

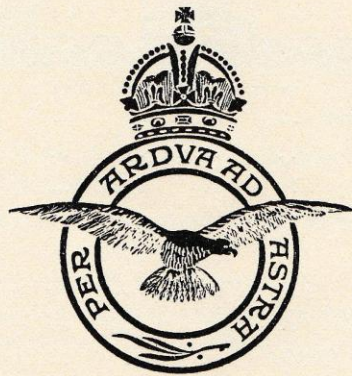
The Haltonian Magazine and the Daedalus

Volume 1 No. 1

June 1930

(Scroll down)

THE
HALTON MAGAZINE
AND THE
DAEDALUS



VOL. II, No. 1

JUNE 1930



SMOKED FOR THEIR QUALITY
BY PEOPLE WHO KNOW.

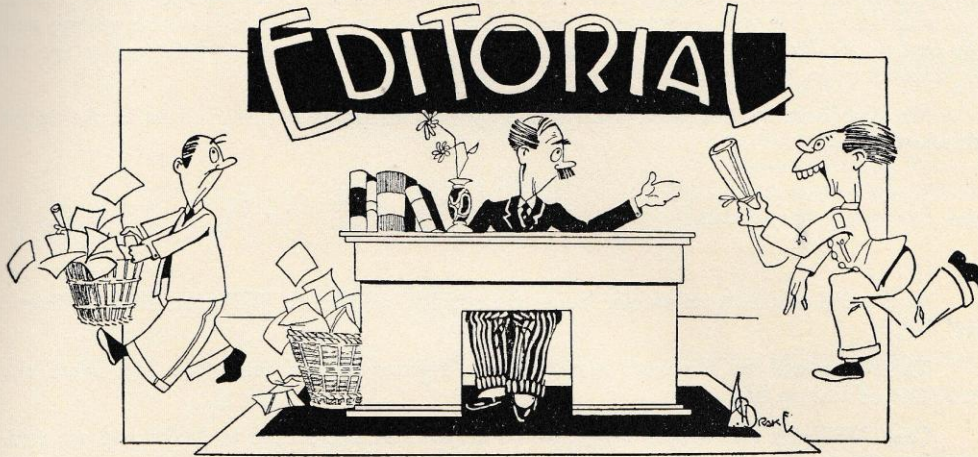
PLAYER'S



"Medium" Navy Cut
TOBACCO 1'0 $\frac{1}{2}$ " per oz

"Medium" Navy Cut
CIGARETTES 20 for 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ "

B28A



BEFORE our next number is published we hope to have the Honour board completed and in position in the Big Corridor.

This will be photographed and printed in our next issue, so we do not intend to give a complete list yet.

This is in answer to many requests for information.

We cannot delay, however, in congratulating P/Sgts. Christie, Satterley and Sheen on their commissions. All were members of the 3rd (Halton) Entry and passed out from Halton in December, 1925.

Cadetships were given last year to N. C. S. Rutter, S. C. Widdows, C. W. Williams, S. W. Needham and E. F. Porter. Rutter and Needham gained the Sir Charles Wakefield Scholarships.

Flight Cadet A. Earle gained the Air Ministry prize for Aeronautical Engineering at the Cadet College, Cranwell.

* * * * *

Amongst outstanding performances in the air must be recorded Miss Johnson's feat of flying solo to Australia.

As an example of grit and determination it will be hard to beat, and we venture to suggest that it is to be hoped that no one will light-heartedly attempt to beat it for some time.

Miss Johnson's flights from Rangoon were successful and we congratulate her most sincerely. She, herself, we are sure would be the first to admit that it was a very risky business and that the margin between success and disaster was very small.

Lady Bailey's flight along the West Coast of Africa and Miss Johnson's performance are proofs of the excellence of the work put into our machines, and a great incentive to civil flying.

To both ladies all interested in the future of aviation owe much gratitude and admiration.

F/O. C. H. Latimer Needham, well known to all Old Boys as secretary of the Halton Light Aeroplane Club and designer of the H.A.C. 1 and H.A.C. 2, has recently added gliding to his activities. He was the second Englishman to gain his "A" certificate for gliding and the first to get the "B" and "C" certificates. In winning the last he remained in the air 60 minutes in an "intermediate" type of glider.

Mr. Needham has designed a sailplane in which he hopes to career about in the upper air shortly.

* * * * *

At the end of this term we are losing the services of Messrs. Williams, E. A. F. Reeve and Wight.

Their loss will be felt very heavily in all departments of our work and in all the activities of Halton life.

Capt. Williams and Major Wight go to Egypt and Dr. Reeve to Malta and we congratulate the stations concerned.

We welcome back to Halton Capt. A. B. Fanstone and Mr. W. G. Sheppard.

* * * * *

The following extract from the *Daily Express* speaks for itself. It might be added that Wiltshire could have saved his own life by using his parachute on arrival at the aerodrome and deserting his pilot and the machine.

Wiltshire was a member of the September, 1923 Entry at Cranwell.

We beg to extend our sympathy to his people in their loss and to tell them how proud the Service is of his heroism.

“ AIRMAN’S LIFE FOR HIS COMRADE—HERO OF A FRONTIER RAID ”

Lahore (Punjab),

Thursday, May 22nd.

“ An aircraftsman, who had never before controlled an aeroplane, took charge of the machine when his pilot was fatally wounded by a bullet during a raid over the Khyber Pass, flew back fifty-five miles to a landing ground and then crashed to death in landing. He could easily have saved his own life by a parachute jump, but he gambled on the hope of saving his wounded comrade. He did not know that the pilot was lying dead in the cockpit. This is the outline of a thrilling story of heroism which is revealed to-day behind the brief announcement of the death in action, last Saturday, of F/O. R. W. A. Stroud and A.C. C. S. Wiltshire. The pilot had been bombing the camp of a hostile tribe. He then came down to a height of

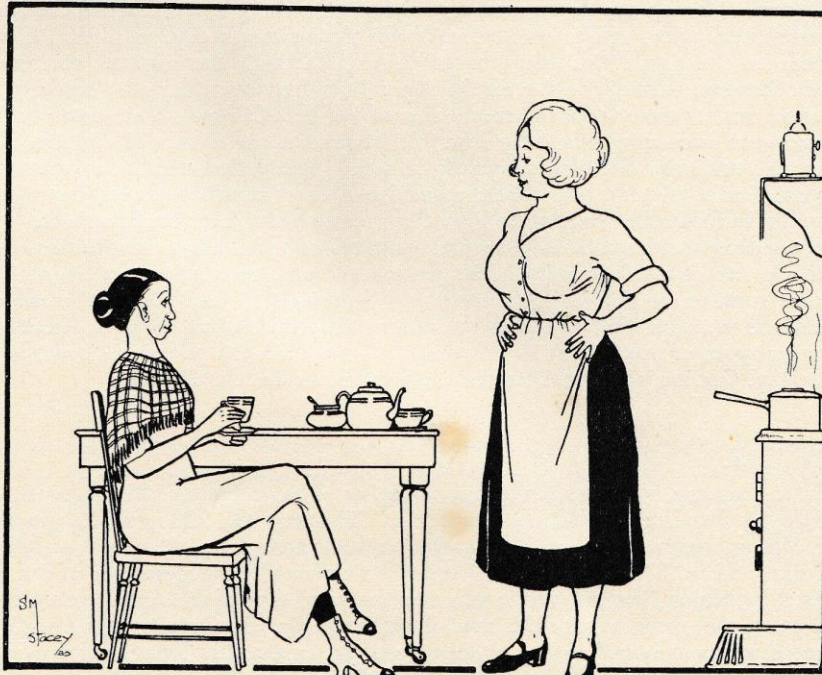
600 feet, so that his observer could fire with his machine-gun at isolated enemies. A tribesman's bullet hit the pilot in the neck. He signalled before he collapsed for his observer to take charge. Wiltshire knew only as much about piloting as he had gathered from watching another in control, but he took charge. He was fifty-five miles from his base at Risalpur, and below him were enemies who might have put him and his companion to death by torture if he had landed. He apparently decided to take the machine back, so that he could obtain medical aid for the pilot. He fitted a spare joystick and turned for home. The aircraftman was half blinded by blood, which came in a shower in the rush of wind, from his comrade's wound, but he reached the landing ground. Then he came down too fast, crashed, and died in hospital that night."

* * * * *

We congratulate Flight Lieuts. H. E. Nowell and F. S. O'Halan on their promotions.

* * * * *

A detailed review of the *Aircraft Depot Magazine*, an excellent production that has just reached us from Karachi, will appear in our next issue.



PROUD MOTHER TO NEIGHBOUR WHO HAS CALLED
doing very well at Halton, he's just written to tell me that he has been
promoted from blank file to right hand marker

Yes our Arthur is

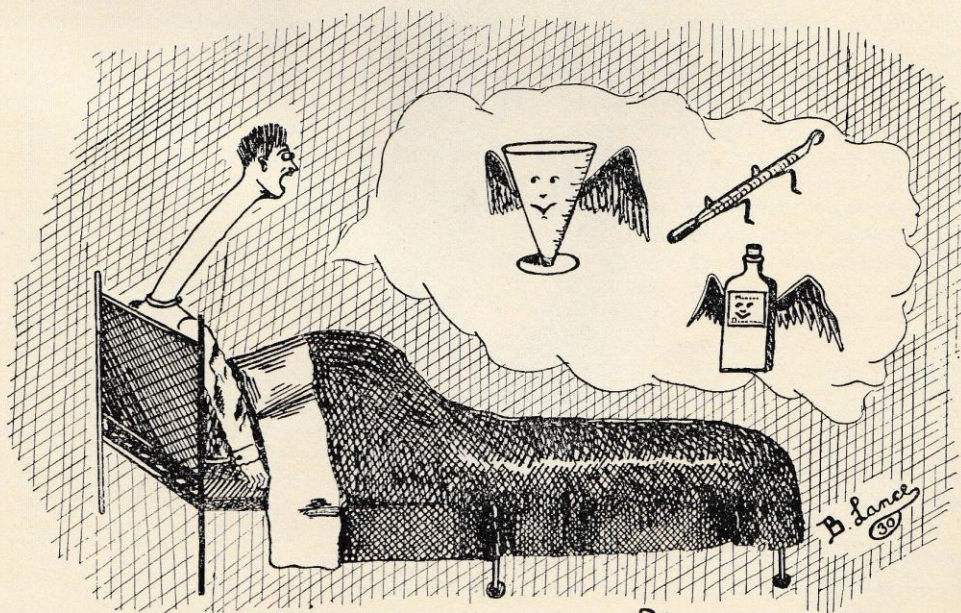
To a Rejected Test Job

Poor piteous object, attempting to look like a fit,
You mild steel monstrosity! You'll never knit.
A thing of beauty's a joy for ever—you're not!
"The lunatic who made it ought to be shot."

They're going to probe all your gaping holes.
Oh, my test job! Corporals ne'er will have souls!
Round your rugged fit they're going to feel,
And yet to me you seemed a rhapsody in steel.

Verniers? You couldn't look a foot rule in the face!
To rookies following in my steps, I fling my mace
For they will never make a job so good as mine,
So true, so perfect, so divine in every line.

Adieu, oh test job mine; I'll leave you in your glory.
Some day when I am old, I'll tell the story,
How I fashioned you in the brave days of old
When fits *were* fits, and basic fitters bold.



THE SCROUNGER'S NIGHTMARE



The Missing Airman

IT was at the beginning of the Spring Cruise that this unparalleled event in the annals of the Fleet Air Arm occurred aboard the good ship *Furious*. An Airman was lost!! No! this is not a legend gathered from carvings and chalk work found on the hulks of William the Conk's Aircraft carriers but an authentic story, whispers of which after all this time may still be heard passing from lip to lip when a ship is at the mercy of a storm through the Bay of Biscay or on the beaches and piers when the fish aren't biting.

His Majesty's Aircraft Carrier *Furious* had been at sea two days on her way to Gibraltar and the Mediterranean for the Spring Cruises of the Atlantic Fleet. Rough weather was encountered after the first day out and many a brave heart was asleep on the mess-deck when the Bay was entered during the second day. The wind and seas increased in force as time went on and the conditions became so bad that the ship was "hove to," and lay at the mercy of the elements. Under these conditions, the ranks of the Airmen—cum—Sailors thinned perceptibly as time passed. But what could be expected of these mere flying people?

Suddenly, however, a cry rang through the ship (via the transmitter), from mouth to mouth it sped until the air was charged with a mixture of anxiety, expectation and cigarette smoke! "L.A.C. Moonshine report to the hangar at once," was the cry, and his mess-mates became aware that nothing had been seen or heard of him for quite some time. They looked at one another with a faint surmise. "Who saw him last?" was the unuttered thought of every man. Another cry rang out, "Has any one seen L.A.C. Moonshine?" A hush fell upon the crowded mess-deck; a silence, which, like the thick tobacco-fumed atmosphere, could almost be felt. Those that were stricken began to take notice; one or two glanced involuntarily under the tables and lockers, but suddenly the tension relaxed; caps were grabbed and in ones and twos the fellows passed out of the mess to look—for the missing airman.

Meanwhile, in the other parts of the ship things were happening. No. 1 cell was swept out, brasses polished, etc., operating table and instruments were prepared in the sick bay, and it is even said, letters of condolence were prepared for despatch. Then rumours came floating round—on the top of a huge wave that had broken over the ship a dish containing dinner had been seen floating—and to the dish an airman had been seen clinging. Was that Moonshine? Another, that a spitkid¹ containing something had been washed overboard. Was that Moonshine deserting? Armed with torches and headed by the Jaunty² a search party set out, exploring all corners and scrounging places; from stem to stern, from deck to deck they went until exhausted, and their search fruitless, they retired to the "goffer" bar for refreshments and to their messes for dinner.

As the afternoon passed the panic increased: seamen who affected full-sets were continually being annoyed by enthusiastic searchers tugging at their beards to see if they concealed the missing airman, but all to no avail; Moonshine remained invisible. Tea-time passed and as supper drew near a gloomy silence descended on the fellows in Moonshine's mess. As they sat at supper, furtive glances were directed at his empty plate. Some one spoke his name and everybody started and paled, such was the state of their nerves. They chewed mechanically and, save for an occasional "swish" as the sea broke over the ship, not a sound was heard. Those of his more intimate comrades who had suffered at the hands of Moonshine in the way of borrowed kit could be seen making a rough calculation on the table cloth and subtracting their individual amounts from their quarterly clothing allowance. "The evil that men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones." So was it with Moonshine.

¹ "Spitkid"—receptacle for cigarette ends, etc.

² "Jaunty"—the Naval Chief of Police.

Nevertheless his absence was felt: upon more than one man's face was a look of despair, though this may have been caused by the dizzy motion of the ship. However, the fact remained that Moonshine's absence brought fear to his mess-mates—a fear that the monster who had spirited him away would claim more victims.

Came a crash! The door flew open—and in blew—the missing airman!

A cheer rent the air as Moonshine tottered to his place at the supper table. The despair gave place to hysteria; questions were fired at him from all directions but he only sat there eating, with a sickened look on his face. The enquiries as to his whereabouts at last gained a response. "Oh!" he replied wearily, "I've had my head down in the Nets¹ since this morning, but I heard the 'pipe' to supper and I've come for it!!" The irresistible call to eat had eventually overcome Moonshine's indisposition!

L. C. N. P.

¹ The Nets are platforms running along each side of the ship a little below the level of the Flying Deck, on which one stands when flying is in progress.

Note.—Several nautical terms appear in the above narrative, the meaning of which will be found in the *Hints for Young Sailors*—Trainum Young & Son, The Nab, Portsmouth.

An Ode to a Hammock

Oh! thou hanging bed of rope and string,
Of nettles, lashing, canvas, (also clues),
When oh! when to me wilt thou bring
Sweet repose?

In thee the third part of a day I live,
Duty bound, thee am I forced to seek,
But seldom dost thou graciously give
Sweet repose.

If slack art deep, if taut too shallow
And always thou dost circumvent me tight,
But thy brief limits never me allow
Sweet repose.

To thy graceful curve my back I bend,
A crumpled heap, I often lie and long
For iron beds with biscuits three, that send
Sweet repose.

L. C. N. P.

Obituary

Flying Officer E. R. WHITE. Killed at Worthy Down. 25th March, 1930.
Sir Charles Wakefield Scholarship. Aeronautical Engineering Prize at the Cadet College. 3rd Entry, Halton. Passed out Halton, December, 1925. Passed C.C., Cranwell, December, 1927.

FLIGHT CADET W. H. HODGKINSON. Killed in flying accident at Cranwell.
1st April, 1930.
13th Entry, Halton. Passed out December, 1928.

Nevertheless his absence was felt: upon more than one man's face was a look of despair, though this may have been caused by the dizzy motion of the ship. However, the fact remained that Moonshine's absence brought fear to his mess-mates—a fear that the monster who had spirited him away would claim more victims.

Came a crash! The door flew open—and in blew—the missing airman!

A cheer rent the air as Moonshine tottered to his place at the supper table. The despair gave place to hysteria; questions were fired at him from all directions but he only sat there eating, with a sickened look on his face. The enquiries as to his whereabouts at last gained a response. "Oh!" he replied wearily, "I've had my head down in the Nets¹ since this morning, but I heard the 'pipe' to supper and I've come for it!!" The irresistible call to eat had eventually overcome Moonshine's indisposition!

L. C. N. P.

¹ The Nets are platforms running along each side of the ship a little below the level of the Flying Deck, on which one stands when flying is in progress.

Note.—Several nautical terms appear in the above narrative, the meaning of which will be found in the *Hints for Young Sailors*—Trainum Young & Son, The Nab, Portsmouth.

An Ode to a Hammock

Oh! thou hanging bed of rope and string,
Of nettles, lashing, canvas, (also clues),
When oh! when to me wilt thou bring
Sweet repose?

In thee the third part of a day I live,
Duty bound, thee am I forced to seek,
But seldom dost thou graciously give
Sweet repose.

If slack art deep, if taut too shallow
And always thou dost circumvent me tight,
But thy brief limits never me allow
Sweet repose.

To thy graceful curve my back I bend,
A crumpled heap, I often lie and long
For iron beds with biscuits three, that send
Sweet repose.

L. C. N. P.

Obituary

Flying Officer E. R. WHITE. Killed at Worthy Down. 25th March, 1930.

Sir Charles Wakefield Scholarship. Aeronautical Engineering Prize at the Cadet College. 3rd Entry, Halton. Passed out Halton, December, 1925. Passed C.C., Cranwell, December, 1927.

FLIGHT CADET W. H. HODGKINSON. Killed in flying accident at Cranwell.
1st April, 1930.

13th Entry, Halton. Passed out December, 1928.

airship over the sea at a height of a thousand feet. He believed that the parachute is a necessary adjunct to the airship, and that by practice and experience it can be brought into safe habitual use. So he did not sit on a fence and watch the thistledown, but took every opportunity that presented itself for a parachute descent. One such opportunity he refused. When, on the 24th August, 1921, he was killed in the disaster to the R.38, he spent his last moments in endeavouring to check and control the fall of the airship. He was free from self-regard, and had the devotion of all who served with him. His life, though it ended in its prime, was surprisingly long, for he had made danger his friend, and in the advancement of the cause to which he dedicated himself had welcomed every risk."

III. By Major H. E. Watkins—The Early Flying Days of Captain E. M. Maitland.

"My first meeting with Maitland was on my return to Warley Barracks in 1903, when I found him occupying my quarters. As there was nowhere else to go he suggested that I should share my own bed with him! Later in 1907 he became Adjutant of the 3rd Bn. Essex Regt., and both being interested in aeronautics we often discussed the subject. Then in 1908 I saw him off in his attempt to break the long distance record for balloons.

"The next I heard of him was when I received a post-card from him saying: 'Meet me Crystal Palace, am piloting balloon for first time. Come, as you are the only man I know whose neck I don't mind breaking.' He nearly did, for on our descending, when we were about 1,000 feet from the ground, he gave the order to heave the anchor overboard. I blindly obeyed; the anchor, weighing some 60 lb., fetched up with a most terrific jerk, which nearly shot us out of the basket. I remarked: 'There is something wrong about dropping the anchor so soon!' He answered, nodding wisely, 'I quite agree, and will ask Gaudron what to do next time!'

"On this day Maitland made his first parachute descent—a more appalling arrangement you could hardly imagine. Three poles were erected, and a large and ancient canvas bag was attached to them. Under the bag a bonfire was lighted. The bag filled with hot air: the parachute was attached—a tangled mass of canvas and string—and at the end of it a small trapeze bar. The word 'Go' was given and Maitland was shot into the air, the balloon belching smoke and sparks, to a height of about 1,500 feet. Maitland then released himself; luckily the parachute operated, and he made a perfectly good descent, landing on the roof of a small public house, completely obliterating it. Maitland was retrieved unharmed.

"Early in 1910 Maitland scrounged a very ancient Voisin biplane, and asked me to overhaul the engine. The machine was taken out by Maitland, and on attempting to take off, the tail of the plane was seen by the spectators to rise first; this alarmed them so much that they shouted and waved so violently that he stopped to enquire what the trouble was. Owing to the ignorance of everyone concerned, he was informed that the front should rise first and the tail last! To remedy this, heavy weights were attached to the tail! Finish—Voisin!

"The same afternoon Mr. Howard Wright, who was an amused spectator of the Voisin affair, presented to Maitland blue prints of a biplane that he was building, and which he guaranteed would fly. Maitland agreed to buy it, and later it was delivered at Larkhill, where we proceeded to assemble it. This procedure caused us no end of guesswork, but with the help of a French pilot, Edmond, we soon got the machine together. Here we made our great mistake, our knowledge being very limited. When it came to the engine test, our friend Edmond lent us a rev. counter. Our engine, a 60 h.p. 'E.N.V.' rev'd at 1,150 per minute. I asked Edmond if this was all right. He replied: 'You will be able to do some "hops" with those revs., but you ought to have more; my engine revs. at 1,260.' His engine was a 50 h.p. 'Gnome.' Of course, in these days we knew nothing about the pitch of propellers. Maitland had the machine out and got into the pilot's seat. The engine was then started with the idea of doing only a short hop, but it went off at a terrific speed and took the air, and rose to about 50 feet. This was more than Maitland anticipated. He depressed

his elevator too hard, dived into the ground, and the machine was completely wrecked. We extracted Maitland with both ankles broken. Here I should like to mention a curious coincidence. His brother Harry crashed on practically the same spot some time later, breaking both his thighs.

"Maitland was taken to the local hotel where his ankles were set. He was in terrible agony, so much so, that the doctor left me some morphia to inject when the pain became too great to bear. Three times during the night it was necessary for me to do so. I might say that all through his troubles, pain, and loss of money owing to the wreck of his machine, he never complained nor mentioned the words 'Bad luck.'¹

"Later, in a nursing home, the designer of the plane and myself met to see how he was getting on. Howard Wright pointed out that as matters stood the wreck was of no value whatsoever, but he would repair it at cost price so that when Maitland recovered he would be able to carry on with his flying. Maitland at once agreed and said: 'Deliver it at Brooklands, and let Watkins do his best and see if he can take his ticket.'

"In due course the machine arrived at Brooklands as new. By this time Maitland was on crutches, and was constantly my passenger while I was learning to fly. Here I might mention that the day I did my first circuit, Landon was my passenger.²

"Maitland's machine was eventually sold to the Government in April 1911. By this time he was ready to take his ticket and later went to France and obtained it.³ I should like to say that Maitland was one of the whitest men I have ever met."

IV. From *The Times* of 25th August, 1921 (reprinted by kind permission of *The Times*).

¹ "When his splints were taken off it was found that one little toe showed signs of gangrene and had to be amputated. Maitland, ever a believer in neatness and symmetry, insisted that the corresponding toe on the other foot should be amputated to give him proper balance. And it was duly done." (From *The Aeroplane*, Aug. 31, 1921).

² Group Captain J. H. A. Landon, D.S.O., O.B.E., from whom the Editor has received much help with this article. This was his first flight.

³ He obtained his balloon "ticket" in 1910, his airship brevet in 1911, and his aviator's certificate on April 4th, 1913. He was one of the very few possessors of all three.

Have been up in a balloon all day at 1500 feet spotting German Batteries - found 4 which was satisfactory - very cold & very frightened - lots of shells lots of mud - Wasn't it dreadfully sad about poor Major Raleigh; his machine got out of control somehow & nosedived onto the beach here at Dunkirk; I'm sure he would have wished his end to have been this

“His courage and adventurous spirit stimulated those who served under him, as he was always first to try any hazardous experiment which was required. In this way he went in personal charge of a kite balloon which was deliberately slipped from its moorings in order to see whether it was possible to make a safe landing in the event of an involuntary ‘free run’ on active service.

“His knowledge of parachutes was probably unequalled in this or perhaps any other country.

“The thoroughness of his methods was shown by the fact that on one occasion he made a vow which was faithfully kept,¹ never to land from an airship otherwise than by parachute, if such an apparatus was available.”

(The barracks occupied by No. 4 Apprentices' Wing were re-named Maitland Barracks by Command Order of July 24th, 1928. They were previously known as Chiltern Barracks.)

No one can read Maitland's vivid *Log of the R.34* without seeing that he had an artist's eye for the beauty and variety of natural scenery. He could not have wished to have had his name preserved in happier surroundings, for any who see the wide prospect which opens before them from this brow of the Chilterns receive an inspiration which he would have understood. May we guess that Maitland himself would have felt a deep satisfaction if he knew that among the many who are likely to live here, some, if not all, at one time or another will be conscious of pride and even help because their first home in the Service bore his name?

¹ Maitland confessed to a friend in 1917, “I can no longer do it without my knees shaking while I am getting ready to jump clear.”

Gliding

THIS year has seen the enthusiastic revival of gliding in this country with the formation of the British Gliding Association and gliding clubs are springing into being everywhere, even in small villages.

What exactly does gliding mean, what are its possibilities, what is the use of it, and what is the cause of its enthusiastic revival? These are some of the questions that might well be asked, together with many others concerning the cost of gliding, suitable sites for operating from, and the method of launching.

HISTORY

It might be as well first to trace briefly the history of gliding from the mythical first flight from imprisonment of Daedalus and Icarus in 1407 B.C., when the sun melted the wax in the wings of Icarus causing him to fall into the sea. The first known glider flight was made by Besnier in 1678, and in 1874 Van Groot made a descent from a balloon over London but with disastrous results. The outstanding pioneer of gliding, who might well be called the “father of gliding,” was a German, Lilienthal, who had built a special conical hill near Berlin from which hundreds of successful flights were made on several different gliders. His disciples were Pilcher in this country and Chanute in America, both of whom accomplished several flights towards the end of the nineteenth century. Then followed the Wright brothers with longer flights and better machines until finally, in 1904, an engine was installed and the first power driven aeroplane flight was accomplished.

Gliding was soon forgotten in the struggle for flights of longer and longer duration, such as the First Circular Mile; the Cross Channel; London to Manchester; and many other flights leading up to the Trans-Atlantic, but it should be remembered that gliding was responsible for the very foundation of aeroplane flight. During this period certain lone enthusiasts continued experimenting with gliders, but the love of speed, the bigger certainty of getting into the air, and the commercial possibilities of engine flight were too attractive for most, and so gliding was declined in popularity once more. However, after the last war, Germany was restricted under the Treaty of Versailles to building and flying powered aeroplanes only within certain definite limits, and consequently, it was only natural that once again energies should be directed towards motorless flying machines. This work continued fairly steadily for some years without any encouraging results, but during that time the efficient glider was being slowly but definitely evolved and by the summer of 1922 some rather startling results were obtained. The wave immediately spread to England, encouraged by substantial prizes offered by the *Daily Mail*, to be won at a meeting arranged to take place in the Autumn. As is usual in such competitions, there was little time for preparations, but about a dozen machines were hurriedly designed and built during the few weeks available, and some quite good flights were made, the longest being one by Maneyrol, of some three and a half hours' duration.

Unfortunately for gliding, there has always been the tendency to fit small auxiliary engines, and as soon as this is done more and more reliance is placed on the engine and too little on the wind currents and this is exactly what happened after the Itford competition. Small engines were added for the next year's contests and machines were changed to two-seaters for the following year, till by 1925 gliders were again forgotten and in their place were “Moths,” “Avians,” “Bluebirds” and “Widgeons.” Gliding may claim a large share of the credit for the supreme position this country holds in connection with light aeroplanes, but that is digressing.

Germany, however, still persevered with engineless craft, experience piled up, aerodynamic knowledge improved, more efficient designs were produced and remarkable soaring flight performances were achieved. It is sufficient to mention only four outstanding flights of last year: one hundred miles were covered in one straight flight; a flight of fifty miles out to a predetermined point and fifty miles back to the starting point was made, and on one occasion a

models might be made for him. These were constructed and in due course delivered and flown, and the Society had the satisfaction of knowing that the models put up some exceedingly good performances.

In January, 1926, a Society was formed at Halton under the leadership of Mr. E. G. M. Neville, and in the summer of that year an exceedingly interesting triangular flying meeting between the S.M.A.E. and the Halton and Cranwell Societies was held at the Halton Aerodrome.

It was during this year that No. 4 Wing came to reside at Halton and the two Societies were united and together continued to lead the world in model aircraft design and performance and we sincerely hope that they will do so for many years to come.

Halton Model Aircraft Society

THE last term has been one of considerable activity. The members are now working at full pressure; and flying meetings and practice meetings are held alternately on Wednesday afternoons, the former meetings being held on the Aerodrome and the latter on the field behind the Hospital. Great skill is shown by many of the members on the work bench; and the new tools and equipment recently acquired by the Society are being fully utilised. It is not surprising that membership of the H.M.A.S. is greatly prized by the more ambitious of the Aircraft Apprentices, affording them, as it does, a unique opportunity of acquiring practical skill combined with a sound knowledge of the main principles of flight.

The immediate objective of the Society this term is the Wakefield Cup, which is to be competed for against rivals representing America and several other countries on July 19th, at Halton. It is expected that Sir Sefton Brancker will be able to attend and present the Cup. Full details of this meeting, which created such widespread interest last year, will be published later.

Two interesting social events have taken place this term. A Social Evening was held in the Girl Guides' Hut at Wendover on February 1st, when members of the H.M.A.S. entertained the Girl Guides. A very jolly evening was spent.

The members of the H.M.A.S. were kindly invited by Dr. Thurston and by the S.M.A.E. to visit the South Kensington Museum on March 1st. The Halton party, numbering about 30 members, were received by Dr. Thurston, by the Chief of the Air Section of the Museum, and by an Official Lecturer. The first hour was spent in examining the chief machines and models, including the now historic machine used by Wilbur Wright. A most instructive lecture followed on the History of Aeronautics. The various exhibition cases were then examined; and several cases were opened for our benefit, a privilege which was much appreciated. Tea was provided in the Victoria and Albert Museum. The Society is greatly indebted to Dr. Thurston.

A lecture given by Mr. Plater, A.M.I.A.E., on "How to Build Models," was greatly appreciated.

H.M.A.S. VISIT TO THE WORKS OF MESSRS. MORRIS AT COWLEY, OXFORD

The first contingent of 19 A.A.s from Nos. 2 and 4 Wings visited the works at Cowley on Wednesday, the 29th May. We were met at the gates by Mr. A. F. Houlberg, the Chairman of the S.M.A.E., and he conducted the tour and patiently answered the many questions hurled at his head.

We were told that very few of the many parts of a motor car were actually made at Cowley, but this is the hub of many works all contributing their quota, and it is here at Cowley that the parts are introduced to one another. The quantity production practised

at Morris's may be regarded as a happy medium between mass production and individual assembly. "Flow production" was the term used by our guide, and it is at Cowley that assembly is made.

The maintenance of an even flow of cars day in and day out is the object with which every member of the staff is concerned.

We saw chassis frame members picking up their cross-struts, passing on to acquire axles and springs and dummy wheels and thus becoming a mobile unit capable of travelling henceforward in comfort along the rails. The chassis rapidly receives an engine (dropped from the skies). In successive stages, as it passes along, it receives steering gear, dash and electrical equipment and too many other components to list here. During one stage the "baby" (if it happens to be one) finds itself in a "cradle" ("tumbrel" is the correct name, I believe) where it is not merely rocked but slowly turned right over, nooks and crevices being sprayed with paint.

So we travelled down the long assembly lines watching each addition and careful adjustment.

A shed at the end contained 250 cars—a day's output.

Tea was very kindly provided by the firm and was presided over by Mr. Houlberg. In return for this kindness the A.A.s here gave a very good demonstration of mass destruction.

After an hour or two in Oxford we made an adventurous journey home, and our thanks for a very pleasant day are due to the firm and to our Secretary.

The officers of the Society are as follows:—

President: Air Commodore I. M. Bonham-Carter, C.B., O.B.E.

Chairman: H. A. Cox, Esq., O.B.E., M.A.

Hon. Secretary: J. Herbert-Jones, Esq., M.A., M.Sc., A.M.I. Mech. E., A.F.R.Ae.S.

Hon. Treasurer: D. McKenzie, Esq., B.Sc.

Competition Secretary: Capt. R. L. Mason.

Technical Adviser: Mr. W. T. Plater, A.M.I.A.E.

Time Keepers: F/O. Turner; J. Parry-Jones, Esq., M. Eng., and D. L. Rundle, Esq.

Wing Representatives: No. 1 Wing: A.A. Fairbrother, A.A. Roberts.

No. 2 Wing: A.A. Christieson, A.A. Pratt.

No. 4 Wing: L.A.A. Mclean, L.A.A. Osborne.

Library Notes

IT IS YOUR MONEY THAT BUYS THE BOOKS

NEW books are expensive and the number of copies that can be bought with the subscription revenue is necessarily limited. Such books are always in great demand at the moment and if you will kindly return them as soon as possible you will render a service to other A.A.s who are waiting their turn to read them. If every borrower would act on this suggestion the circulation would be much accelerated, more books would be available and the newer books would reach all A.A.s much sooner.

The Suggestion Book, which is available in each Recreation Library, is not utilised as it should be. There must be many subjects in which A.A.s are interested which are not represented adequately in their libraries. These should be noted in the Suggestion Book when action can be taken. For example, from such a suggestion five books on Chess have been added to No. 1 Wing Library as also a set of books by Westerman.

An outstanding book now available in all three libraries is "The Good Companions," by Priestley.

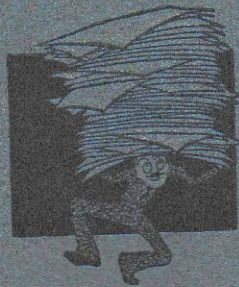
Books for reading should be carefully chosen as those likely to repay the time spent on them. Milton says that reading should be "industrious and select." Appreciation grows with knowledge and knowledge is increased by reading, therefore read with a purpose not as so many intemperate readers who seldom stop to think. Even good things may be abused. In biographies of such men as Johnson and Scott one learns of fortitude in adversity which call forth our admiration and stir one to emulation.

History is another subject that can be read with interest and profit. What an English citizen needs most is the history of the past hundred years. Many people know far more about William the Conqueror or the Black Prince than they do of Palmerston who has been dead but sixty-five years and who was in Parliament for fifty-eight years; or even of Bismarck, yet few have had more influence on the course of modern history. *Verb. sap.*

"RISING TO THE OCCASION —!"



COPY FOR THE "HALTON MAGAZINE" IS RECEIVED BY OUR WORKS MANAGER — WHO



FEELING THE WEIGHT OF HIS RESPONSIBILITY IN PRODUCING A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO 'HIGH THOUGHT'



FIRST — GETS THE "ATMOSPHERE" — AND THEN



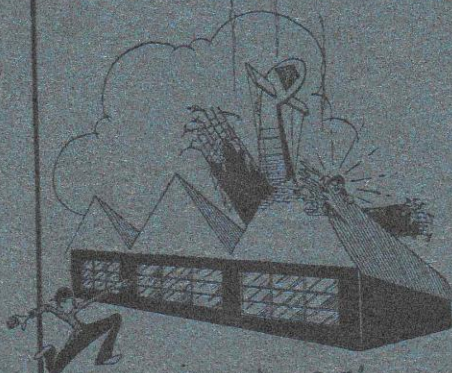
GETS THE PAPER



GETS THE INK



GETS THE TYPE



GETS HIS "LAYOUT"



GETS HIS WINGS



AND GETS A RISE

Alex. C. Drake

HUNT, BARNARD & CO LTD
HIGH-CLASS PRINTERS
GRANVILLE-WORKS, AYLESBURY

Advertisement Agents: The Association of Service Newspapers, 1, Albemarle St., W.1.

Ready July 19th

HALTON SONGS

A complete volume of all the original songs sung at "Time Flies," "The Third Mock Trial" and "Flat Out," containing 70 pp. 4to, words and music.

Most of these songs have been played by the R.A.F. Central Band at the

**R.A.F. DISPLAYS AT HENDON
1929 and 1930**

Price 2/6

From the Hon. Sec.

**HALTON DEBATING SOCIETY
THE SCHOOLS
R.A.F., HALTON, BUCKS**

Order early, as only a limited number of copies are being printed.