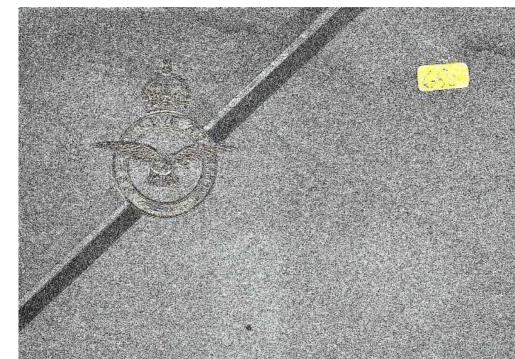
The Haltonian Magazine - Easter 1924 (Scroll down)



THE HALTON MAGAZINE

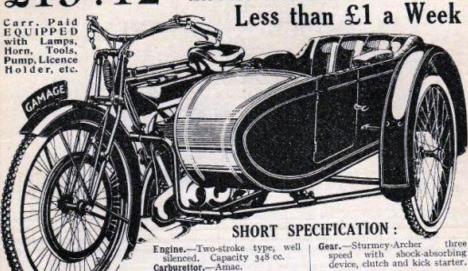
Vol. 1 No. 1

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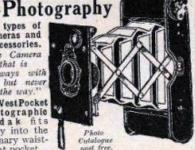
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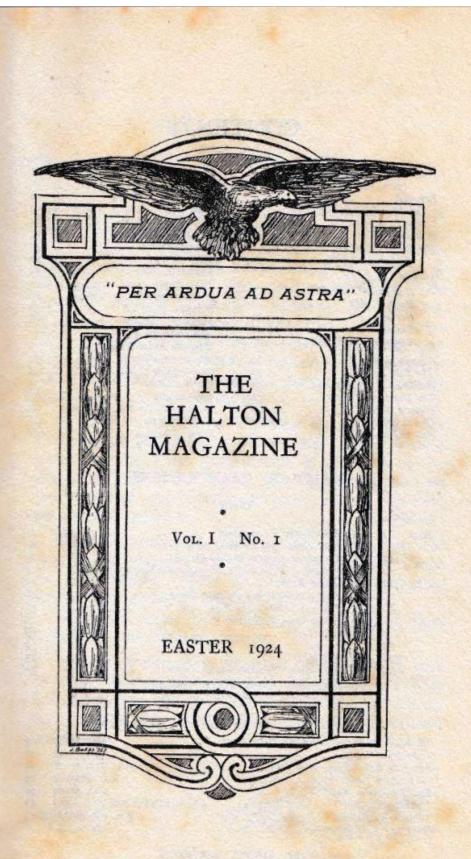
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A Foreword

THE Boys' Magazine has been instituted with the object of developing literary and artistic talent amongst the Aircraft Apprentices at Halton, also as a means of recording the results of the many and various sports and games which have been so keenly contested between the Flights, Squadrons and Sections in the past. Now these are up to full strength I hope this competition may be all the keener. There is, however, another competition Aircraft Apprentices have got to enter for—that with the examiners.

I refer to the Basic Training Examination, the Educational Examination at the end of the second year, and the Final Examination at the end of the third year, and these require more determination and hard work on the individual's part than all the field sports put together.

May the readers of this Magazine realize this, and not put off working hard until a few months before the examination. Make up your mind you can pass, and you are going to pass, and you will.

Read the verses in the Gymnasium which I hope will always be Halton's motto.

Finally, I wish this Magazine every success, may its tone be high, its criticisms kind, and its lighter side kept clean, and an incentive to pride and loyalty to the great Service to which you have the honour to belong.



THE HALTON MAGAZINE

Vol. I. No. 1.

EASTER 1924

Editorial

A NEW-BORN babe has a habit of thrusting himself on people who are quite uninterested in him. We believe, however, the *Halton Magazine* is a sturdy child, born in due season and not unwanted. May it live long, and ever be a credit to the proud name it bears!

In the great drama of "Halton" this Magazine has to play the name-part. It seeks to portray Halton in every mood—Halton the care-worn, Halton the care-free; Halton the grave, Halton the gay; Halton. If it can do this faithfully, yet withal artistically, it will have served its end.

And now to business: facts, figures, and so on—for, after all, he's an ordinary man is an editor, answers a telephone, eats three meals a day, and all that sort of thing.

One hundred and thirty contributions have been sent in—a few excellent, many good, and some—rubbish. The task of sorting these has been long and invidious. Any measure of success is due to much ungrudging help in the work of editing. Most of the contributors must, of necessity, be disappointed; but, remember, there is no disgrace in being an "also ran"—in being a "non-starter" there may be.

With one or two exceptions, all the contributions—other than the official notes—are from boys, and in great part from the younger boys, for all the Senior Entry are in the throes of their passing-out School Examination. Critics kindly note this; personally we feel very hopeful.

There remains a word to say on the subject of price. To produce this Magazine for sixpence has only been possible through the kindly co-operation of advertisers. They have supported us; you must support them. If you want anything from a cradle to a coffin, look first through our advertisement pages—at least you will know you are dealing with reputable firms.

In relinquishing the command of Halton Camp, Air Vice-Marshal F. R. Scarlett, C.B., D.S.O., carries with him the good wishes and respect of us all.

In the last four years his name has become synonymous with that of Halton, and the good spirit and enthusiasm which all forms of activities have shown during that time have been due in no small degree to his untiring zeal, encouragement, and guidance. In all branches of sport there has been no keener sympathizer and follower than he; in the social welfare of the Camp he has always been most helpful and sympathetic, sparing himself no trouble or inconvenience even in small matters, which, though perhaps not weighty, often mean much to those concerned.

Halton parts with a good friend.

His successor, Air-Commodore C. L. Lambe, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., we trust, will find all zealous and keen to serve him loyally and wholeheartedly in that spirit which makes for the good name of the Royal Air Force in general, and Halton Camp in particular.

On February 22nd Halton Camp was visited by Brigadier-General the Right Honourable Lord Thomson, P.C., C.B.E., D.S.O., Secretary of State for Air (President of the Air Council). A thorough inspection of the barracks, workshops and school was made, and we trust all was as it should be.

"The man who dropped it"

[A few thoughts-inspired by H. M. Bateman's noted cartoon.]

The Scots Guards big parade— To hold the fame they'd made— Yet one man felt afraid— The Man who dropped it!

Up on the Barrack Square, All the Battalion there: Who made the Sergeant swear?— The Man who dropped it!

Last night he'd been out late, Out drinking with his mate. Now by an act of fate— He'd been and dropped it!

Why did his comrades grin, At this all-dreaded sin? No doubt they'd "run him in"— Because he'd dropped it!

Who felt the most absurd,
Just as the act occurred?
Flashed down the line the word—
The Man has dropped it!!!

No doubt the man saw red: The mad act turned his head. Water and mouldy bread— Because he dropped it!!

They knew he'd get it hot, For all knew what he got— Fourteen days Aldershot— Because he dropped it!!!

A Fable

NOW in the days of King Asturias the Great, there was much prosperity, and his subjects did flourish, and his satellites waxed exceeding fat. But it came to pass that the king fell ill, and being about to turn up his toes, he summoned unto him his eldest son Isbar. Now Isbar was much grieved and did weep copiously, yea, until his eyes did resemble holes burned in the scarlet tunic of a Grenadier.

"My son," said the king, "I am about to leave thee, and I have decided to apportion my dominions to thee and thy two brothers. Take, therefore, the share of my possessions thy heart desires, for thou art

my eldest son."

"Oh, father!" said Isbar, "give me the land lying west of the river Ctesephon and the whole of the family

plate, and I shall be well content."

And the king sighed, for he was in great pain, and he called his second son unto him. Now his second son was called Horatio, and he wore top boots and did chew a straw.

"My son, Horatio," said the king, "my time on earth is now run out, and I wish to give thee thy due share of my possessions. Choose, and choose thee well."

And Horatio spat in the pink flower pot, and said, "Well, guv'nor, I just want the pair of bays and all the dogs, also the grouse moor in the land of the Celts. Grant me this, oh most respected of parents, and all the rest can go hang."

And the king moaned, for he was in great pain; and he summoned unto him his youngest son, Nicolas, who was of small stature, pale of face, known unto his

fellows as the bookworm.

"My son," said the king, "I am all in; I am about to snuff it. But before I go I wish to see thee well provided for, for verily thou art frail, and not well fitted to withstand the hard buffeting of this life."

And Nicolas did shed a bitter tear, and with much

lachrymose display made answer.

"My noble father," he said, "I wish no worldly belongings, nor anything that is mundane or base. Leave me thy brave spirit and thy noble character, and I am more than satisfied."

And the king smiled and said, "Undoubtedly thou art the best of my sons, and now I shall give unto thee

thy reward."

And the king beckoned to Blackstone, his Grand Vizier, and said, "Give unto him all my possessions, and let him be king after me. And let those two, my eldest sons, be banished out of the land, for truly they are a pair of worldly-minded ingrates."

And in due time the king died, and was buried with much pomp. And Nicholas ruled the land. Then came the Grand Vizier to him, who spoke in this wise, "Truly thou art a noble son, for thou didst win

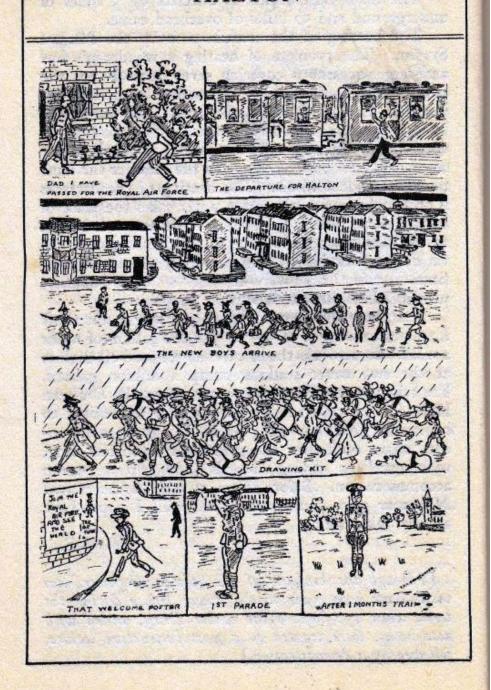
the kingdom by love and great sacrifice."

"Even so," said Nicolas, "but it was a deuce of a risk."

ALTNAVOURNACH.



THE NEW BOYS ARRIVE AT HALTON



Olympic Games

The Olympic Games will be held in Paris this year, from July 5th to July 14th. These games are the supreme test for all the world's finest athletes in every branch of sport.

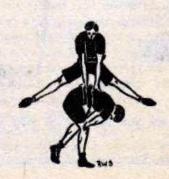
Great Britain is making a big effort this year to send over the best possible athletes, and to do this all small clubs and individuals are being helped by having kit provided, and advice from expert coaches.

America is bound to make a bid for championship honours and, as you know, over there no stone is left unturned to discover and train new talent, and any athlete so discovered is given the most expert advice and training it is possible to receive. There are outdoor tracks and indoor tracks, lit by powerful lights, and in the case of the ski-jumpers, training for the winter sports, special snow was imported to practice on.

The following is a list of events which will be competed for in Paris: Fencing—Athletics (Marathon, Running, Jumping)—Mixed Sports, Classic Pentathlon—Modern Pentathlon—Wrestling—Sculling—Canadian Canoe—Swimming—Water Polo—Lawn Tennis—Boxing—Foot-

We hope that some of the talent that we have now at Halton will develop sufficiently during the next few years to enable its owners to represent their country in the greatest athletic contest in the world.

W. J. S.



The Fool

The Lunatic Asylum stands Upon the lonely moor, With maniacs from sundry lands Behind its guarded door. There, people who have killed their wives, Then plead that they're insane, In peace serene shall end their lives, Devoid of earthly gain. Those noble brains which have controlled The businesses they made, Have lost the gift they had of old, And interest in trade. Here fratricides and varied rogues, With money-making crooks, Discuss the latest Paris vogues, In all the fashion books. From papers which the warder bought, They information glean. They talk of politics and sport, Not knowing what they mean. The Arab, Chink, and Negro, too, Within its walls confined, The thrifty Scotsman and the Jew Their company don't mind. Another man should be installed-No doubt 'twould cause a stir-It is the silly fool who called The Acting-Corporal "Sir"!

P

"Napoleon I used to say that battles were won by the sudden flashing of an idea through the brain of a commander at a certain critical instant. The capacity for generating this sudden electric spark was military genius. Napoleon seems always to have counted upon it, always to have believed that when the critical moment arrived the wild confusion of the battlefield would be illuminated for him by that burst of sudden flame. But if Napoleon had been ignorant of the prosaic business of his profession, to which he attended more closely than any other commander, would these moments of supreme clearness have availed him, or would they have come to him at all?"

The Boy Comes Home

SCENE: The home of any Boy on the first day of the Easter Holidays. In the hall the Reception Committee is drawn up in close column of half-sections, facing half-right; Father is standing at ease. Mother and the girls stand strictly to attention, thumbs pressed to the seam of their skirts. The band, ages 7—2 (there are four of them), are ready.

The door opens: enter the Boy.



The Band strikes up "A Life in the R.A.F." with some measure of success. Father, mother, and the girls, showing an utter lack of discipline, break from the ranks. The Boy does not approve of this, but realises that one has to put up with these little trials, and anyhow they mean well. The Band fall out one by one, the kettle-drum winning.

Father: "Well, my boy, well, well-."

Mother: "I hope you had a good breakfast, dear?"
One Sister: "Harold, what have they done to your hair?"

The Boy: (He is a good Précis writer) "Well, father,
—yes, thanks—cut it."

Father (leading the way): "Come in, my boy, and tell us all the news."

The Reception Committee adopts a new formation, and adjourns to the drawing-room. There they group themselves around the hero, who produces a cigar from his hat, and, having lit it with an ease born of long practice under trying conditions, intimates that he is now ready to answer any reasonable question.

Father: "Workshops,-how are workshops?"

The Boy: "Not bad, really. We go in and potter about a bit, and then have an interval for refreshment; then we potter about a bit more, and then it's lunch-time."

Mother: "And how are you getting on in School, dear?"

The Boy: "Oh, pretty well. It's quite decent. We go in for a bit, and then there's a break for refreshment. Then we go back again, and it's soon lunch-time. Of course, we can eat most of the morning, if we're lucky—I generally get caught."

Sisters: "How horrid of them to catch you."

Father: "And life in the barracks, my boy. Discipline, what?"

The Boy: "Almost fit to live in, now. We can get hot-water bottles from the N.C.O.'s, and they are very careful about airing our things."

Mother: "I hope your Sergeant-Major is kind to you, dear?"

The Boy: "Oh, yes, Mother. He asks us round to tea on Sundays, and plays us all the new records on his gramophone. I did hear him get cross once, but he did not say anything that might hurt our feelings."

The Band (who have been ransacking the Boy's kit):
"What's this yellow ribbon?"

The Boy (lighting another cigar): "That's what the C.O. gave me. He said I had an exceptional character."

Mother: "How good of him!"

Father: "There's only one thing that worries me, my son. Your report is not quite what I

should have expected."

The Boy: "Oh, I shouldn't worry about that, Dad.
They're so many of us that our reports
often get mixed." (An idea strikes him.)
"And if they say we're not much good to
start with, and brilliant after a bit, then
it means how well they've taught us."

Father: "I see. Getting plenty of games?"

The Boy: "Yes, thanks. I won the raffle for a tobacco pouch, and only lost by seven in the billiards handicap."

Mother (to herself): "How splendid!"

Father: "And drill, my boy—forming fours, and then forming two-deep, and all that sort of thing?

The Boy: "Oh, that's going very well. I was highly praised only the other day for being a smart blank-file. 'Quite the blankest file he had seen,' the corporal said."

Mother (to herself): "How nice of him!"

Father: "Well, well, my boy, we're delighted to have you with us again. Now you will be able to take things easy for a few days."

Sisters and the Band: "Take us to the pictures to-night."

The Boy: "What's on?"

Sisters, etc. "A splendid film: 'This Freedom.'"
Curtain.

D. O'S.

TWO-SEATER AVRETTES. A prize of £3,000 is offered by the Air Ministry for a light two-seater aeroplane fitted with dual control, with a view for use as a training machine for R.A.F. pilots.

Workshop Notes

THIS title conjures up thoughts of many happy (?) hours spent on what it is usually accepted to mean! But in this case it means something different—at least we hope it does. The Workshops intend to have a fair innings in this Magazine; they constitute a large proportion of the activities of Halton, they are very largely "what we are paid for," so their sponsors thrust these "Notes" upon you with the unblushing confidence of a newly-joined Instructor dictating notes from a book.

We will take the different Departments of the

Workshops in order:-

PRELIMINARY TRAINING (FITTERS, Etc.)

FITTERS. The Second Entry Boys have all passed over to Advanced Training, and we hear they are doing well. The Third Entry had their First Year Examination early in February. Marking of test jobs and papers is still in progress, but we have reason to believe that their Officers and Instructors will not be displeased with the results. One rather interesting fact emerges from the Third Entry results: they show that the old syllabus could be beaten on time fairly easily by those who went "full out" for it. The Railway Strike rather delayed the Trade allocation of the Fourth Entry, but they began in the shops on February 4th and 5th, less than a fortnight from the time of arrival of the latest of them.

With the Fourth Entry Fitters we began the new Syallabus. This is modelled on the experience we have had, plus the results of a visit to H.M.S. "Fisgard"—the Naval "Halton," where they have been doing this work for twenty years. The idea of beginning with heavy chipping and filing came from the "Fisgard." The results seem very promising, some boys acquiring quite a professional "swing" from the shoulder after only a week or two. Those who have suffered "out-

rageous fortune" to the tune of battered thumbs and knuckles have stuck it out in a thoroughly sporting way.

The new Drilling and Tool Grinding Bay has been put up, and should save a lot of time to the Fitters.

MACHINE SHOP.

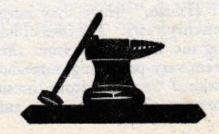
This really looks like a Machine Shop now; it is a hive of activity. All the new motors and most of the new plant are installed, together with the belt guards. The problem of accounting for all the different tools and equipment still needs solution, but we are not without hopes; in the meantime it is up to every one to help by keeping things together, and not by "robbing Peter to pay Paul."

The Airmen Machinists are making good progress, and at a recent C.T.T.B. Examination of Blacksmiths and Machinists, there were no failures. (The S.T.O.

is still looking for that pair of white gloves!)

BLACKSMITH'S SHOP.

This is always liable to be the "Cinderella" of the workshops, in more senses than one, but it is not so at Halton. Still, we do have difficulty in impressing on the young idea of the Fitter persuasion, etc., the vast importance of realising why a village blacksmith loves wrought iron better than "spreading chestnut trees," and avoids any comparison of "the muscles of his brawny arms" with steel. Unfortunately, steel is largely used in aeroplanes, and that is where technical knowledge no higher than that of the village blacksmith's is not high enough for us. For the work of the airmen blacksmiths, see our remarks anent Machinists and white gloves. The case-hardening furnace now has a pyrometer. We hope it is accurate; means of checking this must be devised.



FOUNDRY.

"Greens' Emergency" Cupola has turned out a big success, though we were doubtful about the blower motor at first. The same applies to the oil installation to the pot furnaces, which is a great improvement on the use of coke. All the "odd" furnaces have been put in order by W. & B.; the sand blast is the only derelict at the moment.

Besides masses of maintenance work, the casting of exercise or practice work jobs for fitters will make a great saving; another tip from H.M.S. "Fisgard."

ADVANCED TRAINING.

FITTERS A. E. The earlier group of the First Entry have reached the Engine Repair Shop and Aerodrome stage of their training. The Officer-in-charge considers that more attention is needed to bench work,

i.e. continuation of Basic Training.

With the Second Entry, the new type engines will be taught, the Napier Lion replacing the Falcon Rolls Royce, and "Third Engine" instruction being divided into—50% Jaguar, 25% Jupiter, and 25% Condor. A Napier Cub engine has arrived, so presumably instruction on this type may be required before long.

Various Officers and Instructors have done courses

on the new type engines.

FITTERS ARMOURERS.

Very good bench work is being done, but several boys are not quite up to the mark on the '303 rifle, though the Colt pistol was well done. Only First Entry boys are in this trade.

FITTERS DRIVER PETROL.

The repair work is going ahead well: one Leyland and two Crossleys are nearly completed, and will be sent by road to the M.T.R.D., Shrewsbury, to be "vetted." We should feel more certain of the results when we can test the engines; this will be arranged.

It is a pity there are not more Motor Body Builders

to do the bodies.

CARPENTER-RIGGERS, SECOND ENTRY.

The above Aircraft Apprentices are now working in the early stages of Advanced Training, having already taken fabric work, and are well on with their splicing.

CARPENTER MOTOR BODY BUILDERS, FIRST ENTRY.

The Motor Body Building Class are putting up a good show, having completed a Sentinel body and a Leyland float. They are now converting a Leyland workshop body into an open body, with circular headed cab. This, when completed, should make a good test vehicle for the Fitters Driver Petrol.

CARPENTER-RIGGERS, THIRD ENTRY.

The First Year examinations were completed in February, but the results are not available yet, though reports of the practical work are very promising.

WORKSHOP HANDBOOKS AND NOTE BOOKS.

With the Fourth Entry we are beginning a new scheme to reduce the amount of note-taking and copying that has to be done, and, as far as the Basic Training is concerned, it is hoped to eliminate notes, except for actual syllabus work, and any special notes boys may wish to make on their own initiative. Every boy will have a handbook of his trade, and the same books will be issued to Instructors and used in the Lecture Rooms. These workshop handbooks are well written and illustrated, and should make the why and wherefore plain to understand. Note books will still be required for Advanced Training, but it is hoped to reduce waste of time to a minimum by sketching direct into the Fair Note Book with an "H" pencil, dimensions and notes being added in ink, without any painting or coloured chalk. For, however much we may insist that practice comes first, and no airman is worth his keep if he isn't first-class with his hands at his trade, yet practice needs to be guided by knowledge. In Buckinghamshire, of all places, we should beware of Disraeli's definition of a practical man as "a man who practises the errors of his forefathers." R. H. V.

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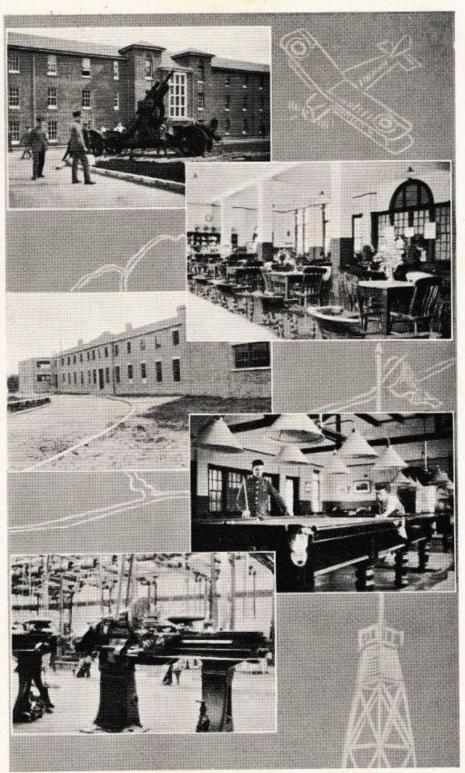
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Photos]

German Anti-Aircraft Gun at Bulback Barracks. School Buildings. Machine Shop.

[A/A. Mills, R.

No. 2 Section Canteen.

No. 2 Section Billiard Room.