still Available

CPL. Saunders, the West Bromwich Albion goalkeeper, Flight Sgt. Loom, Millwall centre forward, Sgt. Coombes and Cpls. Wild and Cobbett (all half backs) are still available. At the moment the team can also count on Sgt. Shaw (left half), of Birmingham, but impending changes may mean that he will be lost to the side. Another well known Birmingham footballer available is Sgt. Smith.

RUGBY

I FIND it hard to believe that the number of Rugger men on the Station is so small that it is not considered worthwhile to attempt to run an inter-unit competition in the coming season. Flt. Lieut. Roe, who has taken over Station Rugby from Flt. Lieut. Gillespie, tells me that the Wing representatives feel some units might find it hard to raise a fifteen and so, after much heart searching, it was decided to drop the competition for this season. There is still time to get this changed and if only sufficient players will rally round Flt. Lieut. Roe would, I am sure, be only too pleased to see that they got matches.

Austerity Rugby

THIS scarcity of players has not made it easy to plan the season. Rationing calls for "Austerity Rugby," and at present the season is being planned on a basis of three first fifteen matches and one large-scale practice match in each four weeks. Seven-a-side games, always very popular, will also be played.

Forwards Wanted

LAST season's fifteen was well served behind the scrum, but the forwards never got a chance to settle down and the backs did not

SPORTS GALLERY NO. 1

SGT. SPENCER

SERGEANT T. SPENCER, Kent County cricketer and Fulham and Lincoln City soccer player arrived at Halton from the North in the spring of this year and was posted to No. 4 Wing. He has been a prominent member of the Station Cricket side during the summer, and will be seen in the Soccer team this winter.

Tommy Spencer was born at Deptford in 1914. Right from boyhood his interest was in sport and before he was old enough to sign forms he was playing football for Tunbridge Wells Rangers in the old Southern League. Spencer's real love,

however, is cricket, and while he was still in his teens the Kent authorities had their eye on him as a batsman of considerable promise.



It was in the 1932 season that Spencer made his first appearance in the County team, and from 1935 until the outbreak of War he had a regular place in the side. To supplement his batting skill he sought to emulate the Surrey and England master, Jack Hobbs, by fielding at cover point. Leslie Todd and Frank Woolley were his usual partners in the Kent XI. His best season was in 1937, when he

scored 850 runs and finished with an average of about 30. We shall have to wait for post war cricket to see his first century for the County, his best yet being 85 against Worcester. Soon after D. R. Jardine's team returned from Australia with the Ashes, and while the Leg Theory controversy was at its height, Spencer batted against Larwood and Voce at Trent Bridge and took 65 runs off their bowling at a cost of numerous bruises!

While under training as a P.T.I. at Uxbridge Spencer was in the same squad as another of Kent's cricketing footballers, Leslie Ames (now Sqdn.-Leader Ames) whose soccer was played with Clapton Orient. He and Ames were once responsible for a masterly victory for Kent against Worcester. Kent required 170 runs to win, and after two wickets had fallen for 6 runs, Ames and Spencer knocked off the remainder, Spencer's contribution being 50 not out. While in the North Spencer played cricket in the Bradford League, where his skipper was the old England wicket keeper, George Duckworth. In July he made his first appearance in a R.A.F. representative side against a combined Metropolitan Police and Civil Defence side at Westcliff, scoring 25 not out.

Spencer played for three seasons as an outside left for T. W. Rangers before signing for Fulham. The London Club were well served at outside left by the Hampshire cricketer, Arnold, and after a stay of three months Spencer moved on to Lincoln City.

Cricket and football do not exhaust Spencer's sporting interests. He is in England class at table tennis, having reached the last eight in all-England trials a few years ago.

Station Sport—Continued

see as much of the ball as their potential scoring ability warranted. With the right support from personnel this difficulty should be overcome this season. At any rate a new, and welcome addition to the team, W. O. Harris, (P.M. Hospital), is letting no grass grow under his feet to see that it is.

Welsh Enthusiasm

W. O. HARRIS has the Welsh enthusiasm for the game. He has played in R.A.F. teams, and for Cardiff, Moseley and the North Midlands, mostly as a stand off half, though he says we may see him in the pack this season. He is a believer in the "get together spirit" among members of a fifteen, a belief I am sure he must have acquired with Cardiff, whose members, especially under that grand Welsh full back, Jack Bassett, used to have a weekly discussion to iron out difficulties. Spades were called spades at these meetings; there was no fancy talk and if a player didn't like his position in the team, or the way his partner gave him the ball, he was encouraged to say so. Cardiff found it paid good dividends in matches won!

220 Points for Cosford

THE fifteen is to be skippered by Sgt. Rattray (5 Wing) who will probably play on the left wing. Sgt. Golder (P.M. Hospital) will be vice-captain and probably lead the forwards. Flight Sgt. Hurst (right centre) and Sqdn. Leader Jackson (left centre), of last season's team are still available, and there are several new comers, notably Sgt. Jones (No. 1 Wing) who scored 220 pts. for Cosford last season.

SWIMMING

HALTON is fortunate to have a swimming bath available all the year round, and throughout the coming winter we can count on a couple of Galas each month. Two prominent members of the team, A.A.'s Beard and Willy, have gone, but there is such a wide choice of good swimmers, sufficient for four or five teams, that results should not suffer. On September 9. the team competed in London, at the Lansdowne Club and home matches are in prospect with Napier S.C. and London Fire Forces.

Champions All

ALL parts of Britain are represented in the team. L.A.C. Ferguson (No. 3 Wing) has swum in Irish championships; A.C.'s Ray, Swift and Townly, in Scottish representative

matches; and Mr. Davies, who is the instructor, is a runner-up in the Welsh breast stroke championship. And we must not forget Sgt. Gray, whose name stands high in the swimming world.

From Pier to Pier

FOR swimming versatility it would be hard to beat Sgt. Gray's experience. He has been placed five times in Southern Counties championships; he won the half mile Captain Webb Shield in 1933; in 1930 he finished 6th in the 5 miles championship of England, swum over the Kew to Putney course, a gruelling race and incidentally an expensive one, for each competitor has to pay a boatman to follow him; and he has also won the Pier to Pier race at Brighton.

CRICKET

CRICKET has almost ended, so my notes must come in the nature of a review of the season. It is no easy task to pick out the high-lights of a summer which has provided sport of a high grade, marked by many fine finishes and some big hitting. Those who claim cricket is too slow have found little to support this view in the first team's matches this season. Against London Fire Forces 480 runs were scored in four hours, surely a notable contribution to the "Brighter Cricket" campaign?

Fireman's "Wrong 'Un"

The record of the first team so far this season reads:

P.	W.	L.	D.
27	14	6	7

a record with which F.O. Branch, who is responsible for cricket on the Station, is well pleased. Clubs of the calibre of Vauxhall, Lensbury, R.A.F. Uxbridge, R.A.F. Hendon, Finchley and London Fire Forces have been met. Matches with the firemen produced not only a record high scoring game but also, in a recent encounter, a shock for Halton batsmen in the person of Len Summers, the Surrey 2nd XI bowler, who was able to produce the "wrong 'un" out of the bag at the right moment. He took a wicket in every over. Summers, by the way, took five wickets at Lords recently against a strong R.A.F. side.

County Men

MAINSTAYS of the first team this season have been Sgt. Spencer (4 Wing) and A.C. Buse (3 Wing). In happier days Sgt. Spencer figured in Kent programmes. A fire

forcing bat he has scored runs, and in addition has been a tower of strength in the field at cover point. Buse came to the Station as a Flight Mechanic trainee, but West Country cricket fans will recall some of his performances for Somerset. He was the side's stock bowler, with a "bag" of 50 wickets. He will be missed next season.

Other County men included Cpl. Phillips (Surrey Colts) who usually had the thankless task of opening the bowling, and Cpl. Kemp (Yorkshire) who opened the batting and fielded at slip.

Exciting League Finish

THE INTER-UNIT League proved a good forcing ground for new talent and provided the most exciting finish for some seasons. The championship depended on the last match, between No. 4 Wing and the Hospital. The former needed both points from the game to become outright winners—a draw against the Hospital would have meant a play-off with No. 5 Wing for the championship—and got them. No. 3 Wing "B" team proved the champion smashers, but unaccountably failed in matches they were expected to win; and their comrades of the "A" team showed first-class spirit in going right through without even getting a point.

The final table is:—

	P	W	D	L	Pts.
No. 4 Wing - - -	10	9	—	1	18
No. 5 Wing - - -	10	8	1	1	17
Halton Civilians -	10	7	—	3	14
No. 2 Wing "A" -	10	6	—	4	12
No. 3 Wing "B" -	10	5	1	4	11
Hospital - - -	10	5	—	5	10
Aerodrome - - -	10	5	—	5	10
No. 1 Wing "A" -	9	3	—	6	6
No. 2 Wing "B" -	10	3	—	7	6
No. 1 Wing "B" -	9	2	—	7	4
No. 3 Wing "A" -	10	0	—	10	0

SHOOTING

A CERTAIN Flight Sergeant arrived on the Station recently. His hobby is rifle shooting—but it took him about three months to contact the right people and find ways and means of indulging his keenness for the sport. Yet we have at Halton a flourishing rifle club, open to all servicemen, with a secretary, Mr. M. W. J. Kirby, only too anxious to see that everyone has as much shooting as they want. As a mentor for the novice Mr. Kirby would be hard to beat. A former Flight Sergeant, he is an Irish international shot, has appeared in R.A.F. teams and must rank as one of the

"fixtures" at Bisley. Ask any former R.A.F. man who has shot at the famous centre.

Popular Pistol Shoot

THE Rifle Club runs two teams in the Summer League of the S.M.R.C.—one of which stands a very good chance of winning—and organises numerous competitions and friendly matches on the Station. Just at the moment, if one may judge by the number of personnel noted stealing quietly away to the range at the back of the new workshops, the monthly spoon shot with '22 pistols is easily the most popular.

ATHLETICS

ATHLETICS is flourishing. The track season just ended was one of the best for several years, and Flt. Lieut. Caddy must be quite satisfied with the results of his team matches, particularly as opposition generally was of a higher standard than usual. It is difficult to pick outstanding performances, but the hurdling of Sgt. App. Spencer, who did the 120 yards "lows" in 15.3 secs., was a good show. The apprentices are good supporters of Station athletics.

Set for Cross Country

NOW all is set for the cross-country season, which promises to be a very full one. In addition to a match for most week-ends until next Spring—opposition includes Oxford University, Metro. Police, Belgrave H., Polytechnic and Blackheath H.—numerous teams will be entered for Southern Counties, Middlesex and North of the Thames championships. Most of last season's team will be available. Flt. Lieut. Caddy captains the team, with Sergt. Stapleton as vice-captain. Sergt. Agar and Cpl. Browning are also running and a newcomer is F.O. Sellars, who used to run for Ranelagh Harriers.

BOXING

THE boxers are hoping for a busy time this winter. Plans are in hand for a series of matches with Service units and clubs, the first of which is arranged for September 16, against R.A.F. Regent's Park, at the Burnett Gym. This is a return—Regent's Park won by 7 bouts to 4 in July—but the station have high hopes of revenge this time. Among the prominent amateurs on the station are Sergt. Hedger (Polytechnic) who has boxed as a lightweight for England, and L.A.C. Kasza, a well-known Polish light-heavy.

No. 1 (APPRENTICES') WING

No. 1 Aircraft Apprentices Wing is gradually changing over to a peace-time basis. Instead of taking two years to pass out the new entries will take three.

This three years syllabus will enable more time to be devoted to non-technical subjects. A large part of the new entry's time therefore will be taken up with rifle and foot drill. Some spectacular results should be seen on Passing-Out Day.

The same high standard of education is still required; although only 15 years of age, each entrant must have matriculated or obtained School Certificate. The high educational standard no doubt accounts for the fact that during this war over 1,000 commissions have been granted to ex-boys. A large number of them have reached the rank of Wing Commander and quite a few that of Group Captain.

This war's first V.C., Sgt. Pilot Gray of Dortmund Ems Canal, was an ex-boy from Halton.

In order to conform to the peace-time standard, the Wing's new Sports Officer, F/O. Branch—late of No. 2 Wing—has entirely re-organised the new season's sports programme, although the Barrington-Kennett Trophy will of course still be the biggest domestic event in No. 1 Wing Sports.

"A" Squadron are the holders this year and beat "C" Squadron by 20½ points to 19.

Next year's sports programme will go back

to those days of peace when the boys played Public Schools. The outside fixtures include hockey, rugby, and soccer matches with Stone, Harrow, Bedford, St. Edwards, Oxford, Beaumont, Malvern.

Whilst all the teams are not yet picked, the following are a few of the Captains chosen:—

Rugger	..	Cpl. Apprentice Rennie.
Soccer	..	Cpl. Apprentice Atkinson.
Running	..	L.A. Apprentice Salmon.

The most interesting event of the term is without doubt the arrival of the new Polish entry, which is composed of boys evacuated from Russia via Palestine and Egypt and the Cape.

It is not possible to give a detailed account of their adventures, but they have all had a rough time since the invasion of Poland, having lost parents and trace of their brothers and sisters. The Polish boys' average age is 15. They are formed into a Squadron as part of No. 1 Wing, and are commanded by S/Ldr. Wirszyllo.

At the moment they do not speak English, but it is hoped that by mixing with the English boys on the football field and canteen they will rapidly learn and will become familiar with some of our English ways. For their age they are very skilful and keen footballers.

The boys are very fond of music and are forming their own choir, which will sing at the R.C. Church.

The Halton Society

PLANS FOR A WARTIME REVIVAL

ON November 3, 1925, a debate took place at this Station on the subject "That this meeting considers that British Sport owes its success to professionalism".

Within a few years the Society's meetings for the legitimate purpose of debate had become regular features of life on the Station.

Mock trials, which had been staged on an ambitious scale, might reasonably pass as debate, but the somewhat theatrical atmosphere of these had prompted the staging of straight plays. Musical productions followed, words and music being written by Station personnel.

Two or three successive summer trips to Belgium and frequent dances finally exploded the Debating Society theory, and in September 1933 the Halton Society was formally inaugurated, with separate sections for its various activities.

The lack of blackout for much of the accommodation used by the Society proved fatal to many of the sections during the first winter of the war. The difficulty of obtaining material accounted in time for others, and the drastic reduction in the number of apprentices on the Station gave the final blow. The Society ceased to function, ostensibly "for the duration".

However, a few months ago it was felt that a restart, though necessarily on a reduced scale, might be made. The active sympathy and very practical support of the present A.O.C. gave a great help, and those A.A.'s interested in model aircraft, model engineering, canoeing, rambling, printing, philately, chess, wireless and cycling can already find scope for their enthusiasm, while plans have been made for reviving the dramatic, debating, and recorded music and rhythm clubs. Details can be found on a chart near the door of Room 70 in the Schools.

HEROIC SPIRIT OF YOUTH

A.O.C.-in-C. Addresses Passing Out Entry

The Station was honoured with a visit from the new C. in C. Technical Training Command, Air Marshal Sir Arthur S. Barratt, K.C.B., C.M.G., M.C., recently, when he took the Salute at the Passing Out of the 43rd. Entry. Afterwards Air Marshal Barratt addressed the apprentices and members of the administrative and technical staffs.

ADDRESSING the apprentices, the A.O.C.-in-C. recalled that the Royal Air Force was formed, as a separate unit, following a recommendation by General (now Field-Marshal) Smuts about 1916-17.

During his recent visit to this country Field-Marshal Smuts was guest of honour at a dinner given by the Air Council, and attended by the Air Officers Commanding-in-Chief. He made this statement: "To-day, the Air Force appeals to the heroic spirit of youth."

That, said Air-Marshal Barratt, was the thing about it! Had it not been for the Air Force during the Battle of Britain, we might be undergoing the bestialities that were being inflicted on Poland and other parts of occupied Europe.

The Air Force had been able to expand mainly because of the output of apprentices from Halton and Cranwell. It was on these men that the burden of the Air Force was laid.

SERGT. GRAY-V.C.

"One of the first V.C.'s in this war," the A.O.C.-in-C. went on, "was awarded to an ex-apprentice, Sgt. Gray, serving with a R.A.F. Squadron in France. I knew that for the particular job on which he won his decoration the chances of survival were very small; so I instructed the Air Officer Commanding the Group to call for volunteers from the Squadron.

"As one man they all stepped forward, and they had to toss up to decide who should have the honour of going. They did their job, but did not come back."

During the final push at El Alamein, said Air-Marshal Barratt, he was in the Western Desert with General Montgomery, and saw what the maintenance crews were doing. No such word as "impossible" was in their dictionary.

In the desert there was nothing but flies and dust, precious little water, no lovely hangars and electric light. Dust blew into everything, and destroyed with almost the efficiency of carborundum. Yet they got the serviceability rate of bombers up to 90 per cent and of fighters over 80 per cent.

This was a remarkable achievement. It meant living under hard conditions; it meant working at night under a blanket, by the light of a torch.

"That is what you can do if you have the guts and determination," he continued. "When you go out from here, some of you may go to good units, where discipline is good; and some may go to units where discipline is not so good.

"Remember, it is on you chaps that the future of our service depends. You will be leaders, as men from past entries are the leaders of to-day.

ON LEADERSHIP

"You cannot lead unless you have a strong sense of duty and discipline. You have to be tradesmen and have your skill of hand, but that is worth nothing unless you have a sense of duty and discipline that will enable you to carry on and do your job—however hard and bad conditions are—and perhaps give up your life, as other chaps have done before you. You cannot learn to command other men unless you can command yourselves."

It was hoped that they had learned a certain standard at Halton, and would maintain that standard wherever they went. If they were any good they would get promotion, and they would be able to do their part in improving the discipline of the Air Force—which was required.

CONGRATULATIONS

The A.O.C.-in-C. congratulated the passing-out entry on their technical skill, and particularly on the large proportion of L.A.C.'s, which was specially commendable since they had had only two years' training.

Finally he reminded them that they should be proud to belong to this branch of the Service. One badly turned out man—slovenly and slack—made people pass judgment on the Service as a whole, and say: "If that is Halton, it is pretty poor stuff."

"You have a hell of a tradition to live up to. Let us see you do it."

Where Cæsar's Legions Marched

Modern War Casualties are Healed

WHEN an airman posted to Halton, having missed the bus, tramps wearily up the long camp road in full kit, he treads historic ground. We do not suppose, however, that his burden would seem lightened by contemplation of the fact that this very track knew the tread of Cæsar's soldiers, who no doubt cursed much more heartily beneath the weight of approximately a half-hundredweight of ironmongery. For this broad quick road of ours was built by the Romans as a military road, upon the site of a track whose origin lay in even remoter periods.

Premier Hospital

As the Roman legionary breasted the first slope, at a pace which we think would break the legs of even the toughest recruit of to-day, straight from the rigours of square-bashing, our Celtic forefathers hovered menacingly in the thick woods, stretching on the right up to the crest of the great escarpment of hills. Our airman, glancing up the selfsame incline, sees the fine red brick buildings of the premier hospital in the Royal Air Force.

The recent history of this ground is not so lurid. Before Princess Mary's Hospital was built, and before Kitchener's Army dug the slit trenches (into which, rumour whispers, a Waaf and amorous escort were suddenly precipitated one murky night), the hospital site was the favourite partridge drive of the Rothschilds' pleasure estate. And talking of pleasure, a certain venerable N.C.O. has been heard to remark, with considerable bitterness, that the hospital nowadays is nothing more than a — pleasure home!

In Wooden Huts

The original hospital was a collection of wooden huts near the Wings; and those of antiquarian bent will find its remaining relic, in the form of a hut, once the Sisters' Mess, near No. 4 Wing. In October, 1927, the staff moved to the new buildings on the plateau overlooking the peaceful Vale of Aylesbury, and in that month Princess Mary's Royal Air Force Hospital, then under the command of W/Cdr. W. Shorten, C.B.E., was formally opened by H.R.H. Princess Mary, President of the P.M.R.A.F. Nursing Service.

Since that time the hospital has nearly doubled its size, and to-day many of us think (I exclude the venerable N.C.O.) that Halton Camp contains the finest hospital in England.

In an attempt to pierce the mist of time separating us from that long-ago period before the War, I can see that the Hospital must have had, in the eyes of the peacetime Air Force, a special character lacking to-day. Although its general tone was more formal, in keeping with the peacetime traditions of a Military Hospital, it was at the same time more intimate. It was not only a hospital for airmen and officers, but for their wives and families. Ward 9 was once a families' ward, and its walls are still decorated with the kind of designs—elephants, ostriches and palm trees—which children love.

These things the Hospital has lost, but it has gained much more. The pressing urgency of total war, vitalising the social services of a slow-moving and conservative community, has brought a new spirit to the Hospital, which has adapted its routine and extended its service, until to-day it is an incomparable centre for the healing of mind as well as body. The spectacle of bronzed airmen on the lawns, performing specially graded exercises, playing tennis, cricket or hiking in the hills, seems to justify the venerable N.C.O.'s comment that the Hospital is just a — pleasure home.

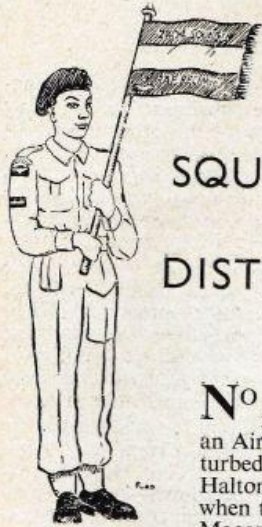
Optimistic!

The atmosphere of the Hospital is optimistic, and there is a degree of informality which, in some miraculous way, does not depend upon a relaxation of essential discipline. This spirit has much in common with that which is abroad to-day in factories and workshops throughout the country, and it owes much (I take the plunge) to the efforts of women.

Many people have a kind of horror of hospitals. They look upon them as prisons, in which they are incarcerated only after an accident, or when smitten with some fatal disease.

Perhaps because of this extraordinary attitude the hospital on the hill may seem, to many on the main camp, remote and separate, connected only to the camp by sporting activities, in which the staff has always excelled. If these words have a specific object, it is to try to convey the feeling that Princess Mary's R.A.F. Hospital, the leading hospital in the Service, is not only a vital part of Halton Camp, but crystallises within its walls all the tremendous resources of medical science, and modern progressive thought, in the service of the humblest A.C.2.

R.A.F. Regiment Notes.



HALTON
SQUADRON'S
DISTINCTION

NO HEAVIER marching tread than that of an Air Force boot had disturbed the rustic stillness of Halton's leafy byways when the last issue of the Magazine appeared. But

the war altered all that, just as surely as it changed the lives of all those men who were destined, as local representatives of the Royal Air Force Regiment, to bring the Army boot and sterner equipment of their force, to Halton's door.

The history of the Squadron is linked inseparably with that of the Station. The Station which gave it birth has nursed it safely through inevitable teething troubles until it has with pride seen it attain the lusty infancy that is fast approaching full-blooded maturity.

Indeed, it was "as a mark of appreciation for the fine example set by the Unit during its time at Halton, and as a measure of confidence in its ability successfully to execute any operational task" that authority for the hard-won "(Halton)" to be inserted in its title was given recently.

No other Squadron can lay claim to this distinction: few deserve it. But the Unit which a high-ranking R.A.F. Regiment officer has called "the finest Squadron in the Regiment" has other claims to service fame.

Apart from the unparalleled variety of its specialists, it can point to its colours—no other Squadron has any—which it has borne triumphantly through Depot training and battle course, in each of which it gained top marks.

Notable changes have been in role—from defence to offence; in personnel—from ACH.GG. (those airmen in blue uniforms bearing the unmistakable signs of hard stress, and with the laurelled "GG." on their arms) to

MONDAY MORNING
And the Melody Lingers On

I REMIND myself that there are civilians working for a colossal number of hours a day, and airmen who stare if you mention a day off.

I tell myself how lucky I am, but the inescapable truth pushes to the front of my mind: it's Monday morning, and I'm cheesed. Cheesed!

The new class sit in deceptive quietness, principally because they are not yet fully awake to the reality of a week-end gone and a new week beginning.

I know, and accept it as one of my crosses, that this group will contain the usual mixture: the wise guy who knows all, and will provide me with a battle of wits; the fellow who tries hard, but finds the whole thing beyond him; the not inconsiderable few who can't be bothered to make an effort.

I'll have to keep the wise guy in his place without wounding his ego. I'll have to help the backward without making it too obvious, or retarding the others.

And by fair means or foul I'll have to shake up the not inconsiderable few and force them to be interested.

Looking over the occupants of the benches with an eye (or two half-open eyes) which could fairly be described as jaundiced, I weigh them up.

By the end of the week I'll know them individually, and will have decided they're a decent crowd. But right now it's Monday morning, and I can't love them.

I polish up the blackboard, put some chalk within easy reach, pick up my pointer. Taking a deep breath, I say in what I trust is a commanding tone:

"Right!"

Eyes blink open and stare at me in pained astonishment. They can't believe it, but it's true.

The old gramophone is wound up again.

Gunner; in dress—from blue to more belligerent khaki; and in title—after a time as a Ground Defence Squadron the Unit reformed as Halton Squadron, R.A.F. Regiment in January, 1942.

Amid the change that is an essential feature of modern war, one conviction emerges crystal-clear. Wherever the Unit is taken by the changing fortunes of a global conflict, its connection with the No. 1 Technical Training Station of the Royal Air Force will for ever be marked by its title.

And that Station has, in truth, a Regiment Squadron befitting its front-rank importance:

FROM THE WINGS

No. 2 WING

FROM 1939 until now, No. 2 Wing has shown that it intends to keep abreast of all other Wings.

Since it first was transferred from Nos. 3 and 4 Wings in 1940, and when it changed its title to No. 2 (Airmen's) Training Wing in 1941, it has made itself felt in all Station competitions.

In 1940, owing to the fact that a large number of Scotsmen formed the Wing, it was possible to maintain the Pipe and Drum Band in a small but quite efficient way. When they were posted, however, it was decided for the well-being of the rest of the Wing that no attempt would be made at training would-be enthusiasts! To-day, however, the Wing can muster a good band each week for its Squadron dances, which shows that the talent is still there.

New Musical Comedy

Cpl. McGrath, who is well known on the Station for his entertainment activities, is mainly responsible for the maintenance of this Band. Before joining the Service he was a member of the Dublin Abbey Players, and has not lost his rich Irish accent.

The Wing possesses its own theatre, which was redecorated by him, and during the last year Cpl. McGrath has been responsible for producing five shows, two of which went on to the Station Concert Hall. Many will remember them—"The Ghost Train" and "Sands of the Desert". His most recent success was "White Cargo". For the coming season he is writing a new musical comedy which he hopes to produce in October.

The Wing deeply regret losing F/O. Branch as their Sports Officer—now that he is transferred to No. 1 Wing.

There are quite a few professionals in the new season's teams, among whom are Kramer of W.B.A. and Sgt. Young (Reading). Aircraftmen Kirkham and Vaughan will of course carry on as usual.

Their first season's match against the Rest of the Station made an excellent start, No. 2 Wing beating the Rest of the Station by 7—3.

There is also an inter-entry knock-out competition, of which more will be said in next month's issue. At the moment only a half-dozen matches have been played off and the scoring has been pretty high. When the weeding-out is over some close matches should be seen.

No. 3 WING

NO. 3 WING can lay claim to having experienced more changes during four years of war than any of the other units. In September 1939 they were an apprentices Wing, but by 1940 the only remaining apprentices were a hundred or so in naval caps and reefer jackets, destined for the Fleet Air Arm, and the unit had been renamed No. 3 Airmen's Wing.

The Wing was called on to pioneer some changes which would, and probably still do, astound former apprentice personnel. They housed a technical Instructors' Course for several months and then began the influx of U/T. tradesmen which has gone on ever since—from instrument repairers to Fitters I.A.

The big pioneering effort was started in February of this year when a rumour of some months proved to be true. No. 3 Wing was to house W.A.A.F. personnel—not as permanent staff, but as technical trainees! It was a bombshell which caused even the seasoned administrative staff to wear furrowed brows and C.O.'s to show some signs of apprehension. There was no need. The new order of W.A.A.F. trainees settled down and got on with the job as all their predecessors had done.

So much pioneering at the behest of those in authority imbued the Wing with a pioneering spirit of its own. In 1940 it became the proud possessor of its own military band, which was later to form the nucleus of the present station band under the direction of Sgt. Carter. The W.A.A.F. personnel had a say in this by providing the first W.A.A.F. mace bearer at Halton in L.A.C.W. Dorrington.

Up and Down

Three Wing corporals, led by Cpl. Chalkley, pioneered the "Up Beat" and "Down Beat" series of gramophone recitals which have now been thrown open to the whole station, and a strong entertainments committee is continually busy organising Wing dances (including cabaret shows), at which the influence of W.A.A.F. personnel makes a useful contribution.

With only one airmen's squadron the Wing has been handicapped in station sport. Reference is made in station sport to the cricket of A. C. Buse, and the efforts of the two teams in the Station Cricket League. Sgt. Bradbourne, a world's champion log roller, is in great demand at Station Swimming Galas.

No. 4 (S.H.Q.) WING

ALMOST three years ago No. 4 (Apprentices) Wing ceased to function, and S.H.Q. Unit was incorporated in No. 4 Wing. The Wing now houses permanent staff from the Accounts, Equipment, Station Flight, Station Police, Motor Transport, Workshops, Maintenance, and Medical and Dental staff. We are especially proud of the W.A.A.F. who are helping to maintain the good reputation of No. 4 Wing.

We welcome to the Wing Flt./Officer F. M. Whittle, S/O. P. J. Thewles, and P/O. W. A. Canton.



SGT. FORSTER.

A very active Welfare Committee meets on the third Thursday in each month under the chairmanship of the Wing Adjutant, Flt./Lieut. F. Farmer. Members are Flt./Officer Whittle, Cpl. Brown and A. C. W. Ephraimson (W.A.A.F.), and P/O. Dimmock and F/O. Butler, Cpls. Hunter, Morgan, and Sheard, and L.A.C. Ford. They are always ready to receive suggestions for welfare improvements.

In the 1942-3 season the Wing team won the Station Swimming Championship, taking all four cups. L.A.C. W. Steen, L.A.C. Earle

(R.O.T.A. Squadron) and Sgt. Gray were outstanding.

In shooting, the Station "A" team was entirely recruited from No. 4 Wing, and included Flt./Sgt. Morrell, Sgt. Forster, and Sgt. Hinton. It won the Summer League Championship, First Division, 1942, in the S.M.R.C. competition, and was narrowly beaten in the semi-final of the Team Championship of Great Britain. Sgt. Forster won the *News of the World* Challenge Trophy and the St. George's Trophy for the individual championship of Britain and England. A record was set up by the fact that winner and runner-up (Flt./Sgt. Oettinger) in this competition were both from the Wing.

The Wing cricket team have won this year's Station League Championship.

We did not do so well in the Station Athletic Team Championship, but had considerable success in the Station Individual Championships held earlier in the season. We have had several representatives in the Station team which has competed against some well-known Clubs. Among our star performers were Flt./Li.ut. Caddy, Cpl. Ensor and Cpl. Browning.

No. 5 WING

NO 5 WING has been an airmen's training wing since 1939. The original Wing came from Henlow and was billeted in the huts which are now part of No. 4 wing.

At the beginning of this month Cpl. Spencer and Cpl. Lunn—both of whom have been leading lights in Station entertainment for over 2 years, presented a concert in the N.A.A.F.I. at which the C.O., Sqdn. Leader Rees, indicated that the concerts will continue through the winter.

During the Summer the Wing cricket team were runners-up to No. 4 Wing. Sgt. Davis was an outstanding player.

Star player in last season's football were L.A.C. Hutchinson (ex-Belfast Celtic), Sgt. Smith (Gloucester City), Sgt. Shaw (Birmingham) and F.Sgt. Loom (Millwall). F.Sgt. Loom incidentally, hopes to play for Watford this season as Station fixtures permit.

Last season's captains were:—Cricket; Sgt. Davis; Rugby; Sgt. Rattray; and Football; Sgt. Shaw.

The football team this season will include the majority of the permanent staff N.C.O.'s who played last season and will include a newcomer, A.C. Taylor, (Blackburn Rovers).

Altogether the 'Wing' can look forward to an interesting winter in entertainment and sport

GROUND STAFF

*They are the skilled ambassadors of flight,
Earth-fast and doubly-anchored go-betweens
Who bridge the spangled highway of the night
And give an airy freedom to machines.*

*To soar in ecstasy beneath the stars,
To paint the noontday sky with vapour-trails,
To wear the emblem of the airborne Mars
And penetrate beyond earth's cloudy veils,*

*Their destiny forbids: they are but squires
Of knights who ride to battle on swift steeds
Graceful, responsive, tested in the fires
Of human conflict, armed for mighty deeds.*

*No glory waits upon the men who serve
The vast armadas of the atmosphere—
Obscurely toiling, straining every nerve
To make ships fit for other men to steer.*

*They wait and watch and work from day to day
And die, if die they must, without the proud
Exhilaration of a victory:
The unspectacular, the unavowed.*

*Yet theirs are the important, careful hands
That guard the guardians of British homes . . .
At sea, on bomb-scarred fields, on burning sands,
The grimy army of the aerodromes. T. P.*

—0— —0— —0—

POLISH WING

FOR some time now a Polish Technical School has existed at Halton. Its training has been carried on alongside that of the British airmen, but the school is a Polish organisation. It is indeed a small part of Poland built up on the soil of England, and it has an important part to play in the future liberation of the country which bore the first shattering blows of the German army, and has suffered the greatest agony under the oppressor.

The Poles have made many friends among the British personnel. But most of us realise their presence only when we see them marching, with their traditional step and inward swing of the arm, and singing their marching song—a sad song, as befits men in exile, but a song that contains a message of unconquerable defiance.

In their own wing, they follow their home customs as far as possible. Their national dishes are cooked by their own cooks. Their favourite game is *seatkowka*, a form of handball; football too is popular.

Padre Sasinowski, Entertainment Officer, is to present a concert in the Concert Hall on September 20. You are invited to attend, and get to know your allies.

School of Cookery

It is doubtful if any branch of the Service is more shrouded in mystery than the Cookery Branch. It may be possible to be a member of the Royal Air Force and never see an aeroplane, but every member must at some time or other come face to face with its cooking. Halton can take some of the praise (or blame) for the standard of that cooking for it is here that Cooks are trained.

The first impression on entering No. 1 School of Cookery, is one of mystery; there is a maze of corridors with wild looking people dressed in white, lurking around corners. Tucked away in some of the rooms white coated figures may



be seen leaning over some mysterious looking cauldron—reminiscent of a scene from Macbeth.

“Overseas-cooking” has been given special attention at the school, and airmen and airwomen at Halton may be surprised to learn that once a month their food is prepared in field kitchens under campaigning conditions.

Personnel of the School are keenly interested in providing their own relaxation for off-duty hours. Sgt. Pratt (W.A.A.F.) and Cpl. Hinch are responsible for entertainment, and have produced some successful shows. To-day they still run weekly whist drives and dances.

Among the wing's more unusual activities is a special domestic class for W.A.A.F., open to all the station, in order to train prospective housewives. The class is run by the School's “Perfect-Husband,” Cpl. Hinch.

BATTLE OF BRITAIN SUNDAY

PROBABLY, to the majority of people in the Services, "Battle of Britain Sunday" has only a formal significance; it means pretty little to them in many cases except to suggest that the religious leaders of the nation have made an occasion of the magnificent effort put up by our fighter pilots in 1940 against the Luftwaffe.

All the same, such a Sunday brings more than this to the minds of the pilots themselves, who were responsible for the victories at the time, even if their memories are not necessarily allied to any spiritual significance. "So what?" as we say.

So this. It is a significant fact that in all the battles with which the British people have been associated, when it has come to the real test and the climax of the battle, there has been a distinct awakening of spiritual impulses and qualities in them, and the inspiration of the moment has been more than a merely personal one; there has been a real unifying of the personal qualities and characteristics of all the men and women concerned, so that they have demonstrated one of the foremost characteristics of the British people—a capacity for team work. At such moments, prejudice, ill-feeling, and all the barriers which separate one man from his neighbour, have gone by the board.

So when we remember the Battle of Britain on "Battle of Britain Sunday", let us try to recall something of the spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice, unselfish co-operation and exaltation, which we felt as a nation in common with the pilots who fought the battle at that time,

and let us bring that spirit down into the humdrum ways of our ordinary life and live that sort of life every day by the grace of God rather than by the inevitably destructive inspiration of personal selfishness and desire.

TOC H—"EVERYMAN'S CLUB"

WITH a view "to conquering hate" obviously by means of fostering mutual understanding, surely such an organisation in these days when we are all concerned with some way of rebuilding society, must be a most admirable concern. Yet, on this camp, where such an organisation exists in the form of Toc H—hence the motto, "TO Conquer Hate"—there is singularly little response from the many that must be concerned, so that one can only conclude that its existence is very little known, as well as its objects.

The history and the real traditions of Toc H are too extensive to put down in the course of a note like this: Let it be sufficient, therefore, to mention that Toc H, which has no denominational barriers although it is fundamentally Christian, meets every Tuesday on this camp, in the C. of E. Church Hut, at 7.30 in the evening, and welcomes all of whatever race, colour or tongue (or religion) to make its acquaintance. This group of Toc H has had the pleasure, during the past 18 months, of welcoming a number of people with religions unusual to the R.A.F., among whom was a Buddhist from Ceylon.

Have You a Pay Query?

Give the Accounts Section a Chance to Help You

IT has been suggested that it would be a good idea to include in the magazine a series of short articles dealing with pay and allowances. When this was put to the Accounts Section they readily agreed, no doubt with a certain ulterior motive, as it is feared that a number of airmen and airwomen waste a good deal of their own time and also that of the accounts staff by making enquiries regarding matters to which they should already know the answer.

It is proposed, therefore, to deal broadly with those problems which are most frequently put forward by personnel. In addition there will be an "Enquiries" column in which any points which may cause uncertainty in the

mind of any individual will, if possible, be cleared up and brought to the notice of as many as possibly.

For example, there is a rumour current at Halton to the effect that, if an airman volunteers for overseas service, he forfeits all entitlements to disability pension. This is totally incorrect. His position is not prejudiced in any way by the fact that he volunteered.

Send your problems, stating your name (which will not be disclosed) and unit or wing, to the Editor to reach him by the second week of the month and every effort will be made to deal with the matter in the following issue.

AD ASTRA

Notified in Heavenly Command Orders
1st February 43 B.C.

SECURITY
War Establishment for a SPIRITUAL AID
DETACHMENT—TYPE "A"
(Note.—This establishment is designed to deal
with 300 sinners per day.)

(1) PERSONNEL	Offrs.	W.O's	Sigs.	A.C.'s.	Civs.	Total
Priests, Chief	1					1
Samaritans, Grade 1....		1				1
Interpreters, writing, wall						1
Riveters, soul.....					1	1
Fitters, wing and halo...			2			2
Men, wise.....				3		3
Whiteners, sepulchre ...				1		1
Virgins, foolish (a)				5		5
Virgins, wise (b)				5		5
		1	1	2	16	20

(a) W.A.A.F. substitution 100%
(b) Subject to review after 40 days and
40 nights.

(2) TRANSPORT

Hearse, 1 seater	(1 spare)	2
Chariots, fiery		1
Clouds, ascending.....		1
Arks, collapsible, rainproof...		1

WAR EQUIPMENT SCHEDULE FOR S.A.D.—TYPE "A"

Pearls, castable	gross	2
Pearls, Grade 1	"	1
Paths, straight.....	yards	1
Paths, narrow	" 10,000	
Ladders, scaling	lengths as required	
Boxes, manna		1
Gauges, depth, sin.....	each	7
Haloes	"	22
Nets, camouflage, halo.....	"	22
Lamps, virgin, wise, full	"	1
" " foolish, empty	"	5
Vices, assorted.....	"	5
Chains, retaining, body and soul	"	7
Tools, detaching, retaining body	"	567
Bottles, wine, old (for wine, new)	"	3
Gates, pearly, Left	"	1
" " Right	"	1
Walls, collapsible, Jericho pattern	sets	1
Dividers, Sea, Red.....	pairs	1
Rivets, wing, 1/2 in.....	lbs.	47
Trumpets, archangel.....	each	1
Slings, David pattern	"	1

PASS THAT SAUCE!

I love to do as others please,
I think the Air Force proper good,
I love the way it goes in threes;
But most of all, I love its food.

A sausage lying on a plate
Was once a morsel quite sublime;
It has become—O cruel fate!—
A mystery as deep as Time.

(Yet we suspect its origin—
Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who, having cut one, peeps within,
And never murmurs "This is bread"?)

Or, garnished with the potent bean,
Behold the stew—rich-steaming, gay
With carrots red and cabbage green;
Look once, and softly whisper, "Neigh!"

I've had tomatoes from a tin;
I've eaten peas from God knows where;
I've swallowed custard—thick and thin—
In which an egg has had no share.

Yet I survive (touch wood); but some,
When restlessly in bed they lie,
Mutter in mad delirium:
"O soggy duff! O shepherd's pie!"

I love the Air Force and its ways,
I do my duty, as I should.
So hearken to my song of praise—
I couldn't live without its food.

P. M.

" Fortune, outrageous ..	"	1
Arrows	"	1
R.A.S.C. SUPPLY		
Loaves (or stones in lieu)....	each	5
Fishes (small).....	"	2
Wine, new (for bottles, old)...	quarts	6
Oil, lamp, virgin, wise (for the use of)	gills	1/2
Oil, lamp, virgin, foolish (for the use of)	quarts	456 1/2
Branches, olive	each	1
Locusts, dried	plagues	1
Honey, wild.....	lbs.	1
PROVISIONAL A.F.L. 1986		
Articles 1-39	sets	1
Commandments, assorted	packets of ten	1
Pens, recorder, gold	each	1
Signs, directional, "UPWARDS" ..	gross	256
" " "DOWNWARDS" ..	"	
" " asbestos	"	1
Tracts, uplift	reams	246

Contributions for *The Halton Magazine* will be welcomed. We want articles, stories of your experiences (humorous or serious), verse, drawings or cartoons, and news—in fact anything that will interest people on the camp.

Send to The Editor, *The Halton Magazine*, Central Registry, S.H.Q., as early as possible each month.

