

The Haltonian Magazine

Volume 2 No. 3

Christmas 1925

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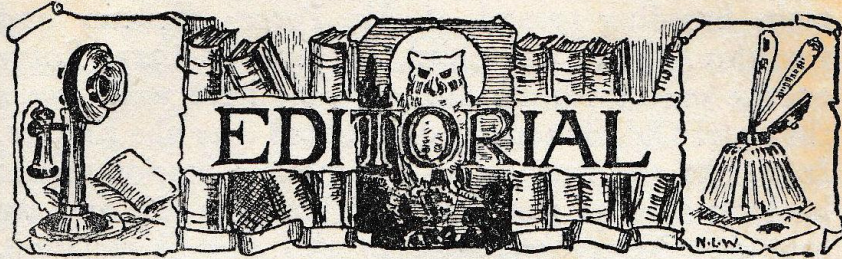
"PER ARDUA AD ASTRA"

THE
HALTON
MAGAZINE

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XMAS 1925

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THE SEASON'S GREETINGS.—In presenting this concluding number of Volume II of the *Halton Magazine*, we take the immediate opportunity of wishing all our readers “A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.” With the Christmas leave almost upon us, we are reminded vividly of the all-too-rapid passage of time. It seems but yesterday since we wrote our Summer Editorial in the sweltering heat of a July day (there was, we seem to remember, a hot day of sunshine sometime or other during July!) and now, as we write, the sky is murky and the rain is pattering down on congested heaps of dead leaves. But we refuse to be despondent. There is yet ample time for the conventional snow and frost and plum pudding of the season, and if any of these fail, there is always the Christmas number of the *Halton Magazine* by way of compensation. And so once more, the Compliments of the Season to you all!

SIGNS OF WINTER.—The calendar is not the only symptom of the advent of winter. Rugger, Soccer and Hockey are in full swing, announcements of debates and lectures bedeck our notice-boards, and C.T.T.B. and School Exams. form a formidable background to the general picture for most of us. But the Christmas leave compensates for much, and we have no doubt everyone will turn up smiling again in January next.

THE OLD HALTONIANS' ASSOCIATION.—The formation of an Old Boys' Association, details of which are given on another page in this number, marks another

significant milestone in our young career as the main breeding-ground of Air Force efficiency and tradition. With the third, or January 1923, Entry on the eve of passing out, we now have well over a thousand Old Haltonians distributed over the Empire. It is right and fitting that the mother Station should be looked to as the link that binds us all, and we extend a hearty welcome to this new Association. May it grow from strength to strength, and in sending our greetings of goodwill to all our Old Boys, wherever they may be, may we express the hope that they will respond to this new call of unity as promptly as possible. We hope, too, that no ex-Aircraft Apprentice of the January, 1923, Entry (to all of whom we wish good luck and God-speed) will leave without having filled up his form of application for membership of the Old Haltonians' Association.

THE NEW ENTRY.—A word of welcome to the 450 Boys who joined us in September last. They have, we hope, fully settled down by now to the Halton life and the Halton way, and we hope they will continue happy to the day of their passing out (using the term in both the Haltonian *and* the general sense). We hope, too, that they contain their quota of budding artists, poets and writers, and that these will speedily find their efforts in print in these pages.

OUR POSTER DISPLAY.—We wish to thank all those many willing helpers who contributed to the success of our Poster Exhibition on Parent's Day, last summer. All who paid it a visit—and there were many hundreds during the course of the day—were eloquent in their praises. For our part, we are most grateful for the unselfish sacrifice of time and trouble to all who drew the posters, or who helped in the sale of magazines during the day. This is merely symptomatic, however, of the very fine spirit that pervades so many A/A.'s, who are showing their keenness to help the Magazine along in one way or another. We have room for all such.

OUR SPECIAL CHRISTMAS FEATURES.—In accordance with the excellent precedent of the last Christmas number, we are pleased to include two special coloured plates in this issue. For one we are indebted to the courtesy of the Oxford University Press. For the other our thanks are due to our colleague, Mr. C. N. Heath. This latter plate differs from the usual three-colour process, and the manner of its production is of such interest that we have prevailed upon Mr. Heath to give us a description of how it is done. For this our readers are referred to page 23. As a further feature we are adding a special eight-page "Sportsfolio Supplement" of various groups sent in by Nos. 1 and 2 Sections. We have included these special features at very great expense, and it is necessary to remind our readers that the only justification for this is that "Christmas comes but once a year."

THE "BASRAH R.A.F. MAGAZINE."—We have read with very great pleasure the first number of the youngest of our Service contemporaries—the *Basrah R.A.F. Magazine*. We venture to lay claim to the foster-parentage of this healthy young literary baby. We base this claim on the kindly references to the *Halton Magazine* by "The Scribbler," who, after describing us as the "premier Magazine of the Royal Air Force," goes on to say: "The *Halton Magazine* has set up a high standard for all present and future R.A.F. Magazines to emulate. That its splendid example bears fruit, there is no doubt, for I have heard the Editors of the *Basrah R.A.F. Magazine* say after reading it, 'What one unit can do, we can attempt, and, perhaps, beat.'" These friendly remarks confront us at once with a challenge and a responsibility. Here's jolly good luck and the best of success to the *Basrah R.A.F. Magazine*. May it flourish and prosper, and may we hope that as the terms roll by more and more Service magazines overseas and at home will appear and occasion from us an equally hearty welcome.

OUR TRAVEL ARTICLE.—With this number we publish the final instalment of Wing-Commander Read's interesting travel article. All our readers will agree that this article has been of absorbing interest, and we take this opportunity of thanking the writer most cordially for his contributions.

A LIGHT AEROPLANE CLUB FOR HALTON.—Readers will find on another page the preliminary details of a Light Aeroplane Club about to be started on the Station. We strongly commend this Club to everybody connected with the Camp as an opportunity for showing to the outside world what Halton can do. The organizers have given hours of work and thought to the scheme for more than twelve months past, and it is pre-eminently a cause to which all true Haltonians will rally with enthusiasm. We shall watch its progress to what we hope will prove its ultimate triumph with interest and confidence.

NOS. 1 AND 2 WINGS. As we write, the nomenclature of what were Nos. 1 and 2 Sections has been altered to that of Nos. 1 and 2 Wings. It has not been possible to alter the references in the text in this number to meet this change, but we hope it will be generally understood that wherever the Sections are referred to, the Wings are meant.

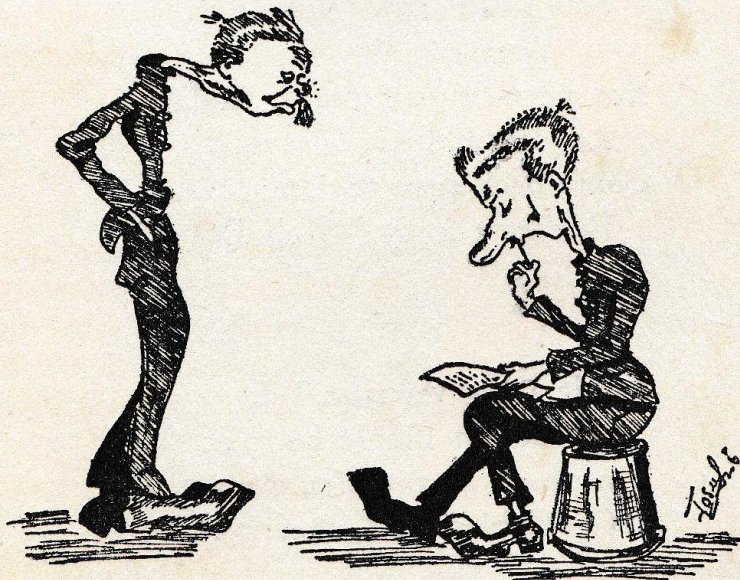
OUR ADVERTISERS. Once again we wish to thank our advertisers for the continued support they give us, and in so doing we again urge upon our readers, in making purchases of any kind, to give our advertisers the preference whenever possible. By this means both the Magazine, the advertisers, and we hope, the individual reader, will all find their best interests served.

BOUND COPIES. We again draw the attention of our readers to the fact that we are ready to bind Nos. 1, 2 and 3 of Vol. 2 (1925) into a single handsome volume in blue and gilt, at a charge of 2/6 per binding. Readers wishing to take advantage of this should send in their own copies, properly packed and labelled with their names and addresses, together with a

remittance of 2/6. Advertisements will be omitted from the bound volumes.

A NEW CAMP 'BUS SERVICE. We have noticed with considerable interest the advent of the new "Red Rose" 'Bus service in the Camp. It has been a legitimate ground for complaint that no enterprising public service has hitherto seen fit to take into consideration the needs of a station which, after all, is much greater in population than, say, Wendover itself. We therefore extend a hearty welcome to this new venture, the Board of Directors of which frankly declare to be brought into being primarily for the use of the personnel of the Camp.

RHYMES OF THE R.A.F. We take pleasure in drawing the attention of all our readers to the review in these pages of "Rhymes of the R.A.F.," written by one of our colleagues at Cranwell. The humour with which all phases and ranks of R.A.F. life are portrayed is such as will appeal to everybody, and we are pleased to learn that arrangements are being made for copies to be sold (price 2/- nett) at the N.A.A.F.I. canteens.



"'Ullo, Cuth! Watcher doin'?"
"Making out me autobiography!"
"Yer autobiography? What's that?"
"The things I orter buy, and can't afford!"

Cheerio !

(Dedicated to the January 1923 Entry.)

So now yer goin' away, lad,
Well, mebbe p'raps yer should ;
It's best a lad should travel ;
I 'opes yer strike it good.

Now, sometimes you'll find bad 'uns
Are 'anging round about ;
But still, just play the game, lad,
Don't let 'em catch yer out.

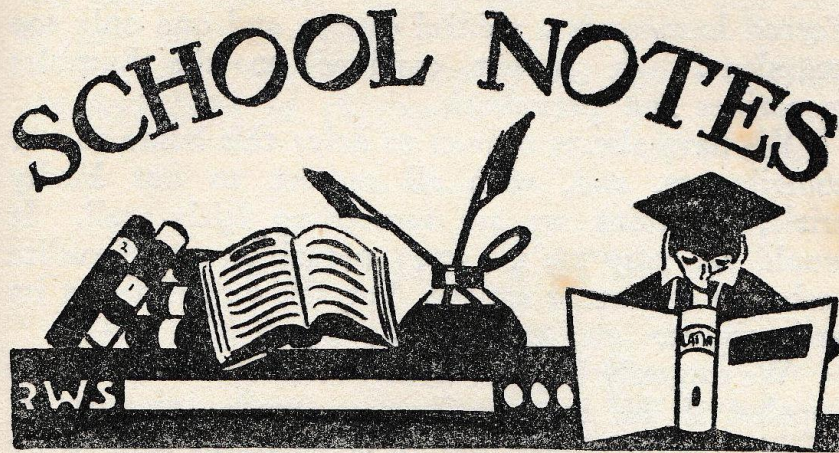
An' should yer miss yer step, lad,
An' slip down in the muck,
Jus' cut along back 'ome, lad,
So's I can say "'Ard Luck."

But if you've prosper'd, laddie,
An' fortune you 'ave won,
Come back agen to 'ome, lad,
I'd like ter say "Well Done."

* * *

So git along yer way, lad,
It's best it should be so ;
I'm proud that you're me son, lad,
Gawd bless yer—cheerio !

G. L.



THE results of the passing-out examination of our Second Entry are encouraging, but what pleases us still more are the reports from the Stations on both First and Second Entries. It is very good news that our "Old Boys" are pulling their weight and doing credit to Halton.

In another part of this number will be found an announcement referring to a Halton Old Boys' Association. We hope by this means to create a register of all Boys passing through Halton, showing their careers throughout their lives in the Service.

It will also be a means whereby a boy may communicate with friends at Halton whose Stations he may have forgotten.

It is hoped to run Old Boys' teams.

Independent criticism is a most valuable help, and we therefore welcome heartily the notice taken of our last number in the *Aeroplane*. We feel it necessary to point out, however, that this magazine is intended to be a Station magazine, and that nine-tenths of the matter is composed by Aircraft Apprentices. For some reason or other it seems to be the great pitfall of all magazines of this nature, that contributors will try to emulate the great humorists.

Forced humour is a painful disease and one only too prevalent. It is not confined to the humbler magazines and periodicals.

We have always striven to drive this home to our contributors, and, with all respect to our kindly critic, we think we are succeeding fairly well. It would be easy to fill our magazine with erudite technical and other articles, but this would defeat its main object.

We can only beg our critic not to throw us over as hopeless if he occasionally sees crude attempts at humour in our pages, but to continue to help us by an occasional censure if the necessity arises.

If the circulation of the magazine increases at its present rate our responsibilities will increase with it, and we should be content with nothing but the best.

We therefore ask our Old Boys to remember us, and send in articles of general interest as well as news from the Station.

No doubt, with advancing years, our estimation of the value of our contribution will become more accurate, and this striving for the comic will become less acute.

Our readers will note with interest that a scheme for the admission of ex-Aircraft Apprentices to the roll of members of the Association of Mechanical Engineers is under consideration.

At present those who pass out with 80% in the Shops and 60% in the Final School Exam. can be admitted without examination to the "Studentship" category.

In future, this will be indicated in the result lists.

For First and Second Entry Apprentices, application should be made to the Air Ministry for a Certificate of Qualification by those who passed out as L.A.C. and who got 60% in the School Exam.

As regards the second part of the qualification, the Head Master will be glad to afford the information to any one interested.

On sending an application to the Air Ministry,

full name, number, training establishment and date of entry must be given.

The Air Ministry authority for this is A.M.L. 588280/25/AM of 18/7/25.

A. F. S. C.

Society and Personal

A/A.'s Leigh-Greene and Leyton are spending their Christmas vacation at their delightful residences in a well-known port in Devon. The rumour that they have invited the Prime Minister and certain Air Ministry officials to spend a day or so with them is, as far as we know, unfounded.

The prevalency of the ultra-Eton or Halton crop among Apprentices is, we believe, not altogether voluntary; it is, however, gratifying to see that generally speaking the slave to fashion does not exist at Halton.

A.A.'s Clemin and Takoff held an "At home" in the top drying-room of M Block last night. A select company was present, among whom I noticed an L A/A., and much appreciation was shown to A/A. Clemin whose packet of Player's (sent from home) went a long way towards making the party a success.

It is gratifying to see A/A. de Guerre among us again looking fit and well, though perhaps a trifle tired after his fortnight spent in agricultural pursuits.

The pullover, which was lately ousted by the waistcoat for evening barrack-room wear (in some select circles), has come into its own again with flying (and startling) colours. A/A. Wearwell set the fashion with a brilliant creation of yellow and blue cross pattern with pink diagonals.

The lucky few who have been granted the privilege of viewing A/A. Sharp's splendid and unique collection of canine prints are all unanimous in their praise of the hardworking genius who has brought such a collection together. He modestly admits that he only bought three out of a total of a hundred.

W. R. D.

The Invention of Brushes

ONCE upon a time, back in the dim old ages, a certain part of Britain was ruled by a very good king, named Oojah. He was greatly loved and respected by his subjects, who called him "the good King Oojah." Oojah's one aim in life was to rule his people well and justly, and his whole career was devoted to making their lives happier. There was one problem, however, that Oojah tried to solve for many years without success. It was this:

At this period the people of this country had no houses to live in, and were forced to inhabit caves and holes in the ground. Naturally, these crude dwelling-places speedily became dirty, and as there were no means of removing the filth that collected, it was simply left there. This greatly worried Oojah, who saw that many of his subjects died from diseases contracted in consequence, and he was always trying to think out some method of sweeping the dirt out of their habitations.

One day he found the solution to the problem. It happened thus. Oojah was sitting in the royal chamber surrounded by his courtiers. (Oojah's throne was composed of two large slabs of stone leaning against each other for support, with another slab resting horizontally on the top for the seat. The reason for these details will be seen later). His Majesty was wearing his usual thoughtful frown, for he was thinking of his everlasting question. Suddenly a loud scuffle arose in a corner of the cavern, and on enquiring the cause of it, Oojah was told that the two great nobles Bearus and Waloer were having a quiet argument. Oojah ordered the two miscreants to come forward, and when they stood before his throne, he asked, "Have you any dispute which you wish to settle?"

"Yes, your Majesty," came the reply.

“Then settle it here before the whole of the Court—Seconds out of the ring—Time!”

Forthwith started an exciting though short fight, which lasted for exactly two minutes.

At the end of this time, Bearus took a running kick at Waloer, who simultaneously threw at his opponent a piece of rock which he had picked up. Both were knocked clean out, and Oojah at once proclaimed a draw. Now both of the unconscious fighters had long beards reaching to their waists, and when they were picked up, Oojah noticed that a lot of dirt and dust was sticking to their whiskers.

At this, the King appeared to be lost in deep thought, and was heard to be humming, “Shall I have it bobbed or shingled?” Suddenly one of the leaning-stones of the throne slipped, and the whole throne collapsed under His Majesty. His courtiers dashed forward to extricate him from the ruins, but to their great relief saw him sit upright.

“Eureka! Eureka (I’ve got it! I’ve got it!),” he shouted excitedly.

“Yes, Your Majesty,” said one of his helpers, sympathetically glancing at a large bump on the King’s head, “and you have also got a nasty cut on the back of your left hand. Would you like a Daisy Powder.”

“Peace!” quoth the King. “Bring me six of the greatest criminals in the dungeons.”

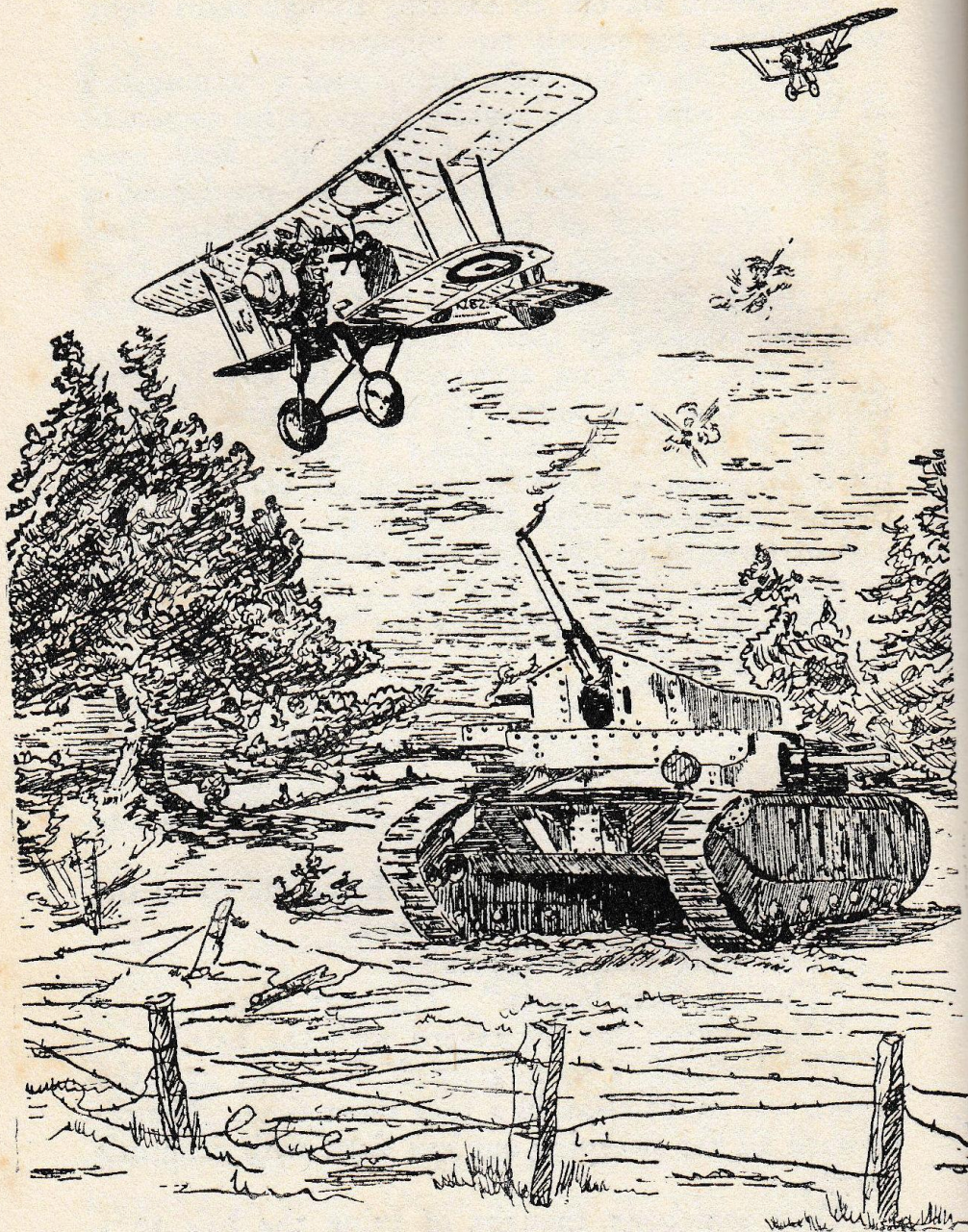
These were soon forthcoming.

“Cut off their beards.” This was done.

“Now sweep out the cavern with the hair.”

The bystanders soon grasped the idea, and the cavern was swept clean in a very short time. Henceforward all the sweeping out was done with criminals beards.

Then somebody thought of tying the hair to a stick, and so the sweeping brush has developed into what it is to-day—one of the most useful and indispensable articles we possess.



A Vision of the Next War.

“Rhymes of the R.A.F.”

(C. L. M. BROWN).
Methuen & Co., Ltd., 2s.

“Without or with offence to friends or foes,
I sketch your world exactly as it goes.”

BYRON.

ON hastily glancing through *Rhymes of the R.A.F.*, these lines flashed at once through our minds as peculiarly fitting. A closer reading, however, showed us our mistake. Mr. Brown has sketched our little world entirely “without offence.”

The standard of humour set by *Punch* is high, and that that journal should have published such a series of verses stands in itself a sufficient tribute to their poetic excellence.

Rhymes of the R.A.F. gives us a delightful insight into the everyday life of the Service to which we belong. The humour is never unkind, rarely strained. “I will have nothing in my rhymes that may carry even the suggestion of inexactitude or exaggeration,” states the author. Truth is set before laughter, but the result loses nothing thereby. Air Ministry and Air Marshal, down to the modest A/C., none are spared, yet none are harmed.

We cannot refrain from quoting a few brief excerpts which particularly appealed to us.

This, of the Air Vice-Marshal :

The Air Vice-Marshal sits alone
And gazes at the telephone
With anxious eyes that seem to say,
“I hope it will not ring to-day.”
But if the bell begins to ring
With loud insistent ting-a-ling,
He deals it one decisive punch,
Observing, “It is time for lunch.”

The Wing-Commander’s duties are apparently not so arduous as one might suppose, for :

When not engaged in strolling round
The hangars or the flying-ground,
He seeks his office, where he sits
And signs innumerable chits.

Again the Aircraft Apprentice :

Although he finds both Shops and School
Quite entertaining, as a rule,
P.T. remains his chief delight,
And oh ! it is a cheerful sight
To see him with his little friends
Performing complicated bends,
Or doubling at a breathless pace,
With radiant smiles upon his face.
And what a loud indignant hiss
Will greet the hateful word "Dismiss !"
"Not yet, Instructor ; fie, for shame !"
The young apprentices exclaim,
"Just one 'Knees bend' before we part ;
You can't deny us—have a heart !"

And, finally, lest we should finish with too great an impression of a life of ease, we find in "The Service" :

Wherever troubles may be brewing
The R.A.F. are up and doing.
'Mid Himalayan peaks and chasms,
Wild tribesmen suffer sudden spasms
When from their watch-towers they descry
Small specks appearing in the sky.
Where Sion's pleasant brooklets flow
Their transport lorries come and go,
Careering through the mud and rain
When Jordan's waters flood the plain.
In Iraq's sun-scorched desert spaces
The Bedouin, camped by green oases,
Hears through the starlit Eastern night
The droning murmur of their flight ;
And where the playful crocodile
Sports by the margin of the Nile,
The shadows of their cambered wings
Flit swiftly o'er the tombs of kings.

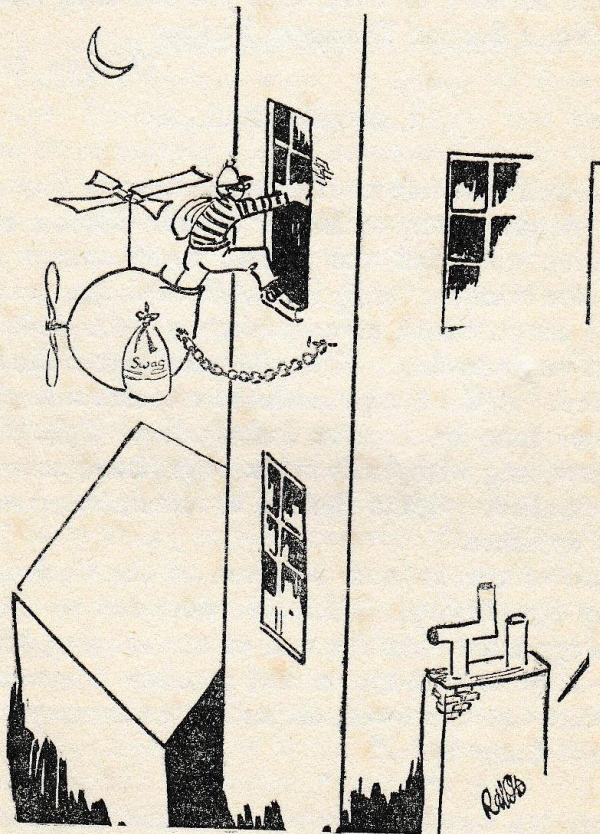
We have no hesitation in heartily recommending this little volume to all our readers, and we look forward to a further series of verses from our colleague at Cranwell.

E. C. C.

[We have received for review "The Strategy and Tactics of Air Fighting," by Major Oliver Stewart (Longmans, 6s. net). This will be dealt with in the next number of the "Halton Magazine."—Ed.]

No. 2 Section's Farewell Dinner to the 2nd Entry

A Farewell Dinner was held on Wednesday, August 19th, in the top Dining-hall. This was a happy occasion, when all enjoyed the excellent repast. At the conclusion of the dinner, Sqdn/Ldr. Sowrey, Fl/Lt.'s Ellwood and Burton, F/O.'s Blenkinsop, Walters and Hart, W/O.'s Keen, Traill, Farlow and Smith, were called upon, and made appropriate speeches. A dance followed.



A Coming Problem for the Police