THE WIRE

The Corps Magazine
of the
Royal Signals

VOL. 3 (*New Series*) NO. 1 • JANUARY 1949

THE WIRE

The Corps Magazine of the
ROYAL SIGNALS

The Official Organ of the
SIGNALS ASSOCIATION

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PRICE: ONE SHILLING

Editorial

MAJOR-GENERAL C. H. H. VULLIAMY, C.B., D.S.O., has handed over Director of Signals to Major-General W. A. Scott, C.B.E. On another page we publish a "Vale" written by a contemporary of General Vulliamy, and we should not add to it. Sufficient it is for THE WIRE to say very briefly:

To Major-General Vulliamy go the thanks of all Royal Signals for his years of very distinguished service for us. Only those officers close to him can realise the arduous nature of that service during the last three years.

To General and to Mrs. Vulliamy we of Royal Signals offer our admiration, our thanks, and our good wishes for the future.

Royal Signals will wish to welcome Major-General Scott to his new, and for us his most important, post. We face the difficult years that lie ahead with confidence in his leadership. Her many friends in the Corps will also offer their congratulations and good wishes to Mrs. Scott.

* * *

REPRESENTATIVE COLONEL COMMANDANT

On 12th January, 1949, General Sir H. Colville B. Wemyss, K.C.B., K.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., handed over the duty of Representative Colonel Commandant to Major-General C. W. Fladgate, C.B.E.

All ranks, Royal Signals, will wish to thank General Wemyss for the very large amount of work he has found time, in his busy life, to do for us. His visit to Rhine Army will long be remembered, and hardly a week has passed without some call on his time.

We are pleased to record that as Honorary Colonel of the Signal Reporting Regiment, T.A. (The Princess Louise's Kensington Regiment), he will be able to continue to take a very active part in the life of the Corps.

To General Fladgate we offer our good wishes for a successful year of office.

* * *

Readers will notice a change to the front cover of THE WIRE, which was forecast in the December number as a result of recommendations made by the Committee under the chairmanship of Brigadier W. C. V. Galwey, O.B.E.

The difficulty lies in the provision of suitable photographs. The present cover photograph, an old one, is selected by design as a compliment to *The Signalman,* the magazine of the Signal Corps of the Dominion of India, which brings out its first number this month. True the Indian Signalmen in the photograph now belong to sister Dominion of Pakistan, but we and they were once one—the Indian Signal Corps. Incidentally we have only just heard that *Qasid,* the Journal of the Pakistan Signal Corps, has been in publication for some months, and the Editor is going to send it to us.

Now will all readers of THE WIRE keep their eyes open for suitable photographs. The requirement is obviously for photographs that are topical, but we may have to go to the past on occasion. The photograph should be of general rather than purely parochial interest, and now comes the rub, it *must be of certain dimensions.*

The space on the cover is $8\frac{1}{2}$" long by $5\frac{1}{2}$" high. Photographs must be of this size or *larger,* but if larger they should be proportionately larger up to 17" by 11".

All photographs sent will be carefully listed and as carefully returned. PLEASE TRY AND HELP.

Captain J. W. Whiston, of 2nd County of London Cadet Battalion, Royal Signals, makes the following interesting criticism on Captain Jenkins' article on the Communications of Scotland Yard in the November issue of THE WIRE. Captain Whiston writes:

"I would like to amplify what he said about the receipt of '999' calls at the Information Room. Calls made by the public and the police to '999' are received in the first place by G.P.O. operators at the public telephone exchange, and from there are connected to the authority required. In descriptions which have been given from time to time about the '999' service, the impression is given that the calls are connected direct to the police; this is never so. It is important that this detail should be understood because it leads to difficulty when in conditions of emergency or distress, members of the public or police officers, immediately on receiving an answer after dialling '999,' give details of the emergency to the G.P.O. operator, whose proper and only function is to connect the call to the emergency authority required. The '999' service is not limited to emergencies requiring police assistance, but also to those which are dealt with by the Fire, Ambulance, Lifeboat, Coastguard, and Colliery Rescue Services, and the public might be discouraged from using '999' to get these services if they are led to believe that '999' is a police service only."

* * *

An Open Letter to the Printers of "The Wire"

Messrs. F. J. Parsons, Ltd.,
"Observer" Buildings,
Hastings.

Gentlemen,—As Editor of THE WIRE, may I please be permitted to congratulate and thank you and your staff for their work for us during 1948.

While keeping up your known very high standard, all concerned seem to take a great personal interest in our Journal, which to you is only one of very many.

Nothing is too much trouble. Orders and counter-orders by telephone do NOT lead to disorder but seem only to act as a spur to endeavour.

To get the very large December number out by the 15th was to me the culminating feat of a very successful year.

May I, on behalf of all of us in Royal Signals, wish the staff of F. J. Parsons, Ltd., a very happy Christmas and continued success in 1949.

(Signed) EDITOR, THE WIRE.

* * *

The J. Arthur Rank Organisation, Ltd., star for January is Miss Sally Gray, who has been asked for by Southern Command (M) Signal Regiment.

Miss Gray is now making a film, "Obsession," at Pinewood Studios.

* * *

19 INDIAN DIVISION (THE DAGGER DIVISION)

In the final allocation of Welfare Funds, a cheque for £20 has been received from Major-General T. W. Rees, C.B., C.I.E., D.S.O., M.C. The Royal Signals Association, while most gratefully acknowledging the cheque, has allotted the money equally between the Royal Signals Officers' Central Fund and the Royal Signals Benevolent Fund.

All ranks who served with the 19th Indian Division will remember with pride General Rees's inspired leadership of the Division during the victorious campaign in Burma.

* * *

ROYAL SIGNALS OFFICERS' DINNER CLUB

The dates of the following are notified:

Royal Signals Dinner Club annual dinner, Monday, 30th May, 1949.

Royal Signals Officers' tea party, Tuesday, 31st May, 1949.

A Wail

FROM THE "STOOGE"

FOR my sins it is my monthly penance to read and correct your various contributions before the Editor sees them. Sometimes he gets them first, and then the smoky haze which normally hangs over Victoria gets deeper and assumes a bluish tinge.

I often wonder how many contributors read over their notes as published, and compare them with their file copies of the versions submitted to us. Some do, as we know from irate letters demanding why some irrelevant—and to outsiders unintelligible—paragraph has been cut.

It does help the printer if we are able to correct your original "copy," and it does help us if you allow us space to do it, so please type your notes in double spacing, and leave a margin of at least an inch and a half on the left, and a smaller one on the right. And please use one side of the paper only. You will note that I have assumed that you do *type* them. Put the full name of the Unit at the head of the first page, and also your station and the date.

During the war it was customary to use a horrible system of abbreviations, largely ambiguous and mostly unintelligible. They were mainly designed for use in that abbreviated horror the "SITREP," a feature for which THE WIRE has no use; so kindly cut out the abbreviations in your notes, for we only have to expand them for the benefit of our printer, who is not familiar with the new military jargon and is liable to make some horrible guesses at your meaning. As your notes are to be typed, there is no need to put proper names in *blocks*. Certain expressions cause the Editor to gnash his teeth, and if they are repeated too often, to mutter them in his sleep. Among them we number "Our loss, their gain" and "A good time was had by all." Keep your Sports Notes separate from the General Notes, and tabulate the results. Please don't send us your fifth carbon copy.

If you will observe these rules, you will find that you have approximately 300 words on a page, and that will help you to assess how much "copy" you are sending in, for it is equivalent to about half a column of THE WIRE.

Now as to illustrations, we can use both photographs and cartoons. The former should be of good quality with contrast, clear in every detail, and without "fuzzy" outlines. The larger they are, the better; for when making the half-tone block, it is easier to reduce than to enlarge. Glossy paper of single weight is preferred. Each photograph should bear on the back its identification number, and, especially if it is to be returned, the Unit stamp of the sender. Captions should be typed on a separate sheet against the identification numbers. No details should be written either on the surface or in the margins on the face of the print. Cartoons should be in black Indian ink on good quality white paper. Pencil sketches are of very little use, and "wash" drawings need to have half-tone blocks made instead of line blocks. Blocks cost money; the minimum size charged for is 14 square inches, or about 4 inches of a column of THE WIRE. For a half-tone this costs £1 2s. 8d., and for a line block 13s., with larger sizes in proportion, so don't be discouraged if we cannot accept all the illustrations you offer us.

A large number of illustrations arrive damaged, due to bad packing. Pins and paper clips should never be used. Photographs and cartoons should be packed between two sheets of stiff cardboard held together by elastic bands, or in the case of large ones, rolled in a cardboard tube.

The date of submission is important; we *must* have your notes by the 16th of the month for publication the following month, but we prefer them a little earlier, and please do try to submit them while they are still topical; cricket notes are quite topical in the Christmas numbers of Australian journals, but somewhat inappropriate in this northern clime.

Vale

WE choose our Directors well—the War Office Selection Board think they do it but, of course, the choice really lies with ourselves.

Every two or three years the Spirit of the Corps quietly, maybe a little wistfully, but always confidently, sings "Directors may come and Directors may go, but I go on for ever." That Spirit passes His Directors in critical review, and in the case of the latest one to move on to a "life of ease" in retirement, he will not hesitate to bestow the smile of appreciation, the word of praise and thanks, to which we in the flesh add our warm contribution.

A recent article in THE WIRE duly and rightly stressed certain Vulliamy characteristics of directness of speech and action. Sort of chap who says, "All right, shake you by the hand or give you a kick up the pants—don't mind which, and either way you'll have a straight deal!" Therein lies the keynote of General Vulliamy's philosophy.

I don't know which (in his own view, no one else's matters!) particular divinity shaped his ends, but rough-hewn though they may have appeared at times to some, few people have so fully displayed a set purpose in life.

In a matter perhaps of minor importance, General Vulliamy typically set himself the task—and duly and typically fulfilled it—of being the first Director in office to win the Corps Golf Championship. He followed this up with getting his handicap raised, a feat of no mean order, and winning the Generals' Cup in the Army Golf Championship! He didn't get away with it for long, however, and this year at the Corps meeting succeeded on a once more reduced handicap in carrying off the cash prize in the handicap only through the failure of the actual winner to enter for the sweep!

Seriously, though, I wonder whether Captain Vulliamy, full of Chatham Supplementary Studies, reporting to the Bombay Sappers and Miners early in 1921, had any vision of a War Office Director's chair some 25 years later. However that may be, he was soon retrieved and command of the Wireless Squadron in Rawalpindi—a great Vulliamy haunt—launched him on the career which was to bring him to that top level post which he has just vacated. On behalf

Photo by Navana, Ltd.

of his Corps, he has withstood the buffets and weathered the storms inseparable from the aftermath of war. Not even he could produce trained tradesmen in 12 months or maintain overseas Units from a dwindling kitty, but we know and gratefully acknowledge the sincerity and force with which he faced his task and the results he achieved.

We should be sorry to think that we are to lose altogether the benefits of that stimulating and indeed challenging personality. He is still needed, and we look forward to his continuing to play a part in the fortunes of the Corps.

Wherever his future lies, we wish him continued success and happiness. To Mrs. Vulliamy, too, we sent our greetings and good wishes. General Vulliamy would be the first to own that without her, neither happiness nor success could be his.

AVE

"Good night, Vulliamy. Good morning, Scott," and another Director takes the chair. I have already said that we choose our Directors well and will leave it at that. We look to him, the new one, as does the Spirit of the Corps, confidently, to encourage and if need be to drive; to fight our battles and solve our problems. Above all to continue the work and traditions of his predecessors.

May the Corps flourish and he with it !

Home Stations

SCHOOL OF SIGNALS

Catterick

December

Royal Signals Wing

It is regretted that no notes from this Unit appeared in the last issue of THE WIRE.

The build-up of the Unit to its new establishment is making steady progress, though there is still some way to go. We have experienced setbacks in losing some of our well-tried older hands, but we welcome their replacements in the assurance that they will fill the gaps more than adequately. Major Potts has departed for B.A.O.R., and Captain Warner to Shrivenham. Major Gibson is now a student for University honours.

Christmas festivities are looming ever closer. We start off with an All Ranks' Dance on 9th December, with the Officers' Mess Dance the following evening. After that there is a continuous succession of parties of one kind and another until the New Year. If we have recovered sufficiently we shall tell you all about them in our next instalment.

Sergeants' Mess. Christmas is coming, and the proverbial goose has a Sergeants' Mess reserved ticket around its neck, and though we have no "old man's hat" to place pennies in, a vast draw has been set in motion. Sergeant "Tich" Carr, the caterer, has been selling tickets and wondering at the methods with which folk choose them. All the telephone and Regimental last threes were snatched immediately. (Little do they know the results are always fixed.)

R.S.M. Woolls presides over all our functions in a firm but helpful manner, backed by S.S.M. Bell, the P.M.C. How does that moustache stay in order?

The Mess Band, now christened "The Wizards," does yeoman service at our dances and has even accepted outside engagements. They have constructed a stage in the Mess and built it into the form of a cave, suitably decorated with cobwebs and pixies. At a recent dance a somewhat well-dined member was seen attempting conversation with a pixie. He was heard to mutter afterwards, "Very standoffish, these civvy visitors; can't speak to a bloke!"

Our lone Australian, Sergeant Gower, in the centre of the dance floor when the lights were dipped during the last waltz, complained, "This Limey beer's made me blind."

A genuinely sorrowful farewell to Q.M.S. Les Pettifer, Q.M.S. Jenkinson, and Sergeant "Rocky" Knight, who have finished their tours in this earthly Northern Paradise and are heading, the two Q.M.S.s to the M.E., and "Rocky" to West Africa. The band will miss Les, and "Rocky" has just established himself in the Corps Rugby Team. Our best wishes to all of them and congratulations to their future Units.

The "believe it or not" story of the month tells of an Orderly Officer inspecting the guard at the "port." Stepping back from the first man, he held out his hand expecting the man to come to the "examine." No move and a blank stare. "Come on," said the O.O., and was very surprised to receive the full force of the rifle as the man flung it to him.

This movement will in future be known as "present arms." His expressive comment, "Well, now I have seen everything!"

Sport. Rugby. We are very severely handicapped this season by shortage of players, and we have had to confine ourselves to forming combined teams with the other Wings.

Football. We are suffering very much from the effects of being a new Unit, in that we have had to build our team more or less from scratch. We hope to have overcome this before the end of the season and lay a good foundation for next year. After a 4—0 victory over the National Service Wing in October, we were knocked out of the Army Cup in the second round by 5 Training Regiment (1—5). In the Norco Cup, first round, we suffered a like fate at the hands of 1 Training Regiment (3—8). In friendly matches we beat 4 Training Regiment (4—1), but lost to the 7th Queen's Own Hussars (2—4).

Our team shows plenty of spirit and some of the players have considerable skill, but the essentials to turn defeat into victory are still lacking.

Swimming. Owing to the closing of the Sandes Home Bath for structural repairs, it is unlikely that there will be any swimming activities before April.

Cross-Country. Here again we have been faced with building a new team, and we have some good material. In the S.T.C. League, run on 3rd November, we were fifth with 292 points. Some runs had to be cancelled on account of fog, and there will be little of interest to report until later in the season.

Hockey. We were unlucky to lose our first round Northern Command Championship match to 3 Training Regiment. After being two goals down at half-time, we drew level, and it was not until the last few minutes of the game that the winning goal was scored. Two of our league matches had to be postponed owing to our opponents being occupied with Command Championship matches. Recently-arrived courses have brought some talent with them, and we look forward to better things in the New Year.

Officer Training Wing

We have had two Pass-off Parades during the month. Course 215 passed off on 12th November, the salute being taken by Colonel D. W. R. Burridge, C.B.E., Chief Instructor, School of Signals. The Commanding Officer's Cane was awarded to Officer-Cadet Mudd.

Brigadier G. S. O'N. Power, C.B.E., Commandant, School of Signals, took the salute when Course 216 passed off on 26th November. On this occasion the Commanding Officer's Cane was awarded to Officer-Cadet Zorab.

We have welcomed the following into the Unit during

the month: Major L. S. Stirling, who is commanding "H.Q." Squadron, and Major F. P. Johnson, who has taken over the Officer Training Squadron. Sergeant K. H. Atwell has joined us to endeavour to persuade our Y.O.s to remain vertical on their motor cycles.

We have said "Au revoir" to Lieutenant-Colonel H. Worrall, who has left to command Southern Command Signal Regiment; to Captain R. E. Button, now on his way to the Middle East; and to Sergeant Sharp, who has left our Fitters' Shop for overseas. The best of luck to them all in the future.

Our congratulations to Captain and Mrs. P. Ashlin on the birth of a son, Robert Paul, on 1st December. We trust that in due course he will join the Corps!

O.C.T.U. Reunion. The third Annual Reunion of the Royal Signals O.C.T.U. Officers took place on 30th October. For many attending, the reunion commenced with the opening of the Motor Show, but for the majority the event started off with an informal get together at the "Waldorf." Here, where wives were invited, progress reports were duly discussed and commented upon over cups of tea. Past episodes were recalled and old acquaintances revived. The passing years would seem to have a mellowing effect upon memories of life in Catterick during the war years. Some 44 members sat down to dinner, which was held at the Connaught Assembly Rooms.

The unavoidable absence of Major K. D. Anderson, the Dinner Secretary, was regretted by all. "K.D." puts in a lot of hard work in running the Club and rarely loses a contact with an old member.

Colonel W. H. N. Dent, C.B.E., in proposing the toast of "The Unit," referred in glowing terms to the excellent work put in by the indefatigable Dinner Secretary. It was agreed with enthusiasm that "K.D." be asked to continue in office for a further 12 months, and that the next reunion be held on 20th October, 1949. Tea at the Waldorf, where wives will again be welcome, dinner at the Connaught Assembly Rooms.

Mention should be made of one member who brought all his sales pressure to work on a fellow-member from Catterick, in a vain effort to persuade the latter to buy a wireless receiver.

The would-be wireless salesman will now receive a friendly reminder of his failure each month when he receives his copy of THE WIRE. The Catterick type having replied to greater effect, his sales talk resulted in the sale of a year's subs to THE WIRE.

Sport. Most of the off-duty moments this month have been devoted to sporting activities. In spite of our present small numbers, which are due to inexplicably small intakes, we have been putting up a very creditable performance. As in all Training Units, our fortunes are bound to fluctuate with arrivals and departures. It is quite a frequent occurrence for one of our teams to be opposed by a team containing a large percentage of our former "stars."

The rugger XV started the season with Second-Lieutenant N. M. Hall, the English International fly-half; Second-Lieutenant I. S. Gloag, the Army wing threequarter; Second-Lieutenant J. Hall, the Yorkshire hooker; Second-Lieutenant J. P. Taylor, who is playing full-back for Northern Command; three regular Royal Signals (Catterick) players, and six who are first reserves for them. All except three of these players will, we regret, leave us by mid-February; five, including the brothers Hall, have left already.

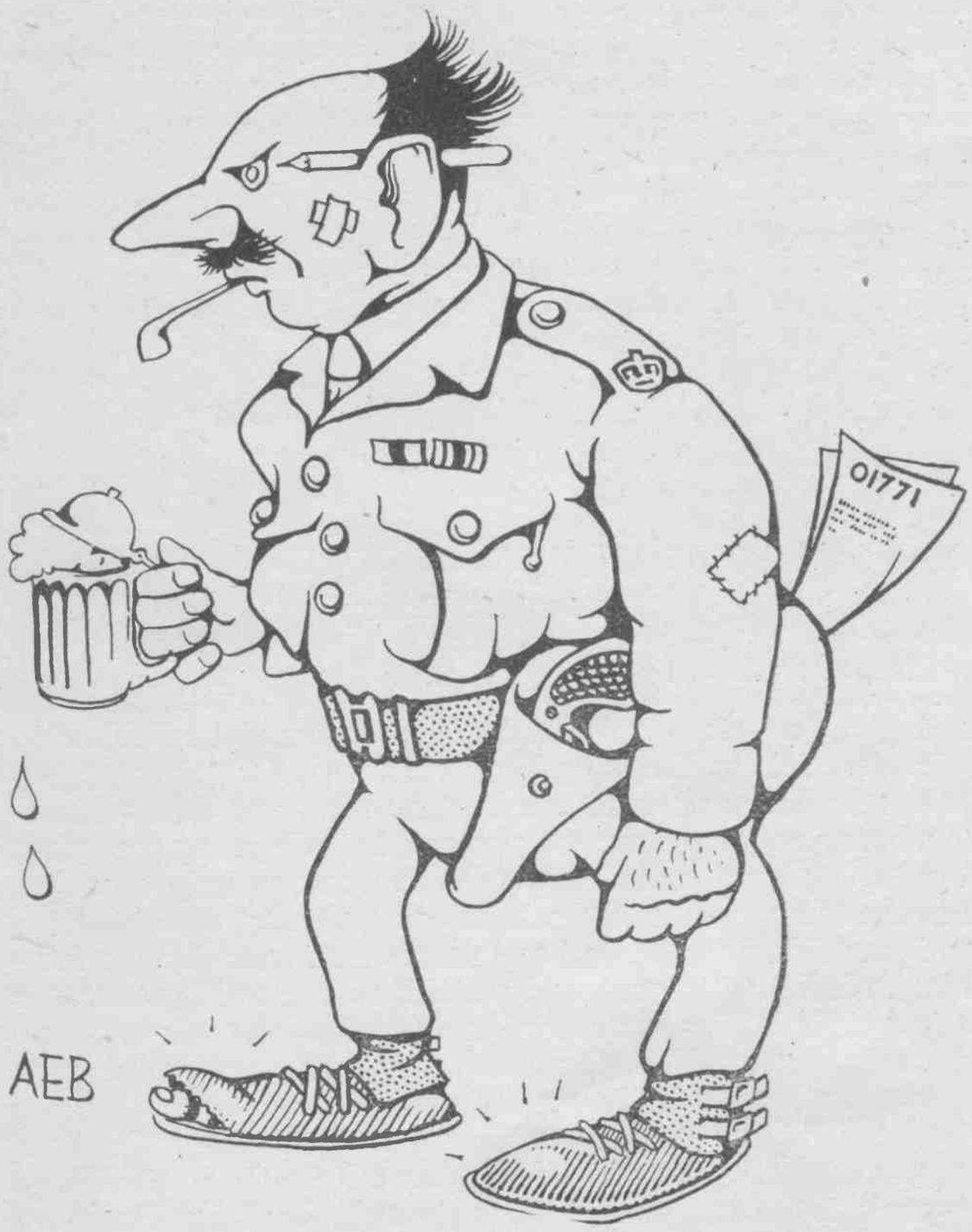
Since our last notes, we have had some successes, but lost to 1 Training Regiment, Royal Signals, in the first round for the Army Rugby Cup. It was a grand game, fought to the last, but with the better side winning 18—6. Despite our losses of star players, we have survived two rounds of the Northern Command Cup, beating 2nd Regiment, Royal Horse Artillery, 18—6, and 14th/20th King's Hussars, 14—5. We look forward to future rounds in the competition with a hope for success, although by Christmas we shall be at our weakest since the start of the season.

Our hockey XI were beaten in the first round of the Army Cup by 4 Training Regiment, Royal Signals, 1—2. Only one game has been lost in the District League, and we are waiting to play the first round of the Northern Command Cup. Our first XI have provided three regular players and two casual players for the Corps team this season, which, on the whole, is a creditable performance.

Sognal Singsters No. 3

(With apologies to the *Tatler*)

A peace-loving bird with a strongly developed mother complex



The Golden Crowned Curley or Squadron Squatter
(Duyugreetomiaward—Itsasumucantafawd)

Adult male: General colour variable, dun by day and blue by night, except when fly-by-night, when black and white. Mandibles full, fleshy and grizzled. Keen-eyed, crested with a curly down less apparent in the older specimens. Body bulbous, breast buff, speckled scarlet. Wings detachable, well developed from frequent flapping; shanks long and hollow. Feet black/brown and highly polished.

Habits: Found in companies when not in a mess. Terrorised by the Brownshanked Eyewozthur who often raids the Squatter's nest in search of suitable young whom it carries off, regardless of piteous cries for cross postings. Travels far and wide at Government expense.

Habitats: Seldom seen near water, except during the monsoon season. Its nest closely resembles a salvage dump and is thickly-lined with welfare wireless sets. An ingenious device flips unwelcome visitors into a large receptacle marked "DRY SWILL ONLY."

2 TRAINING REGIMENT
Catterick

December

We respectfully welcome Lieutenant-Colonel E. L. L. Vulliamy, O.B.E., who has assumed command of the Unit *vice* Lieutenant-Colonel Goodeve-Docker; and Major A. B. Wheeler, from B.A.O.R., who has taken over as P.R.I.

The best of luck to Signalmen Ibbett and Northwood, and Driver Davies. Score: 76 and out! (to Civvy Street).

Our congratulations to Major Grey, Signalmen Lloyd and Wainwright, all of whom took unto themselves wives during the past few weeks. All happiness to them.

Preparations are in full swing for Christmas. There is much activity in the Messing Office and the Unit Toy-making Department; and it does seem that Christmas in camp will not be at all unpleasant.

Meantime, our boxing team is settling down to intensive training under the keen eye and capable hands of Sergeant Smith for the Inter-Squadron Boxing Championships. We have no Tony Stuarts, or Roddas, or Vineys, but the same spirit is here and we shall put up a good fight.

Major-General C. H. H. Vulliamy, C.B., D.S.O., the retiring Director of Signals, paid a farewell visit to the Regiment on 9th December. He tarried awhile in the Officers' and the Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Messes, renewing acquaintances with some ex-"A" Corps Signals (India) personnel and a number of others who had the fortune to serve under him in the past.

The General carries with him our sincere wishes for a peaceful, happy retirement.

3 TRAINING REGIMENT
Catterick Camp

November

Well, friends, November with its murky mists has come and gone, and left us little changed and well established in our extra rôle as Drafting Unit for the S.T.C.

But before passing to our routine news, we join with all loyal sons and daughters of our land in welcoming the infant Prince, and we offer our heartfelt congratulations to the Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh.

Sport this month has been rather hampered by the fortnight's mist, which reduced visibility on many occasions to a few yards, and which caused the cancellation of the monthly meeting of the S.T.C. Cross-Country League, when we were due to be host Unit.

Our Division I soccer team remains proudly at the head of the District League, having beaten the N.S.O.T.W. by 4 goals to 0, and having drawn with 1 Training Regiment 2-all a week later on 10th November.

Our Division II team has not maintained so fine a record, and results for the period 3rd November–4th December are as follows:

v. 3 Command Workshops, R.E.M.E.	Drawn	2—2
v. 2 Training Regiment	Won	3—0
v. N.S.O.T.W.	Lost	1—4
v. 8 R.T.R.	Drawn	5—5
v. 14/20 King's Own Hussars	Lost	3—4
v. 17/21 Lancers	Lost	3—7
v. All Arms Wing, School of Signals	Won	6—2

In hockey we have more favourable news, having collected six points from three league games, and having gained a victory over the Royal Signals Wing of the School of Signals in the first round of the Command Cup. So we still say with confidence, "Look out, you league leaders!" The New Year should see us well on the way to new records—always provided that our stalwarts do not succumb to their Christmas fare!

Our rugger team plods steadily on, like the Tanks, "through mud and blood . . ." Indeed, our only fixture of the month was against 8 R.T.R., who managed to stagger over the line twice more than we did, to win a good hard game by 6 points to 0. Cheer up, fellows, the season is still comparatively young!

Turning to the lighter sports, our toxi——, toxof——dash it! our Archery Officer—has reported but slow progress in the development of the newly-formed Archery Club, but that may be due to the weather. At least, we hope so, and look forward eagerly to the balmy days of spring, when we expect to find the lines buzzing with the flight of arrows and echoing with the excited chatter of our Regimental toxopholites (well done, Frisby Dike!), as they leap about like a grotesque corps de ballet of superannuated cupids!

Mrs. Sheerstone has kindly continued her good work as our special correspondent for the distaff side, and informs us that the monthly tea party for the wives of the Regiment was very well attended in spite of it being a real November day, cold and foggy. The tea was very nicely served, thanks to the staff of the Bourlon N.A.A.F.I. Mrs. Wise conducted a raffle, and as the prizes were all foodstuffs, there were four very pleased housewives. All the families are now looking forward to what promises to be the highlight of the December activities, the Christmas party for the children of the Regiment, which is to be held on 21st December, and from one or two titbits of information this promises to be simply "super" this year.

We were very sorry to say good-bye to Major Williams at the end of November on his return to the "real estate racket," and if he reads this number this is to tell him how very much

"DUTY SJT. - AISNE LINES"

we miss his live-wire activities—blistered feet are on the decrease in Aisne Lines !

We welcome in turn Lieutenant Knock and Second-Lieutenant McCormick, also Second-Lieutenant Wigmore, who is just up from the second output from the R.M.A.S. We trust they will all soon settle down and enjoy life up here.

Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess. Games Tournaments. During the month we played off four matches in the Garrison Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' League. So far, the results haven't set the Thames on fire, but nevertheless we haven't reached the bottom of the table. We have managed to make it an all-round draw on the four matches. Drafts and postings have played havoc with our teams, but our trainer is hopeful that his " colts " will be able to improve and put us at the head of the table.

Social. We held a Regimental Evening on 21st November, which was well attended by all members and their families. Our officers, led by the C.O., turned up in force, and a good time was had by one and all.

On 27th November we held our monthly social and competitions. It is hoped that when the pay increases arrive we may be able to indulge in these very pleasant socials more often.

Farewells. We bewail the recent postings of two of our old members, namely, S.Q.M.S. Dearing and S.Q.M.S. Monk. Whichever Unit draws the former will be the richer by a first-class player of all indoor games, while whoever gets the latter will have the benefit of a first-class gardener (not forgetting the pig and poultry section). Best wishes to you both !

Agony. 2317169 W.O.II J. Ogden would like any information as to the present whereabouts of K. E. Butler (2317232 ?), last heard of in the B.E.F. NEDGO

Notes from Aisne Lines. Here we are again, folks! ('Erbie speaking), having been reprieved from the sentence of " not to write any more notes "—nobody reads them anyway, so what does it matter ?

This month we record the passing of O.C. 4 Squadron, Major S. J. Williams, M.B.E., T.D., into Civvy Street, and we all wish Major Williams—and his new associates, the very best of luck.

Major Ray is our new O.C., and we hope that he will have an enjoyable stay with us.

The weather—always changing, as many folks know—has given another demonstration of its powers. In the space of two days recently we were visited with fog, hoarfrost, and sunshine. Some of those folk who have been in Catterick for years must have really cold feet by now !

During the warmer weather, one used to see a small queue outside the Sergeants' Mess waiting for transport to Aisne Lines. Now, with the deterioration in the weather, all that is changed, and there is a mad rush for the truck when it arrives and, loading completed, we hear the cry, " With me, deep breathing, begin!" When, however, the truck had previously been used to collect fish, the cry is usually of a more frank nature !

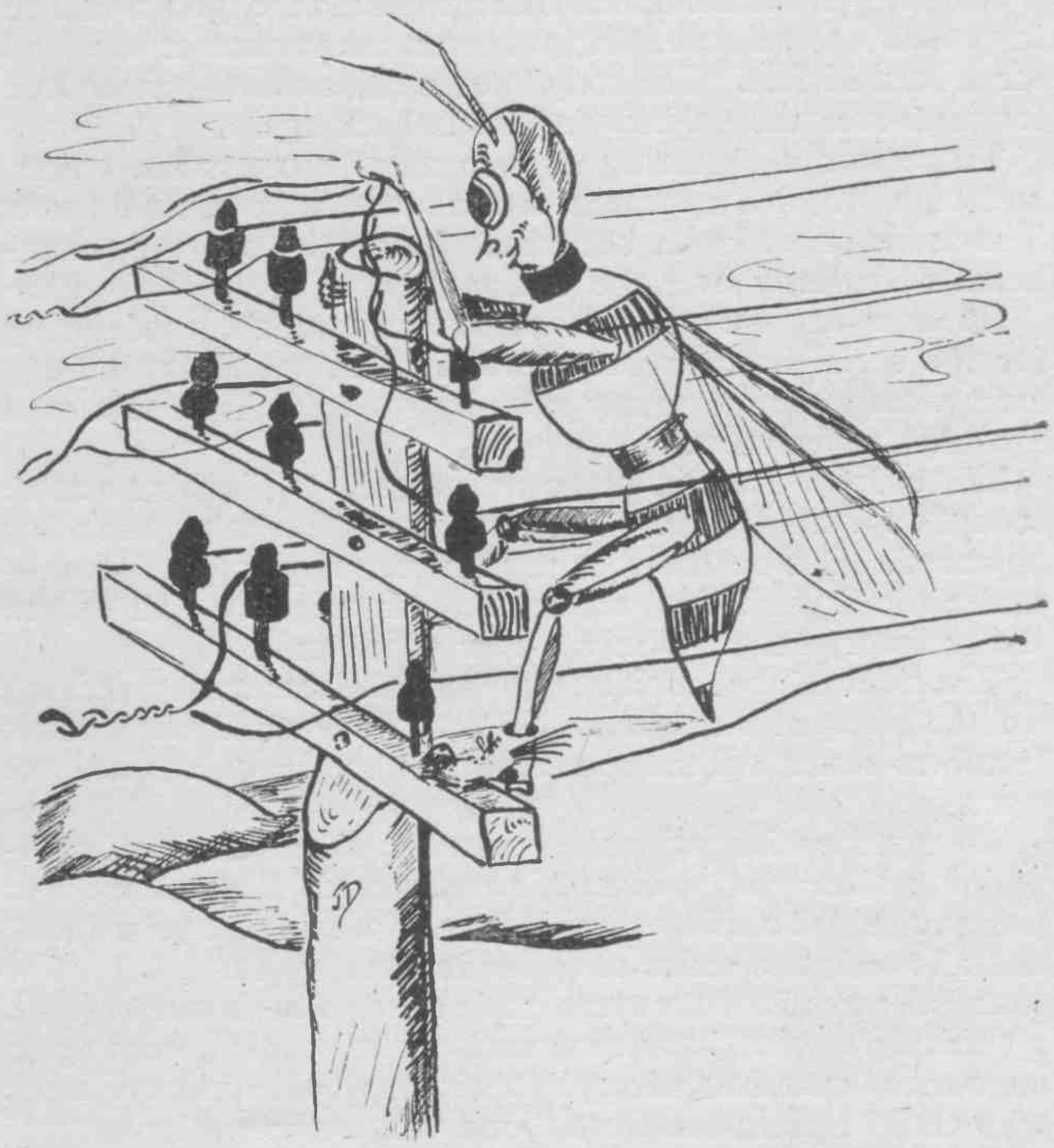
Frank, by the way, is our one and only Sergeant Betts, always shooting a line about his band. How Lieutenant Symons, the Unit shooting officer, puts up with it is more than we can hope to understand.

" N " Troop. Another month passes, bringing our " D-Day " closer. With Christmas also in view, the Troop hope to have a double celebration. (We trust our members will have recovered from the effects by the time these notes appear!)

We have lost our Troop Officer, Lieutenant Sidney, who has gone to help produce O.S.T.s in 1 Squadron.

Our late O.C., Major S. J. Williams, O.B.E., T.D., bade farewell to the Troop, and hoped for great success in our forthcoming trade test. We, in turn, wish him every success in his new venture in civilian life.

THE " GRIFFIN " AT WORK (1)



Do you suffer from cross-talk !

" All Aboard for Aisne." The 15 cwt. is a poor passenger-carrier at the best of times, and the seven of us climbed reluctantly on board and wedged ourselves in like so many sardines. There was a sudden lurch as we started forward, and the last man, who was just climbing over the tailboard, did a somersault backwards, and disappeared from view. There was a chorus of " Stop," " Whoa," and " Hold it," and with another violent lurch we came to a standstill. It is strange how sailors have earned such a reputation for a universal vocabulary, because the dishevelled figure that was scraping itself from the gritty surface of the road, and starting to limp painfully toward the truck, was emitting words and sounds the like of which have never appeared before, even in a nautical dictionary.

Eventually we started again. This time the clutch was engaged so smoothly that the rear wheels completed only ten revolutions while the truck remained stationary. When we were eventually making progress, I thought the truck had hiccups, but it was only the driver's nerves.

I've always known that one would have difficulty in getting a quart into a pint pot—the story of the Black Hole of Calcutta made an awful impression on my mind as a child; in fact, so vivid was my imagination that, as the story unfolded, I could even hear the screams and sobs of the wretched inmates as they fought to reach the pitifully inadequate supply of air.

" You're standing on my foot," said a voice, but the darkness was almost complete, as the canvas flap had fallen partially over the opening, and it was impossible to see who spoke.

The truck hit a bump in the road and rose a little; there was a sharp crack, and a drawn-out, agonised voice said, " Gosh! that was my head!"

" You're standing on my foot," said the first voice.

There was a scraping of boots and a sudden movement of arms and legs.

" Go easy—you're pushing me out!" a plaintive voice issued from the vicinity of the tailboard.

" It's all right for some," said another voice, and then we lapsed into silence.

Suddenly I felt the brakes being applied; the tyres trembled in protest and removed an inch from the surface of the road for at least 10 feet. The body left the chassis members, moved forward over the engine, and came back again.

There was a clattering of hobnailed boots, some voices, and eight figures appeared around the back of the truck. The seven of us inside shuddered as one by one they clambered relentlessly over the tailboard.

By now my ears were wrapped around the roof fitting for the aerial base, my nose was itching violently, but my arms were pinioned to my sides by the straining bodies and I couldn't scratch it.

Three, four, five, six—over they came. " There's no more room," a stifled gasp announced as the sixth man's leg appeared. But on the contrary, there was plenty of room—under the driver's legs, across the rear axle, on the roof, on the radiator, hanging on the rear vision mirror.

The sides of the truck bulged, and the rear springs, giving up the unequal struggle, subsided slowly until the chassis members rested on the rear axle and the body touched the tyres.

To my surprise, we started moving, the truck itself complaining bitterly at such unfair treatment. If you have ever run alongside some iron railings with a stick in your hand, and allowed it to strike each bar in turn, you will know the sound the treads of the tyres made as the wheels went round.

" Listen to that," someone said, while muffled tones again announced that in their opinion it was " all right for some who could ride in the front," and they reckoned it was " as well we don't have far to go."

There certainly was a peculiar smell, but we soon decided that it was only the hot rubber of the tyres.

By now I was completely numb; an elbow threatened to leave me with only one eye, and a size 10 ammunition boot was slowly grinding its way through the arch of my foot.

At this moment the man who was sitting behind the steering wheel decided it was time to change down, and with a frightful revving and roaring he slipped the clutch and succceded in bringing the truck practically to a standstill in less than two feet.

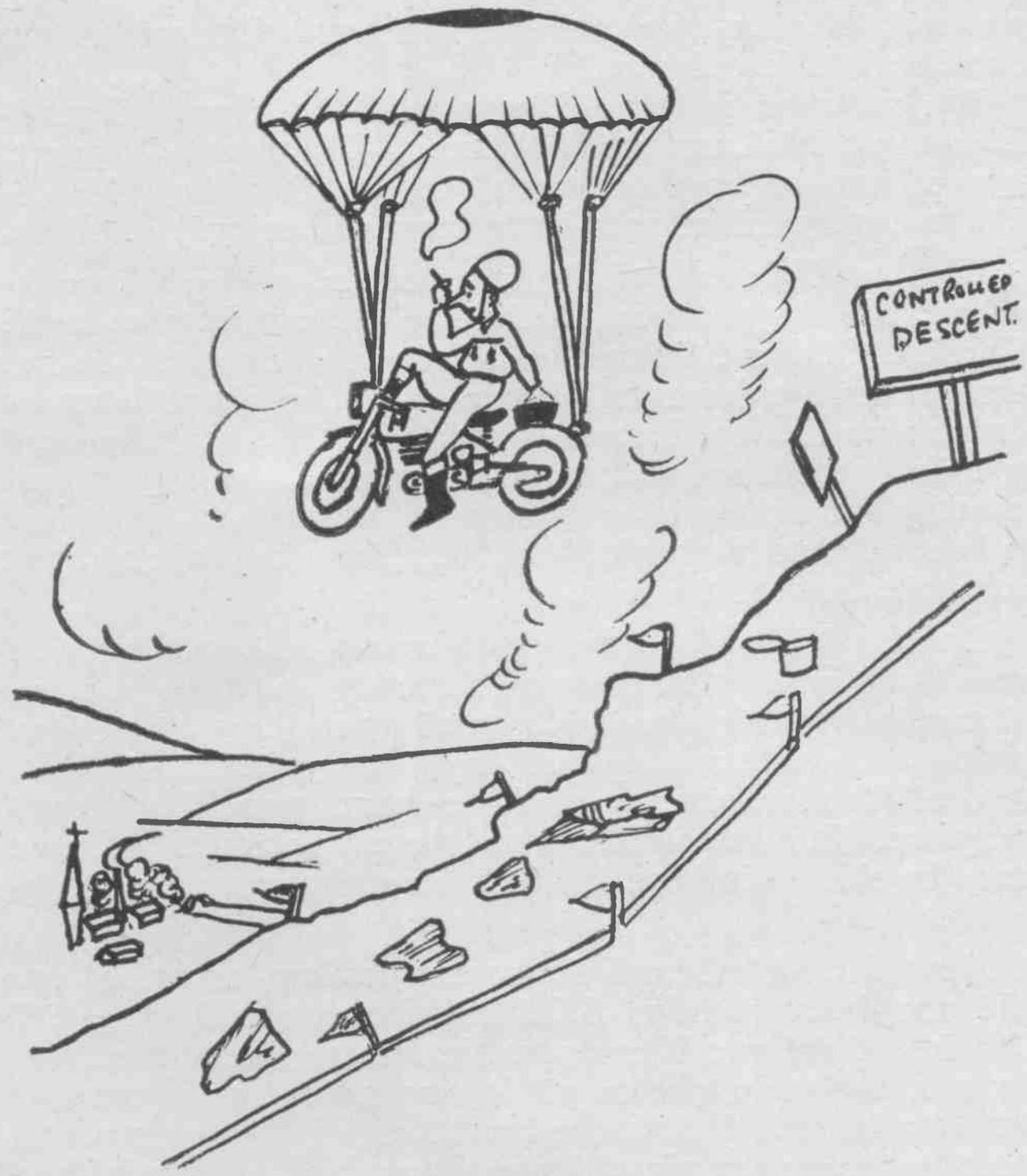
Of course, for the fifteen passengers in the back there was but one result. There was a rending of canvas and my head appeared in the driver's cab, my nose an inch or two from the windscreen, and my arms still pinioned to my side.

Fortunately, at this moment the driver's foot fell on the accelerator, and the sudden forward movement threw me back again, where my nose again entangled itself with the aerial fitting, attempting to graft on to it several inches of good skin.

The back of the vehicle now resembled a human octopus, and arms and legs flailed madly around in all directions. The Black Hole had nothing on this.

With a final lurch and a snort from the engine, and with moans and blasphemy dying away, the vehicle disgorged its cargo on the parade ground and, with smoking tyres and steaming radiator, proudly parked itself beside the Squadron Stores.

The officers and sergeants had arrived.



Northern Command Trials, 1948. " Controlled descent "

5 TRAINING REGIMENT

When these notes appear in print, the festive season will be over, and the harassed leave clerks will have recovered from all the wiles and wanglings that centre on Christmas leave. Fortunately, we have a good number of " over the border " contingent to hold the fort over Christmas, so that they would be able to celebrate the wild orgies of Hogmanay in the next week. Even so, we imagine that they had a good Christmas, judging by the enormous load delivered by McEwan Younger a few days before, and the size of the bill for extra messing presented to the P.R.I. The menu for Christmas dinner looked like one for a banquet given by Henry VIII. There have also, of course, been the usual children's party, New Year Eve dance and Corporals' dance. By far the most notable event of recent weeks was the visit by the Corps Band one Saturday morning. The idea was to give National Service men some idea of what it was like to march behind a band. Those on parade responded magnificently to the music of the Corps Band, and the standard of bearing and drill shook even our severest critics. It must be said, too, that the Band responded very well to the rather unorthodox parade, necessitated by the odd slope of our drill square, which has two trees growing out of the middle of it, just where the march past should take place.

The Boxing Team, under Captain Stirk's careful guidance, goes from strength to strength. The 7th Hussars were defeated by eight fights to one, 14th/20th Hussars by seven fights to two, and the 12th Royal Lancers by eight fights to one. We now meet the School of Military Engineering, Ripon, in the finals on 16th December at Catterick. We congratulate Lance-Corporal McLeavy and Corporal Broadbent on being selected for the Trials for the Army Team and wish them every success. We also congratulate McLeavy, Broadbent and Riding who have been selected to represent Norco in their forthcoming match against Coventry. The Display Team has returned to its Parent Unit to train here for the winter before setting out once again on its travels.

Memories, in the form of the 12th Lancers, overtook us in the Northern Command Soccer Championship. In a real storming game the Lancers knocked us out of the Cup, of which we are the present holders, by 3—0. Nothing daunted, however, the team has reached the fourth round of the Army Cup, and a win in the next round will take us to the semi-finals. The finals of the Inter-Squadron Football League will shortly take place, a magnificent shield having been made by workshops out of " scrap " metal.

There have been two regimental Concert Parties since our last notes. The first one was so well attended that we got into trouble with the revenue authorities, who wanted us to pay entertainments tax. Fortunately, our Adjutant is a man of resource and persuasive letter writing, and the danger was averted. By contrast, the second show was not so well supported as to be encouraging to the performers. However, a third show is now about to blossom forth, and we hope that everything will be all right this time. We take this opportunity of extending New Year greetings to all ex-members of the Regiment at home and overseas, and wish them a happy and, in order of the new pay code, prosperous New Year.

Northern Command Motor-Cycle Reliability Trial, 1948

This year's Northern Command Motor-Cycle Trial, held on Saturday, 6th November, had an entry of 89 competitors, 30 of which were from Units of the Territorial Army. The competitors, who hailed from all parts of the North, put up a very creditable performance, 44 of them completing the 110-mile course within the time limit. The organisers had selected a particularly gruelling course, embracing selected sections in Swaledale, Wensleydale, Nidderdale and Coverdale.

There were 15 observed sections and five time-checked points. The sections included old favouritas, such as Washfold, Jinglepot, Crackpot, Parkrash, Scarhouse, etc.

The weather could not have been better, and on arrival of Major-General R. T. O. Cary, C.B., O.B.E., D.S.O., G.O.C. Catterick District, the first man was dispatched at 0930 hours, followed by the remainder at half-minute intervals.

Sergeant Borthwick at Scarhouse

Sergeant Jones at Washfold

The first 14 miles to Washfold, River Section No. 1, was of excellent going, but this section immediately began to take its toll. Only one competitor, Sergeant L. A. Ratcliffe, succeeded in negotiating it clean. Section No. 2, Jinglepot, a rock descent, was completed clean by eight riders, whilst Section No. 3, the high spot section of the course, consisting of approximately 10 yards of river boulders, produced only one clean return, that of Sergeant Nicholson, the winner, who negotiated this very difficult section in a most masterly fashion. Crackpot, Section No. 5, was in a particularly unpleasant condition. Riders failed to ascend a steepening gradient, boulder strewn throughout, incorporating a rather acute left-hand bend, which necessitated careful throttle control. Scarhouse claimed many victims, this very steep rock climb, overlooking Scarhouse Reservoir, was completed clean by five riders, most failures being due to bad approaches in negotiating the rocky step at the end of the section. Jinglepot was reached on the return journey; weariness was becoming very apparent amongst the riders and the machines. Sergeant T. Jones was the only rider to negotiate the section clean by means of excellent riding. However, there were many extremely gallant attempts. One of the most notable performances was that of Sergeant B. L. White, of 5 Training Regiment, who, in spite of having two punctures, secured fifth place.

The T.A. competitors deserve a special word of congratulations for the excellent show they put up. They more than held their own.

The Organising Committee also deserve a word of praise for the way in which they planned the course, which, as always, was difficult but not impossible, and for the fact that the event ran so smoothly. The trial ended with a carnival dance, at which the prizes were presented by Lieut.-Colonel L. T. Shawcross, O.B.E., Commanding

Officer, 5 Training Regiment, to the team and individual winners as follows:

TEAM CHALLENGE CUP WINNERS

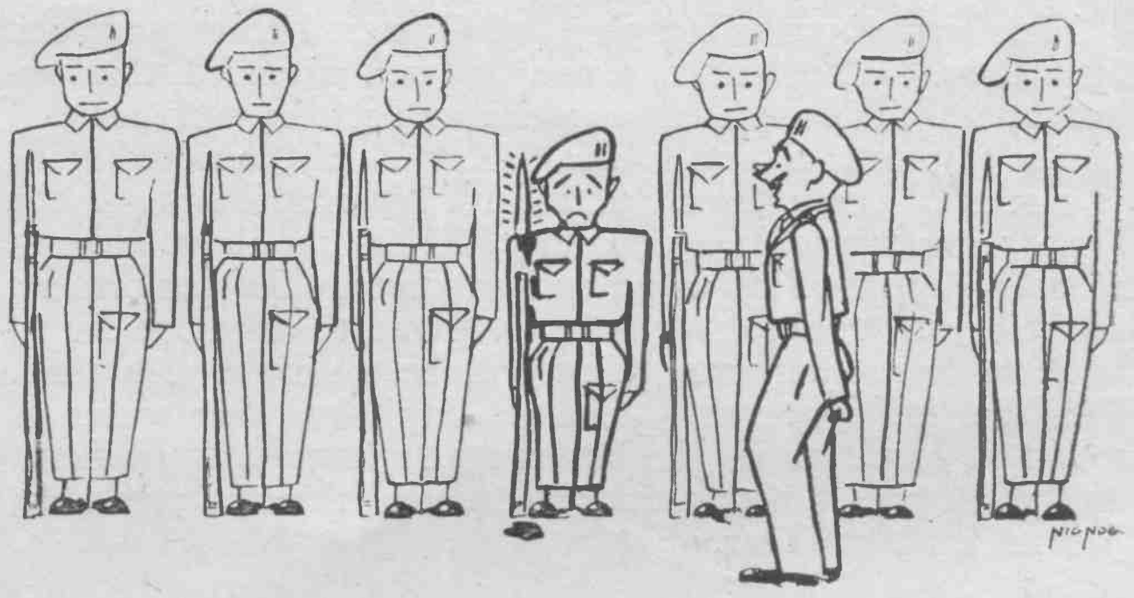
5 Training Regiment, Royal Signals, 63 pts. against.
Runners-up, 17/21 Lancers, 137 pts. against.

TEAM CHALLENGE CUP WINNERS, T.A.

49 Armoured Division Company, R.A.S.C., 129 pts. against.
Runners-up, 350 Heavy Regiment, R.A., 145 pts. against.

INDIVIDUAL RESULTS

1. Sergeant A. Nicholson
   5 Training Regiment (16 pts.).
2. Sergeant L. A. Ratcliffe
   5 Training Regiment (17 pts.).
3. Sergeant T. Jones
   5 Training Regiment (30 pts.).
4. Captain O'Dell
   21 Corps Signals (33 pts.)
5. Sergeant B. L. White
   5 Training Regiment (35 pts.).
6. Sergeant Borthwick
   5 Training Regiment (37 pts.).
8. Lance-Corporal Manfield
   5 Training Regiment (38 pts.).



"No, Sir! Only when I laugh!"

7 SELECTION REGIMENT

November

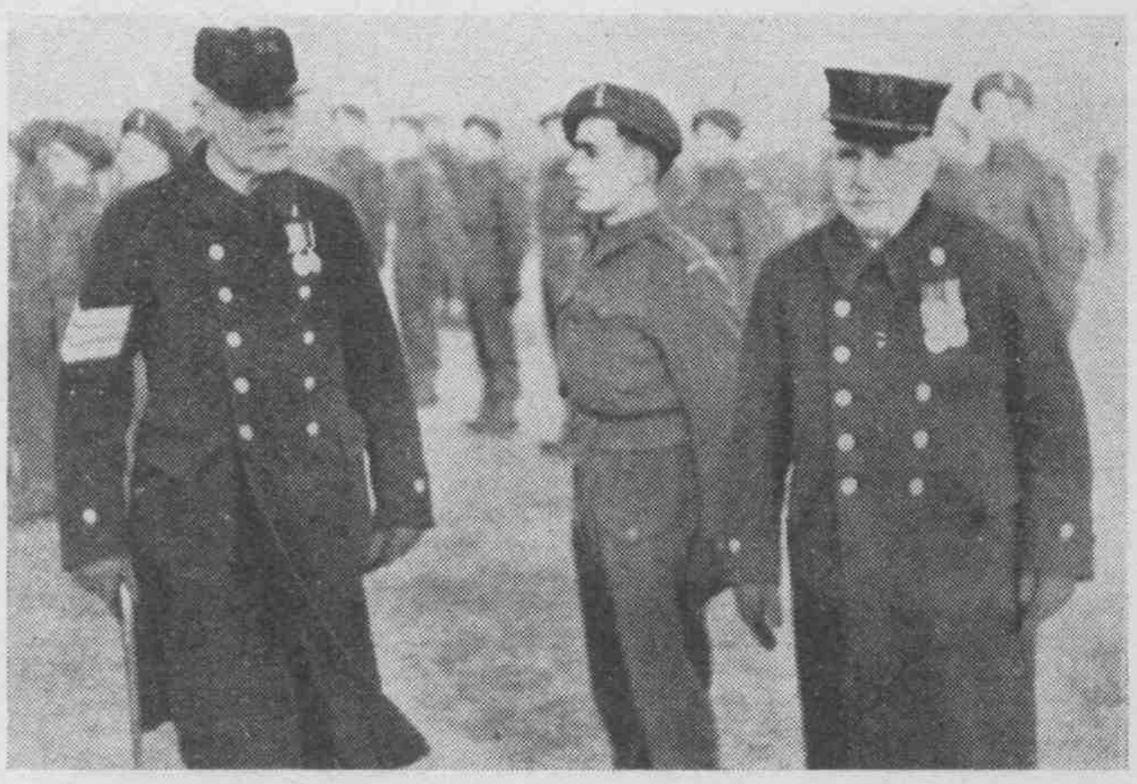
The normal Catterick winter is in full swing, and the effect of thick and apparently perpetual mist is peculiar. Vague shadows loom up on the square, and a N.C.O. who starts his drill period with 13 Troop is quite likely to finish in possession of 18 or even to spend some time barking instructions at a parked car in the end of the drill shed, what time the unfortunate squad stumbles blindly about the square calling pitifully for its mother. If it goes on much longer, the experimental department will have to develop a pocket radar kit, or drill instruction be done by correspondence, or summink.

Range days have their difficulties in this weather also. To stand heavily armed on the 200 yards firing point with visibility nil induces an appalling sense of isolation, and the irritation caused by putting a burst of L.M.G. into the 300 yards firing point instead of the butts is extreme.

We've got a large collection of stranger than fiction stories about our little men—Nignoggeries we call them—all quite true, but we only issue one at a time to avoid straining anyone's credulity. Here is the latest. In the first week of training a Troop was ordered to parade wearing their second pair of boots for the first time. Everyone got outside all right except one man. A search found him standing in his room complaining that he couldn't move his legs. Investigation showed that his boots were tied firmly together at the back with a bit of string as issued from the Q.M. Store.

You don't believe it? You should hear the ones we keep for private circulation. None the less, they are good lads who work very hard and become a credit to the Corps.

By prodigous effort on the part of the cadre, the Regiment continues to maintain a high standard at soccer. We have gone down the drain a bit in two of our recent matches and are now running second in the league, Division II, to the local R.A.F. Our results are as follows:



605 Coy., R.A.S.C.	Lost	2—3
C.S.D., Catterick	Won	4—2
3 Command Workshops, R.E.M.E.	Won	5—2
4 Training Regiment Royal Signals	Won	8—1
3 Training Regiment Royal Signals	Won	7—3
2 Training Regiment Royal Signals	Won	8—2
N.S.O.T.W., Royal Signals	Won	9—1
8 R.T.R.	Won	8—2
14/20 Hussars	Won	13—2
17/21 Lancers	Lost	2—4
All Arms Wing, School of Signals	Won	7—0
R.A.F., Catterick	Lost	0 2

Injuries have caused a reshuffle of the team, which has not improved things much, but we intend to get back on form in the near future.

On .22 shooting our results are good although our aggregate is not really high enough at present to ensure a position at the top of the league. We have fired three matches so far and won them all.

3 Training Regiment Royal Signals	Won	668—642
17/21 Lancers	Won	694—659
8 R.T.R.	Won	699—654

We plug away at hockey, and this season, in face of fearful odds, have won 5 matches, lost 2, and drawn 1. A match against the Army Apprentices' School at Harrogate had to be cancelled because of fog; this did not prevent the team from doing justice to an excellent lunch.

The Army Cup game against 2 R.H.A. we unfortunately lost 2—4, but, as the following results show, the hard-driven cadre keep the Regiment's tail well up:

12th Lancers	Drawn	1—1
N.S.O.T.W., Royal Signals	Lost	0—1
1 Training Regiment Royal Signals	Lost	1—4
3 Training Regiment Royal Signals	Won	8—1
5 Training Regiment Royal Signals	Won	4—1
605 Coy., R.A.S.C.	Won	3—2
4 Training Regiment Royal Signals	Won	2—1
2 Training Regiment Royal Signals	Won	3—0

The Inter-Troop Drill Competitions during November were won by:

1 Squadron, 5 Troop, Sergeant Winter, Royal Northumberland Fusiliers.
2 Squadron, 11 Troop, Corporal Courcha, East Lancs.
3 Squadron, 16 Troop, Sergeant Harris, Royal Signals
4 Squadron, 23 Troop, Sergeant Martin, Manchester Regiment.

The competition bears with it the right to carry an elegant silver-knobbed stick for the ensuing month, and which becomes the Troop Sergeant's own property if the Troop wins the competition three successive times. Sergeant Martin is now bursting blood vessels to win in December, having done so in October and November.

The best recruits in each Squadron in November were:

1 Squadron Signalman B. R. S. Smith. Now in 4 Training Regiment.
2 Squadron Signalman F. T. Schofield. Now in 1 Training Regiment.
3 Squadron Signalman D. Screen. Now in 1 Training Regiment.
4 Squadron Signalman W. Mitchenson. Now in 4 Training Regiment.

The recruits are judged on turnout, response to training, behaviour, and musketry, and the standard is extremely high. Each recruit receives a certificate to mark the occasion, which is presented to him after the pass-off parade by the Commandant, S.T.C.

Second-Lieutenant Millman, of 3 Squadron, has distinguished himself by representing Royal Signals, Catterick *v.* York Fencing Club, and at epee won 1 fight in 3, and in foil 2 fights in 3.

Having discovered a tame artist, we intend to publish a series on Nig Nog types, No. 1 of which we attach for this month.

THE OLD ARMY MEETS THE NEW

Over 10,000 young men of the new Army had passed through our hands before it was realised that about the only thing they had not been taught was that " old soldiers never die."

It was decided to prove this by a practical demonstration and, with the kind permission of the Commandant, Royal Hospital, Chelsea, four pensioners were invited to spend two weeks with the Regiment.

On 22nd November, four fine examples of real old British soldiers arrived. They were Sergeant Young, Private Collins and Private Hobbs, all late Royal Artillery, and Private Buxton, late Royal Norfolks. Their combined ages were 306 years, and Sergeant Young, the senior in rank, was the baby of the party at 74! Private Buxton celebrated his 76th birthday while in the Regiment and, with all due ceremony, cut a specially prepared cake in the W.O.s' and Sergeants' Mess. Lighting restrictions prevented our having 76 candles, but the cake was full of goodies organised by our Sergeant Cook, a noble-hearted character who has proved that his ancestry contains none of the biological accidents normally attributed to his trade.

The combined service of the four was 111 years and they wore medals to prove it. Private Collins wore the Boer War medals with five clasps, and Privates Hobbs and Buxton with four clasps each. Hobbs saw the relief of Ladysmith.

Throughout their stay they were entertained in our W.O.s' and Sergeants' Mess and lived in a barrack room like our recruits, although we will admit to a few extras for their comfort which long and honourable service deserved.

Not cast down in the least by a typical spell of Catterick weather, they fulfilled a comprehensive programme and inspected every aspect of the recruits' training, fired on the range themselves and inspected a pass-off parade with the Commandant S.T.C. They toured all round Catterick and visited Nos. 2 and 3 Training Regiments to see the latest equipment and methods. Private Hobbs, who was a battery signaller during the Boer War, was highly impressed by the profusion of equipment which did not exist in the wildest imaginations in his day.

Not all their time was spent on military affairs and, during the course of their stay, they were entertained by the Catterick Garrison W.O.s' and Sergeants' Club, attended the meet of the Bedale Hunt at Headquarters Mess, passing shrewd judgment on the stirrup cup, and were also present at the concert given to the Regiment by the Corps Band during one of its welcome visits to Catterick.

Private Hobbs, Private Buxton, Private Collins, Sergeant Young

When the time came for their return to London, they had seen all we had to show, had been unflagging in their interest, and were as highly impressed with the new Army as our recruits were with these excellent representatives of the old.

We were only too glad to have the opportunity of entertaining them, and all of us can wish that if we serve as long and live as long we may reach the same standard of good humour, calm and dignity of our most satisfactory and impressive guests.

WAR OFFICE SIGNAL REGIMENT

London

After being accommodated, since our formation seven years ago, in the various mansions of Eaton Square and Eaton Place, Belgravia, we have at last moved out and into camp barrack accommodation. No. 94 Eaton Square ceased to be our address on 15th October, 1948, when our new one became Richmond Park Camp, Kingston-on-Thames, Surrey, which eventually we are to share with London District, A.T.S. Our nearest station is Norbiton, a mile from camp, but many travel on to Kingston and take a bus to the Park Gates. The older soldiers may remember the camp in the war years as a Rehabilitation Centre, but it underwent a great transformation in the early part of this year to emerge—to use a Press description—as a luxury camp to house Olympic competitors. With the exception of the removal of a few of the luxury gadgets such as soda fountains, ice-cream machines, etc., the camp is unaltered, and we have the full benefit of the great spring clean with the addition of a generous supply of many very useful fittings.

The aerial photograph herewith gives you a bird's-eye view of the camp. All the buildings in the foreground are O.R.s' barrack rooms, with the cookhouse and dining hall in the centre. In the background is that part of the camp allotted to the A.T.S., with the square in the centre separating the two Regiments.

On the left of the square are the N.A.A.F.I. buildings, and on the other side is the Sergeants' Mess. The Officers' Mess and H.Q. Offices are to the right-hand corner of the square.

For amenities we have a good bus service from the Park Gates to Kingston-on-Thames, where, besides the river attractions, there are the Empire, a variety theatre, several large cinemas, dance halls, restaurants, and last but not least, a good Y.M.C.A. Hampton Court adjoins Kingston. At the other end of the park there is also the lovely town of Richmond.

The O.C. Kingston Barracks has kindly agreed to our using their football and hockey pitches, besides which we have a football ground at New Malden and a rough one in the park itself about half a mile from the camp, but the enthusiasm for recreation and sport exceeds this supply.

Although we have only been in residence a month, the healthier situation and walking exercise involved in getting to and from work have given the Messing Officer an extra problem in catering for the resulting voracious appetites. Swill buckets have never been so empty !

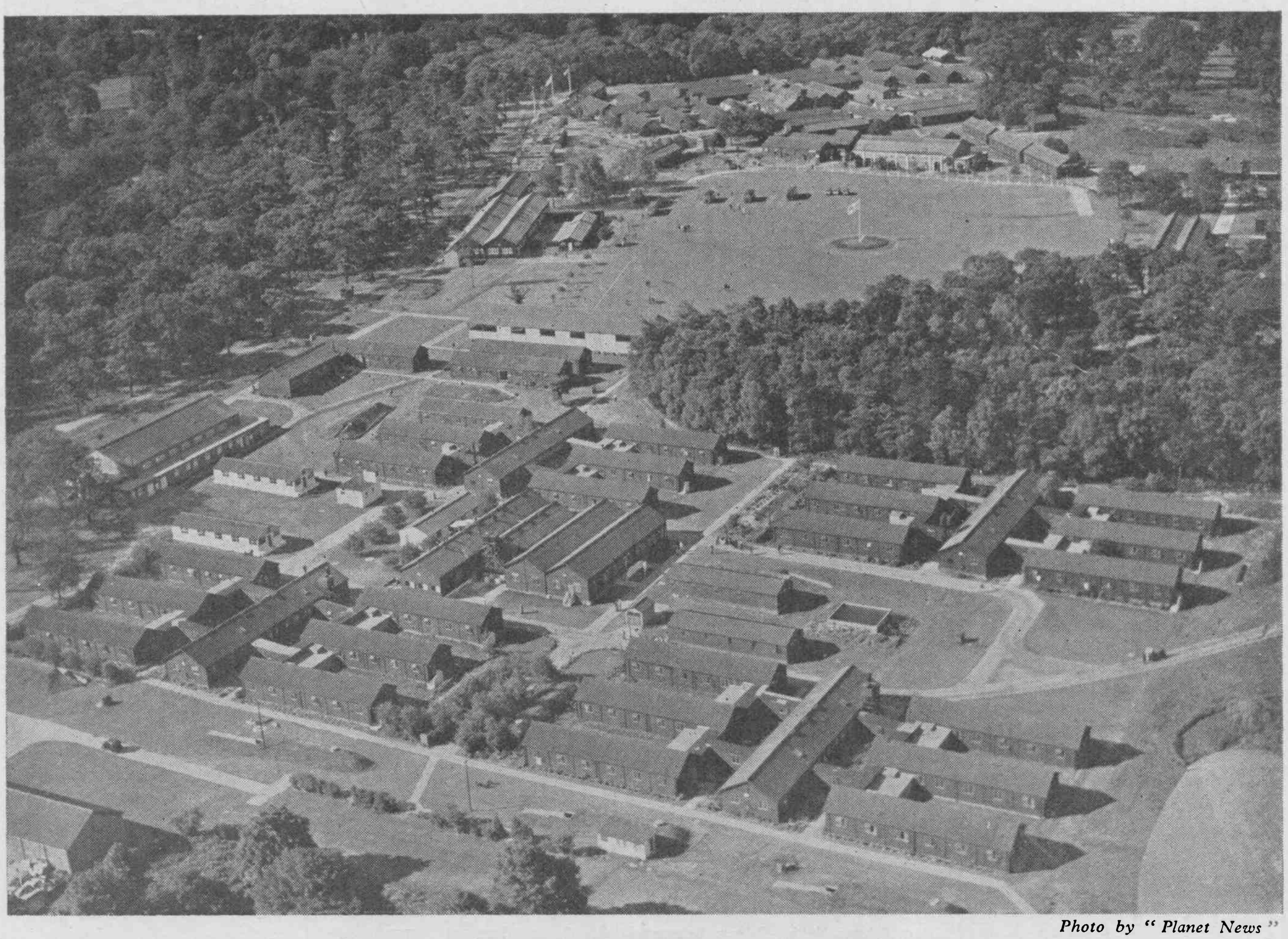


Photo by " Planet News "

The Salvation of Mr Johnson

By **BRIAN THOMAS**

"I'M sorry, Johnson." The Managing Director's voice was very sympathetic. "But, you know, we all have to retire sometime; and there's no getting away from the fact that an infirmity such as yours is a serious handicap in your work. I'm afraid the time has come when you'll have to make way for a younger man. Of course, your long and valuable service with the firm entitles you to the maximum scale of pension which the directors can grant, and I shall certainly recommend you for it. Both your children are out on their own now, aren't they? You ought to be fairly comfortable."

"Old Man Johnson," as he was known to most of the clerks in the office, lowered his eyes from those of the man behind the big desk and hung his head miserably. He had known for a long time that a day must come when his gradually increasing deafness would be his undoing. He had worked hard to perfect himself in lip-reading, in order to disguise his condition, and had spent much of his savings on specialists. It was no good. He had been found out, and would have to leave the office where he had worked for 40 years and potter about in miserable idleness for the rest of his days. Nobody would want him now. He would be left to rot, like a ship which has become out of date and is left to rust in some forgotten backwater.

"Very good, sir," he answered with an effort. "I'll leave at the end of the week, if you don't mind."

"Very well, Johnson. I'm sure we're all most grateful to you for the hard work you've put in during all these years. Send Dakin to me as you go out, will you?"

The Managing Director leant back in his chair and lit a cigarette, glad that the painful interview was over. Old Man Johnson shuffled out, still feeling dazed and hurt. From force of habit rather than by conscious intention, he wandered into his room, and stared at the orderly array of papers and files, with unseeing eyes. Suddenly his knees seemed to give way and he sank down into his chair; the chair which another man would soon be sitting in. From the miserable confusion of his mind there emerged one definite resolve. He could not, would not, hand over his job to that young upstart Dakin. It wasn't human to expect him to. He'd rather die.

The last thought gave him an idea. If he snuffed out suddenly, it would save everyone a lot of trouble. Emily would be better off with his life insurance—she'd hate having him always mooning about the place, anyway—and it would save the firm a lot of embarrassment, presentations, speeches, and the like.

He'd have to do the job properly and carefully, so as to make it look like an accident. It would never do to chuck himself into the river or take poison—too obvious. Better to slip off the platform in the Underground. Then you had the current as well as the train, and it was sure to be over quickly. It would be difficult for anyone to prove that it wasn't an accident.

Mr. Johnson glanced at the clock. It was getting late, and if he left now, while the resolve was strong, he would cause no suspicion. Mechanically he tidied up his desk, took his hat and umbrella from their pegs behind the door, and went out. His voice was quite normal as he said good-night to such of the staff as he met on the way, and he felt that he had achieved a very creditable exit.

Piccadilly Circus, during the rush-hour, seemed as good a place as any in which to carry out his intention. He had plenty of time to walk there, and take a last look at London. When he reached the level of the booking hall, he stood for a few minutes watching the hurrying crowds, as though he had never seem them before. Now that he had all eternity before him, things seemed to have an added interest.

His attention was suddenly focused on a man in one of the public telephone booths, who seemed to be trying to divide his attention between the instrument and the crowd outside. He was speaking urgently to someone at the other end of the line, but kept his head turned so that he could scan the faces of those who passed the glass panel behind him.

Mr. Johnson watched the man idly at first, then, when he realised that he could understand what he was saying, his interest deepened. In ordinary circumstances he would have been heartily ashamed of his conduct; but now he regarded himself as being beyond the ordinary rules, and the first words he intercepted were sufficiently arresting to compel his attention.

"I don't think I'm suspected yet, but there's a couple of blokes hanging round who look a bit suspicious. Yes, there's a meeting tonight at Cranfield's place. . . . What? Yes, I think you'd better, you might get a good haul. Sorry if I've given anything away. . . ."

Mr. Johnson had got so far when he felt a tap on his shoulder. Turning quickly, he found himself staring at two large men, clad in unobtrusive grey suits.

"Just come along here a minute," said one, taking Mr. Johnson gently but firmly by the arm and propelling him through the crowd till they were out of sight of the man in the telephone box. "I'm a police officer, and I want to know why you were so interested in that man in there. You were staring at him as though you'd seen a ghost."

"I wasn't specially interested in him," Mr. Johnson protested hurriedly. "Being deaf, I've been practising lip-reading, and I happened to notice him and understand what he was saying. It was rather a surprise and . . ."

"What did he say?" the question was snapped out in the voice of authority.

Mr. Johnson gave the best account he could, racking his brains to remember the exact words. His recital seemed to cause considerable excitement.

"Splendid!" exclaimed the larger of the two men. "That's just what we want. I can't tell you what it's all about, but the information you've given us may be of the greatest importance to the Yard, and to the State for that matter. By the way, you'd better give me your name and address, in case you're wanted as a witness. I expect the Chief would like to have it, anyway."

While he was noting down the particulars, the second man, who had faded away into the crowd, suddenly returned and whispered in his ear.

"Look here," said the big man, turning on Mr. Johnson. "You will have to help us a bit more. From what you say, your pal in the telephone box has got some suspicions of us, but he doesn't know you. I want you to keep an eye on him

for us. Find out when he leaves the station, and where he goes. Will you do that ? "

" Yes," answered Mr. Johnson eagerly. " I'll do my best. How am I to let you know ? "

" When he's gone, go and stand by the indicator which shows the time in different parts of the world; one of us will come to you there. Now look slippy, or you'll miss him." He jerked his head towards a tobacco kiosk, where the object of so much interest was buying some cigarettes.

Mr. Johnson edged as close to his victim as he dared, while the latter lit one of his purchases, and was able to keep him in sight when he turned and strolled off in the opposite direction. They made a complete circuit of the booking hall, during which Mr. Johnson saw nothing of the two detectives, and then his quarry suddenly doubled on his tracks and hurried towards one of the booking offices. Mr. Johnson just managed to keep close enough to learn that he asked for a ticket to West Kensington, and he was only a few steps above him on the escalator. Sleuthing, he reflected, certainly had its moments of excitement.

Mr. Johnson watched his man into the train, and then ascended to the upper levels, conscious of a job well done. He had to wait some time before the large man appeared, and when he did, he seemed to be in a great hurry. He listened to Mr. Johnson's report and then held out his hand.

" Thanks very much for your help," he said cordially. " I hope we may get a chance of working together again. You never know when a gift like yours will come in useful. Being deaf isn't so bad as being blind, though they both help to develop one's faculties. I wonder why they never thought of teaching policemen lip-reading."

Mr. Johnson was well on his way home, anxious to retail his experiences to his wife, before he remembered what he had intended to do, and the reason for it. The recollection came to him with something of a shock. He felt as though he had been reminded of some foolish plan, made in the far-off days of his youth, which he had been prevented from carrying out by some timely intervention of Providence, hardly appreciated at the time. An intervention of Providence: that's what it was! A sign that there was still work to do in the world, even for old crocks like himself! There was more spring in his step, as he trudged the familiar way from the station to his home, than there had been for some time.

Emily was suitably thrilled at his description of his adventure. " My!" she exclaimed. " To think that you should start working in with the police at your time o' life. I wouldn't be surprised if they should be sending for you to go to Scotland Yard ! "

" Yes," he agreed. " The detective as good as said they might want to make use of me again. There's life in the old dog yet ! "

Now was the time to break the news of his discharge. Emily seemed curiously unmoved. In fact she appeared almost relieved. " Well," she remarked placidly, " it had to come some time; and it's a good thing it's come now, while we're both still young enough to enjoy a little leisure. I've always wanted a little place in the country, where I could grow flowers and keep a few hens, and now that the children's education is all finished and they're out in the world, there's no reason why we shouldn't have it. You'd like that, wouldn't you ? "

Mr. Johnson's eyes lit up, behind his thick spectacles. He had never thought of the country before, and the prospect seemed to open up a long vista of possibilities.

" Yes, dear," he answered readily. " I think it will be grand. We'll be able to have the children to stay at week-ends, and show them our garden and things instead of them swanking in their new clothes and taking *us* to the cinema."

While the Johnsons were busy painting pictures of a rustic future, a soldierly-looking grey-haired man was in conference with some of his subordinates in a comfortably furnished office in Whitehall.

" Well," he was saying. " I'm afraid they've slipped through our fingers this time. But what I want to know is—how the deuce did they find out that we were going to raid Cranfield's flat ? "

" Yes, sir," said a man whom Mr. Johnson would have recognised as the gentleman of the telephone box. " I suppose it was some carelessness on my part. There were two of the gang in the Underground station while I was telephoning, but they couldn't possibly have heard what I said. I tried to keep an eye on them, but they faded away while I was in the box, and a funny little squirt of a man seemed to be following me when I started for West Kensington. I never saw him after I got into the train, but he must have been a thought-reader, or something."

" He seems to have read you somehow," said his chief acidly. " We can only hope for better luck next time."

A Memory of Mhow

By **CAPTAIN JOHN WHITNEY,** *late Royal Signals*

Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered.—Shakespeare

I WOULD like to draw aside for a moment the curtain of the years and take the reader back to 1943, when the cantonment of Mhow, in India, echoed to the tread of many signalmen, and when a British Signal Training Centre was established in that bright, fresh, and pleasant place, with its fabulous bazaar, its cinemas and cafés, and its solid and serene barrack blocks built in the spacious days of the eighteenth century.

After a year and a half on very active service in a " neck of the woods " in Upper Assam, that humid hothouse that is made by the deep and narrow valley carved out by the River Brahmaputra between the giant ranges of the Himalayas and the Northern Chinese and Burmese mountains, Mhow seemed a veritable paradise. Although routine in the Officer Cadet Wing was onerous, and there was much to assimilate, recreation, amusement, and distraction were easily come by: the strictly ordered days passed pleasantly.

Quite naturally, an O.C.T.U. demanded punctuality. To be absent or late at a place of parade was unforgivable and could quite easily result in banishment, with those dread and embarrassing letters R.T.U. stamped on a document. But parallel to this pristine law of authority was the shibboleth among the cadets that no cadet could report another absent—one of the fundamental loyalties of the human kind. How I nearly fell between these two stools is the object of this fragmentary reminiscence.

The squads of cadets at that academy were divided into the usual " courses," and week by week each course had appointed from among its members a " course officer " and a " course sergeant," while from the cadets at large a " wing officer " and a " wing sergeant-major " were appointed. To these dignitaries fell the parade duties.

Our parade ground and the huts wherein our future duties were hammered into us were a mile or so away from our living quarters, but with the aid of bicycles provided by a benevolent Government, this was no great disadvantage. It was the cold season; the hour and a half of instruction each morning before breakfast was carried out in the dark. Naturally it was not the greatest pleasure to get up in what seemed the middle of the night, but on the mornings when P.T. was the first period it was the easiest thing to slip into singlet and shorts, and P.T. in impenetrable blackness was a positive joy. Not to see or be seen by a burly athletic

Happy New Year to Soldiers Command
Limited Engine Re-enlist
Bradley Mays

instructor was an unusually pleasant experience.

But on the morning we are thinking of, though, it was not P.T. Stiff starched uniforms had to be carefully donned, bicycles mounted, and the parade ground reached. Something after six we all assembled on the square. In the ghostly blackness, the darkness before the dawn, we paraded. Our authorities were rightly touchy about the mode of reporting strengths. " All accounted for, sir " was frowned upon, but subtlties could be practised, ingenious half-truths could, on occasions, be used. " One man hospital, one man with puncture, otherwise all present, sir-r-r " was occasionally heard. And there were variations, which need not be disclosed.

That morning I was " course officer." The squad shuffled into place behind me: the course sergeant, *sotto voce,* called the roll. Turning to me, he whispered, " *One man absent.*" " Absent?" I agonisedly queried. " No one seen him at all?" Heavens! There was no time for thought; in stentorian voice the course immediately ahead had already reported. There was nothing for it but " All men present and accounted for, sir-r-r." With grave dignity the " wing officer " marched across to the orderly officer, a dim figure just discernible in the gloom. Not a sound could be heard as the massed cadets stood stiff and still. The only movements were the flickering acknowledgments of salutes away over on the right. Suddenly, a swishing noise could be faintly heard, the sound of hobnailed boots sounding dully on the gravel. God ! Someone was marching to our squad. Muffled shufflings right behind me told that someone had entered our proudly postured ranks. The formalities of reporting to the orderly officer still went on. As I awaited my inevitable doom, I remembered the old lines:

He may show what outward courage he will;
But I believe, as cold a night as 'tis,
He could wish himself in the Thames,
Up to the neck; and so I would he were,
And I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

It must have been a trick of the light, of preoccupation, or our stars were kind. With short, sharp commands we were dismissed to our studies.

Explanations and inquest were ignored that day, when the course privately meted out just punishment.

Per Ardua Ad Disastra

BEFORE I started fiddling imprests for the Army, I had the great good fortune to serve several years in His Majesty's Most Excellent Royal Air Force.

Now no one is interested about the stories of an " ace," so I will tell you of the beginning (my shattered nerves). *They* put me in an insecure boat, pointed me in a westerly direction, and before I had recovered from seasickness I was in Canada. Here they had strange stuff like food and ice cream, but you had to obtain beer from a sort of Post Office turnout, as it was a dry State. (*They* couldn't do this to me —but *they* did.)

After about five Sabbath Days' journey to the south, I came to a land of sand and large mountain things, and cowboys with real guns—I had arrived in Arizona. There were Indians, too, and one confided in me that he was most surprised to find that we English spoke " American " ! I pursued this subject no further.

Very soon, before my nerves broke, *they* showed me some blue and yellow aircraft, all tied together with bits of piano wire and bits of string, and told me that these were the Primary Trainers. The fact that they were Primary Trainers in the days of Orville Wright seemed to have escaped them. Anyhow, *they* whipped me aloft in no time flat, and I sat petrified behind a large American in a beautiful helmet, and in front of a lot of clocks which all told different times. After much swearing, and being called a " Goddam this, that, and the other," I was convinced, or rather bullied into believing, that these clocks told one what depth you are up, how fast you are approaching your doom, and what rate the fan was turning. The latter was provided, I believe, to keep the American in the beautiful helmet cool, and at times was stopped altogether, in order to impress me. (I was impressed.)

Having had living daylights most successfully scared out of me, and scared the same daylights out of the man in the beautiful helmet with my vicious stabs at terra firma (I was that keen to get back), *they* sent me off alone. It was easy to get the thing off the earth and keep it hurtling around the air performing weird gyrations, but when the fuel began to run low I was forced to perform that dreaded manœuvre so aptly called " an approach with a view to landing " ! I arrived.

The inevitable party followed, and I went on to Basic Training. No string and wire this time, but lots more clocks, all of which still told the different time. Here I found lots of most interesting levers and knobs, all painted different colours, and one could have a whale of a time playing with them all. You could muck about with the fan, making more draught or less, and by cranking a certain lever part of the wing would fall down and make you go slower. Until you got used to this, you were continually picking your teeth out of the instrument panel (official name for the board where all the clocks were).

Once again I was called a " Goddam doofer," and after the appropriate time of sheer horror I was allowed to go and try and kill myself alone. This machine had an enclosed cockpit, and every time I took off (technical term for becoming airborne, or unstuck, or defying gravity), the hood would slide back with a resounding " kerdoing," which convinced me that the machine was about to fall to pieces. It didn't.

After that, Advanced Training on a machine called the Harvard that howled around the sky under the punishment meted out to it by yours truly and like fledglings. More clocks, more time differences, more levers—one very interesting one that tucks the wheels into the wings. This is easy in the air, but far more impressive if you do it when parked on the line, outside the Flight Offices. All sorts of people become immediately concerned in your welfare, and one is at once a hero ! If you fail to put the wheels down on the approach to land, a horn blows right behind your ear. This alone is most disturbing, but also drowns the voice of the man in the beautiful helmet, who is going blue in the face trying to tell you to put the —— wheels down! You land, of course, and bend your fan, and everybody is most upset, and *they* whittle away at you for hours, making you feel most embarrassed.

In this part of the training you do all sorts of foolish things like flying blind, and flying a thing called a beam, which you can't see, but judge where it is by " dits " and " dahs " that eventually drive you barmy, and you sit there with eyes rolling, and the instructor becomes most unfriendly. As one progresses through the course, one finds that the instructor's nerves break more easily, and one is left more and more alone.

After this *they* put me in a long line with my mates—those still living—and gave us our wings with a sigh, and wished us luck, which I feel was most unnecessary (my instructor now wears a wig!). *They* told us lots of things, and bid us go away and kill Germans. This we did. Good show !

I left there after flying with one fan only, but ended up with four, thus becoming four times as dangerous, though to which side I am not sure. Since I was allowed to go to the Army so readily, one draws the natural conclusion—I wonder why ?

Thus runs the world away !

Gardens in Barracks

This is the season for good husbandmen to lop and prune superfluous branches of fruit trees and uncover their roots; set all kinds of quicksets and fruit trees in the full of the moon. Be sure the moon be not north or east and set the same sides of bushes and trees to the south and west as were so before transplanting. Set beans, peas, parsnips, the weather mild and the moon decreasing. Dig gardens.

—XVIITH Century Lore

IN writing these notes for the November WIRE (remember they were written in October) one important thing was forgotten—the leaf harvest, perhaps as important as any harvest in the year, for on the proper collection and rotting down into mould of all available leaves depends much of the fertility of our land in the future.

The first part of the passage quoted above does not apply to the average garden in barracks, though the advice is good where there are fruit trees.

But the second part is sound. Wait for mild weather and then, in ground well worked in November, sow your first rows of broad beans, peas, and why not parsnips? These latter take a long time to grow, about 11 months to reach their full size, but they are nicest pulled a little younger than that.

"Dig gardens." We considered doing most of our digging in November, but there is sure to be plenty of land left that needs digging. So if it is fine and reasonably dry, dig and fill your undug land.

In my own diary for January, 1948, I see three main activities—digging, hedging, and messing about with seeds in boxes.

We root-pruned our fruit trees at the end of January and early February that year.

"Messing about with seed in boxes, or what shall we do on a wet afternoon?" I see we started a small box each of dahlias, sweet peas, and stocks on 11th January inside the house. The seed had been harvested, not bought, so there was no financial risk. Most of the seed germinated, but the seedlings became too long and leggy, and when put outside were mostly killed by a late frost. Much the same happened to radishes and lettuces sown in boxes a little later. But a sowing in a frame at the end of January of all those mentioned was successful. On the last day of January we made a successful sowing outside of carrots, early peas, and parsnips.

By the end of the month all the seed potatoes were put into the light to colour and to begin sprouting.

The sticks to support peas and beans had been cut and stacked ready for use.

The seed of all the vegetables and flowers required for sowing during the next few months had been ordered in December and was delivered in January.

January and February are difficult months. Spells of warm, damp weather which tempt one to injudicious seed-sowing alternate with frost, which may cut down in early youth those seedlings of which only the day before we were so proud.

Bad weather prevents our catching up with digging and preparing ground which ought to have been completed before, and we know that by the end of February we shall have no time left.

Patience, however, remains the major virtue. To dig when the earth is wet and sodden does more harm than good. It is a waste of time and often of money to sow seed too early.

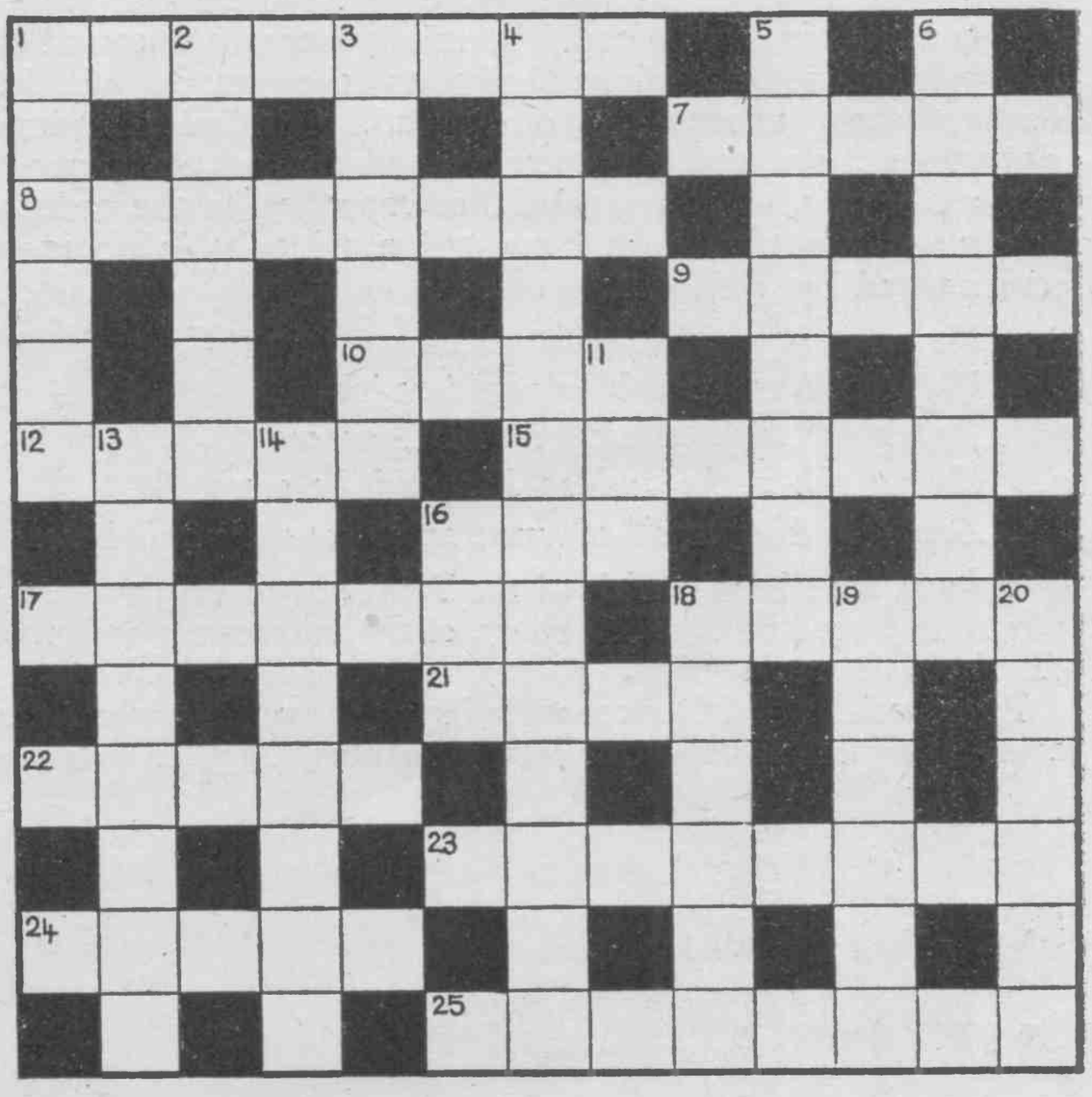
We should make a careful inspection of our gardening implements. They are, as always, in short supply, but as the year goes on they will become scarcer. Most things are available in January, a number in February, few if any in March.

One last word. Do put a couple of barrow-loads of cinders on that muddy path.

Royal Signals Association Branch Notes

Dear Brigadiers,—I do not know whether any of the secretaries of Branches of the Association spotted the error in the December WIRE. It may be stated that the error started with the original draft made by the Editor himself, was checked twice by him and twice by the Sub-Editor during proof reading, and rechecked in page proof just before the paper was made up. It only goes to show how difficult it is. (See page 404, column 1, line 12.)

Crossword Puzzle No. 4



ACROSS

1. Habituated (8).
7. A. D.R. may be said to do this to his bike, and equally a schoolmaster may be said to do this to his pupils (5).
8. I wonder if Regimental Orders ever have been ? (8).
9. Girl's name (5).
10. Drawers cellular are referred to by the Q.M. as an — of clothing (4).
12. Common to a Scotsman, a drunk and a cotton spinner (5).
15. A monkey remarkable for its enormous nose (7).
16. One of King Henry's wives (3).
17. Sometimes referred to as a pineapple (7).
18. Generally hungry for coins (5).
21. Instrument used for cutting or chipping (4).
22. The Mona Lisa doesn't (5).
23. A message sent by W/T (8).
24. Found in rocky places (5).
25. A spiv could be referred to as one of these (1 & 7).

DOWN

1. One to every question (6).
2. Braces never should (6).
3. We're all glad when it's over (6).
4. Some ladies would like this (8 & 5).
5. To tear (8).
6. To step across (8).
13. The way of life of a Knight errant and a tramp (8).
14. Not quite a Sergeant (5 & 3).
16. Even turned about, still the same girl's name (3).
18. A liar must have a good one (6).
19. It's cultivated for opening time (6).
20. A useful tool for a pipe smoker (6).

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD NO. 4

ACROSS.—1, Contestation. 8, Ashamed of God. 9, Alderman. 10, Tars. 11, Tonsil. 14, Dabble. 16, Ajar. 18, Nutrient. 21, Continuation. 22, Seem ruthless.

DOWN.—2, Ousel. 3, Travels. 4, Steam. 5, Adorned. 6, Ingot. 7, Nadiral. 12, Objects. 13, Lankier. 15, Bristol. 17, Range. 19, Trust. 20, Nooks.

Our Boys

By **Major F. V. MERCHANT**

EX-BOYS all over the world will be sorry to learn that the Corps is to lose its boy trainees, but will console themselves with the hope that, as for a period of more than half a century the " tele-boy " has proved his worth and has turned out to be a first-class bargain, a useful proportion of boys will continue to be trained at the Army Apprentices' School for ultimate transfer to Royal Signals.

In the days of the Telegraph Battalion, R.E., most boys joined at Chatham for training in the three main groups of buglers (who became carpenters, draughtsmen, etc., according to the special duties of the Unit to which they were posted), bricklayers, and telegraphists, and of these classes the latter held pride of place, and were envied by the others if only because of the fact that after six months' service they could, and did, qualify for Sappers' pay at 1s. 1½d. a day. His pay on joining was the same as the others, namely, 8d. a day, but when multiplied by seven did not bring to him 4s. 8d. a week. No; there were serious stoppages such as 4d. a day messing and 1d. a day washing, plus 1d. a month each for haircutting and barrack damages, and 3d. for library, together with other incidental charges which generally cropped up, so even before he obtained his third class school certificate he could calculate that his weekly pocket-money would amount to very little. In actual practice he drew 1s. a week, the balance going to pay tailoring and shoemaker's bills and the like.

A shilling a week! How was it expended? Boys under 17 years of age were not allowed to smoke—that ruled out even the popular Woodbine at 1d. a packet of five. Boys of any age were not permitted to enter the wet canteen (where beer could be obtained at 3d. a quart), so our boy remained a teetotaller with his shilling intact. What, then, did he do with it? Less than 2d. a day to expend! Each evening while he was in funds he could go to the Coffee Bar (N.A.A.F.I. to you recruits), and have a wad and a bottle of pop. The term " wad " covered a wide range of cakes, buns, doughnuts, and the like, most of which cost 1d. each, although some of the rock-cakes, the very hard ones, could be bought at ½d. a time. And remember that he was hungry in the evening, for his tea, taken at 5.15 p.m. on his return from the Electrical School, was his last official meal until breakfast at 7.30 the next morning. He could, therefore, have six suppers at 2d. each and then be stony broke.

But he never did. Friday was pay day, and on that evening he would probably go on the razzle in the town, for which, as he had to be in barracks one hour after Retreat (he was well chaperoned in those days), he had to obtain a pass to be out till Tattoo. Very well. Off he went on his binge, looking very smart in the walking-out dress of the period, including cap, forage, rank and file (more commonly known as the pillbox), white pipeclayed buckskin gloves and natty Regimental cane, and possibly, if he cared to chance his arm, toe-capped boots. No trams and buses in those days, so he had to walk, and made his way to Barnard's Music Hall, first house, and had a 4d. seat (the most expensive seat in the house was but 9d., a sum far beyond the means of our boys). After the show he would go to an eating house, where he could have fish and chips (2d.), rice and prunes—making sure that he received his full quota of five prunes—(another 2d.), and a cup of tea or coffee (1d.); and, if he dared, one " Sapper " cigarette, a nice fat aldermanic-looking article, with the coffee (½d.). No tip for the waiter, of course, who knew precisely how far the boy's pay would go. So of the weekly bob, 9½d. had disappeared. His rations in those days consisted of 1 lb. bread and 12 oz. meat. Such items as tea, butter, sugar, potatoes, etc., had to be paid for out of the 4d. per day messing stoppage. He received no messing allowance; and even when it was introduced years later, one had to be 19 years of age and have six months' service before it was payable, so the hungry recruit or boy did not benefit.

The tele-boys were posted to " D " Company, 1st Training Battalion, R.E., in Room No. 4, " H " House, Brompton Barracks, Chatham, and numbered about ten or a dozen, of whom one might be a lance-corporal boy. A real lance-corporal was usually in charge of the room, and, needless to say, he had to be very tactful, and keep out of the way when mock courts martial, and particularly the subsequent punishments, were being conducted. The majority of the boys were " on the Division," as the expression went; that is to say, attached to the 2nd Division, Telegraph Battalion, R.E. (renamed " K " Company later on), employed with the G.P.O., getting practical experience at their trade. All boys were anxious for this posting for it meant they would go to a town with a busy telegraph office, such as Southampton, Plymouth, or Portsmouth, and live in lodgings, and in due course be " appointed " and work circuits on the same terms as civilians. (The writer was at Southampton, and worked night duties, 11 p.m. to 7 a.m., whenever he could, so that he could spend most of the daytime yachting—which cost him nothing because he used to lodge at the same house as a marine engineer and yacht repairer. Additional pay also accrued for night duty.)

Meanwhile, his preliminary training consisted of learning to send and read the Morse code at increasing rates, and was stimulated by rises of engineer pay according to progress. For instance, as soon as the boy could read and send eight words a minute, he received 4d. a day engineer pay; and for twelve words another 2d. The procedure taught was that set out in " Rules for Postmasters." He became proficient at reading Morse from sounders, vibrators, and single-needle instruments and recorder slip, and could send on Morse keys and punch up Wheatstone slip. His telephone switchboard operating was gained at the S.M.E. exchange (a 25-line hand-ringing instrument), adjoining the Commandant's Office in Brompton Barracks, and at the Electrical School Sub-Exchange (12 lines) in St. Mary's Barracks (this barracks is now occupied by the Royal Navy). The subscribers were the various R.E. training offices and establishments. Wireless was not dealt with, but about the time of the Boer War an experimental station was erected at Aldershot, and is still in existence in Queen's Avenue, near Mons Barracks—known to thousands of Royal Signals.

The boy would usually remain on the Division, if he showed promise, until he was 18 years of age, when he would return to Chatham to go through his course of recruit's drill (dropping all engineer pay while so engaged) and field works. That being finished, he would be employed in the Brompton Barracks telegraph office, or in the Electrical School, until he was posted to one of the two Telegraph Divisions at Aldershot. (There were three Divisions altogether, including that with the G.P.O.) There he learned his field telegraph work and, if he had not already gained it, swatted up for his first class school certificate—after normal hours of work. He attended schemes and manœuvres, and helped put up miles of airline, and then sat in a telegraph tent to deal with the messages, and probably had to go to the Telegraph Clearing House on return to Aldershot and check his own work.

The years went on; Chatham continued to turn out

first-class boys, and World War I started, and when that was over and ex-boys returned from the various theatres of war to settle down to post-war soldiering, they found their successors, the young tele-boys, now being trained at Maresfield Camp, and their number had increased to about 70.

The R.E. Signal Service became Royal Signals. The boys changed their badges from the R.E. to those of the new Corps and carried "Jimmy" with credit to all corners of the world in peace and war, and now they have left the Corps, but carry its traditions with them. May they always remember the import of *Certa Cito*.

WESTERN COMMAND SIGNAL REGIMENT

Blacon Camp, Chester

December

My most profuse apologies for the non-inclusion of notes from this Regiment in the November issue of THE WIRE. They were written, but mislaid, and we hope to read them in December. November struck cold here in Chester. The seven o'clock check parade is most unpopular, for obvious reasons. The "Orderly Bloke" says it's much easier to "count noses" these days—they are such a lovely shade of blue!

During November we bade farewell to two Senior Officers —Major Dixon and Major Hatcher. "Bob" Dixon, who has gone to Mid-West District, combined the duties of O.C., 1 Squadron, and Second-in-Command most convincingly, and his strong personality will be missed from Blacon, especially by the more "retiring" types. "Hatch" has packed his golf clubs and headed for Eastern Command Signal Regiment in search of fresh trophies. May your shouts "Fore" always ring along the fairway, sir!

No. 2 Squadron (consisting mainly of Command Signal Troop at Blacon) is now lost in the folds of 1 Squadron, and has ceased to exist separately. So Captain Mead (O.C., 1 Squadron) has at last obtained some *real* soldiers! From personal experience with them, they will give the gallant Captain no trouble, but lots and lots of co-operation. That proud facial growth need no longer quiver in suppressed anger (although it's a fascinating sight!).

Major Sawers combines O.C., 3 Squadron, with Second-in-Command now, but even with such an onerous load on his shoulders, is still tirelessly striving to make our hockey XI even more efficient. As I write, they have gone to Catterick, taking with them an unbeaten record, many scalps and boundless confidence. They will play two games, one against a Catterick Signals team and one against the Scottish Command Signal Regiment.

In 3 Squadron, at present, O.K.B. course is under way. There is a desperate shortage in that trade, as all Signals know, but we mean to retain our efficiency, despite demob losses in staff. With 78 Group will go the Old Guard of Teleprinter Operators, but by that time their places will be adequately filled.

Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess. Old faces go, new ones crop up, but never so frequently as this month. We say farewell to Sergeant Trevithick (to 4 Training Regiment), S.S.M. Mitchell (to Bristol, Cadet Training) and Sergeant Tucker (to North-West District). They leave Blacon with our fond farewells ringing in their ears—and the hope that they obtain interesting jobs—and warm billets! The proverbial glad hand goes out to S.S.M. Butler (taking the Clothing Store from S.S.M. Mitchell), Sergeant Anderson (Cipher—from the sunny climes of Ceylon), Sergeant Teyen and S.S.M. Simpson (who takes the Orderly Room under his wing and prefers the Regular Army to hiding his light under a T.A. bushel!). They are already settled down to the routine with no complaints. Indeed, we claim to be a happy Unit.

Socially, the Mess has not been "in the swing" for at least two months. We invited the Old Comrades' Association along for a "grip" and a spot of "rag-chewing" in October, but they could not take advantage of our invitation. It has been postponed to a later date.

The surplus energy of the members has been directed towards the success of our fortnightly Unit dances. We are the proud possessors of two full-sized gymnasia—and one has been tastefully decorated as a dance hall. It's quite amazing what a soldier can do as regards improvisation. Hessian, a few flags, some old red drapes and unbounded keenness by all ranks has resulted in a really good show. A bar was built and also a dais for the band. We have held three dances to date, and all have been very well attended and resulted in happy times. S.S.M. Jackson, as head of the Entertainments Committee, has been as busy as a bee, but he loves it! Our dances are quite a feature of Chester night-life, and there is no doubt of their appeal to the weaker sex. There are always partners galore, and as we "lay on" a bus to return the girls to their homes, they attend regularly.

Sport. I have already mentioned our hockey team. If I appear too full in my praise for them, I must be excused. Theirs is a truly remarkable record, as from its inception in August it has yet to be beaten. The last game, against the Officer Cadets at Eaton Hall, was won by 4 goals to 2, and we are looking forward with quiet confidence to the Army Championships.

The following are the members: Major Sawers, Captain Hoar, R.S.M. Barrett, W.O.II Mayhew, Sergeant Pemberton, Sergeant Essay, R.S.M. Dawson, Sergeant Teyen, Lance-Corporal Douglas, Lance-Corporal Palmer, Corporal Cray, S.Q.M.S. Galloway and Corporal Dwan.

The opposition has always been stern—we have played against the best teams in the Chester area, including civilians. If any ambitious Signals team thinks it can lower our flag—why, like Wilfred Pickles, we invite them to "have a go!"

The soccer team have been very busy, but have not the success to show that the hockey team has. Sergeant Roberts and his merry men can't seem to get cracking somehow!

A.T.S. Although we can no longer claim to be a Mixed Regiment, the Command switchboard is still manned by A.T.S. Signals of "L" Company, A.T.S. Five of our own O.S.T.s assist them, if indeed they need assistance. There are two departures of note in this department—both girls of exceptionally high standards.

Sergeant Margaret Evans has left on demobilisation and is now in Canada, a married woman. Twenty-year-old Sergeant Evans was a popular Supervisor and held a high rank for one so young. Efficient and cheerful, she was always a credit to her Regiment. We wish her happiness and prosperity in her new life.

Corporal Betty Boreham has also left the fold, her term of service at an end. She has been in the Regiment from February until the girls parted from us in May, and has worked on the Exchange all the time. Smart, clean, pretty and cheerful, she typified all that is good in the Women's Services, and leaves behind many friends and admirers.

TOSH

MID-WEST DISTRICT SIGNALS, SHREWSBURY. It will be noted that we are still in Mount Camp. We have nearly moved several times, and it seems certain that we shall be here until after Christmas.

All ranks of Mid-West District Signals wish all members of the Corps, past and present, a very happy and prosperous New Year.

We extend a hearty welcome to R.S.M. A. Newton, who joined us from Pocklington a few days ago. We have had many changes in our Warrant Officers, and we trust the R.S.M. will remain a little longer than his predecessors.

Sergeant Johnston, F.S.S. Troop, was blessed with another possible recruit to the Corps in mid-November. Congratulations—it must be the Catterick air!

S.S.M. K. W. Smith, having been with us for a few weeks, has left us for draft leave prior to service overseas. Our best wishes go with him.

J.T.C./A.C.F. Again, nothing special to report from this quarter. Preparations are in hand for a course which is being held in Chester in January. Captain Oakes and Sergeant Ireland will be conducting the course and we shall have a detailed report later.

We are not, at the moment, able to field a hockey team, but we are able to provide the goalkeeper for District Headquarters team in the person of Major "Bob" Dixon. In the match against Donnington he awarded a penalty bully against himself and was out-manœuvred!

The following football matches, played during the month, resulted as follows:

v. Mid-West District. Won 2—0. Goals, Butler, Bullough.
v. Mid-West District. Won 4—0. Goals, Matthews 2, Bullough.
v. Mid-West District. Lost 4—1. Goals, Nadin.
v. Shrewsbury Police. Won 4—0. Goals, Ealing 3, Dawney.
v. Depot K.S.L.I. Won 3—0. Goals, Adams 2, Dawney.

A very creditable record, considering our small numbers.

TERMITE

EASTERN COMMAND SIGNAL REGIMENT

Canterbury

December

Here in Canterbury we are sharing, so the newspapers tell us, with the rest of the country, in a spell of springlike weather. As a result, we have been able to get out and about, both socially and for taking part in hockey and soccer matches. We had our spell of fog and a little rain, but apart from a slight disruption of the Sunday night train from London, life went on very much as usual.

But to turn to events of the day.

Cavalry Barracks, Canterbury, in which we are accommodated, have been renamed Wemyss Barracks in honour of General Sir H. Colville B. Wemyss, K.C.B., K.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., Senior Colonel Commandant, Royal Signals.

At Canterbury Cathedral we joined with other Units in the Remembrance Service on Remembrance Sunday. In spite of the wet weather, Signals put up a brave show, and weren't outdone by the Infantry and A.T.S. Units that were also present.

Reports continue to come in on the good show that the Royal Signals Demonstration Column is putting up wherever it goes in the Command. Under the leadership of Captain I. C. Gibson (since replaced by Lieutenant Owen), assisted by S.S.M. Phillips, the column has given shows for the benefit of the would-be T.A. recruits in all the principal towns in the Home Counties, Bedfordshire, and London. Various sources of information tell us that there has been some hard work put in by all personnel of the Demcol, and that they are leaving behind a good name for Signals wherever they go.

In the same vein is the message from the C.S.O., London District, praising the work put in by the Regiment at the T.A. Review. But let the message speak for itself: "Will you please convey my thanks and congratulations to all ranks of your Regiment who helped us here in London with the communications when His Majesty the King reviewed the Territorial Army on 31st October. All concerned were cheerful, hard-working, and expert on the Friday and Saturday, and their turnout and demeanour on the Sunday was most admirable." This was on 4th November, but on 9th November a further message was received from Field Marshal Lord Montgomery of Alamein drawing attention to, and expressing thanks for, "the invaluable part played by all ranks from Units of Eastern Command who were concerned with the arrangements at the Albert Hall for this year's Alamein Reunion."

We are justifiably proud of this record.

In sporting activities, we were unfortunate in losing at hockey in an Army Cup tie against 47 Coast Training Regiment, R.A. We drew the first game at Dover after a gruelling match and extra time. Then we lost the replay at home 1—3. So that put paid to our chances where hockey is concerned. A few days later, we were again disappointed in losing at soccer to Home Counties District, 1—4. This was in the Home Counties Minor Knock-out Competition. However, all games were well played and we do not complain.

There have been so many "arrivals and departures" in the past few months that we cease to notice them any longer. But one departure from this Regiment ought to claim space in these notes. I refer to the retirement of Major D. L. Carnegie, O.B.E., who left the Corps on 24th November, having served over 30 years with Royal Signals. All ranks will wish the very best of health and prosperity to this officer.

Signalman H. Brent, late of East Anglian District Signal Troop, has been very fortunate in being posted to the new H.Q. of the Western Union in Europe.

Local farmers in Norfolk were very thankful for the help given to them by men of this Regiment when they assisted in the gathering-in of the potato harvest. With very fair weather, members of the Troop who went on the job returned looking very fit and sun-tanned.

With Christmas so near at hand, it seems that we should send seasonal greetings to Signals personnel, wherever they may be serving. Merry Christmas, and all the best in 1949.

PETER MATTHEWS

NORTHERN IRELAND DISTRICT (M) SIGNAL SQUADRON

Lisburn

November

The main event of recent weeks has been the Northern Ireland District Motor Cycle Trial, held on 25th September, in which all Units were represented. Sergeant Tennant, Lance-Corporal Draper and Signalman Harrison represented the Unit in the team class—Second-Lieutenant Peden and Signalman Ballard entering as individuals.

In the team class there were 14 entries, the Unit team being placed fourth with a half-point behind 28 Training Battalion "A" team, who were placed third.

Fifty-six competitors completed the course in the individuals, out of whom Sergeant Tennant tied for fifth place with 244 points.

The football team has been chosen and played a few games, although results haven't been good to date. There is good promise for the future.

Entertainments have been good during the month, the fortnightly dances run by the Unit in the gymnasium are still getting full support both from Services and civilians. The whist drives run by the Entertainments Officer in the N.A.A.F.I. are very popular, and learners are given a sporting chance in that they receive half an hour's instruction before the commencement of the whist drive.

We extend a welcome to all postings in during the last few weeks, especially to Junior Commander Gavin, who has joined us from the B.A.O.R. and has taken over Command of the Auxiliaries, replacing Subaltern Nash, who, with Sergeant (Mary) Senior, has begun her campaign to induce the girls of Lisburn to join the A.T.S. Other arrivals have been Corporal Anderson to Cipher and Signalman Walthew; to all we wish a long and happy stay.

Our matrimonial machinery has been working again, and congratulations are extended to Private Percival on her marriage to Corporal Bell, and also to Lance-Corporal Grant, an old member of the Squadron, who took the plunge on 21st October, when she married Private Cleater.

Congratulations to S.S.M. and Mrs. Denehy on the birth of a son.

SCOTTISH COMMAND (M) SIGNAL REGIMENT

Edinburgh

December

The absence from our usual page in this noble paper is much regretted but, unfortunately, due to pressure of business, we were a day late with our contribution. The item of most general interest this time, apart from the son and heir born to Princess Elizabeth, is the visit of the Corps Band to Edinburgh at the end of October. The Band gave officers, men and their guests of the Edinburgh area a first-class orchestral concert in the afternoon, which took place in the palatial Assembly Rooms in George Street. Hardly had the strains of Mozart faded away when they were sharply replaced at 2000 hours in the Freemasons' Hall by Cole Porter's " Sweet and Lowdown " in the form of a Royal Signals' Ball. Both the concert and the dance were a great success and much credit must go to the members of the somewhat hilarious committees for both events, which had been meeting monthly for the previous six months.

We offer our congratulations to Major Britton on his recent promotion, not for the first time, to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. For a matter of a month or so we were in the unique position of having more Lieutenant-Colonels than Subalterns.

We welcome to our ever-changing fold five new members. The first to arrive was Major Main who had come " hot foot " from West Africa. He has taken over R.H.Q. troops from the " Scribe " and combined with the energetic R.S.M. Bowie. We also welcome four new Subalterns to the Unit in the forms of Second-Lieutenants Berg, MacCulloch, Draper and Lever.

To date there has been an acute shortage of the rare birds of this feather, and it would appear that we are now being deluged with them. " Bigger and better." " The more the merrier."

Little has been seen of O.C. No. 1 Squadron (Major L. H. Gregory) during the last two months. One would gather that he has been gaining more strength through much sweat on a P.T. course at Scarborough. Even shaking hands with him is now risky work unless one wears a pair of wire gloves.

During the first week of December we welcomed to our Mess some representatives of the long telecomms course from Catterick. They had been well and truly briefed by our C.O. before they arrived as to our rough and ready existence here and we were therefore very grateful for their flattering words of praise and encouragement to us on our efforts to make their stay comfortable. However, we felt it was pretty small stuff after the grand reception this Unit got during our sports week-end against the School of Signals and No. 7 Selection Regiment at Catterick during November. For further details, please read the sports paragraph.

On 6th December the Officers' Mess really let the inhabitants of Edinburgh know that there were " live wires " amongst the woods of Fairmilehead by forming a party of 16, under the management of Major and Mrs. Chambers, to go to the annual Caledonian Ball. The Unit sixteensome was something which nearly made the Country Dance Society start whipping out their notebooks to identify it.

In October the Unit had a fancy dress dance in the Fairmilehead N.A.A.F.I. The quantity of dresses was poor, but the quality of those who had the nerve to disguise themselves was definitely good. It is hoped to hold a bigger and better effort on 19th December. The Unit Band still makes strides and, providing the next lot of line mechanic postings are not too drastic, there is a vague hope that we shall see ourselves still with a band in 1949.

In conclusion, the scribe would like to take this opportunity to remind readers who were in the Unit last winter that Miss Goody Two-shoes, *alias* Sheila de Hann, the Unit pin-up girl, is the principal girl in the same pantomime at the Royal Theatre, Glasgow, together with Douglas Byng. She has issued an invitation " backstage " to any old Unit members who may be in the Glasgow area during the pantomime season.

LOWLAND DISTRICT SIGNAL TROOP, GLASGOW. This is our first appearance in THE WIRE and, although we have not much to say, it is hoped that we shall give old members of this Troop something to think about in their offices, homes and baths.

The main commitments of the Troop are the manning of a 150-line 3-position switchboard, a wireless link to Scottish Command H.Q. and S.D.S. traffic for the whole of the Lowland District Area. Manning these various commitments are the usual conglomeration of types, in this case led by one Troop Sergeant (low grade), Sergeant Nurse, and one S.S.M. (short grade), Peggy Boon.

The signal office, exchange room and usual offices associated with the running of a Signals department are situated in the basement of 11 Park Terrace, Glasgow, amidst a maze of passages and dark mysterious-looking rooms. Now that the fairer sex have disappeared from the dark and dismal bowels of this building, a strangely new and heretofore unheard of language can be heard issuing forth from the gentle lips of our Troop Sergeant as he softly treads his way in size 10 ammos. through this darkened maze.

Sport. Sport at the moment is confined mainly to watching the " bloodbaths " at the local stadiums and the study of football pools.

In closing, the Troop send their regards to all old Troop members and ask them to drop in awhile if passing through this fair city.

Sports Supplement. " Afternoon off! And what the devil for? " " I'm down for soccer, sir! Mixed hockey, ma'am! Rugby, sir! Table tennis, Sergeant! Hockey, sir! Netball, ma'am! Basketball, sir! . . . . "

Yes, indeed, the sports programme certainly forges ahead, and its success is due mainly to the willing support of all ranks. A particular tribute must be paid to the patience of employing officers and for their never-failing co-operation.

It is with regret that we record our demotion to fourth place in the Mid-Week League, defeat in the first round of the Command Football and Army Hockey Cups. We were unfortunately obliged to play both games in spite of many players being away on leave (there is also the question of over-confidence, which can be a dangerous disease). However, we face the Command Hockey with determination and a will to win, tempered with a little modesty and brushed up with experience. There has been no slackening in our efforts at Basketball and Table Tennis. We are, in fact, pleased to report considerable progress, thanks to the efforts of S.Q.M.S. Larner and Sergeant Johnston and the keenness of all the players concerned.

The following is a brief summary of our endeavours for the 1948 part of the present season:—

Football—Mid-Week Amateur League.

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Goals For	Goals Against	Points
	13	9	3	1	61	32	19

Table Tennis—Edinburgh and District Table Tennis League.

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	For	Against	Points
	9	5	3	1	73	53	11

Hockey

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Goals For	Goals Against	Points
	14	6	6	2	52	44	14

Basketball Eastern District League.

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	For	Against	Points
	8	0	8	0	71	348	0

Rugby

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	For	Against	Points
	2	0	2	0	6	55	0

Mixed Hockey, Netball.—Other than the games played at Catterick fixtures have been confined to inter-squadron only.

We would like to award a Mention in THE WIRE Notes to each of the following for rendering distinguished service

to Regimental Sport:—Captain Rowlands, R.Q.M.S. Roscoe S.S.M. Cooper, S.Q.M.S.s Morris and Stewart, Sergeants Brown, Gardiner and Johnston, Corporals Slee, Fussell and Laine, Lance-Corporals Cullen, Ritchie, Moncur and Jones, Signalmen Wells, Kirkbride and Blackburn. A.T.S.: Second-Subaltern Ackeroyd, Lance-Corporal Howes, Privates Masters, Lightbody and Speed.

It will be recalled from previous report that we had intended visiting Catterick. Well, we did, and a jolly good show it was, too. For the benefit of those who might be interested, here is a brief summary of events:—

Depart Fairmilehead Camp, Edinburgh, 25th November, 1948, 1200 hrs.
C.O.'s Car—C.O. and two officers.
Coach (fitted with wireless), 4 Officers, 29 O.R.s, including 8 A.T.S.
Tea en route, 1630 hrs. Arrive Catterick 1900 hrs.

		Result
25th Basketball	1930 hrs. v. 7 Selection	12—25
25th Table Tennis	1930 hrs. v. School	3—4
26th Hockey	1000 hrs. v. Combined side	3—1
26th Netball	1130 hrs. v. A.T.S. Catterick (Scratch team)	20—14
26th Football	1430 hrs. v. 7 Selection	3—3
27th Hockey	1000 hrs. v. Western Comd. Signals	Cancelled
27th Mixed Hockey	1430 hrs. v. Catterick Mixed	2—2

26th All Ranks Dance.
27th Depart Catterick 1830 hrs. Arrive Fairmilehead 0200 hrs.

The tea and cakes laid on by O.C. R.H.Q. was much appreciated.

The week-end was extremely well organised. The obvious trouble taken by Signals Wing School of Signals to accommodate, feed, and entertain us deserves very high tribute indeed. The "bando" was most efficient. We would like to thank the School most heartily for their hospitality and the spirit in which we were welcomed.

It is our earnest hope that the Corps might consider a Signals Week, to be held at Catterick annually on the lines of our week-end, but on a bigger scale of course.

We would like to thank No. 7 Selection Regiment and the A.T.S. also for turning out teams to play us. Finally, to all those who gave up their week-end to entertain us, a very special thank you.

2 A.A. GROUP (M) SIGNAL REGIMENT
Bulford

December

In February of this year the Regiment moved from Devizes to Carter Barracks, Bulford, and since then, due to lack of news (and lack of scribes), a discreet silence has been maintained.

During the past two months, we bade farewell to our Adjutant, Captain D. B. Emley, and to Subaltern K. W. Byrne, both of whom followed the well-worn trail to Catterick. Our new Adjutant, Captain A. V. Brandle, arrived during the rather hectic 14 days preceding the Annual Inspection, while Subaltern M. R. Muirden, who arrived here from the Middle East, found the English climate equally trying.

The event of the year has been, of course, the Annual Inspection by the G.O.C., 2 A.A. Group, and for 10 days beforehand the square echoed strangely to the sound of marching feet. We were highly gratified, on this occasion, to see "Jimmy" having one of his rare airings on the parade ground flagstaff. (This was achieved only after a frantic hunt just before the parade, while pessimists hinted darkly that "Jimmy's" sudden disappearance was occasioned by a shortage of dusters in the Orderly Room.) We hope that the high standard of smartness, which Lance-Corporal Partridge and his merry men achieved with the Fire Points, disguised the fact that at least one of the stirrup pumps had no nozzle.

The strength of the Regiment at Bulford has increased with the calling in of the Signal Troops from 5, 10 and 14 Brigades. Captain W. C. Goodsir left us for civilian life just before this occurred, and of the other Brigade Signal Officers, Captain D. P. Tyrie is now engaged in the job of denying transport to all and sundry, and dealing with pay as a sideline; Captain J. A. Cakebread, as Brigade Liaison Officer, dashes energetically from one Brigade H.Q. to another.

Lieutenant Turner, after spending most of the year with a Line Detachment in Bude (where they performed sterling service for the Royal Artillery, T.A.), has returned to the fold for a short while before dashing off on a hasty tour of the South Coast resorts. His faithful henchmen appear to have been less fortunate in that most of them have been dispatched on courses to Scotland and North-East England. According to our bush telegraph, grave doubts have been expressed as to the suitability of Edinburgh and Scarborough for music festivals and holidays. (Thomas Cook, please note.)

Unit dances have been held in conjunction with our barrack companions, 46 (M) H.A.A. Regiment, R.A., and have been a great success. Two table tennis and darts tournaments have taken place in our Recreation Room, one against 117 Battery and the other against the Officers. In both matches the visitors were soundly beaten, and although the Officers still feebly protest that their best player, the C.O., was not present, they are rapidly being persuaded of their definite inferiority. N.A.A.F.I. refreshments, however, took away the bitter taste of defeat on both occasions, and two very enjoyable evenings resulted.

At sport we have forged ahead, winning all games to date in the Area Small Unit Football League, although we have been unfortunate in rarely being able to field the same team twice. Only three friendly hockey matches have been played, resulting in one win and two losses. There is a great deal of enthusiasm in the Regiment, however, and thanks to the go-ahead tactics of S.Q.M.S. Holman, Sergeant Thomas, Lance-Corporal Teague and Lance-Corporal Ekers, several "off the record" mixed games have been played, fortunately with nothing more serious than minor grazes on both sides.

By the time these notes appear in print, the Regiment should be moving yet again, this time to Barossa Barracks, Aldershot.

BOUND VOLUMES OF "THE WIRE"

Don't you think that bound volumes of THE WIRE for 1946-7 and 1948 would adorn the shelves of your Mess library? After all, sometimes one is too bored to read anything except a "bound volume."

It is also in many ways a work of reference, as the doings of your Regiment are, or should be, chronicled therein month by month.

We have made provision for twenty copies for 1946-7 and 1948—which may not be enough—price £1 10s. per volume. Why not buy one and place an order with the Association for your bound volume for 1949? It will help us to order just the right number, and so save money.

You can, of course, save your own WIRE month by month and have them bound locally. But think of the trouble, and I'll lay you can't do it any cheaper.

Of course, the snag is that if you buy a bound volume and put it in the Mess, some bounder will pinch it. So why not put in for two, just to be on the safe side?

Anyway, it seems a good buy for T.A. Regiments; with the best will in the world you can't sign on more than three or four recruits at a time, and if you don't give those waiting something interesting to look at, they'll walk out on you. What more suitable than THE WIRE? Just open it casually at the page where your Regiment has a double page feature with several photographs. Mind, you'll have to be quick. If the chap reads enough of our reports from Rhine Army or Other Stations Abroad, you've had it. He'll nip off to the nearest Regular Army Recruiter!

Pass-off Parade

"COURSE two hundred and something passed off on ——, the salute being taken by ——." That is an idea! Why not write something about the life of a cadet at the O.C.T.U.? One would write of him from the time he first catches the eye of the Military Interviewing Officer at the Primary Training Centre, right up to his passing-out as a second-lieutenant.

That's all right, but how does one set about it?

One could start with the life of an O.R.I. and carry on from there. Would the reader be interested in the fact that, say, Signalman "Blank" was called up for National Service and that he was attested on such-and-such a date?

Well, that is a start. What happened to him then?

Young Blank, having duly arrived at a Primary Training Centre, was interviewed by the Personnel Selection Officer. The P.S.O., having decided that Blank was a suitable Potential Officer, documented him as such, and from then onwards Blank is identified as an O.R.I. His six weeks' primary training completed, he is posted to a Royal Signals Training Regiment, where he joins the O.R.I. Squadron. Here his military training continues and he has to face, and in Blank's case, surmounts, his first obstacle, the W.O.S.B.; from here he eventually goes to Basic O.C.T.U., where his military training as an Officer Cadet commences. Training at Basic O.C.T.U. lasts for eight weeks and covers those elementary subjects common to all arms; at the same time he is also given training and practice in leadership, command, and man-management. The fact that he has passed a W.O.S.B. is no guarantee that he will obtain his commission; many fall by the wayside and are returned to their Units, and others are put back or relegated for further training.

Having survived his Basic O.C.T.U. training, Blank arrives at the Royal Signals O.C.T.U., where he finds himself with the remainder of his batch in the Junior Course. At this stage it is appropriate to leave Officer-Cadet Blank to give a brief description of the "set-up" of the Royal Signals O.C.T.U.

The O.C.T.U. is organised on a three Squadron basis, namely H.Q. Squadron, the Technical and the Officer Training Squadron. The function of H.Q. Squadron is entirely administration. It provides the cooks, clerks, storemen, and general dutymen without whom the Unit could not function.

The Technical Squadron is organised into Troops. The Wireless Troop teaches the cadets mathematics, electricity and magnetism, battery charging, wireless and line transmission; the Lines Troop teaches the cadets telephony and telegraphy, field cables, permanent lines, and a little about underground cables; the Operating Troop covers Morse, R.T. procedure, and Signal Office organisation and duties. The programme is full, and of necessity in the short time available, elementary and essentially practical; courses of cadets pass through the Technical Squadron on the conveyor belt principle.

The Officer Training Squadron holds and administers the cadets and is also responsible for their officer and continued military training. Military Training covers signal tactics, administration, man-management, and M.T. The latter subject includes vehicle driving, motor cycle riding, maintenance, inspections, and M.T. administration.

The Officer Training Squadron consists of a varying number of cadet courses; each course, consisting of approximately 20 cadets, has a Course Officer in charge. The Squadron is commanded by a major with a Senior Instructor of Military Training and an Administrative Officer to assist him. The training throughout is controlled by a programme which is co-ordinated by the Chief Instructor, who is responsible to the Commandant that the object of the curriculum is achieved.

Oh yes! The object of it all. The object can be expressed quite simply. It is to produce a Royal Signals officer who first and foremost has character and is a leader, and who has sufficient knowledge of man-management, administration, and the technicalities of his job to make a Troop Commander, after some experience in a Signal Unit. And now let us turn back to Officer-Cadet Blank and follow him through his course.

Preliminary Stage

His first fortnight at the Royal Signals O.C.T.U. is taken up with physical training, drill, and elementary maths and electricity. The P.T. and drill will ensure that Officer-Cadet Blank is fit enough to cope with the strenuous physical side of the course, while the elementary maths and electricity are essential to his comprehension of the telephone, radio, and teleprinter circuits which he meets later on. When Blank was at school or university, he learnt quite advanced maths and physics, otherwise he would not now be at the Royal Signals O.C.T.U.—but his knowledge is rusty and needs brushing up.

At the end of this period there are two tests. The Commandant takes a special drill parade, at which it will be decided whether Officer-Cadet Blank is good enough to take his place on ceremonial parades. A technical test decides whether Officer-Cadet Blank has sufficient knowledge to continue with the course.

This system of tests at the end of each subject is typical of the rest of Blank's O.C.T.U. career. If he did not come up to scratch he would be relegated to the next course and would thus lose a few weeks.

Intermediate Stage

The programme is divided into the following sections, each of a varying number of weeks' duration: (a) Operating and Procedure, (b) Telephony and Telegraphy, (c) Lines and Line Construction, (d) Wireless, (e) Signal Tactics, (f) M.T.

There are tests after each section. Administrative subjects such as Pay, Law, Messing, Military Writing, Man-Management, and Corps History are spread out over the course to provide variety and make it more digestible. There are frequent discussions on Current Affairs, for it is essential that Blank shall know how to express himself clearly and forcibly.

During all his time at the O.C.T.U., Officer-Cadet Blank finds that he is being observed, weighed up, and discussed by different officers, especially by his Course Officer and Squadron Commander. For although Officer-Cadet Blank must reach a minimum technical standard, it is even more important that he shall be of the right fibre and temperament to command respect when he is commissioned. A coward is despised the world over, so Blank gets plenty of opportunity to improve his physical resilience. Everyone in Blank's course will box a member of another course soon after arriving at the O.C.T.U. Everyone in Blank's course must surmount the 15 ft. wall, scramble net, and Burma bridge (among other things) of the obstacle course, and all this within a time limit. Everyone in Blank's course, again, must attain a certain standard in Basic Physical Tests, 3-mile run, 5-mile fast walk, and 10-mile endurance march. Also during

his 22 weeks at the O.C.T.U., Officer-Cadet Blank has ample opportunity to take part in Rugby, Association football, hockey, tennis, squash, badminton, boxing, fencing, basketball, beagling, athletics, and shooting. In this way he will be able to take an intelligent interest in all the sports organised in his next Unit.

At intervals during his course, Officer-Cadet Blank presses his battledress to an even higher degree of perfection than usual, gives the final shine to his best boots, and takes part in a Ceremonial Parade, being inspected by a Senior Officer. When his friends march off the square as second-lieutenants, Blank sighs for the day when he will follow them.

Final Stage

Three weeks before the end of the course, Officer-Cadet Blank faces his final test, "Exercise Tribulation," which embodies everything that he has learnt so far. Soon afterwards his Final Report is written out, after much deliberation by the officers in charge of him. His personality, his courage, his intelligence, his technical ability, his smartness, and his enthusiasm, together add up to give him a high, low, or average grading.

At about the same time, Officer-Cadet Blank and his companions become the Senior Course. As such they will be responsible for discipline and minor administration throughout the Officer Training Squadron of the O.C.T.U. There are Cadet Course Sergeants, Cadet Course Officers, and the S.U.O. ("Senior Under Officer," who is the senior cadet in the O.C.T.U.). Each has his own particular job, and Cadet Officer Blank, now in charge of 200 and —— Course, soon gets used to the feeling of authority. Discipline amongst the cadets is left largely to Blank and his comrades, so his job is a responsible one.

Finally, the day of the Pass-out dawns. Officer-Cadet Blank self-consciously removes the white flashes from his S.D. and inserts the coveted "pips." Events move swiftly: he says good-bye to his friends in other courses; he goes down to the drill square; the parade begins; the General arrives; march past, advance in review order, etc., etc.; the General is addressing some words of encouragement to the Senior Course while it stands at ease; march off the square; Auld Lang Syne strikes up; and it is over. There remains a drink in the Royal Signals H.Q. Mess as the guest of the Corps.

Aftermath

Second-Lieutenant Blank finds himself on the train heading for home and 10 days' leave. He sinks back into his corner and reminisces: "Exercise Radio" when he went to Liverpool and transmitted back to Catterick; a line-laying scheme on a hot summer's day, which ended in the shade of a Wensleydale village; a coach trip down to Newark to run and box against the Sapper O.C.T.U. there; a dance in the Cadets' Mess not long before Christmas; an A.B.C.A. discussion which he ran very successfully; the day that his course broke the record for the obstacle course; the day that he did badly at a wireless exam. and came near to relegation; the day when his Squadron Commander told him to show more initiative; the day that he heard his final grading, which showed how he had improved from experience and remedied his faults.

"Oh, it was worth it!" said Second-Lieutenant Blank. "It was hard but I feel a better man. Whatever happens now, even if later on I leave the Army for civilian life, there will be a part of me that was built up by the hard, kindly school of the Royal Signals O.C.T.U."

Footnote

This article was written some months ago, before the Royal Signals O.C.T.U. became the National Service Officer Training Wing of the School of Signals, and before the cadets were commissioned half-way through the course. A rewrite bringing it up to date has been attempted, but something was missing. This is not surprising, since the original is the work of an ex-cadet who painted the picture as seen by him and by cadets in general. Furthermore, no change of name or procedure can change the old O.C.T.U. spirit. It has therefore been decided to submit this article in its original form.

My Dog Rastus and I

By **A. J. AUDEN**

SOME years ago, when I had just entered the Army, I was stationed at Catterick, which I can only think was selected as the Depot of the Royal Corps of Signals with the object of training the young under such rigorous conditions that they would never meet the worse in war.

One day I was travelling in a bus somewhere near Richmond when a seedy-looking gentleman drew my attention to a dog he had with him. He said that it was a lurcher and the finest lepper in Yorkshire, and offered me this paragon for ten bob. I had wanted for some time to own a dog, but ten bob in those days was a princely sum. However, I must have taken a fancy to the lurcher for I clinched the deal.

Woollous, which was the nearest that I could get to his name, was certainly a fine lepper. But after about a month he disappeared one day, and in spite of searching all the cookhouses, I never saw him again, so I expect he must have returned to his master.

I ought to have been warned by this when the other day a still more seedy gentleman in Darlington market place offered me a dog once again for sale. The price had gone up to £1, but then the cost of living and my pay had both also gone up, so perhaps it was not unreasonable.

The dog looked something like a terrier, but it was obvious that its an-ces-tress-es—well, female ancestors—had not been over careful of their virtue. When I looked at him, he gave me a grin. Anyway, I seem to have a weakness that way, so I bought him.

It was only after I got him home that I realised that I had forgotten to inquire his name. I tried him on all the names I could think of, which seemed suitable for a terrier sort of dog, but he lay on the floor, scornfully aloof. At last, for some unknown reason, the name of Rastus came to mind, and when I suggested it to him he turned his head and gave a short bark, so we compromised on that.

Now I on my part was very taken with Rastus, for he was a companionable dog, and yet not sloppily sentimental like some. But what struck me as being strange was that from the time when I thought of his name, Rastus seemed almost equally taken with me—though one must remember that it is unlikely that the seedy gentleman gave him a good home.

On that first evening when I undressed and went to have a bath, he insisted on coming with me. The shower he thought great fun, dashing in and out like a puppy, though he obviously had by then reached a more sedate age.

That night I made a bed of sacking for him in the corner,

but as soon as I got into bed he jumped up and curled himself up at my feet. I kicked him off with a suitable remark. After the fifth time he won.

After about three days the situation became clear and certain points were agreed between us. First, we liked each other. Second, Rastus intended to be the dominant partner. Third, Rastus was well brought up, and could be trusted to deal with any normal situation with tact and consideration. I was thankful that, unlike many dogs, he immediately realised that his part in parades was only that of a spectator.

It so happened, you will remember, that summer this year fell on a Sunday. Now, in spite of Army training, there is nothing I like more on a nice sunny day than a long tramp of 20 miles or so. There has to be some object about it, so I choose some place about 20 miles away and decide to walk there, returning by bus. One other rule that I have made from bitter experience is that I go alone. No matter how good a chap anyone else is, his pace always differs from mine, or he wants to chatter, or gets a blister and can only hobble just at the time when I am parched for a glass of beer. But Rastus didn't seem likely to offend in any of these ways.

On this occasion I decided that we'd walk to Barnard Castle, and with Rastus knowing he was on a main road and trotting sedately beside me, we covered the distance into Richmond at a steady five to six miles an hour. But after we had climbed through the town and come out on to the moor above, he was in his element. There seemed to be not a tree which did not require investigation, nor a hole which was not sniffed at for miles around. He followed startled rabbits with élan, and returned to me with a look as if to say that he had never really intended to catch them.

The air was glorious, and I walked along with not a care in the world until I suddenly realised that the landmarks on the ground seemed to bear little relation to any that I could find on the map. By the time that I hit a road and got my bearings once again I was beginning to feel pretty empty, and made for the nearest pub.

I was ushered into a small dark parlour with a wooden bench fitted into a bay window, and a solid round wooden table. Rastus spread himself on the cool stone floor.

"Bread and cheese and onions, sir, and a pint?" said the landlord. "Certainly, sir."

He bustled away and returned a few minutes later with the goods. As I began to eat, he stayed leaning against the door and discussed the weather and the state of the world, but a noise of clattering of glasses ended the conversation. He went out and closed the door behind him.

"What about a pint for me?" said Rastus.

British Army of the Rhine

7 INDEPENDENT ARMOURED BRIGADE SIGNAL SQUADRON

Bad Lippspringe

November

Some considerable time has elapsed since we last reported, during which we have moved our location, as readers will probably have noticed. Since we moved, our strength has increased considerably, and a good 30 per cent. of our Squadron has never seen Warendorf.

Generally speaking, I think that most of us prefer Bad Lippspringe, though our move has been made at a time when perhaps we do not see the place at its best. A terrific amount of work entailed as a result of the move, and for the first two weeks or so everyone really got down to it and worked very hard.

We are located in the Kurpark, which is, literally, the Cure Park, and which all German "Bad" towns have. The surroundings are very pleasant; the park itself interspersed with small gravel paths and covering an area of about four acres, has plenty of trees and flowers, and not a few park benches to rest the weary.

The Kurhotel has remained as it was when we took it over, a N.A.A.F.I. Officers' Club, and there is a Families' Grocery Shop also within the park bounds. We are much better off for entertainments, having a theatre and a cinema as well as a branch of the Y.M.C.A. in the town.

Unit recreational activities have increased. We have recently formed an Amateur Wireless Club and a Camera Club. Perhaps shortly you may be both seeing and hearing us. We have played off quite a few games of football and some hockey.

In football we have just won our first round in the B.A.O.R. Cup. Played against the All Arms Training Centre, the score was 3—2, but in the Hanover District League we have played three games and unfortunately lost two, though we have in each case made it a hard game.

Four games have been played at hockey, of which we have won two and drawn two. Against the 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards the score was 4—2, goals being scored by Major Saunders, Captain Pearce, Captain Hyde-Smith, and Corporal "Nobby" Clarke.

The 5th Royal Tank Regiment were played in the Hanover District League (the result 6—0 in our favour), the scorers again being Major Saunders, Captain Pearce (3), Captain Hyde-Smith, and Corporal Clarke. Then 1 Central Vehicle Depot Workshops were played, and the result was a draw 4—4, Captain Pearce getting our quota. This last game was in the first round of the Army Cup.

Lastly, our opponents were 50 Reinforcement Holding Unit, the score 2—2—and the goals scored again by Major Saunders and Captain Pearce.

4 A.G.R.A. SIGNAL SQUADRON

Luneburg

December

Sport. The main outdoor sport is still predominantly football, and I think it is quite true to say that this Unit is once more making its presence become apparent in that particular field. We have high hopes of once again fielding an almost complete Signals team representing the combined H.Q., 4 A.G.R.A., and Signal Squadron. Congratulations to Driver Vincent on being selected to play for the Garrison team against Hamburg Sub-Area, with best wishes for his inclusion in the Hamburg District eleven, which will be selected from the participants in this match.

An indoor games tournament is still in progress, but the billiards handicap was won by "Scotty" (Corporal Gothard), who defeated "Gordie" (Signalman Oughton) in the final. With an opening strike resulting in a 59 break, the result was not altogether surprising. "Gordie's" luck must have run out. Now's the time to step in, Foreman!

Promotions and Appointments. Congratulations to Corporal Gothard for pulling the second, and to Lance-Corporals Parkinson and Turner on taking a grip on the first rung of that so long and difficult ladder. Hold on tight, lads. Keep your chins above water and climb.

Arrivals and Departures. A hearty welcome to the many newcomers to the Squadron, and we do sincerely hope that you are going to stay on and enjoy yourselves here. To all those about to depart, possibly the residue of the old 4th Armoured short-termers, cheerio fellows, we are sorry to see you go, but if go you must, then our best wishes go with you. Good luck to you all in your new civic ventures.

To Captain S. Vernon, Royal Signals, who has very recently left this Unit to join 1 A.A. Group (M) Signal Regiment in the U.K., a very special salutation. We shall all miss you, especially for your excellent handling of Unit Welfare, and your cheerful humour and spirits on festive occasions. The very best wishes of the Squadron go with you, sir. Our loss is most certainly your Unit's gain.

Congratulations to Corporal Arthur Howell and wife on the safe deliverance of a son to Mrs. Howell at Hamburg on 16th November, 1948. When is he joining, Arthur ?

A.T.S. SIGNALS, GERMANY

Bad Oeynhausen

November

Once again a bold dash to Press. This month has been really hectic. We've found ourselves in one mad whirl of releases, marriages and Python postings, not forgetting the odd inspection and visit.

Hence our Unit is now most depleted. Yes, the great Python has had, and still has, a deadly grip. In the past month we have had occasion to say our sad farewells to our Second-in-Command, Junior Commander D. Gavin (N.I.D., your gain). We sincerely hope that by now our ex-Second-in-Command is comfortably settled " back in the saddle."

Likewise, our best wishes go with four other well-known members of the Unit, namely, Sergeant Morrogh, Corporal Hart and Privates Boyle and Ryan (to Private Ryan we extend special best wishes from 10 Kaiser Strasse), who, together with the numerous unnamed, have left us in favour of the Home Establishment.

Release figures, too, have been rather high. What is the great attraction about that strange planet, Civvy Street? Here the Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess suffered further losses, but we hid our tears and gave a hearty send-off to Sergeant Joan Mayes and Sergeant Joan Lawrence. Can it be that our Release Officer, Subaltern C. D. Ellis, has lost the stencil for Re-engagement Pro-formae, or does Miss Ellis, in her capacity of Messing Officer, consider that too many are being catered for?

Compensation comes our way as we extend a very hearty welcome to our new Second-in-Command, Junior Commander P. M. Tully, also to Subaltern J. Parke; not forgetting the latest arrival from the U.K. to strengthen our Cipher Section, S.Q.M.S. D. V. Collins, ex-Second-in-Command (M) Signal Regiment. May they have a long and happy stay with us.

The highlight of the past few months was when the Director of the A.T.S., Senior Controller M. J. C. Tyrwhitt, O.B.E., paid us a visit. Accompanied by the D.D.A.T.S., Controller G. Baker, O.B.E., and conducted by our C.O., Senior Commander C. H. M. Jackson, O.B.E., a tour of the

Informal photograph of members of W.O.s' and Sergeants' Mess, A.T.S. Signals, Germany, with C.O. and Section Officers

Front row (left to right): Sergeant L. Bryan, Sergeant R. Morrogh, Subaltern M.Carlisle, Senior-Commander C. H. M. Jackson, O.B.E., Subaltern C. D. Ellis, C.S.M. V. Kerby, Sergeant E. Hodgson, Sergeant J. Mayes. Back row (left to right): Sergeant E. Shead, Sergeant B. Hughes, Sergeant M. Trendall, Sergeant J. Gould, Sergeant G. MacMillan, Sergeant J. Murray, Sergeant J. Littlewood, Sergeant E. Allan, Sergeant G. Eden; Sergeant I. Higginson

Signal Office and Rhine Army Exchange was made. The members of the Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess had the pleasure of meeting the Director over coffee served in the Mess, after which the visiting party proceeded to one of the billets, proudly occupied by "B" Relief T.P.O.s.

The visit was thoroughly enjoyed by all, although a whisper has been heard to the effect that a great disappointment was felt because the A.T.S. of G.H.Q. 2nd Echelon had the honour of giving the March Past.

Sports and entertainments are very much to the fore this month, although at the same time causing much flap and panic in our usual orderly Orderly Room. We understand that the energetic activities of our Sports Officer, Subaltern Carlisle (normally observed behind her desk at Rhine Army Exchange in her capacity of Officer-in-Charge), occasioned a major flap by dispatching a dozen auxiliaries to Hamburg for a period of three days, to take part in the Netball and Hockey Trials and Inter-Company Tournament. A good thing, but just what went wrong with the Parade and Ration State figures is still a query pending explanation.

However, thanks to the Officer accompanying the party, Subaltern N. G. Dallas, all auxiliaries are now safely back on the ration strength. The fact that our team obtained second place in the Inter-Company Netball Tournament, and that Lance-Corporal Turner was chosen for the B.A.O.R. Netball Team, will, we hope, soothe our irate Quartermistress, Subaltern V. Leach, who, it is reported, is still prowling around the various billets searching for unreturned sports blouses.

The Entertainments Committee, headed by Sergeant Hughes, of Cipher fame, recently decided that the Regimental Dance Hall, namely the Merrico Ballroom, required warming up for the season. After checking carefully the immediate location of our Entertainments Officer, C.S.M. V. Kerby, and following a hasty meeting, a grand dance was held on 1st November. Full support of all members of the Unit, plus patrons from outside Units, gave us grand attendance figures. The programme was very well put together, and thanks for organisation of bars and buffet are mainly due to Subaltern V. Leach, the M.C., C.S.M. Kerby, the Sergeants' Mess caterer, Sergeant Edens, and the remaining members of the Sergeants' Mess, who worked so hard as barmaids, not forgetting an old friend from H.Q. B.A.O.R. Signal Regiment, Sergeant "Taffy" Morgan. (Good luck, "Taffy," wherever you are.)

Lance-Corporal Colquhoun was observed staggering under the weight of large trays containing refreshments, and after watching the efficient way in which Sergeant Gould and Lance-Corporal Machin (our budding Orderly Room Clerk) conducted the sale of tickets at the door, we have decided that the A.T.S. Provost are definitely at a loss.

In conclusion, a few words of congratulations to our brand new brides: To Private Henderson, who returned from U.K. leave as Private Jones; to Private Parker, now Private Roy; and to Private Spicer, now Private Dalton. Best wishes to you all. Seems like the Orderly Room Sergeant, Sergeant Shead, will be kept busy, as still more auxiliaries are applying for marriage forms. With all this romance in the air we do not have to be reminded that this great Garrison Town of Bad Oeynhausen was a Spa at one time.

Finally, by the time this epistle goes to press we hope that through the medium of these notes we shall be able to extend our warmest greetings to all WIRE readers for 1949.

Vive les A.T.S.

THE following is a very literal translation of an article in *La Revue des Transmissions,* written by an Officer of the French Army Women's Service after a stay of ten days with our A.T.S. in the British zone of Germany:

"I have just spent ten days with the A.T.S. in the British zone of Germany, and have brought back from my visit an impression of order and efficiency which augurs well for the employment of women in the Army. Women's Forces were created in England in 1938 to help the Regular Army in non-combatant duties, but with effect from 1941 they were declared members of the Armed Forces of Britain, and as such liable for combatant service, that is to say, the Women's Forces were looked upon as an integral part of the Army, their work was appreciated, and England expected much of them. Its present strength is explained by the strictness of the military administration and by the common-sense employment of its members. It is organised on a strictly military basis. The operators are formed into Sections. These Sections make up Administrative Companies, and these Companies, Groups. These Sections, Companies and Groups have women N.C.O.s with ranks corresponding to those of the men. The only difference lies in their nomenclature, for example, the General Officer is called Chief Controller, but she wears the crown and three 'pips' of a Brigadier. Like the ranks, the responsibilities are the same at least up to Company or Group Commander.

"The Company Commander is responsible for the administration of her girls, their welfare and their discipline. There is an extremely interesting appointment in the Company, called a Quartermaster. I was present at a barrack room inspection by her, which was most instructive. Having found several barrack rooms which were untidy, the Quartermaster made an additional inspection. She asked the Duty Officer to accompany her on her tour. In the barrack rooms those operators present fell in by their beds, on which were laid out sheets and blankets meticulously folded, walking-out uniforms, polished shoes, with one turned up to show the sole. Nothing escapes the practised eye of the Quartermaster, a missing blanket, a worn-out pair of shoes . . .! She also makes a note of all the improvements that she may be able to make in the barrack rooms. The formation of a cadre of N.C.O.s in the Unit permits the efficient carrying out of orders and the strict observance of rules.

"These well-organised troops are put at the disposal of the technical services and each one is found a job according to its composition. Privates provide Operators and Clerks; the N.C.O.s provide the Supervisors and Signal Office Superintendents; the Officers, the Duty Signal Officers, the Cipher Officers and the Instructors.

"The Telephone Exchange is run entirely by women, who hold all the jobs, including supervisory. With a woman in charge the Telephone Exchange is assured of neatness and good turn-out, which is naturally accentuated by the uniformity of the equipment and the operators. Like the turn-out, the discipline is very good and the efficiency of the work reflects this.

"Equally in the Signal Office an A.T.S. Officer has her responsibilities. The head of the Signal Centre is a Captain. He has under him four Officers—two male and two female—to maintain the Signal Master's roster.

"It will be seen that the A.T.S. fulfils its role well, since it permits economies in all male personnel, including Officers. Also to be noted is that the technical instruction of the operators is carried out by women instructors. The Officers have done long technical courses and have become in their turn instructors. A short time at the school with the Subaltern (Lieutenant) in charge of the instruction,

(*continued on page* 58)

H.Q.
B.A.O.R.
Signal Regiment

HEREFORD

October

After a regrettable absence of almost three months, I feel an apology is necessary to our regular readers. However, despite the absence of notes, the Unit has been very active in all respects.

A few months ago a series of trips on the Rhine, organised by Army Welfare Services, 2nd Infantry Division, were made available to all ranks of the Regiment at a cost of only 5s. The trips made a grand break from the everyday working and training routine in and around barracks. The steamer trip began at Konigswinter and lasted about 12 hours. We steamed up the Rhine as far as The Lorelei, passing many places which will figure prominently in the history of World War II. For some unknown reason, however, these trips did not prove as popular as was expected, and some of the more lethargic members of our community had to be almost shanghaied into boarding the *Skylark*. Readers will, I am sure, be pleased to meet the *Skylark's* skipper.

H.Q. Sergeants' Mess. Once again we take our place in recording our recent activities. Our fortnightly dances continue, ably run by the Entertainments Committee. They are a real success and are looked forward to by all. We have had two games nights during the past month—one against the Officers, which we lost and for which we have the excuse that the Warrant Officers played for the Officers. The other was against the Corporals, when we were well and truly beaten up. We anticipate a return match in the near future.

At the time of writing there is a grand display of shields in the Mess, of which the Regiment as a whole is extremely proud to be the holders. These are 7th Armoured Brigade Inter-Unit Swimming Shield, 1948; Hanover District Inter-Unit Swimming Challenge Shield, 1948; B.A.O.R. Inter-Unit Swimming Challenge Shield, 1948 (runners-up).

We extend a hearty welcome to our new members of the Mess who joined us recently:—W.O.II Maskery, Sergeants Lord, A.C.C., Bunyan, Wilson, Menzies, and Junor. At the same time we say good-bye to the following:—A.S.M. Wright, R.Q.M.S. Will, W.O.II Kingdom, and Sergeant Baldwin on demob., and W.O.I Seton-Smith, Sergeants May, Morgan, Robertson, and Bradley on posting to the U.K.; and last but not least, Sergeant Frankie Coote, who has gone back to the Gunners. We wish them all the very best in their new Units—cheerio and good luck !

We would like to take this opportunity in wishing everyone a very Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

No. 1 SQUADRON. *3 Line Carrier Troop.* Exercise "Decibel" was the name given to the scheme which has just been completed with 3 Line Carrier and 23 Construction Troops. The idea of a scheme under canvas in October was viewed with no small amount of scepticism. For the majority of the lads this was their first taste of "life in the raw" since their Boy Scout days.

Early one morning we loaded our equipment on to a machinery wagon and pulled away. We chose our site and got the tents up. Well dug in, the next job was getting the equipment working. The Construction Troop laid the cable in record time, and by lunch time we had communication through to the Equipment Room in Harewood Barracks. An approaching D.R. caused some little excitement as he bounced from rock to rock on his motor cycle, ending up in the mud. This was the Detachment Commander, Lieutenant R. Rothwell, Royal Signals, arriving in time to burn the first day's dinner. As a burnt offering it was not very successful, as

within a few minutes of washing up it rained, and in no mean way. By this time we had a fair amount of equipment working, but the Construction Troop were still working on the line trying to localise a contact.

One thought the morning would never come. As each hour passed it seemed to rain even heavier. The generator, too, was out of form and showed its disgust with the weather by frequently stopping.

The Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel F. C. Seely, O.B.E., Royal Signals, visited the site with the Squadron Commander, Captain F. Parker, Royal Signals. Colonel Seely chatted with the men, who said they were enjoying themselves and found the work a welcome change from constantly maintaining equipment.

I shall not venture, at this stage, to comment on the success of the scheme technically. It was, however, successful inasmuch as it was the first time some of the line and telegraph mechanics had worked the equipment under such conditions, and much useful information was recorded.

Slightly weary and cold, the lads rallied well in dismantling the equipment and camp ready for return to Harewood Barracks. There was a great deal of mud around our site, and it was not easy to get some of our 4 x 2 vehicles out. However, with the aid of a local farmer's harrow we got a fairly solid surface and, with plenty of heaving and shouting, got the vehicles out.

We were sorry, in a way, to come back to barracks, but, I imagine, after a good bath in hot water and a comfortable bed that sorrow soon vanished.

Sport. We have been unable lately to devote as much attention to sport as we would have liked. It is hoped, though, that we will be able to prepare a fixture list, and with a spot of luck get through it.

A friendly game of soccer against 24 Construction Troop ended with a win for us. Our team, 50 per cent. of whom were Scotsmen, played well as a team, being kept together by the team captain, Signalman Morton. It was an unsound policy that 24 Construction adopted by changing their goalkeeper six times—almost after every goal! The score was 6—0 for 3 Line Carrier, and I might say we were the more surprised. Our next fixture is against 23 Construction Troop, previously beaten by 24 Construction Troop, so we are hopeful of being victorious again.

We have been called the most enterprising Troop in the Regiment, and we are doing our best to live up to it. Each week-end a party of us goes away to a leave centre, Bad Harzburg being the most popular, though by far the most expensive. Winterberg and Möhne-See are also very popular, though more reserved.

We have quite a number of keen horse riders in the Troop, and by the way they march on Monday morning's parade one would imagine they had been on horses all week-end.

Preparations for Christmas are well in hand. A play and individual items are being rehearsed at the moment, and it is hoped they will be suitable for presentation to the Regiment.

Badminton is very popular, and any evening the lads are to be found in the gym playing or, when not playing, doing physical exercises of a more strenuous nature.

With the slowing down of demob. we have been given an opportunity of building a team and team spirit which will always conquer depressions and drawbacks.

23 Construction Troop. Since word was last heard from us, 23 Construction Troop has relinquished its grip on Bad Oeynhausen and has moved back to barracks, which move entailed quite a lot of work.

We have now settled down to the routine of Harewood Barracks. Barrack room floors are gleaming in rivalry with other Troops who have had a few years' start on us. There

A section of the audience at the Mercury Theatre

have been quite a number of additions to the Troop, but by now they have been accepted into the fellowship of the Troop, especially after our latest exercise in perhaps some of the coldest weather we have had this year. However, it made a change, and I believe a good time was had by all.

Christmas arrangements are now already being made, if at present more on paper than anything else. In this respect monetary contributions have begun to come in, so this is the most important step taken.

In our next contribution to THE WIRE we will be in a position to see the results of our football team and report more fully on our Christmas preparations.

24 Construction Troop. Things have been very quiet in the Troop for the past two months, and there has been nothing of great importance to recount. The decision to suspend demobilisation for three months was not unexpected and was taken very well. Bad luck, Signalmen Lindridge and Woodhouse ! They were only a day late. With the retardation of demob., the posted strength looks quite impressive. Detachments are still on the ranges at Bad Lippspringe and Vogelsang, but if rumours can be believed they will be in shortly.

The football season has started in earnest, and although the Troop team is not as good as last year, they should improve and acquit themselves creditably in inter-Troop games. So far we have had two games. We managed to beat 23 Construction by the odd goal in five, but were very soundly beaten by 3 Line Carrier Troop to the tune of 6—0, a decision we hope to reverse in the near future.

No. 2 SQUADRON. At Bad Oeynhausen, some ten miles away from the rest of the Regiment, No. 2 Squadron is busy supplying the operational needs of Headquarters, British Army of the Rhine, ably assisted by A.T.S. Signals, Germany.

A change in command has just taken place, Major H. W. Philpott, M.B.E., Royal Signals, having handed over to his successor, Major D. A. MacDonnell, Royal Signals. We take this opportunity of thanking Major Philpott for all the hard work he has put in with the Squadron, and of welcoming Major MacDonnell with the hope that his stay here will be a long and pleasant one.

The task of providing adequate trained staff for the Signal Office during the rapid run-down in man-power, together with other operational commitments, has made Major Philpott's task no light one, and many's the time he must have remarked, " Thank God for the A.T.S.—extended service, two years."

Recent arrivals in the Squadron have included Captain (" Singapore ") Blizzard, Captain (" Malaya ") Pell, and Second-Lieutenants Parker and Lawrence, while the Sergeants' Mess have welcomed R.S.M. Baker. Our Second-in-Command, Captain Don Humphries, is on a five weeks' course at Catterick. Lieutenant Harry Rothwell has departed to No. 1 Squadron and Lieutenant " Jock " Morton to H.Q. as Lines Officer.

We wish our readers the compliments of the season.

Mercury Theatre. Old friends of the " Mercury " will be glad to hear that the little theatre is still going strong despite the sad loss of such stalwarts as Tony and Lynne Berwick, Eve Sahnow, Joan Hillier, Howard Coles, Derek Bond, and others.

Recent outstanding successes have been " Duet for Two Hands," " The Sport of Kings," " For the Love of Mike," and " The Cat and the Canary." The last-named was so well received that it was held over for another week in order to accommodate disappointed patrons who had been unable to get seats during the normal run.

Our photograph shows a section of the audience enjoying a performance of " For the Love of Mike." Included in the picture are the Director of A.T.S., Brigadier and Mrs. Morrison, Controller Baker, A.T.S., Senior Commander Jackson, A.T.S., and Major Clarke.

Major " Paddy " Cuffe, Royal Signals, still controls the destinies of the theatre with a sure hand, and wishes me to pay tribute here to the grand support in the past and present by all members of the Regiment and outside friends.

A Happy Christmas and Good Entertainment in the New Year !

Wireless Group, Bad Oeynhausen. The Group comprises 10 and 14 High Speed Wireless Troops with a detachment of 67 Medium Wireless Troop.

All main H.Q., B.A.O.R., wireless communications are supplied and worked by the Group in its greatly depleted strength of some 30 men, the cream of Rhine Army wireless operators and radio technicians.

The High Speed Troops are very nearly all that remain of the once famous " Golden Arrow " Sections which supplied Montgomery's armies and the field press camps with the 30-thousand-word-a-day communications which enabled the Press of Great Britain to publish accurate and up-to-the-minute information concerning the progress of the battle in Europe.

Today Wireless Group has to a certain extent taken a

back seat, while the Line Communications handle the bulk of Rhine Army Headquarters traffic. But, should there be an emergency, the Group is ready to once again set its powerful transmitters humming and maintain the communications for H.Q., British Army of the Rhine.

We have as Group Commander Lieutenant C. (" Mike ") Sinclair, Royal Signals, a jungle campaigner with a yen for radio and a flair for performing the most amazing feats in a Bleriot type sailplane. His main hobby would appear to be his " ham-rig," producing as it does the most amazing results with next to no aerial. We believe to this day that we shall see the Sinclair " Flying Group " performing grotesque movements in the Bad Oeynhausen sky, radio-controlled by the " ham-rig."

Sergeant " Paddy " J. O'Keefe administers to the needs of this versatile Group with the certainty of constant practice. An amateur boxer, " Paddy " has trained several Army teams in the past and has been acquainted with some of the best men in the fight business. Miner and machine-man, he has been through many jobs in the few years preceding the war. His autobiography would be a work well worth reading.

Combined T/O Group. Inter-Troop League football results:

43 T/O beat 186 T/O, 4—3.
43 T/O drew with 102 T/O, 3—3.
43 T/O beaten by Cipher Group, 1—4.
186 T/O drew with Cipher Group, 3—3.

43 T/O Troop are so far the most promising of the T/O Troops, having seven of their members in the Squadron eleven, and we expect them to do well in the forthcoming Squadron League in spite of Combined Cipher Group's advantage in numbers to choose from. Lance-Corporal Brunt has proved very nimble on the field and plays for the Regiment, with Signalman Driscoll coming a close second.

No. 3 SQUADRON. It is some time now since we last appeared in THE WIRE, and this must be ascribed to pressure of work. During this time the Squadron has undergone—or suffered—several reorganisations in addition to its normal commitments, but things have once more settled down.

After a long and exhaustive period of training in barracks and R.E.M.E. workshops, relieved only by works parades and battle efficiency tests, our Wireless Carrier Troops (4 W/C and 7 W/C) have resumed their traditional positions on the tops of the highest local mountains.

We claim that this link is the longest yet operated in B.A.O.R., having a total of 13 sets in operation. The north of the link, which is manned by 7 W/C, originates at Bad Oeynhausen. Our mobile column of decibels moves to Bielefeld, where may be seen the unusual sight of a 10 set trailer squatting on top of an 85 ft. stone tower. Some difficulty was experienced in towing the trailer up the side of the tower. It was found that the four-wheel drive was inadequate. We leave this historic spot and jump the longest leg of the link (65 miles) to Iserlohn, which is the highest relay of the link. Here we effect an exchange of decibels with 5th Brigade, which with a few remaining stalwart decibels from Bad Oeynhausen press on into 4 W/C territory at Kollershof, where Lance-Corporal Pickering and his Chindits live under canvas at the top of a 900 ft. hill. It was in this area that we found a 1,000 ft. error on the map, presumably caused by the R.E. survey lads trying to make a mountain out of a mole hill. Proceeding down the beam, we come to Tonescheid, where we find Lance-Corporal (" Marconi ") Smith and his men living in luxury on the top of a water tower.

The decibels, now sadly depleted in number and finding this spot unhealthy, carry on their weary way to Hilden, which is the terminal station, where they are received by Lance-Corporal Embery and Co., who restore the now completely exhausted decibels sufficiently for them to crawl down the lines to 2nd Divisional H.Q.

By a clever piece of technical ingenuity, the link also works in the opposite direction.

The D.R.s have also had their share of reorganisation recently. We are now organised as separate Troops instead of a Group as formerly. This has fostered a good deal of friendly inter-Troop rivalry in the sporting and operational fields and we are looking forward to some good results from them in the forthcoming inter-Troop sporting competition for the Seely Shield, which will be presented by the Commanding Officer to the Troop aggregating the most points.

Work continues to keep all D.R.s hard at it in all weathers, day and night, on Rhine Army Signals Despatch Services. We have recently had the good fortune to receive quite a few new vehicles, and this has proved an incentive to the lads in keeping up a high standard of maintenance.

We are now getting well and truly organised on sports and hope to present a high record of achievements for next month's WIRE.

We extend a cordial welcome to Signalmen Williams, Gardner, Hopkins, and Gray, who have recently joined the D.R.s, and hope their stay with us will be a happy one. Demob. continues to take its toll, and it is with regret that we have said good-bye to Sergeant Newman, Corporal " Buffalo " Chapman, Signalmen Crombie and Hart. Don't lose touch with us, you chaps. You know our address, so let's be hearing from you.

The Medium Wireless Troops continue to wrestle with the intricacies and cussedness of the 53 set on schemes and ops, and the lads out on detachment continue to keep their end up and maintain the Regiment's reputation for efficiency. During recent " schemes " some of us have tasted the delight (or otherwise) of working under field conditions—hard rations, bags of rain, and bags of work. Wot a life ! However, we take it all in our stride and come back for more.

Those who know him will not be surprised to learn that " Casanova " Bramley is still going strong, and that champion weight-lifter Corporal Snell continues to challenge all and sundry. We regret that " Professor " Challis has left the Squadron to disseminate learning to the rest of the Regiment.

Corporal " Mustard " Coleman has just completed a new set of inventories for the barracks. He has been heard to utter certain dark threats about what will happen " if this, too, disappears."

Elsewhere in THE WIRE (with the Editor's permission) are a couple of cartoons by Lieutenant P. R. Fisher, Royal Signals.

Our O.C., Major A. E. Wood, Royal Signals, is at present in " dock," and we offer him our best wishes for a speedy recovery. Meanwhile, the Squadron is commanded by Captain G. S. Blackburn, whose motto appears to be " Get it done by yesterday." Captain D. K. P. Hannigan is Second-in-Command, Lieutenants Kay, Fisher, and Stevenson are Medium Wireless Troop Commanders, and Lieutenants Banks and Montagnon are the harassed W/C Troop Commanders.

This is all the news for now, and in closing we wish all present and past members of the Corps a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

SPORT. *Cricket.* The Regiment has had a fairly successful season, although the number of friendly fixtures was curtailed owing to the fact that we are not in possession of our own ground.

We finished up second in the 7th Armoured Brigade League and some very enjoyable matches were played. We were unfortunate to lose Lieutenant Roderick quite early in the season on his posting to Hanover District. We hope to give a good account of ourselves next season, when we shall be under the able leadership of Captain Arthur Carpenter and also have the assistance of S.Q.M.S. Harding, both recent postings to the Regiment.

Hockey. The Regiment has good prospects this season of

winning the 7th Armoured Brigade Inter-Unit Hockey League and also of making a name for itself in the Army Cup. Our last game was played a few days ago against H.Q., Hanover District. It was a first-class game and ended in a draw, 2—2.

DANLERI

December

1 SQUADRON, BAD OEYNHAUSEN. With the rapid approach of the Christmas period, the thoughts of many of the Squadron's men are turning to leave and the buying of Christmas presents. The inevitable search for additional comforts (mostly in liquid form) is going on with great gusto.

In spite of these extra attractions and time-taking activities, the keen competition for the newly-introduced Seely Shield takes pride of place. In response to the O.C.'s request, the individual Troops have played many more games with very satisfying results.

After the bustle of Regimental reorganisation, the Squadron has once again settled down to do its work efficiently and quietly(?), and even the "Tickers" of the Squadron have realised that this new organisation has helped speed up work, thus leaving more time to play games in the afternoons. Even R.H.Q. Troop has managed to spare a few of its members to take part in various sporting activities, which prior to the reorganisation was practically impossible.

A great many of our "old soldiers" were on parade recently to receive their long-awaited campaign decorations. The eyes of the younger National Service men had a light of envy when the Commanding Officer distributed these medals.

In Block "A" a fever has broken out, and if it becomes more contagious the Sergeant-Major will wear a permanent smile. This outbreak is a redecorating fever, and in a number of rooms the smell of paint and floor polish is the dominating odour.

The gardens in front of the block are also looking a lot neater, not that they are a flood of colour, but grass has been cleverly laid and new flower beds designed in preparation for the coming summer. Corporal Bullock, the newly-appointed horticultural N.C.O., has put a lot of head and back work into these new ventures, and the barracks are certainly more homely as a result.

A number of men from the Squadron recently took part in a weekend trip to Bad Harzburg, and a very good weekend it was. Apart from the minor disaster to the T.C.V., the weekend was unmarred by any unpleasant incidents. It is hoped to run a further trip in the near future, but first let us get over the first.

To those men of the Squadron who were not lucky enough to draw a Christmas leave vacancy, they can be assured that they will not miss any of the traditional Christmas festivities, least of all in the food line, where Sergeant Lord has organised a wonderful repast, fit even for the hungriest gourmet and the thirstiest throat in the Squadron. So roll on, Christmas, and let's get at it.

2 SQUADRON. At the time of writing, preparations are going on apace to make this a bumper Christmas at Bad Oeynhausen. Dances at the Unit's own ballroom, the Merrico, children's parties, and a pantomime in our own Mercury Theatre, are samples of what has been laid on, so those of us who are not going on leave this year will not be left out of the festivities of the season. Indeed, having had a pre-view of the menu for the Christmas dinner, we would say that in this respect, at least, no one will have cause to grumble.

There are not so many changes to report this month, although with the resumption of demobilisation there soon will be.

Captain Wilkinson has arrived to relieve Captain Nash of the duties of Chief Duty Signal Officer, and has quickly made himself at home in the Squadron.

We understand he is making a mark as a footballer, and, talking of football, the Squadron team, which started the season very badly, has pulled itself together and has won its last five games. We are now third in the Garrison League, having won 5, lost 4, and drawn 1 of the 10 games played.

The Mercury Theatre has had two more very successful productions during the month, "Private Lives" and "French Without Tears."

This week the old-time melodrama "Sweeney Todd, the Demon Barber of Fleet Street," is being put on with a view to raising some funds.

Altogether we have quite a lot of fun in Bad O., and we need it, for the recent spell of cold weather gave us a foretaste of a pretty severe winter.

KNASHEY

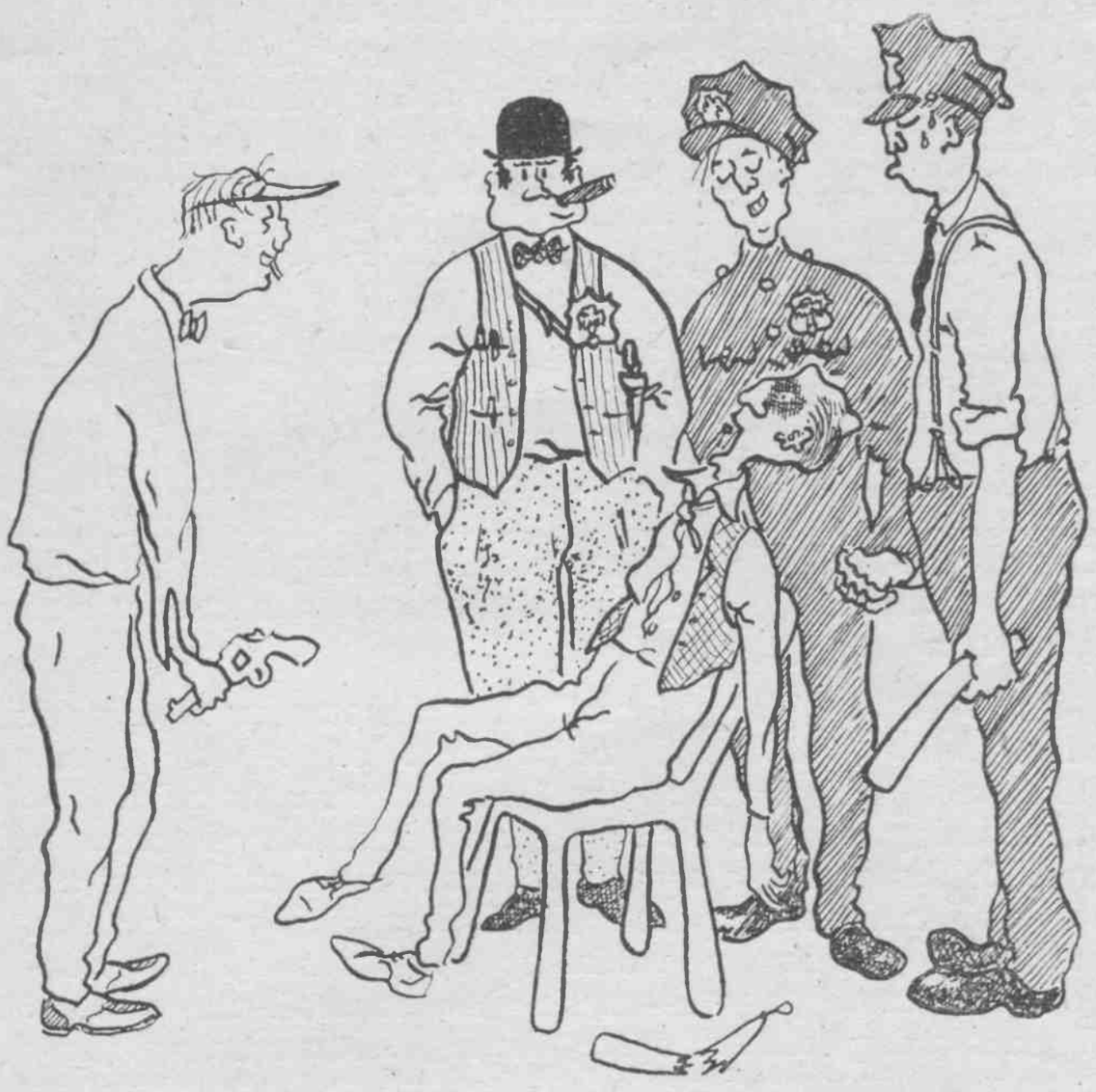
3 SQUADRON. Since last month we have undergone a further reorganisation, this time amalgamating the old 1 and 3 Squadrons into Line and Wireless Wing respectively of 3 Squadron, which is now commanded by Major H. W. Philpott, M.B.E., the Wireless Wing by Captain G. S. Blackburn, and the Line Wing by Captain F. Parker. Lieutenant P. R. Fisher does Administration for the Squadron. The integration process produced one or two headaches which had the clerks wearing a harassed expression for a day or so, but everything is now running smoothly once again.

The Wireless Carrier boys are still out on detachment, working the Rhine Army to 2nd Division 10 Set Link. During the recent cold spell, a lot of us have come to realise by experience the rigours of winter conditions on field service, particularly the lads under canvas! The drivers of our 3-tonners and 15 cwts. are also having quite a rough time crashing through axle-deep mud, carrying rations and spares to detachments. It is jolly good driving experience though, and so the drivers are making the best of it.

As so many of the lads are on detachment, we have not been doing so well in the sporting line recently. However, we have beaten 3 Line Construction Troop at darts and table tennis, and shall dish out more of the same whenever we can scrape a team together.

The D.R.s now have the New Look—and it looks awful. The average D.R., now that winter has set in, looks a lot like "Old Bill" of First War cartoon fame, due to the recent issue of heavy duty raincoats. These, when worn with two

OPERATING SIGNALS ILLUSTRATED (1)



QCA : "You are causing delay by slowness in answering"

jerseys, a couple of cap comforters, rubber boots and gloves, and surmounted by two watery eyes and a red nose (from the cold, you understand), give the wearer a rather "overstuffed" appearance, and by no stretch of the imagination can our dashing D.R.s be termed debonair. Still, the mail goes through, ice or not, and the number of breakdowns is surprisingly few.

We welcome Signalmen Layshley and Cramp to the D.R. Group this month, and hope they will enjoy their stay with us. Now that Signalman Weston has returned from leave, his theme song seems to be "Take me back to dear old Blighty," and it is reputed that since "Lofty" Mathews returned from his agricultural course he finds less difficulty in draining his vehicle than he did in milking the cows. Congratulations to Corporal Newton, who was recently married—we hope all his troubles will be little ones. Signalmen Cairns, Boardman, and Boyde, our three keen photographic types, have joined the recently-formed Unit Camera Club, so perhaps we shall be able to produce one or two decent prints for THE WIRE.

Sports continue to occupy a goodly part of our leisure time, and competition for the Seely Shield continues to be intense. Incidentally, congratulations to 22 D.R. Troop and S.H.Q. Troop, who came a close second recently.

The Medium Wireless Troops are going in for training in a big way. In addition to the usual run of local "schemes," 71 Wireless Troop recently carried out a four-day exercise which involved working on the move and a trip to the U.S. Zone of Germany. The scheme went very well from the communications point of view, and even better from other aspects, such as American rations and hospitality. We hope there will be more of these schemes in the future. 6 and 152 Wireless Troops have nothing other than the usual month's hard grind to report on this time, but judging from recent rumours, their Christmas doings should be worthy of notes next month. 71 Wireless Troop also finished second in the Seely competition a couple of weeks ago, and have sworn to win it in the near future.

Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess.—Having thawed our bony fingers, we put pen to paper to record our activities for the last month.

We have had two games evenings, one versus the Officers and the other one versus the Corporals, and we won both of them.

There has been the usual fortnightly dances, which remain as successful as ever and are enjoyed by all.

Much buzzing and noise is being heard in the Mess as arrangements are made for Christmas festivities.

Already the draw has had to have more numbers added to it; then there is the Christmas games tournament now in full swing.

The glad hand of welcome is extended to the following wives who have recently arrived in Herford—may their stay with us be an enjoyable one: Mrs. Telfer, Mrs. Tribe, Mrs. Olive and Mrs. Harding.

We regret to see the departure of the following: Sergeant Paddy O'Neill to Civvy Street, Sergeant Bolton to 31 Independent Infantry Brigade Signal Squadron, Sergeant Ken Coombes to Berlin Signal Squadron. (What prison camp did you say, Hughie?) May they settle down and continue to enjoy life.

Radio Club. The "Ham" Club almost ceased to exist when Jimmy Wright and company decided to pack in their D2 tickets and joint the "Gs," but new recruits were soon forthcoming, and at the first general meeting of the club, on 28th September, a committee was formed and things are being planned for the future, including dividing the shack into two departments—workshop and "studio," redecoration, the scrounging the much gear from all and sundry. Work is going forward apace, the rig is steaming up ready to go the moment we get our ticket, so we look forward to meeting all you hams in the Corps on the air in the near future.

Seven members of the club attended a "Hamfest" at Hanover on 20th-21st November. The proceedings opened with addresses by the organising secretary and chiefs of the Radio Committee of the British Zone. Tea was served and much mirth was caused when it was discovered that the sandwiches were originally intended for a meeting of a Christian Fellowship Society. Films on Radar and Frequency Modulation, with commentary by Mr. Olley, were shown. Dinner at the C.C.G. "Chestnut Club" followed, during which Major Shears, the organising secretary (D2KW) presented Mr. Styles (D2GU) with the "Order of the Handlebar." More laughter, because this trophy was designed by Mr. Styles.

Well, CQ, QRU4 now, CUN, di-di-di-dah-di-da . . .

Boxing. At very short notice the Unit entered a team for the 7th Armoured Brigade Inter-Unit Boxing Competition, and although decisively beaten, they were not disgraced.

We were fighting the 5th Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, who had a very fit and well-trained team, but despite lack of training and the usual Signals troubles—night duties, etc. —the lads buckled in.

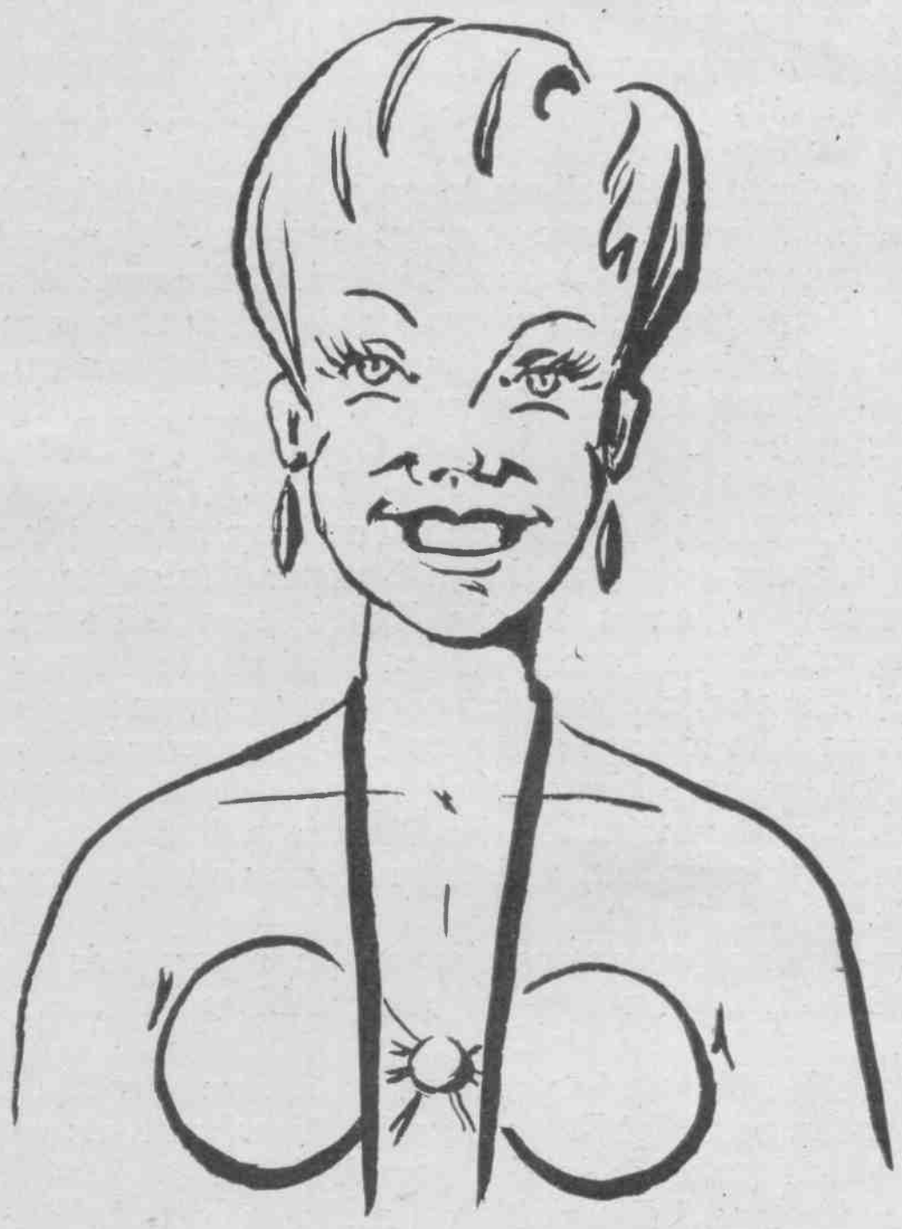
The first fight was the bantam, Signalman Allenson, 2 Squadron, who put up a very plucky show and only lost because he tired so rapidly towards the end. Signalman Gregory, the feather-weight, was giving more than he got, when he unfortunately, due to his forward impetus, hit his opponent when he was down. Bad luck, Gregory.

The light-weight and welter-weights were lost, and it was left to Signalman Green to record our first and only win, which was a very decisive one, too.

Congratulations Green, best of luck in the individual championships. The remainder of the fights went against us and we lost the event 21—11.

Far from deterring the competitors, this defeat only served to stimulate them, and in the hope of a few friendly fixtures, boxing training has now commenced in earnest, with a number of new faces.

STUDENT DOODLES—VII.



Decie Belle

2 Infantry Divisional Signal Regiment

HILDEN

December

This month has seen many arrivals and departures in the Regiment. We welcome Captain B. Hankin, our Adjutant, Captain G. Hoerder, "C" Troop, Captain L. Lacey, Static Signals Branch, and Major M. V. Osborn, O.C. 1 Squadron.

It is with regret we have said goodbye to Captain T. G. Simpson and his family. He has returned to U.K. to take up a T.A. appointment. Not only has Captain Simpson been the Editor of these notes for the past year, but he has been the mainstay behind the hockey and football teams.

Captain and Mrs. A. Steele have also departed for the home country.

The Regimental Junior N.C.O.s' Drill and Duties Courses are progressing well, the past high standard being maintained. The Upgrading Courses for O.W.L.s have come to an end, and in the forthcoming month a Trade Board will be held to test candidates for upgrading.

The Regiment now boasts a small cinema, which has been built as part of the Education Wing. As well as training films, entertainment shows are held during the evenings.

The Hobbies Room has started again and, under the able guidance of Sergeant Aitkenhead (R.A.E.C.), aircraft, galleons, and other models are coming off the production line in a small but steady stream. The gatherings at the moment are small, but it is hoped that many more will find

The grand buffet. What a savoury feast!

their way through the ever-open doors of this Hobbies Room

Visit of Deputy Director of Signals. On the 11th-12th November, the Deputy Director of Signals, Brigadier R. H. O. Coryton, accompanied by the C.S.O., Rhine Army, Brigadier Morrison, visited the Unit. A complete tour of inspection took place, including drill by the Junior N.C.O.s' Course, a tour of the signal office, billets, Jimmy's Club, dining-room, and L.A.D. and garages. In the evening the Deputy Director of Signals and the C.S.O. were entertained in the Officers' Mess.

Hockey. Since the last notes the Regimental Hockey Team has not lost one of its fixtures. On the 11th November the team played the 10th Hussars at Hilden, in the first round of the B.A.O.R. Inter-Unit Competition. After a very fast game, Signals won 6—1, three goals being scored by Captain T. Simpson in the first quarter of an hour, the remainder being scored by Captain D. Barry, R.Q.M.S. Grant and Corporal Slavin. The F. of S., S.Q.M.S. Mahon, played an excellent game at centre-half.

In the next round on 22nd November the team played

Party group. Commanding Officer and Mrs. McVittie (centre, seated). Mrs. Griffin on left of the Commanding Officer

Seated : R.S.M. H. Griffin, Lance-Corporal Pritchard, Captain E. A. Staerck, O.C., H.Q. Squadron, Sergeant Miller, Lance-Corporal Noble. Standing : Lance-Corporal Henderson, Driver Fosse, Signalman Dickinson, Signalman Bentley, Signalman Wootton, Lance-Corporal Dobson, Signalman Sheldon

10th Anti-Tank Regiment, R.A., at Hilden, who were last year's R.A. Cup winners. This game was very even and, after many attacks by both sides, R.Q.M.S. Grant scored the only goal during the match, taking the team into the semi-finals.

On 1st December the team played the Royal Fusiliers at Iserlohn. There was no score during the first half, the Royal Fusiliers making many attacks on the Signals' goal, which was ably defended by Sergeant Holland. After the short breathing space at half-time, Captain T. Simpson scored the first goal, which proved to be the key of the game. R.Q.M.S. Grant and Captain D. Barry scored the remaining two goals. The team now enters the finals of the Divisional Section of the B.A.O.R. Competition, which will be played before 15th December against 42nd Field Regiment, R.A.

Football. Our Regimental Soccer Team is still continuing its winning way, and at present ranks with the leading teams in B.A.O.R. The inclusion of two of our players in the 2nd Division XI against a French Army team at Trier on 7th November made everyone sit up and take notice. We hear from G3 (Sports), 2nd Division, that our two players, Corporal Jamieson, of "L" Troop, and Signalman "Wee" Fearon, of "O" Troop, both played very well and will be included in the next 2nd Division game. The Divisional team won this game 3—1 and both our players scored. We now learn that Corporal Chater, of "L" Troop, has also been selected for the next 2nd Division game, making a total of three players from our Regimental team.

The highlight of the November Regimental games was the visit to Bad Oeynhausen on the 20th when we were the guests of H.Q., B.A.O.R. Signal Regiment. It will be remembered from an earlier issue that H.Q., B.A.O.R. Signal Regiment, defeated us at Hilden in the first of these challenge matches early in the season, and this was the well advertised return match.

The Stadium, Bad Oeynhausen, was the ground selected, and play began when Mrs. Seely, the wife of the Commanding Officer, H.Q., B.A.O.R. Signal Regiment, kicked off. Our team soon settled down, and opened the scoring with a good goal by Corporal Jamieson, followed in quick succession by goals by Lance-Corporal Fairclough and Signalman Campbell, making us three up in 25 minutes. At this stage the home team began to fight back and were unlucky when a penalty kick struck the crossbar with terrific force. On the resumption, our team were well on top, but all efforts to score were foiled by the gallant defence of the home team, who held out to the end. Final score: H.Q., B.A.O.R. Signal Regiment, 0, 2nd Divisional Signal Regiment 3. It was a delightful game to watch, both sides playing very fast, clean football. We are sure the home team would have done much better had it not been for the brilliant performance of our centre-half, Lance-Corporal Maloney, who absolutely dominated the field.

At tea for both teams after the game we were honoured by the presence of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Seely (H.Q., B.A.O.R. Signal Regiment) and Major and Mrs. Paris (representing the Commanding Officer, 2nd Divisional Signal Regiment, who was away at the time). Also present were Captain and Mrs. Pollard (B.A.O.R.), Captain and Mrs. Simpson (2nd Division), R.S.M. and Mrs. Griffin

A view of the dance hall during a cabaret turn

(2nd Division) and R.Q.M.S. and Mrs. Robertson (B.A.O.R.). An excellent tea was enjoyed by all.

All members of the Divisional Signals party wish to thank R.Q.M.S. Robertson for the wonderful reception they received, and for the amount of work he must have put in to ensure the visit was a success. We sincerely hope that we can do the same when his team pays us a visit later on in the season.

On the Wednesday following the Bad Oeynhausen game, we travelled to Essen to play the 1st Gordon Highlanders in the first round of the B.A.O.R. Inter-Unit Competition, and after a very hard game, marred by injuries, we emerged victorious by the only goal of the game, scored by Lance-Corporal Studd in the last five minutes of the game. It is with regret we have to report that our gallant centre-half, Lance-Corporal Maloney, was admitted to hospital after the game, suffering with a badly "knocked-up" knee.

Inter-Troop Football League. The League is still going strong, with competition fiercer than ever. Four teams seem to be in the running this year—"O" Troop, "A" Troop, H.Q. Team and "L" Troop—and there is much speculation as to who is going to finish champions. "O" Troop head the table at the present moment, having lost only one point in 10 games, but we are afraid "Release" will hit them hard in the New Year, so anything can happen.

Great enthusiasm was built up for the vital game between "O" Troop and H.Q. Team, both rivals for the honour. The match was played on Saturday, 13th November, both sides being well supported (including S.Q.M.S. Bailey with rattle) and, after a very clean, fast game, ably controlled by Sergeant Ted Tremear. "O" Troop won comfortably by five goals to two goals, much to the jubilation of Sergeant Daniels.

Speculation was rife during the few weeks before the game, with H.Q. Team "hot" favourites. Why? We do not know. We hear that the R.S.M. was digging deep in his pockets after the game! His offer of a shilling for every player that scored for H.Q. Team did not seem to have the desired effect, as several of his team seemed very "shilling shy." However, we hear that Sergeant Dun, "O" Troop, did very nicely out of the match, much to the disgust of the Foreman of Signals.

A full league table will be published in next month's issue.

Cross-Country. During the few weeks prior to 10th November a visit to H.Q. Signals on a Wednesday afternoon would have been held up at the main entrance in order to allow some hundred healthy young men to continue on their way at a steady jog. This "keep fit" activity, as part of the Regiment's normal compulsory sports training, was to serve a two-fold purpose. Originally, the Divisional Inter-Unit Cross-Country Championship was to be held on 1st December, 1948. The Championship will now, however, be held on 1st February, 1949, and much to the surprise of everyone, our Cross-Country Organiser, R.S.M. H. Griffin, can be seen to wear a smile and not a frown. An early start in the cross-country blitz has enabled him to get together a team of some twenty enthusiastic and capable runners. The months of December and January are well planned for training, and one can hopefully expect our aspirants to championship honours to give a very good account of themselves and to improve on our performance of last season, when our team finished in third place.

On 10th November, the Regimental Inter-Troop and Individual Championship was held over a 5-5½ miles course. Lance-Corporal Noble again led the field, and we hope for something really good from him in the Divisional Run. Results—Individuals: 1st, Lance-Corporal Noble, "M" Troop; 2nd, Corporal Hastings, "C" Troop; 3rd, Driver Fossey, "M" Troop. Team: 1st, H.Q. Team; 2nd, "A" Troop; 3rd, "C" Troop. H.Q. Troop thus retain the shield for the second year in succession. Who was it who stated that Office and Workshop personnel lead too sedentary a life!

On 1st December, 1948, a friendly run against 1st Battalion The Manchester Regiment was arranged as part of the training programme; the run, over a severe 4½ miles course, resulted in a win for our team. The team raced and packed very well indeed, and enthusiasm such as this, coupled with a willingness to train in their free time, must assuredly bring more wins to their credit.

Small Bore Shooting League. To enable the Regiment to enter a team for the above League, Inter-Troop matches have been taking place to select the best shots from the Regiment. To date, "A" Troop are champions of 1 Squadron and will meet H.Q. Squadron in the final.

Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess. On Saturday, 6th November, the Mess was a veritable beehive of activity, with the P.M.C., Caterer and all members of the Committee rushing around to ensure that the arrangements for the grand official opening night would be a credit to all concerned. It really was a smashing show. Our P.M.C. (S.S.M. Terry Vaughan) visibly swelled with pride as the evening progressed. Well done, chaps, your labours were well rewarded. Dancing, cabaret, spot prizes, a draw in aid of Earl Haig's Fund, and a really superb buffet. We were honoured by the presence of our Commanding Officer and Mrs. McVittie.

All members and guests were very reluctant to leave, and paid high regard to such a well-organised show. Thank you, ladies and gentlemen. Who knows, the future might hold something just as good. Be patient, please, we have nice summer grounds, you know. All we wait for is the sun!

A welcoming hand is extended to Sergeant Buckley (R.A.E.C.). The heavy brows of our Education Department are a little less wrinkled with this addition to the fold.

We have said *au revoir* to Sergeants Ray, Berry, Johnson and Archibald.

Competition is very keen in the Mess Indoor Games Annual Championships. However, more anon in December notes.

Our Mess Darts Team is going great guns. We are entered in the 4th Brigade Zone League, and so far we are undefeated.

S.Q.M.S. Edwards leads the "Prickers" very well, and more than once he has been confused with Jim Pike.

11 AIR FORMATION SIGNAL REGIMENT

Rückeburg

December

R.H.Q. and 1 Squadron, 11 Air Formation Signal Regiment, are stationed in the small country town of Bückeburg, which was entirely undamaged in the war. Bückeburg is typical of most small German market towns. Tarmac roads are unheard of and all the streets with any pretence to importance are cobbled. These cobbles are laid in a definite semi-circular pattern, but this does not seem to make any difference to the surface of the road, which even in a well-sprung truck jolts one about in a manner reminiscent of truck rides over the chalk tracks of Salisbury Plain.

On these boneshaking surfaces a weird and wonderful assortment of vehicles can be seen, varying from diminutive *volkswagens* and modern cars with gas generators to the huge long-distance diesel lorries rumbling along with two, and sometimes three, trailers careering perilously behind. Interspersed with these Emmett-like parodies of mechanical transport are the horsed vehicles of yesterday, brought from retirement because of the lack of petrol. It appears, too, from the lack of spirit in the lean and scraggy nags that petrol is not the only commodity in short supply, but that forage crops for livestock are also difficult to obtain.

However, although the roads are very poor, Bückeburg is quite a pleasant place, especially when one comes into it from a huge, sprawling town like Hanover, where the bomb damage is untold. The streets are clear of rubble, and behind the unbroken shop windows is a fair selection of goods. Before the new Deutsche Marks came into circulation, to all appearance, the shops were empty, but with the advent of the new marks, suddenly, almost overnight, the shops filled with goods which previously could only be acquired through the Black Market.

Historically, Bückeburg is also very interesting since the inhabitants of Bückeburg Schloss are directly related to our Royal Family. The Schloss is a large country house, architecturally much different to English country seats, standing in its own large grounds. Now much of the Schloss has been taken over by the Army Air Transport Organisation and the owners live in one wing only. Also in the Schloss is a N.A.A.F.I. Married Families' Shop, where wives gather in the afternoon to buy their weekly rations (that is what they tell their husbands). The main reason, however, is just that they want to gossip, for the married families' houses are scattered around the town and the opportunities for meeting are not great. The N.A.A.F.I. shop provides the ideal meeting place, and if the husband's tea is late, they can always furnish the excuse, " Oh, I was getting the rations and I met Mrs. ——. You know what Mrs. —— is like once she starts talking, you can't get away from her."

The grounds are open to the public and the area has become, more or less, the local park. In the morning the German nursemaids can be seen wheeling their English charges about, and in the evening the park becomes the playground of all the local children. During the summer the tennis courts which are reserved for British personnel are used a great deal, and the B.A.F.O. Riding Club stages most of its gymkhanas in the almost perfect setting of this local park.

Just outside the town is Bückeburg Airfield, the activity of which has increased greatly since " Operation Plane-Fare " started. It is used mainly for passenger transport, and all Berlin personnel proceeding on U.K. leave fly out from Berlin, stay here the night in transit, and then carry on to the Hook of Holland by rail the next morning. This airfield has put Bückeburg on the map, since most high ranking officers coming to Germany land at Bückeburg, and in all the articles recently seen in the daily papers Bückeburg has been marked as one of the airfields engaged in " Operation Plane-Fare."

Although Bückeburg is quite a small town, the soldier has several places where he can go for entertainment. Half-way down the main street is the R.A.F. Cinema, which shows surprisingly up-to-date films. A little further on one comes to the Y.W.C.A. Canteen, and at the bottom of the street, by the market place, stands the Malcolm Club, which is fully equipped with canteen, reading room, gift shop, and Garrison Theatre. Five or six kilometres away, at Bad Eilsen (B.A.F.O. H.Q.), are another cinema, Malcolm Club, and N.A.A.F.I. The soldier stationed in Bückeburg has a better selection of entertainment than many Service men stationed in towns twice or three times the size, and to the soldier coming abroad for the first time Bückeburg, as a station, could not be bettered in the whole of the British Zone.

Personnel Engaged in " Operation Plane-Fare." The following narrative is, in some small way, an account of the work carried on by the men of 11 Air Formation Signal Regiment who are engaged in keeping up communications on airfields which are operating in the Berlin Airlift.

Due to the ever-increasing number of new lines which are being installed daily, the men are working in two shifts—a day shift from 0800 hrs. to 1800 hrs., and a night shift from 1800 hrs. to 0800 hrs. The line mechanic in charge of Fault Control, the centre of all tele-communications on the airfield, has a heavy and arduous task, his duty being to keep down to a minimum the number of faults which at this time of year, owing to inclement weather, are ever increasing. The faults in are some measure due also to the great number of new installations. Since the arrival of the U.S.A.A.F. on certain airfields, new lines have had to be laid and changed over to another switchboard, which has meant the changing of many numbers and, consequently, new telephone directories.

The teleprinters are working on a three-channel system, which has been, to date, fairly effective. These printers work for the greater part of each day and must be kept up to the required working standard. The meteorological printer is printing for approximately 23 hours out of 24, at the rate of 60 words per minute. It can therefore be seen that the maintenance of this intricate piece of machinery must be very much up to scratch, and this can only be done if the workshop is staffed night and day by men who, when a printer goes " out of action," must instantly bring into operation one of the spare machines.

The lineman may be called out at any hour of the day or night to deal with faulty cables. To help him on his way, a driver is continually on duty to take the lineman wherever his assistance is needed, perhaps a mile or two away on the far side of the 'drome. It appears that a great many faults arise out of the carelessness of men who may, whilst digging a drainage trench, cut through a cable with their spades. However, whatever the fault, the lineman must be prepared at all times to come to the rescue and repair the severed line. The main difficulty, so far as the lineman is concerned, is the finding of the fault. He may have to go a matter of five yards or five miles before he finally traces it, and then has to set about connecting up the parted line as quickly and methodically as he can. Whilst on a tour of airfields engaged on " Operation Plane-Fare," I noticed that the morale of Signals personnel engaged on those arduous duties was extremely high. This was perhaps due to the American equivalent of our N.A.A.F.I., the P.X., which seems to be able to supply almost anything.

No. 1 SQUADRON HEADQUARTERS, BUCKEBURG. No. 2 Squadron has now combined with 1 Squadron, and the new 1 Squadron keeps its old O.C., Major Hewitt, and S.H.Q. staff. The Squadron now has Troops as far afield as Wahn, which is 200 miles away, whereas before all 1 Squadron Troops were in the Bückeburg area.

No. 31 Construction Troop now has another officer. He is Second-Lieutenant Loveday, and he has taken over the Bückeburg Airfield detachment of 31 Construction Troop. This relieves Second-Lieutenant Hunt of quite a bit of work.

This month the motor cycles have been quiet, but they have started again, and we hope to keep up our usual standard in the 2nd Infantry Division scrambles on 15th December. However, more of that next month.

81 WING SIGNAL TROOP, WAHN. With the cutting down of the strength of 81 Wing Signal Troop here at Wahn, we find it rather hard to field a very creditable team for any of the sports which are being played off in the Station Commander's Cup, but it has been arranged that we combine with an Armoured Flight of the R.A.F. Regiment. Since this arrangement was made, the combined sections have been able to hold up their heads again in the world of sport.

Since demob was stopped, the number of birthday parties help in the Troop has increased, and one wonders if some of the men aren't ageing too rapidly, but if it wasn't birthdays it would be something else. One man in the Troop has been heard to say that it would be better if demob was restarted, so that we could have an " honest " party for a change.

No. 31 CONSTRUCTION TROOP, BUCKEBURG. The Con Troop has been quite busy this month, assisting in the execution of " Operation Plane-Fare." Right from the start of this operation they have very often worked the

whole night through. Despite the lack of food, or the lack of brains, they readily dashed through the gates of the Schloss, Bückeburg, and with cries of "Go on, then," or "Get among 'em," the line party proceeded to sling cable over the moat, surrounding the huts known as A.A.T.O. Ops. Room, Married Families' Shop, and Officers' Club.

Quite a lot of activity took place round the bridge over the moat, and all the fuss was over one P.L. pole. One line-man/P.L. dashed up the pole, dashed down again (he forgot to take the cable with him), dashed up again, and dashed his head against the arm on the top of pole. "How dashing," murmured Sergeant Davies.

Spare days that the Con Troop had were spent on the route that was at one time known as the Minden P.V.C. During the summer the Troop enjoyed taking this route to pieces, for the trees lining the route were loaded with apples. Now the local villagers have stripped the trees of the fruit, and the Troop, for some reason or other, has lost some of its keenness.

We extend a warm welcome to all new arrivals to the Troop, for there have been quite a lot this month, and we also tender our deepest regrets to that valiant few who come under the category of Age and Service Groups 77, 78, and 101, who took the demob news unflinchingly.

To them we dedicate the following few stanzas:

THREE MORE MONTHS

On September 14th, that fateful day,
The Sergeant-Major rang to say
That all the men would walk around
That evening on the drilling ground.

At six o'clock the men were there,
A hush descended on the square.
A figure then came into view,
His shoulders hunched, his hat askew.

"Gentlemen, I am sad to say,
Three months as from today,
That is the time you'll have to do
After your demob is thru."

"Oh, wake me now," there came a scream,
"I hope and pray it's all a dream.
I've done my time—let me away.
Tomorrow should be my last day."

His speech was short and to the point,
The lads were near fainting point.
His speech was finished, no more to say,
The crowd dispersed and went away.

O'er hill and dale, in Naafis far,
To drown their sorrows in the bar,
In gin and beer, without a cheer,
And take their loss without a tear.

Three more months, it can't be true,
I only had one month to do.
And as they talked and drank their beer,
They wished that they were dead, or near.

"I'll write to my M.P.," said one,
"And ask him how long he has done."
They nursed their troubles and drank their beer,
Their demob dates now are nowhere near.

They drank until their sorrows fled,
And joyously turned home to bed.
Now let me end this tale of woe
By saying just before I go,

We may have three more months to do,
And it may seem quite a while to you,
But do cheer up and keep quite merry,
Because it's not so long to January.

No. 3 SQUADRON H.Q., UETERSEN. This month finds the Squadron preparing for Christmas. Many changes have recently been effected, and O.C. Squadron since October has been Major R. C. S. Collison *vice* Major E. G. Wood, who proceeded on Class "A" release. We hope his stay with the Squadron will be happy and pleasant.

Also in this issue we would like to congratulate Signalman Whiting, otherwise known as "Chippy," on his promotion to lance-corporal.

During the last month we have played 4 soccer games, winning 3 and losing 1. The main game of the month was the first round of the B.A.O.R. Cup. This we won by defeating R.E.M.E., Arborfield Barracks, by 2 goals to 1.

41 WING SIGNAL TROOP. Captain A. MacNair, after a considerable time at Gatow, has left for civil life. There are possibilities of his accepting a post in Cyrenaica. The best wishes of the Troop go to him. We welcome Captain W. C. Barber (ex-W.O. Signal Regiment and 5 A.A. Group (M) Signal Regiment) as his successor.

The Airlift to Berlin, though in its fifth month, creates lots of work for 41 Wing. Telephones are removed to new locations at the rate of twenty a week, and there are new phones needed almost every day. There have been no major breakdowns and everything is running smoothly.

There was a change in the general routine of the Troop on Saturday, 13th November, when Driver Taylor, the oldest member of 41 Wing, was married at St. Andrew's Church to Fraulein Ingeborg Schirmer. The officers and men of 41 Wing wish him and his wife the very best of luck in their future life together.

Owing to the commitments and strength of the Troop, it is not possible for us to field a soccer team of our own, but we combine with the R.E. detachment working on the airfield, and at last it appears that we may this time succeed where previously we perished! We played one match in the Station League and lost 0—2 to 54 Squadron, R.A.F. Regiment. They are the best team on the station, but we hope that success may be ours the next time we have them as our opponents.

67 WING SIGNAL TROOP. Recently 67 Wing Signal Troop has been working very hard, installing the many facilities required for the operation of the Berlin Airlift from R.A.F., Schleswig-Land. R.A.F., Lübeck, is also one of the Troop's commitments, but this airfield has settled down to its work on "Operation Plane-Fare," and everyone has ceased the continual changing about the offices and operations rooms, which involved much line installation work.

A member of the Troop, Signalman Evans, scored the first goal of the game, after four minutes' play, while playing for his Squadron in the first round of the Army Cup.

139 LINE TROOP, FASSBERG. During the past month the weather has done its utmost to cause chaos among our cables, but as yet we have never been caught on the wrong foot. Fault Control, in fact, is the busiest section in the Troop. Our main worry at the moment is the bull-dozer which seems to make a habit of poking its nose into our cables.

Our detachments, of which there are two, are doing a fine job. One of them spends its time trying to catch up with our rather restless Allies, but we are always just one pace behind. Another has almost completed its job of strengthening the walls of Hangar 12 with mile upon mile of 1 pr. 12½. They have also built a third Centralle to simplify distribution and fault-finding; in fact, the whole of the new internal wiring system is a credit to the Troop.

Yet another detachment is constructing a new D.P. for the Traffic and Loading Points. Some amusement has been caused by the appearance of a small shack, which grew a row of 6-inch steel teeth one day and had them all painlessly extracted the next.

We were all very sorry to see our O.C., Lieutenant D. S.

Jones, leave us on 23rd November, and take this opportunity of thanking him for all the work he has put in during the past four months, and of wishing him all the very best in civilian life.

We welcome to the Troop Corporal Parfitt, and also Drivers Northey, O'Donnell, Peek, and Tapsell, and hope they will enjoy their stay here.

The soccer team has had less opportunity to show its worth this month, but has played two matches, with the following results:

6th November	*v.* 3 A.C.S., R.A.F. Regt.	Lost	3—4
13th November	*v.* R.A.F. Signals ...	Won	7—1

Individual soccer honours go this month to Corporal McWhan and Signalman Laws, who have played for the Station team, and also to Corporal Penny, who, along with the other two, has played for the Squadron team.

The Americans' P.X. Snack Bar, now in bounds to British troops, is proving a very popular rendezvous. There has been a suggestion that we should construct a large D.P. under the counter, but as two of our sergeants could not take a "Fassberg Special," it is felt unwise to expose the younger section of the Troop to such a temptation.

BERLIN SIGNAL SQUADRON

The following notes and photographs had, unfortunately, to be held over from the December WIRE:

In a previous edition we wrote of a visit that we paid to Gatow Airfield and how we were impressed by the smoothness and precision of this Operation Planefare. We have, since then, made a further visit, the idea being to circulate, through the medium of our Corps Magazine to those outside Berlin, what a well-planned operation this is. We have pictured ourselves as an outsider—what would Planefare mean to us? Well, just one of those everyday occurrences, just another piece of work which is but ordinary routine. Back at Gatow once again, we were permitted to roam at will—once through the barrier—and with pencil and paper we made notes of the changes that had taken place since our last visit. To mention them all would be too much for our Editor. Vast new Air Strips had appeared as if overnight; we counted 32 aircraft, ranging from the enormous Globemaster to the small Dakota; they were coming in, unloading, and off again into the sky with the utmost precision. We saw vehicles, troops and German civilians running across the runways as planes were taxi-ing in; they weren't alarmed, they had to be there first to meet the plane as it halted—and they made it. We spoke to the skipper of a Skymaster who had just landed with 7½ tons of coal aboard, and asked him to take us round his machine. In the usual dry Yankee way he replied, "Well, you'll have to look nippy, buddies, we'll be in the sky again in 20 minutes." Can you beat that spirit?

The turn-round of the aircraft on the ground is a very interesting feature. This is a matter of a series of consecutive actions which together build up to a considerable total. For example, the aircraft must not waste time taxi-ing; it must be parked rapidly on the apron without queueing or otherwise wasting time; the unloaders must be on board and know just how to unload the aircraft; if it is coal, the sweepers-out must be inside before the unloaders have finished; the lorry for unloading must be in position within a few seconds of the aircraft engines being switched off. If there is a second lorry it must be squared off and ready to back straight in the instant the first lorry is filled —and so on.

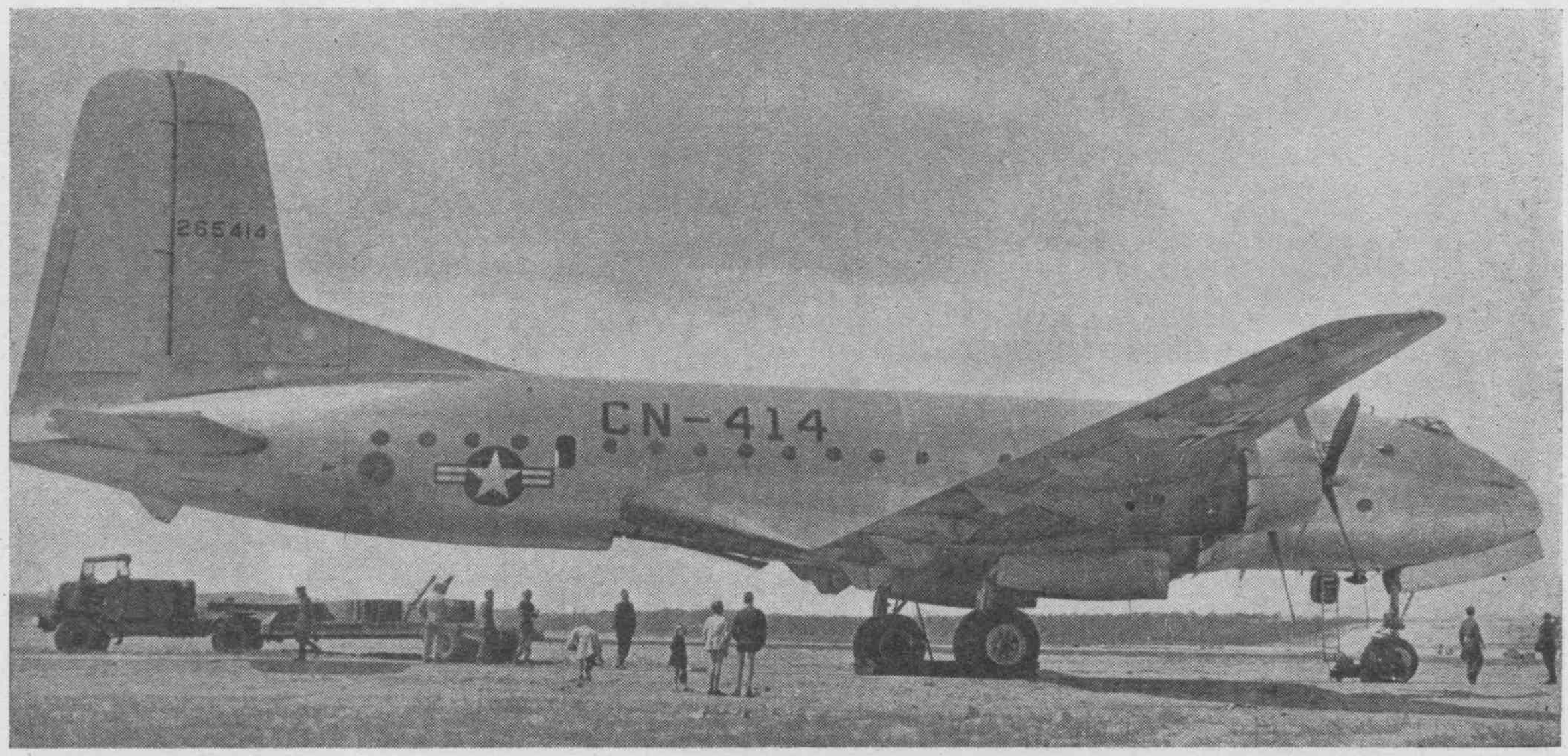
But the Airlift does not confine itself to food and fuel. Raw materials and finished goods for the shops are being brought in, and industrial goods must be flown out to keep up the export trade. And so it goes on. Surely *this is* the eighth wonder of the world.

ROCKY

Q.V.H.

An operator Tom at the remote control end
Didn't think that the set was going to send,
So he 'phoned the R/M at the Transmitter Site
And asked "Are my signals going out all right."

His pal John replied, "I'll just have a look,"
And laying aside his Wild West book,
Glanced at the set, saw no reading on the P.A.,
This, then, was the start of that busy day.



The Globemaster at Gatow

Unloading a Dakota

After changing some valves, the P.A. was fixed,
Then he found that some bright lad had the feeders mixed,
He changed them over as quick as he could
And thought to himself now the set should be good.

Alas, just as he thought he had fixed things fine,
A fault developed on the keying line.
He asked Reichspost to change to another pair,
But the spares were all in a bad state of repair.

After testing and jointing here and there,
They eventually found him a decent spare pair.
He connected it through and Tom tried the key,
And got through strength five fading to three.

"Good," said John, "everything O.K. at last,"
But he hadn't reckoned with the aerial mast,
Which even then leaned over at an angle
And afterwards fell with the wire all entangled.

Then, with the aid of six strong men,
He managed to straighten the mast up again;
Now he thought, we've had faults galore,
Surely there can't be many more.

But there was the set to tune on another range,
The generators to fill and batteries to change,
And as he'd been on guard the night before,
It wasn't at all funny any more.

Though he wasn't the type of chap
Who very easily got in a flap,
His usual smile had changed to a frown,
For all of those faults were getting him down.

He grumbled and moaned about his job,
With all of that work for a few miserable bob.
I replied with a phrase that the Army has coined,
And conclude with same, "John, you shouldn't have joined."

A. ALEXANDER, Corporal

Berlin.
6th November, 1948.

UP FOR A LARK

P.T. Parade in Berlin

Up with the lark, while yet it's dark,
When the dawn in the East is grey,
With a nip in the air, and uncombed hair,
A voice says "Right!"—and away.

O'er woodland paths we travel fast:
With the leaves in a swirl at our feet;
The course is long and you need be strong,
When obstacles there you meet.

Down "Heart-Break Alley," that grinding drive,
When the end seems ne'er in sight,
On and on for a mile or more,
Then a quick sharp turn to the right.

Havel Hill is the next you meet,
It's a gradient very steep,
It makes you puff and pant somewhat,
And sometimes almost weep.

From Havel Hill, as I just spoke of,
There's a down grade near at hand;
Down you go with a frantic rush,
And your shoes quite full of sand.

From there along the Havel,
Cross road and woodland track,
Till the Stadium there you see,
And you know you're almost back.

The Church of Jock's is on the left,
A temptation hard to quell,
On and on, you must go on,
But your feet they hurt like—well.

Was it worth it? I ask you now;
I think so, take my tip,
Come with us to the Grunewald,
And we'll make you feel quite fit.

D. MOLE, Royal Signals

Other Overseas Stations

MAURITIUS SIGNAL TROOP

So much has been happening during the past two months that I'm not very sure how to start, and as I sit chewing my pencil and looking out on the heat of the midday sun—Oh, how I'd love to be swimming at Chaland in the shark-infested seas.

The major event last month was the arrival of Major Bernard Butler, ex-Palestine Command Signal Regiment and now O.C. Mauritius Signal Training Wing, M.E.L.F., going all out to recruit Mauritians for service with the Corps in Mid-East. Boy, has he made Mauritius Signal-conscious! Those poor colonial administrators ran up temperatures overnight as radio, newspapers, and all other means of communication (telephone, telegraph, tell a woman) spread the glad tidings abroad. Congratulations, Bernard, on a fine job well done. (Our own O.C. had a bit of a temperature as well, for fear M.S.T. would pack up and go to Mid-East, but fortunately . . .)

During the last few days of August we were honoured by a visit to the Garrison of our G.O.C. East Africa, Major-General Dimoline. He was very impressed with the Signals lay-out and offered his heartiest congratulations. (Was it with envy in his eyes that he looked into the palatial surrounding of Captain Bell's office?) We were disappointed that the local band did not have the music of " Begone, Dull Care " when the G.O.C. (ex-Signals) was entertained to dinner in the Officers' Mess.

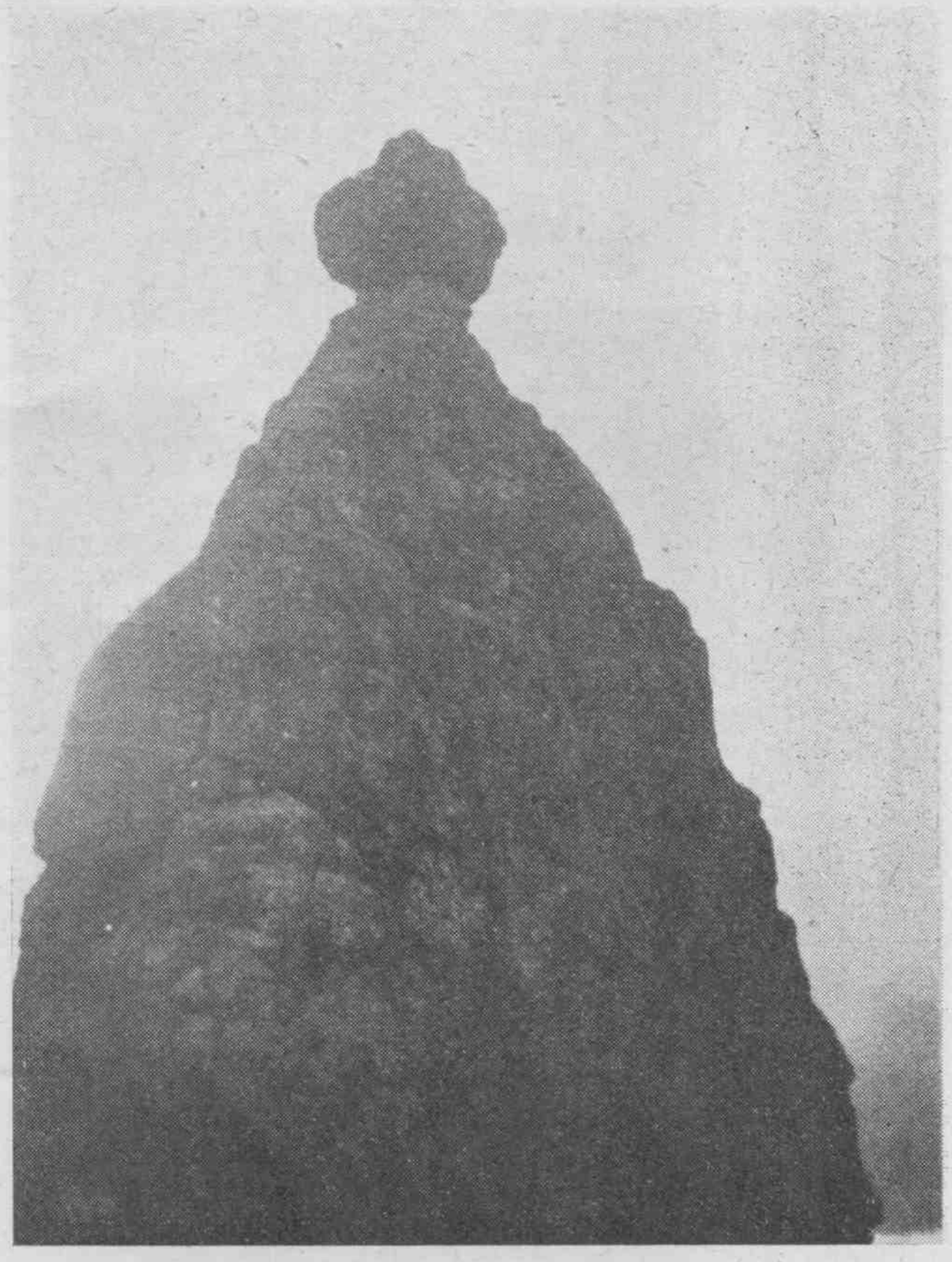
Release has certainly shown its face around here, and new arrivals are Signalmen Walker and Wade, both from E.A.C. Signal Squadron, replacing Corporals Plumb and Milner, our lines N.C.O. and radio mechanic respectively. To the former we extend a hearty welcome to the Troop, and wish the latter the very best of luck on return to Civvy Street. *Bon voyage.*

After having a look through some old copies of THE WIRE, Sergeant " Pop " Harris, our cipher N.C.O. and father of the Troop, came in and asked if he could apply for LOLLIPOP instead of LILOP or LIAP. He's now enjoying one week's well-earned rest. He later explained that LOLLIPOP meant " Lots of Local Leave in Place of Python." Must have got that from his cipher books.

" Chalky " White, our " Q," had a laugh of the O.C. out on the golf course digging new bunkers with his driver. Captain Bell, after looking at his score card of 72, thought it very good, and next week hopes to try the second hole.

And so we say farewell to this beautiful island set in a—seem to have heard that before, but this is all for this month.

JIMMY THE ONE



Unique view of Pieter Both

Mountaineering in Mauritius

FOR those keen on achieving a higher status in life, ample opportunities are offered on the island, for, due to the volcanic eruptions of earlier centuries, there are numerous mountains of over two thousand feet in height, some rising with almost sheer faces from a few feet above sea level. The highest of these peaks is Pieter Both, named after the first person to reach the summit, and boasting a height of 2,960 ft. above sea level. Of the several expeditions, the one to be described is the ascent of this mountain, chosen because of its altitude and its unique structure, consisting of a sharp peak above a small base area, and an enormous boulder perched precariously on the very summit, as the photograph illustrates.

After a particularly uncomfortable approach to the mountain through a dense sugar plantation, in which the island abounds, the road being rather uneven and narrow, much to the party's painful discovery, we alighted to see Pieter Both rearing up ahead of us with its sheer faces and summit confronting us in a most dominating manner.

The initial ascent was most exhausting, due to the dense undergrowth of sisal and thorn bushes, but within half an hour we began climbing rapidly, though by a treacherous route up the face, which, being of volcanic lava rock, proved slippery even to plimsolls, the safest footwear to adopt on such climbs. At this stage we met with the most difficult part of the ascent, being perched on a ledge 1 ft. wide, the next ledge about 12 ft. above us, while behind was the gaping, rather terrifying prospect of vacancy, and vertically below, by about 300 ft., was the expanse of greenery, trees, and sisal—rather an unwelcome carpet should we " wish " to take the plunge! The only means of overcoming this difficulty was a crevice providing meagre, unstable footholds, with equally unstable projections for the hands. The most experienced one of us made the first attempt, and, much to our later amazement, managed to heave himself up. We, the remainder, soon appreciated the value of experience when our turns came to put our observation, strength, and confidence to test, for after numerous attempts and failures, we began to doubt our own courage, but, one by one, seemingly instilled with some divine spirit, our courage returned, and we were able, after much deliberation, to reach the upper ledge and appreciate a well-earned rest and recover our energy.

To our surprise, instead of being within a few feet of the peak, we were at one end of a shoulder, which afforded no hindrance, being almost level and 15 ft. wide. It was from here that the photograph of the boulder was taken, illustrating the peculiar and most noticeable feature of the mountain, which is visible from all points on the coast of the island. Now came the last hundred feet to the summit, which from the tip of the shoulder looked particularly steep, and to our astonishment and dismay, our predecessors, appreciating the difficulty, had cemented into the rock face some iron rungs, and so we clambered up these, though not too hastily, for, due to the rigours of the weather and age, the iron was weak with corrosion. Thus we reached the ledge, about 20 ft. square, on which the boulder stood, supported by two smaller ones in a most precarious and yet seemingly stable position. This huge stone, in the rough shape of a ball of about 20 ft. diameter, was actually detached from the mountain, and not standing on a narrow column, suffering erosion, as we had assumed when planning the climb. The boulder was found to be studded with iron rungs, such as were met with lower down, but unfortunately nature seems to have taken command away up here in the clouds, for a good half of the rungs had just disappeared, presenting us with a most uninviting spectacle, the effect increased by the receding base of the boulder.

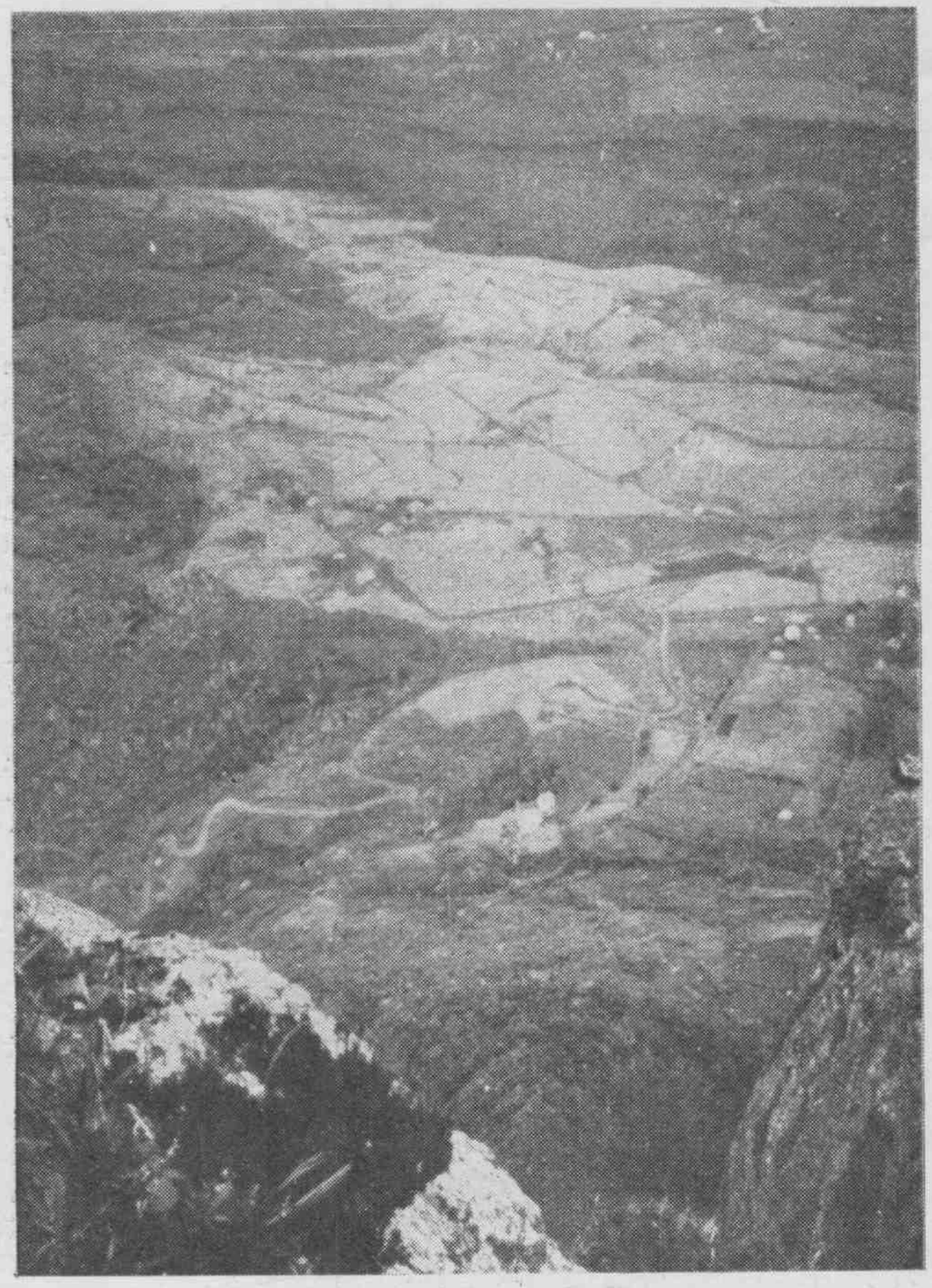
On reaching this ledge, we were but 20 ft. from the very summit, and so took the opportunity of surveying the countryside, which seemed to be laid out beneath us just as a carpet, rolling away for a distance of 15 miles to the white fringe encircling us like a fence, and beyond that the sea extending to the horizon as a vast blue-grey plateau. Looking below, Port Louis, the island's main seaport, could be seen, the small houses huddled together on the inside of the bay, while motionless on the water stood two of the vessels that keep us in touch with the outside world, surrounded by submarine contours clearly visible from our altitude.

But alas! this was no time to appreciate the beauties that nature offers; we had an aim to achieve, and the sun was sinking fast, as our bodies perceived, for a breeze was blowing, causing us to shiver slightly. And so it was that we endeavoured to swell our pride by attempts at the boulder, but they proved futile, only our experienced friend succeeding, with a struggle, to reach the top, due to the spherical shape of the rock.

By this time it was getting cold, and dusk was creeping upon us, so we retraced our steps, though not by the same route as our ascent. When able to view our route up the mountain, it was obvious that we had chosen the most difficult way, and so, to save time and make an easier descent, we chose another side of the mountain, grass covered, and with a more gradual slope affording good footholds. By this route it was but a matter of minutes before we ran into the sisal " barrier " again, and from which we soon emerged, none the worse except for several scratches.

It wasn't long before we were back by the truck again, satisfying our thirst and hunger, and looking once again up to the peak, still towering above us, but now appearing less invincible. Although we didn't all achieve our object, there will come another day when success will be the only result. Pieter Both still reigns over Mauritius, defying the cyclones, storms, and other equally futile attempts to decapitate it!

Thus went just one of the climbs in Mauritius, a popular pastime because of the number of mountains, and of their close proximity to all points on the island.



The starting point almost vertically below

X BRANCH, H.Q., BRITISH TROOPS IN EGYPT AND MEDITERRANEAN COMMAND

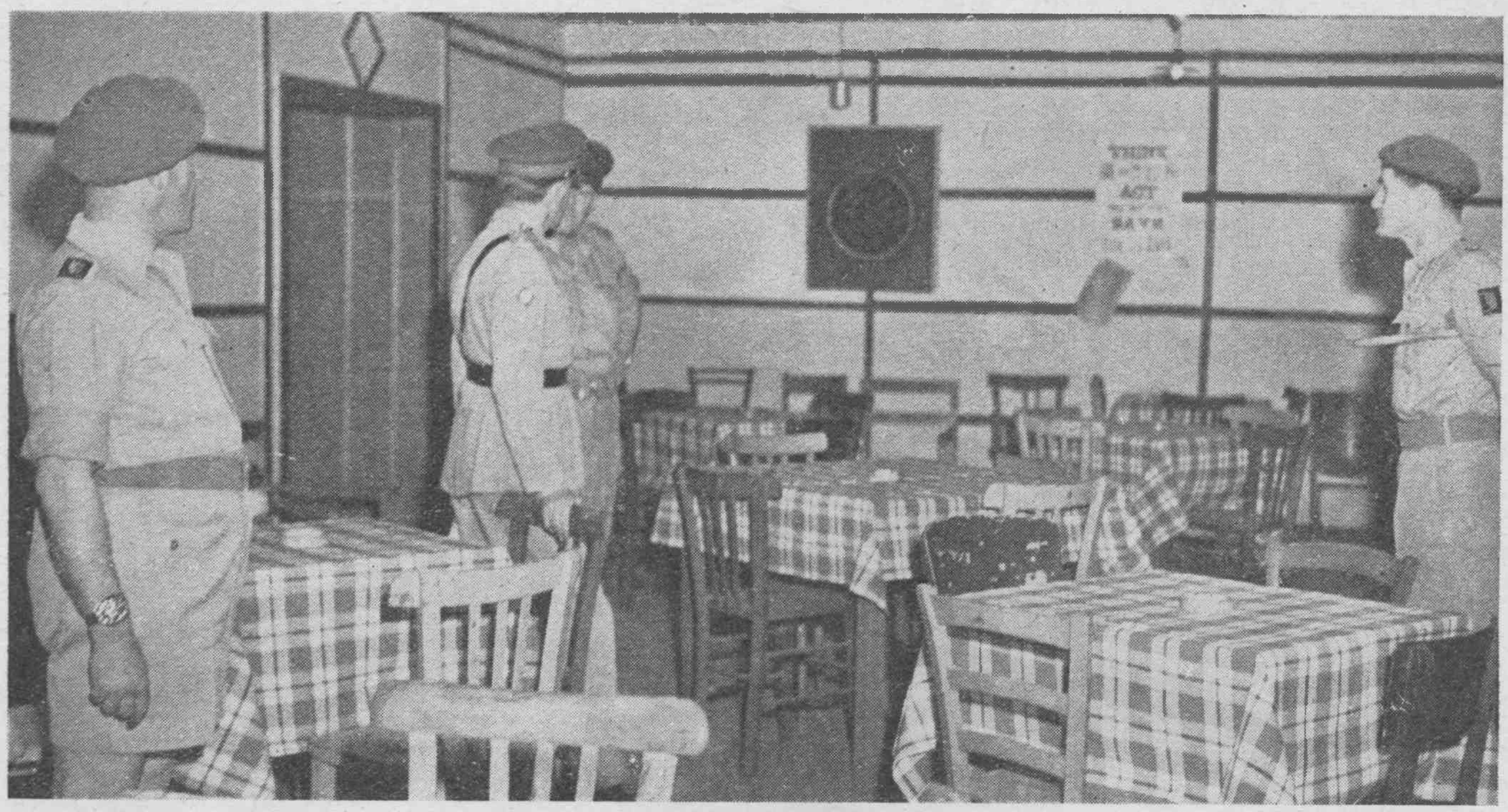
Moascar, Egypt *December*

If you read us in December, you'll remember that we pondered rhetorically the reason why we were called " SX Branch." We have been told the answer in the uncertain manner, " F.S.P.B., Part I, Pamphlet No. 3, Table 3." So that's that. But in any case, just to be difficult, we have now changed our name to " X " ! This is traditional in M.E. from Eighth Army days.

" A rose by any other name . . ."—the change in title has not affected us materially. We still have a lot of work to do, and the " clifty wallahs " are still hard at it removing long lengths of our precious underground cables.

Cable thefts have become so bad that we are reviewing our overhead routes and getting all technical about 1 + 4s and repeaters. Yesterday we did an aerial reconnaissance of the railway overhead route along the roadless east bank of the Canal between Kantara to Suez. We went in an Auster with a rather " dicey " R.A.F. pilot, who managed to keep alongside and only about 15 yards away from the route all the way. Going round some of the sharp bends was a bit exhilarating, but on the whole we found it an excellent way of doing a general recce of a route, and we managed to find out in an hour what it would have taken three days to find out in a jeep. We took some pictures, and if they are any good we will send you some " for favour of publication " later. Those who had any hand in the building of the route in 1941-2 will be pleased to know that it is still in fairly good condition and most probably usable when a few weeks' general maintenance has been done on it.

Our summer has gone, as even Egyptian summers do, and though it is still in the 70s at midday, we shiver round our office stoves at 7.30 a.m. each morning. Last night it rained, and we are watching with interest the effect on our off-jointed cables. It is amazing what a multitude of sins dry sand conceals. Those of you who resorted to all sorts of unnatural (or rather natural) means to provide a reasonable contact between earth-pin and earth will understand !



G.O.C.'s inspection

Photo by U.S. Army Signal Corps

Betfor Signals

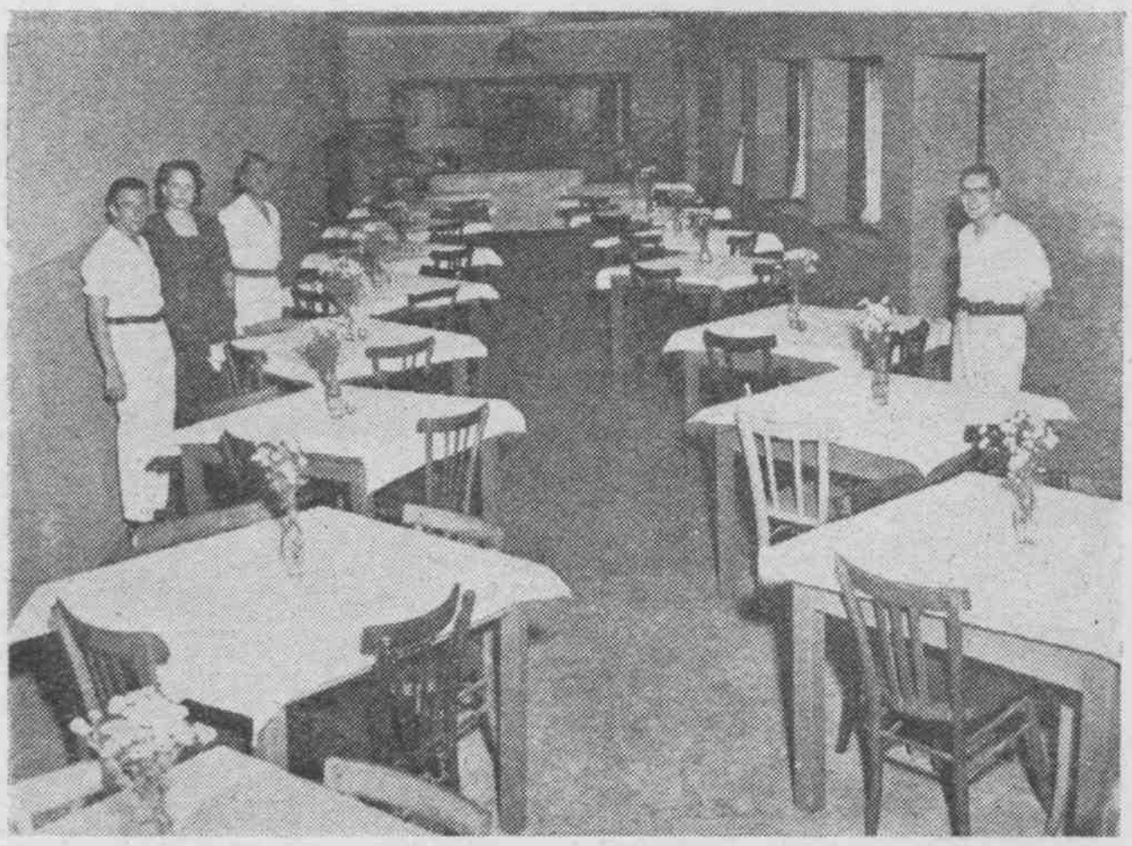
TRIESTE

November

We must apologise for the large gap since we last sent you some notes, which were published in the June number of THE WIRE.

We are still without a civilian Governor for the Territory, and judging by the American, British and French joint proposal that the Territory should return to Italy, we are not likely to get one. We await Russian agreement to this proposal put forward six months ago.

The Italian general election passed off quietly as far as we were concerned.



The men's dining hall

The summer has been comparatively quiet, although the weather has been poor.

Trieste has been visited by Field Marshal Montgomery since our last notes and our G.O.C.-in-C. has visited our Unit twice. We gather he was very satisfied with what he saw.

We are self-contained in our little barracks. Little is correct, as there is no room in it for the line troop which lives with Camp H.Q. Most men sleep in rooms holding an average of four. The Sergeants' Mess, Corporals' Room, Quiet Room and Unit Office are all in the same block, and so are very handy for the S.S.M. to sort out who is who and what is what. We have our shower baths, canteen, small square, S.Q.M.S. store, cookhouse and dining-room forming the other three sides of the square below the barrack block. The top of our main barrack block forms a very nice flat roof, which is used a great deal in the summer weather by the "off duty" reliefs for sun-bathing. We can show as fine a set of sun-tanned bodies as anyone, all beautifully tanned but not burnt to cinders; there is not enough time off to get burnt, the S.S.M. sees to that.

We are now having a spate of exercises and training, which is good for us all, although it is rather tempting providence to expect fine weather so late in the year. We fired our annual range course in October, but a high, gusty wind prevented our getting as good results as we should have liked.

The C.O.'s Inter-Troop sports shield has been competed for during the summer. An athletic meeting was held and also an excellent swimming competition. Mrs. Paterson, the C.O.'s wife, presented the prizes, including the shield to Lance-Corporal Hoyle, the captain of the winning troop, which was H.Q. Troop. The tidal wave, by the way, was

Telephones for H.M.S. Newcastle

Sergeants' Mess

caused by S.S.M. Taylor when he won his heat in the blindfold novelty race. He sure did move some water, but he got there just the same.

We have two good hockey teams and hope to go a fair way in the league this year. Last year we topped the league for the first half of the season, but then old man release beat us. It must be taken into consideration that we have to play Battalion teams.

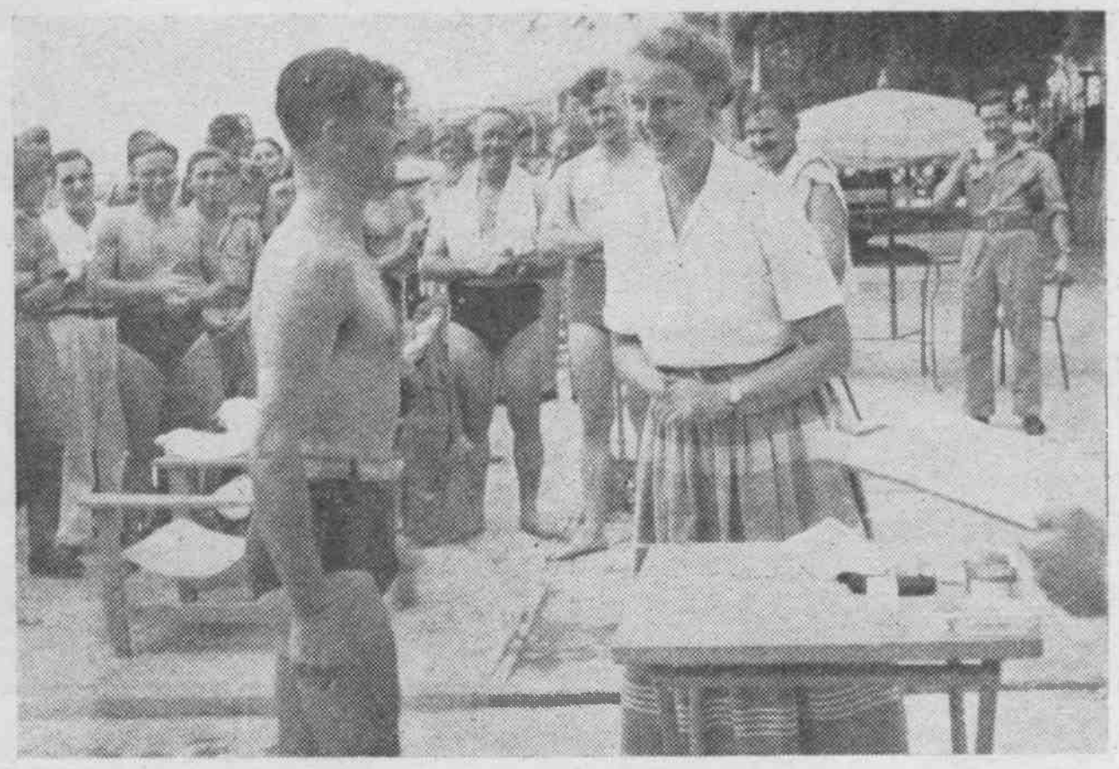
Our football team is doing very well; it beat its last opponents 9—3.

We have a good Rugby team, which has won both its matches against Battalion teams.

All this from a Unit under 200 in strength.

There have been some changes in the Officers, Warrant Officers and Sergeants since our last notes. Captain MacTavish, late M.E.L.F., has joined us, but alas, he has been away recently recovering from a serious operation. Captain "Dutch" Holland (Ciphers) and Captain Mike Watterson are just about to leave us, to our great regret. Lieutenant Miller and Lieutenant Moore have joined us in place of Lieutenant Jim Suckling and Lieutenant Charters, who have returned to Civvy Street.

S.S.M. (Cipher) Crawley, S.Q.M.S. George Roll (F. of S.) and Sergeant Sellex have joined us, also Sergeant Killey, A.C.C. We wish them a happy stay. S.Q.M.S. Byron has left for M.E.L.F., Sergeant Barrell for release, and Sergeant



Mrs. Paterson and Sergeant Bruford

White for U.K. Alas, no replacements have arrived for them yet.

The Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess have had some wonderful parties, and the liaison with His Majesty's ships and the American Signal Corps continues to be excellent.

STOP PRESS

Boxing—5 Training Regiment have won the Northern Command Team Championship

POSTS AND TELECOMMS. DEPT.. B.M.A., ERITREA

Asmara

November

Once again, like most Units in these somewhat trying times, we have to report many changes in our little band, the most prominent of those being a change in command, and we take this opportunity of wishing Major and Mrs. Farmer "Good Luck" and "Happy Landings" in their new station. At the same time we extend the glad hand to our new skipper, Major A. P. Dunn, who has assumed command, and wish him every success in the future with our assurances of wholehearted co-operation.

With over 2,000 subscribers' lines to maintain, which are spread over an area greater than that of Wales and much more mountainous, plus the maintenance and manning of 34 exchanges with the odd few thousand miles of trunk route, our troubles are many and varied.

Apart from the ever-recurring instances of theft, damage, and the occasional spot of sabotage to our trunk routes—which, incidentally, have been estimated to cost £7,000 per year—we have to contend with Dame Nature in all her many forms, animal and insect, mineral and vegetable.

During the rainy season, for instance, we have to contend with giant grasses, cactus and many other forms of plant life. Of the latter, the Kapok tree is the most virulent. They literally shoot up overnight and their branches and leaves play havoc among the trunk routes. They form designs and pictures which would gladden the heart of any botanist, but are, to say the least, a pain in the neck (and many other places which shall remain nameless) to our maintenance squads. Torrential rains, with their attendant floods and landslides, are some of the other trials which beset us, increasing our transport and maintenance problems tenfold.

Not being content with all these, Mother Nature throws in her reserves of saboteurs ranging from ants to elephants. We have spiders in this territory which would not only "frighten Miss Muffet away," but would probably give chase also and have a good attempt at emulating the wolf of "Little Red Riding Hood" fame. They (the spiders) delight in spinning their webs among the telephone wires, which, when they become saturated with rain or dew, produce shorts, contacts and earths, which would make a signals line instructor setting test faults for budding linemen rub his hands in glee.

At the other end of the scale there are certain districts where giraffe and even elephants do their little bit towards disrupting the communications of the territory, the former, by omitting to duck when encountering our lines, and the latter by using the steel poles as leaning posts or "back-scratchers," causing them to heel over at most alarming angles, quite often with the pole arms actually touching the ground.

One may be sure that we do not lack for variety in this corner of the globe but, in spite of all our trials and tribulations, however, there are many occasions which are not without their bright and humorous side, but more of those anon.

Sport. Sport is on the upgrade and, what with soccer and cricket matches, not a week passes without at least one or the other being played, and more often than not it's both. During the past month we have played nine soccer matches and four cricket matches. As I anticipated in my last notes, a District Football League has been commenced. It's not the league proper, but is known as the "Small Units' League" and excludes the two Infantry battalions which are stationed in the area. There are seven units in the league, so the worst fate we can suffer is to finish seventh! To date we have played four league games, winning one, drawing one and losing two. Not a very promising start, but we have hopes of improving as the season progresses. During our last match "Jock" Dingwell, our goalkeeper, sustained a leg injury and was admitted to the British Military Hospital with cartilage trouble. We wish you a speedy recovery, Jock.

We have been rather more fortunate with our cricket matches. Of four games played, only one was lost. That was to a full strength battalion side, so it's only natural that our skipper, Captain "Les" Hobley, should be looking around for "bigger game." Signalman "GG" Wright is keeping up his terrific bowling average and, in a recent match against the R.A.S.C., took eight wickets for only 16 runs.

Entertainments. On the evening of 2nd November, the W.O.s and Sergeants invited all Other Ranks to a social evening. A darts match started the ball rolling and this was won easily by the Sergeants by five games to one. After this it was "every man for himself" and, with Sergeant "Taffy" Jones tickling the ivories and Sergeant "Bill" Waller supplying the necessary liquid stimulation, things were nicely rounded off with a sing-song.

"HOWFAIRCHAMP"

WEST AFRICA COMMAND SIGNAL REGIMENT

November

NIGERIA SIGNAL SQUADRON. Well, these last two months we have given you some idea of Army life in Nigeria, especially from the Signals aspect. This month we are taking you on a trip from Gold Coast to Nigeria by road convoy. Your escort will be Sergeant Kirby.

"Join the Army and see the world" is a time-honoured slogan, and the aptness of it is illustrated by this account of a journey made by road from Accra, on the Gold Coast, to Lagos, Nigeria, by five N.C.O.s of the West Africa Signal Regiment.

We left Accra on the morning of 3rd November on posting to Nigeria Signal Squadron. We were just a small party travelling in two three-tonners together with two African drivers, a fitter, and a load of technical equipment.

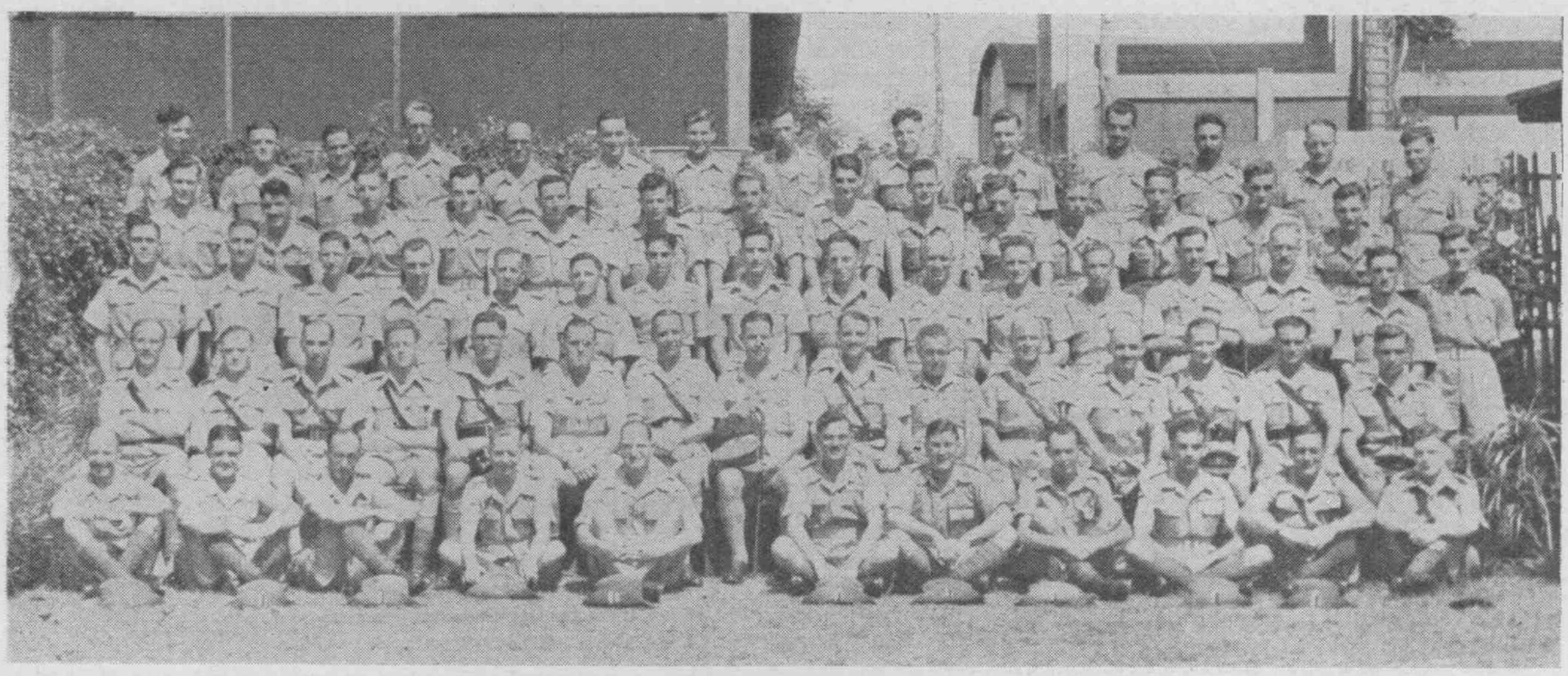
Having an "old sweat" (in the person of S.Q.M.S. Lockey) with us, you can rest assured that provision-action had been taken regarding materials for roadside "brews" en route. Our first thrill arrived when we reached the ferry to cross the Lower Volta.

These ferries out here have to be seen to be believed. They are constructed generally as a pontoon capable of carrying two lorries, and are propelled solely by natives pulling on a guide rope which is suspended from bank to bank. We reached the other side of the Volta, a distance of about ¾ mile, in roughly an hour, and after a short stop for refreshment we set off again with Lomey, in French Togoland, as our goal for that day.

Lomey is a seaside town just over the Gold Coast frontier, and is very popular with those who go on leave. We crossed the frontier late in the afternoon and pulled into Lomey, to be immediately surrounded by native boys who make it their responsibility to change your money into francs, and, like everything in West Africa, bargaining plays a very important part and profitable transactions generally result. We were accommodated in a very fine hotel, and after a shower and "spivving" ourselves up, we proceeded to sample the various beverages from the well-stocked bar, and Benedictine, Cointreau, Martini, and other liqueurs were "common" drinks.

In an open-air palm court, a four-course dinner (consisting of soup, fish, roast pork, peas, creamed potatoes, and an excellent sweet followed by coffee) was served at 8 p.m., and was much appreciated by us, especially as the cost was only 120 francs (approximately 4s. 6d.).

About 10 p.m. we decided we had better turn in, because our African drivers had told us that the following day's



Gold Coast Signal Squadron (with C.S.O. and Staff, H.Q., W.A.C.)

Back row (left to right): Corporals Tetlow, Spiller, Moody, Hatton, Sergeant Lewis, Corporals McMahon, Tucker, Gwynne, Fleming, J. Bellwood, S.Q.M.S. Jones, S.Q.M.S. Safarty, Sergeant Bowman, Corporal Dougall. Fourth row (left to right): Sergeant C. Lewis, Corporals Williams, Beechy, Adams, Sergeant Bright, Corporals Whalley, Warhurst, Kerr, Evitt, Nunn, Busby, Forkgen, Gibson, East. Third row (left to right): Sergeant Stewart, Crennell, Neate, Howells, Kennedy, Constantine, Elliot, Nixon, Boyle, Kirby, Grant, Edge, Barrett, Horn, S.Q.M.S. (F. of S.) Pickering, Corporal Granger. Second row (left to right): Lieutenant Ramsbottom, Captain Edwards, Captain Augustt, Captain Philp, Captain Ellis, R.Q.M.S. French, Major Thorley, Colonel C. H. Lyddon (C.S.O.), Major F. G. Bolam (O.C., G.C.S.S.), S.S.M. Bond, Captain (Q.M.) Webber, Captain (T.O.M.) Bush, Captain Buckeridge, Captain Dutton, Lieutenant Leatherland. Front row (left to right): Sergeant Easterbrook, S.Q.M.S. Lockey, S.Q.M.S. Bond, Sergeant Boyd (R.A.M.C.), S.S.M. Ford, Sergeant Gordon, Corporal Storey, Sergeant Entwhistle, Corporal Field, S.S.M. Baxter, Second-Lieutenant Liddell

journey would be very hard because, as they put it, " French roads too, too bad!" We slept that night in the hotel annexe on Lomey Airport, which left nothing to be desired.

We were up to a good start early next morning, leaving Lomey at 6 a.m., with Cotoneau as our second day's destination. On leaving Lomey, the road (?) hugs the coast for many miles, and for the first 40 odd miles the only vegetation to be seen consists of unending plantations of coconut palms stretching back from the road. These palms are laid out in perfectly straight rows and are a wonderful sight, and as they grow to within 50 yards of the sea, one only needs a few hip-swaying Carmen Mirandas and a little imagination to complete a perfect picture.

Our African drivers were not far from wrong in their estimation concerning the roads in Togoland. At times they are only cart tracks, and cannot be used when it is raining or for two hours after the rain ceases. After a break for a " brew up," we bashed on regardless. We had a very fine welcome at one of our stops, which is very typical of the African natives in the remote parts. We pulled up by a roadside well and from out of nowhere there descended upon us a coconut farmer complete with a " boy " carrying dozens of young coconuts. With the aid of a machet, the casing was opened and we were told to drink the " water," and to anyone who has never tasted the " water " or eaten the " blancmange-like " coconut straight off the tree, all I can say is, " Come to West Africa and try it."

We had rather an unfortunate incident on the first ferry in Togoland. Our two lorries " jockeyed " on to the pontoon, and after much heaving we found the load was too heavy and the pontoon was stuck on the river bed. It was eventually cleared and one of our lorries had to be taken off whilst the other went across. When the pontoons returned, the tide was too low, so the " bods " on the other side had to wait five hours for a full tide! We in the leading lorry carried on to Cotoneau, which we reached at 5 p.m., having only done 118 miles in 11 hours! Those African drivers were dead right about those roads in French Togoland!

We didn't have a lot of time to " recce " Cotoneau owing to the fact that by the time we had parked the lorries, washed and changed, it was dark. However, after we had "chopped" we had a wander round and found an hotel on the sea front where a private party and dance was being held by the local French Europeans, to which we were invited on entering. Needless to say, one of our Gay Lotharios was soon on the dance floor doing his stuff with an enchanting mademoiselle (or was she a madame, Corporal Tetlow?). We had a late night, naturally, but it did not prevent us from waking early and leaving Cotoneau at 5 a.m. next morning on the last lap of our trek.

We pulled into Headquarters at 3.30 p.m. on 5th November and were given a hearty welcome and a good meal, and at the time of writing we have all settled down here quite comfortably. A final word of thanks for the way our drivers, Lawal and Cyclola, negotiated a very tiring journey of 350 miles through the African bush would not be out of place. Jolly good show.

Sport. Our A.O.R.s have been doing quite well in friendly soccer matches with other Units. They are about to start an Inter-Troop Football League with the usual enthusiasm.

The District team have played the teams of H.M.S. *Nigeria,* at present on a visit to Lagos, at both football and hockey. The Army team won the hockey by 1—0, after a very hard struggle. A very fast game throughout. The result of the football match was 2—0 in our favour. We had a much heavier team, though the Navy put up a stiff fight.

We are busy at present sifting out our athletes for the forthcoming Army Athletic Championships, which are due to take place next month. There are lots of Signals volunteers, so we'll hope to see the Unit well to the fore.

SIERRA LEONE SIGNAL SQUADRON, FREETOWN.

As our life is largely a towny one, so we have collected notes from an out-station A/N.C.O., to give some idea of life in the Protectorate.

Daru, which is situated on the banks of the Moa River, is not more of a town than a village. It is 213 miles from Freetown (the capital of Sierra Leone), and not far from the boundary of French Equatorial Africa and Liberia. It is one of the training grounds for the Sierra Leone Regiment.

Daru is a village in the Jawi Chiefdom and is the seat of paramountcy; the discipline of which is highly maintained by Government Court Messenger and the Chief's Messengers.

The Moa River, which is separating the village from the barracks, is in fact a helping device for the village. There is a long bridge over, to assist trade by laying a railway across it, for the other neighbouring towns and villages to link up with Daru. At the side of this bridge is a footpath made with cement for the inhabitants to walk on to the barracks or to the other neighbouring villages on the banks of the river. This Moa River is so wide that had it not been for the numerous rocks, I can assure anyone that a steamship can pass from Freetown to Daru, thus making another port for Sierra Leone, to ease in the shipping of palm kernels to U.K. It is very good for fishing, and from the river the barracks gets its water supply and fresh fish for meals. At Daru there is an Army wireless link provided by the help of Royal Signals, which causes a man to join Signals, for the simple reason that a man can, from so many miles away, speak on R/T to Freetown without anything except his wireless sets. I therefore realised that it was not a mistake I made when joining the branch which was formerly known as the West African Corps of Signals.

Apart from this, there are also a swimming pool and small launches for anyone who has taken swimming as a hobby. Getting to the village, there are so many rice farms on the way that it tells one at a glance that the chief occupation in the village is rice farming, and that rice, no doubt, is the chief food. The inhabitants are so social that they welcome strangers whole-heartedly and try to elicit views from strangers by entering into conversation, and giving addresses for correspondence.

The village is very nice to look at. The houses are well built in rows with thatch, sticks, and swish, yet the highest sanitation basis is maintained. It will therefore not be so funny to say that one can get well decorated accommodation and a hall at the rate of only a florin. The living is very simple and not too high in cost, for everything is very cheap to get. All the inhabitants are farmers, so vegetables and fruits are in abundance.

NORTHERN AREA SIGNAL TROOP

East Africa

October

Mount Kenya's very own Signal Troop has pleasure in reporting "all well" to their readers once again.

The Troop now has a much higher proportion of Regular soldiers than, it is thought, ever before, and our Troop parades reveal many a manly and brilliant chest, and the tales of the elders at camp and Mess fires must be strange indeed.

A junior B.N.C.O.s' Drill Course, under S.S.M. Timbrell, has taught our younger blokes that there is more in the game than was thought. An improved standard all round has been the result, and one and all agree that 'twas good work, though amazingly early to be abroad.

Old members of the Troop would not approve of the decline in sports during the last few months. However, little can be done to improve the position for a while, the chief trouble being that quite a number of Units have left the area for less wholesome stations and duties. The result is that it is now quite difficult to find enough teams to make up a game at either football or hockey. One football match played against Nairobi Sub-Area ended with an 8—1 score, not to the credit of Northern Area, unfortunately; due, the excuse goes, to the non-availability of the Signals element of the team for the match !

To make up for this sad state of affairs, the Area Sports Officer organised a safari on Mount Kenya (17,040 ft.), which was enthusiastically taken on by four members of the Troop, including the Second-in-Command, Second-Lieutenant E. P. Clague-Quine.

It was a five-day effort, beginning early on Friday, 17th September, and was complete with pack mules, native guides, and the usual gear associated with such expeditions.

After a not too hard morning and afternoon push which took the party through the bamboo forest (where, incidentally, signs of many elephant and rhino were evident, though none were sighted), camp was made and the amateur cooks got on the job, eventually dishing up some rather weird dishes.

After a rather sleepless night, due to the uncommon hardness of Africa, the mules were saddled, camp was struck, and the party pushed on. Up the valley side and down the next until, on reaching a high vantage point, the peak itself was sighted high above; it looked really splendid with the sun reflecting from its ever-present cap of snow against an azure blue and almost cloudless sky.

Next morning the party divided itself into three smaller parties to explore objects of interest, including the huge glacier just below the peak itself and the mountain lakes. Luckily the parties set off early, as about mid-day the weather broke down and a fierce snowstorm commenced, with low cloud blotting out the whole scene.

Next day the return journey was commenced, and the safari eventually reached Nanyuki, looking a rather desperate crowd, with more than a few having that 7 o'clock shadow look !

Your author having now sunk to the ground in sheer fatigue at the above effort, it's "Kwaheri" from

KARANI

GIBRALTAR SIGNAL SQUADRON

December

The month of November has seen no changes whatsoever in personnel of the Gibraltar Signal Squadron. We have all been heartened by the news of demobilisation restarting in January, and once again the "group-happy men" have prepared demob calendars, on which the passing days are religiously ticked off.

Preparations for the Christmas festivities are now well in hand, and a good time is anticipated by all. We should like to take this opportunity of extending to all past and present members of the Unit our best wishes for a very Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

Recreation. Early in November an organised trip was arranged to Malaga. Sixteen persons were quick to take advantage of the scheme, and commenced their journey by leaving the "Rock" at 0830 hrs. on Sunday, 7th November. After a very interesting journey, we arrived at Malaga just before midday; everyone partook of an excellent lunch and then proceeded to tour the city. Historically, Malaga is exceedingly interesting, with its beautiful old cathedral,

ancient castle, quaint narrow streets, and, of more recent times, the scars and blemishes of the Spanish Civil War can be seen.

The latter part of the afternoon was spent at a local football match, where players and spectators provided us with a variety of antics and ejaculations, which, to say the least, were somewhat surprising to those of us who are fans of football as played in "Blighty." The rest of the day was spent sight-seeing around the town. We arrived back in Gibraltar at midnight after a very enjoyable and enlightening day.

Sport. Football. Throughout the month of November our first eleven has lived up to the high level attained in previous friendly matches. We are pleased to say that in five matches played to date we have in all cases been victorious, and are at the moment heading the Gibraltar Company League. The scores and teams played against are as follows:

Royal Signals 5, Royal Northumberland Fusiliers, "Y" Coy., 1
Royal Signals 8, R.A.P.C. 0.
Royal Signals 5, R.A.F. Servicing Wing 0.
Royal Signals 4, R.A.F. H.Q., 1
Royal Signals 8, Royal Northumberland Fusiliers "X" Coy., 1.

We appreciate that we have yet to meet the strongest teams in the league, and we do not expect to go on winning indefinitely, but, win or lose, we feel sure our lads will give a good account of themselves.

The "Derbys" of the month have undoubtedly been the N.C.O.s *v.* Signalmen games. The first match had an unexpected result for the followers of form. The Signalmen, who had five members of the first eleven and the first reserve playing for them, were beaten 4—2 by the N.C.O.s, whose team was composed of only three members of the first eleven. However, the next match was to tell another story; the Signalmen, out to seek revenge, reversed the result by a 4—1 victory. Statisticians amongst the Signalmen inform the N.C.O.s that they are now leading by a goal average. It is hoped that the third match will clarify the result in a more definite manner.

Hockey. Up to the time of writing these notes, our hockey team has only played two league games. These resulted in a win of 4—2 over the R.A.P.C., and a defeat by the R.E.M.E. of 0—5.

Indoor Sports. The return snooker, table tennis, and darts tournament against the R.A.M.C. was played in the Unit Canteen during the first week of November. This time we won by a clear-cut margin, the individual games results being as follows:

Snooker	Royal Signals 25 pts., R.A.M.C. 15 pts.
Table Tennis	Royal Signals 20 pts., R.A.M.C. 10 pts.
Darts	Royal Signals 22 pts., R.A.M.C. 22 pts.
Total Points	Royal Signals 67 pts., R.A.M.C. 47 pts.

Inter-Section Sports. The Unit has been divided up into H.Q., Line, and M.T. Sections for the purpose of competing for snooker, table tennis, and darts trophies. It is hoped that all games will be played off by Christmas, so that the cups can be awarded to the winning teams on Christmas Day.

The final results will be announced in the Unit's January notes for THE WIRE.

* * *

CORPS DIARIES

The stock of Corps Wallets is exhausted, but we have Services Wallets, which Corps Diary Refills for future years will fit. Only a limited number of Leather-bound Diaries remain, but Cloth-bound and Refills are still available.

* * *

WANTED.—Good quality secondhand uniforms. Anyone who has a uniform for sale, which is in really first-class condition, should write to the address given below, giving full details and the price required.—Captain F. H. Worlock, Q.M. Stores, The Warren, R.M.A., Sandhurst, Camberley, Surrey.

"X" (GURKHA) INDEPENDENT INFANTRY BRIGADE SIGNAL SQUADRON

Malaya

November

No fanfare of trumpets, no banner headlines, not one jot, not one tittle of B.B.C. tattle to announce our birth; we commence our journey up "training" road. The *idea* is at last being put into practice, and our "initial" bound is to be the formation of the first Signal Units of the Brigade of Gurkhas.

At the moment we are only an embryo Unit, and therefore we are being mothered by Malaya District Signal Regiment until we can toddle on our own. Over the period of the next few months our numbers will gradually increase until we reach the stage when our training machine will be groomed and ready, and the task of converting ubiquitous "Johnny Gurkha" into a Signals tradesman will begin.

We should have commenced this task way back in June, but the brand of "peace-time" conditions we have been experiencing lately here in Malaya resemble a sort of tropicalised jungle version of Chicago at its worst. So that, until now, we have been rather busy helping out the general Signals plan by filling gaps in Malaya District Signal Regiment's communication organisation and by doing the odd job, such as training the Signals element of that now famous organisation called "Ferret Force."

However, delayed but not dispirited, we are now able to turn to our proper job with enormous zest.

On paper it looks very simple. Take a number of Gurkhas, squeeze and (s)train them carefully through a Signals Course, simmer gently for a few months, then serve up hot as "Gurkha Brigade Signals (jats, various)." Of course, the ideal cooking medium is either fluent English or idiomatic Gurkhali. Inferior mixtures such as Pidgeon Urdu-English make the cooking process a warm, tedious one for the cook.

There's the rub! Our G.O.R.s are mostly unlikely to be able to speak fluent English for a long time yet, and Gurkhali, to the B.O.R., despite his normal linguistic fluency, is an entirely new medium of expression. But our hopes are high. A properly organised Gurkhali language course is being laid on for all B.O.R.s of the Unit, to run concurrently with our training preparation period, and every man concerned is determined to achieve the required results.

As many of our friends in the Corps who have been concerned in the tradesman training of recruits will appreciate, our task is no mean one. Our training problems are going to be many and varied. The Gurkha soldier in the rôle of a Signalman is an unknown quantity. He has the reputation of becoming an excellent Battalion Signaller with adequate training, but unlike his contemporary of other fighting races of India, he was rarely seen as a member of an Indian Signal Corps Unit. On the other hand, his qualities as a fighting man, his grit, determination, toughness, and steadfast discipline under all conditions are of world renown, and although his background as a native of Nepal is such that he has had little education in the Westernised sense, at the same time he has a bright intelligence and an immense enthusiasm. If we can only give him the right type of training there will be little doubt of our ultimate success.

We realise that the rest of the Corps will be watching our progress closely, and we intend to live up to expectations if humanly possible.

To illustrate the language difficulty, we would like to mention that during an R.S.I. course for Gurkha Infantry Battalion Signallers we organised recently, students from Battalions which had served some time in the Middle East during the war received quite a fair proportion of their W.S. 19 and W.S. 62 instruction in lingua Italia, that being the only common language between instructor and student; and results were surprisingly good.

A few words about personalities. Major A. C. Cox is our

O.C. He is being recommended for his Magicians' "A" licence and handbook, to equip him for his job, because at the moment we have little or no accommodation, very few stores, and practically no stationery. He has already successfully pulled off the "water into wine, bricks without straw, or what have you" trick several times, and says he has a lot more up his sleeve, so there is little doubt that we shall get all that we want to fit us to do our job.

S.S.M. Feakes is S.S.M.(I) in charge of the training cadre. He is a famous "methods of instruction" expert and can easily be cajoled into telling us how it was done in Waziristan, way back.

Sergeant "Darky" Knight, from darkest Africa, is Lineman Instructor Sergeant, and spends most of his spare time in thinking up bigger and better training aids.

Sergeant "Jock" Kennedy, ex-Japan (he has an interesting though untrue theory about geishas), is Sergeant O.W.L. instructor. Gurkhali with a Scotch accent is an eyebrow-raiser indeed. But to hear the odd Gurkha saying "Och aye" instead of "Thik hai" already has shaken us to the core.

Other personalities worth a mention are Corporals Johnston, Emery, and Simpson, keen types all; they are surprising themselves with their own ingenuity, particularly the latter, who is at present building a "demo" engine from parts of a dismantled rabbit hutch.

This, then, is the nucleus of our instructional cadre, although, as already pointed out, more B.O.R.s will be forthcoming.

Keep your eye on us, we may pop up next time under a slightly different name; and in asking you to wish us well, may we also take this opportunity to wish all other Units of the Corps a Happy Christmas and a Prosperous 1949.

Ram Ram,

PIPPIN

Territorial Army

51st (H) INFANTRY DIVISIONAL SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.
Aberdeen

November

R.H.Q. AND No. 1 SQUADRON. Since last going to press in July, work has been going on at such a pace that it has been impossible to keep our readers up to date, but here at last are our notes for the last four months.

The Regiment has now been re-granted its war-time privilege of wearing bonnets, T.O.S., instead of the beret, which we are all very pleased about. On parade we look much smarter, and in the town our tails are right up !

The Pipes and Drums are again to be heard practising every evening, and we are hoping that by the time we go to camp in 1949 they will be back to their pre-war standard. Much of the pre-war Highland dress has been recovered. With a little assistance from the Board of Trade, or any other benefactor in the form of clothing coupons, we should soon then blossom forth. We still have vacancies for five pipers, so if you are interested, now's the time !

In Aberdeen we have now started a Wives' Club, which is such a tremendous success that 2 and 3 Squadrons are also thinking of starting one at their own Training Centres. The Club meets on Monday evenings twice a month in the Canteen. Their activities so far have been confined to Scottish Country Dancing, and we are very grateful to the Misses Park and Fraser for their excellent instruction. Enthusiasm runs so high that we menfolk look as though we shall be dragged in to dance any minute now.

A representative party from this Regiment attended the T.A. Review in London on 31st October, 1948. The party was commanded by Major A. H. Reid, T.D., with Captain J. M. Wotherspoon as Second-in-Command. From Aberdeen there were S.S.M. Grant, Sergeants Sinclair, Lovie, Mathieson, Corporals Lownie, Buchan, Lance-Corporals Law, Pirie, and Signalmen Wheeler, Shirreffs, Mullen, Davidson; and from Stirling, Sergeant Hamel, Corporal Welsh, and Signalmen Turner and Anderson, representing 3 Squadron. According to all reports, it was a most enjoyable week-end, and the majority of the personnel stayed on in London for a short holiday before returning North.

We are very grateful to Captain John L. Judd and the Corps Band for their performances which they gave in Aberdeen on 26th and 27th October, 1948. The Band's visit gave the Regiment the opportunity of having a Recruiting Week of its own. They gave us an excellent concert and provided the music for a Recruiting Dance, all of which showed the wives and sweethearts that we have got a place for them in the T.A. as well as their menfolk. We were glad to welcome Brigadier C. Knowles and Lieutenant-Colonel J. Dryland, an ex-Adjutant of the Regiment, at the concert. Following soon after the visit of the Corps Band came the Aberdeen Recruiting Drive. The city was kept alert for a week with the roar of guns, flashing of searchlights, and the "buzzing" of Spitfires. The Regiment's Training Centre was open to the public every evening, and we took part in vehicle convoys and other demonstrations in the city. As a result of it all, a number of recruits have been finally approved, but many more are still wanted, so what about coming along, ex-O.W.L.?

It is with great regret that we announce the resignation of Major C. E. Smith, M.B.E., from the T.A. He is now working in Johannesburg, and we wish him and Mrs. Smith the best of luck and all happiness in their new job.

Our congratulations go to Ian Wotherspoon, who is now a captain, and to Captain D. G. D. Mackinnon, who was married on 10th August, 1948. Needless to say, we see a little less of him now !

R.S.M. Higgins has now left to take up a new appointment at the School of Signals, and R.S.M. Bennett has joined us from the Royal Signals O.C.T.U. He makes us all feel like cadets !

Among other distinguished visitors to the Regiment not already mentioned, and whom we were glad to see, were Major-General C. M. Barber, C.B., D.S.O., Lieutenant-Colonel N. D. Leslie, and Lieutenant-Colonel A. C. W. May, M.C.

No. 2 SQUADRON. Since last writing notes to THE WIRE, the Squadron has been carrying on with a normal progressive training programme. This includes all the usual trade classes, lectures, and demonstrations, as well as a number of nights on the miniature range. Recruiting continues to be slow but encouraging, and it is hoped that the National Campaign which is at present in progress will have the desired effect. In connection with recruiting, the Squadron has recently visited several local football match grounds on Saturday afternoons, displaying a Wireless House Truck with a No. 19 Set, and distributing pamphlets.

We are pleased to report that Captain Wotherspoon now holds that rank, and he continues to make the long trip through from Edinburgh every week to be with us.

If any ex-Corps people in the Stirling district read these notes, we should like them to know that they would be helping us a great deal and doing themselves a good turn if they were to come and join us.

15 A.A. (M) SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.

Leeds

December

R.H.Q. Christmas is slowly approaching, the chief signs being a speed-up in the frequency of entertainments in the various Units in Leeds, and a gradual accumulation of bottles in the Adjutant's safe. It is becoming a safe deposit for hard-won Christmas liquor, and it is touch and go whether Christmas arrives before the secret files have to be turned out to make room.

It was hardly to be expected that Leeds would escape the recent fog, and she certainly did not disappoint us. For about a fortnight the tempo of life dropped considerably. People living out had to start for home in so-called daylight, otherwise anything might happen. There seem to be fogs and fogs. Leeds has a variety that covers everything with a thick black slime. Leaves and grass lose what little right they have ever had to be called green. Oddly enough, this phenomenon caused little comment among the local inhabitants. Some say, "Good old Leeds!"

An officers' week-end conference for the first week-end in December had been arranged some time ago, and it looked at one time as if it might have to be cancelled, due to the fog. However, the latter cleared two days before, and everyone arrived safely.

Various problems were thrashed out on the Saturday afternoon and Sunday morning, and, in between, a Regimental Dinner was held in the Officers' Mess. It was as well that some of the officers were unable to come for the week-end, much as we should have liked to have had them; but the rather small Mess was filled to capacity. Twenty-two officers, plus wives, husbands, and fiancés, were present, and a very pleasant evening resulted. It was the first Regimental gathering since camp, and a lot of friendships were revived. As you will see from the illustration, a cartoonist was present. Lookers-on consider the results flattering, a feeling *not* shared by the subjects!

As the evening wore on, a vocal battle between "Ilkla Moor" and "Blaydon Races" was heard; the latter seemed to be winning through sheer force of numbers.

While all this was going on, the fog had sneaked back, which made it difficult for us to depart to our various beds in the city. The C.O. tried to drive his car into some allotments, Major Hayes took his on a bit of hill-climbing, and others walked.

Possibly the most sensible person was Captain Wells, who refused to move, but whether it was a case of Jorrocks' "Where I dines, I sleeps," or "Discretion is the better part of valour," or being rather naturally frightened to death of his own car, I wouldn't know! Captain Inglis, the Adjutant, and Major Hall, the Q.M., were lucky enough to be able just to walk down the passage to their beds.

Which brings me to offering the heartiest congratulations of all ranks to Major H. F. Hall on his recent promotion. It's been a long time coming.

The photograph was taken at the recent week-end conference, and is of some of the officers of this Regiment.

Some of the Officers of 15th A.A. (M) Signal Regiment, T.A.

Front row (left to right): Second-Subaltern W. M. Beddow, Major J. Kilner, Major L. Hayes, Junior-Commander W. M. Wynn, the Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel H. L. B. Kealy, the Adjutant, Captain A. D. Inglis, Major A. H. Donnelly, Major K. T. Harlow, Major (Q.M.) H. F. Hall, Second-Subaltern B. E. Anderson. Back row (left to right): Captain H. H. Ledger, Lieutenant J. Berry, Captain B. R. Wells, Lieutenant D. R. Langley, Second-Subaltern A. D. Goodhand, Lieutenant K. A. Jackson, Second-Subaltern J. Timmis, Captain J. A. Charlton, Subaltern J. M. D. Rochester, Lieutenant R. Burgess, Second-Subaltern D. G. Fieldhouse, Lieutenant R. H. de D. Austin

REGIMENTAL DINNER DEC 4th 1948

15 A.A (M) SIGNAL REGIMENT T.A

MAJOR
A.H. DONNELLY
36 SQUADRON
NEWCASTLE

LIEUT
COLONEL
H.B. KEALY
C.O. 15 SIGNAL
REG. T.A.

MAJOR KILNER
38 SIGNAL
SQUADRON
ROTHERHAM

MAJOR HARLOW M.B.E.
37 SQUADRON
LEEDS

MAJOR HAYES
39 SQUADRON
BEESTON
NOTTS

SUBALTERN
FIELDHOUSE
38 SQUADRON
ROTHERHAM

LIEUT
AUSTIN
36 SQUADRON
NEWCASTLE

MARY WYNN
JUNIOR COMMANDER
15 SIGNAL REG
LEEDS

CAPT. D. INGLIS
ADJUTANT
15 SIGNAL
REGIMENT

SUBALTERN
JOYCE TIMMIS
40 SQUADRON
SUTTON COLDFIELD
BIRMINGHAM

MAJOR
H.F. HALL
H.Q 15 SIGNAL
REGIMENT

SUBALTERN
BEDDOW
39 SQUADRON
NOTTS

JANE WAS ALSO PRESENT

NEWBY '48.

Best wishes for Christmas and the New Year to all ranks of the Corps, Regular and T.A.

38 A.A. (M) SIGNAL SQUADRON, ROTHERHAM. No. 17 P.O.W. Camp, Lodge Moor, again obliged with the use of their camp for yet another successful week-end camp. This time emphasis was not on technical subjects but on administrative work and basic training, mainly drill and discipline. Some of the recruits had their first smell of Army blankets, and the bark and bite of the Sergeant-Major's voice.

Private Audrey Newman reluctantly resigned from the A.T.S. because she is emigrating to Canada to join her brother-in-law. Miss Newman was typical of the present-day A.T.S. recruit. She had no previous Service experience, but at the time of leaving was on the way to becoming a competent teleprinter operator, and had efficiently represented the Squadron on several public parades.

Similarly, two 18-year-old youths, Signalmen Dudley and Coates, fresh from the local Grammar School, joined the Squadron, finding the aperitif supplied by the Territorial Army so much to their liking that they have enlisted in the Regular Army. We wish them every success.

The spate of domestic events continues unabated. Signalman Collier was married during the month, and to him, too, the Squadron's congratulations are extended.

A.T.S. personnel of the Squadron attended the local Armistice Day ceremonies in Clifton Park, Rotherham. The parade was a great credit to the girls, particularly to Lance-Corporal Fawley, who, when called upon to lead the parade, showed remarkable initiative in spite of being given the unfamiliar order " Slow march."

BRISTOL UNIVERSITY TRAINING CORPS, T.A.

Bristol

December

Welcome addition to the staff is S.S.M. Bob Mitchell, from Western Command Signals; he is no stranger to this kind of work, having been with Oxford U.T.C. for some time. A round peg, gentlemen, in a round hole.

A gentle breeze and a soothing sun made conditions ideal on Sunday, 21st November, for a full day's shooting at Yoxter Range, way up on the Mendips, just above the famous Cheddar Gorge. Remember those luscious pre-war cheeses, ho-hum. However, the best strawberries in Zummerzet are still grown here (gosh, from targets to tummies in a single sentence).

On Sunday, 5th December, under lowering clouds and a strong, damp wind, the combined Infantry and Signal Units held a field exercise. It was predominantly an Infantry affair, so we put away our wireless trucks and came down to Platoon and Section levels. Brens and mortars felt strange, but memory did not play false at the first ambush and the Signal Unit acquitted itself well, thereafter bringing home to them that Signals must be soldiers and tradesmen. The scheme finished at dusk and a muddy, tired but cheerful Unit wended its way through the Gorge and home. Our weapon, secret, Mk. I, was much in evidence, a length of lead piping and cunningly prepared thunderflashes make admirable mortar effect. Foreign agents can contact us, but the price, I am afraid, is too high—a packet of twenty, nothing less.

Social activities have found us at Horfield T.A. Centre on three consecutive Saturday nights. If you mix Signals and Gunners of both sexes in Rumbas, Congas and naughty little Sambas, you must expect successful Dancas—sorry, dances. Not to be outdone, 111 Field Engineer Regiment, R.E. (T.A.) held a social evening on 27th November and Signals were represented by S.S.M. and Mrs. David Jones, Sergeant and Mrs. Cully and S.S.M. Cliff Preston, all of 12 A.A. Group (M.) Signal Regiment (T.A.). A little tone was added to the proceedings by S.S.M.s Kay Francis and Bob Mitchell of this Unit.

The Signal Platoons of the C.C.F. throughout the West Country await with some trepidation the end-of-term classifications, conducted by Major W. C. Burke, S.O., South-Western District, Second-Lieutenant W. G. A. Cathcart, Signals Troop, S.W.D., and the P.S.I.s of this Unit. Although some of the journeys are involved and take us to out-of-the-way places, the trouble is amply compensated by the keenness and efficiency of these embryo " Jimmies."

To Captain W. T. M. Gaskell, late of this Unit, now facing the rigours of a Catterick winter, we send greetings. We do miss those fascinating foreign accents and the breath of country air from Blagdon.

KAY

1/20 (SM) ARMY SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.

Birmingham

Time having marched on in its depressingly efficient way, we must perforce accept some changes in the permanent staff. With great regret we said *au revoir* to S.S.M. (now S.Q.M.S.) Jack Beautyman, posted to Catterick. By the time this appears in print we fear we may have parted with Sergeant F. C. Williams. We wish them both the best of good luck wherever they may go, and trust that they will be able to think of an excuse for calling at Hall Green one of these days. Even if everyone else has gone, they may yet find a bent and ancient mortal with an A.B.108 in one hand and a saxophone in the other. Incidentally, the rumour that he was trying to put the crown on his head instead of on his shoulder is entirely without foundation.

With the Regiment reeling from these blows, the War Office deliver another wallop by removing our Adjutant, Captain T. W. Baynes, so that he can go to the Staff College. We will concede that it is a good reason. Fortunately, we are to have in his place Captain J. E. Denton, just home from Middle East. We hope that he will come to like us as much as we are going to like him. That looks funny, but we mean it the right way. May we here offer Captain Denton a hearty welcome and a happy tour of duty in Birmingham.

It is difficult to know how to speed our departing Adjutant without becoming lost in a welter of superlatives. Captain " Bill " Baynes has done a vast amount of work for this Regiment in its very tricky birth and " baby " days. He will leave us happy in the knowledge that a good solid foundation and a hefty framework has been set up. A going concern in fact, and one that is going in the right direction. He takes with him our very good wishes for success at the Staff College and indeed for all his activities thereafter. Arrivederci, Bill.

We have to interrupt the programme here to ask if " Sam " Beech, late of Upper Topa and Sialkot (if there are such places!) is still in circulation. If so, " Busty " Weir, ex-32nd Armoured Divisional Signals, Sialkot, 1940-42, would like to have news.

At the moment we are busily engaged on the matter of producing a Christmas party for all the children of the Regiment. Santa Claus has been detailed to parade correctly dressed and a tree is on indent from the local office of the Firewood Splitters and Kindling Trades. However, we shall have to tell you about that later. New additions to the Regiment continue to pour in—we beg your pardon, continue to arrive. Congratulations to a couple of new sergeants—G. Oakley and A. W. Palmer. Pillars of strength, we feel.

May we now wish you all a very happy and successful New Year. Sorry we are a bit brief this time, but you know how it is.

BARLEUX

62 H.Q. L. OF C. SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.

Chester

December

How these months roll by, but how very pleased we all are to see November and its murky fog pass us by.

I am too late for Christmas greetings; however, on behalf of the Commanding Officer, officers, warrant officers, N.C.O.s, men, and auxiliaries of this Unit, here's wishing all our comrades in the Corps, past and present, a Prosperous and Happy New Year.

Our Club is now functioning; the few recruits we have enjoy the amenities of the " Jimmy Club " after training on Monday and Friday evenings. Mc Ewan's Export and Nips are sunk without trouble, and, speaking of trouble, we now possess a poker dice set. We need not tell anyone, of course, what trouble a set of dice may cause. It is quite on the cards that the Q.M. will be approached from all directions: " Please, sir, the sleeves of my battledress blouse are worn and shiny." A warning to all friends who visit us: there is, I think, a card game called Rummy; the stakes, well, anything from matches to a round of drinks. Beware, my friends, of the Rummy Bug; it is indeed dangerous.

As a point of interest to all members of the Corps and Old Comrades' Associations, Vic Luck, ex-Bulford, and a very well-known ex-member of the Corps, is the gentleman who persuades us to drink McEwan Youngers Ales.

Sergeant " Bomber " Haigh has returned after a spot of leave. They tell me that Barnsley breed excellent Rummy players.

Congratulations. Congratulations to S.S.M. Marjorie Gardiner on her promotion to that rank. Hearts are light, sleeves are heavy—sup up, boys and girls, have your glasses ready.

Congratulations also to R.S.M. Dawson on being chosen to keep goal for the Corps hockey team.

To S.S.M. and Mrs. Holmes, and Sergeant and Mrs. Whatmough, on additions to their respective families.

CESTRIAN

No. 16 WIRELESS SIGNAL SQUADRON, NORTHWICH. Hello again ! We have had our T.A. Centre decorated internally, which has brightened the place up considerably. The erection of a flagpole is causing great concern amongst the P.S.I.s. Much wrangling as to who will have the honour of hoisting the flag at Reveille. It looks as if the R.S.M. will win, as he is usually creeping home from the night's prowl. Our recruits are slowly coming along, but we are sorry indeed to lose our oldest soldier, who has joined the Regular element. We refer to Signalman Murray, now with R.E.M.E., to whom we wish all the very best of luck.

We now hold Saturday night Olde Tyme Dances, which are popular and very enjoyable. The Press visited us at our last dance, taking photographs for publicity. One group did appear in the local rag, which, since its publication, has caused many comments from the local population regarding the rogues' gallery in the front row of the photo. We are endeavouring to procure a copy for the next issue of THE WIRE.

My only remark in conclusion is " T.T.F.N. Be with you next month."

GINGER, 462

61 H.Q. ARMY SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.

Bedford

Promotion—but no back pay ! During November our status was " raised " to our new designation as above, w.e.f. 17th September. The sudden change did not cause a great deal of chaos, as we assume the " powers that be " expected, and we are now strutting around like proverbial peacocks.

The tension in Ipswich has at last been relieved. Our 161 Independent Infantry Brigade Group Signal Squadron has now been transferred to Norwich, where they are in the recruiting competition with another Regiment instead of with our No. 2 Squadron. We are sure that S.S.M. " Jock " Robson will be highly delighted at this move.

It never rains but what it pours, for in addition to the above changes we have at last started to expand our present domicile in the T.A. Centre at Bedford. Due to 248 Field Squadron, R.E. (T.A.), moving to new quarters, we now have a half instead of a third of the Drill Hall. At the time of writing veritable chaos is reigning—telephones are buzzing, furniture (Bedfordshire T.A. pattern) is being pushed along corridors, and, believe it or not, the Adjutant is—but enough of tall stories !

Stop ! Talking of Adjutants, ours—Captain S. D. Allaway—has just christened his new office by dropping a full bottle of vintage port on the floor. No comments !

Officers of the Regiment attended a training week-end at Eastern Command Headquarters at Hounslow. They were kept very busy the whole week-end and no outstanding incident occurred except that the Thames swans had a birthday party in that the C.O. and Major Millen fed them from the verandah of the " Pack Horse " at a most unearthly hour on Sunday morning.

A most successful social was held on 12th November in aid of the Children's Christmas Party Fund. The programme included dancing and party games, and an excellent parcel of foodstuffs was raffled off, the lucky winner being Second-Lieutenant B. E. M. Prophet.

The Children's Christmas Party is being organised by the wives of the Unit, Mrs. Greaves and Mrs. Allaway being the President and Secretary respectively. The party is being held in the " Cadena," at Bedford, on 28th December. Toys and sweets are to be distributed—lucky kids !

A Darts Tournament organised by the Sergeants' Mess, under the expert guidance of R.S.M. " Cliff " Webb, was a grand success. Thirty-five local teams entered, the winners being the team that could see the straightest after the sale of £70 worth of " wallop."

The Social Club has entered the local Table Tennis League, but so far have played only four friendly matches. Our stars in this field are S.S.M. Cox and S.S.M. Bottell.

SIGNAL TROOP, QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY TRAINING CORPS, T.A.

Belfast

December

Our representatives at the Royal Review in Hyde Park returned on 2nd November after being fog-bound for many hours at Liverpool. "That's the worst of these second-rate ports," says Captain Patton, who has some kind of job in a harbour nearer home. We have not been able to get a clear or full account of what they did in London; we gather that they spent much of their time going up and down 200 steps at Goodge Street Underground Station and that they had the distinction of being the very last file in the whole march past. The oldest member of the party assures us that it wasn't nearly as fine a show as the review he was at in the Phoenix Park in Dublin in 1911.

On 24th November the contingent had its first " Bounty Night," when bounty was paid out and prizes won during the year were presented. In addition to several individual awards won by members of the Signal Troop, the Troop collected the Contingent Sports Cup, while the team which won the Inter-Varsity Open Range Rifle Competition included several Signals representatives, of whom the captain, Cadet McCausland, was one.

On Friday, 26th November, a small party left Belfast with a 15cwt. truck and a No. 12 set and spent Saturday and Sunday in Co. Londonderry " on the air " to Contingent

H.Q. in Belfast and to several other University Contingents. Very satisfactory results were obtained to Belfast and Edinburgh, but no other University was workable. Great Britain, by all accounts, was completely smothered in fog, but there was no trace of this at Ballykelly, where the detachment spent a truly rural week-end in a farmhouse, leaving again for Belfast in the cold grey dawn of Monday morning.

S.S.M. George Surfleet leaves us in a few days on posting at the expiration of his tour of duty on our Permanent Staff. As we write, we learn that he goes to N.I.D. Signal Squadron at Lisburn, only seven miles away, so we hope to continue to see him. He is being replaced by S.S.M. McKergan, Royal Signals, who has been making our acquaintance and learning a little of our curious habits for the last three weeks.

ARMY PHANTOM SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.
(The Princess Louise's Kensington Regiment)

London

December

December has been a fairly quiet month, except for those members of the Unit who have been studying hard for the Trade Board.

Captain W. J. Stevens, Eastern Command Signal Regiment, came down from Hounslow on Sunday, 5th December, to help supervise the Trade Tests, and of 16 candidates, 13 were successful in passing.

This Unit was represented at the Territorial Exhibition in Oxford Street by Sergeant Farmer, Sergeant Hatton, Corporal Ward, Corporal Cast, Signalman Ceazar and Signalman Hall, who helped run the Royal Signals Stand on Sunday and Monday, 5th and 6th December. Our only regret was that Royal Signals were not given more floor space.

Recruiting has continued during the month, although, naturally at this time of the year, with Christmas in the offing, prospective recruits haven't come along in such large numbers. However, we welcome those who have recently joined us, and hope that they will enjoy their stay with us.

On Wednesday, 15th December, a social was held in the Regiment. It was largely attended and all ranks had a thoroughly enjoyable time. Unfortunately the C.O., Lieutenant-Colonel R. Wasey, M.B.E., was unable to be present, as he was "in bed with the doctor."

All ranks join me in wishing him a speedy recovery and look forward to seeing him back in harness again after Christmas.

The Unit closed for three weeks from 18th December, 1948, to 10th January, 1949.

On 29th November, Captain J. E. L. Adams joined us from Singapore to assume the appointment of Adjutant in place of Captain R. S. D. Maunsell, who has taken up an appointment at A.G.11 (O.) the War Office. We wish Captain Maunsell "Good luck" in his new appointment. We also welcome Sergeant L. Lewis, from 4 Training Regiment, Royal Signals, who joined us on 15th December, 1948, in replacement of Corporal J. B. Tiffin, who was posted to Northern Command (M) Signal Regiment on 13th December, 1948.

53 (WELSH) INFANTRY DIVISIONAL SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.

Cardiff

After some considerable time, we wish to break into print once again.

Since the last notes from this Unit were published, we have moved our location and are now situated at Maindy Barracks. The accommodation is much superior to that of our previous location and is more accessible.

The Unit went to camp this year at Pwllheli, North Wales. The move was made by road on Sunday, 15th August. On arrival at camp we "settled in" and then had a hot meal. After formalities had been attended to, the Warrant Officers and Sergeants retired to the bar of the 5th Welch Battalion Mess, to whom we were attached for the duration of camp. "Muffin-man" Fenton kept us amused until it was time to call it a day.

Monday morning saw the start of training, also rain. Training and rain continued throughout the day. Tuesday was much the same as the previous day except that the rain eased off at mid-day. Wednesday saw the Unit move out for a scheme in preparation for the C.S.O.'s visit on Thursday. Everything went very well on the occasion of Brigadier Bowen's visit, and he expressed his pleasure at what he had seen. On Thursday evening the Officers played the Warrant Officers and Sergeants at football. The game was only 20 minutes each way, but was quite long enough. The result was a win for the Officers. Friday was spent sorting out stores and getting ready to load for the return to Cardiff. On Saturday the rain simply poured down, much to our displeasure. In the evening the Warrant Officers and Sergeants entertained the Officers in the Mess and had an enjoyable time. On Sunday we returned to Cardiff.

Highlights of camp were: S.S.M. Reed singing "The Last Rose of Summer," complete with music, at the Glyn-y-ffedu Arms; Sergeant Fenton rendering the "Muffin-man" and the "Chelsea Pensioners"; S.S.M. Morgan's night recce to Abersoch; Sergeant Larson musselling on the beach; Captain R. S. P. Forbes' car "Betsy" making the round trip with the aid of a piece of string and a spring.

Since returning from camp we have had a few recruits and hope many more will come along soon.

Sergeants Larson and Brierley, P.S.I.s, have left us on posting, and have been replaced by S.S.M.s Griffiths and Greenstreet.

On 30th October, to round off the Recruiting Exhibition and Display, we held a dance in the gymnasium in the barracks. Dancing commenced at 7.30 p.m. and continued until midnight, when, unfortunately, we had to close. Everyone seemed to have an enjoyable evening, judging by the requests for another dance at an early date.

News for the present seems to be exhausted, so with best wishes to all Signal Units for the coming New Year, 53 (W) Infantry Divisional Signals say "Cheerio!"

BARDIC CROWN

23 (SOUTHERN) CORPS SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.

Fulham, S.W.6

December

We held our usual monthly dance on 4th December, but for various reasons it was not so well supported. It is hoped that the general lethargy, confined to the general public at the moment, is not creeping into our midst. This indifference is most distressing, and is felt from the heights of the War House down to the individual Units. Its symptoms are now well known; the patient, usually still quite young, from 25 to 40 years, complains of general inertia and has just enough energy, after a "hard day's work," to slump into an armchair. It is a common symptom for the patient to have spasms or fits which take the form of supporting—if he is a Terrier—his Unit on certain nights by attending drills and also the social activities. A distressing symptom are mutterings and disjointed conversations, into which creep the words, "Wife won't let me," "Working too hard," "Live too far off," and so on. There is a movement afoot to classify this disease as an "unindustrial" one. No cure is yet known, but the

experts are working hard at it and hope to have the answer soon.

The D.R.s have had a busy month; their activities include a visit to the Motor Cycle Show at Earls Court and a trip to Crowborough to visit the proposed camping site for 1949. No comments are available at present.

The Regiment, by kind permission of the General Electric Company, are giving a small show of " Signals at Work " at the G.E.C. Works at Wood Green. All phases of signal work will be included, and we will just keep our fingers crossed and hope that it will stimulate enough interest in the employees to make just a few sign on. *Nil desperandum!*

The Sergeants' Mess entertained the " Red Lion," Twickenham, to a social evening on 10th December. Quite a fair percentage of our members were recruited from the " Lion," so not much can be expected in the recruiting line, but you never know.

The Children's Party is fixed for 8th January, and judging by the activities of Captain Collins and Sergeants Bloomfield and Kimble, it is going to be a jolly good show, but more of that next month.

We were very sorry to hear of the financial trouble of THE WIRE, and on looking into the matter found, to our utter astonishment, it is due in no small way to us. We realised one or two factors, the chief ones being that there was a first-class magazine made up exclusively for the Corps by Corps members, printed in first-class style, and full of interesting matter, especially the doings of Old Comrades. All this was going down the drain, due to one reason only—indifference and lack of support. As soon as we realised this, we got cracking, and on trying to counteract this disease heretofore mentioned, got various people to pay a very reasonable subscription of 10s., which will entitle them to 12 monthly copies. It was unanimously agreed that it would be a great pity if the Corps Magazine were to be discontinued through lack of support.

This month our last, but not least, Squadron No. 4 is introduced. Major G. P. J. Pegg commands, and he is assisted by Captain B. W. A. Collins. The personnel are: Sergeant Hussey, Lance-Corporal Pattington, Signalmen Baxter, Faulkner, Nicholls, Parker, Harris, Hamilton, Day, Russell. P.S.I., S.S.M. A. S. Medlycott (of Sudan fame).

No. 14 A.A. (M) SIGNAL REGIMENT, TA.

Liverpool

November

Unfortunately, we missed writing in time for the last edition of THE WIRE, but will now make up the deficiency.

The winter entertainment started with a bang on 30th October with a Unit " party-cum-dance " in the Canteen. A good time was had by all, even if the numbers were a bit depleted owing to a contingent of the Unit attending the T.A. Parade in London on the occasion of the inspection by H.M. the King.

The Unit, we are glad to report, upheld the tradition amongst D.R.s and won the 4th A.A. Group Motor Cycle Trial held at Afor-Wen, North Wales, in spite of the efforts of 4 A.A. Group Independent Signal Squadron (see last month's issue of THE WIRE). This was due chiefly to a memorable performance by S.Q.M.S. R. Halford, which also gave him the individual award for the very best performance of the day, this in spite of completing three-quarters of the course with a fractured ankle. Nor must we forget the enthusiasm of Lance-Corporal C. T. Law, who had a major rôle as instructor to the team, being the only member with previous experience of rough riding.

We deeply regret that our Adjutant, Captain " Basher " Beatt, who has been at Woolton since its inception, has come to the end of his tour of duty. He will be leaving to take up his new appointment on the 26th. The whole Unit extend to him their very best wishes. We also welcome Captain W. J. Perry, his successor, and trust that his stay with us will be a happy one.

The Sergeants' Mess welcome a new arrival in their midst in Sergeant M. Davenport, A.T.S., and we congratulate her and Staff-Sergeant M. Heaps on their recent promotions.

S.S.M. R. Otterson is now the proud father of a son and heir, born on 9th October. Well done, Sergeant-Major!

" SPARE TIME FOR BRITAIN " EXHIBITION

THIS exhibition has been running in Oxford Street, near Marble Arch, since 22nd November, and finishes on 18th December. Designed to publicise and assist in recruiting the Territorial Army, the organisers have spared neither pains nor money, and in British Army parlance the show has been " got up regardless." On a first entry to the exhibition, one is almost dazed by the continuous vocal and visual propaganda. There is a continuous stream of propaganda issuing from innumerable although quite soft-spoken loudspeakers, and the eye is constantly attracted by the flickering of cinema screens. With some difficulty we found our way to the Royal Signals stand, which is the only one which gives the impression of realism. All the other stands are set pieces of beautifully polished equipment and very well-dressed soldiers.

The Royal Signals part of the exhibition, confined as it is to the very small space allotted, has been beautifully got up in the most realistic fashion as a Parachute Brigade Signal Office, which one sees through a large shellhole in a brick wall. Flanking and fronting this main tableau is the ever-popular Wire Recorder and one or two other articles of equipment.

The staff of the Royal Signals stand has consisted of one officer and two radio mechanics of Eastern Command Signal Regiment, and one N.C.O. and five signalmen of 15 Independent Parachute Brigade Signal Squadron, from Hanover, in B.A.O.R. We understand that these latter will be getting some very well-deserved leave afterwards.

The Territorial Army Signal Regiments in London, working on a roster, have also provided part of the staff.

Inquiries made as to the factual success or otherwise of the exhibition indicate that, as always nowadays, a good exhibition attracts great crowds, but, as so often in these days, comparatively few recruits, if the numbers recorded are measured by the cost in time and money of the exhibition. One heard of definite enlistments of twos and threes for the Territorial Army Signal Regiments in London.

The Regular Army recruiting stand, by contrast, admitted that they were well satisfied.

Certainly our thanks and congratulations go to all concerned in the Royal Signals stand, and a " Thank you," too, to the officers, N.C.O.s, and signalmen who for so many days have carried out a task which is often tiring; frequently very boring.

* * *

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Receipt of the following is gratefully acknowledged:—

Journal of the Royal Army Service Corps, December.
Catterick Express, 10th and 21st December.
Queen's Own Gazette, December.
Royal Pioneer, December.
St. George's Gazette, November.
Wish Stream, November.
Clarion, December.
Royal Signals Display Souvenir, 1948.
British Legion Journal, January.

We welcome Vol. 1, No. 1, of *The Army Medical Services Magazine,* which we received just as THE WIRE was going to press.

We always thought THE WIRE was the best of the monthly publications; now we are not so sure.

Signal Training in the A.C.F.

By **Captain J. W. WHISTON**

THE A.C.F. is a voluntary pre-service movement catering for boys from the age of 14 to the time when they are called to do their military service. Its objects are to teach them to be good citizens and to train potential leaders for the Army; at the present time there are about 100,000 Cadets who are getting the benefit of this valuable teaching and training.

Cadet Units are always affiliated to an Army Unit, generally a T.A. Unit, and members of the Cadet Unit wear the cap badge and shoulder titles of their Parent Unit. The majority of Units are stationed in the same premises or near to their Parent Unit, although A.C.F. Units formed in schools use their own premises.

The method of achieving the objects of the movement is by giving basic military training up to War Certificate " A " or Certificate " T " standard and by developing welfare and club activities for the Cadets. The basic military training given in all Cadet Units is the same, and it is only when Cadets have passed the first part of War Certificate " A " that the T.A. affiliation has any influence on training, when, for example, Signals or Internal Combustion Engine instruction might be taught for Units attached to Royal Signals or R.E.M.E. Units.

War Certificate " A " is taken in two parts, Part I to find the Cadets' individual knowledge of the subject, and Part II to test their abilities as Section Leaders.

The training given for War Certificate " A," Part I, covers the subjects of drill, the rifle, map reading, and field craft. When a Cadet has passed Part I of the examination, he has the choice of continuing his training with the object of taking (a) War Certificate " A," Part II, (b) Certificate " T " (Technical), which may be obtained in a variety of subjects, e.g. Internal Combustion Engines, Electrical Engineering, Building, or (c) the Signal Qualifying Test.

Cadets to be given signal training are formed into a separate Platoon in charge of the Battalion Signalling Officer. The training given is infantry signals, as this type of signal training will be most useful to the majority of Cadets. Further, the types of equipment used by the Royal Signals are not easily obtained and, in any case, are not suitable and are too complicated for the general training of Cadets. The object of the training is to give them a good knowledge of elementary line work and R.T. procedure, and an appreciation of wireless security and signal tactics.

The training given in Signal Platoons can be most useful in stimulating Cadets' interest in signal communication, and is very helpful to those who wish to become Regimental signallers or to join the Royal Signals. A good Signal Platoon can be very useful to a Unit in providing communication for field exercises and setting up line communications for weekend or summer training camps.

The Qualifying Test for Cadet signallers and the equipment which is issued to authorised Signal Platoons are given in the following tables. Before there was an issue of signal equipment, some Units managed to carry out some signal training with equipment of their own, and when the Home Guard stood down, many of its Units, particularly Post Office Units, gave signal equipment to Cadet Units.

The syllabus for the Signal Qualifying Test can be covered in a reasonable period, and this is an important factor because Cadets, who attend parades voluntarily, must have an objective which can be attained quickly before their enthusiasm changes to something new.

Further, all the subjects included in the syllabus can be practised regularly once they have been learned. Morse has wisely been omitted from the syllabus as this requires a lot of training time and cannot easily be acquired by Cadets by themselves in their spare time. As the time available for training does not often exceed four hours a week, the addition of Morse to the syllabus would have discouraged Cadets from joining the Signal Platoon and taking the Signal Qualifying Test. When Cadets have passed the test they are allowed to wear a crossed flags badge on the sleeve of their uniforms. Cadets like wearing badges, and the award of " crossed flags " for attaining a certain standard in signal training is a great incentive. Indeed, the wish to wear a badge frequently stimulates an interest in the subject which a Cadet did not previously have, and he continues to be interested after he has won his badge. It will be noticed that no subjects have been included in the syllabus which cannot be practised regularly by a Cadet Unit. The subjects I have in mind are Signal Office working and telephone switchboard operating. Few, if any, Cadet Units have sufficient traffic to keep a Signal Office working or sufficient to keep a switchboard manned, and to justify taking away one or two Cadets from their training.

When teaching Cadets, it is imperative that if lectures have to be given they should be very short and should be illustrated by demonstrations which maintain their interest. Cadets like playing about with signal equipment, particularly wireless equipment, and become very enthusiastic, but they are easily diverted if some alternative attraction comes along, and their enthusiasms change rapidly. It is necessary, therefore, to maintain their interest and to direct their enthusiasm in the right channels so that their playing about with equipment leads to correct manipulation of it and proficiency in its operation.

When, for example, elementary electricity is being taught the only way to keep the interest of the Cadets is by having a number of demonstrations involving lamps lighting, bells ringing, etc. If necessary, you may have to use artifices to emphasise some point. For example, in the pamphlet " Signal Training " (All Arms), Pamphlet 3, Electricity and Line Signalling, an electrical circuit is likened to a pipe-line with a pump, and an illustration is given in Fig. 1 of that pamphlet. The effect of varying the pressures and thicknesses of pipe can be shown by mounting on a board two loops of wire in the same shape as the diagram, one with thin wire and a 6 volt flash lamp bulb to represent a thin pipe and an insulated wire, and, say, a 1.5 volt flash lamp bulb to illustrate a wide pipe.

Although the period of training required to attain the Signal Qualifying Test is not long, there is no reason why it should stop when this has been obtained. There is a Signal Instructor's Certificate, equivalent to War Certificate " A," Part II, on the military side which may be taken. However, before a Cadet takes this examination it is preferable that he should attend one of the A.C.F. Signal Courses which are periodically held by Commands and at the School of Signals, Catterick.

One of the difficulties of running a Signal Platoon is the difficulty of maintaining numbers. Cadets cannot take the Signal Qualifying Test until they have passed Certificate " A," Part I. When they have passed this they are often anxious to become N.C.O.s and to be in charge of a Section of their own, and some Cadets, if they joined when they

were about 16, would be going into the Army in a short time after passing Part I. Further, if the Cadets joined the Signal Platoon, whether they have passed Part I or Part II, their Cadet life is not long and consequently there is a rapid movement of Cadets in the Signal Platoon. The strength of the Signal Platoon is, therefore, likely to be variable, and these frequent changes of personnel cause a continuous difficulty.

In the Unit which I serve, the affiliation is to a Royal Signals Unit, and we have always encouraged signal training, even in the days before signal equipment was issued and when signal training was frowned on by the "powers that be," and we have found that the best thing to do is to have an extra parade for Signals so that Cadets can start as soon as they come into the Unit and can be trained for War Certificate "A," Part I, and the Signal Qualifying Test at the same time. When the Cadets have passed Certificate "A," Part I, they can, if they wish, continue full time on signals or can continue with War Certificate "A," Part II. There will always be a large number of Cadets who wish to take Part II, and however keen we are on signal training, we must allow that, for the Cadet Unit and the Cadets' own future, Certificate "A," Part II, must always be of primary importance. Only the large Units with full facilities of space can offer the three alternatives to War Certificate "A," Part II, Certificate "T," and the Signal Qualifying Test. The financial grant made to Cadet Units is based on the number of Cadets who made a specified number of attendances, and an allowance is made for Cadets who pass Certificate "A," Part II, or Certificate "T," but no allowance is made for Cadets who pass the Signal Qualifying Test. There seems no obvious explanation of this anomaly, and it is hoped it will be rectified very soon.

There is sometimes a tendency to put into the Signal Platoon Cadets who do not show much aptitude for drill. This type of boy may be very happy in the Signal Platoon, and many boys may be attracted to the movement by a wish to know something about wireless and communications. Nevertheless, the standard of dress, saluting, and discipline in the Signal Platoon should be as good as any other Platoon of the Unit.

A Unit which specialises in signals, and particularly those affiliated to Royal Signals Units, should see that all its officers know the basic R.T. procedure and the importance of security, and it should be one of the duties of the Battalion Signalling Officer to arrange classes for this. It should also be the aim in such Units, although it will not be easy, to teach all cadets the basic R.T. procedure. One of the subjects taught for Field-craft in War Certificate "A," Part I, is message-writing, and in a Signal Unit this should be extended to cover at least the correct procedure for completing the Army Signal Form and, if possible, the basic R.T. procedure.

It is hoped that most Cadets, when they are called up, will join a Regular Unit of their own Corps or Regiment, and that their pre-service training will make easier their change-over from civilian life. There is no doubt that their pre-service training will assist their advancement in the Army. It is hoped that, while serving with the Army Cadet Force, Cadets will develop some loyalty for their parent Unit, so that they will be an asset to their Unit when they are called to do their military service, and that when they return they will serve with their original parent T.A. Unit with the spirit of volunteers and not pressed men.

There are at present about 200 Signal Platoons in Cadet Units affiliated to T.A. Units of all arms, and many of these would welcome the assistance of ex-Royal Signals personnel. This is an opportunity to help which may commend itself to many who are not eligible to join T.A. Units.

Units of the Combined Cadet Force (C.C.F.) are found in the larger schools. These are the direct descendants of the old Officers' Training Corps, and were known from 1939-1948 as Junior Training Corps.

These Units do not always have T.A. affiliations, and their conditions are frequently not similar to A.C.F. Units. As they are part of a school, their methods of training and type of discipline are different. Many schools have equipment which they have purchased themselves, but they are entitled to the standard issue of signal equipment and may take the Signal Qualifying Test.

Signal Equipment Authorised for C.C.F. and A.C.F. Signal Platoons

Items	Scale
Frogs, web, pliers, sidecutting	6
Belts, lineman	6
(To carry frog and knife clasp)	
Pliers, sidecutting, 8in., pairs	6
Compasses, magnetic marching	2
Cable, electric, D3 single (used), miles	4
Cells, dry X Mk 2	75
Instruments, testing No. 1	1
Reels, cable, No. 1 Mk 2	15
Tape, insulating, ¾in., lb.	10
Apparatus, cable laying No. 2	2
Flags, signal, Army, Mk 2, blue, small	3
Flags, signal, army, poles 3ft. 6in.	8
Mattocks, telegraph equipment	2
Pins, earth, small	10
Panniers, signal	1
Sticks, crook, short, dismounted services	2
Sticks, crook, jointed, Mk 2	1
Telephone sets, D Mk 5	6
Wireless stations, No. 18, Mk 3 (ground)	4
Wireless stations, No. 38, Mk 2	4
Keys, WT, 8 amp. No. 2, Mk 1	4
Fullerphones, Mk 4	4
Buzzers, signal training	6
Receivers, headgear, CLR single Mk 4	12
Sleeves, jointing, self-soldering, No. 1 or No. 2, boxes	6
Irons, soldering, straight, 1¾ lb.	1
Lamps, brazing, 1 pint	1
Solder, No. 6, lb.	1
Tape, jointing, rubber, tins	4
Knives, clasp	6
Labels, line F	30
Spunyarn, hemp, tarred, 1 yarn, lb.	7
Superposing units, 1 transformer	1
Switchboards, UC 10-line	1

Classification Test for Signallers, C.C.F. and A.C.F.

A. LINE INSTRUMENTS AND FIELD CABLE

1. Telephone set D:—
   (a) Connect for earth return or metallic circuit.
   (b) Test for efficiency.
   (c) Adjust and clean.
   (d) Replace and connect cells.
2. Cells.—Test with instrument, testing, No. 1.
3. Knotting and jointing:—
   (a) Make a reef knot, barrel hitch, clove hitch, and single sheet bend.
   (b) Make a temporary joint in the type of field cable used in the unit. Tee-in one cable to another.
   (c) Use of sleeves, self-soldering.
4. Cable laying.—Possess a good knowledge of the principle of cable laying; lay a safe line, using apparatus, cable laying No. 2.

B. WIRELESS

1. Possess a good knowledge of RT procedure, including code and link sign procedure.
2. Establish a wireless net of three stations, using correct tuning and netting drill.
3. Transmit and receive UR messages accurately by RT, using correct procedure.
4. Carry out operator's maintenance of set.
5. Possess a good knowledge of wireless security.

C. SIGNAL TACTICS

Possess a sound knowledge of the organisation and principal tasks of an infantry battalion signal platoon.

(*continued from page 28*)

was enough to show me with what confidence the male Officer leaves the duty of technical instruction of the operators. This young Officer of 22 was solely responsible for the instruction. She made out the programmes, organised the N.C.O. instructors, set the passing-out examination, and reported on the students for promotion. From time to time the male Officer checked up on the quality of the instruction.

"Finally, the Englishwoman has become clearly and harmoniously a part of the Regular Army, and her presence there is so natural that she seems never to have met with any opposition. The fact that the A.T.S. can sign up for five years indicates also that the future of the A.T.S. is guaranteed by the State."

(Translated by Captain J. J. Anns)

Branch Notes

Scarborough

December

The Branch held its monthly general meeting on Tuesday, 7th December. The weather was against us for a 100 per cent. turn-out. Nevertheless we were very pleased to have Colonel Goddard with us; he had about eight miles across the desert to travel to get to the meeting, and we do appreciate such *esprit de corps*. Our Chairman, Captain N. Hunt, rang through to say he was fogbound and would be half an hour late; we presumed our Vice-Chairman was on "Flying Sentry," so the meeting opened in the capable hands of Major (Frank) Mansfield.

Members of the Branch have given a donation of £1 1s. to the Mayor of Scarborough's War Memorial Fund, the object being to have a plaque put on the existing War Memorial with the names of those who lost their lives in the last war, 1939-45.

We are having a bumper whist drive and dance at the Olympia Ballroom, Scarborough, on 13th January, so here's hoping for a "full house."

January is a busy and active month. We are having a children's Christmas party on the 24th at Boyes Café: a Santa Claus is wanted to give the toys out (Union rates)! Invited to the party also are local dependants' children, ex-Signals, and children from the married quarters at Burniston Barracks (Signals).

We welcome Mr. Pennison, who has joined the Branch on arrival from Leicester; as he is an amateur wireless enthusiast, I can see this Branch getting on the air before long.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. (Reg.) Tiltman on the birth of a son of 27th November. Don't forget to report to the "Q" bloke, Reg.

Lucky members in the Christmas draw were Mr. Teal, voucher for 10s.; Mr. Wedge, a chicken, and Ted Whittaker took the cake.

Heard in the "Salisbury," year 1930, place Catterick. Lance-Corporal D.I. to recruits: "If it moves, salute it. If it doesn't move, pick it up. If you can't pick it up, paint it."

To all members and ex-members,
Wherever you may be,
Here's hoping you had a merry Christmas
From Scarborough-by-the-Sea.
And in this year of '49
We hope that health, happiness and peace
Be ever thine.

VIC ACK

Bedford

We are pleased to announce that the Bedford Branch of the Royal Signals Association, which was inaugurated a little over a year ago, has now 59 members. It is hoped to enrol all serving members from 61 H.Q. Army Signal Regiment (T.A.) and affiliated A.T.S. Sections.

In future, thanks to the kindness of Lieutenant-Colonel F. M. Greaves in making the Social Club available to the Association, every Friday night will be Association night, the first Friday in each month being general meeting night, and the last Friday being an organised social evening.

The annual general meeting will be held on 24th January, 1949.

The annual dinner is being held at the Bridge Hotel, Bedford, on 11th February, 1949, the guest of honour being Colonel A. W. Roberts, M.C., General Secretary of the Association.

Having now reached a healthy state, the activities of the Branch will be regularly reported in this magazine.

Huddersfield

The highlight of recent proceedings was a grand dance, held at the Parochial Hall, Fitzwilliam Street, on Wednesday, 10th November, which was well attended by many members and their friends. A good time was had by all, although one certain ex-T.M.O. was observed to go through the motions of a mazurka during the interval waltz.

His friends say this lapse was caused through his seeing a long line of vehicles outside the hall, all in going order, but we have our own ideas.

The credit for a highly-successful evening goes to our hard-working Entertainments Committee, Bill Tute, Ken Hiley, H. Edwards, and, of course, our friend, Doctor Watson, who acted in his normal capacity as jack of all ceremonies and master of none.

The best reward for having done well is to have more to do, as they used to say to us when we came off spud-bashing, so we will lay on another effort in the near future —there is always the chance that that blonde will not remember us, anyhow.

Speaking of memories reminds us of the strong rumour that our Hon. Secretary, Ken Hiley, is visiting some old Service friends of his down Salisbury way over the Christmas period. Knowing how long he was stationed in that part of the world we wish him the best of luck, and hope his Service friends will give their husbands due warning.

We continue to see more new faces at our meetings at 8 p.m. on the first Monday of each month at the Crown Hotel, Westgate, and conclude the demob machine is still percolating, although like everything else it is not a patch on the speed things went at when we were in the Corps.

We are always glad to see old friends and make new ones, so we would like to say again to all members of the Corps, past and present, don't forget to look us up if you are in this part of the world.

EEEJEE

Birmingham

December

It becomes ever more difficult for me to write you a few paragraphs of interesting news. Politics, that inexhaustible source of material for comedians and columnists, is barred in this respectable journal. A good thing, too, because laughter must be indulged in sparingly these days—always supposing you have anything to laugh at. By this time you may have guessed that I have a most imperial cold. Furthermore, my "dead cert" bankers fell down flat last Saturday and it is raining hard. Let us tarry awhile under this deep depression. Get that smile off your face while I tell you that our annual dinner at Cateswell House in October, being a huge social success and a most enjoyable gathering for all who attended, was nevertheless a financial failure. "What about an annual dinner!" clamoured most of the 900 members. "Get cracking," they said. And what happens? The arrangements are made and every member is notified in good time. The job of replying is made easy for them. They have to write "yes" or "no" on the detachable slip at the foot of the circular, add name and address plus a few shillings. Maybe it was the stamp or the walk to the nearest pillar box that defeated them. One hundred and five members went to the dinner. Let us think of something else.

One of the items on our winter programme was a meeting at Cateswell House on 10th December to play darts and raise the morale of the breweries. I counted the members present four times but never got beyond eight. Uncle Ralph: "You'll have us in tears in a minute." Me:

" Sorry. Just let me get another hot rum and milk. There's more yet."

The monthly branch meeting at the Crown Hotel, Broad Street, on 25th November, was well attended—by the committee. The only others were the usual band of loyal supporters, who never fail to put in an appearance, and several new members, the latter looking a bit surprised. One couldn't blame them. They have probably been told that the Birmingham Branch is one of the largest in the country. As always, we spent a very cheery hour or two. Personally, I look on the last Thursday in the month as an occasion to cast care aside and to hear Major Howard Bolton's newest story.

The excellent work of No. 1/20 Army Signal Regiment, T.A., at the Grand Prix, Silverstone, when they installed and maintained the telephonic communications there, was recognised by the Royal Automobile Club in a letter of appreciation to Lieutenant-Colonel D. G. Collins, M.B.E., T.D., the Commanding Officer. The letter was accompanied by a cheque for ten guineas, which Colonel Collins handed over to this Branch for transmission to the Benevolent Fund. I knew there would be a bright spot somewhere. Now that I have cheered you up, you can do something for me. Tell me how it is that this mathematical curiosity works out. Write down your age. Multiply it by 2. Add 5. Multiply the result by 50. Add the number of coins in your pocket. Subtract 365 for the days in the year and, just for pig iron, add 115. Examine the result and tell me if the figures on the left are familiar and if those on the right confirm your tally of coins. If not, brush up your arithmetic and try again. Next month: How to get Christmas pudding out of a piccolo.

Now, with reckless abandon, I wish you all a happy New Year. Try a little harder to support your Branch by attending the meetings. Just once a month. I wish more members would turn up and tell me what to say in these notes. I can never think of anything. By the time you get this copy of THE WIRE you will have had your Merry Christmas and will now be wondering how anyone can expect you to start a happy New Year. Surprisingly enough, you probably *will* have a year full of pleasant things and bright horizons, if that means what I think it does. It is an attitude of mind, you know. Imagine that your glass is half full, not half empty. Think of your bacon ration and have a good laugh. Who wants bacon, anyway? A nice thick slice of pink ham is just as good. Perhaps I had better go now.

BARLEUX

Torbay *December*

A very happy and prosperous New Year to all readers of THE WIRE at home and overseas from, I think, the youngest Branch of the Association.

Since our last notes we have had quite a hectic series of local social events, the main one being our very first reunion dinner in Torquay. Eighty-five members sat down to a very enjoyable meal, and amongst this honourable gathering was the C.S.O., Southern Command, Brigadier B. B. Kennett, the General Secretary of the Association, Colonel Roberts, " Pa " Western, and others. A few selected speakers got up and said their stuff, but it was really " Pa " who carried his audience back into the (?) good old days. His references to being stationed in Torquay during the 1914-18 war, as a member of the old R.E. Signal Company, produced from amongst us two other members who were also stationed here with him. Our only regrets were that time was too short and the liquor licence ran out too early, but otherwise it was a lovely evening. By the time we have our next one, in about 12 months' time, I shall also be one of the has beens.

We are very glad to be able to say that we are working in co-operation with the older-established Exeter branch, and we are grateful to them for their ready assistance, and also for their whole-hearted support in bringing down a bus load from Exeter to our dinner. I am looking forward to the time when I take a bus load to their dinner, sometime about February.

This week we are holding our Christmas dance and Christmas draw. I hope I shall not get that bottle of Johnny Walker, which cost me a pair of boots to get, to say nothing of about three weeks' walking. It would only be said " a wangle."

Happy days, don't spend all your pay increase at once.

TOPPER

SPORTS NOTES

Hockey

Royal Signals, Catterick v. *Manchester University, at Manchester, 20th October, 1948*

The varsity team opened by exerting pressure on the Signals goal and were really unlucky not to score at least once in the first 15 minutes. Signals gradually settled down to their usual tactics and were soon storming their opponents' goal. No score was forthcoming until the Manchester goalkeeper fell on the ball, a penalty bully being the result, from which Bruce Brabham, our inside-left, scored. Half-time score was Signals 1, Manchester 0.

Signals attacked from the commencement of the second half and an early goal was scored by Major Gregory, our outside-right. The varsity made spasmodic raids on our goal, and on these occasions appeared ever likely to score. Signals resumed the attack and Signalman Gardner found the net, making the score 3—1 in our favour. Manchester did not give up trying and were eventually awarded a penalty bully from a foul committed by Signals left-back; from this they failed to score. From the let-off, Signals went away to score their fourth goal, a well-placed shot from Major Gregory. Final result: Signals 4, Manchester University 1.

Royal Signals, Catterick v. *Leeds University, at Leeds, 27th November, 1948*

Two teams were entertained by Leeds University. Signals first eleven just managed to win, the score being 3 goals to 2. From the outset the play was fast and the ball was kept moving for long periods without a breach of the rules being committed. Signals outside-right opened the score with a good cross-hit from the edge of the " D," but the University exerted pressure and were soon on equal terms. The University then continued to press and scored again, half-time score being Leeds University 2, Signals 1. Play continued to be fast and even from the start of the second half and both sides really deserved to score. Goals eventually came from the Signals right, making the score 3 goals to 2 in Signals' favour. Mention must be made at this stage of the Signals defence; it stood up to a terrific hammering for minutes on end without faltering. Final score: Royal Signals 3, University 2. Players who performed extremely well and are worthy of mentioning were Captain Norman Clevely, Second-Lieutenant Ashworth, and Major Gregory. Lieutenant-Colonel J. R. Beeton returned to the Corps side after many years of absence and proved that he is still capable of holding his own with youth.

The second eleven also performed valiant deeds by defeating Leeds University seconds by 4 goals to 1. Major Grey, of 2 Training Regiment, captained the side with his usual energy and keenness.

Royal Signals v. *R.A.O.C.*

The first inter-Corps hockey match took place at Ordnance Depot, Chilwell, on 17th November. R.A.O.C. produced one of their strongest sides since the war. The Signals side

included many newcomers and may be considered to be still in its trial stages; however, the game proved very fast. The opening was rather sensational for Signals. Their centre-forward, following up a bad mess on the part of the Ordnance defence, was left with the ball and an open goal; an easy goal resulted. This helped Signals to better efforts, but Ordnance were not making the same mistake twice, their defence being a stumbling block to the repeated attacks of our forwards. From a breakaway Ordnance scored, and this proved rather an incentive for our opponents, who continued to press for several minutes, but half-time came with the score even.

The second half was all Signals, and try as they would, the forwards just could not break down the Ordnance defence. Prominent amongst the forwards was Lieutenant Murray at outside-left, who tried hard to find an opening. During a breakaway, Ordnance outside-left scored a "picture" goal. Pressure was put on by Signals from then on until the end of the game, but no further goals were forthcoming, the final score being: Ordnance 2, Signals 1. This is the Corps' first defeat in inter-Corps matches since the war. With the new blood coming forward, there is little or no need for dismay, as a large percentage of the side are young and have many years of hockey before them.

The team was as follows: Goal, R.S.M. Dawson; backs, S.Q.M.S. Deegan and Lieutenant-Colonel Beeton; halves, Second-Lieutenant Rogers, Second-Lieutenant Ashworth, and Corporal Leech; forwards, Major Gregory, Signalman Gardner, Second-Lieutenant Crole, Lieutenant Brabham, and Lieutenant Murray. Reserve: Captain Webber.

FIXTURE LIST 1949

Date	Opponents	Ground
Jan. 12	St. Andrew's University	St. Andrew's
Jan. 14	Edinburgh University	Edinburgh
Jan. 15	Old Watsonians	Edinburgh
Jan. 19	Eastern District, Scotland	Edinburgh
*Jan. 29	R.A.S.C.	Catterick
*Feb. 12	R.A.O.C.	Catterick
Feb. 16	Leeds University (2 teams)	Catterick
*Feb. 26	Royal Engineers	Ripon
Mar. 2	Manchester University	Catterick
Mar. 19	Norton	Norton

* Corps representative matches.

Association Football

A trial match was held in Catterick on 28th November, 1948, to select the team to play Manchester University in a Corps friendly match on 1st December, 1948.

Players from various Units in the country attended the trial and the team finally selected was as follows:

Lance-Corporal Watson (3 Training Regiment); Lance-Corporal Kilpatrick (3 Training Regiment), Lance-Corporal Evans (5 Training Regiment); Signalman Mackenzie (5 A.A. Group (M) Signal Regiment), Lance-Corporal Mays (3 Training Regiment), Signalman McKnight (1 Training Regiment); Signalman Layfield (7 Selection Regiment), Signalman Jessop (5 Training Regiment), Signalman Barker (Northern Command Signal Regiment), Sergeant Spence (National Service Officers' Training Wing), Signalman Cousins (Eastern Command Signals).

The game against the University was fast and keenly contested. The teams were evenly matched and Royal Signals were fortunate to be a goal up at half-time. Spence started the movement, which resulted in a long cross to Barker, who made no mistake. University equalised through a penalty midway through the second half. Watson made a stout effort to save a well-taken kick, but the ball passed under his body into the net. Royal Signals played well as a team and their defence was outstanding.

Fencing

Royal Signals Fencing Club v. *Portsmouth Command (Royal Navy)*

This match was held at Portsmouth in the Royal Naval Barracks at 1430 hrs., Friday, 5th November, 1948. The match was very close and the result was in doubt almost until the last fight. Royal Signals Fencing Club won by 15 wins against 12 defeats.

Foil.—Captain E. J. Beale—2 wins, 1 defeat.
Captain D. L. Hermiston—1 win, 2 defeats.
Captain T. G. H. Jackson—0 win, 3 defeats.
Epee.—Captain T. G. H. Jackson—2 wins, 1 defeat.
Major R. B. Ridley-Martin—2 wins, 1 defeat.
Captain E. J. Beale—2 wins, 1 defeat.
Sabre.—Major R. B. Ridley-Martin—2 wins, 1 defeat.
Captain T. G. H. Jackson—3 wins, 0 defeats.
Captain E. J. Beale—1 win, 2 defeats.

Royal Signals Fencing Club v. *York Fencing Club*

The match was held at York in the York Fencing Club at 1500 hrs., Saturday, 13th November, 1948. The match resulted in a victory for the Royal Signals Fencing Club by 12 wins to 6 defeats.

Foil.—Captain E. J. Beale—3 wins, 0 defeats.
Major M. A. Lloyd—3 wins, 0 defeats.
Second-Lieutenant E. W. Millman—2 wins, 1 defeat.
Epee.—Major M. A. Lloyd—1 win, 2 defeats.
Captain E. J. Beale—2 wins, 1 defeat.
Second-Lieutenant E. W. Millman—1 win, 2 defeats.

ROYAL SIGNALS BENEVOLENT FUND

Receipts during the month of November, 1948

	£	s.	d.
War Office Signal Regiment	4	16	9
Guards Divisional Signals	235	11	4
Salonika Area Signal Troop	8	1	5
1/20 Army Signal Regiment (T.A.)	10	10	0
Catterick Branch (S.T.C. Units)	89	0	0
Royal Signals Corps Fund	61	18	7
1 Training Regiment (Sergeants' Mess)	1	0	0
Captain W. H. Terrell		17	0
Mrs. A. M. Mayhew		10	0
Mr. H. Gates	1	3	0
Mr. D. H. McEwen		17	0
Mr. S. I. Biggs		7	3
Mr. R. Clark		3	0
	£414	15	4

Expenditure during the month of November, 1948

	No. of Cases	£	s.	d.
General Assistance	22	105	16	11
Rent, Rates and Insurance	6	31	10	0
Cots and Prams	5	29	5	0
Beds and Bedding	6	36	0	0
Furniture	12	85	10	0
Clothing	8	43	17	6
Hospital and Doctors' Fees	2	10	0	0
Convalescence	3	17	13	0
Rehabilitation	2	25	0	0
Surgical Appliances	1	5	3	1
Funerals	2	26	0	0
Tools	1	6	16	0
Removals	5	44	0	0
Fares	2	4	0	0
	77	£470	11	6

Analysis of Persons Assisted

Discharged or Released soldiers	63
Wives and dependents of deceased	8
Families of soldiers serving in U.K. 5, F.A.R.E.L.F., 1	6
	77

OLD COMRADES' ASSOCIATION

The following new members joined the Association through this H.Q. during November, 1948:

Life Members	22
Annual Members	68
	90

OLD SOLDIERS' COLUMN

Will any ex-member of 4 G.H.Q. Signals, Paiforce, please communicate with Major J. Kilner, O.C., 38 A.A. (M) Signal Squadron, T.A., the Drill Hall, Fitzwilliam Road, Rotherham, Yorks, for news? Major Kilner is in constant communication with several personalities of that Unit, and all are desirous of ascertaining the whereabouts and progress of the "lesser lights," such as Tam Aitken, Jackee Funnell, Paddy Walsh, Jerry Mander, "Angus" and Doug. Butler.

The Corps
Magazine
of the
Royal Signals

THE WIRE

Vol. 3 (*New Series*) No. 2 • FEBRUARY 1949

THE WIRE

The Corps Magazine of the
ROYAL SIGNALS

The Official Organ of the
SIGNALS ASSOCIATION

All correspondence and notes for "The Wire" should be addressed to. The Editor, "The Wire," 88 Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1.

Remittances should be made payable to: Royal Signals Association. Subscription rates (post free, except air mail): Twelve months, 10s.; single month, 1s.

☆

FEBRUARY • 1949

Volume 3 *New Series* **No. 2**

☆

PRICE: ONE SHILLING

Editorial

MR. F. E. HESTER, formerly R.Q.M.S. in the Corps, writes: "I was very interested to read in the November issue of THE WIRE the paragraph re Q.M.S.I. Cotterell, A.P.T.C. and Royal Signals. Your readers will, I know, be glad to learn that he has made a good recovery from his serious leg trouble and is now fit and well. Should anyone wish to contact him, his address is: Bolton House, 61 Curzon Street, London, W.1. I was with him last evening, and he wishes to be remembered to all old members of the Corps, and also to anyone else who may be interested."

* * *

All members of the Corps, past and present, will wish to congratulate the following on their well-deserved awards in the New Year Honours:

C.B.E. Brigadier J. B. Hickman, M.C.
O.B.E. Lieutenant-Colonel E. H. du Cros.
O.B.E. Lieutenant-Colonel P. B. G. Gambier.

* * *

DO YOU THINK "THE WIRE" IS WORTH A SHILLING?

THE WIRE is trying to cater for three distinct types of reader: the member of the Association, the serving Regular, and the National Serviceman.

It is thought that the first two categories are well served by THE WIRE. In its pages month by month they can find news of old friends and of Stations of the Corps, some of which will revive a memory.

They can obtain news of the progress of Royal Signals in work and play.

The National Serviceman will not be interested in all of this, and much of "Unit Notes" will not interest him at all.

For him there is the notes of his own Regiment and perhaps news from Royal Signals Stations to which he is likely to be posted.

But for all there are in, say the January number, some quite good cartoons (including Sognal Singsters drawn from life), some photographs worth at least a glance, and eight short stories or articles of general interest.

Count up the pictures, the stories, and the articles of general interest in any "bookstall" publication that you get for 1s. or more. We think THE WIRE is worth 1s. of anybody's money. Do you? If you do, try and persuade someone else to buy it.

Railways, always a fascination for young and old, finds its full quota of young enthusiasts [*Sport & General*

Thrills Unlimited

AT THE SCHOOLBOY'S OWN EXHIBITION

By **Captain C. M. JENKINS,** Royal Signals

WHAT shall I be when I grow up? Is it to be engine driver, doctor, soldier, or sailor? . . . There comes a time when every schoolboy asks these questions, so each year since 1927 the Youth of Britain have had their own Exhibition in London, in the hope that answers can be found. Organised by private enterprise, the Exhibition has the support of nearly all prominent educational and public leaders. Sir Harry Brittain, K.B.E., C.M.G., D.L., LL.D., is the President, and Patrons include The Lord Rowallan, M.C., T.D. (Chief Scout), The Lord Queenborough, G.B.E., J.P., Professor C. E. M. Joad, and R. W. Moore (Headmaster of Harrow).

Spread over nearly a hundred stands, the exhibitors offered a display suitable to the varying moods of youth, variety being the keynote of the exhibition. Every exhibit was different, and none was lacking in interest; in fact, the theme was—to educate, to encourage hobbies, to amuse. All for a shilling from 10 to 8.

There was an abundance of expert advice from every walk of life. Sir John Cockcroft, the atomic energy expert, Colonel A. T. Goldie Gardner, the British ace motor racing driver, A. J. Pegg and Squadron-Leader Hazelden, the crack test pilots—they all intermingled with the boys. But for the schoolboy autograph hunter, the New Horticultural Show, from 1st to 15th January, was a paradise. Dolores Gray brought Big Bill Johnson from "Annie Get Your Gun" to show the cadets how it could be done! Kim Peacock and Noel Johnson, in the guise of Paul Temple and Dick Barton, dropped in. John Howard Davies, Bobby Henrey, Neil North, three of our brilliant young actors, held their own and probably enjoyed the show as much as anyone. On Sunday afternoon, 9th January, the B.B.C. arranged a special television broadcast in the Children's Hour.

The Army was represented by the Army Apprentices' School, Army Cadet Force, and the Royal Armoured Corps, who all had fascinating models. Field Marshal Sir William Slim, the C.I.G.S., inspected the Cadets' Guard of Honour upon arrival, and proved a popular visitor (see photograph) with the boys. Cautiously, he decided not to try his hand on the range in case he failed to score the maximum score he felt he ought to get! The R.A.C. display was a working model

The C.I.G.S. inspecting the A.C.F. guard of honour [*Keystone Press Agency, Ltd.*

[*Sport & General*

Part of the Army's exhibit was a rifle range. Here Michael Pond, aged 10, of Barnet, Deryck Alcock, aged 10, of Barnet, and Richard Kingdom, aged 11, of Perivale, Middlesex, are on the range

of an Argosy amphibian tracked vehicle, and a panorama of a tank battle in the early stages of a Combined Operation, lent by the Nuffield Organisation. Driven by electricity, it was controlled by a man in a small control box. The model travelled down the road to the water's edge, proceeded through the water into a tank landing craft. It then turned round and proceeded back to land. Tank battle was also staged with model tanks engaging the enemy on the enemy shore soon after landing from a L.C.T. "Hit the Mark" was the Cadets' star attraction (see photograph), and many an adult had to blush when he was exposed by such juvenile marksmanship. Prizes were offered for the highest score. "The Mountain Fighter," a tableau showing a snow scene, depicting British soldiers fighting in bitter weather—with samples of equipment—was topical and very well done. All credit to Major E. H. Jeffries, M.B.E., M.C., of H.Q., Western Command, who made the model.

The Royal Navy stand had much to interest. Accurate models of a typical cruiser and modern aircraft carrier, full-size engine room control platform and a fire control box which the boys could train and elevate guns 10 ft. away; and a working model of a four-ram electric hydraulic steering gear, as fitted in H.M. ships.

The Royal Air Force, Ministry of Supply, and British Airways joined forces to demonstrate flying. "Seaford," the new flying boat; "Vampire" and "Flying Wing," in a 6 ft. wind tunnel, thrilled parents just as much.

Stamps, cigarette cards, and railways are still very popular, and the average age of those who pushed together round the stands would be about 40 years! British Railways provided an electrically-operated "O" gauge model railway consisting of 500 ft. of track laid with the latest flat-bottom rails. The layout included main line running lines, carriage sidings, locomotive shed, station, goods depot, bridges, and riverside fittings. A fleet of scale models included examples of express trains running in each region, a new express diesel (10,000 class), and a shunting diesel. It was not surprising this was the most well-attended stand and that boys had to be "dragged away" when the Exhibition had to close each day.

Some addresses which may be useful to your sons:

1. *Books.* Foyles, of 119-125 Charing Cross Road, W.C.2, offer a choice from a stock of three million.

2. *Cigarette Cards.* The London Cigarette Card Co., Cambridge House, 30 Wellesley Road, Chiswick, London, W.4. Current list for 3d. Publishers of "Cigarette Card News."

3. *Stamps.* (a) The Windsor Stamp Co., The Lantern House, Uckfield, Sussex; fortnightly Philatelic Bulletin Album from 4s. 4d. (b) Healey & Wire, Ltd., 14 Wormwood Street, London, E.C.2.

4. *Engineering.* (a) Bricklaying Models: J. W. Spear & Sons, Enfield, Middlesex. (b) Air Pistols, .177 or .22: Webley & Scott, Weaman Street, Birmingham. (c) Model Aircraft, Buildings and Ships: Modellers Supply, Ltd., Huddersfield; Bremar Co., Ltd., 52 Queen's Gate Gardens, Gloucester Road, London, S.W.7; "Gyrotor Flying Helicopter." (d) Plasticine: Harbutt's Plasticine, Ltd., Bathampton, Bath. (e) Drawing Graph: Scientific Novelties, 9 Westmorland Avenue, Blackpool.

5. *Chemistry.* A. N. Beck & Sons, 60 Stoke Newington High Street, London, N.16.

6. *Conjuring.* Paul Clive & Co., Ltd., Back 68 Cocker Street, Blackpool.

7. *Nature Study.* Watkins & Doncaster, 36 Strand, London, W.C.2.

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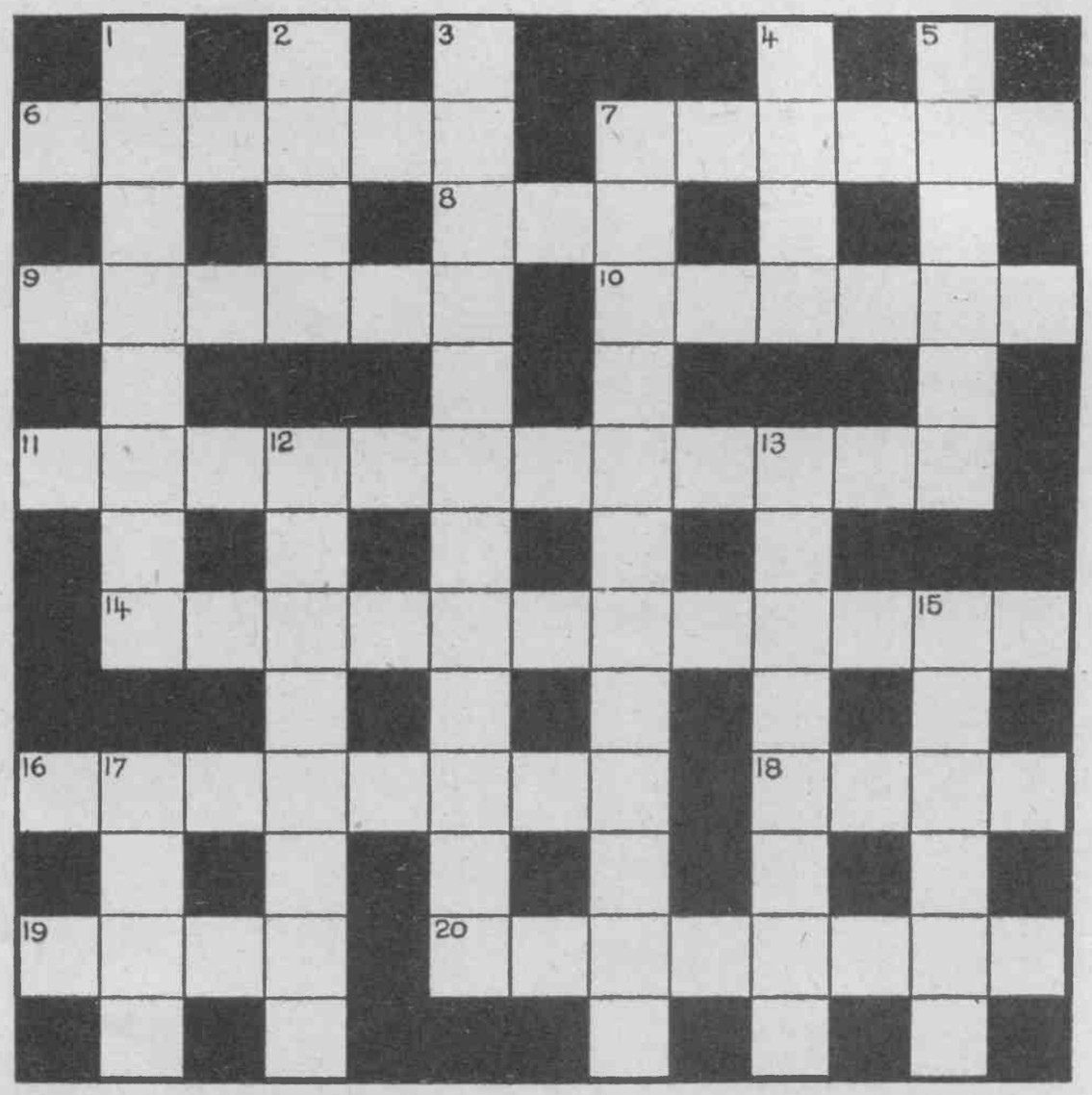
Crossword Puzzle No. 6

Composed by J. Riley



ACROSS

6. Can Samuel face all this junk? (6)
7. For secrecy, hold it in this (6).
8. Through road (3).
9. Fifty hate nothing — or do they? (6)
10. One learned in the law (6).
11. The answer to the juvenile delinquency problem (8 and 4).
14. P.T. is (12).
16. Electrical energy does (8).
18. Read Othello, Act 3, concerning a good one (4).
19. Sounds the name of a third occupant of London's Guildhall (4).
20. Half of it smells, but the whole keeps dirt away from you (8).

DOWN

1. Gold Coast town (8).
2. Turn it regularly for good results (4).
3. Looked into (12).
4. Rime found in the occident (4).
5. May once have been dairy (6).
7. A Norfolk optical illusion (12).
12. What the Frenchman can see in face (8).
13. Insects use this, too, you signal wallahs (8).
15. Lookout when you are asked for this (6).
17. To incite (4).

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE NO. 5

ACROSS.—1, Addicted. 7, Canes. 8, Sensible. 9, Betty. 10, Item. 12, Reels. 15, Nasalis. 16, Ann. 17, Grenade. 18, Meter. 21, Adze. 22, Sneer. 23, Aerogram. 24, Crags. 25, A Shyster.

DOWN.—1, Answer. 2, Dangle. 3, Crisis. 4, Eolienne Dress. 5, Lacerate. 6, Bestride. 13, Errantry. 14, Lance-Sergeant. 16, Ada. 18, Memory. 19, Thirst. 20, Reamer.

STOP PRESS

Her Royal Highness The Princess Royal, Colonel-in-Chief, Royal Signals, Opens New Catterick N.A.A.F.I. Club

We are indebted to the *Catterick Express* for news that on Wednesday, 19th January, Her Royal Highness The Princess Royal opened the new Catterick N.A.A.F.I. Club which was inaugurated by Major-General R. T. O. Cary over two years ago.

Her Royal Highness was accompanied by General Sir Montagu Stopford, G.O.C.-in-C., Northern Command.

The Guard of Honour was provided by Royal Signals and A.T.S., the band being provided by Royal Signals.

After opening the new N.A.A.F.I. Club, Her Royal Highness inspected the A.T.S. of Signals Training Wing.

Home Stations

SOUTHERN COMMAND (M) SIGNAL REGIMENT

Salisbury

HEADQUARTERS. Since our last notes appeared, water seems to be prominent; some prefer to add it to beverages, others prefer to travel on it. In this connection we welcome Captain (T.O.T.) G. West from M.E.L.F., who has taken over the Bulford Troop from Captain (T.O.T.) J. Kavanagh. (Captains (T.O.T.) Allen and Speakes please note.)

Joe Kavanagh, as far as we know, is on his way to M.E.L.F., and his S.S.M. for the Far East—one S.S.M. Sunderland, who volunteered for the Distant Climes. We wish them every success wherever they may settle. Hard lines, Joe. I hear you had just been allotted a quarter, too !

We also welcome Captain (T.O.M.) W. Berry to the fold, who has taken over the Plymouth Troop together with its mysteries, from Captain (T.O.T.) G. Harris, who has again taken up his drawing instruments and boards as a civil draughtsman.

The Command Trade Board has come and left us with more " howlers," a few of which will appear at the end of these notes; some candidates are better off financially, others will try again. There should be no failures at the next Trade Board, seeing what programmes of training are being prepared by the Regiment. Outside Units averaged 66 per cent. " pass " on the last test in November.

Senior Commander D. J. Hogh, A.T.S., has written a short story, " Some Early Experiences with A.T.S. Signals." Part I appears in this issue, and will be continued in the March publication.

The Entertainments Committee and volunteers are to be congratulated on another " good show."

The dance on 15th December was a complete success. When I left at about 11.30 p.m., the Hokey Cokey had brought them all to their knees. Everyone had a jolly time and are eagerly looking forward to the next dance.

A Games Tournament is in the offing, which looks as though we are in for more entertainments these winter evenings

Lieutenant-Colonel Beattie has tried very hard to get a full comprehensive account of the boxing career of ex-Sergeant Jimmy Emblem, but Jimmy is very evasive and you have to draw the information from him word by word. We know he has a much wider record, including many civilian bouts, but he prefers to talk of his earlier days at Bedford. We will let Aldershot tell you all about Jimmy Emblem in their notes.

Seeing that our notes prepared for publication in the November issue fell by the wayside, and although belated, may we add that it was with regret that we said adieu to Lieutenant-Colonel P. R. Hyde, O.B.E., who left us to take up an appointment at H.Q., B.A.O.R. Colonel Hyde commanded the Regiment for over two years. All ranks of the Regiment and the civilian staff wish him every success for the future.

In the field of sport we have our ups and downs. A few words will appear later about soccer, and, as you will read, we do not excel at football this season.

Hockey seems to be our strong point; we have only suffered defeat at the sticks of Headquarters, Southern Command. We have gotten through the first round of the knock-out by defeating V.I.S.T.R.E. 2—1, and we hope to get a little further in the competition this year. We certainly have a very useful team.

ALDERSHOT F.S.S. TROOP. It is with regret that we have to say farewell to Sergeant Jimmy Emblem, recently discharged to pension from the Corps after 33 years' service. A great sportsman who, as a boxer, helped to put the Corps in the forefront of boxing in the Army from 1922 to 1932. An unassuming, placid fellow normally, but once in the boxing ring, Jimmy was hell let loose !

Jimmy's most notable achievements were as follows:

Army Championships, 1923 and 1924. Light-heavy, runner-up.

Army Championships, 1925. Light-heavy, winner.

Eastern Command Championships, 1921 and 1923. Middle, winner.

Represented Army Boxing Team as light-heavy for six years (1921–1926).

Also Corps Champion as either middle, light-heavy, or heavyweight for about eight years.

One of Jimmy's hardest and toughest fights was in 1926, against Petty Officer Spiller, R.N., at Chatham, when boxing for the Corps team. This four-round contest was one of the hardest-hitting fights that one could ever wish to see, and was finally awarded to the naval man on points. Jimmy returned to Aldershot in a daze, and finished up in the Cambridge Hospital with concussion for a few days.

Jimmy has secured a job under the Officer i/c Barracks, Marlborough Lines, Aldershot.

I am sure all who knew Jimmy Emblem will join us in

wishing him and Mrs. Emblem every success in civilian life.

ALDERSHOT A.T.S. On 15th December we had a very interesting visit to the Airborne Museum in lieu of our usual Recreational Training. It was agreed that this diversion was welcome, and thoroughly enjoyed by all.

The broken string of Cupid's bow in Piccadilly did not prevent the marriages of Private Joy Irving to Private " Sandy " Hutton, of the Parachute Regiment, and of Private Rose Taylor, who has married another " Red Devil," Private Douglas Riley. We wish both our popular members good hunting in the marital stakes.

Football. The season 1948-49 started very disastrously for the Regiment. We competed in the East Wilts Military League for Major Units, and soon found we were not in this class, as we lost our first five games by large margins. It was decided to withdraw from this league and to enter in the Command Area Small Units League. The Regiment won its first match against 597 Company, R.A.S.C., by 3 goals to 0, but five days later were defeated by 597 Company, R.A.S.C., by 5 goals to 1. The Joint School of Chemical Warfare gave us two good games, both of which resulted in draws, 1 goal each. Our old rivals, both in cricket and football, R.A., Porton, defeated us in the first leg by 3 goals to 2, but in the return game the Regiment reversed the result by winning 4 goals to 1. The four teams in the league all finished with 6 points each, but R.A., Porton, go forward to the Area Semi-Finals by virtue of their better goal average. Signals were second.

Sergeants' Mess, R.H.Q. Arrivals. We have great pleasure in welcoming the following new members to our midst: S.S.M. Fry from 2 Squadron, Malaya District Signals (now gone to the Saturday nights); R.S.M. Dixon from M.E.S./S.R.D.E., Christchurch; S.S.M. Relph from Depot Regiment, Pocklington; Sergeant " Lofty " Yard from Nigeria Signal Squadron; Sergeant Jerry Blake from 27 Independent Signal Brigade; and Sergeant " Jock " Neal from Signal Troop, 23 Field Regiment, R.A.

Departures. S.S.M. Higgins has been to the " Q " to get issued with pants, short, and Tyrolean hats, feather (1), on posting to Austria. We wish him good hunting in his new job, and we are sure the cookhouse staffs will miss him in more ways than one.

Jews' Mail—Sergeants' Mess. S.S.M. Fry wishes to know if anyone has heard of or from Reg Evison, Meerut, '33–'36, and Quetta, '36–'39.

To Gil, FARELF.—Burra salaams your Christmas card.—" Shorty."

The Mess is beginning to come to life again after the celebrations of Christmas and New Year, and we are hoping to challenge the rest of the Unit to more hockey matches, and get up a really tip-top team ourselves, when we may be able to challenge some of the out-stations—so, Troops, look to your laurels.

2 TRAINING REGIMENT

Catterick

As Christmastide is a season of quiet thoughts and personal reminiscences, I make no apology for lapsing into the first person singular and wandering even a little more than usual.

Christmas is, perhaps, the only time of the year when the Army really " lets its hair down," and such a relaxation is truly a joy to perceive.

The festive day began by a visitation of the guards and picquets by the Orderly Officer. This did not herald the usual ceremonial turn-out of the guard, but men were ready for the tea and good cheer which were dispensed and received with great warmth.

I noticed particularly one member of the barrack picquet. He had been in the Army for nearly five whole weeks and did not really relish the idea of accepting its Yuletide hospitality. As his name is unknown to me, I will call him 123 Atkins, T. The mail brought my friend Atkins a letter from home, and this plunged him into a mire of nostalgia and home-sickness. I foresaw a pretty miserable time.

After listening to carols, bells and greetings on the radio, the picquet fell out for dinner. The Mess Room was bedecked with paper and silver decorations, and the tables decorated with plates of grapes, nuts, chocolate biscuits and cigarettes. As we sat down, the members of the Officers' and Sergeants' Messes began serving the soup—and the beer! Atkins had not been in the Army long enough to be issued with a mug, so his mess tin was filled to the frothing brim. Not being an habitual drinker, he eyed it with some trepidation. But not for long. After two preliminary sips he drained the tin to the last dregs. A little colour leapt to his cheeks and he attacked the plate of pork, chicken, potatoes, apple sauce and two veg. with new-found gusto.

When the singing began, young Atkins gave voice as lustily as the best, and the large lumps of Christmas pudding that were stoked into his mouth got in the way less than might have been expected.

Our Bacchanale was honoured by a visit from Brigadier Galwey, O.B.E., M.C., who joined in the fun with grand spirit. Our Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel E. L. L. Vulliamy, O.B.E., mounted a table to wish all ranks a very good Christmas, and the diners responded with three hearty cheers and a harmonious rendering of " For he's a jolly good fellow."

There were then songs from the Officers, from the Sergeants and Corporals, while Atkins finished two or three more cans of alcoholic brew.

When the picquet eventually returned to the Guard Room they were all in higher spirits, and Tommy, having decided that life was not really so bad, slept happily on his bed until it was his turn to go out and guard the Regiment.

The other main event of the day was the " do " in the Mons N.A.A.F.I. The word which most readily presents itself in this connection is " cabaret," although that term inadequately describes the flow of free drink and the exuberant hilarity of the " Monstrosities." The men of this party had put in much preparatory work on the show, and the great success of the evening was due, in no litttle measure, to their efforts.

On Tuesday, 21st December, a Grand Draw was held in Le Cateau Gymnasium. The tickets were sold only to members of the Unit, and the prizes were all won by our friends and relations. There were 105 prizes, ranging from fountain pens to geese and bottles of whisky. The Draughtsman's Section swear that they did not tamper with the mechanism of the drum, but it does seem surprising that out of their 18 members, 14 were winners! Still, we know they had a large number of tickets.

Well, my festive meanderings have certainly filled some space this month. So much space, in fact, that the rest of the December news will have to be given in the form of a few brief flashes.

Congratulations to Sergeant Carter on having his design for a Christmas card accepted and forwarded to our Colonel-in-Chief on behalf of the Signal Training Centre.

Best wishes to Corporal MacDonald, who was married on Christmas Day. Corporal Diaper was at the church, with the ring, to see fair play on both sides. Corporal Weedall (never far behind) followed his example, and went to the altar on Boxing Day. Our best wishes also to him and his bride.

W.O.I Strype is to be congratulated on an increase in the ration strength of his establishment. A man at last, eh?

Our Rifle Club has had four matches during September. In one of them they achieved their ambition of beating the National Service Officers' Training Wing, and the averages show some nice shooting by S.Q.M.S. Spencer and Lance-Corporal Hibberd.

PREWITT

The feast [*Photo Marjorie, Swale Studios, Richmond, Yorks.*

3 Training Regiment

December

So Christmas has come and gone, and taken 1948 with it, and now with a sigh of relief your scribe takes up his pen to record the closing stages of a year which marks, we trust, the nadir of our country's post-war struggle.

Roll on, 1949 ! and may your close find us all firmly set upon the road to true peace and prosperity.

Needless to say, our festivities and Christmas leave did much to hamper sport, and the weather remained somewhat unhelpful. Our Division I soccer team played only two matches this month, the first resulting in a 4—0 win over the Royal Signals Wing of the School of Signals, but the second brought us our first defeat of the season in Division I, when 8th Royal Tanks took 3 goals off us without conceding any.

Our Division II team again had little luck, and of the two matches booked, lost the first to R.A.F. Regiment, Catterick, and had to be content with a " walk-over " for the second owing to the late arrival of the team from 323 Company, Royal Pioneer Corps.

Turning to hockey, we are pleased to record that we have now risen to sixth place in the league table by beating the R.A.F. Regiment (2—1) and 14th/20th Hussars (2—0), and by drawing with 1 Training Regiment (1—1). Unfortunately, this is rather offset by our having been eliminated from the Northern Command Cup by the youngsters of the N.S.O.T.W., who triumphed with a score of 5—1 after an excellent match.

So much for team games, and now to report a very successful boxing tournament which took place on 2nd December and which consisted of ten bouts between representatives of Aisne Lines and Bourlon Lines.

The first bout was a bantamweight affair between Lance-Corporal Andrews, of Aisne, and Signalman Martin, of Bourlon. It was a fine, fast effort that set the tone for the bouts that followed. The Aisne boy proved himself just too good for his opponent and won on points.

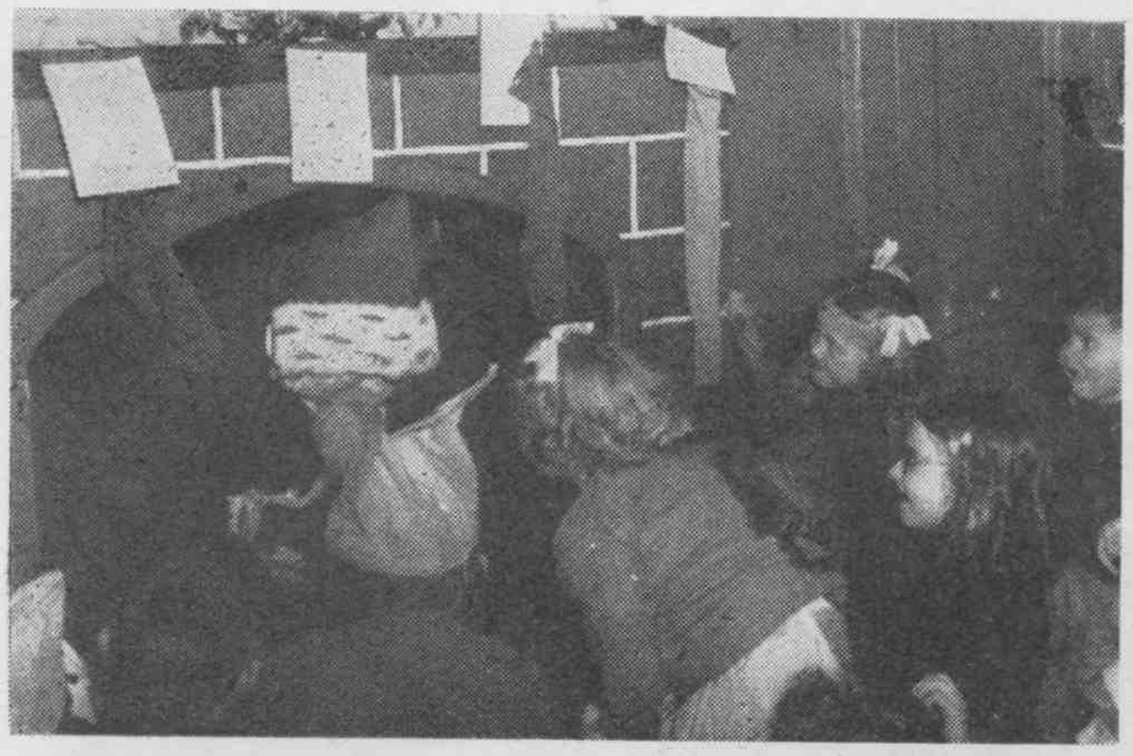
This was followed by another win for Aisne Lines, whose representative in the second string bantams, Signalman Brown, gained a points win over Signalman Brooker, who put up a very plucky effort.

Then came the one featherweight bout, which was a really wild affair, in which Signalman Leverton managed to outflurry Lance-Corporal Weaver to bring Bourlon their first win.

The first string of the lightweights was another good slog-

[*Marjorie, Richmond, Yorks.*

Waiting for Father Christmas



[*Marjorie, Richmond, Yorks.*
Father Christmas arrives

ging match, in which Driver Lewis, of Bourlon, managed to outpoint Lance-Corporal Williams.

The second string lightweight gave us our first k.o. of the evening, when, after a real hammer-and-tongs set-to, Signalman Brand, of Bourlon, downed Lance-Corporal McFall in the third and last round.

The second string welterweight followed, and brought with it another k.o., this time in the second round, when Lance-Corporal Petrie, of Aisne, suddenly collapsed before Corporal Butler, of Bourlon.

The seventh fight of the evening was for middleweights, when Signalman McKeen, of Aisne, managed to keep his end up for the three rounds against a heavier opponent in the shape of Signalman Rose, of Bourlon. The Aisne boy was finally declared the best loser of the evening, after a magnificent performance of "back-pedalling" accompanied by a number of useful sorties.

The next bout brought the final k.o. of the evening, when Lance-Corporal Andrews downed Signalman Isaacs, of Aisne, a "south-paw," who put up a very plucky fight.

Then came the elephant contest, when Second-Lieutenant Race, of Bourlon, upheld the honour of the commissioned ranks by outpointing Signalman Maskell, of Aisne. It was a curious bout to watch, with Second-Lieutenant Race spending much of his time prowling round his opponent like a caged tiger.

The tournament was nicely rounded off with a very game fight between the first strings of the welterweights, when Signalman Seymour, of Bourlon, just managed to outpoint Lance-Corporal Biddell, of Aisne.

[*Marjorie, Richmond, Yorks.*
Father Christmas gives his presents

The final result, then, was a 7—3 win to Bourlon, thus ending a long run of successes on the part of Aisne Lines.

Brigadier W. C. V. Galwey, O.B.E., M.C., very kindly consented to present the prizes, and it is hoped that he enjoyed the evening's entertainment as much as any of us.

Turning from blood to a more gentle topic, Mrs. Sheerstone, who continues her good work as special correspondent, tells us that the children of the Regiment had two smashing parties this month. The first, given by members of the Sergeants' Mess on 18th December, was a very merry affair; the highlight of the evening was, of course, the arrival of Father Christmas, who came down a most realistic chimney (no mean feat for Captain McLaren!), and even the most suspicious youngster must have been impressed. The children and their parents were seated each side of the room, making a lane down which each child came as his or her name was called. They all looked very nice indeed, and their various expressions were most entertaining and appealing.

Then came the Regimental Party, which was held on 21st December, and which was also a huge success, the entire company being greatly entertained by a very good film show. Second-Lieutenant Donne gave a marvellous conjuring act and succeeded in completely mystifying parents as well as children.

The parents were made most welcome at both parties, and

[*Marjorie, Richmond, Yorks.*
The Old Gentlemen

on their behalf Mrs. Sheerstone wishes to congratulate those responsible for such good organisation, and for having put themselves to such trouble in making them a big success. These include members of the A.T.S., who were greatly in demand as very willing baby-minders.

At both parties each child received a lovely present which had been most carefully selected.

Thank you, Mrs. Sheerstone, and we trust that next year's parties will be even more successful.

Our Entertainments Officer, Major Scrase, reports further Christmas activities in the shape of a "surprise" football match which took place on 15th December, and which was much enjoyed by both spectators and survivors. The teams consisted of a troupe of eleven of Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies, selected by his talent scouts from the more attractive (?) junior members of the Regiment, who met in mortal combat a doddering team of Old Gentlemen who had been dragged from their retirement in the ante-rooms of the Officers' and Sergeants' Messes, carefully dusted down, and despatched by fast tumbrel to the scene of execution. After the Town Crier had announced that a 10s. prize would be presented to the first spectator to penetrate the disguises of the contestants, and the young ladies had been torn from the lupine caresses of the old gentlemen, the match began in

Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies

earnest and proceeded on its erratic course, complicated by the inexplicable arrival of three extra balls, and marked with scenes of magnificent olde worlde gallantry upon the one hand and of outrageous flirtation on the other. It would appear that some of the young ladies had recently been taking part in the London production of "Annie Get Your Gun," and the Regimental stretcher-bearers were kept fully occupied, to the mournful strains of the Last Post. However, the valiant referee took all this into account and, on his recovery, was able to announce the final score, which was:

Young Ladies ..... 23 points
Old Gentlemen ... 123 for 3 wickets declared

Surprisingly enough, one spectator—but one only—Lance-Corporal Williams, succeeded in identifying all the players, and was duly presented with the 10s. prize (which must have cost him fully twice as much in celebrations—poor sucker!).

We enclose a photograph of each team, with some trepidation lest that of the Young Ladies be confiscated by the censor for pin-up purposes, and also some photographs of scenes at the Regimental children's party, and we wonder how many other readers of THE WIRE will succeed in recognising old friends and acquaintances from amongst the motley throng!

Three other items of entertainment must not be allowed to pass unrecorded. The first was the visit of a first-class concert party from Leeds, who entertained the Regiment on 17th December to a non-stop variety show lasting 2¼ hours. It was a very good performance which was enthusiastically received by the audience. We hope the artistes enjoyed their subsequent entertainment in the Sergeants' Mess, and look forward to seeing them again in the not very distant future.

The previous Wednesday we held our annual Gala Dance, and from all accounts it was a resounding success. Throughout the evening the floor was full of happy dancers, and those who could not find space or inclination for the "light fantastic" did ample justice to the bars and buffet. During the course of the evening there was a cabaret turn in the shape of the accomplished Second-Lieutenant Donne, this time in the rôle of a ventriloquist—Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy, you have been warned!—which was greatly enjoyed, as were the monologues and songs of the other entertainers. Many members of the A.T.S. were present, and we hope they appreciated the rival efforts of the trainees and Permanent Staff in ministering to their needs. We take this opportunity to extend our thanks to the organisers, to the artistes from the Signals Theatre, and to the fine band provided by the 17th/21st Lancers.

Last, but by no means least, was the Christmas dinner itself. Truly a Scotsmen's benefit, for, as we Sassenachs know, these astute heathen from North of the Border weep copious crocodile tears at having to spend Christmas (which

Back row: Signalmen Moran, Black, Richards, Taylor, Bowen, Diment, Desmond, Jones. Centre: Sergeant Porter, Lance-Corporal Medlen, Lance-Corporal Green, Corporal Torode, Corporal Roberts, Corporal Ramsdale, Lance-Corporal Johnson, Sergeant Sanders. Front row: Sergeant Nicholls, S.Q.M.S. Holt, S.S.M. Farley, Captain A. D. McLaren, Major R. Scrase, Captain F. H. Wragg, Lieutenant W. H. Knock, S.Q.M.S. Cooper, Sergeant Earl

"ORDERS FOR THE DAY!!"

is not a feast on the Kirk's calendar) in barracks—though, of course, there is no work to do—and then, when we poor suckers come staggering back to work, they go whistling off gaily to their skir-r-rling, their haggis, and their wee drap o' Highland dew! No hard feelings, though, and we don't really begrudge them their seven days' " buckshee " leave—much! But to return to the feast. Truly it was a groaning board that greeted our warriors, and we were honoured by the presence of the G.O.C., Major-General R. T. O. Cary, who, accompanied the Commanding Officer, and whose good wishes made our meal complete. All thanks to our stalwart cooks, who worked overtime in satisfying the satiable appetites of those present.

Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess. The outstanding event of the month was undoubtedly the Children's Party, which, owing to the large numbers attending, was held in the Men's N.A.A.F.I. Altogether 120 children and 200 parents attended, and they voted it the " best yet." Two days later we held our Christmas Draw, which was also a huge success.

We have, unfortunately, had to withdraw from the Garrison Games League, and we intend to concentrate on improving our standards by running tournaments within the Mess.

All members are now wearing themselves to a shadow in discussing the " Shadow Roster." Our nightly prayer is that Officer i/c Records will be quick and kind.

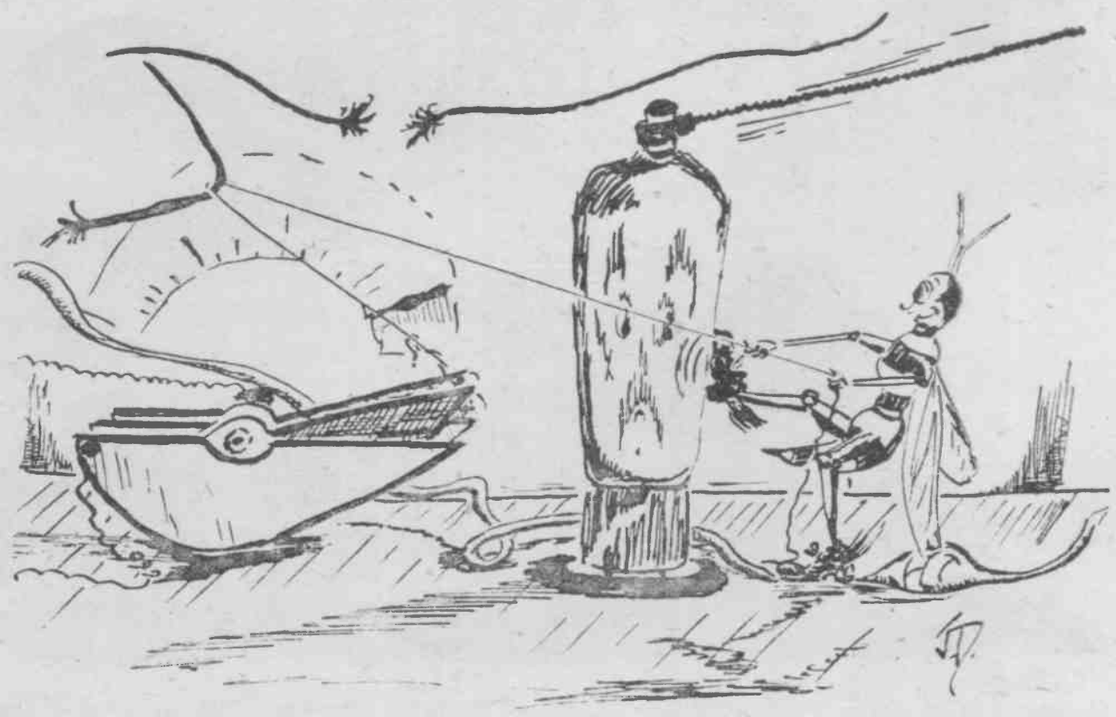
NEDGO

2 SQUADRON. After a very hectic Christmas time and New Year, the Squadron has returned to normal. All the Squadron managed to get away either for Christmas or the New Year, and those who remained behind for Christmas had a very good time, one of the highlights of which was the novelty of their being served with rum and coffee by the N.C.O.s on a very cold Christmas morning, and this was followed, of course, by an excellent dinner. Very little activity was noticed in the lines after that!

The Cadre has changed a great deal during the past year, and there will be further changes shortly as a result of the reintroduction of the release programme. We enclose a photograph of the present " static " members which should be of interest to many readers.

Cartoons. A further judicious adjustment of the thumb-screw, so effectively applied last month, has resulted in another bout of scribbling on the part of Second-Lieutenant Donne and Sergeant Skirving, specimens of which are forwarded. We will see that they keep up their good work—or else !

THE GRIFFLIN AT WORK—2



Does your set go off net ?

[*Photo by A. J. Glover, Richmond, Yorks.*

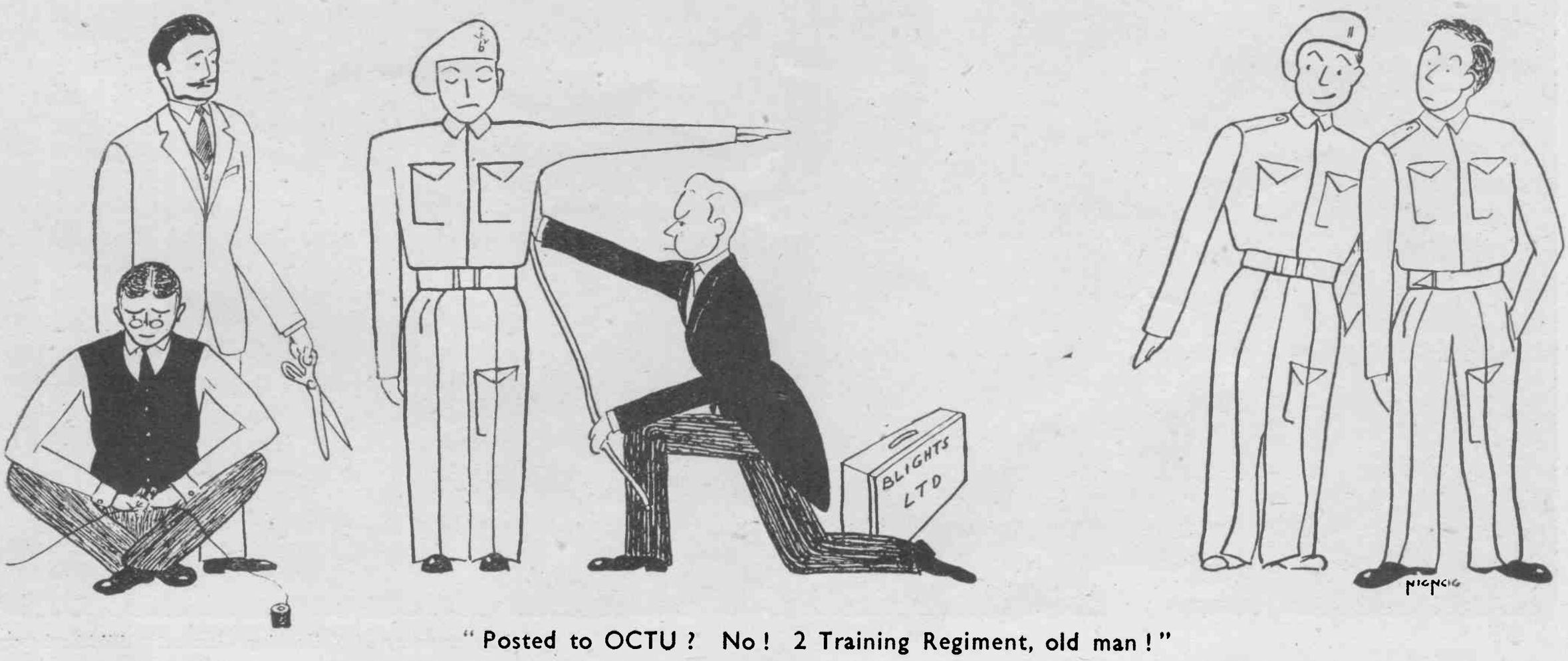
7 Selection Regiment, Royal Signals

December

The barrack square and the keen savage gusts of Catterick air are almost welcome after the heady joys of Christmas, and numerous weighty hangovers are fast disappearing in the course of daily toil. One or two of us are still carrying bags under the eyes large enough to interest Pickfords, but in the main we are sitting up and taking nourishment.

The old Regiment flogged itself into a frenzy in an effort to do us well, and succeeded admirably. The Children's Party, Troops' Christmas Dinner, Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Party, Troops' Concert, Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Children's Party, Annual Dance, and Christmas Draw at Christmas, and various other thrashes at New Year combined to give us a first-rate holiday season and a high incidence of tennis elbow.

The Children's Party was a particularly fine effort. A magnificent tea followed by Punch and Judy, and a real Father Christmas who issued without wonders an apparently never-ending stream of toys of excellent quality without missing a single child among the hordes present, was a triumph of organisation. Judging by the prodigious noise, the children, always a highly critical section of the population, were as pleased as the grown-ups seemed to be. Full marks to the P.R.I. and his 39 assistants for a very good show—not for-



"Posted to OCTU? No! 2 Training Regiment, old man!"

[*By courtesy of "Evening Gazette," Middlesbrough*

An article on the visit of four Chelsea Pensioners to 7 Selection Regiment appeared in the January "Wire." Here are two further photographs.

[*By courtesy of "Evening Gazette," Middlesbrough*

getting, of course, that a large share of credit goes to the N.A.A.F.I. for willing and ably-executed co-operation.

The N.S.O.T.W. has disgorged a draft, and following the arrival of Second-Lieutenants Remington, Wood, and Pleasant, the duty officers' roster is beginning to look more like the real thing. We have also welcomed Captain Richardson from 1 Training Regiment. Some old faces, though, are due to disappear. Lieutenant-Colonel Beeton leaves for Singapore in February, and Major Jordan for B.A.O.R. We have some doubts about the Regiment's ability to survive this blow, but hope for the best.

We shall be sorry to lose the C.O., and of course Mrs. Beeton, who has worked indefatigably to maintain the family spirit in the Regiment, and whose help with the Unit Concert Parties has produced two excellent annual shows which will long be remembered. Our oldest inhabitant, Major Fraser, has moved up the hill to 1 Training Regiment.

In a further three matches, the Regiment has maintained its excellent position at the head of the Soccer League by defeating 323 Royal Pioneer Corps 4—2, 23 Ammunition Supply Depot 5—1, 4 Cookery Instructional Centre 8—0, and are now girding up their loins for the second half of the season.

The Rifle Club, too, has finished the year in good order, defeating 4 and 5 Training Regiments, with a steadily increasing team aggregate. We are now top of the Catterick League and intend to stay there.

Those noblemen, the Regimental hockey team, after suffering a nasty setback in the Army Cup game, have rehabilitated themselves by beating 12th Royal Lancers by 5—1 in the Catterick League. Corporal Bailey distinguished himself in this game by scoring four of the five goals. The team is well placed in the league and has an air of grim determination.

[We are indebted to the *Catterick Express* for news of an annual dance held by 7 Selection Regiment on 21st December, which raised a cheque for over £100 for each of Royal Signals Sports Fund and Royal Signals Benevolent Fund.—ED.]

SIGNAL TROOP, 23rd FIELD REGIMENT, R.A.

Tilshead

Some sort of contact with the outside world is definitely essential, so from the wilds of Salisbury Plain come these short notes.

The Troop, which has only recently come into existence, is commanded by Lieutenant C. H. Tutton. His Section Sergeant has, up to recently, been Sergeant "Jock" Neil, but on his posting to Southern Command Signal Regiment his place has been taken by Sergeant "Tiny" Webb.

The other full N.C.O.s in the Troop are the Crabtree duet —Corporal J. A. Crabtree (Lineman Chief) and Corporal G. Crabtree (Operator Chief). Many of us are mere conscripts, but a few of our members have seen service abroad, and many times have thrilled us with fantastic tales of life in the mystic East.

For our size, we have many and varied recreational activities. The soccer team is very proud of itself, having defeated the majority of the Battery teams at various times. These notes are perhaps written at an inopportune moment, since the last two matches have resulted in serious defeats. The players must be of quite a reasonable standard, however, for such experts as Signalmen Todd, Webster, and Conroy have played for the Regiment quite recently. We have also dabbled in Rugby Union, putting half a dozen men in a Regimental trial. We have even thought of raising our own team, but soccer commitments make it rather difficult. One of the rugger enthusiasts, Signalman Ward, has hooked for the Regimental team on several occasions, whilst on free days he occasionally contrives to defend the Regimental hockey goal. Apart from this, netball, boxing, and cross-country running have all been attempted by the Troop with no small success.

It was thought that the Signals should make their presence known in the camp, so we decided to erect a flag. From some odd corner of the stores, a suitable (?) piece of bunting was obtained, which, together with some aerial sections and copious supplies of string, managed to raise its head a full ten feet off the deck. Unfortunately, passing lorry drivers, whether through malice or bad driving (it's so hard to tell these days), managed to lower our emblem in no uncertain way. This unpardonable state of affairs has now been abruptly stopped, since barbed wire has been laid in the vicinity of our "pride and joy." In the near (?) future we intend to erect a flagpole de luxe, and have already ordered a "pukka" flag for the occasion.

"Someone at the Door" is the title of a play being produced by the O.C., several members of the Troop taking a hand in the production. We are hoping that the first performance will be given in the middle of January, but at the moment both producer and cast are a little concerned over the short time left for rehearsals. The play is a comedy thriller, but although we are certain of the comedy, the thrills may cause us some worry.

The majority of the Troop went for an enjoyable scheme a few weeks ago. The location was Bournemouth area, where business and a certain amount of pleasure were well combined. The object primarily was a wireless scheme, communication being kept with base practically continuously. It was for most of us the first attempt at "roughing it." Needless to say, a good time was had by all. Food was the biggest adventure; a few brave men stood forward as cooks, the remainder, even braver, condescended to eat the results. The only member of the Troop who seemed not to appreciate the grub was the O.C.'s faithful moggie. It (I'd rather not commit myself) was offered semolina in lieu of milk, but whether the animal devoured any of the mixture no one can relate. Suffice to say that the cat disappeared for the next six hours. We "bivvied" by the sea for the first night—quite romantic, we all thought. A certain lance-corporal found that plenty of water has its disadvantages, and was seen to be frantically trying to rescue a mess tin which defied every attempt to be recaptured, and eventually disappeared over the horizon. On returning, the adventurers found a happy job awaiting them —to record their experiences on paper. Several home truths came to light, but somehow the C.O. of the Regiment seemed to enjoy this light literature.

As I write, everyone is preparing for Christmas; the R.M.s have been soldering large quantities of bulbs together for Christmas trees, and the linemen have turned artists for decorating a jeep—"Santa's jeep"—which gave the local married quarters kiddies a good deal of amusement.

In conclusion, the Troop would like to send belated Christmas and New Year greetings to our friends (we must have some) in the Corps all over the world.

PEET

38 A.A. (M) SIGNAL SQUADRON, T.A.

Rotherham

December

The Second Annual Dinner was held at the Crown Hotel on 23rd December, about 40 members of the Squadron being present. After dinner, the festive cup gave several members sufficient courage to give their rendering of popular songs. Lieutenant Berry sang "Mary" with all the nostalgia felt by an ex-B.A.O.R. soldier.

Lodge Moor P.O.W. Camp was visited for the last time. There, too, a farewell dinner was held, followed by an All Ranks' Dance.

Lieutenant C. V. C. Venables recently joined the Squadron and is a very welcome addition. His journalistic talents will soon manifest themselves in the monthly rendering of THE WIRE notes.

SCHOOL OF SIGNALS
Catterick

December

Officer Training Wing

We have had only one Pass-off Parade during the month, this being on 22nd December, when Course 218 passed off. The salute was taken by Brigadier G. S. O'N. Power, C.B.E., Commandant, School of Signals, and the Commanding Officer's Cane was awarded to Officer-Cadet Harper. After this parade the Unit departed on its well-earned Christmas leave.

Before breaking up for Christmas, we had a busy week of celebrations, including a Grand Christmas Dance and the Annual Children's Party, complete with Punch and Judy show, which was applauded by the parents as much as the arrival of Santa Claus (a somewhat technical one, we believe!) was applauded by the children. Those who remained behind during the holidays sat down to a first-class Christmas dinner and were nobly waited upon by the Officers, Warrant Officers, and Sergeants, who had previously managed to wish each other a Merry Christmas in the Sergeants' Mess.

The New Year was welcomed by everyone in his own manner, and somehow or other there were no absentees from parade the following morning, but it is suspected that many knew not what they were about.

We have welcomed the following into the Unit during the month: Captain J. R. Rahilly, who has joined the Officer Training Squadron; S.Q.M.S. Sweeney, S.Q.M.S. Harris, and Q.M.S.I. Greaves. At the same time we have said au revoir to S.Q.M.S. Darby, who has departed overseas.

With the advent of Christmas, our main sporting efforts were rather curtailed, but the Rugby XV have managed to pass into the semi-final of the Northern Command Rugby Cup by beating 14th/20th Hussars 14—5. For the rest of the period they have been practising hard.

Despite adverse weather conditions (rain and fog), which made games and pitches unplayable, the hockey XI can look back on the month's hockey with satisfaction.

On the first day of the month the fog belt which was causing so much havoc in many parts of the country caused the postponement of our fixture with 8th Royal Tank Regiment. Not to be deprived of an afternoon's sport, however, we played the game as a friendly fixture. The two teams took the game in the intended manner, and those few stalwart spectators were provided with a good mixture of comic and serious hockey and a just drawn result.

The following week, the 8th December, there was also a Corps Representative Match; it was with a sorely depleted team—almost a second eleven—that we faced 17th/21st Lancers. Nevertheless, we scraped another well-earned point after a game that was rather devoid of good hockey but rich in boisterous, hard tackling and hitting.

The remaining league games for the month were postponed in favour of cup-ties.

In the first round of the Command Cup we were to meet 7th Queen's Own Hussars. This match was fated, for numerous times it was postponed, only to be played in drizzling rain on a soggy pitch. However, good hockey was played, with the formidable unbeaten 7th Queen's doing all but score. The tempo of the game increased with the rain, but although physically more than damped, our spirits were far from that with our resulting 3—1 victory.

The second round of the competition saw the Wing facing 3 Training Regiment, Royal Signals. This was a hard-fought game in which the speed and stamina of our team wore down the opposition. The result was a 5—1 win.

We are now in the semi-final stage of the competition and are looking forward to meeting our opponents, 17th/21st Lancers.

During November and December our cross-country team slightly improved their position, but as Christmas approached we had the misfortune to lose some of our best runners, particularly Second-Lieutenants Remington and Tait. However, we have some new stars to replace them, who, together with the "old faithfuls," should combine into a useful pack for the New Year. During this period we experienced two extremely tough runs, one of which, organised by 3 Training Regiment, was through almost continuous bog over six miles. Our position, third out of seven packs entered, shows that our spirits were not damped, and we intend to keep this up in the future.

Royal Signals Wing

The vagaries of Catterick weather, which have included fog, frost, and rain, but oddly enough no snow, have reduced sport during the month almost to nil.

We made up for lack of outdoor sport by a full programme of social activities, commencing with an All Ranks' Dance in the Messines N.A.A.F.I. on 9th December. This was well patronised by all ranks, but one gained the impression that the bars were more popular than the dance floor. First-rate music was provided at this, as at all Unit functions except the Officers' Mess Dance, by our own Dance Band, the Wizards, under the able leadership of Sergeant Colley.

The following evening, 10th December, the Officers' Mess Dance was held in the Officers' Club, the Corps Band providing the music. There was a large gathering with representatives from all Units in and around Catterick in addition to private guests. The dance was voted a great success, not a little credit being due to the Club Secretary for the magnificent buffet and bar arrangements.

Friday, 17th December, saw the Annual Sergeants' Mess Dinner, which was as successful as ever. It is a mystery where the Catering Committee manage to procure the constituents for the gargantuan feast they invariably lay on. The Sergeants' Mess held their Annual Christmas Dance and Draw the following evening. Here again a good time was had by all, particularly those who were fortunate enough to hold winning tickets in the draw.

The final event in the season's activities was the Children's Party on 22nd December, which went with a swing from beginning to end. Congratulations are due to all concerned with the arrangements, which started with an excellent tea, followed by a Punch and Judy show and films. All present then gathered in the main hall of the N.A.A.F.I. to see Father Christmas arrive on horseback, and from then on the noise level rose rapidly as the toys were distributed. Father Christmas and his helpers are to be congratulated on the wonderful selection of toys they produced.

On the evening of 22nd December Christmas leave started, and the bulk of the Unit departed by special buses and trains to destinations all over the country. There are reports of delays on the railway due to the inability of Richmond station and the branch line to Darlington to cope with the load. This was certainly true of the return trains on 29th/30th December. Now that we own the railways we look for improved rail facilities for the camp.

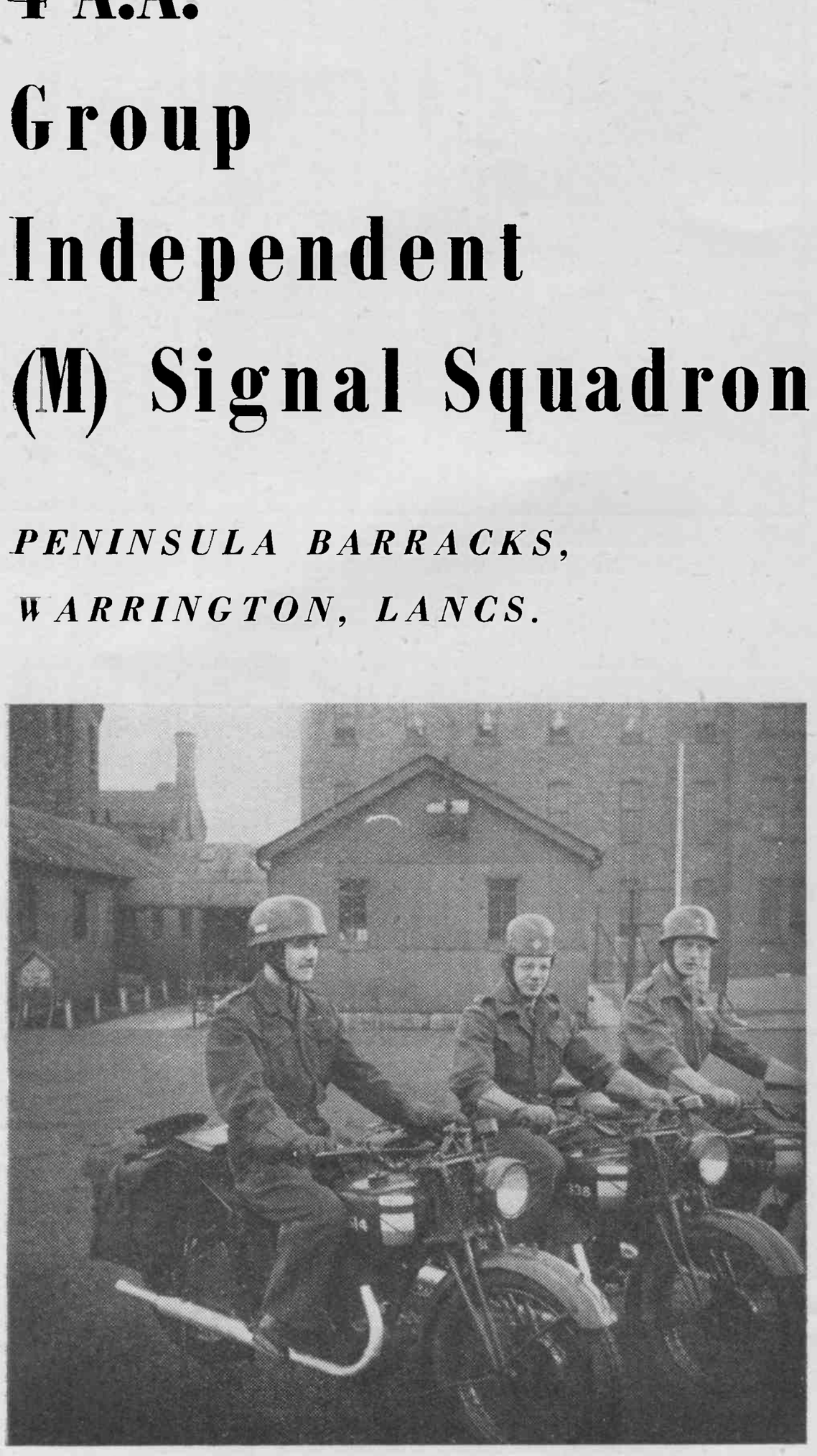
About 60 corporals and below assembled in the Sergeants' Mess Dining Room on Christmas Day to be served with a very passable imitation of a pre-war Christmas dinner by the Officers, Warrant Officers, and Sergeants, who had primed themselves well for the occasion in the Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess. Now that so many people are on leave at Christmas, it is difficult to raise the same atmosphere as existed pre-war; however, we made a jolly good attempt. Thanks are due to the cooks, who worked so hard and well to produce such a good repast.

The Unit reopened on 30th December, and that day saw the departure on leave of those who stayed back over Christmas, including, of course, the bulk of the Scots members.

Looking back, it is fair to say that our first Christmas as an independent Unit has been a great success from every point of view.

4 A.A. Group Independent (M) Signal Squadron

PENINSULA BARRACKS, WARRINGTON, LANCS.



4 A.A. Group Motor Cycle Trials, Officers' team

4 A.A. Group Motor Cycle Trials, O.R.s' team

January

A Happy New Year to all Royal Signals everywhere.

Much water has flowed under the bridges and much has happened to this Squadron since the last WIRE notes.

Our A.A. Brigade Signal Troop has moved back into Warrington (and hibernation) from Towyn, in the wilds of North Wales. They expect to return again on the commencement of T.A. training in the spring. Captain F. R. Jerram, Royal Signals, who commanded this Troop, has gone over to the C.S.O.'s Branch, 4 A.A. Group, as S.O. Telecoms. Good luck, sir !

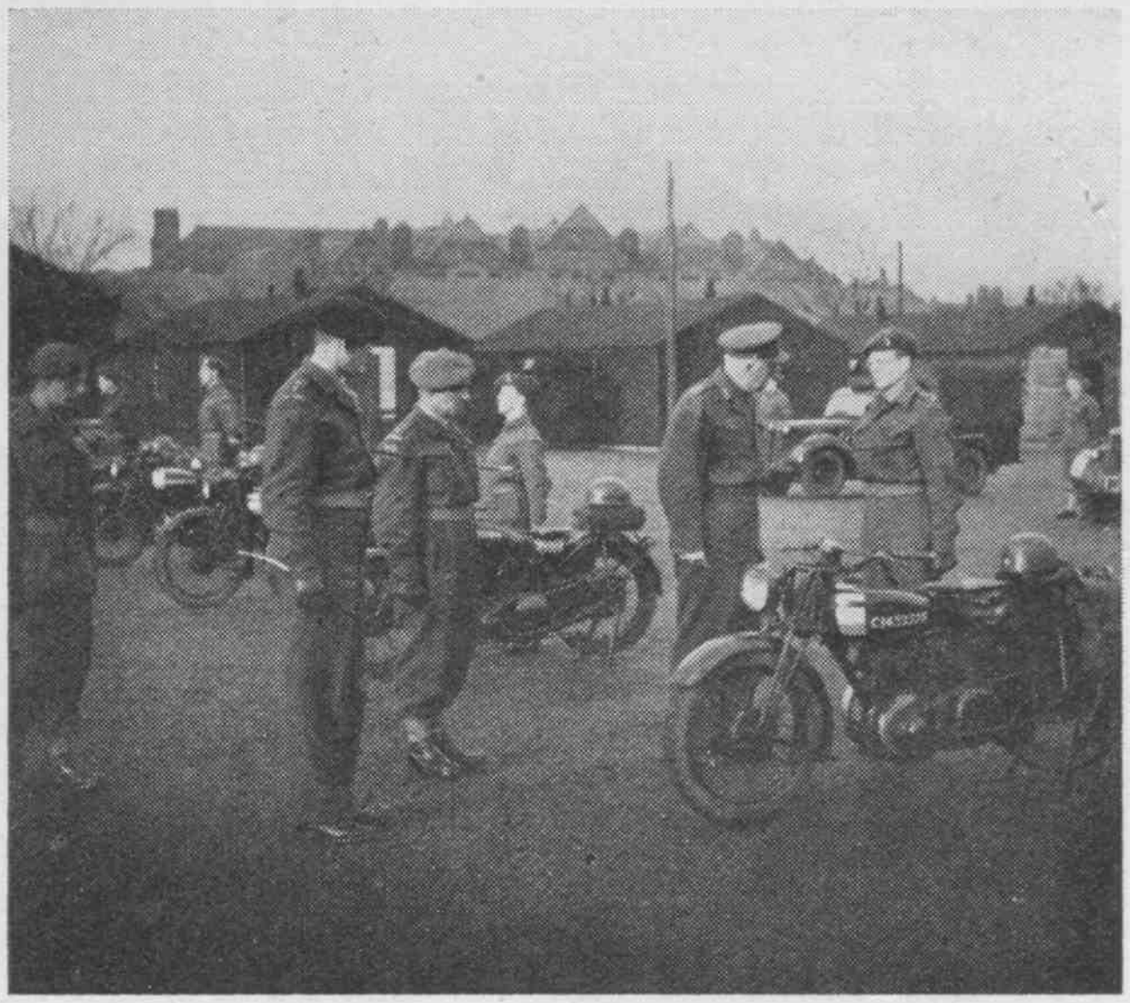
We have had our Annual C.I.V. (M.T.) Inspection. The drivers and D.R.s worked excellently under the able guidance of Lieutenant Matthew, Royal Signals, the M.T. Officer, and the vehicles and motor cycles looked really grand. We got a "good" report, so good in fact that our G.O.C., Major-General P. G. Calvert-Jones, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., personally congratulated the Section. Good show, M.T.

4 A.A. Group Motor Cycle Trials. One team from the Squadron and one composite team, Captain Ashby, R.A. (A.D.C.), Lieutenant Matthew, and Second-Lieutenant Gill, Royal Signals, were entered for these trials.

A great deal of hard work was put in, training over all sorts and conditions of ground, and it was very gratifying to find that after completing an extremely tough course, the Officers' team was placed second in actual position and first in the Regular Army teams. Even more gratifying was the fact that the winning team was also composed of Royal Signals personnel, this team having been entered by our sister Regiment, 14 A.A. Group (M) Signal Regiment, T.A. Thus, of the first six riders in the Group Trials, four were members of the Corps. Although the Squadron team was not placed, the lads rode a very good race and all finished with a high average of points.

Training. Our W/T Section is at present out on a scheme; they chose the first of the season's snow to go out and live in the wilds in tents.

The new lecture-cum-demonstration room is being put to



G.O.C., 4 A.A. Group, inspecting M/T Section

W/T Scheme, January, 1949. Station No. 1, located in the wilds of Lancashire — tent, coke stove and plenty of snow

W/T Scheme, 1949. Station No. 2, located in a Military Police depot, complete with beds, char and wads, and off-duty policemen

some very good use. The linemen, too, are doing some good work for the G.P.O. and are out most days re-wiring sites, etc.

Christmas was spent very quietly by the few remaining in barracks. The lads and lassies had their dinner on Wednesday, 22nd December—a good one, too—and were waited on by the Officers and Sergeants of the Group. The G.O.C. 4 A.A. Group wished them all a Merry Christmas, and a good time was had by all, finishing up with a Gala Dance in the gym that evening. Away they all went on leave the following day, complete with haversacks, cases, sore heads, etc.

The Squadron is steadily increasing in strength, and by the way that establishments are being studied, and by the worried look of the Q.M. as he checks 1098s, anything may happen in the near future.

Cheerio to all from all at 4 A.A. Group Independent (M) Signal Squadron till next month. STAPOO

NORTHERN IRELAND DISTRICT (M) SIGNAL SQUADRON

Lisburn

January

Christmas has come and gone, leaving behind the usual happy memories which will prove subject for many a conversation during the coming year.

The entertainment programme, laid on by Major G. F. Bayliss, M.B.E., M.C., was first class in every detail, thoroughly enjoyed by all ranks. The programme began with a "crazy dance" in the gymnasium; it was well-named, everything opposite to the ordinary, the ladies doing the "invitations to dance." Decorations, in the form of cartoons, were very ably done by the Unit draughtsman, Signalman Wright. They covered various instructions and information which, had any been complied with, could have very easily landed one in the asylum. Half-way through the dance a fatigue party arrived to do a little job of removing, Mr. Rashbrook and S.Q.M.S. Scantlebury being the party concerned. They gave demonstrations of how little can be done in a long time; they were, in fact, modern.

Signals combined with No. 602 Company, R.A.S.C., to throw a Christmas party, which was held in the N.A.A.F.I. It consisted of a meal, followed by a dance, and, being well supported, it proved a very successful evening, even though there was only one bottle on issue.

A "treasure hunt" was organised for Boxing Day at 1100 hours, the starting point being the N.A.A.F.I. This only proved a success after a round had been made of the rooms to rouse the poor unfortunates who were recovering from the "night before" feeling. As usual, Irish sunshine was pouring down, but everybody entered into the spirit of the thing and finished with either face cream or hair oil for their labours.

The Christmas fare was both tasty and filling; it was excellently cooked, and there was more than enough for everybody. Lieutenant-General Roberts, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., G.O.C. Northern Ireland District, attended to give his personal greetings and good wishes for the Christmas and New Year.

THE OLD OAK STILE

This morn I crossed the old stile, dear,
Sweet thoughts came to my mind so clear;
It was the place we pledged our troth,
What love and joys have since blessed both.
Its oaken gates were made to last,
Have weathered storms and winter's blast,
And like our love, still strong and true,
No day through long years do we rue.

CHORUS

The old oak stile stands in the glade,
So strong and firm as when first made,
Whilst years pass by no day seems long
When filled with smiles and our sweet song.

The birds sang as I passed that way,
Sheep were bleating, a horse did neigh,
Church bells rang, the world was at peace,
My thoughts flew high, some beyond reach.
Happy we are as that great day
When together we walked that way;
Should God take you after this while,
My tryst still is the old oak stile.

F. W. STANBURY

Spring Drills — Catterick

READING THE WIRE, one constantly reads of passing-off parades at the O.C.T.U. and similar festivals of ceremonial drill undertaken by other Training Battalions there. And again, judging by THE WIRE reports, they appear to be affairs taken very seriously by all concerned where Royal Signals keeps up its reputation for being able to do ceremonial drill, and indeed other things, just a little better than anyone else. But is it not so that the participants do take themselves seriously ? I fear the accusation is well founded.

Now those who can remember the famous, or infamous, Spring Drills in Catterick in the late '20s and early '30s will remember that, given the right officers, they were, or could be, one long laugh. That did not impair the standard of drill. Far from it; the drill as such was absolutely first class, but it was the comic incidents which made the laughs. In those days we used to form up by Companies poised, ready to march on, at the edge of the old Training Battalion Parade Ground. It was a test of the skill of each Company and of the better-class Company Commanders to see which could have its Company parade at the latest possible moment so that approach to the T.B. parade ground coincided with the order to " March on," and the men were not kept standing about in the cold.

We most of us used to cut it pretty fine, but the classic was the great day on which " E " Company arrived with, at the most, twenty seconds to go and without their very well-known Commander. That gave us of " D " Company our first laugh, which changed to a murmur of amazed admiration when, with less than fifteen seconds to go, the missing Company Commander arrived in his very large chauffeur-driven motor car, enveloped in very unmilitary fur coat and with a yard-long cigarette holder. He appeared, and indeed was, too cold for effective action. The transformation scene was brisk. The chauffeur removed fur coat and replaced it with belt and sword. The C.S.M. gave the preliminary orders to get the Company at the slope ready to march. As the trumpeter sounded the last note of the " On parade " call, the cigarette holder was handed over, the C.S.M. said " Quick march," and " E " Company swung on to the parade ground in a manner which showed they were as proud of themselves as they were of the perfect timing of their Company Commander.

The subterfuges to cut the time spent between Company Parade and Battalion Parade were many; only the lower forms of Company Commander wasted time in " inspection." In those days the Signalmen were trusted in the matter of turn-out.

Spring Drills in those days were tough, and any movement imperfectly executed was repeated until all Companies came up to an exacting standard.

Memory of the perfect Company Commander who, when his exemplary Company had been at arms drill for twenty-five minutes for the sake of others less expert, at last gave the order " Stand easy; now you can scratch yourselves," or of the howl of abuse and respectful sarcasm exchanged between one Company Commander and the centre man of his front rank while marching past in line. The centre man had been straightly ordered to keep his Commander in step, in the centre, and at correct distance. The Company Commander, usually " a good drill," was not himself, and suffered much from the admonishing voice, " Bit more to your left, sir," " Take a shorter pace, sir," " You're out of step, sir," *ad nauseam*. At the moment of passing the saluting base the Company Commander's voice was heard, vibrant with passion, beseeching his C.S.M. to " detail another centre man."

At one of many " Final Rehearsals " the whole parade exploded with laughter when the " breaking of the flag " at the saluting base revealed, needless to say, a bedroom utensil. There was also a similar episode featuring a dead cat. That was our method of showing that we thought we had had one rehearsal too many. The hint was taken.

In those admirable days field officers and adjutants were mounted, occasionally to the embarrassment of the field officer and the Company nearest him.

Contrary to general belief, these spring drills were, in fact, often very good fun, with a mass of private jokes passed *sotto voce* from lip to lip down the ranks, even at the most rigid moments of the parade.

One admirable Company Commander successfully, for a bet, took his Company through the entire performance without any understandable word of command. He merely vocalised a succession of " Oooooh ha " at the appropriate moments, and his Company, who knew the drill from A to Z, carried out the appropriate movement. Everyone knew the bet was on and were trying to help their man to win it.

Gay days. Are they past ?

Gardens in Barracks

This month cut and lay quicksets and roses and all other plants. Set and plant vines, beans, and onions. Furnish your garden with salads and pot herbs for summer. Prune and trim all sorts of fruit trees from moss, canker, and superfluous branches.

Remove grafts of young trees, the moon being in Aries, Libra, or Scorpio.

—XVIITH CENTURY LORE

WELL, now, where do we go from there. In barracks we don't have many quicksets or roses, but if we do have any hedges, this is the month to cut and lay them.

In the matter of onions, if you have not enough August-sown you can catch up, at a price, by buying onion sets; planted now in the same manner as shallots, they will get going quickly and will give you good onions at the proper time. But 4s. a hundred is rather a lot for P.R.I. to pay. Our forefathers were optimistic or had a different weather cycle because February is very early to furnish with salads or pot herbs. Last year February started mildly, so I got going with my seeder, and, what was worse, I put outside peas and beans that had been reared indoors. Well, we had a very hard frost with a north-east wind on the 18th, *before* the heavy snow on the 21st. I didn't cover up quickly enough, and a good deal of damage was done. By the 25th the weather was ideal. So let us delay sowing or planting out until *late* February, and in any event wait until *after* a hard frost, because there is bound to be one.

You can sow parsnips, spinach, turnips, and carrots with safety, but wait till after frost to sow cauliflower, cabbage, etc.

Mind you, there is lots to do. Instead of obeying your baser instincts and trying an early sowing or planting out, just take a look round, and you'll find a job of cleaning or renovating that is *much* more suitable. If you are going to disturb plants before a frost, disturb something you want to kill, not something you wish to preserve. In other words, if February has a dry week, and it often has before a frost, do all the hoeing you can and let Jack Frost kill your weeds for you.

If you are thinking of marrow or cucumber, February is the month to dig your trenches and fill with manure or compost and make all ready.

I am sure you have all your seed for March sowing, but if you haven't, do get cracking. Half the country is badgering the seed merchant at this time, and the mail order business is clogged by too many orders. In other words, if you haven't got your seed, why not try a personal call on the local man. He has not the stock of the big firms, but he will probably be able to give you something to get you going.

My Dog Rastus (II)

By **A. J. AUDEN**

LAST month I told you how I bought Rastus, and what a companionable terrier sort of dog he is. But at the moment I am far from pleased with him, and he walks about sulking, lagging behind instead of trotting beside me with his ears pricked in expectancy.

It all happened the other day when I went home on a short leave.

When I arrived, "What in the devil do you want a dog for?" said my father.

"I hope it's house trained," said my mother.

"What breed is it, anyway?" said my sister.

My young brother pulled Rastus's tail, and got a slight nip in the pants to teach him to behave himself.

"Now look what the brute's done!" said my mother. "I do hope it's not rabid."

"I suppose you'll expect me to exercise him for you," said my father.

"Don't you dare to bring him into the house with dirty feet," said my sister.

My young brother cried.

Rastus curled himself up on the hearthrug and went to sleep.

The next day, "I'll get Rastus a lead when I'm shopping," said my sister.

"Don't forget to leave a bit of meat for Rastus," said my mother.

"We'll nip round the corner for a quick one. I want to show them Rastus," said my father.

"Could I have a dog of my own?" said my young brother.

I must say that Rastus behaved very well and didn't get conceited with all the fuss they made of him.

That morning I went out to look up some old friends, and Rastus, of course, came, too. After I'd failed to see most of them, since a good many, like myself, had left the town, and only came back to see their families, I still had some time to spend before the local opened. So I strolled into the park.

Now in my town we're very proud of our park. It isn't just a series of football pitches with paths between them, but is well laid out with streams and trees and lakes and little hills, so that one might imagine oneself in the middle of the country. There are football pitches, but they are so placed that the ordinary walker is not in danger of being struck on the back of the head with a ball.

I chose the particular view that appealed to me, sat down and opened the paper, whilst Rastus departed on a tour of inspection.

As I sat there, feeling on the whole rather content with life, various people passed, and I was not so engrossed in my paper as not to take a brief glance at them and wonder what they all were doing. Not that I wondered much about one dirty little boy with liquorice spread half over his face, who, in spite of his mother's insistent calls from the next seat, stood and stared at me for five minutes, to the accompaniment of sucking noises. Finally, he walked off, saying over his shoulder, "I think you're a bum." I didn't say what I thought of him.

Presently, out of the corner of my eye a fresh movement caught my attention. I looked up and saw walking along the path the sort of girl one dreams about. She was not hurrying, yet walked with purpose and grace. Her tweed suit and hat, which was somehow different and yet matched, were neither over-smart, nor yet over-countrified. Peeping from under the hat I saw curls, not red, but with that faint touch of red in them, which is always fatal to me. I thought—well, what I thought has nothing to do with you. Imagine my delight when she stopped and sat down at the other end of the seat.

I resumed reading my paper, and once again read in the headlines that the ration of something was going to be cut. She settled herself, took out a cigarette, and began to fumble in her bag for a light. "Oh, damn," she said to herself.

I took out my lighter, and saying, "Allow me," lit her cigarette for her. I did this all the more gladly since she was obviously not "that sort of a girl."

It was only then that I noticed that she had with her a Scotch terrier bitch, which was nosing round Rastus, who had returned by then. He with, I thought, rather lack of good manners, was taking no notice of her advances, but sat glumly looking at our feet.

However, I was much too interested in the girl to take much notice of Rastus's lack of taste—the Scottie was obviously far better bred than he was. One thing led to another, and before long we were chatting together without constraint.

"Are you a stranger here," she said. "I seem to know most people in the town, but I don't think that I've seen you about before." This rather bucked me up, as it was just possible that she had the thought at the back of her mind that it was a pity that she hadn't.

Well, then I had to tell her who I was, and how through being in the Army I wasn't often at home. She recognised the name straight away, and started to mention a whole host of people, whom either I knew or knew of from my family. So, of course, I then wanted to know where she fitted in, and discovered that she was Joan Grant, the younger sister of Bill, who used to be one of my best friends, and that the last time that I'd seen her she had been one of those younger sisters, of whom one never takes much notice except to give them an occasional friendly slap to show them that they are not forgotten.

"Come here, Lassie," she said to the Scottie. "Sit and behave yourself." Lassie took little notice, and getting fed-up with Rastus's indifference, charged him full tilt and bowled him over. Rastus picked himself up and half-heartedly chased her, but quickly returned to stare once again half-wittedly at our feet. I couldn't make out what was the matter with him.

"Every time you came to our house you used to pull my hair," said Joan.

"Shall I do it again now?"

"Don't you dare," she replied severely, but with a twinkle in her eye.

Lassie gave Rastus a nip on the ear, so that he had to retaliate before resuming his dejected look.

I fixed up with Joan to take her to a dance the next evening, and then she said that she must go as her mother was out and she had to cook the lunch. As she moved away I raised my hat, thinking that my drink would have tasted much better if she could have been there, too.

"Nice pair of legs," said Rastus.

With all good wishes to the Living Requiem Regal
3. Jeanie Lenzolo
Glen Isen

The Mad Major

WHEN I first met him he was a lieutenant; I, the rawest of raw recruits; but there was something about him which drew me as a magnet draws a piece of steel. He was rather above medium height, heavily built, and looked as though he would be at home on the rugger field or in the boxing ring. To me, an impressionable youth of eighteen (and did I say a very raw recruit?) he typified " The British Army Officer." I had no dealings with him in those days, but often saw him on parade. He never ceased to stand out above the other young officers on parade, that indefinable something in his walk and carriage, and his air of ease. Some of the officers were very obviously straining their voices, very obviously trying to look the part, and very obviously wishing they were anywhere but on the parade ground. He had the whole parade at his finger-tips.

The second time I met him was in the early days of the war, when I found myself posted to a Division preparing to go to France. Through the pages of THE WIRE I had kept track of his movements during the intervening years, and was rather pleased to join forces with him at such a time. He was no longer a very young lieutenant, I was no longer an impressionable recruit, but still that power of attraction existed. I was posted to his Company and saw quite a lot of him in the course of duty. He still seemed to exude calm efficiency and never seemed to " flap," even when a large percentage of the Unit seemed to be running round in small circles. There were many minor flaps in those days, and the general standard of training not very high. We were a very mixed bunch, a fairly high percentage of Reservists who knew the ropes but were out of touch with discipline and the existing equipment, a number of Supplementary Reservists who had received no military training at all, and a handful of Regular troops, very young, very keen, but not very experienced. We soon settled down to become an efficient Unit, but during the settling down process tempers sometimes became frayed, and things occasionally went wrong. During this period the Major came to the fore. He was obviously in his element, and was fast building up a reputation for himself, a reputation for wanting everything " exactly " right, a reputation for not suffering fools gladly, and something of a disciplinarian. He was also very popular.

The phoney war dragged on through a very uncomfortable winter. We were somewhere in France and kept busy on various training programmes and making our area a defence line. The Unit must have laid hundreds of miles of cable, installed a telephone in every other house, with an exchange at every street corner, or so it seemed at the time.

Eventually the balloon went up, and off we went to Belgium, complete with G.1098 stores, a lot of confidence, and the feeling that what had happened in Norway couldn't happen here. How wrong we were ! We moved steadily forward for 24 hours, stopped in one place for a whole week, then started to retire, and kept on retiring steadily for the next three weeks. Due to the air activity—German, not British—all our retiring was done at night, and the Unit arrived pretty well intact at the beaches. There had been casualties, but considering the opposition they were extremely light.

On arrival at our particular bit of beach, orders were given to destroy all equipment not in use, render all vehicles u/s, and await further orders. The embarkation point was some distance from our position, and was reached by a long straight road and miles of sand dunes, all of which were constantly bombed and machine-gunned from the air and fairly frequently shelled by long-range guns. Troops moving down the road used to go in parties of half a dozen or so, and spent as much time in the ditch at the side of the road as on the road itself. The events of the previous three weeks and lack of rest were beginning to take their toll, and self-preservation was becoming a dominant factor in our lives.

When our time came to move down that road, very few people relished the idea, and all hoped that something would distract the Huns' attention for an hour or so. The majority had moved off, and the Major took charge of the small rear party, who had been running a last remaining signal office. *It was then he got his title.*

We were paraded in three ranks, in F.S.M.O., gas capes rolled in the approved fashion, and individually inspected as thoroughly as for a peace time guard mounting. Judging by his remarks, he wasn't at all impressed by what he saw before him. Eventually we moved off in three ranks, he at the head, looking neither to the left nor to the right, straight down the road as though we were on a Garrison Church Parade at Catterick. How we cussed him for all the fools under the sun; we cussed him loud and long, but were so busy at it that we somehow forgot everything else, and made the length of that road in record time, and didn't even realise when we had reached the end. We were all convinced that he was " off his rocker," and maybe he was, but at any rate he certainly got us through a most unpleasant bit of territory without a scratch (which was good fortune) and in record time (which was good management).

He left us about a year later, and by that time was known by the old hands and the not-so-old hands as the Mad Major.

In 1944 I heard that he had been killed in action somewhere in the Middle East, but in 1947 I was reading a copy of THE WIRE and saw his name mentioned. I am still following his career in the Corps Magazine.

I only ever spoke to him twice, or rather he spoke to me twice. On the first occasion he blitzed me unmercifully for " failing to comply . . .," and on the second occasion gave me a fatherly lecture on " my course of duty."

If this article should be published, and the Mad Major should read it and recognise himself from the incident related, I should like him to know that though I have long since passed the impressionable recruit stage and am no longer serving in the Corps, I still retain my first impression of him, and wish him the best of luck.

E. C. BAILEY

Army Rugby Cup Final, Aldershot, Wednesday, 9th March, 3 p.m., 1 Training Regiment, Royal Signals, v??? 2 Royal Tank Regiment or R.E. (B.A.O-R.)

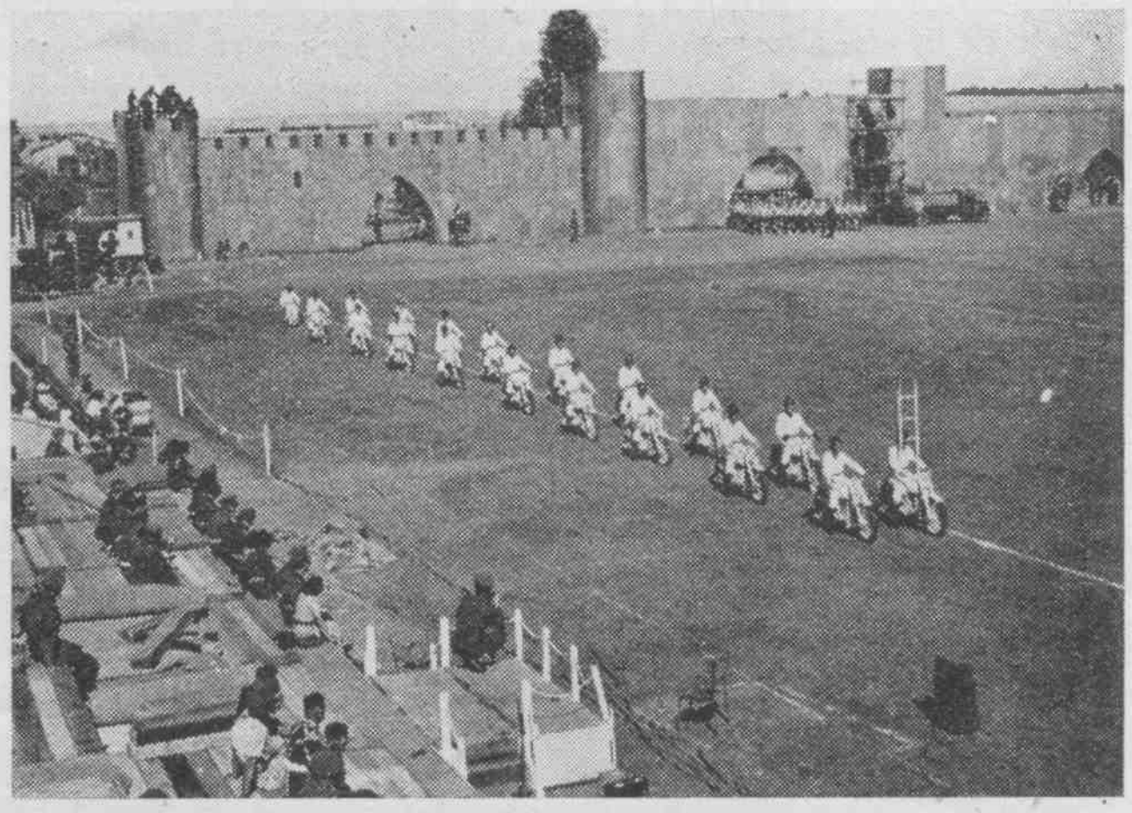
"Peeling off"

Signals Feature at Tattoo in Egypt

By **Captain D. H. CLIFFOHD** *Military Observer in Egypt*

PROMINENT amongst the crack Units taking part in a Military Searchlight Tattoo which was held recently at Moascar, near the Suez Canal in Egypt, was a Command team of twenty motor-cyclists, consisting almost entirely of despatch riders of the Royal Corps of Signals. The event in which they featured was a hair-raising exhibition of trick-riding and stunting on motor cycles. Balancing at the tops of ladders whilst on the move, riding up ramps through hoops of fire, and inter-crossing in a figure-of-eight at speed is to mention only a few of the many spectacular turns, all of which were well up to Olympia standards. Finally, a standard 350 c.c. British motor cycle carried thirteen full-grown men around the arena—not only a wonderful feat of balance but also a triumphant demonstration of the quality of British manufacture.

First of its kind to be held there since before World War II, the Tattoo was a great success, and was witnessed by the British Ambassador in Egypt, the Commander-in-Chief, M.E.L.F., and many other high-ranking officers of the three Services.



The team parade

"—— But, dear, he's got to grow up sometime!"

BRITISH SKI CHAMPION SURPRISE WINNER

From Our Own Correspondent

Grindelwald, Thursday

Lieutenant-Colonel David Horsfield, 32-year-old Royal Signals officer, became the surprise winner of the British Open Ski Championship here today by a splendid performance in the biggest ever field of 22. Runner-up was Douglas Mackintosh.

Second surprise in the race, in which the high standard showed distinct signs of a general British come-back to first-class ski-racing, was that the 47-year-old "veteran," Captain Bill Bracken, took third place. Captain Bracken also became joint winner in the slalom section.

Britain's number one international, James Palmer-Tomkinson, did not take part. Results:

Downhill: Lieutenant-Colonel D. Horsfield, 3m. 37.4s., 1; D. Mackintosh, 3m. 45.8s., 2; R. Eden, 3m. 55.2s., 3; Captain W. Bracken and A. Petrie, 4m. 4.8s., tied, 4. Slalom: Bracken and I. Irvine-Fortescue, 85s., tied, 1; Horsfield, 87.6s., 3; Mackintosh, 90.4s., 4. Combined: Horsfield, 1; Mackintosh, 2; Bracken, 3.

(Extract from "Daily Telegraph" of Friday, 7th January, 1949)

Some Early Experiences with the A.T.S.

Part I.

By **Senior Commander D. J. HOGH**

IT is possible that some readers might be interested to know a little about how some of the A.T.S. Signal Companies of the early days of the war came to be formed.

When one examines the organisation of A.T.S. in Signals as it exists today, one is bound to be struck by the contrast with some of its beginnings, which were a little strange, to say the least.

My own experiences may serve as an enlightening illustration. In common with many others, I had joined an A.T.S./T.A. Company in the City of London as soon as the A.T.S. was formed in September, 1938. Among other qualifications, several of us had stated on our enrolment papers that we had knowledge of switchboards and teleprinters. No one appeared very interested in that particular fact, however, and we all served on in General Duties Companies (no Signals Companies having been formed in London at that time, as far as I know) for the next year.

On 27th August, 1939, I received a telegram calling me up for service, and proceeded to Thames House, in Millbank, fully expecting to find the rest of my Company assembled there. This was by no means so, however; the gathering consisted of some twenty A.T.S., of whom not more than about three had been drawn from any one City of London Company. In conversation we discovered that the only thing we had in common seemed to be a knowledge of switchboards and teleprinters.

We were then interviewed by two elegant young men in civilian clothes, wearing suede shoes, and red carnations in their buttonholes (to this day I have no idea who they were), and were induced to sign secrecy declarations. Next we were packed into luxurious civilian cars and driven off to an unknown destination.

By this time, of course, we were certain that we were at least about to be parachuted into Berlin, and were considerably excited.

Our excitement changed to bewilderment when we found ourselves inside the gates of an incredibly formidable looking building, which we soon discovered was none other than one of H.M. Prisons, complete with about three hundred of its usual occupants.

We found there, in addition, a breath-taking diversity of people, which included film and stage stars, Boy Scouts, well-known Society debutantes (whom we were entranced to find typing with gloves on, in order to preserve their long finger-nails), business men, and very senior retired officers of the three Services—not, I hasten to add, serving a term as inmates.

When we arrived, no one seemed to have any idea what to do with us, and we were passed up and down the building for some time. My own Company Commander had accompanied us, so I asked her what was to be done. To my utter horror, she airily informed me that she had no idea, and was leaving immediately, as she had been called up for a Staff job in a completely different part of London. She added, as an afterthought, that I was to be left in charge, and that it would be a good thing if I found civilian billets for all the Auxiliaries by nightfall.

The reader must bear in mind that no legal billeting powers were then in force, and no scale of payments had been laid down; so that I had to take my Sergeant, and go from house to house (feeling more like a vacuum cleaner saleswoman at every moment) appealing to the good nature of the occupants. On the whole they responded magnificently; in fact, the good lady who was kind enough to give house room to me has remained my good friend ever since.

Eventually we began to settle in at the Prison, and located a switchboard and some teleprinters, on which we commenced to work; the switchboard, however, was hastily snatched away from us and given over to civilian operators—another thing for which I could never succeed in discovering the reason.

One of the more curious aspects of the arrangement became apparent on the first Friday of our stay, when the various Company Commanders descended upon us to pay. No rates of full-time pay for the A.T.S. had then been decided upon, so my girls received sums varying from 1s. to 4s. 6d. per day, according to the ideas of the Company Commander concerned. However, they pooled resources and managed very well.

After we had been there for about three weeks, I received a telephone call from my Group Commander informing me that I could now consider myself commissioned, and that I had better take the afternoon off and order my officer's uniform—there was, of course, no such thing as an A.T.S. W.O.S.B., pre-O.C.T.U. or O.C.T.U., in those days—and that I was to form my detachment into a Company at once.

This was a great shock to me, and I must confess I had very little idea how to set about it. None of us had ever even heard such words as "imprest" and "indent," and their meaning was utterly unknown. In fact, the local bank manager really taught me how to start my Imprest Account; and, as for indenting, I did eventually manage to collect a little clothing, but my "Q" Stores consisted of a cardboard box in my office (which was a cell in the Prison), from which I had to equip the girls as best I could.

No A.T.S. Training Centres or Schools existed then, so that all my strength increases were volunteers who came along in civilian clothes, having signed a paper in their local recruiting office saying they wished to join. I was then completely responsible for turning them into A.T.S. auxiliaries and teleprinter operators; and I well remember one such recruit (whom I last heard of serving with some distinction as a Junior Commander in India) who, for some time, would insist on bringing her umbrella on parade. I held drill parades daily, as most people seemed to enjoy them, and drill was one of the very few training subjects about which I knew anything at all.

We had had a little trouble with our various "landladies" over the auxiliaries' food, so I had made a contract with a small local café (rather of the good "pull-up for carmen" variety) and used solemnly to parade and march the girls there and back for their meals.

It is also interesting to consider the comparison between the existing long and comprehensive list of some 80 A.T.S. trades and the few trades used in those early days; as far as I am aware, those consisted only of three—cooks, clerks, and orderlies. I believe some drivers were employed, but not in this first Company of mine, which consisted entirely of clerks, misemployed as teleprinter operators.

The traffic was heavy, and the operators' duties were arranged to cover the full 24 hours of each day; the night reliefs being kept as busy, if not busier, than those on duty by day.

Next Month. How Trade Training Courses were first organised for A.T.S. switchboard and teleprinter operators.

British Army of the Rhine

H.Q. B.A.O.R. SIGNAL REGIMENT

Bad Oeynhausen

December

1 SQUADRON. With the Christmas dinner and all the Christmas activities just memories, the Squadron is settling down once again to the hard work which it has been used to during the past year.

The Christmas dinner was enjoyed immensely by all, and satisfied the biggest appetites in the Squadron; and if this didn't—which I very much doubt—the liquid refreshment, which came from an ever-flowing tap, did. Our thanks are extended to Sergeant Lord and his very able assistants for making the dinner so delicious.

On Boxing Day the Squadron challenged the Line Wing of 3 Squadron to a " 24-a-side " (come as you like) game of football. The score nobody will ever know, not even the referee or the first aid men who thronged the playing pitch repeatedly during the game.

The New Year here at last, together with the release programme once again under way, is welcomed by most men of the Squadron. Departed (but not forgotten) from our midst to Civvy Street are such notables as Mitchell, Marshall, and MacGillivray, the " Three M's " or the " Three Musketeers." To these and others of the old 77 and 78 who will shortly be leaving for Civvy Street we wish a Happy and Prosperous New Year and every success in their chosen trade, career, or profession.

The keen competition for the Seely Shield has once again taken a prominent place in the life of the Squadron. Admin. Troop hold their unbeaten record at soccer, Burton scoring 18 goals in 5 matches—a record, I think, for any one person in any of the Troops in the Regiment.

This seems to be all from 1 Squadron for this month, so until next time we bid you " Adios amigos mios " (who's been listening to Tango to Bolero?).

3 SQUADRON WIRELESS WING. Christmastide, the welcome time of wassail and wallop, has now passed into history, and has been well and truly celebrated in traditional style. Details of Regimental activities appear elsewhere in these notes, but we should like to take this opportunity of publicly mentioning our appreciation of the superb Christmas dinner produced by Sergeant Lord and his staff, and also their artistically decorated and delicious cakes supplied for Troop parties.

Although Christmas has dominated the month, events have nevertheless continued to march. Work has been in progress to equip a Wireless Wing Training School. With much scrounging and not a little hard work on the part of certain harassed R/Ms and L/Ms, the work has now been completed. Programmes have been arranged, instructors selected, and training is due to commence on 10th January in order to bring up certain N.F.R.s and O.W.L.s D.III to O.W.L. B.III, and to give some 22 R/Ms and L/Ms an extra trade of O.W.L. B.III. In addition, a course is being run to train certain selected men as D.R.s. All courses will run for six weeks and will be rapidly followed by upgrading courses, so it would appear that we shall be kept quite busy during the coming year. The Wireless Carrier boys have just sustained a disappointment in having to close down half the 10 set link in order to release men for training as O.W.L.s. Perhaps it is not generally realised first how much sheer back-breaking hard work goes into the establishing of a 10 set chain in this type of country. Manhandling trailers up gradients of 1 in 3 through axle-deep mud, assembling sets at the tops of 100 ft. stone towers, living under canvas in mud, rain, frost, and snow for weeks on end—these are just a few of the everyday occurrences of life in a W/C Troop. In spite of everything, however, the link has worked very well indeed after initial " teething troubles " were sorted out, and much valuable experience has been gained by the crews. Four of the stalwarts who were recently engaged on the 10 set link, Corporal Smith, Lance-Corporal Gardiner, Signalman Beddows, and Driver Whittingham, have now left for release, and with them go our very best wishes for happiness and success in Civvy Street.

The D.R.s have also lost quite a few of their old hands. This month we have said goodbye to Lance-Corporal Lennon, Drivers Wills and Wrigglesworth, and Signalmen Boardman, Waldron, and Barrett. We wish them all the best in their new life, and hope they will keep in touch with us.

Much hilarity was evinced on Christmas morning when the Sergeants brought tea, laced with rum, to our bedsides at Reveille. S.S.M. Telfer, who accompanied them, gave an impromptu acrobatic show on one of the tables and then discovered, the hard way, that one of the table legs was broken !

The D.R. Group held its party on the 29th in the N.A.A.F.I., and everyone voted it a huge success. Our thanks are due to Sergeant " Sandy " Leggat and Corporal " Paddy " Grant for their good work in organising the party and for running the bar.

LINES WING. Now that the New Year has dawned, we can look back with pride and satisfaction on the old one. All are settling down to work again with memories of a Christmas well spent.

On 18th December, 24 Construction Troop held their Troop Christmas Party, which was a great success and which was patronised by female company from Bad Oeynhausen. We understand the mistletoe was put to good use. Dancing and games carried on till approximately midnight.

During the festive period 24 Construction boxed against the remainder of Lines Wing. The tournament was ably arranged by Lieutenant Pearce (O.C. 24 Construction Troop). We congratulate the following on winning:—Campbell,

OPERATING SIGNALS ILLUSTRATED (2)

QBT — " You are missing shorts "

Hawkins, Thompson, and Murray. The losers, who fought gamely to the end, are also to be commended. Signalman Hawkins will represent the Unit in the forthcoming B.A.O.R. Championships. We wish him all the best and hope he will be successful.

The Seely Shield is still providing everyone with keen competitive entertainment. The shield is becoming more or less a permanent fixture in 24 Construction Troop Office.

The 3 Line Carrier Troop Party went down very successfully and the only regrets expressed were that the dinner was too good—we did not have enough room to drink all the beer we had available. One barrel was not wasted, however, but supplemented that supplied by the P.R.I. for the Christmas dinner.

The Troop's contribution to the Unit Concert Party was a presentation of that great one-act melodrama " The Man in the Bowler Hat." We pride ourselves that our inventiveness saved the day on the many occasions we forgot our lines. The whole Unit was much amused by the sight of the O.C. Troop, Lieutenant Denyer, and Sergeant Surtees as hero and heroine, respectively, making passionate love to each other. Signalmen Mills, Iball, Dunkley, and Maunder excelled themselves in their parts as Mary, John, Villain and Bad Man. The latter two were almost *too* natural.

The stage was constructed of the boxing ring with the addition of M.A.L. poles.

We all express regret at the loss of some of our numbers who have left us to face the rigours of civilian life with the start of release again, namely, Sergeant Surtees, Corporals Gowthorpe and Prime, and Drivers Smith, Steward, and Gough. We all wish them the very best in their new venture.

We also take this opportunity of wishing a very Prosperous New Year to all Signals personnel everywhere and all the good luck we get here.

Ham Club. (No connection with Mercury Theatre.) We have now received our licence (call sign DL2NK) and are on the air. We will be particularly glad to contact clubs of other Units of the Corps or old Corps members. If there are any old " Baghdad-ers " around who fancy their chances at " K nip," drop us a line and arrange a sched—we'll get u down. So all for now. So QRU or N didy-deda-deda.

Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess. Having recovered from the effects of a very hectic Christmas, casting aside all thought of the final spree on New Year's Eve, we once again put pen to paper to record our month's activities.

We had our usual fortnightly dance on the 4th, which was enjoyed by all, but more quiet than previous ones. On the 9th we had a Games Evening *versus* 34 L.A.U., which the latter won.

Our Christmas Draw, on the 22nd, was the beginning event of the Christmas season. Prior to this the Mess had been very well decorated, which included a Christmas tree in the lounge. The following day, on the 23rd, was the Children's Party, held in the Officers' Mess. Never was Father Christmas more eagerly looked forward to; it certainly was a surprise to see him arrive on a horse-drawn sledge, which was lit by coloured lights. The day ended with an All Ranks Married Families' Dance, held in the Mess, which was a great success.

Christmas Eve was celebrated with a Social and Dance, which was very quiet, due to the late arrival of the band. Christmas Day was spent in the usual manner by waiting on the men with " gun-fire " and also at the dinner.

Our own Christmas Dinner and Dance was on Sunday, 26th, and this more than made up for the disappointment on Christmas Eve. Everyone really had an enjoyable time, which for us saw the end of another Christmas.

All thanks to the Mess Christmas Committee for their untiring efforts in making it such a success.

We look forward to New Year's Eve, when we are having a Grand Fancy Dress Ball, when we say " Goodbye to 1948 " and " Hello, 1949."

HAMBURG DISTRICT INDEPENDENT SIGNAL SQUADRON

Hamburg

Once again we give a great welcome to the new arrivals into the Squadron during the last month. We all hope that you will settle down and be happy here in Hamburg.

We can't say good-bye to anyone, as we have not yet lost anyone, but once A/S Gp. 77 recommences we shall lose about 30 of the oldest members of the Unit. Anyway, I don't think we need say good-bye to them until next month.

Our 2nd Echelon Troop have not very much news for you this month as things have been very quiet for the last month, owing to staffing difficulties within the Echelon. Their sporting activities, such as playing soccer, have been very restricted owing to lack of opposition, but they have kept practising and are beginning to feel quite confident.

2nd Echelon Troop have now entered into the hockey world. The O.C., Second-Lieutenant A. Tyrrell, and Corporal Defazio (" Faz ") are now playing for G.H.Q. 2nd Echelon first team.

Unfortunately, the Troop have lost their speedway star, Signalman McKenzie, on release, but we were very pleased to hear that he has been interviewed by Belle Vue Speedway Club and hopes soon to be riding for them.

Finally, as before, we finish with the main topic, sport—and the sport, soccer. With the close of the half-season the Unit football team are now lying fourth in the Hamburg Area Football League. In 11 matches, the team have won 7, drawn 1 and lost 3.

The most noticeable success of the team was the 7—2 victory over the league leaders, H.Q., Hamburg District. This is the biggest defeat they have suffered. The second half of the season is due to commence on 8th January. We hope to be leading the league on the completion of this competition.

At present the first round of the Hamburg Knock-out Football Competition is due to commence. We hope to give you more news of this in our next report.

January

We commence these notes by wishing all sister Units of the Corps a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Since the publication of our last notes, release is again in full sway, and we wish the best to those who are now settling down to the hazards of civilian life. We lost a few stalwarts, particularly in the soccer field, on the departing of Signalmen Nichols and Evans, but we hope that some of our National Service arrivals will be able to fill their places.

Lieutenant Lochhead has left us for release, and although his departure was somewhat delayed, we feel sure that he enjoyed being with us to celebrate Christmas and New Year. We wish him all success in civilian life.

We bade farewell to S.Q.M.S. " Darky " Follows, who has left the Corps after 21 years' service to try his hand in the pig and poultry line. " Darky " attended a course at the College of Agriculture, Rhine Army, before he left, and if his report from the College is any criterion, his efforts as a pig and poultry farmer will not be in vain. " Remember, " Darky," the best method is to use your *teeth*.

Sport. Soccer. We are sorry to announce that our team, which has been so successful in the Hamburg District League, was knocked out of the Hamburg District Cup competition by the soldiers' friends, the Royal Military Police. We play them again in the first game of the second half of the League Competition, and we hope that we shall avenge the Cup defeat.

Hockey. Captain G. J. C. Sumner is the Hockey Chief, and at the moment he is trying to form a combined Signals team from Hamburg District. He, S.S.M. Marks, Sergeant Jeffereys, Signalmen Wood, Martin, and Starling have all represented the Hamburg District hockey team.

The Rathaus

LUNEBURG

The Moon Town

HOME OF 4 A.G.R.A. SIGNAL SQUADRON

THE exact date of Luneburg's official recognition as a town remains somewhat vague, but the earliest known document in existence dated A.D. 956, granting the Monastery of St. Michael the right to collect the salt tax, indicates prosperity through the ages to the tune of almost one thousand years at least.

The principal commodity responsible for the town's earlier prosperity was the famous Luneburg salt, which was in demand in places as far apart as Holland, Sweden, Novgorod, and Southern Germany.

The name Luneburg originated from a castle built in the year A.D. 951 by Hermann Billung, Duke of Saxons, on the Kalkberg, situated to the west of the town.

The oldest house still in existence was built in the year 1406 for the Suelfmeister "Bromse." It retains a Gothic gable dating from 1406; a hall surrounded by wooden balconies, and a magnificent staircase; stained glass windows with escutcheon and the names of citizens who helped financially to maintain the house, and a gypsum ceiling decorated with Biblical scenes. A house well deserving a visit from short-term residents or visitors to the town.

It is a beautiful town in its own individual and wilfully petulant way, full of delightful architectural surprises in the nooks and crannies of its narrow unregulated streets, and quick variations of gabled houses. Nothing of Greek formalism or modern regimentation exists here; merely the warmth and beauty of early, sincere and unpretentious art.

In the year 1189, Henry the Lion, after suffering a series of setbacks, sought permission from the neighbouring town of Bardowick to quarter his troops there. The people of Bardowick, conscious of Henry's lack of power, defiantly refused. Years later, when Henry once again rode the crest of the wave, he remembered the good people of Bardowick, returned, destroyed and sacked the town. He left a message, "Vestiges Leone" (Trace of the Lion) carved into the stone of the Cathedral. It is said that during the last war, the air squadrons of the Count von Bulow carried this motto on their planes when on raiding missions over England. At the time of the sacking Bardowick was rich, well fortified, larger and more prosperous than Luneburg, but after Henry had razed the town to nought, the flourishing trade of the Bardowickers passed into the hands of the merchants of Luneburg. This was really the beginning of a long period of prosperity for the town, which soon took its rightful place among the other great trading towns of Northern Germany.

For many years, 21st October of the year 1371 was observed as a very important date in the town's history; 'twas on that night that the Duke of Celle, with some six hundred heavily

armed followers, forced the town's defences. After a fierce and bloody battle all were slaughtered or taken prisoner by the citizens. A popular legend soon took root of a valiant baker who was credited with striking down twenty-two of the invaders, which feat was commemorated in a bust of the said baker, and which bust is still to be seen on the gable of the house at 2 Bakerstrasse.

My search for matter of historical interest naturally included a visit to the Rathaus, the kernel of which dates from the year 1200, and the whole building is reputed to occupy a larger area than any other Rathaus in Germany. All the rooms are yet exactly as they were in the former Golden Age of Luneburg, beautifully furnished, and contain many examples of exquisite artistry.

I did manage to obtain a few photographs, which I submit together with this article, one of which is a grand frontal view of the Rathaus, a very impressive front, depicting a majesty of former glory. This baroque front replaced a Gothic facade in the year 1720. The former Gerichtslaube, or Court Room, dating from the 14th century, contains some very fine examples of stained glass windows commemorating nine medieval heroes. The Fuerstensaal, or ballroom, contains some beautiful 15th century chandeliers, oak panelling and full-length paintings, and its oak-beamed ceiling with medallion heads of Roman and German Emperors is without parallel elsewhere. It is world-famous as one of the most beautiful examples of a carved interior of the Renaissance period, and the artist Albrecht von Soest spent almost eighteen years designing and building it. The ballroom is still extensively used for musical concerts, and on such occasions is illuminated by four hundred wax candles.

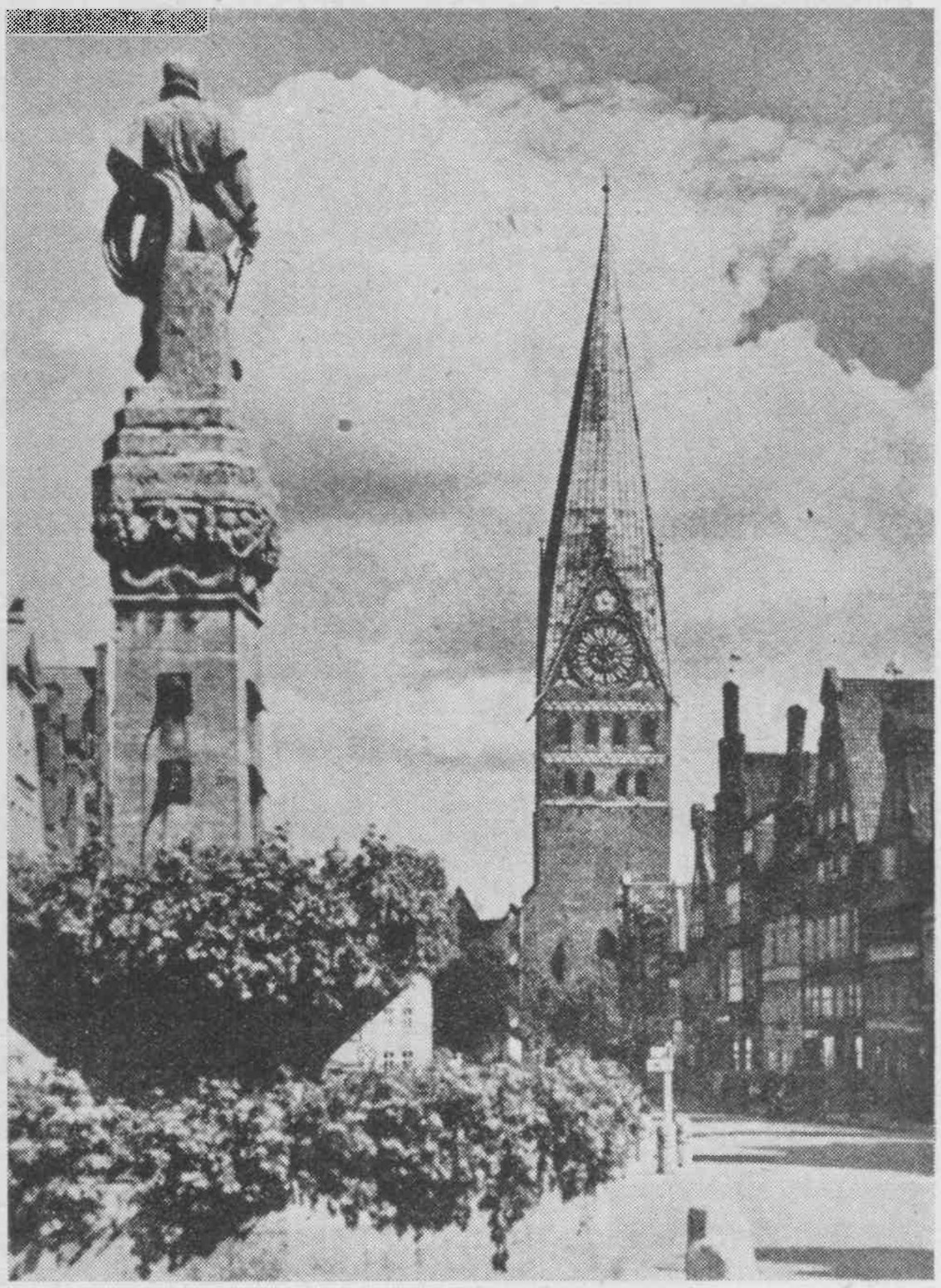
An old crane, possibly the oldest in Germany, which has been in use since 1330, still stands proudly erect, surveying the beauty and tranquillity of the Ilmenau. The last job of work it performed before honourable retirement was to lift the first engine from England which operated on the first German railway between Nurnberg and Furth.

My final photograph is of St. Johanniskirche, quite the tallest and most striking of Luneburg's public buildings. One of the oldest churches in Northern Germany, its spire rising one hundred and six metres high, it is the town's chief identification mark. Its beautifully massive organ, containing 600 pipes, was built in the year 1600, and here the young Sebastian Bach played as a pupil of the organist and composer Georg Bohm. At 9 a.m. each and every morning a bugler plays a hymn to each of the four sides of the church, from the high alcoves seen below the spire proper. This performance is reminiscent of the ancient system of warning the town of pending invasion. 'Twould be interesting to discover how our friendly bugler reacted to the approach of Field Marshal Montgomery and his Army in May of 1945, for it was only about five miles away, on Luneburg Heath, that the Field Marshal accepted the unconditional surrender of all German forces opposing his troops in North-West Europe from the representatives of the German High Command.

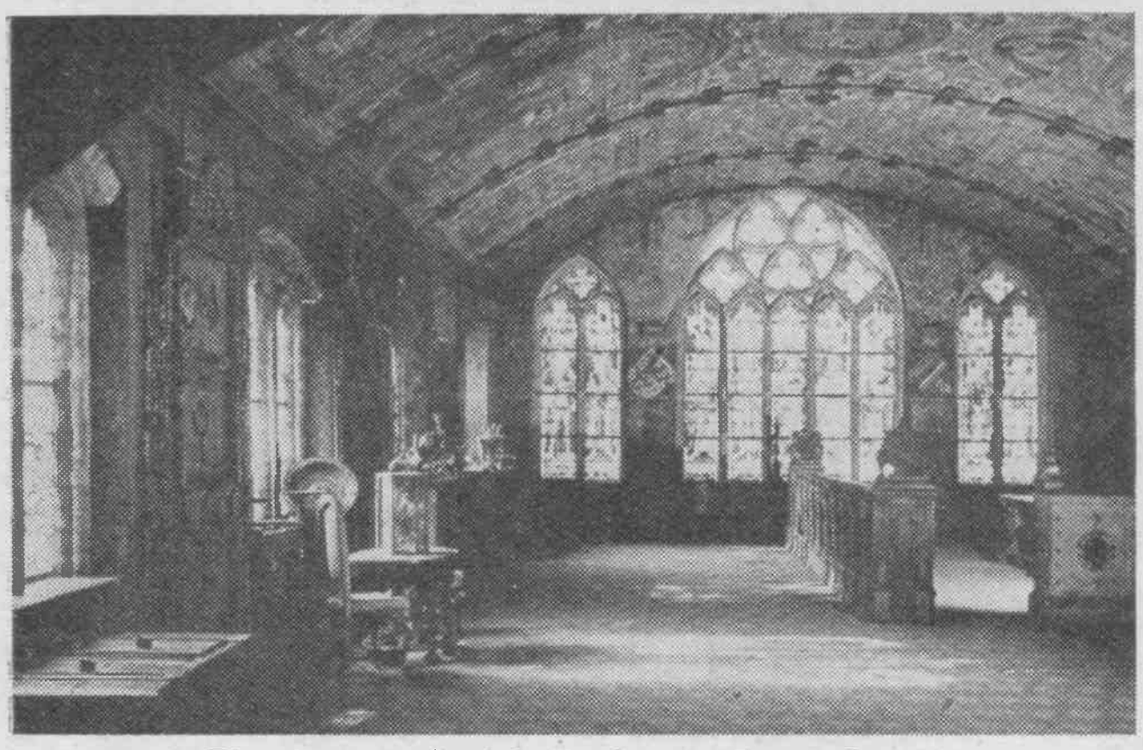
Ribbentrop, Joyce (" Lord Haw Haw "), and many other Nazi satellites had temporary residence in Luneburg. Even with the surrender and subsequent occupation, events of historical interest in Luneburg were not yet entirely subdued, for this town will always be remembered in association with the suicide of the notorious Himmler.

S. E. H.

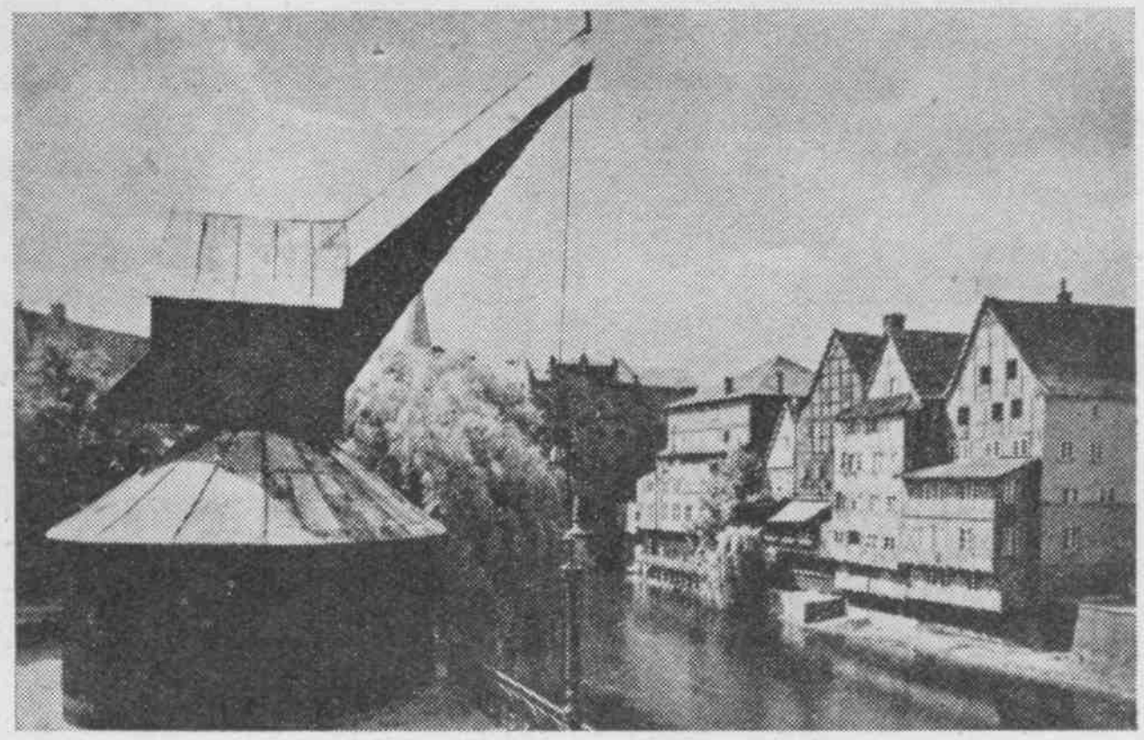
(With acknowledgments and thanks to Mr. C. D. Artis, of 201 R.B.I.O., for his very valuable assistance.)



St. Johannskirche



The former Gerichtslaube or Court Room



Possibly the oldest crane in Germany. Built 1330

BERLIN SIGNAL SQUADRON

January

With the customary celebrations of Christmas and the New Year well behind us, we are looking forward to "greater expectations" in 1949. Undaunted by the numerous restrictions that are brought to bear by the blockade, the Squadron's programme of events went off without interruption save for the continuous droning of the aircraft overhead. We take off our hats to all those on Operation Plainfare for their untiring efforts over Christmas and the New Year. The usual seasonable delicacies were to be seen on the dining tables and in the various clubs and messes—thanks to *them*.

The lads were treated to their usual coffee and rum in bed on Christmas morning, brought round to them by the members of the Sergeants' Mess. Most of Christmas morning was spent in putting the finishing touches to room decorating; this was held in the form of a competition and our "Schooly" had great difficulty in deciding which was the best room. But eventually Room 3 in Reichstrasse was declared the winner, with Room 2 a very close second. A very good effort indeed by some of the latest addition to the Squadron.

The "Bill of Fare"—all immaculately laid out—was a great credit to Corporal Gamwell and his staff of cooks, and a real Christmas dinner was thoroughly enjoyed by all. The usual "toasts" were drunk during the dinner, and the C.O.'s speech was a most encouraging one to the many young National Service men in the Squadron who were experiencing their first Christmas away from home.

During and after the dinner there was music, and later a mixture of entertainment picked at random—it was certainly a mixed bag with everyone "Having a Go." Thanks, too, must go to the many who made such a first-class job of decorating the dining hall. On the 27th the Officers and Sergeants challenged the Other Ranks to a comic football match. The highlight of the match was the procession on to the field. Equipped with a barrel organ and dressed as the late Mahatma Ghandi, the S.S.M. led the Officers and Sergeants on to the field escorted by Jimmie Randle dressed as a bonny brunette. After the usual round of refreshment had been partaken of, which was accompanied by the clicking of both cameras and glasses, the game was on. Playing first with a Rugby ball and introducing a spot of "all-in," the Officers and Sergeants were soon on the attack, but, after a couple of slight casualties on both sides, the ground was found to be a little too hard for any mixed tactics and the "egg" was replaced by a football. This change suited the Other Ranks, who were fielding most of the Unit Eleven, and they emerged winners by the only goal scored. In the evening the Other Ranks held a social and dance, to which their German girl friends were invited, and the Warrant Officers and Sergeants chose this evening for their annual dinner and social. Both functions went off extremely well.

Prior to our own Christmas festivities, the Squadron had entertained some 150 German children to a real Christmas treat in a local school in Berlin on 22nd December. The total comprised 50 children from our own German employees, and the remaining 100 were orphans. The children were given a grand tea, consisting of sandwiches, numerous varieties of cakes, jellies and custard and cocoa, all saved from the Other Ranks' rations, and there was plenty for all. After tea the children were entertained to a Punch and Judy show, followed by community carol singing. Later, Father Christmas appeared and each child received a seasonable toy. Finally, they were each given a package containing sweets, chocolates and biscuits as they left the hall. Congratulations must be extended to the Entertainments Committee and all those who assisted in making this party such a first-rate success, particularly to Lance-Corporal Parkinson, who gave some excellent service in the choice and purchase of toys, and who ably performed the duties of Father Christmas, and to all the wives who came along and gave a helping hand.

Getting back to work once again. We have suffered some very bad losses during the past few weeks, notably our capable Administrative Officer, Captain Bill Day, who has donned his civilian suit after serving over 26 years with the Corps. However, Captain Day hopes to be returning to Berlin earlier in the New Year on the Control Commission, so we hope to see more of you soon, Bill. In his place for a very short time we had Captain Dent; he, too, has departed on release. We extend a very welcome hand to our present Administrative Officer, Captain J. E. Smith, who is another "old sweat" and who is very well known in the Corps. At present Captain Smith is suffering from a nasty attack of gout, mingled with intermittent headaches caused through varying exchanges in "stocks and shares," better known to the Rank and File as the P.R.I. May your stay with us be a happy one, sir.

New arrivals are too numerous to mention, but to *all* you young National Service men who are frequently joining us we extend a welcome hand. Next month we hope to have the pleasure of announcing the arrival of a V.I.P., and may my assumption in the singular be a correct one.

Congratulations to Lieutenant J. E. Davies on attaining his second "pip."

ROCKY

1 WIRELESS REGIMENT

Gluckstadt

December

Thanks to the three months' deferment imposed, our losses since our last notes have been reduced to those released from D.V.G.D.E. and those who have completed their tour. We said farewell to Captain H. B. Williams, Captain C. G. Stephenson and Captain L. J. Thomas, on release, and wish them the best of luck in their endeavours to combat the difficulties of civilian life after many years in the Service. Several small intakes of trainees have arrived, to whom we extend a hearty welcome and hope they will enjoy their stay with us.

Soccer. The highlight of November was a home soccer match played against our nearby rivals, Hamburg District Signal Squadron. Spectators witnessed a fine exhibition of very keen football and the pace was terrific from the kick-off to the final whistle. Last season the team selected from the two sides in a similar match won the Hamburg Sub-Area Cup, and if the form shown on this occasion is reproduced in the cup matches this season the trophy may again rest on the shelves of Hamburg Signal Squadron and our Mess for six months each. The game commenced at a cracking pace and after the first three minutes the Regiment netted through Corporal Banks. This did not in any way deter our opponents, who proceeded to pile on pressure which brought its reward in the sixth minute by a fine goal from their outside-left. From then until half-time a ding-dong battled ensued, but when the whistle was blown for the much-earned 10 minutes' rest the score was still one all.

Fifteen minutes after half-time saw the Regiment in front again with a good goal from Signalman Worley from a perfect cross-pass from Signalman Astle, who has been selected to represent B.A.O.R. The Regiment continued to press the Hamburg District Signal Squadron goal and 20 minutes after half-time went further ahead. A perfect corner by Signalman Astle had the goalkeeper completely beaten, and to make sure that the ball entered the net, Signalman Turner helped the inswinging ball on its way with his head. Our opponents fought gallantly back with grim determination, and it wasn't surprising that in the 30th minute they again found the net, making the score 3-2. From then onwards it was anyone's game and it was

amazing how the killing pace was continued until the final whistle. No further score resulted, however, and the Regiment left the field victors by the odd goal. We are now looking forward to a return fixture with our friends on their ground.

We are gradually creeping up the Hamburg District League Table, having won two more matches since our last notes, one to the tune of 8-2.

Rugby. Our Rugby XV have played two games in the Hamburg District League and have won one 6-5 and lost the other 6-8. Lieutenant Gordon has been selected to play for Hamburg District and for B.A.O.R.

Hockey. Many Inter-Troop matches have been played and the Unit eleven can be seen enthusiastically practising to give of their best in the Army Cup matches. The Regiment has been most successful in the Army Cup competition. In the first four rounds the team have scored 17 goals and Lance-Corporal Moseley, our dour but efficient last line of defence, has yet to be beaten. Seventeen goals for and nil against should be a good enough excuse to sound a fanfare of trumpets, but all except S.Q.M.S. Miller, the daddy of the team (45 next month, we hear), wish to control our enthusiasm for a little longer. The S.Q.M.S., by the way, has already booked accommodation in Aldershot for the final next year.

Results to date: —

v. 15 Base Ordnance Dept	Won 2—0
v. 22 Heavy Workshops R.E.M.E.	Won 12—0
v. 1 York and Lancaster Regiment	Won 2—0
v. 15 Medical Regiment, R.A.	Won 1—0

Corporals' Mess. At present we are in the course of preparing programmes and competitions to brighten the long winter evenings, besides organising Christmas festivities.

Skittle matches, smoker concerts, quizzes, dart matches and dances are being organised, and it is hoped that the season of revelry will be one befitting the fond memory of previous "Bounty" occasions and will provide good material for our next WIRE notes.

Darts has proved to be the main indoor pursuit since the "licking" we suffered against the Warrant Officers and Sergeants at their recent "games evening." We are convinced that this defeat can be avenged, and was partly due to the "Sand drug" administered by the ex-8th Army Bedouin Warrant Officers and Sergeants.

Three Mess dances were held during November; to time of writing all were well attended and enjoyed by all. Dancing was not up to the Fred Astaire standard, but the fairer sex made no complaints. For the first time since the demob of A/S Group 62, at the last dance we were able to have our own dance band playing interval music in a non-German tempo. As the evening wore on it seemed that everyone, apart from the town Burgomeister, had warbled over the microphone, but such is the feeling of happiness and companionship at these dances that even the Unit "Muscles Builder" sounded pleasing.

Our amateur radio enthusiasts continue to keep in touch with Blighty and previous Mess members, and we send our 73s to all contacts.

3 AIR SUPPORT SIGNAL UNIT

Minden

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind," said William Shakespeare, as he thought of B.A.O.R. 1. And the wind indeed blows cold in Minden. But with it has come—and gone—all the joy and gaiety of Christmas; that festive season, chock full of colour and carol singing, decorations and dancing.

It was in this atmosphere of goodwill and good humour that 3 Air Support Signals Unit prepared for Christmas. Parties were organised for German children, and the children of British married families, under the experienced guidance of Sergeant Hindley. And, of course, our own Unit party was arranged for us, chiefly under the supervision of Corporal Warner and Driver Stone. We will not forget that "modest little item" for quite some time.

At the beginning of December, there had been a feeling of relaxation and relief in the air. This was probably the natural sequel to the two large-scale inspections carried out in this Unit during the preceding month. But there had been a certain amount of satisfaction in being "clapped on the back" and being told "Good show, lads!" The unquestionable success of these inspections was mainly due to the unceasing and untiring energy of S.S.M. James.

There had been, however, one shade of sadness in the joyful Christmas pattern. That was the departure of our Commanding Officer, Major G. A. Fleming. But our very best wishes go with him to his new post, and I am sure that his regret on leaving us will only be surpassed by our regret on seeing him go.

Our Unit is now in the very capable hands of Major N. C. B. Clevely, who is proving to be a very efficient Commanding Officer indeed. He has already introduced several new ideas into 3 Air Support Signal Unit, such as the D. and D. course for all our N.C.O.s, and a new training programme, with the object of further increasing the operational efficiency of the Unit.

A surprising development was the posting of a detachment, under Corporal Murphy, to the Far East. At least you won't need your "woollies" this winter, lads!

A much more pleasant surprise was the "taking-over" of barrack guard duties by the Jugo-Slavs, who are a very welcome group of newcomers.

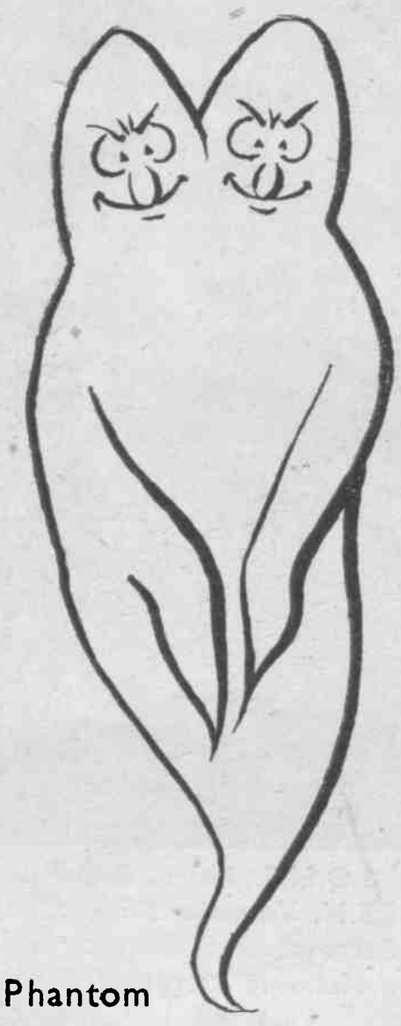
I think it best to finish this article on a sporting note. I should like (if I may) to sing a few paeans of praise to our football XI. This sturdy band of warriors has played so well in the last few months—winning most of their matches—that a little praise is really justified. Our training officer—and goalkeeper—Captain Millo, is still playing, as steadily as ever, "between the sticks."

Hockey, too, is getting quite a hold on our Unit. Major Cleveley, who is introducing this, is himself a very experienced and keen player.

Finishing off now, 3 Air Support Signals Unit would like to wish all Royal Signals personnel, wherever they may be, a very happy New Year.

"ASSUDONYM"

STUDENT DOODLES No. 8



A Double Phantom

2 INFANTRY DIVISIONAL SIGNAL REGIMENT

Hilden

December

The Christmas spirit descended upon the Unit as December proceeded. At an early date, hard-working parties of men went foraging in the country for holly and decorations, and decorated Jimmy's Club, the cookhouse, and a dance hall in Hilden.

On 18th December a party was held in Jimmy's Club for the children of our German employees.

On the 23rd Jimmy's Club was again the scene of a merry party, this time for the children of the families of the Regiment. An afternoon of games, a film show, tea, the arrival of Father Christmas, and distribution of toys gave all a taste of things to come. Many thanks to the wives, who worked for days to make these parties a great success, and to the cooks, who provided a magnificent tea.

On Christmas Eve a dance was held in Hilden for Signals and H.Q., 2nd Infantry Division.

At the early hour of 7.30 on Christmas Day, the traditional tea and rum was served to all men in bed by the Warrant Officers and Sergeants. This, for many, was the first Christmas in the Army. At 1300 hours, Officers and Sergeants, led by the Commanding Officer, arrived at the cookhouse, and under able direction and some light-hearted criticism served the dinner. After dinner, a sing-song for all was held in Jimmy's Club. In the evening the Club was the scene of another festive gathering, with food, drink, and a band—a good finish to an enjoyable but full day.

The weather lived up to tradition and hard frosts provided skating on a nearby lake, and on the following day and Boxing Day the ice " groaned " with the number of people who were on it.

On New Year's Eve another dance was held in Hilden and the New Year was welcomed in.

Sport. Hockey. Since the previous notes, the Regimental team has been defeated by 42 Field Regiment, R.A., by 2 goals to nil in the Divisional stage of the B.A.O.R. Inter-Unit Hockey Competition. The game was played at Dusseldorf Stadium on 15th December, and on the whole was a good game, well supported by spectators. The team definitely had more than their share of the game, but somehow just could not score despite manful attacks executed up to the final whistle.

After the match, presentations were made by Mrs. Lupton, wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Lupton, commanding 42 Field Regiment, R.A., the winning team receiving the Divisional Shield and plaques; the Unit team received plaques in lieu of medals. We wish 42 Field Regiment, R.A., every success in their future matches.

Motor Cycling. On 15th December, a Scramble Meeting, attended by riders from as far away as Hanover, was held in Hilden by the M.C.R.A. 2nd Infantry Division. An excellent course was found and a good time was had by all competitors. Craftsman Reece, of Signals L.A.D., managed to get second place in the finals of the second event. Our other riders have gained useful experience of this type of event, all having gained a place in the heats, but just failing to pull off the necessary win in the finals.

Soccer. Regimental Team. Our hopes of carrying off the B.A.O.R. Inter-Unit Competition came to an abrupt end when we met 10th Anti-Tank Regiment, R.A., in the second round. We travelled to Dortmund on Saturday, 11th December, for the first tussle, and managed to hold the Gunners to a draw, one each, all the credit being due to a great display by our goalkeeper, Lance-Corporal Gibb. The replay was staged at Wuppertal Stadium on the following Monday, and although we were the much better side in the first half, we fell away after a series of unlucky incidents, which seemed to dishearten our team. A penalty goal and another put into the net by one of our defenders sealed our fate, and we ran out losers by 3 goals to 2.

However, we are now all out to improve our team in preparation for the Divisional Championships. Several of our " old-timers " in the Regimental team are proceeding on

Seated : S.Q.M.S. Erridge, S.Q.M.S. Reece, R.Q.M.S Grant, Captain E. A. Staerck (Supervising Officer), R.S.M. H. Griffin, Lieutenant-Colonel A. B. McVittie, O.B.E., A.S.M. King (R.E.M.E.), S.S.M. Vaughan, S.S.M. Pitt, S.Q.M.S. Edwards, S.Q.M.S. Bailey. Centre row : S.Q.M.S. (F. of S.) Mahon, Sergeant Holland, Sergeant Miller, Sergeant Warren, Sergeant Dun, Sergeant Batram, Sergeant Callan, S.Q.M.S. Clarke. Back row : Sergeant Yates, Sergeant Davies, Sergeant Newsham, Sergeant Ledger, Sergeant McIrvine, Sergeant Farquhar, Sergeant Tremear. Missing members : Sergeant Pearce, Sergeant Cooley (A.C.C.), Sergeant Dale (R.E.M.E.), Sergeant Daniels, Sergeant Aitkenhead (R.A.E.C.), Sergeant Mears, Sergeant Worboys

New Year's Eve fancy dress dance, 1948/49. W.O.'s and Sergeants' Mess, 2 Infantry Divisional Signal Regiment

release this month, and they will be sadly missed, especially "Wee" Fearon, of "O" Troop, who has always been a delight to watch. He never missed a game for two seasons, and proved himself a sportsman on and off the field. He will always be remembered by all who knew him. We wish him all the very best in Civvy Street and hope that we shall hear of him again in the football world, as we understand he desires to take up the game professionally.

Inter-Troop League. We are now well over the half-way stage in the Troop League, and competition is fiercer than ever, despite the fact that "O" Troop look certain winners. Their recent successes over "H.Q." team and "L" Troop, whom they had already defeated in earlier games, put them well above their nearest rivals. Their record to date is outstanding, as they have only lost 1 point in 15 games played, and do not look like losing any more, considering the way they are playing at the moment.

	P.	W.	D.	L.	For	Agst.	Pts.
"O" Troop ...	15	14	1	0	60	8	29

"H.Q." team, which promised well at the beginning of the season, have been very disappointing in their last three games. Defeats in a row by "K" Troop, "O" Troop, and "C" Troop have put them behind. "A" Troop are still among the leaders, but recent reverses have upset their chances of overhauling "O" Troop. "L" Troop, last season's champions, are still in the running, having only lost three games so far. "C" Troop have been enjoying themselves in the past two weeks by defeating "E" and "G" Troops, "F" Troop, "K" Troop, and "H.Q." team all in a row. They started off very badly, but are certainly "shaking" everyone now. More anon.

Cross-Country. The Regimental team continues to improve on their previous performances, and the boys really enjoy their thrice weekly training spins. Fifteen runners were originally selected for training in preparation for the big event scheduled for 1st February. However, so great was the clamour from a further five "who almost made it" aspirants to join the Club, that one just had not the heart to say no. From recent reinforcements a further four boys have joined the "Happy Harriers' Club." The training plan is working quite well, with a serious run arranged fortnightly in conjunction with another Unit team. On 15th December we repeated our previous success over the 1st Battalion The Manchester Regiment. Our star performer, Lance-Corporal Noble, was on leave, but the team ran and packed so well that the issue was never in doubt. We have formed a deep friendship with The Manchester Harriers. They are a very nice sporting club, and have co-operated with us very well indeed in an attempt to reduce the boredom of training alone over a long period. We have no North Yorkshire and South Durham League to supply the interest, but simply one serious race per year in the Divisional Championships. This is not altogether an ideal arrangement, because it provides no build-up to the major event.

On 5th January we are being entertained in a triangular meeting at Kupferdreh with the 42nd Field Regiment, R.A., and 1st Battalion The Manchesters.

By 12th January our remaining club members will have returned from U.K. leave, and we shall be at full strength for the final selection run on 20th January, when we are engaged in a meeting with 1st Battalion Royal Welch Fusiliers and The Manchesters.

As the Regimental team for 1st February will be ten runners only, it is going to be a ding-dong affair to decide who these ten shall be.

Corporal Upton, a member of our Harriers' Club, has departed for FARELF. We shall miss him, with his cheerful preference for a heavy meal not too early before a race, and a decided request for an equally heavy meal immediately after a run.

Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess. The finals of the indoor games were played off on Wednesday, 15th December, and results are as follows:

Darts: S.Q.M.S. Vic Edwards; runner-up, Sergeant Bill Worboys. Table tennis: Sergeant Bob Dun; runner-up, R.Q.M.S. "Jock" Grant. Billiards: Sergeant "Taffy" Davies; runner-up, Sergeant Cooley (A.C.C.). Snooker: S.S.M. Terry Vaughan; runner-up, S.S.M. Bill Pitt.

The final of the table tennis was a keen duel between R.Q.M.S. "Jock" Grant and Sergeant Dun, and many fireworks were seen before Bob eventually ran out a winner after five hard-fought sets.

Christmas cake, 1948. W.O.'s and Sergeants' Mess, 2 Infantry Divisional Signal Regiment

The remaining finals were not so keen, as the eventual winners fairly easily outplayed their opponents. However, these defeated finalists gave of their best, and are to be congratulated on reaching the finals.

In the 4th Brigade Inter-Mess Darts League we have played two matches in December and lost both. Against 200 C.R.A.S.C. we lost by 2 legs to 1, at home, and against Lincoln House C.C.G., Dusseldorf, we lost by 2 legs to 1, away. However, these setbacks in no way affect the enthusiasm. One can hardly expect to win all games in any league, and provided that we can take one or two wins in three straight legs our average will not be too bad. Results to date are: Played 6, won 4, lost 2.

Christmas and New Year celebrations have imposed a heavy strain on Mess resources, and a good deal of hard work has been put in by our P.M.C. and committees. They are to be congratulated on their efforts. Each and every party has been very efficiently organised, and all members have really enjoyed themselves in true festive spirit.

A dance was held on Christmas Eve, and the stroke of midnight found us all heralding Christmas Day in fine fettle. At 0730 hrs. (what an unearthly hour) coffee with rum was served to the men. The look of surprise on the men's faces was worthy of a Giles cartoon. Well, tradition is a fine thing, and the Cook Sergeant was appreciative of the way in which we encouraged the men to get down for a reasonably, though not too early, breakfast, so that the cooks could get cracking with the Christmas dinner. Festival drinks, prior to serving the men's dinner, were imbibed in the sanctuary of the Officers' Mess as the guests of the Commanding Officer and all Officers. At 1300 hrs. prompt, in company with the Officers, we donned our little white aprons, and showed the normal waitress staff really how to serve. It was grand fun, and a pleasure to revive this traditional duty. The remainder of Christmas Day was arranged on a family basis. Living-in members were entertained at the homes of families and friends, and the Mess Caterer was enabled to take a free evening off duty.

On Boxing Day, 27th December, the Commanding Officer and all Officers were our guests for festival drinks prior to lunch. At 1315 hrs. the official Mess Christmas dinner was enjoyed by all members and wives. Children were entertained whilst dinner was in progress. After dinner, those who had any strength left retired to the skating pond and joined in the fun. Chasing officers was the main pursuit, as Captain Barry, Lieutenant Holdaway, and Lieutenant Pearce will appreciate.

A Grand Cabaret and Dance was held in the Mess on the evening of Boxing Day, and everyone had an enjoyable time.

As readers may well appreciate, Tuesday, 28th December, was enjoyed also, but in a much quieter way. After three days of riotous fun, one finds it necessary to sleep sometime, and we had to be prepared for a heavy day's work on the 29th.

On New Year's Eve a Fancy Dress Dance was held in the Mess. This proved to be an outstanding success, creating much mirth and leg-pulling. Prize-winners were as follows:

1st (ladies), for most beautiful dress, Mrs. Griffin as a Spanish Senora; 2nd, Miss Gertrude Eisen in a Hungarian Folk Dress. 1st (gents), for most original costume, S.Q.M.S. Reece as "The Tramp"; 2nd, S.Q.M.S. (F. of S.) Mahon as "An Egyptian Pasha."

S.Q.M.S. Reece carried his part in fine style throughout the whole evening, and the amount of scratching which he exercised caused many of us to wonder if the naturalness was faked or "just natural." Gertcha! Sergeant Ted Ledger is deserving of praise for his "on the spur" get-up. We must have another of these shows. It really was great fun.

Congratulations to Staff-Sergeant Dennis Pearce, our Orderly Room Chief Clerk, recently promoted to that rank. Another candidate for treasurer duties.

On 29th December, Sergeant Arthur Batram and family left us for the U.K. prior to proceeding to FARELF. Arthur has always been a keen member and has never shirked his Mess responsibilities. We unhesitatingly wish you both god-speed and good luck on your voyage and in your new Unit.

As we conclude these notes, we learn with regret that Sergeant Tremear is to leave this Headquarters to take up his appointment with 4 Brigade Signal Troop. As Officers' Mess Sergeant he has been a friend to all and he will be a great loss to the Headquarters.

Christmas dinner, 1948. W.O.'s and Sergeants' Mess, 2 Infantry Divisional Signal Regiment

Post-War Telecommunications in Germany

ON 20th December Mr. L. G. Semple, who is head of P. and T. Branch, C.C.G. (British), gave a most interesting lecture to members and their guests at the Institution of Electrical Engineers. The company included, *inter alia,* Major-General L. B. Nicholls, C.B., C.B.E., Brigadier W. H. G. Rogers, C.B.E., and many others either of Royal Signals or of the G.P.O. (or both) who had served in Germany during the period. Air Commodore Hatch, known to so many of us as Chief Air Signal Officer, was also present. Before commencing his long and interesting talk, Mr. Semple spoke strongly on the subject of the presence of so many of his friends of Royal Signals, including past members of the British Signals Communications Board, who, he said, would certainly attack him in subsequent discussion on any statement made which had even a tinge of inaccuracy.

He (Mr. Semple) gave a most graphic description, illustrated by a multitude of photographs and diagrams, of the work of the Reichpost. He traced the story from the early days of 1945, when the Reichpost organisation, broken and dispersed, was sought and reorganised by a handful of G.P.O. officers of Civil Affairs and the C.C.G. He paid a tribute to the work of Royal Signals at that time in energetically restoring those communications necessary to the occupying power. He gave us, by speech and diagram, the organisation of the controlling authority, first in the British Zone and now in the joint Anglo-American Zone, in its control of the Reichpost.

Almost a majority of his audience had served in Germany, many at first in the uniform of Royal Signals, and now as G.P.O. officers seconded to the C.C.G. To those of us who had served with him, his talk revived a host of memories and gave us a wonderful insight into the progress made since.

Despite every difficulty, the enormous damage by air bombardment, which cannot be appreciated by those who have not seen it, the demands for first-class telecommunications by the occupying powers, and the general shortage of materials, the Reichpost has in fact provided in the Anglo-American Zone of Germany a system which, if not up to pre-war standard, is at least comparable to many other European countries.

In the course of his talk he described a plough for laying cables in the bed of water obstacles, including such large rivers as the Rhine. Briefly, the plough is lowered two or three feet into the bed of the river, and powerful jets of water excavate, as does the mole drainer on land, a trench for the cable. As with the mole drainer, the trench refills itself as the plough passes. The distance between plough head and cable ship is, of course, adjustable for depth of water. This is an interesting development of an old idea, of which we in Royal Signals should know more.

In talking of the many great engineering feats carried out on the order of the occupying power, he retold the story of the putting in of the coaxial cable Hamburg-Hanover-Kassel-Frankfurt. For the benefit of those not there, this cable started as two coaxials, Hamburg to Berlin, Frankfurt to Berlin. As the portions of these cables within the U.S.S.R. Zone were not available, the existing portions were diverted and joined by other coaxial taken up for Western Germany. It is probably the first, and we hope the last, time that a heavy cable had to be dug up, transported many hundred miles, and relaid elsewhere.

What he did not tell us was the comment of the German head of the Telecoms Division of the Reichpost:

" Sir," said Doktor Herz, " this cable, Hamburg to Frankfurt, has been my ambition all my working life. For twenty-five years I have been writing papers in aid of the project. Speaking as a German, I find it a little hard that to achieve my ambition I have to await the order of an Englishman ! "

Suffice to say this large and unusual work was carried out by the Reichpost in record time, to the great advantage of all.

We all wanted to talk during the discussion subsequent to the lecture, but time was short and only a few caught the Chairman's eye. But it was a grand opportunity to meet again a great number of old friends.

Sognal Singsters No. 4

A mahogany coloured scavenger which lives to a great age

The Queuem Bird or Solitary Sock Swopper
(Fitzyewlykagluv—Dontitluv)

Adult male: A blue-billed bald-headed member of the vulture family; eyes red-rimmed, crafty and covered with a watery film. Wings short, heavy and covered with a greeny-grey down. Undercovers thick, velvety and speckled white. Legs stumpy; talons well developed and covered with short black bristles. Owing to its great weight, the Queuem Bird has great difficulty in becoming airborne, hence the prolificity of the chairborne variety.

Habits: The Sock Swopper is an avaricious bird with only a few friends but many hangers-on. It acquires an acute form of the hoard instinct at an early age and is usually reluctant to part with any of its meagre possessions. On the first of every month, quarterly during leap year, it emerges from its hide and distributes a few unserviceable items to the few.

Habitats: Nests in condemned cans of crated corned beef or large piles of unreturned returned stores; but during the mating season retires to its favourite Mk. V respirator haversack. Lays one egg at a time once a year.

Other Overseas Stations

WEST AFRICA COMMAND SIGNAL REGIMENT

December

NIGERIA SIGNAL SQUADRON, LAGOS. Arrangements for our Christmas festivities were planned well in advance with an " all-in " arranged by the O.C. (a description of which is given below *as written* by one of our African sergeants). For many days before Christmas strict watch had to be kept on our turkeys and chickens which were due for extermination in order to appease the appetites during the festive occasion.

Much consternation was caused three or four days before D-Day, when the evening roll call of the Corporals' live stock was made with no response; however, they were all " on parade " at feeding time next morning. These turkeys and chickens must either have had a homing strain in their blood or they had been out for a spot of " high-life " before their impending decease.

The weather here during Christmas was really hot, and was far removed from the weather one usually associates with this period in England; nevertheless, it made no difference to those of us to whom this was our first Christmas in West Africa. Plenty of invitations were received by us to honour one Mess or the other with our presence, but if we had accepted them all, some of us would never have had the time to visit our haunts in the highways and byways of Lagos, where music (*sic*) was rendered from nightfall to daybreak.

Before handing you over to Sergeant Fajuyi, I would like, on behalf of all of us in Nigeria Signal Squadron, to wish our many friends, especially those of the Squadron who are on recuperative leave in the U.K., all the season's greetings and our best wishes for 1949.

CHRISTMAS CELEBRATIONS IN LAGOS

By **Sergeant F. ADE, FAJUYI**

Christmas was celebrated in Lagos with the usual general merriment, all around. Muslim, pagan, etc., joined the Christmas to grace the occasion with joy, dancing, and merry-making.

The 25th, 26th, and 27th December were declared public holidays in Nigeria District.

For the first time in the history of Signals, a Grand Flannel Dance was arranged for the African Other Ranks of Nigeria Signal Squadron. Each A.O.R. was allowed two guests. The dance, which was from 8 p.m. to midnight, was attended by some 300 guests. Hot coffee, cigarettes, beer, palm-wine, etc., were available from the A.O.R.s' Welfare Fund free of charge.

The Calabar Brass Band rendered lively music. At 8 p.m. prompt Signalman Yesufu Alabi, with his amiable partner, occupied the floor and Yebobo dance was witnessed at its first height.

The Commanding Officer, Major D. J. Bond, who was responsible for the elaborate entertainment, could be seen moving freely with the African dancers. Believe it or not, he will never forget that " Lady in Red," for instead of Major Bond dancing waltz with her, the lady gave him a hot and dramatic " Yebobo swing," until he was forced to surrender. Sergeant Kirby could not help whispering from the microphone, " Mark the Lady in Red . . . oh . . . the Lady in Red . . . "

At break-time Corporal Opitoke served palm-wine in cans, to the satisfaction of all. The ladies who would not drink the powerful palm-wine had beer and lemonades. The popular song " Major Bond . . . so, so, worry . . . " was led through the microphone by the writer and was sang by all smiling.

The dance was brought to a close at about 12 p.m. with the first part of the National Anthem.

MAURITIUS SIGNAL TROOP

A miracle has happened in Mauritius. During the past two months since our last WIRE notes were written, we haven't had a change in personnel. We are now probably the envy of all East Africa Signal Units.

At present all of us are looking forward to our first Christmas in Mauritius, in the heat of summer, which is practically upon us now. Still ahead, too, lies the threat of the cyclone season, which is expected round about New Year. We expect a busy time then, as all existing communications are likely to be destroyed, although, of course, we're keeping our fingers crossed. A few weeks ago we held an exercise in conjunction with 2nd/3rd (K) Battalion King's African Rifles on post-cyclone communications, and useful experience was gained, especially regarding the use of aerial systems; for the island, although only 40 miles long by 20 miles broad, is quite mountainous.

As well as this, we've carried on in our usual efficient manner. Lance-Corporal Walker, our Lines N.C.O., has continued to pull down and erect the right wires in various places without managing to connect the telephone routes with the fire alarm circuit, which was once done by his predecessors, with obviously disastrous results. Corporal Beattie, O.W.K., and Lance-Corporal Wade, Radio Mechanic, have been very busy also, and while on the subject we would like to congratulate all three on their recent promotion. " Q " " Chalky " White and Sergeant " Pop " Harris complain that they haven't had much promotion lately, but what do old soldiers expect ?

We are all agreed in one thing, and that is that THE WIRE seems to have taken on a new lease of life over the last few months and is going from strength to strength.

Captain Bill Bell, our O.C., hasn't been letting the grass grow under him since he arrived on the island just five months ago. Congratulations on your engagement to the daughter of the local O.C., E.A.A.S.C. We always knew it was advisable to be in the good books of R.A.S.C., but did you have to go as far as that ?

I'd better tell you something of the way we entertain ourselves. As it's such a small island, an afternoon suffices to allow a trip to the sea, and usually every Saturday afternoon and Sunday is spent swimming in the clear blue sea which everyone must have seen Dotty Lamour swimming in. The various Messes, too, organise dances at least once a week, after which various bodies can be seen wending their way home to the strains of " Colorado, I Love Thee."

The last few weeks have been spent busily classifying Regimental Signallers of the 2nd/3rd (K) Battalion King's African Rifles, and now that that's finished a new training programme has to be arranged and carried on with. We have to hand it to the Askaris for being quick on the uptake, and they make good signallers.

All the B.O.R.s are looking forward to a fortnight's training on the Candos open range prior to the annual rifle classification. The weather is perfect for the shoot, and we should all enjoy ourselves.

For this month, then, we will say " Chin chin " and regards to all old and new friends we've met through THE WIRE.

JIMMY THE ONE

East Africa Command Signal Regiment

The enclosed photographs and data may be of interest to all readers of THE WIRE.

Major W. C. Savage enlisted in the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry 1st September, 1914. He transferred to Royal Engineers (Signals) in 1916, serving in 10 Divisional Signal Company, R.E., in Salonika and Palestine. He was demobbed in 1919 and re-enlisted 1923, and served in various Units throughout the world. Joined East Africa Command Signals in 1945. Demobbed in October, 1948. Now a resident of Nairobi and hoping to take an active interest in the T.A. in Kenya (old soldiers never die). His address, if anyone is interested, is P.O. Box 82, Nairobi, East Africa.

It is hoped to be very regular contributors to THE WIRE in the New Year, but owing to a shortage of personnel it has not been really possible up to date.

SIERRA LEONE SIGNAL SQUADRON
Freetown

November

Married Life in Sierra Leone. Here are notes from our newly-installed married families: Quarters here are very good, and much care is taken by Works Services (R.E.) to give as many home comforts as possible. Families employ a cook and a houseboy, who do practically all the work and leave the wives with time for sewing or other hobbies. Each day there is a truck laid on to take the families to the local shopping centre, where they can purchase nearly anything they desire. The cost of living is high, but overseas allowances well cover the high standard. The youngsters seem to thrive in this place, due to the sun and good fresh fruit and food. Each month the kids are weighed and inspected by the senior Medical Officer, so there is no chance of any ailment going undetected for long. Each afternoon there is a recreational vehicle laid on to take the troops and families to the beach at Juba, where, if they do not wish to swim or sun-bathe, there is available a very comfortable and well-stocked N.A.A.F.I. Club. We have an exceptionally good cinema in town, with two changes of programme weekly.

With no worries about rationing, no queueing, good food, and an open-air life, it is not surprising that there is a rush of married families signing on for second tours.

Sport. The Squadron soccer team have now hung up their boots until the end of the dry season, but there will be lots of practising going on secretly. Next season we are all determined to finish at the top of the league, and will redeem ourselves for our lapses at the end of last season. Hockey is now well under way, and our Squadron is well represented in the Army teams. Our basketball teams are doing quite well and can already say that a leading position will be held by us.

EGYPT COMMAND SIGNAL REGIMENT

Moascar

November

Release has recommenced and 77 Group are now hoping very hard to be home for Christmas. Unfortunately there is no firm date for their departure.

As for us who "soldier on," we are looking for replacements, but insufficient are forthcoming. This is a constant worry, but it is presumed that the same applies to all Units, so *nil desperandum carborundum*!

Christmas arrangements are well under way and there are few worries in that respect. Old friends who were with us last year will be interested to know that we are holding another big dance at the Stadium Club.

Sport has had rather a setback owing to insufficient grounds being available. This is partly due to the Stadium ground having been requisitioned for a Tattoo. We hope to have better luck during December.

During the month, we managed to get most of the Squadron on the Range. The results were surprisingly good and all returned safely. To finish off the practice there was a match between Officers and Sergeants, resulting in a win by the former by three points. S.S.M. Ryder excelled himself by scoring 74 out of a possible 75.

1 SQUADRON, T.E.K. DETACHMENT. "T.E.K. Troop Calling." Once again winter has come down on us and battle-dress is the order of the day. We have just said cheerio to some of our "old timers," namely, 76 Group D.O.V. S.S.M. Dickens has also departed for the land of the living (Moascar) to take over 1 Squadron, and Sergeant ("Jock") Tait has just arrived to try some DESERT service and is already thinking of becoming native.

Paint and brushes are in great demand, as we have just moved into our new billets, and the lads are keen to have the home atmosphere (however small it may be).

Football. Our football team have had a few setbacks, due mainly to injuries to our first team players; however, we are still in the top half of the league table, and should do even better as the season progresses.

Indoor Games. There are no leagues this year for darts or table tennis, but we have arranged some friendly matches, just to "keep our hand in."

Our first friendly is against our old rival, "R" Camp, R.A.O.C., on 3rd December, 1948.

2 SQUADRON. The "exodus" from the Squadron has commenced once again. Many are hoping to spend Christmas in the land of "plenty." (Who wants to buy some sun-bleached K.D.?)

Our lads here are a happy band, despite continually being called out at all hours to repair and replace communications in the Canal Area.

Rumours are afoot to start a Squadron band of guerillas to combat the "locals" who think we are out here for the benefit of our health.

Sports. Throughout the month of November the Squadron did not relax its sporting programme; in fact, the colder mornings seem to have given the men more "pep" to indulge in sporting activities.

Soccer, as we had anticipated, has become the main sport throughout November. Our "A" team, which has entered for Division II, Canal South District Championship, has done itself full justice up to now, and ably captained by Lance-Corporal Spooner, is helping to prove David to the soccer Goliath. Up to the end of the month we had won 3, drawn 1 and lost 3 of the seven matches played.

Soccer is in such demand that we have a "B" team, which plays regularly, and these, too, have given a very good account of themselves against other Garrison teams.

Our Inter-Troop Tournament has, unfortunately, taken second place, owing to league match commitments, but even so we manage to arrange such a game when the opportunity arises. The latest match played was Fayid Operating Troop v. H.Q. Troop, Suez Detachment, when both teams shared the points.

Rugby. Unfortunately the facilities for playing Rugby in the area are very limited, so as yet we have not fielded a Rugby XV. Lance-Corporal Peers and Signalman Lloyd, however, played in the Regimental trial match at Moascar, and we hope to be seeing them in the Regimental team.

Hockey. Our hockey team, though not terribly experienced, seems frightfully keen, its ego rising 100 per cent. after defeating 1 Squadron, 3 G.H.Q. Signal Regiment by 3 goals to 1 early in the month, and they haven't looked back since. Lance-Corporal Ralph, of the Operating Troop, is now playing goalkeeper for the Fayid Casuals.

Basketball. Basketball is still as popular as ever and about 10 games were played during November. Although most of them were against 3 G.H.Q. Signal Regiment, they have all been closely contested and except for one occasion the Squadron team has taken the honours.

One of the more amusing roles of sport during the month was when the Waafs at 109 M.U. challenged the Squadron at netball. Obviously the Waafs had an "off day," for they somehow failed to net a ball at all, whereas our fellows seemed to be very lucky in getting points. The Waafs' off day, coupled with our luck, added up to a result of 22-0 in favour, and we have noticed since that the A.T.S., who have always been keen to play us at netball, have been keeping rather quiet—as far as netball goes at least.

Most of our December programme is already planned, and again it seems as if soccer is going to be the dominating sport, but even so we shall ensure that our hockey, rugger and basketball friends are not neglected.

Indoor Entertainment. With the advent of the colder nights, the canteen is being used more constantly than during the summer months. The darts tournament continues with much interest, the "polishing off" of a game always being loudly applauded.

A very successful whist drive was held, Sergeant Rose proving a most efficient M.C., and as a result a most enjoyable evening was had by all attending. The presence of our female fellow workers from the Exchange was an added attraction, other female partners being substituted by fumble-fingered linemen.

SUEZ DETACHMENT. The "knees-brown" types are no longed distinguishable from the "lilywhites," for the Detachment is back in B.D. for the winter months. Some of the former are hoping to celebrate the New Year in U.K., namely, Corporals Woolf, "Bomb-Head" Craig, U. G. Ward, Signalmen Hooper, McNamara and Pugh, which adds up to quite a loss in "Suez Old-Timers." We wish them well for 1949 in Civvy Street.

At the moment the Detachment is awaiting the posting of someone with educated fingers. The piano, now back in the canteen, has no handle.

Football. The soccer team now lie about half-way in the Garrison League, Division A, after achieving the following results:

v.	4 Royal Tank Regiment	Won 7—4
v.	112 Maintenance Unit	Won 1—0
v.	G.H.Q., Medical Stores	Lost 4—2
v.	10 Railway Squadron	Lost 2—1

In the match against the League champions, 112 M.U., "Bomb-Head" Craig lived right up to his prefix by a wonderful nod at the ball, which gave the 'keeper no chance.

Table Tennis. The team have had bad luck in losing to 53 Port Squadron, R.E., by one set, and to G.H.Q. by six points.

Darts. The Sergeants' Mess darts team continue to suffer from the Signals' complaint (wire trouble).

Topical History. It appears that the other day our Regimental cook, Signalman Ireland, fell down and banged his head on the piano. He is reported as saying later that it didn't hurt because he hit the soft pedal.

4 SQUADRON. Since our last notes we have lost many old faces, nobably Sergeants Stone and Beagley from Port Said. This month we lose 77 Group and wish them all the best in their civilian occupations.

We also welcome Sergeants Scott and Smith to El Ballah, the former being the new Detachment Sergeant.

Sport. At El Ballah our soccer team, although handicapped by the posting of two players early in the season, have distinguished themselves in the El Ballah District League. The first four league games were decisive victories for 4 Squadron, the goal aggregate being 30 for, 6 against. The next game, against 1 L. of C. Signal Regiment, brought us down from our pedestal, 1 L. of C. winning by 4 goals to 2.

At Port Said, although seriously handicapped by members of the team being released and posted, we started well by a decisive 4-2 victory over the unbeaten I.W.T. Workshops, R.E. Detachment. This brought us to the top of the league. This position was not held for long, however, as we lost to H.Q. Movements 3-0. However, we hope the not too far distant future will see us on top again.

1 L. OF C. SIGNAL REGIMENT, M.E.L.F.

El Ballah

January

Congratulations to Training Wing "B" football team who were successful in the Inter-Troop Football League Cup. They beat R.H.Q. Troop by three goals to one in a hard-contested game after extra time.

The successful team were: Driver Marsden (goal), Corporal Burke, Lance-Corporal Hodgkinson (backs), Lance-Corporal Edwards, Fusilier Gillett, Lance-Corporal Hill (halves), Corporal Sowden, Lance-Corporal Stoba, Corporal Crispin, Sergeant Pitcher, Lance-Corporal Nicoll (forwards).

After the match the Commanding Officer (Major H. Sexton) presented the cup and medals to the winners and Corps diaries to the runners-up (R.H.Q. Troop).

Training Wing "B" have since won the Inter-Troop Knock-out Football Competition by five goals to one when they met Training Wing "A" (Courses) in the final.

The Rest beat Training Wing "B" in a match on Christmas morning by three goals to two. This was a really first-class game despite the many pools of water on the field, and all players and organisers are congratulated on the efforts they made in making it such a good game to watch.

Christmas has come and gone and a very successful time was had by all despite the conditions. A first-rate Christmas dinner was served by Officers and Sergeants at 1 p.m. Christmas Day, and mention must be made of Sergeant Evans and his cooking staff (combined R.E.M.E. and Royal Signals) who really did do their stuff. I'd like a dinner like that once a week, wouldn't you?

The Sergeants' Mess organised a great party for the children during Christmas week and our thanks go to W.O.II (F. of S.) Foster and his wife and Sergeant Underwood who catered for the bun struggle. The presents were excellent; some argument seems to have arisen as to why young Clackett should have been inflicted with a drum. "Does father really approve?" "Has he taken it on charge?"

For old members of the Regiment we are now concentrated down in the southern end of the camp. "Our perimeter shrinks!" said the glad sentry.

Success still goes with our hockey team in that it is still unbeaten in the Moascar and El Ballah League.

A welcome is extended to Captain N. Gordon's family, which arrived via Marseilles and Alexandria—a hazardous journey.

Finally, may we congratulate Major C. B. Minns (Tubby) on his recent promotion. We wonder if this was due to his sterling services as Father Christmas!

3 G.H.Q. SIGNAL REGIMENT

Fayld, MELF

January

Every month sees the departure and arrival of fresh faces, not all of them new, and altogether this Unit enjoys the essence of variety and change.

With a miscellany of activities to choose from, ranging from an open-air theatre through handicraft centres, a Camera Club, and dirt track riding to the Sailing Club, we are indebted to the individuals who enable these activities to be maintained.

In the sporting world, the Unit hockey, football, and Rugby teams continue to give a good account of themselves.

Recent events of note were the birth of a son to Major and Mrs. Wikner, and the arrival of Majors Quinn and Alcock to this Unit.

SCRIBE

Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess. Since the last notes we have had a few changes in our midst. Departures include Sergeants Mapley, Nicholas and Nickerson to U.K., their Python tour completed, and W.O.II Ball to Benghazi, where, it is rumoured, the Mess have a special small bar stool for him. Good luck, Johnny. Our only arrival was Sergeant Clemson, from U.K., who has now settled down to a few years of G.H.Q. and Stella..

We are expecting S.S.M. Swinson back shortly from his strenuous course in U.K. at the School of Admin. Hope he remembers to bring back the R.S.M.'s M.M.L. The billiard table should stand on its hind legs and welcome him when he does arrive.

The Mess still supplies a good proportion of the Unit hockey teams, with S.S.M. Hepworth, S.Q.M.S. Langley, Sergeant James, S.Q.M.S. Battell, S.Q.M.S. Hulme, A.Q.M.S. Lockey, R.Q.M.S. Willoughby, R.Q.M.S. Birkett, Sergeant MacDonald, and Sergeant Grice playing regularly each week in the District League, not forgetting Loftus Wride, who officiates with the whistle.

New faces constantly appear among our Navy friends attached to us. I believe one is a keen aviarist, having noted his liking for "Wrens." The goldfish pond has been restocked, and the R.S.M. can be seen every day counting them up for ration strength, unless he has evil designs and thinks of them in terms of fish and chips.

8 INDEPENDENT INFANTRY BRIGADE SIGNAL SQUADRON

Suez, MELF

December

As this is our first time in print, we shall start with a short historical note and work up to the present time.

When 3 British Infantry Division disbanded in Palestine in May, 1947, it was decided to keep 8 Infantry Brigade in being as an Independent Brigade. As a result, this Unit first saw the light of day on 14th May, 1947, as 8 Infantry Brigade Independent Signal Troop, and was composed mainly of personnel of the old "K" Troop of 3 British Infantry Divisional Signal Regiment. Captain S. M. Stears was Brigade Signal Officer and

8 Independent Infantry Brigade Signal Squadron, M.E.L.F.

Lieutenant B. Tappenden was his Second-in-Command. 8 Infantry was, at that time, garrison brigade in Jerusalem, and an exciting time was had by all. The Brigade H.Q. cricket team, captained by one of the Troop, and composed largely of members of the Troop, was the champion team in East Palestine Sub-district. In September, 1947, the Brigade moved to Ferry Point, on the Suez Canal, just north of Ismailia. Whilst everyone was having a good rest and getting used to being able to walk about singly, in civilian clothes and unarmed, the Unit was reorganised as 8 Independent Infantry Brigade Signal Squadron, under the command of Captain B. Tappenden and Lieutenant B. A. Souter as his Second-in-Command, Captain Stears having proceeded on release. After this reshuffle, extensive exercises were held with other Units, including exercise "Oklahoma," which is still used as an excuse if any sand is found in the vehicles on O.C.'s M.T. inspection.

In January, this year, Captain Tappenden and Lieutenant Souter went on release, accompanied by S.Q.M.S. Moore. Captain T. N. Skelly arrived from the disbanded Army Signal School, M.E., Second-Lieutenant J. L. Youings took over Second-in-Command, and an "old sweat," in the shape of S.Q.M.S. "Jock" Campbell, arrived from Egypt Command Signal Regiment. In the manner of all "Qs," he placed everything on a different shelf and disappeared into the ledgers for about a month.

In May, Captain Skelly and a party of O.W.L.s and O.K.C.s had a most interesting trip across the Sinai Desert to Aqaba, and then to Maan, in Transjordan. The highlight of this trip was a trip to Petra on Whit-Monday. This is an ancient city carved out of the solid, rose-coloured rock, and it used to be the stronghold which dominated the caravan routes from China, India and Persia to Egypt. It can only be entered by a two-mile walk, or rather, scramble, over boulders down a narrow defile, and could still be defended by a handful of men against an army. For the benefit of Middle East readers, this trip was not a "Swan."

July brought new changes. Second-Lieutenant J. A. Lawson succeeded Second-Lieutenant Youings as Second-in-Command, and the Squadron was further reorganised. Captain Skelly was promoted to Major (a fact of which he remained ignorant until October, since he was, at the time, on a course at School of Combined Operations in Devon); Corporal Tully and most of our regular operators left us to go further afield, leaving us with only a couple of men who could "earn" their beer by saying, "When I was in Jerusalem . . ." to the new arrivals.

At the end of August, the Brigade moved to a location which will be known by thousands of readers, the old B.T.D. Camp at Suez. For their information, our opinion of it is the same as theirs. During this move the linemen were kept busy by the "Staff Musical Chairs," which are played with great glee by all Brigade Staffs when they arrive in a new camp. However, they settled down and we had the luxury of a 10 + 50 switchboard already installed for us by the Suez Detachment of Egypt Command Signal Regiment.

In November, our new G1098 stores started arriving, and we are now the proud possessors of some 62 sets, which have proved themselves excellent and which are very popular with both operators and users.

We have been doing quite a lot of training recently and are getting to know the Signal Troops of the 16/5th Lancers and 4th Royal Tank Regiment, both of which are in the Brigade, very well.

The Brigade H.Q. Sergeants' Mess does not lack talent in the darts team, since they have the benefit of the following stalwarts: S.S.M. Ferrige, S.Q.M.S. Campbell, Sergeant Lake (who has just returned with an A+ from the Platoon Weapons Wing at Hythe, for which he is heartily congratulated) and Sergeant Murray (an ex-boy).

Amongst our other N.C.O.s are Corporal Harcus (M.T. Corporal) and Corporal Hallam, who looks after the wireless stores and was both a parachutist and a glider pilot trainee during the war.

In the field of sport we co-operate with Brigade H.Q. and at present provide seven of the players in the soccer eleven. A recent blood-match between the Squadron and Brigade H.Q. resulted in a 1-1 draw, but gave us an opportunity of seeing some fine goal-keeping from Signalman Wilson, our new radio mechanic.

Release has restarted and we are again faced with the prospect of losing many friends, all of whom we wish the very best in civilian life.

In these pages is a Squadron photograph. The dog is Takiv, oldest member of Brigade H.Q. and a real veteran, having been wounded in the head by a Jewish bullet in Jerusalem.

G.H.Q. SIGNAL REGIMENT, FARELF

Singapore

December

Quite a few changes have taken place in R.H.Q. recently. Major T. I. Ronald, having become tired of paying " snap " visits to B.M.H., has now taken over command of H.Q. and 1 Squadron, his old position of Second-in-Command being taken by Major W. G. Daubeny, who recently arrived in this Regiment fresh from the U.K.

The main talking point at the moment is, of course, Christmas. Everything has already been mapped out for this period, and the season will indeed be festive, if everything goes according to plan. The biggest item on the Christmas list is an All Ranks' Dance, which is being held on Christmas Eve. There is a whisper going around that the dance is only being held to save the rum on Christmas morning. This, however, is not true, and there will still be rum, with tea in it.

The new system of Star Classification and Trade Pay sent a stir through R.H.Q., but the wings have now settled and all is peace, although it seemed for a while that there would be more pieces about than peace.

Release still goes on, fairly well it seems, but the " time-ex " feeling is not as it was in early September. Still, as everybody with a Release Group who was in the Army at that time volunteered, as it were, to serve a further period of three months in this Man's Army, they must now pay for their folly, if it was such.

Every good thing must come to an end, and so must every bad thing. So until the next time, the Hub of the Regiment quietens down and gives way to the other departments.

Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess. In this contribution to the Corps Magazine we would, first of all, extend to all other Corps Messes the season's compliments and hope that they had as enjoyable a time during the festivities as we plan to have.

Preparations for Christmas are now in full swing, and a lot of hard work has already been put in by the various committees. The following is the intended programme:

22nd December. Grand Christmas Draw and Social Evening.
23rd December. Children's Party (sponsored by the Officers' Mess).
24th December. Cocktail Party.
25th December. Allotted to the Junior Ranks.
26th December. Mess Dinner.
31st December. Fancy Dress Ball.

The past two or three months have seen quite a substantial change in Mess personalities, notable departures being R.S.M. Gray, A.S.M. Papworth (R.E.M.E.), and S.S.M. Bennett to U.K. Arrivals have been too many to individualise, but to all we extend the glad hand and hope that their stay with us will be a pleasant one.

In the world of sport, the Mess darts team competes in the Singapore League; we are *not* at the top of the league ladder, but nevertheless many pleasant evenings have been spent and many new acquaintances made.

The recent advent of a billiard table in the Mess is proving very popular, and no doubt we shall be throwing out challenges in this sphere ere long. Meanwhile, we practise steadily.

2 SQUADRON. This month has seen in the Squadron the gradual growth and maturity of the Amateur Radio Club, which was resurrected some weeks ago. By dint of a considerable amount of begging and scrounging, we have succeeded in accumulating quite a respectable, though as yet a trifle disorganised, collection of equipment. It should now be a matter of days before VS1BJ takes the air, and it may well be that the ambition of the Club to be in action before Christmas will be fulfilled.

The Squadron continues its triumphal absorption of all available football honours. Not content with its fine achievement in winning the G.H.Q., FARELF, League Cup, our team went on to give a grand exhibition right through the Knock-out Competition, finishing on a glorious note by defeating its opponents, " Q " Branch, 6—1 in the final. The team is to be most heartily congratulated on its performance, for it now has the distinction of being the first to pull off " the double." Its efforts throughout the season have been all the more meritorious considering the fact that 2 Squadron is less than half the size of any other Squadron in the Regiment.

The Squadron Office has, of late, been taking on the aspect of a headmaster's study, the reason being that two Trade Boards are at present in progress within the Regiment, one for the upgrading of O.W.K.s from A2 to A1 and another for upgrading R/M.s and T/M.s from A3 to A2. It is hoped that the hard work put in by all the candidates will bear fruit.

With Christmas but two weeks away, preparations are now well in hand for ensuring that the festive season is heralded in a suitable manner. Among the organisers can be found many 2 Squadron names. It should be pointed out, however, that the fact that the bar at the Christmas Eve Dance is being run almost exclusively by 2 Squadron personnel is merely a matter of coincidence, and no conclusions whatsoever should be drawn from the fact.

Now that the three months' standstill is at an end, and demob has again resumed its place as the premier topic of conversation in the Regiment, we hear whispers that 101 Group may leave before Christmas, and the satisfied grin on the faces of some of our Regulars is now beginning to show signs of taking on a more sheepish aspect.

3 SQUADRON. With Major Blower back in command after a session of " two eye see," the Squadron administration flows smoothly on at the moment. As recorded in last month's notes, Captains Webb and Clapham, our personality twins, are about to depart for the U.K. Their absence will leave an awkward gap to be filled, which statement may possibly be taken as a hint to those that post officers for overseas stations to sort us out a similar pair.

A special note for Lieutenant McCreadie, who also departs —memories of barbed wire on Tyersall Terminus and thousands of hours as D.S.O. in G.H.Q. Signal Office.

Squadron sports continue in spite of our inconsiderate weather conditions at present prevailing and losses suffered by recent departures. Nevertheless, a never-ending process of sorting out arrivals keeps our various teams replenished with the right type to defend honours on the playing field.

A visit to the Auto Telephone Exchange of the Oriental Telephone and Electrical Co., Ltd., hereafter to be quoted as OTEC, was organised mainly for our switchboard ops to see for themselves how the civvy side of exchange procedure works. The air-conditioned building for subscriber selectors was viewed together with manual trunks, power supplies, and fault control—extremely interesting, and more visits have been requested. A few linemen from H.Q. and 1 Squadron went along also for a look-see; no twisted trousers, no boots with handles (sorry, T.O.T.).

A programme for Christmas festivities is in earnest preparation, and all concerned are going to it with a will. The results will no doubt be reported next month by the Unit scribe, who will certainly have no lack of material.

We welcome Subaltern Ferguson, who now carries on the good work left by Subaltern Herlihy in G.H.Q., FARELF, telephone exchange. Subaltern Herlihy will be enjoying a well-earned disembarkation leave in U.K. when these notes are fresh in print. Other arrivals include a draft of lads from B.C.O.F., and as far as departures—well, Group 78 are now in transit awaiting their boat and Christmas at sea. Group 101 will follow very shortly.

Second-Lieutenant Ridge now appears as Lieutenant Ridge, which implies that promotions are with us, and with our congratulations ringing in his ears, let us withdraw quietly

from this month's issue of THE WIRE—it's time for a Tiger.

Sports. Hockey. Since publication of last month's notes, the Regimental team has improved considerably and we have at last achieved success in many games.

Many of our games have been rained off, but we have played wherever possible. The keenness shown for this sport in the Regiment is very high, and to keep it up we have now formed two teams of equal strength, so as to enable as many players as possible to get a game. This has proved very satisfactory, as the results show. The following matches were played during November, with results as follows:

Nov. 5th	v. R.A.F., Changi	Lost 0—1
Nov. 8th	v. Royal Navy M.T.	Won 5—0
Nov. 12th	v. District Signal Regiment	Won 4—2
Nov. 25th	v. H.M.S. Terror	Lost 3—5
Nov. 26th	v. Khalsa Association	Won 6—1
Nov. 27th	v. Admiralty Civilian	Won 1—0
Nov. 30th	v. 1st Singapore Artillery Regiment	Draw 2—2

Soccer. November has seen the Regiment well to the fore in the soccer world. Although this is the off-season for the game, many games have been played, including the G.H.Q. Inter-Branch Knock-out Competition. This was won by 2 Squadron, who also had previously won the league championship. In the Knock-out Competition it was unfortunate that the three Signals teams were drawn in the same half. In the first round 2 Squadron beat 3 Squadron by 5 goals to 3, and in the semi-final 2 Squadron met H.Q. and 1 Squadron. After a terrific battle 2 Squadron won by 1 goal to nil. A large crowd gathered to witness the semi-final of the Knock-out Competition. 2 Squadron were firm favourites, but 1 Squadron have shown before that they can rise to the occasion—and they did. Play began with 2 attacking, and Ireland sent over a couple of inviting centres; these were cleared, and 1's defence took hold of an unusually weak 2 forward line. Sergeant Gower, Lieutenant Cant, and Corporal Gough were particularly prominent. A grand centre by Signalman Ireland was met by Lance-Corporal Gilroy, whose header was capably dealt with by Sergeant Grogan. A movement on 1 Squadron right resulted in Lance-Corporal Webster gaining possession on the goal line, and only a dive at Gunner Rathbone's feet by Corporal Clarke prevented a certain score. Shortly afterwards, 1 were through again, and with Corporal Clarke beaten, Sergeant Harrington scrambled the ball away—a narrow escape by 2. The interval arrived with the score 0—0. On the resumption of play, 2 pressed strongly, but could make no headway down the middle, where Lieutenant Cant had a tight hold on the inside trio. Corporal Taylor was presented with an opportunity but shot over. Next, Lieutenant Batty had a run and was only baulked at the last minute by a hefty charge from Corporal Gough. A pass from Lance-Corporal Webster saw Signalman Firman take a shot from 15 yards that beat everyone but hit the crossbar. At this stage both teams were visibly tiring. A long punt by Sergeant Giles resulted in a mix-up in 1's penalty area; the ball ran loose to Signalman Ireland, who made no mistake with a grand shot into the far corner of the net. A period of midfield play followed, and so the game ended with the score 1—0 in 2 Squadron's favour.

The final, which was well attended, saw a very poor game, as 2 Squadron were much too strong for their opponents, winning easily by 6 goals to 1.

The Regimental team has also had three friendly games, the results being as follows:

Nov. 3rd	v. District Signal Regiment	Won 10—2
Nov. 6th	v. Star Soccerites	Drew 3—3
Nov. 17th	v. Star Soccerites	Won 2—0

Another game took place on 4th November which had been eagerly awaited. It was a game between the Scots against the remainder of the Regiment. On paper the teams appeared to be well matched, but on the field the Scots proved superior and won by 3 goals to nil.

January

H.Q. AND 1 SQUADRON. Since our last issue of these notes, the festive season has come and gone, leaving in its wake the usual human wreckage and piles of requests for casual payments.

All ranks, according to reliable opinion, spent a very enjoyable time, in so far as one can spend an enjoyable time at Christmas in a tropical climate. (It is remarkable where all the teetotallers of this Squadron disappeared to over the Christmas and New Year period nevertheless.)

The highlight of activities was naturally the Christmas dinner, accompanied by the chanting of an entirely new Christmas carol entitled " We Want More Beer." The knife and mug handle orchestra was in attendance.

Our Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Hammond, ably assisted by R.S.M. Johnstone, officiated at the Christmas Draw drums, and prizes were presented accordingly. I happened to be looking that way, otherwise I should never have known, owing to the aforementioned orchestra (*sic*).

Intakes continue to arrive and out-takes (do *you* know a better word) depart, and the average strength of the Squadron manages to remain at a constant 280.

Arrivals. We take this opportunity of welcoming our new Squadron Commander, Major T. I. Ronald, complete with mortar board and gown (he is also Education Officer—you ask the lads). We hope his stay with us will be as pleasant as we can make it.

Departures. Major G. G. Stretch has left us for fresh fields within the Command, and I notice that the furrow between his eyebrows has now entirely disappeared. Good luck in your new sphere, sir.

Sport. The main point of interest was our participation in the Inter-Squadron Football Competition—cup presented by our Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel W. Hammond, M.B.E.—in which we went down to No. 2 Squadron to the tune of 1—0.

The game was very hard fought and even, and a mistake gave our opponents their only opportunity, which, needless to say, they made the most of. For the benefit of ex-members of the Squadron, the team was as follows: Lieutenant Cant, S.Q.M.S. Gilhooly, Sergeants Grogan and Gower, Corporal Gough, Lance-Corporals Fyffe and Forrest, Drivers Foxall and Ferguson (now almost Mr.), Signalman Apps, and Private Sines.

We warmly congratulate 2 Squadron on winning this competition.

2 SQUADRON. As far as most people are concerned, anything much else that has happened during the past month pales into insignificance when compared with the Christmas we have just enjoyed. For many it was the first Christmas away from home, and if, as indeed is the case, there is nothing that can possibly compensate for a Christmas spent away from kith and kin, at least the powers that be did their utmost, and a very commendable utmost it was, to give us as good a time as possible under the circumstances.

The official proceedings began with a Grand Christmas Eve Dance, and continued, virtually non-stop, throughout Saturday, Sunday, and Monday. To the majority, the most notable event was the Christmas dinner, at which a galaxy of talent in the shape of Officers and Sergeants performed nobly against terrific odds to serve 500 hungry mouths with a sumptuous repast. That the N.A.A.F.I. sold more beer during the four days covering the Christmas period than during the whole of the rest of the year would not be difficult to believe, for there are not a few in the Squadron to whom the Christmas holiday is nothing more than a blur, albeit a pleasant one.

At the Christmas dinner the Squadron football team was presented with the token of a further triumph, to wit the Lieutenant-Colonel Hammond Regimental League Cup, which meant that the Squadron has carried off every possible honour available. A special tribute is due to the team for a really fine performance throughout the entire season and

for the unprecedented feat of winning all three cups in a single season.

The Ham Club continues to do well, although it is at present temporarily off the air owing to lack of spares. We can now boast 50 contacts during the fortnight or so that we have been on the air and are, we hope justifiably, proud of ourselves. We shall always be delighted to hear from any other Hams who may have heard us on the band.

With the departure of 101-104 Groups during the next month, 2 Squadron, undermanned as it is, looks like being even more hard pressed than ever. We are grievously short of operators and mechanics, and the situation with regard to the latter is now so critical that our Sergeant-Major, S.S.M. Humby, the only A.1 mechanic in the Unit, has had to take over control of Auto Room maintenance.

It is rumoured that reinforcements in the form of A.T.S. may soon become available. Besides increasing efficiency, this might well have the effect of persuading a few hearties to sign on.

In conclusion, we offer our sincerest New Year wishes to our colleagues at home and elsewhere, and we wish ourselves a speedy return home.

3 SQUADRON. It must be admitted that writing the Squadron's contribution to the Regiment's notes to THE WIRE at 1000 hrs. today, 28th December, is to say the least a little difficult. To start with, anyone troubling to read this will expect an account of our Christmas activities, but these are so bound up with the Regimental festivities that it is certain anything said here will be covered by notes from other departments. Secondly, the temperature is well over 80 degrees F. and the sun is shining from a cloudless blue sky on one of those days which occasionally happen here during a break in the N.E. monsoon, when the weather more resembles a perfect English summer day than any weather that is ever experienced in England. In fact everything is against even staying indoors, let alone writing of Christmas festivities which took place during a week in which a higher rainfall was recorded than anything which has been measured over the last 64 years.

However, generally speaking, we have recovered and are practically normal again.

The Squadron was unfortunate in the Hammond Football Cup, finishing second after a close-fought game against 2 Squadron, who were the winners.

Lieutenant McCreadie, the doyen of the FARELF G.H.Q. Duty Signal Officers, is now on the high seas, having departed for a more bracing climate on the *Empire Hallidale*. S.S.M. Sinclair is eagerly awaiting the next meeting of the Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess in order to hand over the arduous and exacting duties of P.M.C.

In conclusion, the Squadron tenders its best thanks to the Regimental Messing Authorities, the Regimental Amenities Authorities, and the hundred-and-one others who worked so hard and did so much to arrange so successful and enjoyable a Christmas period.

* * *

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Subscribers are reminded that *all* correspondence dealing with Corps Publications should be addressed to the Headquarters of the Association at 88 Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1, and all remittances made payable to *The Royal Signals Association*.

NOTICE TO P.R.I.s

The Magazine is normally published on or about the 16th of each month. Consignments dispatched by passenger train are paid home to the destination of the addressee and should be delivered by the 21st of the month at the latest. If rail consignments are not received by the 21st of the month, you should inquire at your local railway station before communicating with the Headquarters of the Association.

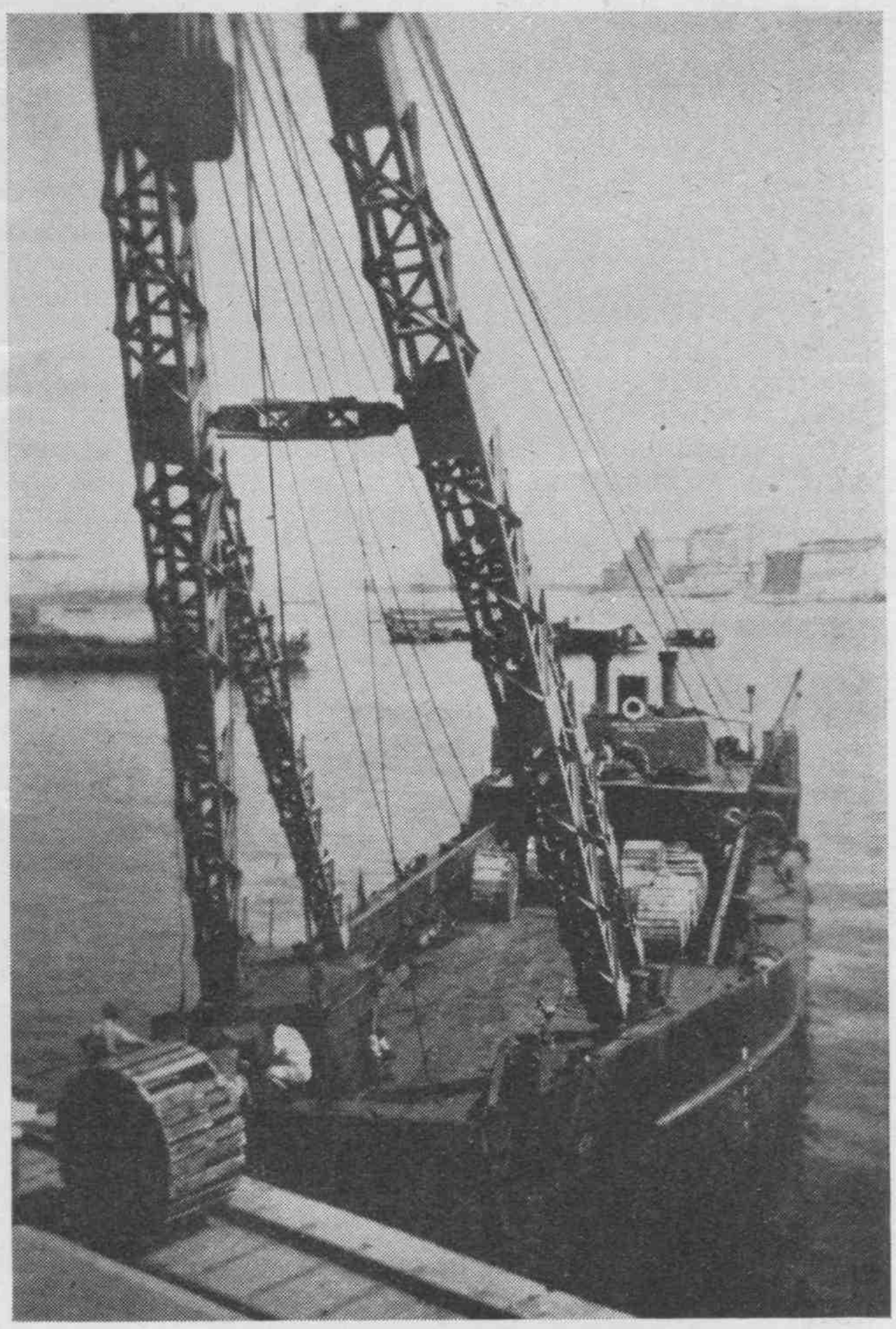
MALTA COMMAND SIGNAL SQUADRON

January

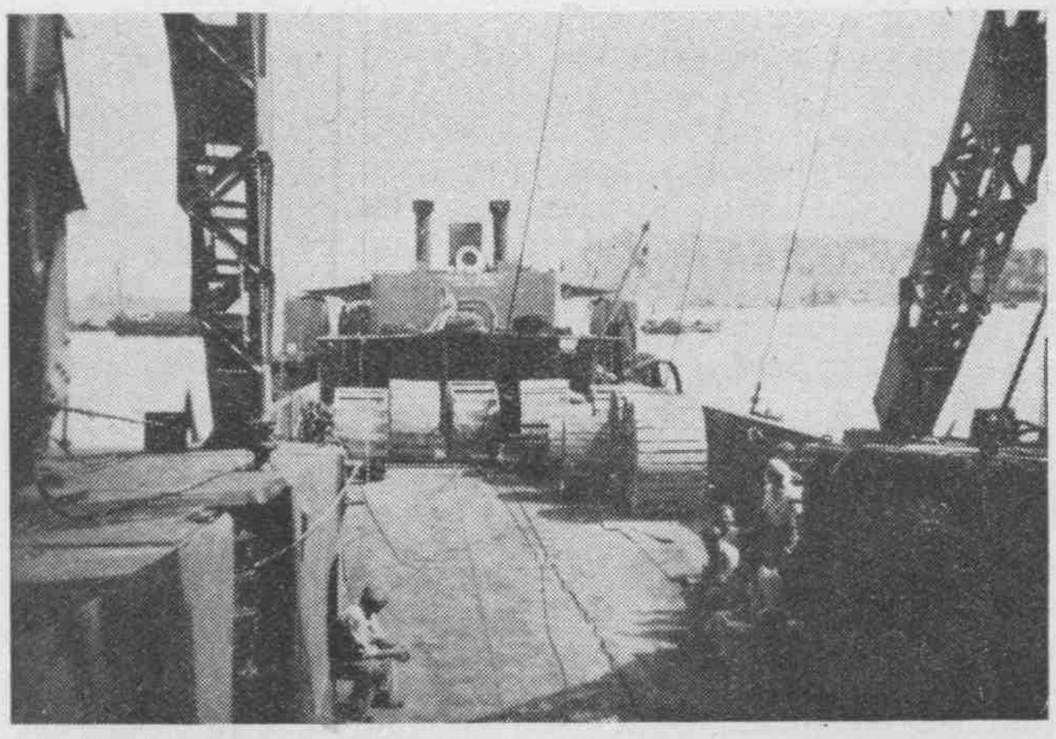
Christmas and New Year have gone and we are sitting back to draw breath and relax after what is always the most hectic time of the year. Hours of planning and hard work by messing and cookhouse personnel enabled the men to have one of the best Christmases possible. The day started well with the soldier's dream—a gentle shake and "Wake up, sonny boy, here is your tea!" Dinner—turkey, pork, pudding and all the trimmings—was served by the Unit Officers and S.N.C.O.s and the meal was visited by the G.O.C. and most of the Garrison Staff.

On 30th December the Officers gave a party for all children of the Unit. The N.A.A.F.I. was gay with decorations and the Christmas tree shone with coloured lights as some 30 kiddies sat down to an excellent tea. When all tummies were full, there was a conjuror, then games to music supplied by Captain Brown on the piano, after which Father Christmas arrived (the N.A.A.F.I. chimney was not very big so George Blow—I mean Father C.!—had to come in via the back stairs). Presents from the tree or from the big bag kept the children happy until it was time to go home, when each one was given a bag of sweets and an orange.

Sports. We had a fairly good season in the .22 Shooting League. We lost one match and drew one which gave us third place in the league, the teams above us each having



Loading at Marina Pinto. Taken from Q. (Mov.) office, where D.A.Q.M.G.(M.) was cribbing about using so much of his quay space



S.V.C. No. 2 at Marina Pinto loading 15 pr. cable drums, each four tons. Note size of vessel required to obtain crane facilities

lost one match. In the aggregate competition, we came second to No. 2 A.A. Regiment, Royal Malta Artillery. The best individual results were:—

	Fired	Highest	Total	Average
Corporal Aldrich	13	98	1240	95.38
Captain Knott	13	98	1234	94.92
Corporal Allen	13	97	1217	93.61
Corporal Skidmore	9	96	827	91.88
Signalman Rowe	12	95	1096	91.33
S.S.M. Robinson	13	94	1169	89.99
S.Q.M.S. Leach	13	98	1166	89.69
Sergeant H. Smith	10	94	895	89.5

The team fired 13 matches, lost one, drew one for a team average of 733.3 and an individual average of 91.66, which was not quite as good as last year, but nevertheless a credit to the Corps.

In the Inter-Services match, the Army scored 1,512, Royal Navy 1,508, R.A.F. 1,507. Captain Knott was the highest scorer for the Army with 193 (possible 200) and we were also represented by Corporal Aldrich (189) and Corporal Allen (185).

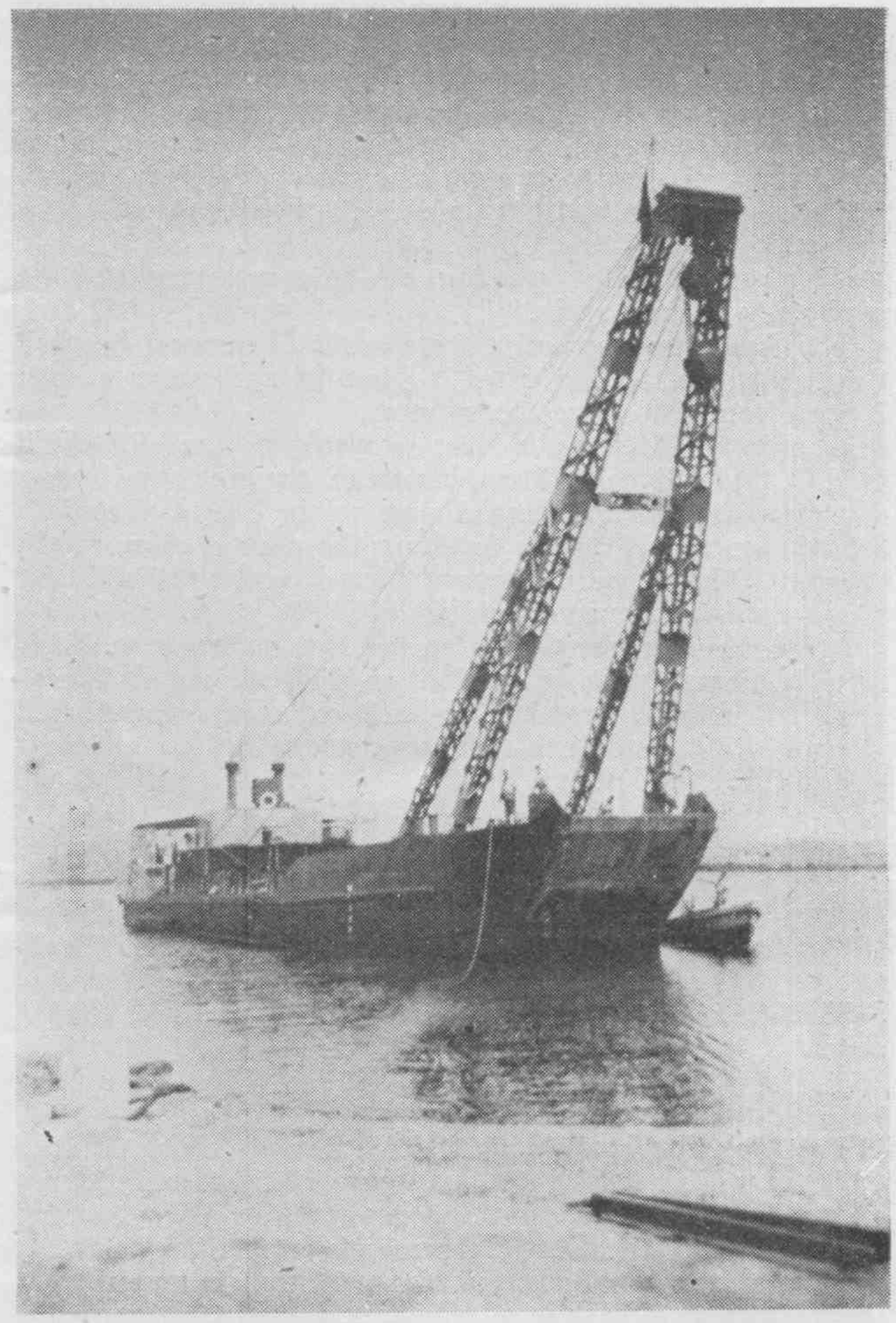
Football. The 1948-49 season has not looked with favour on our football team. After a magnificent start of five wins in friendly matches, the team, though playing what looked to be very good football, never seemed to find the net in league games. At the time of writing, our position in the Malta Garrison Junior League is about half-way, with three wins, two draws and four losses to our credit (?). With the addition of a few members newly arrived in the Squadron, the team is once more being built up into a winning combination. We won't mention any names at this stage, but will wait for the final tally at the close of the season when, I hope, we shall have some better news for our supporters and readers. Let us hope this New Year brings us luck—and goals.

Technical. At work, as well as at play and social activities, our little family appears to be holding back the "flood" of requests for communications from all quarters and, incidentally, from all three Services, para-military bodies, local radio enterprises, *and* civil. For what Woolworth is to the British public so, for communication facilities, is this Unit to the rest of the island—you want, we provide, even though the provision is not exactly "over the counter."

At the time of writing we are wrestling with two major projects: (i) The provision of a 15-pair cable from Malta to the adjoining island of Gozo, and (ii) the installation of a 240-line C.B. exchange and a complete renewal of all underground distribution cables at the R.N.A.S. airfield at Halfar.

The former involves the laying of some 13,000 yards of land cable and—here even the writer is seen to shudder visibly—two sections of submarine cable from Malta to a small island of Comino and from Comino to the larger island of Gozo. If it is realised that at Comino there are no wharfage or crane facilities, no M.T., and only very narrow fourth-class roads, it will be appreciated that there were numerous admin. headaches in getting the four-ton drums of land cable off-loaded and distributed. It required the requisition of a "near battleship" equipped with crane to convey the necessary stores, trucks (15-cwt.) and low-loader to do the job—accompanying photos illustrate the work in progress—but, true to Signals form, it "happened" according to plan.

The submarine portions across the two channels have caused everyone some anxious moments and the odd sleepless night. Even the C.S.O. got worried. The sad story is that, with the aid of the Dockyard authorities, the southern portion of some $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles was laid in a half gale —Oh, Met., where is thy sting?—and no sooner was it in the water than the test clerk reported "All legs full earth." To the rescue came the brothers "Loop"—Varley, Murray and Loop-the—but even their combined efforts failed to localise for, as the writer's wife says about her stockings, "I ain't got a good pair." A sectional testing on the "cut and come again" principle followed and the fault finally located. Yes, bright lads, you've guessed it! The lead sheath was punctured. No, it wasn't pressure tested before laying, 'cos we haven't any pressure (except of work) and we *do* trust our C.I.E.M.E. However, all troubles were finally overcome, tested sections were relaid and jointed through, and we finally reached that beautiful state known as Infinity. The same evening the T.O.T. reached the glorious state of oblivion.

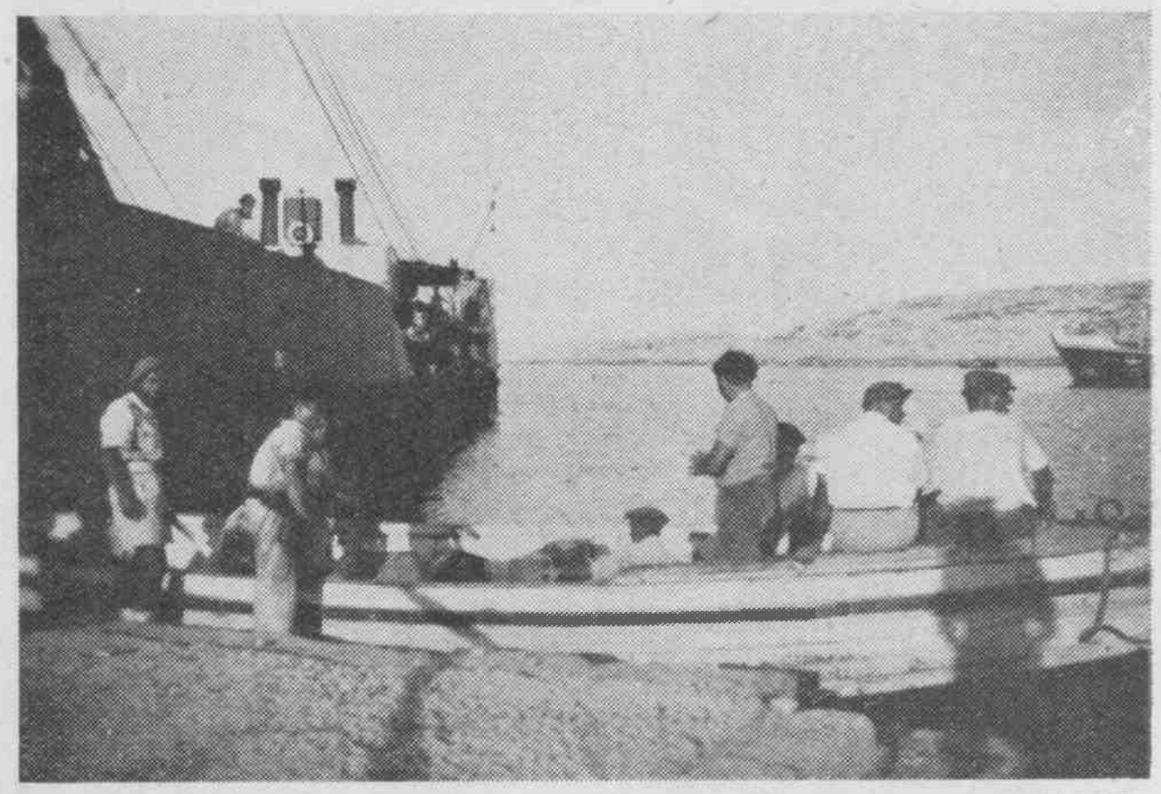


The S.V.C. manoeuvring into position for off loading at Comino

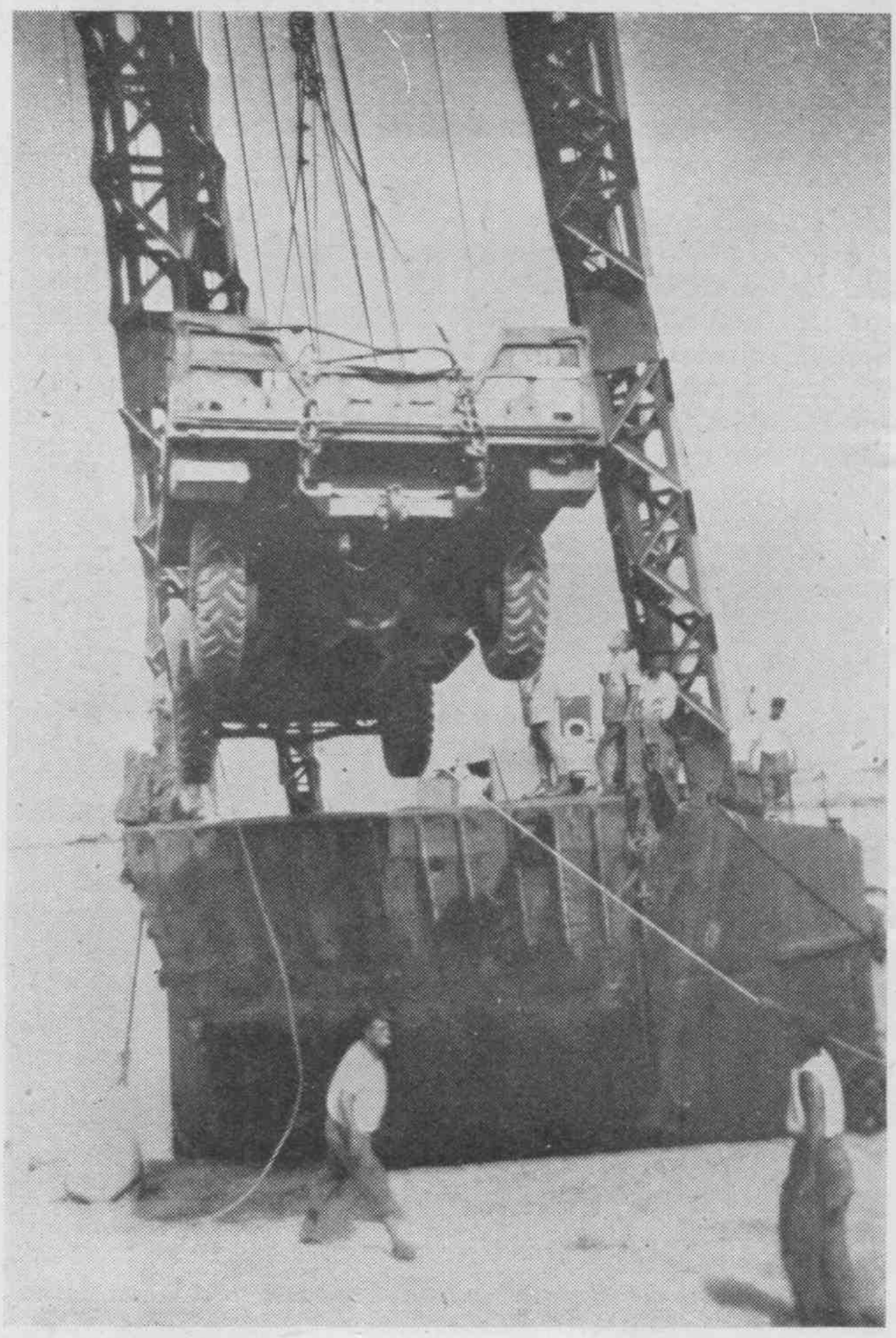
The laying of the north submarine section was pure "cake," for the weather conditions were good, the cable went into the sea like cotton off a reel, and in a total of some 6½ hours' work it was down, anchored and tested O.K. Incidentally, we benefited by our experience and arranged a water test of this section before laying. Are we improving?

At the time of writing, the cable to the island of Gozo is "through," and there now remains some 9,000 yards of land cable to be laid on the island itself to complete the job. The sales of Aspro in Malta will then show a rapid decline. It will be of interest to ex-Malta-ites who may know the geography of Comino to learn that Sergeant A. Smith and four locally employed civilians were marooned on the island for 2½ days as the heavy weather would not permit boats to cross the channel. The R.A.F. very kindly arranged to drop supplies to the party—lovely bit of practice for our flying men—and, when the seas subsided, they finally returned to Malta on the Malta-Gozo mail boat. Just another little snag in this project which has earned for itself the title of "Submarine cable Malta—No-go." Enough! Don't speak, Fred.

At Halfar, the C.B. switchboard of 200 extensions and 40 junctions has been installed without any great difficulty and all is ready to complete the change-over from magneto to C.B. when the word "Go" is given. The laying of new cabling to serve the expanded administrative and flying control area of the airfield is to commence in a few days and, provided trenching can be opened rapidly enough, we hope to have a brand new set-up—and another satisfied customer—during the first quarter of the 1949 financial year.



All drums distributed to sites. All stores re-loaded into S.V.C. Working party embarking on whaler to board launch for Gozo



The 15 cwt. comes ashore. C.O. Squadron said, "Mind the paint"

The headquarters of the Garrison recently moved to permanent offices in the Castille, Valletta, and this occasioned much "flapping" and many hours of overtime before the complete change-over to the new requirements could be effected but, having once settled down, even the General's intercom system worked.

Another interesting but decidedly unpleasant task was the renewal of some 500 yards of cable through the sewers of Valletta. The rats had fed well on the old "projected" route and they now have to tackle D.S.T.A. before obtaining the breakfast of lead. It is worth recording that Sergeant C. Bayfield who, to gain experience, volunteered to join the gang in the sewers, almost lost his Python on this account. The M.O. sniffed and nearly refused a health clearance certificate. (Lincoln papers, please copy!)

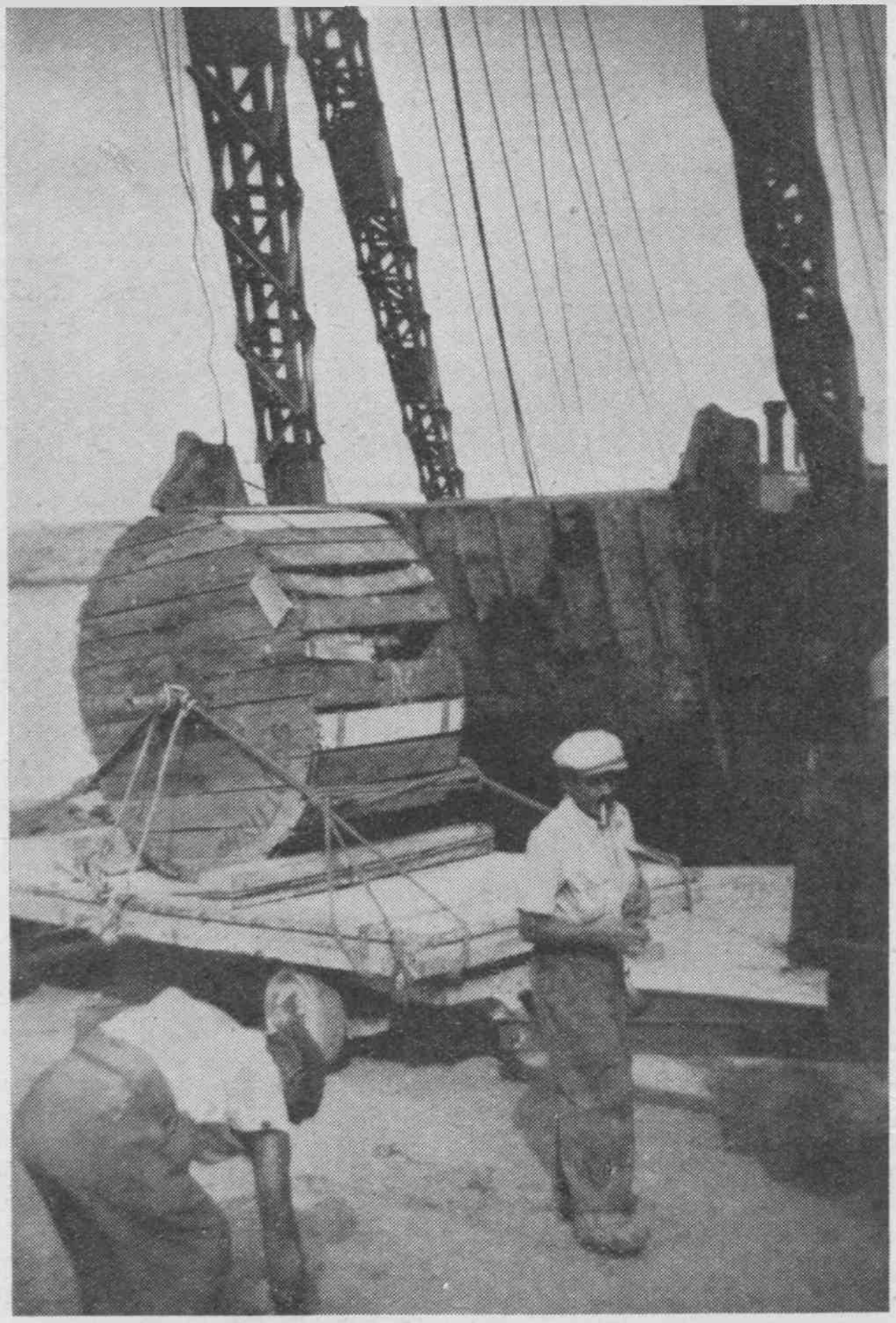
There have obviously been many minor jobs to be performed since we last went to press, but M.S.S. is "coping" and will continue to do so, staunch to the motto that "It's nae bother at all," which is, of course, a complete fabrication, but doesn't it sound well, chums!

Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess. Readers of our last month's notes will remember that our Mess, as such, has no separate existence, but the Senior N.C.O.s form part of the R.E.'s Mess. Another very small, but very effective, entity of the R.E.'s Mess are the Senior N.C.O.s of the Forces Broadcasting Service. They aren't yet on the air, but it won't be long now before they open up and then we shall have an opportunity of learning how the "back-room boys" of yet another part of the Service operate.

All activities of December have inevitably led up to the Christmas period and to say that everybody had a good time would be an understatement. The Mess draw was a huge success and, although the first prize wasn't won by a Mess member, it was kept in the family when the ticket held by Captain Bosworth, Royal Signals (O.C., F.S.S. Troop) was drawn from the drum. The canteen of cutlery he took home that night will remind him of Floriana for many years to come. The remainder of the prizes were well distributed, and all in all it was a very memorable evening. The Christmas dance and the New Year dance were well attended, and it was evident that the Fleet was in by the amount of Navy Blue predominating.

Congratulations to Sergeant and Mrs. Gahan on the birth of their daughter, Margaret, although, at the time of writing, all Mess members are sincerely hoping that the recent news of the baby's illness will soon turn to good news that she is well on the way to recovery.

Congratulations are also extended to Sergeant Lees who



The first drum successfully parked on the low loader

has twice played for the Army in Malta at Rugby, who, though not on the winning side, has each time managed to score a try.

Sergeant Parfitt has recently been joined by his wife and they are now comfortably settled in quarters, which may have some bearing on the current theme song of Tiffy's Club that " George doesn't get around much any more."

To Mrs. Davies, wife of our F. of S., our thanks for her invaluable assistance in decorating the Mess at Christmas, and to all members of the Corps our belated but sincere wishes for a happy New Year.

* * *

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

Receipt of the following is gratefully acknowledged:

THE BORDERERS' CHRONICLE, December.

ST. GEORGE'S GAZETTE, December.

THE CADET JOURNAL, January.

THE JOURNAL OF THE ROYAL ARMY SERVICE CORPS, January.

THE QUEEN'S OWN GAZETTE, January.

THE THISTLE, January.

R.E.M.E., January and February.

THE CATTERICK EXPRESS, 14th and 28th January.

Territorial Army

12 A.A. GROUP (M) SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.
Bristol

REGIMENTAL HEADQUARTERS. On 30th November, 1948, R.H.Q. and 24 A.A. (M) Signal Squadron were inspected by Major-General M. N. Dewing, C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., Commander, 2 A.A. Group. 26 A.A. (M) Signal Squadron were inspected on 7th December, 1948.

We were all tremendously pleased to learn that our Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel P. G. Gambier, had been awarded the O.B.E. in the New Year's Honours List. We think it is well-earned recognition for the work that he has done, especially the encouragement that he gave us in the early days of the formation of the Regiment.

99 and 100 A.G.R.A. Signal Squadrons now form part of the Regiment, so that we now have a " coast to coast hook-up." We hope they will prosper, and before long we expect to hear about them in these columns.

Junior Commander Gwen Prosser, our tireless A.T.S. adviser, is about to leave us to join 2 A.A. Group (M) Signal Regiment. We should like to thank her for the very hard work she has done on our behalf since she joined us nearly two years ago. There is some consolation to be found in the fact that she is joining our affiliated Regiment and will thus not be entirely lost to us.

The Annual Camp is to be at Haxland, amongst the New Forest Ponies once agam. The dates are 14th to 28th August. 2 A.A. (M) Signal Regiment are to be in camp at the same time. This augurs keen rivalry on the sports field if nothing else.

24 A.A. (M) SIGNAL SQUADRON, BRISTOL. R.H.Q. and 24 A.A. (M) Signal Squadron joined forces with 601 (M) H.A.A. Regiment, R.A. (T.A.), and provided a Children's Christmas Party on the pre-war scale. Nearly 200 children turned up and, needless to say, it was a roaring success. Sergeant Allright, our number one cook, prepared a truly sumptuous tea for the children—and grown-ups, too.

[*By courtesy of Southern Newspapers, Ltd.*

A.D.A.T.S., Chief Commander J. Berry, and the C.O., Lieut.-Colonel P. G. Gambier, O.B.E., look in on the Signal Office exercise at Blighmont Drill Hall, Southampton

[*By courtesy of Southern Newspapers, Ltd.*

25 A.A. (M) Signal Squadron Linemen training under Lieutenant J. B. Morgan

Our Christmas Party was held on 21st December. It was a great success and all had a very jolly time. We have commenced training again after our Christmas break and are back at the training programme.

25 A.A. (M) SIGNAL SQUADRON, SOUTHAMPTON. During these dark winter months we have been taking our training very seriously. We are proud of the training rooms that are the result of much hard work. The occasion of the completion of these rooms was marked by a visit by the A.D.A.T.S., Chief Commander J. Berry, who witnessed a Signal Office scheme. The local Press dropped in and took photographs and gave us an excellent write-up, including a photograph on the front page of the evening edition.

Our senior P.S.I., S.S.M. M. E. Driscoll, has left us for Northern Command Signal Regiment. His cheery disposition won us all and we shall miss him very much.

27 A.A. (M) SIGNAL SQUADRON, PLYMOUTH. On 10th and 11th December we took part in Exercise "Sunrise," which was carried out on a large scale with all three Services participating. The Squadron manned the communications for 81 A.A. Brigade Operations Room. Although the phenomenally bad weather prevented the naval carriers from playing their allotted part, the exercise was nevertheless an excellent try-out for the Squadron under something like war-time conditions, and will be of great assistance in planning future training.

Our Annual Dinner was held just before Christmas and was followed by an informal dance. The hall was beautifully decorated, under the direction of S.S.M. McKenna, and all the arrangements were a credit to the Unit. We were pleased to have Colonel G. C. Wycisk, O.B.E., T.D., and Colonel W. V. Pearce, T.D., as our principal guests. It was a very happy and memorable occasion.

1/20 (SM) ARMY SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.

Birmingham

One of these days I shall write some notes for the 63rd Birmingham Brownie Troop or the "Dustman's Gazette." They will perhaps be as interesting to you as these notes. Bah! A great crowd of tough soldiers, some of whom can actually read, turning over the pages of trumpery periodicals while there are real magazines to be had. Do *you* buy a copy of THE WIRE? I nearly gave you a "buckshee" copy of the December WIRE, but I thought, "What the heck!" and eventually sold it to a man with one leg called Ecclethwaite. The name of his other leg was George. Which just shows.

The recent festive season robs me of material for talks about training, but there is certainly something going on all the time. From now on we shall be getting right down to it again, with the peak of activity somewhere in the region of the end of July. Annual camp will burst on us at about this time. At the moment our attention is focused on the Redcar district, but if this is not yet firmly fixed as our destination it probably soon will be. Or not. I'll let you know. Afterthought: 24th July to 7th August seems to be the period allotted to us at Marske-on-Sea. Remind me again in August; I shall be fairly certain by then.

Captain J. E. Denton, who recently took over the arduous job of Adjutant from Captain T. W. Baynes, now studying hard for the baton, has settled in quietly and firmly. Sergeant H. E. White arrived from Trieste in December to relieve Sergeant F. Williams, due for M.E. Sergeant Williams would have preferred Malta, but must be content with a look at it *en route*. Thanks to the members of the Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess, the Children's Christmas Party on 24th December was a wonderful success. Lieutenant (T.M.O.) Santa Claus arrived after tea in a sleigh drawn by a real pony, reindeers being in short supply this year. He distributed presents to all the children—and what magnificent presents! They must have cost——

P.R.I.: Shut up about that.

Me: Sorry. Didn't know you were listening.

There were entertainers, a film show, music by Val de Lacey (advt.), and much fun and games. Nuts, oranges, and sweets on the way out. A pity they forgot to issue the chocices, but the Erdington Orphanage reaped the benefit on Christmas morning, when they received toys, a Christmas tree complete with decorations, and lots of good food, with love from the Signals.

The Drill Hall was much in demand and there were several excellent dances, the one on New Year's Eve being the high spot, with four pipers an a', an a'. We couldn't raise the level hundred.

Sergeant Oakley is giving the despatch riders a run for their money. A number of enthusiasts turn up every Sunday morning and get some good training with the motor cycles. We must get an instructor to train them in the use of Transport Works Tickets or they will be getting the idea that you can run an Army without paper. Another curious idea which seems to have started on a high level is that the T.A. enlists tradesmen— fitters, for example—who, being tradesmen and working at their jobs (presumably), require no further training. It makes you think. The idea must be scotched before it percolates to our level, because if we want to up-grade a guy we are not asking his foreman to sign a certificate. No, sir. We want to see the candidate do the job. If he can't do it right now, we shall show him how. And for that we need material. The point is buried deep in the last sentence. Exit three little vehicle mechanics singing "Here we go gathering nuts and bolts."

Captain J. W. Swinnerton has had to leave us on changing his residence from Coventry to Chester. He is a busy man and likely to have no time left on his hands. Sorry to lose you, John. This doesn't help our idea for a detachment in Coventry, but we shall not abandon it. There were Signals (SR) there in 1938/39, as my friend Joe Rodgers will confirm. Lieutenant R. Fulford is still forging ahead with his ideas for the wireless people. The two C.V.s will soon become a familiar sight in the city if he has his way. A good thing, too. Let the people see what the Signals do.

Too many of the public are prone to think that we all ride into battle standing on the saddles of motor cycles.

I wish I could stay and tell you a lot more, but with cigarettes at the present price it is as much as, if not more, or rather the time and material, if you see what I mean. Even then I should have a job to make you understand. So there you are.

BARLEUX

"He always asks for 1,500 metres at 1845 hours — between you and me, that's Dick Barton"

2/20 ARMY SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.

Wanstead

December

Our recruiting moves very slowly, but we have been encouraged by several first-rate chaps, who are already making their presence felt, and helping us to get one or two jobs finished that have been long outstanding through lack of "bods."

We held "Bounty Night" on 16th December, and, needless to say, it produced a very good attendance. After the filthy lucre had been shared out, all ranks adjourned to the men's canteen for the odd noggin and some friendly rivalry on the billiard table and dart board. Afterwards the Unit went into Christmas recess, and adjourned until 4th January.

Bounty night

On Saturday, 18th December, the Officers' Mess held a cocktail party at the Mess, the guests of honour being Brigadier R. H. R. Steward, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., A.D.C., and the Officers' ladies. It was a very pleasant evening and was much enjoyed by everyone.

On reassembling, the Unit got down to work, and plans have been put in hand for an "At Home" to make ourselves a little more widely known and bring our activities to the attention of those who so far have escaped our attention. Week-end camps are also being organised.

Our Annual Camp this year has been fixed for 3rd–17th July at Walton-on-Naze, and is already being keenly anticipated.

Finally, we change our Adjutants next month. Captain Don Pounds leaves us, and his place will be taken by Captain R. M. Mathews, from 2 A.A. Group.

* * *

EDITORIAL NOTE

A large number of new annual subscribers have been disappointed at not receiving the January number. The reason is simple; their applications did not arrive until late in January, when all copies had been sold. We can only afford to print a small number over the total ordered in advance. Two shillings and fourpence per copy is too much to pay just for the privilege of helping to swell the City of Westminster's Salvage Drive.

61 H.Q. ARMY SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.

Bedford

Double One Wanted. On Thursday, 23rd December, we were invited to the " Perseverance," a charming little " local " in South Bedford, to play a game or two of darts. The " Perseverance " team, by the way, was the runner-up in our latest Darts Tournament, which we held in November, and impressed everybody by the cheerful sportsmanship of its members. To return to our tale, then; by 8.30, after a couple or three liveners, the " Perseverance " team and our " Slinkey Six " (Lieutenant-Colonel F. M. Greaves, Major A. A. Taylor, Captain S. D. Allaway, Lieutenant D. A. Hallsworth, R.S.M. C. Webb, and Signalman D. Smith) threw for centre and, wonder of wonders, we were off! In the first leg, after a very close battle, both teams succeeded in gaining admittance to the madhouse (for the information of the uninitiated, this expression means double one), when suddenly, after an excellent piece of bracketing, R.S.M. Webb plopped a dart in the required position, and we had *won the first leg.*

Our joy was to be shortlived, however, for our opponents went to town and beat us in the next two legs, and all we could do was to solemnly declare that " we really ought to have some practice at this game."

Not to be outdone, the ladies (Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Allaway, Mrs. Webb, and Mrs. Thurley) then challenged the ladies of the " Perseverance " to a match while the gents' team gracefully retired to the bar to drown our defeat in a modicum of sparkling ale.

The ladies fared no better than the gents, however, and at " Time, gentlemen, please! " we all said good-night to our victors and hosts, and retired beaten but decidedly happy.

The Children's Christmas Party. The much-awaited Children's Christmas Party on Tuesday, 28th December, in the Cadena Café, was off to a good start, and the 50 or so children didn't take long to get into party spirit, especially after the excellent spread of cakes and cream, blancmanges, and trifles, together with paper hats, crackers, and balloons.

After tea a conjurer held everyone's attention for about an hour, and then more party games, including " The Farmer's in the Dell " in full dress.

The highlight of the party was, of course, the arrival of Santa Claus with his very inviting sack, and the look on the faces of the younger kiddies as Father Christmas called their names was a sight for sore eyes.

Each child received a gift according to his or her age, and the presents varied from dolls' tea sets to electric speedboats, and geometry sets to toy pianos.

Before leaving, each child was given a bag of sweets, a ball, and a balloon. A very successful party, due to the untiring efforts of Mrs. Greaves and Mrs. Allaway and ladies of the committee.

The Ole Year Out an' the Noo Year In! The party was small but convivial, the room warm and cheerful, with passably good dance music played by Victor Sylvester and reproduced by the Regimental radiogram, " Percy the Pick-up " to you.

The ostensible object of the meeting was to have a few quiet drinks on the last night of the Old Year, then, as the preceding week or so had been somewhat hectic, home to an early bed and let the New Year let itself in.

It is a known fact that the C.O. said to his wife, who was unable to come, " I shall be home at about 10.30, I expect." We had agreed to meet at about 8 o'clock, so by 9 o'clock there were three people in the bar, including George Deverick, the barman, who was taking a pessimistic view of the situation.

At 9.15 twelve people came in, loudly announcing that they couldn't stay long, but what about a quick drink all round? At 9.30 ten more people came in and explained to anybody who would listen that they had just popped across for a few minutes. They were followed about five minutes later by three or four others who said they had no idea there was a party and had seen the light on, so came across to find out.

At 9.45 we began to play charades—probably suggested by the Q.M., who has a nice line in double meanings. Then there was dancing with short intervals for drinks, followed by drinking with short intervals for dancing. At some point between 10.30 and midnight somebody suggested a game of forfeits. First victim was " Paddy " Cowper, whose forfeit was to go and turn everybody out of the R.A. Club. Gunners are tough; there couldn't have been less than fifty of them in their club watching the Old Year dribble away. However, you can't daunt a good Irishman. So amid a noise like Tottenham losing at home to Chelsea, he managed to clear the R.A. Club.

Man with greatest complaint was S.Q.M.S. Steinmetz, who seemed to suffer from nether-garment distress, i.e. the inability to retain his trousers in the proper position for any length of time. First, as the husband of Mrs. Steinmetz, he had to lend her his trousers for her own forfeit. Then, when his own turn came, blowed if that didn't involve trousers, too!

Mrs. Cox had a nasty cold, and as a result of her forfeit everybody else now has one, too. Finally, you should have seen the C.O. " leap-frogging " over a line of crowding ladies. Fine circus stuff!

Just at that point somebody noticed that it was nearly midnight, so all windows were opened to let in the noise of the chimes.

Four or five complete strangers came in as well and joined the party with that air of careless abandon which sits so well on the three-parts canned who are determined to be friendly.

The last thing I remember is the man who rolled his trousers above his knees, climbed the lamp-post outside the front door, and sang " Ole Lang Syne." I remember remarking to S.S.M. Bottell (who wasn't present because he was in Edinburgh or Glasgow), " I'm glad he wasn't one of ours."

Pantomimicry. Enter chorus of Miller's Military Maids before a back-cloth of a drill hall with a fading poster of the

1914 general call-up showing in one window. In front of the Military Maids is Sergeant-Major Miller doing high kicks and balancing a crown as big as your Aunt Fanny's sofa on her napper. There is a roll of 473 kettle-drums and a fanfare of 31 tin whistles, a few back-stage noises such as "Mind your —— back" and a few bawdy shouts from the dress circle.

The back-cloth rises and discloses S.Q.M.S. Steinetz and R.Q.M.S. Thurley knocking back beer from the bottle and clad in battledress trousers, slippers, civilian waistcoats, and draped braces. The back-cloth hastily drops again and then rises to disclose Signalmen Griffiths and Smith, who sing:

"Two soldiers we, upon the spree,
Enjoying life with gusto."

Sergeant-Major Miller: "And who is Gusto?"

Signalman Smith: "Look, Griff, A.T.S.—and a sergeant-major, too."

Sergeant-Major Miller: "Ay repeat, who is Gusto."

Signalman Griffiths: "An old Spanish friend of ours, lady."

They solemnly dance round, singing to the tune of "The Weaver":

"Oh, I am a Signalman,
I live by myself,
And I work at the lineman's trade,
And the only thing that
I ever did wrong
Was to woo a fair young maid."

Enter R.S.M. Webb.

Signalman Griffiths: "Yes, sir."

R.S.M. Webb: "I didn't speak."

Signalman Griffiths: "No, sir."

R.S.M. Webb:

"Now gather round, you little dears,
And listen to my tale—have no fears.
'Twon't shock the ears of female
Or of male."

There is a flash of lightning, a strong smell of burnt magnesium, spilt beer, stale tobacco smoke, and that curious compound they use for sweeping out the Drill Hall.

The Bad Fairy appears, disguised as the Officer in Charge of Royal Signals Records. He breathes out, "Ha-a-a-a!"

All quiver.

The Bad Fairy speaks:

"I came unbid at no command,
To upset all your schemes.
My power is such that I can send
Any away, if I intend,
To here or there or anywhere,
And I've come for you (here he bows to
R.S.M. Webb) it seems."

And, children, that's just what the bad old fairy did, so now R.S.M. Webb has got to go and live at Salisbury.

Next month we shall use several special long words to tell you about his farewell party.

62 H.Q. L. OF C. SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.
Chester

January

Tears are falling from my eyes, the bottle is empty, plenty of beer may be obtained, but where, oh where, is the key? However, bottle or no bottle, here's wishing all, wherever you may be, Jolly Good Luck, A Bright, Happy, and Prosperous New Year for 1949.

Ere this epistle goes to press, Father Christmas will have hidden his whiskers in the old oak chest, and indigestion plus alcoholic remorse will have vanished (we hope).

After very hard work by all members of the Unit, aided by the Permanent Staff of 23 (I) Armoured Brigade Signals, a very happy and jolly party took place on Tuesday, 21st December, in the Jimmy Club. Wives, sweethearts, and friends of the members of both Units came along in full force, entering into the Christmas spirit with true zeal and zest. The evening opened with introductions, and then someone whispered the magic name of Housy-Housy. The R.S.M. explained to the company how to play (ahem); the explanation was hardly necessary except when a young lady wanted to shout "House," but instead she squeaked something like this, "Er-rer-i-um-here." A quiz, consisting of three rounds, was the next item on the programme; two voluntary teams were chosen with forfeits for an incorrect answer. Incorrect answers came from our A.T.S. Sergeant-Major, and her rendering of the impersonation of a drunk singing "Roll Out the Barrel" and a prima donna singing were really excellent. It was indeed gratifying to see Sergeant Wilkes, of 23rd Armoured Brigade Signals, looking such a radiant picture of happiness when he paid forfeit by making love to his wife on one knee, which goes to prove that married life can still be the sweetest thing. The quiz was indeed a highlight of the evening, with all participants doing their stuff in such a splendid spirit. Private Coathupe, A.T.S., kindly lent her radiogram for the occasion, and a piano was lent to us by our very good friends at Western Command Signals Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess. I cannot leave these notes without paying tribute to Sergeant "Bomber" Haigh, who, with C.S.M. M. Gardiner, decorated the Canteen beautifully. Look out, all you artistic ladies and gentlemen, for a blanket (couldn't afford canvas) hanging in one of our National Galleries for a real masterpiece, a Red Indian done in colour. I heartily recommend all "friends" to see it. The Adjutant and R.S.M. toured Chester for presents for the Children's Party, and landed back at H.Q. with a large Christmas tree. Thanks to our Commanding Officer, we were able to decorate it with fairy lights; other decorations were made by members of the Staff and members of the Mess at Blacon Camp.

The Commanding Officer addressed the company, some of whom actually blushed when he remarked about the scrounging capabilities of the Permanent Staff. Music from the radiogram was the next item, and I'm afraid I have quite a great deal to say on this subject. Firstly, will the two gentlemen from Burton-on-Trent and Barnsley, respectively, if they are really so tired, please, oh please, get some ruddy sleep. Then on another occasion sounds came from the speaker emitted by a queer bloke named Danny Kaye. The tune was "Bleep, Bloop," or something; anyway, it has caused most of the office staff since to go partly "crackers." Every few minutes the silence of the office is shattered by "bleeps" and "bloops" coming from all parts. If any other office in H.M. Forces gets the same complaint, write to me and I will gladly give them the cure.

The party concluded at the usual time with S.S.M. "Jigger" Lea giving his best on the piano. I myself might conclude this chapter by saying that Sergeant Haigh, whilst all this was going on, was in his usual place behind the bar.

The Children's Party was held on 22nd December. At precisely 1725 hours our little guests began to arrive. Their faces, when they saw the Christmas tree and decorations, were a sight to behold. Fifteen children sat down to a tea consisting of tongue sandwiches, jellies, trifle, cakes, and ice-cream, plus a lovely cake given to the Unit by Mrs. Meyrick, our caretaker, whose husband is a past member of the Corps. Much to the surprise of the Staff, there was ample food left.

The C.S.O., Brigadier W. O. Bowen, C.B., C.B.E., attended the party, expressing his opinion on the success of the party and the obvious enjoyment of the kiddies. The thrill of the party then came for the little ones. Father Christmas, in the shape of "Bomber" Haigh, appeared, complete with white beard and moustachio (and what a tash!). He gave out the presents to each big-eyed child, spoke to them, playing his rôle with the greatest of ease. The party ended with

fun and games. Captain Mills and the Adjutant, I think, enjoyed themselves as much as the children did organising all the childhood games one could remember and playing them with gusto. And so ended our T.A. Unit's first Christmas, a great success, with our T.A. members and the P.S.I.s, including families and friends, realising that it is a great thing to get together as much as possible, knowing full well that our spirit and comradeship is second to none in the Territorial Army.

Arrivals. We extend a hearty welcome to the following, who have joined the Unit: Sergeant Roberts, Corporals Green and Rowson, Signalmen Rowan, Jones, and Young.

The A.T.S. ranks are increasing in numbers. The latest arrivals are: Sergeant Turnock (ex-Western Command Signals), Sergeant Jones, who journeys all the way from Liverpool, Privates Coathupe and Thomas.

Here's wishing all, both male and female, a long and happy stay with us.

Departures. We are indeed sorry to say farewell to R.S.M. Ray Folks, who has served with distinction at the Drill Hall in Northwich. 16 Wireless Signal Squadron will miss him. Good luck, Mr. Folks, in your new job at the War Office. Take great care of London lemonade, it isn't good for you.

Before concluding these notes, I am sure that all members of the Unit will wish Sergeant-Major Marjorie Gardiner a speedy recovery to good health. She was, unfortunately, taken ill whilst on Christmas leave.

And so boldly we look ahead to 1949 and all it has in store for us. Brighter and happier days are surely in store for all; and it is on this note that once more I say farewell until next time. Cheerio, everyone—all the very best.

CESTRIAN

23 (SOUTHERN) CORPS SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.

Fulham, S.W.6

Thank goodness that's over ! It was very nice, but it's just as well it's once a year, and having exhausted the chemist's stock of cascara, we press on to face a New Year with its hazards and uncertainties. Starting like this, it would be so easy to drift into a discussion of world events, but it would be so depressing, and, after all, the newspapers fill this rôle admirably, so much so, in fact, that I for one have no finger-nails left.

Apart from a lot of backslapping and impromptu "wet" parties, our main item of attraction on the social side was the Children's Christmas Party. To say it was a success and to congratulate its organisers would hardly do justice to them. Putting it very mildly, it was terrific! The leading lights on the organising side were Captain Collins, Sergeants Bloomfield and Kimble. They made sure that things would go with a swing, and left the rest to the compère and his satellites. Very well done, you three, and the grateful thanks of 100 children and their parents to you. Lieutenant Reg Thorne was our compère, and he had the assistance of a conjurer who not only delighted the kids with his tricks but was versatile enough to give a Punch and Judy show and a ventriloquist turn. The tea was terrific—is there any rationing these days? Last, but not least, came Santa Claus, who made a triumphant and startling entry in a gaily decorated jeep. S.S.M. Medlycott was Santa, and very ably did he carry out his duties. After all, not every Regiment has a six-footer and 16½-stone S.S.M. Every child received a present, and the floor was soon littered with aeroplanes, dolls, and

[By courtesy of "The London Daily," 483 Fulham Palace Road, S.W.6

the like. Twelve of our little guests were from a local orphanage. The only thing that failed was Santa Claus' wireless set. Arrangements had been made to talk to him from the hall, but for various reasons this broke down. Anyway, everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves, and the happy faces of the children must have been ample reward for the gallant organisers.

Here's to the recruits. SVEN

26 ENGINEER GROUP SIGNAL TROOP, T.A.

Salisbury

It is some months since our last paragraph appeared in THE WIRE, but we have not been idle.

On 6th October we staged a display in Victoria Park with the Motor Cycle Display Team as the *pièce de résistance*. Although described in a local paper as the "best military display yet staged in Salisbury," the crowd was small and the response to the recruiting speeches poor.

The Troop was represented at the King's Review of the T.A. by the O.C., Captain F. J. Wheeler, Sergeant Jolliffe, Corporal Cropp, and Signalmen Baskott and Mackenzie.

The following have joined us since we last went to press: E. G. Mackenzie, late Royal Navy; E. G. Nicholson, late R.A.F. Regiment. We say good-bye with regret to Sergeant A. Jones.

On 17th December the A.K.C. kindly showed the film taken by Lieutenant-Colonel D. J. Goldsmith at Haxland Camp in July this year, and so we were given the chance to see ourselves as others see us !

It is hoped that half, if not all, of our camp in July, 1949, will be held on the north coast of Cornwall with 26 Engineer Group. Our P.S.I., Sergeant Jack Lloyd, will now have to add the making of surf boards to his many other activities.

LEICESTER SQUADRON (CARETS), ROYAL SIGNALS

Leicester

As probably the youngest Royal Signals Cadet Unit in the country, our first contribution to THE WIRE is tendered, quote, "with all due care and proper respect to our elders," unquote.

Nevertheless, we are making first-class progress after a somewhat hectic teething period, in which much palaver took place between the local Infantry Cadet Battalion and the authorities, before we emerged triumphantly, and much to our satisfaction, as an Independent Unit with the above resounding title.

We now number 5 officers and 39 O.R.s, not a bad effort in 4 months, but then we are very lucky. Not only are we in the vicinity of a large and modern organisation whose aid in providing skilled technical assistance is of incalculable value in training our infantile steps in the right (Signals) direction, but we are also allowed the run of about 300 acres for our field training. These, and other advantages, not excluding the use of their canteen, at special Cadet rates, have most certainly helped us to start off on the right foot.

But how could we do otherwise when we have as our guides and mentors such old hands as ex-R.Q.M.S. Blundell ("Tubby"), R.E. Signals, 1917. "Tubby" served in Mespot with the Wireless Squadron, Rawalpindi Division, and got out half a jump ahead of Johnny Turk (anybody remember the ½ kw. spark pack or 1½ kw. spark wagon set?).

Then we have Les Hadler and Dick Whitford, of No. 3 W.O.G., Touzla, San Stefano, and Constantinople fame. They send their best to all the old gang who used to foregather at Pete's, where the Douzico flowed like water. "Ah well, Nichevo, Nichevo, Karascho ?"

Then what about Ted Newmarch and Jerry Kenneally, R.E. Signals, 1919 ? They send their salaams to old Maresfield, Malaya, and Indian wallahs.

If you could take a look in the Admin. Office you would probably find buried under stacks of A.C.I.s C.O. Smith ("Smudger"), the only teetotaller known to have been welcomed at the Wompos table at Right Bank, 1924. Interviewed, "Smudger" says his football days are over. Old Sarafanders will remember him in the forward line with ex-Sergeant Gibson (lachry bonse) at centre-half in many a hard-fought football contest with the Palestine Police. He wishes to be remembered to Jimmy Prees, "Gibbo," "Aussie," Brownie, and Napier. (Where are they now?)

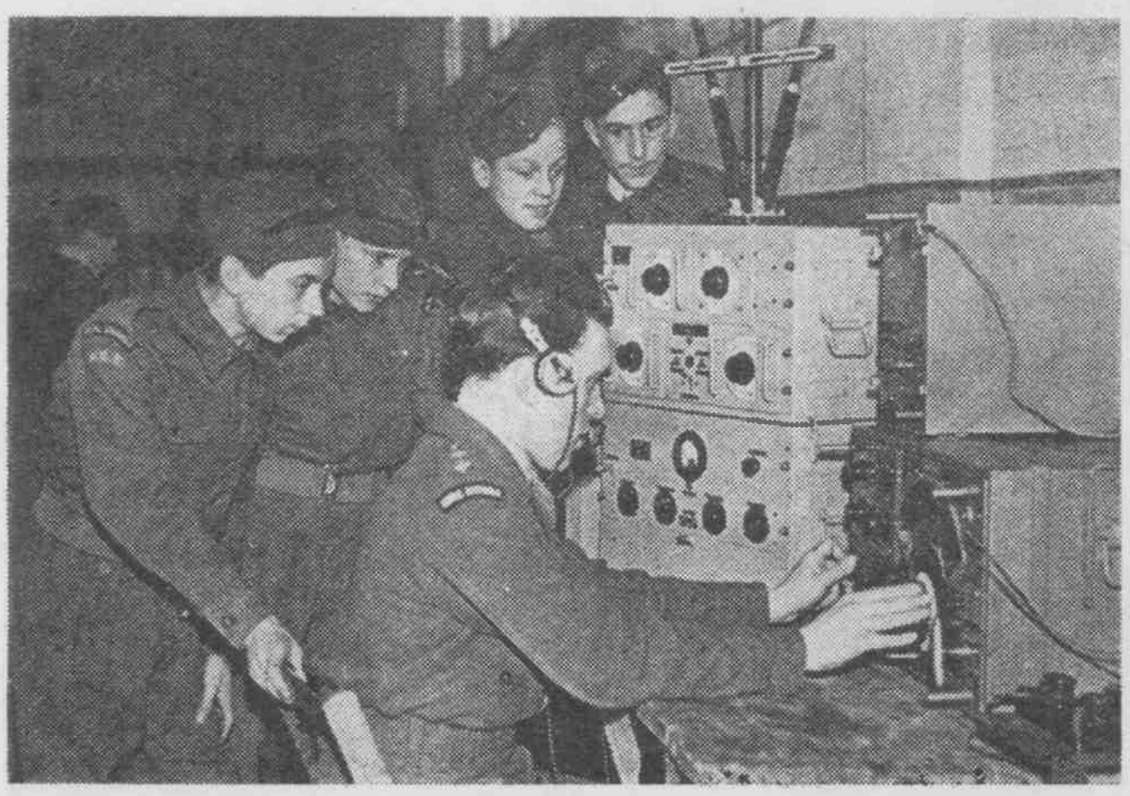
Other old-timers are Fred Hawkes, Basra Signals, 1921; "C" Divisional Signals, N.W. Frontier, 1923–26. He sends greetings to the old 13 (probably fellow-inmates of the Makina Glass House). Last, but certainly not least, a sound as of an intense drought revealed ex-Signalman Kiernan ("Snowy"), of swimming fame, who will be remembered by any survivors of that gallant band who attempted to break the drought in Baghdad, 1924.

So, Mr. Editor, with all this background, how could our Cadet Unit get off to otherwise than a flying start ?

We held a recruiting drive at Loughborough recently, with good results. The photograph shows one of our Cadet Officers demonstrating a modern communications receiver to Cadets at the "slow."

We hope to expand to three Troops in 1949, during which period also we intend to get about 30 per cent. of our Cadets through Certificate A, Part I. The biggest snag so far has been the impossibility of obtaining bugles and drums. Does anyone know where we can beg, borrow, or—whisper it—steal a set ? At present we are functioning on one bugle, and, judging by remarks, some people in the vicinity think that is one too many. But we do want a band.

A Very Happy New Year to all old and young signalmen, wherever they may be, from WOG



[*By courtesy of "Loughborough Monitor."*

22 CORPS (CADET) UNIT, ROYAL SIGNALS

Liverpool

Sorry, Leicester, but you've had it, for as we go to press comes the news of the birth of the newest child of the Corps, under the parentage of 22 Corps Signal Regiment, T.A., of Liverpool.

They have sent us an attractive batch of illustrated notes, which unfortunately arrived too late for inclusion this month, but will be "featured" in our next issue.

Incidentally, they wish to apologise to Lieutenant-Colonel J. Ernest Williams, M.C., and the 2nd County of London Cadet Battalion (Royal Signals) for their omission to acknowledge the good wishes received.

The Rise of the Mercenary Professional in British Sport

AN important change in the last 30 years of British sport has been the gradual change from amateurism to professionalism in every branch which has profited from the support of paying spectators.

Previously the outstanding personalities were amateurs. The majority, men of sufficient wealth, were able to pursue their sporting pleasures without receiving financial benefits from them. The professionals, however, were mainly lowly cap-touching characters, who were fortunate indeed to find employment after their active days had finished. A few managed to find comfortable berths, such as coaches to the Public Schools and Universities. But, in the main, the pursuit of sport for money was frowned upon by those in sporting circles.

Today the successful professional receives not only more money than his predecessors, but is also held in high regard by every section of the community. This is due to the fact that during the last war many famous professionals became " stars " in the public eye on account of their heroism in war. These men will be grateful additions to any social circle, yet in many sports it is still felt that it is not good form to have professionals representing this country or captaining a national side.

Soccer and cricket are still the most widely popular and successful sports. Yet on the whole the player of these games is paid less than any other sportsman. The " gate " money taken in a First Division football match is anything up to £5,000, whereas the " man in the middle " receives only a maximum of £12 per week. When transferred to another club for some fabulous sum, his new directors graciously bequeath him £10 for " signing on," plus a minute share of money for any benefit purpose.

Today the richest professional, if the heights are achieved, is the jockey. In the case of a flat racing jockey, who has reached the enviable position of champion, he may earn up to £15,000 per year. Another advantage is that the jockey stays in the top class much longer than most other leading athletes. There is no " red light " for him at the age of 40, whereas, other stars who rely on their own legs, rather than those of a horse, can see it beginning to glow 10 years earlier.

In one game it is profitable to maintain an amateur reputation. This is lawn tennis, and the routine for the last 20 years has been followed by most winners at Wimbledon. It is to win the premier award and then benefit from it almost immediately. Last year it was worth £12,500 to the winner.

These huge sums of money have resulted in giving an entirely different outlook on what constitutes sportsmanship. Of old, an amateur had to abide by a rigidly comprehended code of sporting ethics. The phrase, " That's not quite cricket," was definitely a rebuke. Today it raises a laugh. The facts are that only the most famous professionals can afford to be sporting; the average has to transgress the laws, as, having no other occupation, his position would be jeopardised. Thus are we inclined to jeer at the professional footballer who lies writhing on the pitch while the trainer dashes across to render first aid. By contrast, the amateur Rugby footballer often takes hard knocks; little short of a fracture, dislocation or concussion will cause him to cease playing. This is a far closer approximation to what has long been expounded as the ideal of British sportsmanship. Yet the one is a man whose livelihood may be permanently destroyed by injury, whereas, to the other, damage only means an interruption of his favourite relaxation.

Thus we have seen not only the rapid change from amateurism to professionalism but also that the status of the professional has changed. It is now he, rather than the amateur, who is the well-known figure in sport and who determines the form the game shall take.

The Incredible Journeys of Major-General Sir Hartley Wintney, K.B.E., C.B., M.C.

I WAS fortunate recently in being permitted to spend a short time with the Ruritanian Signal Corps. A description of the organisation, administration, and methods will, I feel sure, prove of interest and value to the officers of our own Corps.

Strict rules are laid down by the Ruritanian Director of Signals for the conduct of all signal services, and the standard of work produced is high. Chief among these is the rule making the head of the department or service responsible for paying, monthly, for any signal traffic originated by his subordinates. A nominal rate of 1 zelp (pronounced "zclp") per word is charged. (1 zelp = .0642 of £E1 (approx.).) As the Ruritanian heads of Services are paid by a voluntary subscription on the part of the Ruritanian civilians, the introduction of this rule has led to an amazing reduction in traffic on links within the Ruritanian Army as a whole.

As Ruritania is far ahead of this country in certain respects, the hours of work of the Ruritanian signal operator are circumscribed to an extent undreamed of, even by the keenest Iwannago in the British Army. There is also a local rule forbidding the use of Morse, as it is felt that the effort required to learn it is unworthy of the Ruritanian operator. A pair of white gloves is normally presented to the operator who manages to keep his logsheet unblemished for the period of his watch, a pleasant custom which has recently fallen into desuetude owing to the curtailed hours of work on the part of the glovemakers.

Most of the Ruritanian Signal Corps belong to a Welfare Club called the Commercial Union, which guards zealously the interests of its members. The head of the Commercial Union also has a seat in the Ruritanian Cabinet.

The telephone system installed in large headquarters has many features to commend it to the keen young Signal Officer. First, only officers of the rank of Brigadier and upwards are permitted to have a telephone at all. This, of course, strikes at the very root of the problem of switchboard staffing. There is no switchboard staffing problem in Ruritania.

In addition, all telephones are fitted with coin-boxes, thus permitting the senior officers to enjoy as many calls as they wish (to pay for). When I suggested that this practice would entail the senior officers spending a lot of money, I was told, " Yes, that's right." This answer will suffice to show the high standard of intelligence among the officers of the Ruritanian Signal Corps. To sum up, the advantages of the system as described above are as follows:

(1) No delay on calls.
(2) Calls are kept short and to the point.
(3) No private calls are made.
(4) There is no improper use of priorities.

Note. Priorities are charged at the following rates:

Priority	*Meaning*	*Price*
" P "	" Make it snappy, operator "	10 zelp
" OP "	" Must I wait all day ? "	20 zelp
" Oh ! "	" I don't care about the General, cut him off ! "	50 zelp
" Oh, I–I say "	(for General officers only) " Er, Miss, do you think I might have Ruritan 0123 ? "	1,000 zelp

I would recommend any young Signal Officer who wished to be noticed to introduce the above system.

J. J. ANNS

Branch Notes

Bournemouth

After an all too long lapse in notes from this branch, an omnibus edition seems to be called for, but with due regard for the Editor's space problems, we'll settle for an abridged version of our activities.

As usual, the first, and perhaps brightest, event of the year was our Annual Children's Party. It's always a pleasure to organise a do for the children, for they set out with the full intention of enjoying themselves, they don't give a hoot for inhibitions or keeping up with the Jones's, and the fun we get out of it, too, is nobody's business. Charlie Batt made a very good austerity Santa Claus, and Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. A. J. Hannah presided over the distribution of presents. Our Chairman, Harry Wright, produced his never-failing conjuring act, the bottomless pocketful of shiny sixpences, to round off a very enjoyable afternoon. This party was followed up by a dance, which—let us be frank about it—would have been a much greater success had members given it their full support. (Yes, I'm afraid that these notes, too, will have many references to the question of lack of support.)

Our Reunion Dinner, held in March, was a happy affair, at which we were delighted to welcome a host of old friends. One point in particular from the speeches which struck me as being very appropriate was that we, as ex-Service men, greatly appreciated the efforts which were made during time of war to provide the troops with facilities for getting their feet under a table during their off duty hours, but that the general public did not seem to realise that under present conditions of service that particular need, while not being so great, did still exist. I think that's a point we might all bear in mind.

There have been two or three enjoyable trips to local Messes, and we have done our best to return the compliment in so far as we are able in these days of austerity. The Warrant Officers and Sergeants of both Bovington and Lulworth Camps have taken the hide off us at darts, but we have been happy to find that we have lost little of our cunning at " Full Houses " or " N.A.A.F.I. Sandwiches." Another day found us coaching through Dorset, taking time out to visit the Tank Museum at Bovington, and some of the lines that were being dished out I would blush to even think about. These trips were all engineered by " Speedy " Worsfold, and his promptings to our coach driver to ascend and descend various precipices on Portland Bill led most of us to believe that he was still a member of the Trick Riding Team of—now when was it, " Speedy," '28 ?

Mercury House opening has brought us many old friends, and Major Dunningham will always be pleased to direct any visitors to our H.Q. at the Richmond Hotel, where we meet for business on the first Friday, and for a social evening on the third Friday, in the month. Do come along and look us up whenever you're in the neighbourhood. We're a mixed bag, the brew's good, we'll listen to your tallest yarn without batting an eyelid, we'll use any throw from 6 ft. to 60 ft., and we shall enjoy seeing you, and your wives and/or girl friends.

KELB

Waziristan Signals Reunion

THE inaugural gathering was held at Schmidt's Restaurant, Charlotte Street, London, W.1, on Friday, 7th January, 1949, with a preliminary meeting in the saloon bar of the Fitzroy Tavern. Twenty-one were present.

After a very pleasant repast, Captain D. G. Jamieson, who had arranged the gathering and done all the spade-work, in a witty speech, described his experiences in this connection, and detailed the original response, seven photographers, a number of entertainers of various types, and a really super-toastmaster.

He also tendered the good wishes of many others who were unable to be present, including those from Lieutenant-Colonel P. H. Smitherman, whom many will remember as the last Commanding Officer before the disbandment of the Regiment early last year. He is at present Commandant of the Pakistan Signal Corps Training Centre, and announced the fate of many well-known far-flung outcasts (sorry, outposts) to an interested audience, who doubtless felt that so many columns and R.O.D.s seem to have been in vain.

He then asked if it was the general desire that the reunion should be an annual function.

Captain L. N. Lloyd (Wireless Wazirforce, 1923-24, and Wazirdist Signals, 1932-35) conveyed the apologies of the General Secretary of the Royal Signals Association, Colonel A. W. Roberts, M.C., who had commanded the Unit from 1932 to 1936, and was unable to attend, being on tour. He strongly supported the plea that the reunion should continue, and regretted the fact that owing to short notice and lack of publicity there was not a larger response. He stressed the fact that Waziristan Signals was one of the original Units of the Indian Signal Service, formed in 1911 as the 34th Indian Signal Company, Sappers and Miners, and as such participated in the defence of Kut-al-Amara under General Townshend, and considered that a Unit with such a splendid record should not be allowed to be forgotten merely because political and strategical considerations had forced its disbandment. He emphasised the fact that although it was our association with Waziristan that was being commemorated, we must remember that we were still Signals, and that the movement should be kept within the orbit of the Royal Signals Association, and that any separatist tendency should be strongly resisted.

A vote of thanks was proposed by Mr. Cherington and unanimously approved before the party adjourned to the Tavern.

The opinion of those present was unanimous that the reunion should continue as an annual function, and Captain Jamieson was asked to arrange next year's reunion, and to ensure that it had adequate and early publicity.

It is proposed to hold a further informal gathering in London on Saturday, 16th April, with a view to contacting more old friends before next year's reunion.

Those present were: Major A. J. Hamilton, Captains Coleman, Jamieson, Lloyd, Patient, and Topham, Messrs. Allam, Bishop, Cherington, Clapham, Clow, Fitch, Flack, Hall, Jenn, Lugsden, Saker, Small, Taylor, Terry, and Tydie.

Former members of Waziristan District Signals (" C " Divisional Signals or 34th Divisional Signals, S. and M.) who are interested should write either to Captain D. G. Jamieson at St. John's College, Oxford, or to Captain L. N. Lloyd at the Headquarters of the Royal Signals Association, 88 Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1.

L. N. L.

Why not have your monthly copy of **THE WIRE** mailed direct to your address?

[*By courtesy of "Bristol Evening Post"*

Bristol and District

January

Not a minute to oneself these days, is there? What with smoking concerts and beery meetings, I seem to live in a state of perpetual "semi-intoxication," and it is only with great difficulty and the help of the medicine chest that I'm able to see straight.

One of the causes of the headache was the private and personal celebration due to the branch's skittle team's victory over the (no, THE) team of Bristol, the Grenadier Guards O.C.A. Our Team Secretary, Mr. A. H. Rogers, was looking very much under the weather when I saw him last, but is still looking forward to the next match.

Another cause for P. and P.C. was the fact that our Branch Secretary, Stan Wallen, and his wife, "Bubbles," have had tremendous luck in a draw recently; they are now three in family, and I feel sure that all readers will join me in offering condolen——. Sorry, congratulations.

In the first paragraph I mentioned a smoking concert. Our monthly meetings are held at the "Old Duke," Queen Charlotte Street, Bristol, on the second Friday in each month, and at our last meeting we held an informal "smoker." The concert went down very well under the able direction of a visiting compère, Joe Charlish, after being opened by him sounding the Fall In on his boogle (is that spelt right?). There were several other good turns, and the bell on the till made sweet music as thirsty throats were slaked.

May I take this opportunity of calling the attention of all potential visitors to Bristol to the dates of our meetings (see above). We gather at about 7.30, and the "cops" on our beat are very friendly; they don't mind us singing "Begone, Dull Care," or even "Nelly Dean." We will look forward to seeing a few "unfamiliar" faces, I hope, after this little reminder.

By the time you read this we will, in all probability, have held our New Year Dance. At least, I've heard that our Social Secretary has something up his sleeve, and when Ken Brown starts working, there's no knowing what may happen. So perhaps there'll be some news in our next.

Finally, may I draw your attention to our photos published herein. Should you recognise anyone as an old pal, why not communicate through the "usual channels"? We will do all in our power to help strengthen inter-branch friendship.

If there are those among us who would like to see them, or, having seen, would like to possess copies of the photos, I have the proofs at 31 Milner Road, Horfield, Bristol (Tel. 47183), and will be only too pleased to oblige.

Well, dear friends, I really must pack up now and get to bed. Another meeting tomorrow evening. Wish me luck—the missus doesn't know about this one yet!

Cheers for now, more next month. BEE-EE-BEE

[*By courtesy of "Western Daily Press and Bristol Mirror"*

Birmingham

Certainly it was a very wet evening. Also Christmas was only just receding into the land of happy memories. Yet, somehow that didn't seem to justify the poor attendance at the Crown Hotel, Broad Street, on Thursday, 30th December. The right word, we think, will be "apathy." It has an ugly

sound in connection with this branch, and we sincerely hope that we are quite wrong. However, those of us who braved the elements and managed to find an odd copper left over enjoyed a couple of hours with friends. Mr. E. H. Pickering says he has not yet heard from Mr. Dick Newbury. If anyone has information on this or any other subject to give away, a line to "Barleux," at 89 Springfield Road, Moseley, Birmingham, 13, will help to extend these notes.

Is there a branch of the Association at Aldershot? If there is, does Major Bernard Rowe, M.M., show up there? Major (Q.M.) Bob Barlow wants to know if he can join the Old Soldiers' Column. He confesses that he only enlisted as a boy in March, 1913, changed to the T.A. in January, 1937, mobilised September, 1939, demobilised October, 1945, and immediately re-employed as Camp Commandant, Castle Bromwich, until March, 1947, when he returned to the T.A. with 1/20 Army Signal Regiment, Hall Green. Shows no signs of breaking up yet. Names like Bert Trapmore, Charlie Wakeley, "Dixie," "Nobby" Clarke, Eddie Hay, John Freemantle run through his mind as he reaches back into the past. He even remembered Boy (now Major) "Dub" Hales without reading the notes from Scarborough. What a life! But who would change it? Did you think that the December WIRE was a very good effort? Someone really is trying to get the magazine on the up and up. We wish them all success. We who try to sell a few copies realise only too well the existence of much sales resistance.

"Buy a WIRE?"

"Not something likely."

"Why not. Aren't you interested in the Corps?"

"I'm finished with the Army."

See what I mean? He is finished with the Army. That's what *he* thinks, but skip that for the moment. There is another curious thing that puzzles us in this branch. We have dealt speedily and efficiently with several cases of hardship, or rather Mr. Carl Brown has. Occasionally, the people helped are not members of the Association. We don't mind about that. If they need help, they get it. They are always most grateful for anything that we can do, but ask them to join the Signals Association! Oh dear no. Wouldn't think of it.

What sort of people do we think they are? Frankly, we don't know. The problem has us beaten.

Before we forget, the Annual General Meeting of this branch will be held in the Drill Hall, Cateswell House, Stratford Road, Hall Green, on 11th March, 1949, at 7 p.m. Lieutenant-Colonel D. G. Collins, M.B.E., T.D., has kindly allotted this excellent hall for the purpose. Refreshments of the right sort will be available, and if necessary the central heating will be going all out. We can promise you a very interesting evening. Make a note of the date. No, silly, not on your cuff. You may be changing your shirt any time now. Bring your wife if you like, there is plenty of room.

Sheffield and District

The December meeting of this branch, held at the D.E.G.A. Club, attracted an attendance of upwards of 50 members and guests, and took the form of a very pleasant dance and social evening.

As the evening progressed, many pleasant surprises were unfolded. A band appeared, then lavish refreshments, followed by a "lucky number" present, and finally, and most unexpected, some of the best ices which we had tasted for some time. The thanks of the Committee are due to Mrs. Needham, Mrs. G. E. Stone, and helpers; Mr. Lee and Mr. Mantafield for their greatly appreciated assistance and generosity.

Members are reminded that the branch meets on the fourth Wednesday of the month at 7.30 p.m., for the present, at the D.E.G.A. Club (junction of Collegiate Crescent and Broomhall Road), Sheffield, 10, and further members will be welcomed.

JONAH

ROYAL SIGNALS BENEVOLENT FUND

RECEIPTS DURING DECEMBER, 1948

Subscriptions

	£	s.	d.
H.Q., B.A.O.R. Signal Regiment	2	11	7
Tripolitania Signal Squadron	2	8	5
35 (U) A.A. Indep. (M) Signal Squadron, T.A.	4	5	8
Thames Estuary and East Anglian Coast Troop	1	14	0
Kent Coast Troop	5	0	2

Donations

19th Indian Division (The Dagger Division) ...	10	0	0
Mrs. Walker	6	10	0
District Paymaster, London District ... ... (Details not given)	37	3	10
Ditto	7	18	3
Total	£77	11	11

Expenditure during December, 1948, £346 3s. 11d. (includes assistance given with: General assistance, rent, rates and insurance, cots and prams, beds and bedding, clothing, furniture, hospital and doctors' fees, removals, fares, rehabilitation and funerals).

Analysis of Cases: Families of Soldiers serving in U.K. 4, FARELF 1, B.A.O.R. 1, B.T.A. 1; Widows and Dependants of deceased Soldiers, 4; Released and Discharged Soldiers, 51; total number of cases, 62.

ROYAL SIGNALS OLD COMRADES ASSOCIATION

Members registered at Association Headquarters during December, 1948:—

Life members	10
Annual members	33

TO FISH OR NOT TO FISH

By **GEORGE F. FIRKIN**

WHEN man first started hunting he found fish an excellent meal not very hard to obtain. As the ages passed, he developed easier methods of catching more fish at any one time.

However, after a while, fishing divided itself into two categories, that of catching fish easily in bulk, and that of catching fish of better quality but in smaller numbers by pitting man's skill against that of the fish.

The latter occupation has developed through the last few centuries into a highly-skilled art, but is still an encounter between one man and one fish.

This art has been handed down to us as a sport, which may be practised as a means of filling our leisure hours, rather than as a commercial proposition.

Suddenly we are confronted by a large and powerful body who condemn this sport as being cruel, and picture anglers as sadistic killers preying on unwary fish merely to satisfy a lust to kill.

Yet they themselves will eat fish caught amongst thousands in large nets—killed to provide food for man.

Such fish have no chance of escape, whereas the fish caught by the angler have everything in their favour. They are on their own ground, have sight, sound and even taste with which to avoid capture. These odds are borne out by the extreme skill and patience which anglers show and by the high standard of the equipment used.

Thus, we are faced with the danger of others applying petty qualms of conscience to a sport which they are not prepared to practise in their lives.

Consequently, in this the 20th century, an age of restrictions, sportsmen must not tolerate any such restriction on fishing—their inheritance.

Life in B.A.O.R.

Wives' Viewpoints

Having been a reader of THE WIRE for 16 years except when not printed during the war years, I have not, of course, ever seen a letter from a wife. However, I am hoping that this may find its way into print.

I have been in the B.A.O.R. since 20th December, 1947, and at once saw that all I had previously read in newspapers was not true to the wives' minds.

The housing facilities are varied. By that I mean that some families are in flats, whilst others are in houses. I am the proud possessor of a flat which has all the modern conveniences — hall, bathroom and toilet, two large bedrooms, large kitchen, and one sitting room, with a sun verandah. A good long garden with fruit trees finishes it off.

The rations here are the same as those issued to soldiers and are liable to be boring unless one does one's own cooking, which I prefer to do myself.

Some of the wives, of course, have their servant or maid, but when one has lived in one's own house and is married 11½ years it is only natural that you would prefer to look after your own house, although you are in a foreign country.

The amenities are many, and in Dusseldorf (20 minutes by car) I am able to visit opera, variety, cinemas and clubs, all of which are very modern and relatively cheap. But don't forget, my husband has to pay for the car just the same as he pays for the bus in England.

In my own area, an open-air swimming pool and tennis court are right opposite the Camp entrance, and it is here that my daughter aged 6½ years may find herself, instead of being at home for tea after school (girls will be girls).

The area round about is very wooded, and most trees are of the "pine" class, which gives the air a nice clean smell.

Now to the housewife's headache. Shopping in the N.A.A.F.I. is not all cream, cakes and a cup of tea. Many of the commodities which we buy there (not on issue from large rations) are 30 per cent. to 60 per cent., and in some cases 100 per cent., dearer than in England. The cause of this is freightage, damages and losses, so one may be out of pocket in many things but in pocket in others, and it is certainly not cheaper here than in England.

Last but not least is the holidays.

I have only been to one holiday centre, Norderney. So to cut a long story short, if all the holiday centres in this country are the same—so well run, with civility and no worry for the wife with a baby, however young—then I am staying until my husband has to leave this country through no fault of his own.

To all wives one last sentence. If your husband is out here, then take all steps possible to join him, and have no fear of what he may or may not do whilst away from you. I may add that I had a house full of furniture; well, do the same as I did and store it with a firm or with friends: then all will be much happier. As I said to my husband, "No frat till repat."

MRS. E. M. PITT

A Soldier's Life

It may well become apparent from the small picture I have been able to outline in the space available that much is done to keep the soldier occupied, both on and off duty. The encouragement most certainly exists. That is, of course, the general idea. Much has been written in various popular newspapers at home of the moral standards in Germany to-day. Little more than a low standard can be expected amongst the poverty and ruin of Germany at the moment. Much has been done and is being done to protect the soldier from the many evils into which he may quite easily fall. Condemn the soldier if you will for falling by the wayside, but consider first, please, the disadvantages of Service life in B.A.O.R. Disadvantages there are, both important and otherwise, but they all add up to a pretty weighty load. Homesickness is probably the greatest individual setback—homesickness which cannot be overcome by a week-end pass to the home town or village: week-end passes home simply do not exist. Home, one's own intimate friends and neighbours, a sweetheart or chum, one's own people, and almost one's own tongue, all are lost for six-monthly periods. At home the soldier may fraternise with British girls without being accused of having a low moral standard. The instinct is perfectly natural and healthy, and out here in Germany the number of British girls is incompatible with the number of Service men. Attraction is unavoidable and it would be foolish to endeavour to suppress it. Friendship with the better type of Germans is being encouraged, and should be. Some soldiers are married to German girls. Let's wish them all the best of luck, and accept this as a normal outcome of close contact by occupation—it is, and forever will be. The B.A.O.R. soldier needs a strong will and a higher purpose than his counterpart at home, and mayhap one day the present mud slingers will hand out bouquets to the large numbers who do remain chaste and pure, despite all temptation, because those men have developed a determined and strong will.

Further disadvantages of service in B.A.O.R. are many, but I only intend to mention the more irksome. Local transport, unless one serves in a large town, is just non-existent. One moves about by the rule of thumb method that became so familiar during the war years, but not all have sufficient courage to face a refusal, and walk quite long distances at times. For example, a journey from Luneberg to Hamburg, a distance of probably thirty odd miles, is a very haphazard business unless one's own times coincide with the few available trains. Invariably one hitch-hikes, which entails at least a lot of discomfort and delay. The difficulties of providing transport are appreciated, and one "soldiers on," hoping and trusting that time will mend all. The friendly and homely atmosphere of the local public house is absent and one really misses these things. Possibly most of all the soldier out here misses the fish and chips after a cinema show or what have you. Open fish and chip shops in Germany and many more, I'm sure, would soldier on. So much for the single man. The married man who holds no rank is possibly the most hard done by. Living costs are extremely high, and from my own experience I fail to see how the married private manages to keep out of debt. Many cases of whom I know personally cannot afford to pay for their own children's rations and have to live off a lesser diet. Prices in the N.A.A.F.I. Married Families' Shops are high; in some cases almost twice the price of the same article at home. Grievances there are many, particularly against N.A.A.F.I. prices, and until these are ironed out the private soldier can never feel really secure and happy about serving in B.A.O.R. One good example of the unfairness and injustice of living costs is the price paid for tomatoes by the Germans (the vanquished) and the British (the victors?). The German pays 40 Pfennigs per pound, a matter of about 2½d., while the British serving man pays 1s. 9d., the current N.A.A.F.I. price. Such a discrepancy for a non-profitmaking establishment is truly

amazing, to say the least. Married quarters are very good, well and adequately furnished, and a senior N.C.O. or Warrant Officer with his family in Germany can pursue a reasonably happy and normal life, with very little worry. In conclusion I might sum up by saying that generally speaking I consider that the soldier's lot in B.A.O.R. compares very favourably with the soldier serving in any other part of the world.

SGT. S. H. HARCOURT

1 Independent Wing Signal Troop, Air Formation Signals, Austria

To-day is one of those days which obscure the natural beauty of the scene from my office window, with low clouds sitting serenely in the valleys and the mountain peaks popping like silhouettes in and out as the clouds move.

Let me, if I may, tell you something of the geography and the life of us chaps who make up this small Troop in Austria.

The Troop Headquarters are at Zeltweg, an airfield 2,200 feet above sea level, situated on the main Klagenfurt-Vienna road, about 70 miles from the former and 130 miles from the latter. It is 27 miles from the nearest town of any size, therefore well isolated from the normal social activities.

Visitors, especially from Germany, are ardent in their praises of the beauty of the country and the natural setting of the airfield.

The station buildings are laid out in blocks to form a semi-circle. Each building is two stories high, and consists of four large rooms and a number of smaller rooms; each small room is big enough to hold two men comfortably.

This Troop occupies one complete block and we are comfortably housed. We use the small rooms for sleeping accommodation and the big rooms for games and reading rooms. In each small room we have either a wireless set or an extension speaker. We have in our rooms a personal choice of pictures and furniture, and the majority of us have bedside reading lamps. It is also arranged for pals to share the same room together whenever possible.

We get a 48-hour pass once a month and 10 days leave between each period of privilege leave. We get two privilege leaves a year, each of 19 days. There are various places we can go on leave from here, including Italy.

There is a good choice of recreation locally, consisting of fishing, shooting, boating, ski-ing, cycling, photography, swimming, tennis and hiking. Recreational transport is run to leave centres, and the cost of all these facilities is quite small.

It can be seen, therefore, that facilities here are varied and plentiful; in fact, Austria is a tourists' delight, for it caters for all types and temperaments.

The station has a very good library, dance hall, cinema, N.A.A.F.I. canteen, dark room for photography and a very good hockey, football and cricket ground. A dance is held each week; this is a great success. The local Austrian girls are invited to attend the dance. The cinema gives five shows a week provided films are available.

A detachment of this Troop is stationed at Schwechat, the British airfield for Vienna. The airfield is situated about 12 miles from Vienna. The facilities there are therefore open to the detachment. All tastes are catered for in Vienna from grand opera to night clubs, cinemas and N.A.A.F.I. clubs.

The station at Zeltweg is unfortunately a non-family station; this is because facilities for the children's education and transport for families are not available.

From the above one can gather that soldiering in Austria is not at all bad and, although there is plenty of work to do, leisure hours can be spent enjoying the country and its natural beauty.

NO. 1 WING TROOP (AUSTRIA)

SPORTS NOTES

Royal Signals in Egypt, 1948

By Our Own Correspondent

The Royal Corps of Signals, always in the fray with all forms of sport, turned out a Corps cricket team in Egypt last year. Owing to difficulties in transport and changes in personnel, only three matches were played, all on the Kitchener Road Ground, Moascar.

The first game was played on 6th July against the strong Egyptian C.C. The Corps won the toss and batted first, making 96, thanks mainly to a dashing innings by Colonel Vulliamy. In return, the Egyptians started well, de Botton hitting a 6 with the first ball, but fared little better against steady bowling and keen fielding, being all out for 101. Signals made 118 in their second innings, a feature of which was the bowling of Abdou. This grand cricketer, who will be known to many who served in Egypt as the cricket professional at Gezira Club, took all 10 wickets for 34 runs. The Egyptians were left with 114 runs for victory, and had to fight for every one of them. A grand 62 by de Botton, who, with a stubborn partner in Fares Sarofeen Bey, the Egyptian captain, put on 48 for the sixth wicket, turned the game in their favour and they got the runs with 4 wickets to spare. Scores: Royal Signals, first innings, 96 (Vulliamy 34, Bishara 5 for 42, Abdou 4 for 47) and 118 (Rider 31, Abdou 10 for 34); Egyptian C.C. 101 (Bryant 5 for 46) and 114 for 6 (de Botton 62 not out, Fares Sarofeen Bey 18 not out, Bryant 3 for 29).

The second match, which was played on 11th July against the R.A.S.C., was again a bowlers' game. Kitchener Road lived up (or down) to its reputation as a low-scoring ground. The Corps batted first, but found it difficult to score against the length and spins of Sadler and Chapman, and were all out for 58. The R.A.S.C. started confidently—too confidently, perhaps—but they reckoned without Bryant and Williams, the two Corps fast bowlers, who bowled unchanged in both innings. Only Sadler reached double figures, and the R.A.S.C. were dismissed for 33 in 14 overs. They immediately batted again, but the combination of Bryant and Williams was too strong for them, and they were all out for 45. Bryant bowled 10 overs in this second innings, 6 of them maidens. The Corps were left with 21 runs to get, a total they achieved for the loss of 2 wickets. Scores: Royal Signals 58 (Sadler 6 for 12, Chapman 3 for 32) and 21 for 2; R.A.S.C. 33 (Williams 7 for 11, Bryant 3 for 14) and 45 (Bryant 8 for 11, Williams 2 for 28).

The third match was played on 28th-29th August. Opposing the Signals this time was the Royal Army Educational Corps, and the bowlers did not have it all their own way. Once again Hall, the Signals captain, who has a way with coins, won the toss and elected to bat. With the first ball of the match, Meik was clean bowled by Rann, but Jarvis and Lewis-Barclay rallied, and a grand unbeaten knock of 46 by Hall saved the situation somewhat. The Corps were all out for 133. The R.A.E.C. started well, and when stumps were drawn were 30 for no wicket, but the following morning Lewis-Barclay and Kraft were let loose with their spin, and R.A.E.C. were out at lunch time, also for 133. It was anybody's game. After lunch the Corps went for the runs, and in a shade under two hours were all out for 140. The R.A.E.C. started badly, losing 5 wickets for 40, and, changing their tactics, decided to play out time, being 69 for 8 when time was finally called. Scores: Royal Signals 133 (Hall 46 not out, Lewis-Barclay 29, Rann 5 for 38) and 140 (Kraft 23, Cox 21, Lewis-Barclay 21, Willoughby 21, Newbury 5 for 50); R.A.E.C. 133 (Williams 42, Rann 42 not out, Lewis-Barclay 4 for 51, Kraft 3 for 15) and 69 for 8 (Lewis-Barclay 3 for 15, Rider 2 for 18).

In spite of the many changes, due to postings and release, the Signals played well together. Enthusiastically captained by J. Hall, their fielding was always keen, the best fielder being the captain, who brought off some excellent catches near the wicket. It is to be hoped that circumstances will allow more representative games in 1949.

3 G.H.Q. Signal Regiment, stationed in Fayid, won the District Cricket League for the second year in succession. The mainstay of the batting were Willoughby, Cox, and Meik. Bowling honours were shared by March, Twigg, and the discovery of the year, Williams, a medium-fast bowler with a deceptively slow run up; he kept a fine length and bowled devastatingly for Army (Egypt) *v.* R.A.F. (Egypt). Though not "officially" classed as a bowler, Meik took 31 wickets at a cost of 7 runs each with his underarms.

Rugby

In the third round of the Army Cup, 1 Training Regiment visited Edinburgh and defeated 1st Battalion Royal Scots by 57 points to 9. The game was not so one-sided as the scores indicate, as the Royal Scots forwards were very good in the tight and in the loose, but the brilliance of the Signals backs was of a very high standard. It must have been very disheartening for the Royal Scots to be pressing when the ball came out like a flash from one scrum *via* Mason at scrum-half to N. M. Hall, and thence by Froggetts and Murphy to Jackson, who ran the whole length of the field twice in the first five minutes to score under the posts. The Royal Scots never gave up trying and tackled well, but they were outclassed. As "Jock" Wemyss, the old Scottish International, said after the match, "1 Training Regiment, on this form, would beat most club sides in Scotland."

The number of good Rugby players among Signals at Catterick in 1948–49 can be judged from the fact that on 4th December, 1948, although four "stars" were playing for Yorkshire *v.* Cheshire, one XV defeated Old Lesdiansians 1st XV in the fifth round of the Yorkshire Cup, while another XV defeated Billingham 1st XV; both these clubs are prominent in N.E. Rugby and run several XVs.

There are now six teams left in the Army Rugby Cup competition, and on 20th January 1 Training Regiment play the Duke of Wellington's at Strensall. The following went on the Irish tour with the Army XV: Captain T. G. H. Jackson, Second-Lieutenant N. M. Hall, Second-Lieutenant J. W. Hall, Second-Lieutenant I. S. Gloag, Second-Lieutenant Marshall, Signalman Mason, Sergeant Rees, and Signalman Cross (eight Signals!).

On 18th December, Jackson and Gloag played in the Scottish International Trial, while Hall and Mason played in the English International Trial on the same day. Heartiest congratulations to Second-Lieutenant N. M. Hall on being chosen to captain England *v.* Wales at Cardiff on 15th January, and to Captain T. G. H. Jackson on being chosen for Scotland *v.* France in Paris. Haydn Tanner and Glyn Davies, the Welsh halves, are both ex-Signals, and if Signalman Mason, who played in the first two English Trials and was a reserve in the first Trial, could have partnered Hall, as many expected, we should have seen all the halves in an International Signals or ex-Signals, and a battle between Past and Present members of the Corps.

Royal Signals v. *Royal Engineers*
at Ripon on 11th January

The Inter-Corps representative match between Royal Signals and Royal Engineers was played at Ripon on 11th January before a large crowd. Signals were without Captain T. G. H. Jackson (Scotland) and Second-Lieutenant N. M. Hall (England), who had to stand down in view of the Internationals at Paris and Cardiff, respectively, on 15th January.

The band of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment played selections before the game and during the interval. The Sappers had evidently taken a great deal of trouble to make this annual match a success, and the ground was in first-rate condition. After the game their hospitality was enjoyed by a large number of guests who had been privileged to watch an excellent struggle between two very good sides.

Signals won the toss and elected to play against the strong wind, which blew diagonally across the ground. Five minutes from the start Signals were penalised for "foot-up," and Sappers kicked a goal from the easy position. An unconverted try served from a forward scramble near the Signals line made the Sappers 6 points up. Shortly afterwards, Signalman Mason, the Signals scrum-half, was injured and retired to the wing, Tranter becoming scrum-half and Taylor joining the threequarters, while Pollard dropped back to full-back.

Despite the handicap Signals pressed, and Cross broke away from a scrum near midfield, ran strongly, and then handed to Rees, who passed to Gloag, who scored a good try. Murphy failed with the kick, and the teams changed over with the Sappers leading by 6 points to 3.

With the wind behind them, Signals had rather the better of the play, although the heavier Sapper pack got the ball in most of the scrums. A magnificent passing movement, in which both forwards and backs took part, ended by Gloag scoring in the corner. The kick failed. Although Mason had returned as scrum-half, his injury prevented him from sending out an efficient service, and he was often smothered with the ball by the Sapper wing forwards. This prevented the superior Signals backs from getting a fair share of the ball. When they did do so, however, they handled smoothly, but the keen Sappers' tackling prevented a score. Towards the close the Sappers were penalised near the centre spot, and Tranter dropped a magnificent penalty goal to win the match for Signals. Among the forwards, Cross and Johnson, and Rees among the backs, were outstanding. For the Sappers, Phillips "hooked" well, and Major Thomas was always prominent in the tight and in the loose.

The following team represented the Corps: Second-Lieutenant J. Taylor, Second-Lieutenant I. S. Gloag (captain), Sergeant Rees, Lance-Corporal Tranter, Signalman Pollard, Signalman Murphy, Signalman Mason, Second-Lieutenant Shenton, Second-Lieutenant J. W. Hall, Signalman Johnson, Second-Lieutenant Hunter, Corporal Froom, Signalman Cross, Officer-Cadet Marshall, Signalman D. R. Hall.

Football

The Corps met R.A.O.C. at the Central Ground, Catterick Camp, on 12th January, and a very even game resulted in a 1—0 win for our visitors.

Andrews lost the toss and Signals kicked off facing a blinding sun. Signals pressed immediately but their finishing was very weak. The R.A.O.C. took some little time to get going, but when they did their approach work was a delight to watch.

Anders, the Ordnance centre, put in some good work and had bad luck with a shot that struck the crossbar. The teams crossed over with the score 0—0, mainly due to an excellent Signals defence in which Watson, the Signals keeper, sparkled.

Early in the second half some good work by Anders led to Yorston opening the Ordnance account with a shot which gave Watson no chance. Signals pressed and Anderson had a very good shot well saved by Leather, the Ordnance custodian. Play swept from end to end, and Mays did well to head over a hard shot from Anders, with Watson unsighted.

The resultant corner was fruitless and Signals went away, but once again their finishing was poor. In the closing stages Signals wing-halves strove valiantly to get the forwards moving, and both Andrews and Fox went close with good attempts.

Hockey

The Corps side carried out its annual South of England

tour during the first ten days of December, 1948. Fixtures were:

1st December. v. R.A., at Woolwich.
8th December. v. R.M.A., at Sandhurst.
10th December. v. R.E.M.E., at Bicester.

Unfortunately, our game with the Gunners had to be postponed owing to persistent fog.

Royal Signals v. *R.M.A., Sandhurst*

The Corps team was met at Camberley by Major Jerry McGill, who is known to many in the Corps. Major McGill certainly knew what was required by us to wear off the effects of a long all-night train journey. Before lunch we were shown the Library and the College Chapel and several other places of interest. We lunched with our opponents, who wanted to know all about us and our Corps. We, too, were keen to see how the R.M.A. lived, and so a lively interest was created. The game was played in perfect weather and was fast from the bully-off, with Sandhurst putting on pressure and Signals being hard pressed to keep them out. At this stage S.Q.M.S. Deegan, our right-back, saved the situation on several occasions. Gradually the Corps side began to settle down and the game took on a give and take aspect. From a short corner Signalman Gardner scored the only goal of the game. Half-time: Signals 1, R.M.A. 0.

The second half opened in the same manner as the first, with both defences maintaining a firm grip on the game. Play was even until the College decided that things were not going too well for them, and they then piled on the pressure, and for the last 15 minutes the Signals defence was hard pressed to keep out the lively forwards of their opponents. A fast and enjoyable game came to an end with Signals still leading by 1 goal to 0.

Here mention must be made of the fine sporting spirit of our opponents both off and on the field. Thanks, R.M.A., Sandhurst.

For our side, a grand game was played by S.Q.M.S. Deegan in defence.

Royal Signals v. *R.E.M.E., at Bicester*

Our arrival at Bicester was heralded with a spell of extremely cold and windy weather, resulting in the game having to be played on a school pitch, the R.E.M.E. ground being completely under water. Although the ground was treacherous in all respects, an exceedingly fast and hard-hitting game was enjoyed by all, with the possible exception of "Paddy" Deegan, who had the misfortune to receive a nasty blow on the right cheek-bone. (On going to press, we hear that "Q" Deegan has fully recovered.)

The game was slow from the start, due to the players having some difficulty in finding a foothold on the slippery ground. R.E.M.E. possessed a good all-round team and their forwards were soon in our "D" and giving the Signals goalkeeper a hot time. Once again our defence remained steady, and gradually our halves began to take control of the game, but it was R.E.M.E. who opened the scoring, and half-time came with them in the lead, 1 goal to 0.

In the second half it was Signals' turn to apply the pressure. This we did to good advantage, Signalman Gardner scoring two goals and Sergeant Hammond one. Towards the end of the game R.E.M.E. tried hard to even the scores. Their efforts were successful in so far as making the score 3 goals to 2 in our favour. This was the state of affairs at the final whistle.

Hearty congratulations to Second-Lieutenant Peter Ashworth and Signalman Gardner on being selected to play for the Army *v.* Scotland in Glasgow on 13th December, 1948.

* * *

CORPS TIES

A limited supply is now available at the Headquarters of the Association, artificial silk at 7s. 6d., and a *very* small number of the uncrushable quality at 10s. 6d.

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THE WIRE

VOL. 3 (New Series) No. 3

MARCH 19

THE WIRE

The Corps Magazine of the
ROYAL SIGNALS

The Official Organ of the
SIGNALS ASSOCIATION

All correspondence and notes for "The Wire" should be addressed to: The Editor, "The Wire," 88 Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1.

Remittances should be made payable to: Royal Signals Association. Subscription rates (post free, except air mail): Twelve months, 10s.; single month, 1s.

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MARCH • 1949

Volume 3 *New Series* **No. 3**

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PRICE: ONE SHILLING

Editorial

WE are asked by the War Office (D.P.A.) to give publicity to the scheme under which officers who served during the war and have been released are asked to join the Regular Army Reserve of Officers, the Territorial Army Reserve of Officers, and the Army Officers' Emergency Reserve. Announcement of this scheme was made at the end of December, 1948, and we are aware that in our case A.G.11 (O) has laid on an experienced staff to deal with applications. Perhaps through lack of publicity there have only been a comparatively small number of applications.

Readers of THE WIRE are asked to mention the matter to any of their friends who served as officers and have since been released.

All information on the subject, as far as Royal Signals is concerned, may be obtained from the War Office, A.G.11 (O), Lansdowne House, London, W.1. Telephone: REGent 8494. Ext. 2725.

* * *

We anticipate, indeed hope for, a spate of abusively worded letters indicating disapproval of the plain cover of this issue of THE WIRE. We, all of us, in Royal Signals must plead guilty. In other words, if you want a picture on the cover, *you* must provide it. The editorial staff are much too busy proof-reading to go out and search.

A front cover photograph for the April WIRE is already in possession. That gives Royal Signals a month to produce.

* * *

Royal Signals will desire to give their good wishes to the Auxiliary Territorial Service on becoming the Women's Royal Army Corps, and a part of the Regular and Territorial Armies. What's in a name ! But it does give those who desire it a career in the Army with proper terms of service. Long may they flourish and provide us with that well-nigh indispensable adornment of so many of our Signal offices. The change in title and all that it implies took place on the 1st February, and so these good wishes are late. It was, in fact, impossible to discover that the firm date was 1st February before the February number of THE WIRE went to press.

We publish later in this number an article by Controller M. K. Crew-Read tracing the history of the Auxiliary Territorial Service to the 1st February.

OBITUARY

We regret to announce the death on 28th February, 1949, of Major-General E. V. Turner, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.

The funeral on 3rd March was attended by Major-General C. W. Fladgate, C.B.E., Representative Colonel Commandant ; by Brigadier E. J. Murphy, C.B.E., representing the Association, and by Colonel E. J. H. Moppett, representing the Director of Signals.

ROYAL SIGNALS OFFICERS' CLUB

Annual Dinner

The Annual Dinner will take place on Monday, 30th May, 1949, at Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.1, at 7.0 for 7.30 o'clock. The Representative Colonel-Commandant will preside.

All subscribing officers, serving or who have served in the Royal Signals, Indian Signal Corps, or Signal Service, including officers of the Territorial Army, Supplementary Reserve and officers of Allied Corps of the Dominions, are eligible to attend the dinner.

Subscribing members wishing to attend the dinner will please inform the Hon. Secretary of the Club of the fact by not later than 30th April, 1949. Numbers are limited and the list will be made up in order of receipt of application.

Price of tickets for the dinner: Members, 15s.; non-members, 25s. The price of the ticket will include gratuities and one glass of wine for toasts. Other drinks and smokes will be paid by the individual members at the time of ordering.

Dress: A.C.I. 1010 of 1948. Either full evening dress or dinner jackets with miniature Orders, decorations and medals. If dinner jackets are worn, neck badges, broad ribbands, stars and badges of orders will *not* be worn. N.B.: Lounge suits will not be worn.

Note: Officers with Regular Commissions are reminded that if they pay the annual voluntary subscription of their rank to the Corps Funds, they are automatically a subscribing member of the Corps Dinner Club.

The annual subscription to the Royal Signals Officers' Dinner Club is 2s. for second-lieutenants and lieutenants, and 5s. for captain and above, plus a 5s. entrance fee for lieutenants and above. Retired officers, no entrance fee but 5s. annual subscription. Cheques should be made payable to Royal Signals Officers' Dinner Club.

Officers wishing to become members should apply in writing to: The Hon. Secretary, Royal Signals Officers' Dinner Club, Room 97, Horse Guards, Whitehall, London, S.W.1.

It is hoped that there will be room for a certain number of officers who are not members of the Club.

Any officer wishing to attend will please make application on the specified form and enclose a cheque for £1 5s., payable to Royal Signals Dinner Club, and send it as above before 30th April, 1949.

His name will be placed on a list in order of application and he will be notified by 15th May, 1949, whether or not there is room for him. In the event of there being insufficient room the £1 5s. will be refunded.

Tea Party

It has again been decided to hold a Tea Party for Regular Royal Signals Officers and their wives at the Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.1, at 4.0 for 4.30 o'clock on Tuesday, 31st May, 1949.

The Colonel-in-Chief, H.R.H. The Princess Royal, C.I., G.C.V.O., G.B., has graciously accepted an invitation to be present.

Tickets at 8s. 6d. per person (includes gratuities) may be obtained from the C.S.O., London District, Room 97, Horse Guards, Whitehall, London, S.W.1. Seating accommodation is very limited and if you wish to be present you are requested to apply for tickets early.

A married officer may apply for a maximum of three tickets and bring his wife and a daughter. A single officer may apply for a maximum of two tickets and bring a sister. The Tea Party is, of course, open to Retired Regular Officers.

If too many applications are received, a ballot may be held and married officers may be cut down to a maximum of two tickets.

Dress: Lounge suits. Cheques should be made payable to Royal Signals Officers' Dinner Club.

EXTRACT FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE

Royal Corps of Signals. Major-General Colwyn Henry Hughes Vulliamy, C.B., D.S.O., late Royal Signals, is appointed Colonel Commandant, 1st January, 1949, *vice* General Sir Henry Colville Barclay Wemyss, K.C.B., K.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., who has resigned the appointment.

* * *

The J. Arthur Rank Organisation, Ltd., Star of the month of March is Miss Jean Simmons, the choice of 7 Selection Regiment.

* * *

We are indebted to Colonel P. H. Smitherman for Vol. 1, Copy No. 3, of *Qasid,* the journal of the Pakistan Signal Corps, and for some news of the Signal Corps of this Dominion which appears elsewhere in this number. Sentimentalists will be glad to hear that Colonel Smitherman writes from Headquarters, Signal Corps Centre and School, Cambridge Barracks, Rawalpindi. There is at least one spot "that is for ever 'Signals.'"

We are negotiating for reproduction rights from *Qasid,* but will not attempt to reproduce such items in *Qasid* as are printed in *Music.*

* * *

All of us in Royal Signals will join in congratulations to our Australian cousins on becoming The *Royal* Australian Corps of Signals. We are indebted for this news to the *Australian Defence Newsletter* of 24th January.

* * *

For the last few months we have been privileged to publish a photograph of the J. Arthur Rank Star of your choice. Your choice has been good and we have all enjoyed the added charm to our Regimental Magazine.

We have serving with us some 600 members of the W.R.A.C., many of whom have similar qualities. We read in the pages of THE WIRE of Private X or Corporal Y winning a beauty competition, but we do not receive their photographs.

An open competition, therefore, starts next month for the most photogenic girl serving in a W.R.A.C. Signal Squadron or Mixed Signal Regiment.

We regret we cannot offer a prize to the winner, but the Corps Magazine is read in the offices of the J. Arthur Rank Organisation, Ltd., Publicity Division (*verb. sap.*).

* * *

ROYAL SIGNALS BAND

Engagements in London during April

Monday, 11th April. Army Phantom Signal Regiment, T.A., 190 Hammersmith Road, W.6.

Tuesday, 12th April. War Office Signal Regiment, Richmond Park Camp, Kingston. Band Concert at 1800 hrs.

Wednesday, 13th April. 23 (S) Corps Signal Regiment, T.A., Fulham House, Fulham High Street, W.6.

Wednesday, 27th April. 56 (L) Armoured Divisional Signal Regiment, T.A., Signal House, 20 Atkins Road, S.W.12. Full Orchestra, 1900 hrs.

Thursday, 28th April. 44 (H.C.) Infantry Divisional Signal Regiment, T.A., T.A. Centre, Stamford Brook Avenue, Ravenscroft Park, W.6. Dance Orchestra.

Friday, 29th April. Eastern Command Signal Regiment, Wemyss Barracks, Canterbury, Kent. Dance Orchestra.

* * *

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Charges are: Bed and breakfast (including bath), 5s. per person (children 5 years and under, half-price); mid-day dinner, 12.30–1 p.m. (Sundays only), 2s. 3d. per person; supper, 6.30–7 p.m. (not Sundays), 2s. per person.

A large, comfortable lounge is available for the use of residents and their guests. A nursery is available for children.

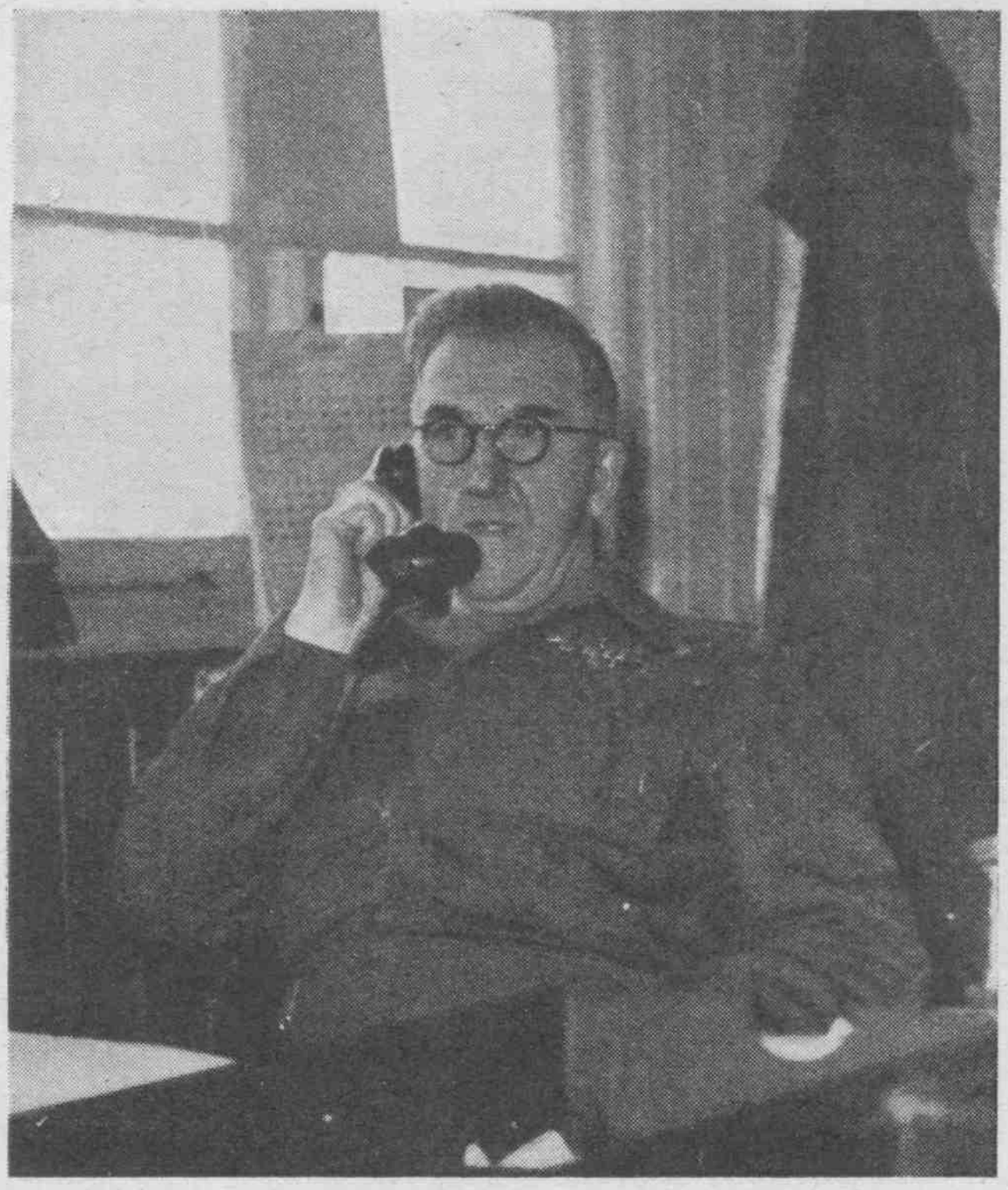
Rooms may be reserved in advance on payment of a deposit of 10s. Maximum period of stay two weeks. Applications to be made to the Manageress at the above address. Guests must bring their own soap and towels. A laundry room is available. A nominal charge is made for the use of electric iron.

Under Ministry of Food regulations, ration books or cards must be surrendered for a visit of five days or over. Supper must be ordered before mid-day. No animals are allowed. The Club closes at 11.30 p.m.

MAKING A JOB OF THE ARMY

Major (Q.M.) H. J. Newman, of the Royal Corps of Signals, now serving with 1 A.A. Group (M) Signal Regiment, can certainly claim to have made the Army a lifetime job and is now the Second Senior Q.M. in the Corps. He first joined in 1912 and now, after 37 years' service, is looking forward to retiring in March on pension, satisfied at having done his bit.

He served in France from 1914-1919 and went back again in 1940, and on 8th November, 1942, was one of the first ashore in the Allied landing at Algiers, when he was serving with 2 Air Formation Signals, attached to the American Forces; then he went to Sicily and Italy. Between wars he served for seven years in India.



Major (Q.M.) H. J. Newman

A list follows showing the sales of THE WIRE as at 1st February, and it is published in the hope that Regiments and Squadrons will compare their figures with others, and if they are selling too few to try and sell more.

The figures of bulk sales do not take into account those copies sold direct to individuals in the named Units.

Absence from the list means "no sales."

Individual sales, 1,900; bulk sales to Units, 1,300; total, 3,200.

HOME	
1 Training Regiment	40
2 ,, ,,	18
3 ,, ,, (plus)	100
4 ,, ,,	25
5 ,, ,,	40
7 Selection ,,	75
Depot Regiment, Pocklington	8
,, ,, Ripon	72
War Office Signal Regiment	30
School of Signals	42
Northern Command Signal Regiment	2
Eastern Command Signal Regiment	30
Southern Command Signal Regiment	65
Western Command Signal Regiment	24
Scottish Command Signal Regiment	40
N.I.D. Signal Squadron	12
1 A.A. Group (M) Signal Regiment	3
2 A.A. Group (M) Signal Regiment	3
3 A.A. Group (M) Signal Squadron	3
4 A.A. Group (M) Signal Regiment	12
5 A.A. Group (M) Signal Squadron	3
23 Field Brigade Signal Troop	10

B.A.O.R.	
H.Q. B.A.O.R. Signal Regiment	12
2 Infantry Divisional Signal Regiment	20
11 Air Formation Signal Regiment	12
Berlin Signal Squadron	12
Hamburg Signal Squadron	12
Hanover Signal Squadron	8
12 Wireless Signal Squadron	2
4 A.G.R.A. Signal Squadron	10
3 A.S.S.U. Signal Squadron	12
BETFOR Signal Squadron	6
Vienna Signal Squadron	8
Klagenfurt Signal Squadron	8
Railway Telegraph Op. Signal Squadron	6
Graz Signal Troop	3
M.E.L.F.	
C.S.O. and Staff	7
3 G.H.Q. Signal Regiment	14
1 L. of C. Signal Regiment	12
Egypt Command Signal Regiment	27
Cyrenaica Signal Regiment	5
Cyprus Signal Squadron	6
Nigeria Signal Squadron	6
Mauritius Signal Troop	3
C.S.O. East Africa Command	18
FARELF	
G.H.Q. Signal Regiment	6
Singapore Signal Squadron	4
Ceylon Signal Squadron	3

The balance of "bulk" sales are taken by Signal Regiments, T.A., and branches of the Association.

* * *

Major F. J. Dowie writes to the Editor:

I read with interest the article written by Major F. V. Merchant entitled "Our Boys."

I hope he will not object to a little criticism.

Referring to his 1s. per week pocket money (with which I couldn't agree more), it puzzles me why 9½d. should have been spent all in one evening, leaving only 2½d. to last the remainder of the week for suppers and cleaning material. Either this was a monthly treat or, being an R.E. boy, he was very fortunate in having a private income.

I should have had an exceptionally good evening on 5d. I, too, should have gone to Barnards for 2d. "in the gods." Another penny would have been spent on fish and chips (hapeth and hapeth*), quite a good feed, too, with a good feed of pudding for 1d. to follow on, and a large cup or mug of tea for 1d. to hold it down. Of course, Merchant is talking of "before my time" when he refers to the "Pill-box," but even in those days soap, blacking, Bluebell or Globe Polish, pipe-clay, etc., were not free issues. Saturday morning's inspection included the laying out of cleaning materials sufficient to last for one week.

Referring to Frankie's tea and wads, the boys to whom he refers were most inexperienced; we used to take turns every evening to call at the bakers, asking for a pennyworth of stale pastries, and very rarely came away with less than five cakes of sorts.

The "boys" of my day seemed to fare better and at week-ends filled their stable bag with cloths and cleaning materials, proceeding to the men's quarters with the slogan, "Clean you up for 2d." In this way one could earn up to 2s. to cover all his outgoings for the following week. Hungry boys will think up many ways of making a penny or two when the maggot bites; experience taught me a trick or two.

* = ½d. worth of fish and ½d. worth of chips.

MA'ADI

By **Major-General C. M. F. WHITE,**
C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O.

MA'ADI is a delightful little town some seven miles south of Cairo on the east bank of the River Nile.

In 1915, when I first went there, it was a small, almost entirely British colony. Now, in 1949, it has grown to a fair-sized town, and you can find there Americans, Frenchmen, Egyptians, Jews, Syrians and still a few British, to mention just a few of the representatives of the nations of the world.

They all, however, enjoy the results of British planning and supervision in the development of this "oasis" of the Egyptian desert, with its well-built houses in gardens surrounded by green hedges and containing beautifully green lawns, a profusion of glorious flowers, shrubs and trees. Every avenue and street has two rows of flowering trees and shrubs, so wisely planned that there is a succession of colour nearly the whole year round, beginning early with the beautiful pink "Camel's Foot," followed by the blue Jacaranda and pink Oleanders, then the Flamboyant (the "Gold Mohur" of India) in early summer, and so on to the yellow-flowered Tecoma during the autumn, with the flaming, scarlet Poinsettia and the red-berried Pepper tree, in great demand for Christmas decorations in a country where holly is not to be found.

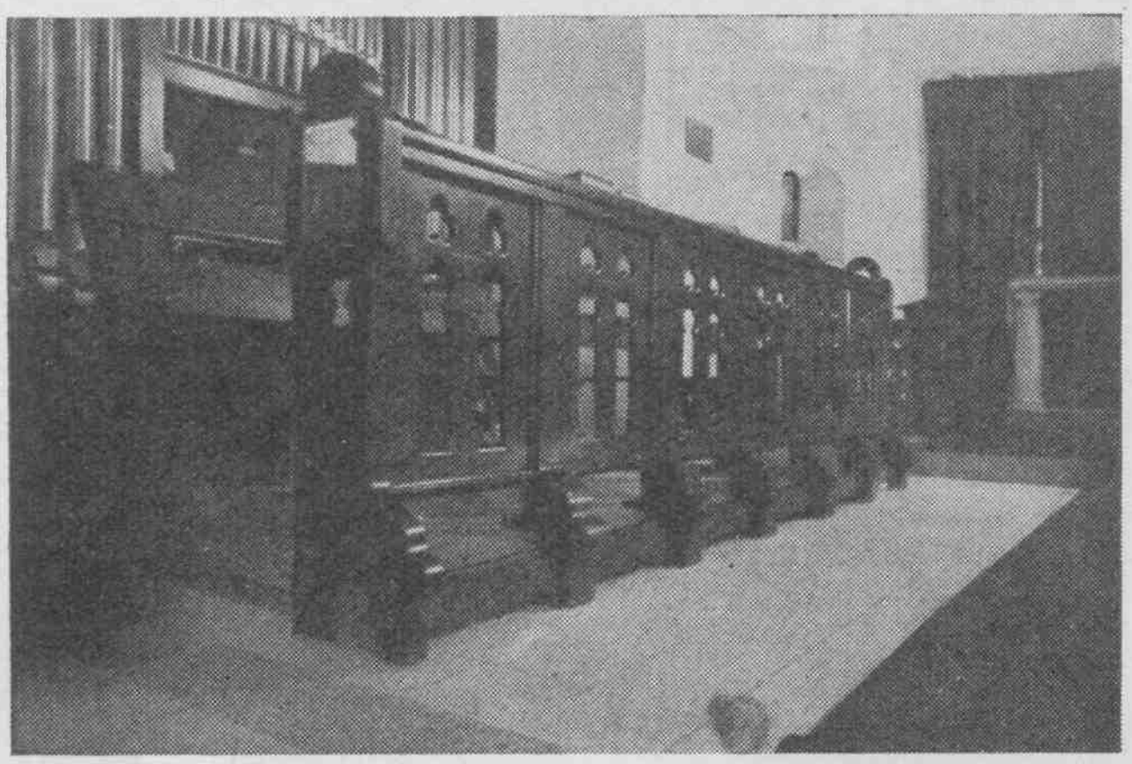
But why should Ma'adi be of particular interest to Royal Signals ?

During the 1939-45 war and up to 1947, when British troops evacuated the Delta, many thousands of Royal Signals officers and men were stationed at Ma'adi, for here, early in the last war, was established, first the Royal Signals Depot, then the Army Signal School, the Signal Wing of M.E. O.C.T.U. and a large Signals Pigeon Unit. When G.H.Q. was formed early in 1940, 3 G.H.Q. Signal Regiment came into being and Ma'adi was its home from then until it moved to Fayid in February, 1947.

Amongst other Signal Units that spent varying periods of time at Ma'adi were:

7 H.Q. Signal Regiment (now 1 L. of C. Signal Regiment).
4 Air Formation Signal Regiment.
18 Air Formation Signal Regiment.

Of course, both the New Zealand and South African forces which had their bases around Ma'adi and Helwan had their Signal Organisations and Units with them, with which Royal Signals kept in close touch.

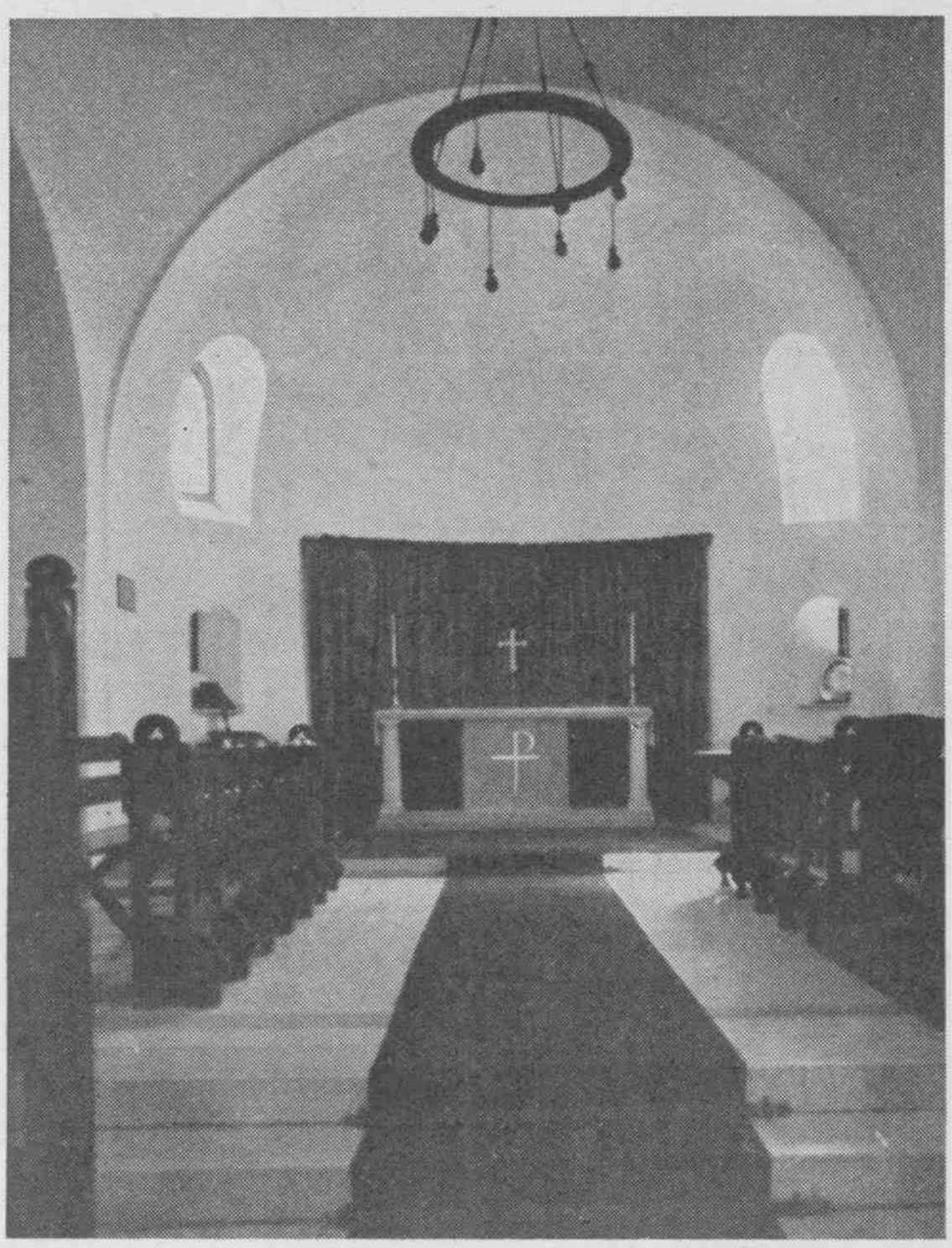


All these soldiers did not occupy the best houses in Ma'adi, nor did they encamp on the beautiful green lawns and under the shade of the wonderful flowering trees I have already described. With a very few exceptions, camps were pitched on the desert sand on the outskirts of this oasis, where no trees, green lawns or flowers existed. Nevertheless, most of our Corps will remember the kindness and hospitality shown to them and many others by the residents of Ma'adi during the whole time troops were encamped around them.

A huge set-up, organised, staffed and financed by the people of Ma'adi, and known as "The Ma'adi Tent," quickly grew up in the early stages of the last war. It contained a large canteen, an open-air theatre, a library and reading room, a music room and games rooms. Hundreds of thousands of soldiers of the British Commonwealth used this "Tent"—a very modest name adopted by the residents of Ma'adi for their magnificent, generous and all-embracing Services Club—amongst them a large number of Royal Signals men from all over the world.

The Ma'adi Sporting Club also welcomed all officers as members and, although the permanent residents of Ma'adi must have been very greatly inconvenienced by the resultant overcrowding, they showed no signs of resentment, but ever had a welcome for us. They also allotted their cricket, football and hockey grounds to different Units every week, and set aside a number of their tennis courts for the use of other ranks. Then individual householders opened their doors and filled their houses with soldiers for meals and often to stay over periods of leave.

Finally, and perhaps to very many the most important of all, were the churches of Ma'adi, to which so many men flocked during the war years—a haven for spiritual thought and bringing close, by their beliefs and associated memories through the church services, their homes and families in



far off countries as far apart as Scotland and New Zealand.

Well, that was Ma'adi, and it can now be understood by readers of this article that when we, Royal Signals, finally left Ma'adi, we indeed owed an unpayable debt to all those of that charming place who did so much for us from 1939 to 1947.

So I thought that our Corps should give a small outward and visible sign of our deep gratitude. Where, then, was the most suitable place for such a memorial? It was finally decided that the beautiful little church of St. John, where so many of us had worshipped during those years, was the best choice. The church council of St. John's was asked what form they would like our offering to take, and they suggested two choir stall fronts, which were badly needed. This was readily agreed to, and plans and designs were drawn up and sent down to me. The procuring of the teak, the construction of the stalls, not the least the special help required in cutting this very hard wood, the finding of white spirits for polishing when no white spirits could be bought in Egypt, and the transporting of the finished articles to Ma'adi when military vehicles were not allowed into the Delta, would take too long to tell.

However, to cut a long story short, with the help of Lieutenant-Colonel Shirley and his prisoners of war of 380 Camp, Fanara, and of our C.R.E. Fayid and his workshops, the two choir stall fronts were finally completed and safely delivered to St. John's Church.

On Wednesday, 30th June, 1948, I had the pleasure and honour of handing over these choir stall fronts to the Vicar of St. John's, the late Wyndham Guinness, at a very fully attended church service. Archdeacon Johnson, whom many of us will remember at All Saints' Cathedral, Cairo, during the late war years, came from Alexandria, where he now works, and consecrated the stalls. A brass plate, with inscription, is affixed to the left-hand stall.

Photographs of this plate and of the two choir stall fronts accompany this article.

The cost of this gift came to £67—under half its true value had it been bought in the open market—and was met from funds subscribed to by officers and other ranks of the Corps in M.E.L.F. between 1939 and 1947.

I know many readers of this article will be grieved to hear that Padre Wyndham Guinness, late Vicar of Ma'adi, died from heart failure whilst on leave in Cyprus last September. A First World War Chaplain to the Forces, he was decorated with the D.S.O. and O.B.E.; later he gave up his title and wealth and for many years had been Vicar of St. John's Church. During the war he was appointed as official Chaplain to many of the Units and Regiments that encamped around his civil parish, and the Signal Units, such as the Depot, Army Signal School, 3 G.H.Q. Signals, 7 H.Q. Signals, 4 and 18 Air Formation Signals, were his especial care.

His self-imposed sense of duty to us all was of the highest order, and his " At Homes " to all ranks after evening service on every Sunday throughout the years were fully attended and greatly appreciated. Our deepest sympathy goes out to his sister, who ran his house and assisted him in all his parish work to the end.

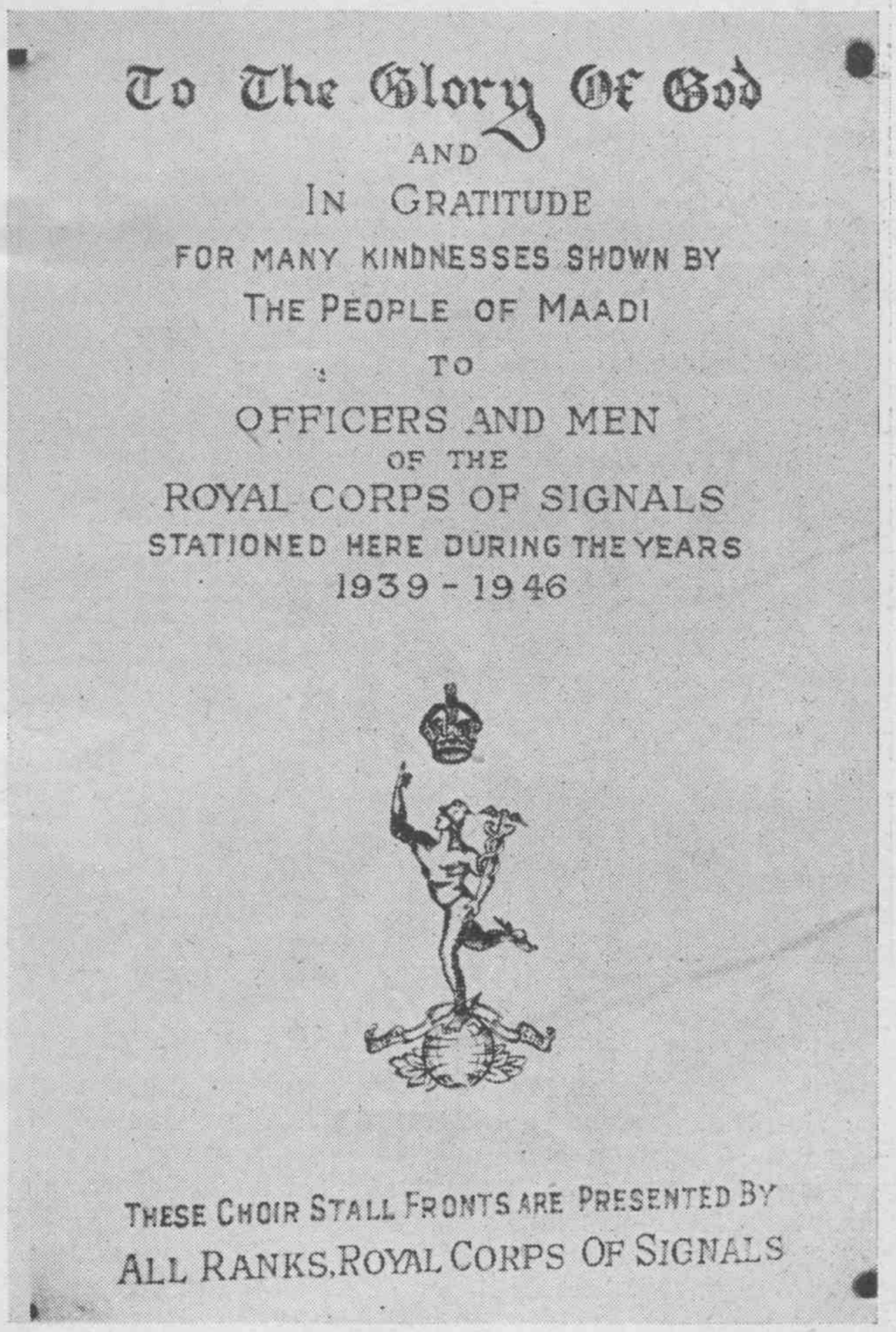
In closing, I feel many of you will wonder what has happened to our old friends of the days I have described. I cannot remember them all, but here is news of a few of them.

The Martin Hammonds left Egypt and now live at Blounts, West Chiltington, Sussex.

The Tom Dales have just retired and can be contacted through Barclays Bank, Woodbridge, Suffolk. (Geoffrey Dale has taken over his father's job with the Delta Land Company and his house at Ma'adi.)

The Shirley Dales have returned to England.

The Crawfords still live in Egypt, but are moving from



the house we all knew. I feel the Turf Club, Cairo, will always find them.

The Mathiases (Marconis) still live in Ma'adi and he is now managing director of his firm in Egypt—House 49, Sharia 18, Ma'adi.

John Sidley died two years ago. His wife can still he got in touch with through her house—No. 56, Sharia 13, Ma'adi —although she is not living there at the moment.

Henry Smith and his family are at present in South Africa.

These are to mention but a few of our old friends, but if any readers of THE WIRE wish to communicate with others, I will be only too happy to obtain and forward their addresses.

OBITUARY

MAJOR QUARTERMASTER CHARLES WILLIAM WHEELER, M.B.E.

On 24th February, 1949, by the very sudden death of Major William Wheeler on his way to work by heart failure, the Corps has lost a famous member. Born in 1900, he joined the Corps on enlistment in 1921, and shortly after that it was realised that he was a potential boxing champion. He fought for his various Units and represented the Corps as a middleweight, and became a Corps middleweight champion in 1924. He held this title for the next two years until he was posted to Egypt. In 1925 he went to France with the Olympic Boxing Team as reserve light-heavyweight, but did not get a fight. In Egypt, as will be seen from the list of championships at the end of this obituary, he continued his boxing career with great distinction. He last fought for the Corps in 1936 as a light-heavyweight against the Fire Brigade in London, and won his fight.

In 1938 he was promoted to W.O.II, and in April, 1940, was commissioned as Lieutenant Quartermaster and posted to 8 Divisional Signals. In October, 1941, he joined the Headquarters Signals Salvage Section, and whilst he was with this Unit was promoted first to Captain and then to command as a Major, and was mentioned in despatches. Leaving the Salvage Section, he spent one and a half years with the Base Depot and School, and was posted home in March, 1944. One month later he went as a Major on combatant duties to 16 Air Formation Signals, and with that Unit went to North-West Europe in July, 1944.

He was awarded the M.B.E. for distinguished service in Normandy.

He served with 12 Air Formation Signals as Second-in-Command and as Major in 2 L. of C. Signals until posted home in May, 1948.

In 1946 he was involved in an air crash when returning on compassionate leave, in which 15 persons were killed. Although he had a broken ankle, he rendered aid to the injured members of the plane and received a letter of commendation for his valuable assistance.

In 1947 he was granted a short service commission as Captain Quartermaster. In July, 1948, he was posted to 12 A.A. Group (Mixed) Signal Regiment, T.A., and promoted Substantive Major in December of that year.

So ends a distinguished career of long and faithful service to the Corps of Signals, in which Charles Wheeler took such pride, and of whose traditions he was a staunch supporter.

He will be remembered by his many friends for his directness, uprightness and kindliness, even by those to whom he had given one of his famous "wiggings."

1925	Army and I.S.B.A. Light-Heavyweight	England
1926/27	Army and Inter-Services Light-Heavyweight	Egypt
1927/28	Army and Inter-Services Light-Heavyweight	Egypt
1928/29	Army and Inter-Services Heavyweight	Egypt
„	Army and Inter-Services Light-Heavyweight	Egypt
„	Army and Inter-Services Middle-Heavyweight	Egypt
1929/30	Army and Inter-Services Middleweight	Egypt
1930/31	Army and Inter-Services Light-Heavyweight	Egypt
1931/32	Army and Inter-Services Middleweight	Egypt

Home Stations

SCHOOL OF SIGNALS
Catterick

January

Officer Training Wing

Our life this month has been very quiet. There have not been any Passing-out Parades on account of a gap in the intake from Mons Officer Cadet School, but we have made up for this by our sporting activities. Before passing on to this very important aspect of our training, we wish to extend our congratulations to Captain and Mrs. C. B. Masser on the birth of a daughter, and to Captain and Mrs. G. P. Dobson also on the birth of a daughter. These two events have broken the long line of sons into the Unit, which was getting somewhat monotonous.

Our Rugby XV have reached the final of the Northern Command Rugby Cup after beating the Army Apprentices' School by 40 to 3. They are now concentrating for the final, to be played at Harrogate on 2nd March against the Duke of Wellington's Regiment, who are known to have a very strong side.

For the interest of old members of the Unit, here are the results of the last four friendly games:

v. 14/20 King's Hussars	Won 17—6
v. 2 Training Regiment Royal Signals	Won 63—0
v. R.E. Cadet Wing	Won 24—0
v. Hartlepool O.B.F.C.	Won 8—3

The hockey XI have also had their share of success and have now passed into the District Final of the Northern Command Hockey Cup by beating the 17th/21st Lancers after a very spirited game. They now await the final against 8th Royal Tank Regiment, to be played on 14th February.

A recent influx of new blood into the soccer field has lifted some of the weight off the selection committee's shoulders. They have been obsessed of late in dividing 19 soccer players into two teams, with disastrous results; this is part of the worries of a small Unit like this where, in the sporting field, we "have a go" at everything, regardless of lack of numbers. After a very promising game against 8th Royal Tank Regiment, leaders of the District League, we hope to see a better showing before the end of the season.

Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess. So far we have fared favourably in the Garrison Mess Darts, Billiards and Snooker League, and our best effort was against No. 1 Command Workshops, when the result was:

Billiards	Won 3—1
Snooker	Won 4—0
Darts	Won 4—0

A league position will be published shortly, when we hope to see ourselves favourably placed.

Social evenings, when married families assemble for games, quizes, music and dancing, continue to be a success and are voted our best evenings.

Royal Signals Wing

After the Christmas rush we have been content to take things easy during January. Now that demob has started again, personnel problems are once again rearing their ugly head.

During the month we said farewell to Captain J. K. V. Lee, who has joined the staff of S.R.D.E. We wish him the best of luck in his new appointment.

On 20th January Captain A. C. Timmins, of the G.P.O., came to bid us farewell and brought his successor, Mr. Mead, to meet us. Captain Timmins is retiring and we take this opportunity of thanking him for all the assistance he has given to this Unit and to the Corps, and of wishing him very good luck.

Other visitors this month have been Brigadier Lord, R.E.M.E., and representatives of the Pakistan and Indian Armies.

Sergeants' Mess. We shall commence with a farewell to W.O.1 Puleston and W.O.1 McLaven, which two braves have been launched into Civvy Street with a fanfare of "bottle-top pops." Members presented them with a pair of silver tankards and a clock, respectively, all suitably inscribed (the gifts, not the members).

An additional loss in our "Cross and Blackwell" strength comes in the form of a posting for R.S.M. "Taff" Woolls to the T.A., Cardiff. Your good fortune, "Terriers"!

The Corporals' Mess challenged us to a Games Night recently. The result was, fortunately, a draw, and the evening ended in complete spiritual and vocal harmony.

Sitrep. Sergeants "Taff" Martin and "Jock" Thomson have been picked to represent the Royal Signals, Catterick District, football team. Sergeant Judy Cargill, our only W.R.A.C., can't get over the thought of being a soldier. Sergeant Jack Hose handed over caterer to "Jock" Findlay. Saturday night is Western Night for Cowhand Ken Masson.

The morning P.T. parades have produced much creaking of joints and a drop in the bar sales proportional with the rise in the sale of liniment.

Past Catterickeers will not be surprised to know that at the time of writing it's snowing heavily.

Sport. Rugby. It has been unfortunate that during the last few months we have not been able to arrange many games, due chiefly to the lack of players.

We should like to congratulate 1 Training Regiment on their excellent display in the Army Cup. May they be victorious when they next play at Aldershot in the final.

Football. Since our failures in the Army Cup earlier in the season, we have been concentrating on games within the Unit in order to make best use of the few grounds available and to bring along new talent Our only outside engagement during January was against 2 Training Regiment. The game was very even throughout and our opponents only won by the odd goal in five in the last minute of the game.

Congratulations to Sergeants Martin and Thomson on being chosen to play for the Corps.

Cross-Country. Our activities are at present confined to training runs in preparation for the final league run in February.

Hockey. After a continuous run of six defeats, we have at last achieved a victory, though admittedly it is only our second of the season. However, it is a reward of perseverance and a sign that our efforts at team building are bearing fruit.

In our match against R.A.F., Catterick, we started strongly and at one time led 4—2. The R.A.F. team, however, finished very strongly and scored the winning goal just before time to defeat us 5—4.

Against the 14th/20th Hussars our team played very well together and scored first, keeping the lead thereafter and finishing three goals up. Final score 5—2, a most satisfactory result.

Have you ordered

your copy of

The Wire?

W.R.A.C. SIGNAL TRAINING WING

On Tuesday, 8th February, Senior Controller M. J. C. Tyrwhitt, O.B.E., Director of the W.R.A.C., visited Catterick. She was accompanied by the D.D W.R.A.C., Northern Command, Controller J. Cowper. During her brief visit, she saw Major-General R. T. O. Cary at District Headquarters, and later went to the Signal Training Wing, W.R.A.C., in Aisne Lines.

The Director watched a class of trainee teleprinter operators at work, learning to type with the aid of gramophone records. She then went on to see a course in their final week of training, sending messages to each other by teleprinter.

Subaltern K. W. Burn, in charge of the teleprinter classes, told me that music is an invaluable aid in teaching typing. "They start with waltzes and slower music in their first week, and progress to foxtrots and quicksteps in the later lessons," she said.

The Director was also accompanied by Lieutenant-Colonel R. N. Seddon, O.C. of 4 Training Regiment, Royal Signals, and Senior Commander E. J. Thomson, O.C. 3 Battalion, W.R.A.C.

(Extract from *Catterick Express* of 11th February, by courtesy of the Editor.)

1 TRAINING REGIMENT

Catterick

February

The Regiment, still under command of Lieutenant-Colonel R. J. Moberly, Royal Signals, continues to turn radio, line and telegraph mechanics from the Training Squadrons. The sausage machine churns its 19 weeks' cycle and trainees come and go, but in spite of this the Regiment continues to maintain its magnificent sporting record.

Some of our losses through postings have been S.S.M. Archie Craig for FARELF. He will be missed in the Orderly Room, but his training of the two Brew-up Boys (Gog and Magog, the stalwarts of the office) will ensure that the C.O. and Adjutant will receive tea in adequate quantities, provided they ask for it!

R.S.M. Barry has also left the Regiment for B.A.O.R. We thank him for his magnificent contribution to the improvement of the Unit and the Sergeants' Mess, and hope he will settle down in his new Unit over there. We welcome R.S.M. Carr, who has come from 5 Training Regiment to take his place. Last, but not least, we have lost our Assistant Adjutant, Lieutenant Roger Nott Bower, who is just about to get in the boat for M.E.L.F. He says he has pulled strings to get to Tripoli, but we will see.

3 Squadron have lately produced a fortnightly paper called the "Gripper." It has proved very popular with members of that Squadron and it is rumoured that even the C.O. takes it to get the low-down on the Squadron. We are wondering if 2 Squadron will produce a similar clandestine publication.

It is with very much regret we report the passing of Lance-Corporal Patricia Bowey, A.T.S., a member of the Orderly Room staff, who received fatal injuries in a traffic accident at Leeming Bar. The Regiment and the Catterick Group, A.T.S., were represented at the funeral.

Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess. We regret that for a few months past no notes for the Mess have been published in THE WIRE. In the future this will be remedied.

The Christmas period culminated in our great triumph, the Annual Mess Dinner. Here we entertained in style the long-suffering (?) living-out members. Spirits, pints of foaming glory and even lemonade were consumed in abundance, thus inciting many of the "old soldiers" to burst into rhyme and song, most familiar to those who have served west of Suez.

The same evening also served as a farewell party to R.S.M. Barry who, after two years of devoted service with this Regiment, has left us for "furrin parts." He will no doubt be able to find a "corner" in his new Mess.

Alas! another most valuable member has left us for the mysterious East, to wit (not to woo) S.S.M. Craig, our ex-chief clerk. We sincerely hope, for the sake of his new Unit, that his services will not be required as Singapore Town Clerk.

Sognal Singsters No. 5

A technical biped of industrious habits and biased bearing

The Wheatstone Warbler or Accoustical Tomtit
(Udisitifixit—Blindemwivzienze)

Adult male: An apron-fronted specimen of the genus Sognal Singsters. Characterised by the emanation of high-frequency waves from its wing-tips, owing to long contact with tubes and bottles, for which it has a great affinity. Other characteristics: Head tufted with oily, unkempt down. Eyes small and dark; in the older specimens the eyes develop an accessory stalked ophthalmic apparatus, enabling them to see backwards, and thus miss no opportunity of collecting oddments with which to feather their nests. Legs thin and corrugated, feet splayed. Usually P_3L_7, and wears R.A.F. type footwear.

Habits: Emits a thermionic noise when static. Spends much of its life fluttering around machinery, which it picks to pieces with the aid of sharp appendages attached to its talons. When not in use, these are tucked away in small fluff-filled pockets in the body covering.

Habitats: Has a small but carefully-built and well-appointed nest in the eaves of a garage, workshop or outbuilding, which it lines with oddments of metal and wood. Lays an egg and a half in a day and a half and isn't half a bird and a half.

Sent out voluntarily into the cruelties and hardships of civilian life is S.S.M. Frarey, to whom we send our best wishes. He'll need them!

We extend a hearty welcome to an old comrade-in-arms of the Commanding Officer in 1st and 6th Airborne Division, R.S.M. Carr, who is also a well-known personality throughout the Corps. He will, from all accounts, enliven the Mess by his repertoire of amusing anecdotes and "gripping" good humour, apart from the fact that he plays a "crafty" game of snooker and darts.

We also welcome R.S.M. Higgins and S.S.M. Stratton, the former relieving W.O.1 Gully as Superintendent Clerk, H.Q., S.T.C., who has left us for O.K.C. training.

The Mess is occupying a favourable position in the Catterick District Snooker, Billiards and Darts League.

Hockey. With the Northern Command Six-a-side still to be played, we have still a fighting chance of holding on to the one and only cup we won in 1948. Our efforts in eleven-a-side cup games have not been crowned with the success we had hoped for. Our main trouble lies in the type of game we play, which is stylish but definitely non-productive where goals are concerned.

In the past we have always relied upon the "Regular" element to provide the finished article. Unfortunately, this source of supply has completely dried up, due to our young Regulars having little or no Indian experience.

In the Catterick League we have had some very enjoyable games, but, due to fielding an ever-changing side, we have lost many more games than we have won.

In the Northern Command Knock-out Competition we reached the semi-final round, only to be knocked out by the 8th Royal Tank Regiment. The hard-hitting, robust game of our opponents was the deciding factor in a very hard-fought match.

In the first round of the Army Cup, we lost to the 7th Hussars by the odd goal. This was a match full of thrills. For more than two-thirds of the game we had our opponents hemmed inside their own half, and even though we forced ten consecutive short corners, we could not score. Again, it was a case of the hard-hitting, robust team beating a team of clever individuals.

At least six of our players have had trials this season for Corps, District and Command sides. Signalman Gardner, of 2 Squadron, has already been selected to play for the Army, Northern Command and Catterick District, as well as appearing in every Corps representative game this season.

Rugger. As this is a subject which is covered by our special correspondent, there is little I can say other than to wish the team the very best of luck in the Army Final, which is to be played in Aldershot on 9th March.

Shooting. At the beginning of the season shooting was a most popular evening pastime, but with the winter dragging on, many of our original enthusiasts fell away, and we have been left with only a few good shots to carry on with the good work. This they have done ably, putting in three nights a week on the range.

We have been fortunate in having the services of the Nicholas twins and Signalman Wood, also ex-Boys' Squadron. They have been the backbone of the team.

At the end of December the Unit was placed ninth in the Catterick District Miniature Rifle League. During January we won all our matches, so we should have improved our position considerably by the time these notes appear.

Boxing. There has so far been very little boxing within the Regiment during the season 1948-49. A start was made in October, '48, with an attempt to build a team for the projected Novices' Team Contest, to be run by S.T.C., but this meeting never materialised.

Within the Regiment, however, a very successful Inter-Squadron Novices' Meeting was held. Though it was the first boxing event to have taken place within the Unit for some considerable time, it was well and enthusiastically supported. As is normally the case with novices' contests, the boxing was characterised by vigour rather than by skill, but the energy and determination that went into each bout was very creditable. 3 Squadron beat 2 Squadron by 8 bouts to 5 in this most enjoyable fixture.

The Regiment is at present preparing a team for the Catterick Inter-Unit Novice Contest, which is shortly to take place. It is as yet too early to discuss form.

Individual mention must be made of 473 Signalman Brooks, of 2 Squadron, who has represented Northern Command as first string middleweight in their opening fixtures.

Cross-Country Running. This is one of our major sports, but before I get on with this subject, I think I should mention that the Unit have always gone in for athletics more in the past, as our record goes to show (winners of the 1948 S.T.C. League and Catterick District Inter-Unit Challenge Cup). Now we hope to put cross-country running on a par with its more spectacular brother.

The Unit started the season off in September with only one known distance man, Sergeant Colbert, of 3 Squadron. Trials and competitions were arranged between Squadrons, and the Unit team began to take shape.

There were two leagues in operation, the Signal Training Centre League and the Catterick District League, the latter embracing all Regiments. By the time the first run was due, on 6th October, the team was going strong. A training policy was adopted whereby maximum efficiency would be attained by the end of February, '49, in which month the Catterick District, Northern Command and North-Eastern Counties Championships were scheduled to be run. Walking long distances over rough country during October, shacking over similar country in November, and slow running in December, winding up with fast starting and finishing in January.

In the S.T.C. League we won only one run, but did consistently well to come second to 2 Training Regiment in the final count. In the District League, however, we won every run, but 2 Training Regiment were a good second.

Special mention must be made of runners who consistently finished in the first dozen—Sergeant Colbert, winner of the first District Meeting and usually one of the first home in any meeting held in the District; Lance-Corporals Hammond and Godfrey, and Signalman Tyrell, who were never far behind.

Football. So far, the Unit team has had a fairly successful season. After a poor start, the team was gradually knitted together, due chiefly to the energies of Captain Richardson and his enthusiastic henchmen, S.Q.M.S. Walker and Staff-Sergeant Gough. By November we had a first-class team, whose best effort at that time was to force the crack 3 Training Regiment team to a draw. Captain Richardson left the Unit shortly after this on transfer to 7 Selection Regiment, and we should like to take this opportunity to thank him for having handed over such a well-balanced team.

In the Catterick League, Division I, the team has played 9 matches, won 5, drawn 1, lost 3, goals for 29, against 22. Most creditable performance to date is that of drawing with 3 Training Regiment.

In the District Competition for the Northern Command Cup, the Unit has reached the semi-final round, having beaten Royal Signals Wing, School of Signals, 8—3, and the 17th/21st Lancers 4—1, in the earlier stages.

Mention must be made of Signalmen Neilson, McKnight and McCready, who have played for the Corps XI during the season.

Go to it boys, and bring the Unit a trophy that they haven't yet won.

Golf. No player could properly lay claim to fame—that is if he is Signals—until he has passed the test of getting down under the 85 figure for the Catterick course. Maybe you think 85 rather high, but then you haven't sampled our rough. Fortunately, we have a few players capable of eclipsing this figure, as the following results go to show.

At the Catterick Spring Meeting, held on 22nd and 23rd May, '48, Captain D. L. Swallow won the Flag and Handicap Competitions, and Major M. S. C. Shardlow won the Bogey prize and was second in the Flag event.

In the Northern Command Championships, held at Strensall, near York, on 27th, 28th and 29th May, Captain Swallow won the Handicap Challenge Cup, with a net score of 139 for the two rounds. Our other representative, Major Shardlow, was third with a net score of 147.

As our readers of October's issue are well aware, Captain Swallow followed up his Northern successes by winning both Challenge Cups at the Royal Signals Meeting, held on the North Hants course at Fleet, on 26th and 27th August.

During October the Unit took part in the Catterick Garrison Inter-Unit Knock-out Competition. After beating the N.S.O.T.W. and the R.A.M.C., we eventually lost to the 17th/21st Lancers in the final. This came as a shock, because we were all cock-a-hoop with the idea of winning. However, we spent a most enjoyable evening with our opponents and so rounded off a most successful season.

2 TRAINING REGIMENT
Catterick

February

In search of news, 1 Squadron have scoured the Central Ground, the Colburn Field, the playing fields of Eton, the twelve platforms at Waterloo and most of the training areas; 2 Squadron have scanned the S.S.M.'s casualty book, leave book and bath book; 3 Squadron have combed the O.C.'s Office, the Training Office, the Orderly Corporal's Office and most of the other usual offices; and Headquarter Squadron men browsed through both their files—even the one marked "Too difficult." But no! January has proved a tough nut for even our longest-nosed news hounds.

Our arrivals and departures ledger contains most entries. Major G. E. G. Brown has had to leave the Army because of his health, and we wish him a complete and speedy recovery and the best of luck in civilian life. His place as O.C. 1 Squadron has been filled by Major A. B. Wheeler, recently returned from B.A.O.R. We welcome to the Unit Second-Lieutenants King, West and Craig from Sandhurst, Second-Lieutenant Ibbotson from N.S.O.T.W., Lieutenant Galbraith of the Cameronians, and Captain W. H. Robinson from the T.A. Class "A" Release has taken from us, among others, Second-Lieutenants Stevenson, Henderson and Lewis, Sergeant Snow, and Corporals Cooper and Landymore. They take with them all our very best wishes for the future.

A vicious sailing list is about to deprive us of S.Q.M.S.s Thompson, Spencer, Timson and Ferguson, Sergeants French and Harris, while W/Sergeants N. H. Smith and G. Beardmore have already gone to Ripon, and W/W.O.II Ferguson to Aberdeen. We wish them the best of luck in their new stations and hope that those in a position to do so will send us a banana from time to time.

Old-time signallers who have visited the Orderly Room during the last month have missed their customary grip with S.Q.M.S. Matthews. He has been posted to Hospital and Y List, but we hear that he is progressing satisfactorily and trust that he will soon be with us again.

Some of our Junior Officers and Senior N.C.O.s are attending Tactics and Administration Courses, held at Barnard Castle.

There were great brushings of teeth, polishing of buttons and uneconomical use of Brylcreem on Tuesday, 1st February, when it was learnt that a photographer would be accompanying the Public Relations Team as the latter wandered around our lecture rooms to get the griff for the Press. It is pleasant to note that, for some, their efforts were rewarded as they caught the camera's eye. We wonder how many "line shoots" were handed out!

The new N.A.A.F.I. Club in Camp Centre has given a new lease of life to the nocturnal activities of our trainees and Permanent Staff. Despite the slight inconvenience caused to and by N.C.O.s in charge of barrack rooms and other habitually light sleepers, the Club is thoroughly enjoyed by all other ranks.

With the sight of snow gradually being replaced by the signs of spring, we say farewell until this time next month.

Sports results:

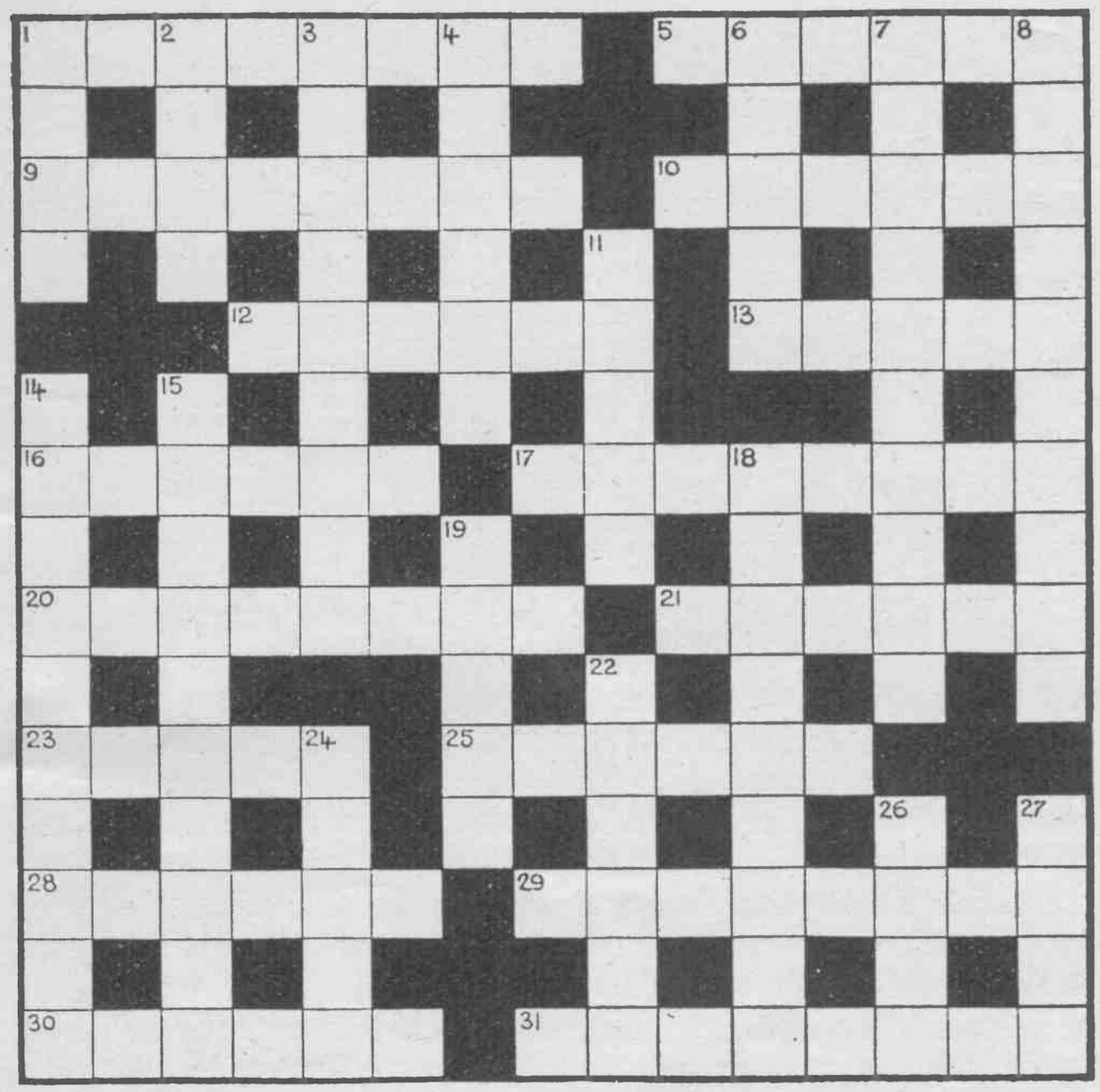
Rugby		v. 14/20 Hussars	Lost 0—20
Hockey		v. 17/21 Lancers	Draw 4—4
Soccer	(Division 1)	v. 3 Training Regiment	Lost 0—4
		v. 14/20 Hussars	Lost 0—5
	(Division II)	v. 7 Company R.A.M.C.	Lost 0—2
		v. 4 C.I.C.	Won 7—4

Cross Country Running. 2 Training Regiment won the S.T.C. League with the following results:—

2 Training Regiment	488 points.
1 Training Regiment	520 ,,
3 Training Regiment	620 ,,
N.S.O.T.W.	818 ,,
4 Training Regiment	1430 ,,

Crossword Puzzle No. 7

composed by J. Riley



ACROSS

1. Quite different (8).
5. He has a hand in discipline (6).
9. Take its head away, and it may read sense (8).
10. A famous mixture (6).
12. You may consider one of these to be a bind (6).
13. One who joins a party (5).
16. Within (6).
17. Worn with pride (1, 4, 3).
20. To collect ONE of these would be very difficult (8).
21. A talkative person (6).
23. Not the type a convict may use (5).
25. Inclinations in a particular direction (6).
28. Excluded from the benefit of the law (6).
29. Not very pleasant travelling (8).
30. Rarely worn in this country (6).
31. Much sought after (8).

DOWN

1. Could be sweet, could be painful (4).
2. Not at all (4).
3. Ohm might have used one (9).
4. Can be merciful or brutal (6).
6. He would find his load much heavier today (5).
7. Transmitted by descent (10).
8. One could say that a body snatcher does this (10).
11. Coupled with Beauty (5).
14. Spoken into (10).
15. The job of an adjutant and a nurse (10).
18. The Australians have one (5 and 4).
19. The original or cause of anything (5).
22. An American soccer player (6).
24. Found in Peru (5).
26. A covered building (4).
27. A hollow body of metal (4).

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD NO. 6

ACROSS.—6, Sampan. 7, Camera. 8, Via. 9, Loathe. 10, Scribe. 11, Parental care. 14, Invigorating. 16, Pulsates. 18, Name. 19, Agog. 20, Dungaree.

DOWN.—1, Takoradi. 2, Spit. 3, Investigated. 4, Emir. 5, Arable. 7, Castle rising. 12, Envisage. 13, Antennae. 15, Number. 17, Urge.

Some Early Experiences

WITH A.T.S. SIGNALS (Part II)

By **Senior Commander D. J. HOGH**

AFTER I had commanded the Company at the Prison, referred to in the last issue, for some six months, I was posted to my first A.T.S. Unit, which was actually named as being Signals, i.e. the A.T.S. War Office Signal Group, which was accommodated then (and I believe continuously since then until its recent disbandment) in the Buckingham Court Hotel, by the side of Buckingham Palace.

Practically every auxiliary who served in the A.T.S. Signals from 1940 until about 1944 is likely to remember this Group as well as I do, as almost all of them passed through it at some time, either attached as trainees or on the posted strength. Briefly, those auxiliaries on the strength were responsible for staffing the War Office Signal Office, which proved a most arduous and strenuous task in every respect, as may well be imagined. However, it is the training of the auxiliaries attached which I should like to describe on this occasion, as it was for the purpose of commanding the Training Platoon that I had been sent there.

I feel I must stress the quite amazing difference between the training methods of then and now, which appear really startling when comparing the existing W.R.A.C. Signal Training Wing at Catterick with the following system, which obtained early in 1940. Every Sunday some 50 recruits would arrive at the Group Headquarters from all over England, and one of my first "headaches" was to arrange for their weekly collection from all the London main line railway termini. To do this I was provided with two civilian charabancs and one sergeant. Needless to say, the E. T.s A. of some of the batches of girls invariably coincided, and I had great difficulty in arranging for the coaches and the sergeant to be waiting at, say, Euston, Liverpool Street, Paddington and Waterloo simultaneously.

When the recruits were all eventually gathered in on Sunday evenings, I gave them a short talk on what was expected of them during their stay with us, and what we should endeavour to do for them; and then, when my sergeant and I had seen that the arrangements for their meals and accommodation were working smoothly, we could consider the day at an end.

These girls used to come to us already earmarked as switchboard or teleprinter operators, and were duly paraded in these categories on the Monday morning. The proportions of the two trades normally varied between fifty-fifty, and about five to one in favour of the S.B.O.s. The potential T.P.O.s were taken every day to the Central Telegraph Office of the G.P.O. at St. Paul's, and the S.B.O.s to a G.P.O. telephone exchange at the Boltons, South Kensington. Both were then trained for *five days only* by the G.P.O. employees at these places.

The whole operation was most regimentally carried out; my coaches were not available during the week, so the two squads were duly marched (one by the sergeant and one by myself) to Victoria Tube Station, were escorted on the tube to their respective detraining stations, and then were marched again to their final destinations. Sometimes the sergeant and I would stay for a while, and watch the training process; we had no direct control over this, but our suggestions and comments seemed to be kindly welcomed by the G.P.O. staff concerned.

The trainees remained all day at their places of training, took haversack rations for lunch, and were duly collected in the evening One amusing aspect of this arrangement was the fact that they were paraded to collect their haversack rations before moving off in the morning, and my sergeant spent some considerable time trying to evolve a drill movement which could be used in response to the command, "Parade—pick up sandwiches!"

By the middle of each week we had thus settled down into quite a smooth routine (except for the many potential S.B.O.s who would always decide midstream that they wanted to be T.P.O.s and vice versa) and were just beginning to know the names of the girls; I am sure we never on any occasion got to know all of them before they departed.

Towards the end of the week the tempo would quicken tremendously. On Fridays the G.P.O. reports on the girls used to arrive, and also the posting allocations (by numbers only, and not by name) to the various Commands. Practically the whole of Friday was spent in fitting the supply to the demand, whilst bearing in mind a multiplicity of other factors, such as a particularly pressing reason existing for a certain auxiliary to be posted to a certain part of England. Normally speaking, demands of this sort could not be met,

Teleprinter switchboard operators

W.R.A.C. at Work and Play

and the most extraordinary mingled howls of rage, pain and joy were wont to go up when I announced the final postings on the Saturday morning.

Before that, however, I had to take the solution to each week's jigsaw puzzle round to a lieutenant-colonel in the War Office for approval each Friday evening, and this occupied a great deal of time, as he would go into the whole thing in tremendous detail.

On Saturday, of course, the whole performance with the charabancs and railway stations would start up again, only in reverse on this occasion; and then, on the following day, the entire process would recommence.

After the training described above, the auxiliaries were considered fully qualified operators, and would be employed immediately on live traffic. The proportion of "failures" was extremely low, and I feel that this does go to show that results can always be produced if the necessity is sufficiently pressing.

I should also mention that it was during this period that the great German measles epidemic took place. This, in its way, was quite amusing The first victims were duly sent to hospital with much solicitude and concern; when the numbers became too great, they were treated in the C.R.S. and Sick Bay; and then ultimately in their own quarters; and finally it was ruled that any further persons contracting the disease would carry on working as usual, and furthermore would assist in the care, and attend to the duties, of those already sick. Those of us unlucky enough to be in the last category made solemn vows that in the future we would take good care to catch all complaints available as rapidly as possible.

I must relate one further incident (a perfectly true variation of the "Say-something-if-it's-only-goodbye" story) which actually took place in this Group during my stay with them. The operators on duty at the War Office were normally marched there twice daily, by an officer, and, on one pleasant spring day, the Group Commander, leading the parade, decided to march them through St. James's Park, as a change from the road. Throwing a low word over her shoulder to this effect to the leading N.C.O., she proceeded into the park, head high and arms swinging. It was not until she had marched in this martial manner some considerable distance into the park that she realised she was quite alone—the leading N.C.O. having misinterpreted her remark and having continued to take the squad along the road as usual.

To conclude, I should express my very deep appreciation to any ex-A.T.S. War Office Signals personnel who were serving with the Group at that time concerned for the outstanding and truly Christian hospitality which was offered by them to a later Unit of mine (10 London District A.T.S. Signal Company), at positively no notice at all, when we had the misfortune to be completely bombed out of our existing quarters in the West End of London in 1941. I do not think I have ever experienced such ready mass kindness and initiative as that which they showed in quartering, feeding, clothing and generally succouring some 70 of us. We appealed for help about lunch time on a Sunday and were all settled in, like cuckoos in a most welcoming nest, by nightfall; and I have never forgotten it.

(To be continued)

A.T.S.—W.R.A.C.

THE A.T.S. was born after Munich in September, 1938. The first Director was Dame Helen Gwynne Vaughan. The Order of Battle in those far-off dream days was that every T.A. Association was to raise a Lower or Higher Establishment A.T.S. Company to work and train with their T.A. Battalions, plus Specialist Units—M.T. Companies, Signals and, in certain areas, large Clerical Companies.

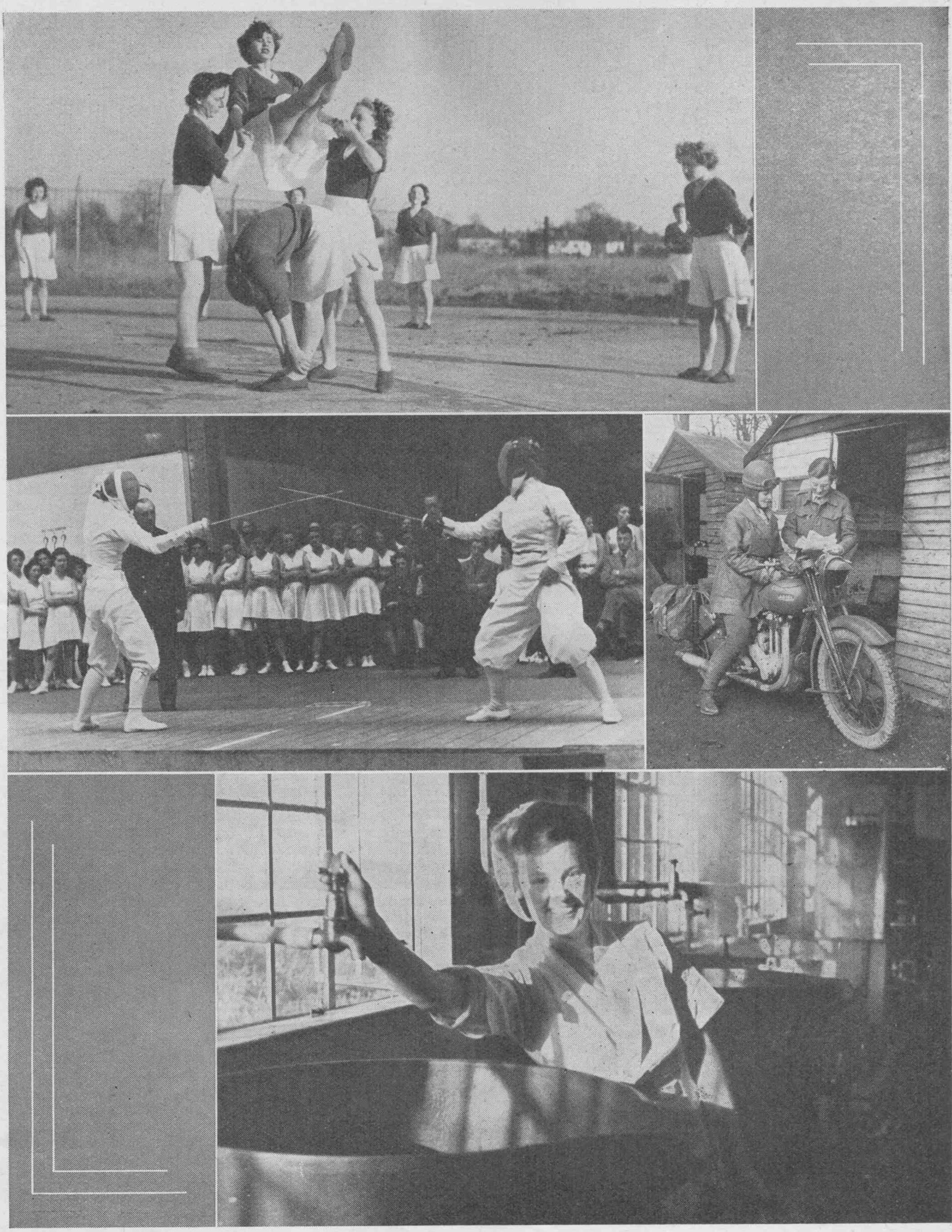
The T.A. Associations wanted to be helpful, but as nearly all their Battalions were in the process of being duplicated; they had very little time to spare for an unknown Auxiliary Women's Service.

Each Company was to have two or more officers and 25 or 50 auxiliaries on their establishment, the categories being cooks, clerks, orderlies, storewomen. Some Specialist Companies of clerks, drivers and Signals were also to be formed in special localities.

The officer's sole initial training was a short 5½-day course

Teleprinter operators

W.R.A.C. at Work and Play



at the Duke of York's. After this course, the officers returned home to form their Units, enrol members and commence their training in Army procedure and in their special work. It can well be imagined that for many months training nights were one long nightmare, with earnest women endeavouring to learn to become part of the T.A.

The first camps were held in the summer of 1939, these being closely followed by the outbreak of war. By October of that year all Units were embodied and sent to their first war stations, where they very quickly settled into their work, and became part of the Military Unit.. Out of a small nucleus a large service grew, many new trades and employments came into being and were added to the original ones.

Training Centres, at first called A.T.S. Reception Depots, for recruit intakes, were formed. Drivers' and Signal Schools and other Technical Schools came into being. In July, 1941, the Women's Services came under certain Sections of the Army Act, and in March, 1942, women became liable for National Service.

These momentous events were not without the difficulties of growing pains which always occur when an organisation increases rapidly, especially in war-time.

A.A. Command decided to have Mixed Regiments, and A.T.S. were asked to volunteer for operational work, which included everything except the actual firing of the guns. These Mixed Regiments very quickly showed their worth, and to them in the main was entrusted the defences of Great Britain.

As time went on and man-power became scarce, women in the Service were asked to undertake all kinds of most unusual work, some of it of the greatest secrecy, and it soon became clear that there was no job the A.T.S. could not undertake with success. I well remember seeing auxiliaries repairing precision instruments with spider webs, a very skilled job.

The peak figures in the A.T.S. were reached about 1943, when conscription was in full force. These conscripted auxiliaries, the majority of whom until 1942 had been in reserved occupations, proved first-class material.

A.T.S. served in many spheres overseas and worked with Military Missions in Washington and elsewhere. They followed the Armies into Europe soon after D-Day, and A.A. Command sent Mixed Regiments to Belgium, these Regiments having been primarily recruited and trained for home defence.

With peace came rapid releases, and now the Service is very small in comparison with the war years, but without fuss or bother the A.T.S. became an integral part of the Army, did brilliant work which has been recognised from all sides, and now, on the 1st February, 1949, has changed its name to W.R.A.C. and become a Corps of the Regular Army.

Gardens in Barracks

Now, regarding wind and weather, graft and cut quicksets; cover the roots of fruit trees (opened in January) with fat earth. Sow oats, parsnips, onions, carrots, melons, cucumbers and all kinds of pot herbs. Slip artichokes and sage. Sow all manner of garden seeds.

—XVIIth Century Lore

IN other words, now is the time to sow like mad. *But,* writing for mid-March in early February, how can we tell what the weather will be like. Last year we had a frost in February which did a lot of damage, and I notice that I recorded " tea in the garden " on 6th March. But we have had such a mild winter that March might bring anything, including a hard frost. So remember that if we haven't had a hard frost in February it is probably coming in March.

If you have any glass, you will probably have some seedlings coming on. Give them all the air you dare to harden them and hold them back.

If P.R.I. has laid out £4 odd on a wheeled hoe it will come into its own. The land you dug in November, December and January will be showing a nice crop of weed, and if you can run a hoe over it just before a hard frost you'll be amazed at the casualty rate.

Last March we set our first early potatoes on 10th, and commenced the main crop on 25th—Lady Day.

We sowed greens outside on 7th, and the less hardy stuff a week later. On 16th March we started pricking out from boxes under glass to nursery bed, and made a sowing of larkspur, antirrhinum and stocks. We, or rather I, also sowed wallflower. Much too early. They took no harm, but were long and leggy at planting-out time.

On 30th March we were pricking out spring-sown lettuces, which came nicely in just when we all went off for a holiday. That's where you need a planner, as the Government say. Seriously, though, you can't go far wrong in March, particularly in the second half of it.

The only thing to remember is the virtue of parsimony. Sow thinly and remember that nearly all amateur gardeners and some professionals lose more by gluts than by failure. There is nothing more infuriating than raising a first-class crop and then having to dig it in because no one will eat it. This is more prevalent in the private garden than in barracks, because however big your crop, 800 or so mouths will soon eat it. But do remember that if you make a sowing it either fails or brings forth a hundredfold. So sow for succession at about three weeks' interval. If you have any daffodil bulbs, the end of March is the beginning of the gardeners' year of fury and frustration. Your daffodils will be just coming into bloom in profusion, and the bounder next door, with the same conditions of soil and outlook, will have had a plenitude of bloom for a week or more. The gardener you talk to will, of course, have done even better than that. But gardeners' stories are as fishermen's—subject to exaggeration.

To go back to potatoes, they take up a lot of room, but consider intercropping; you can intercrop with broad beans by putting a bean in the space after every second potato in a row. Another profitable method is to prick out winter greens between every second row. The potato haulm is guided inwards, and the winter greens are well established and going ahead when the potatoes are dug. Or why not try both? I propose to this year.

There is still digging to do, as always; the ground that held winter greens will just be coming vacant and must be dug and filled for its next crop.

Another form of digging is the clearing of ground around any shrubs you have. You will not have done it before, but if you can do it now you will get a hard check to the annual weeds which will be coming up around them.

Welcome to my friends
of the
Royal Signals
Especially those of the No 7.
Selection Regt.
Jean Simmons

Western Command Signal Regiment, Blacon Camp, Chester, December, 1948

Front row (left to right): Corporal Bricknell, Sergeant Orme, Sergeant Acton, Sergeant Roberts, S.Q.M.S. (F. of S.) Galloway, S.Q.M.S. (F. of S.) Mercer, S.S.M. Causey, S.S.M. Bowyer, S.S.M. Mayhew, Captain A. W. Mead, Captain T. C. L. Davidson, Captain (T.O.T.) T. Bennett, Captain (T.O.T.) T. E. Hall, Captain R. J. Hoar (Adjutant), Major J. M. Sawers, Lieutenant-Colonel T. W. Boileau, O.B.E., Commanding Officer, Major (T.O.M.) G. R. Bishop, Captain (Q.M.) W. G. Walters, R.S.M. Barrett, Second-Lieutenant J. E. Watkins, Second-Lieutenant I. A. R. Biggart, R.Q.M.S. Parry, S.S.M. Butler, S.S.M. Ebbage, S.Q.M.S. Jones, S.Q.M.S. Chadwick, Sergeant Essay, Sergeant Charlton, Sergeant Wagner, Corporal Cray, Corporal Scott .

Western Command Signal Regiment

BLACON CAMP, CHESTER

Mainly photographs this time. It is fortunate that we had these photos taken, as the most recent posting order has robbed us of many of our leading lights. R.S.M.s Barrett and Watters, Sergeants Orme, Daly, Roberts, Charlton, Acton and Tucker, Corporals Bricknell, Gardner, Currie, Tipton and Hutchinson are due for overseas again, and we wish them luck.

New arrivals are Major A. W. Barron, M.C. (of Ham fame), Major G. G. Freemantle, Captain L. A. Grace and Lieutenant (Q.M.) F. C. Dixon.

MID-WEST DISTRICT SIGNALS. A Cadet Assistant Instructor's Course was conducted at Blacon Camp in January, under Captain F. W. Oakes. A total of 24 cadets attended, and the results were most encouraging. The course was given a screen test during their stay and the result is shown below, with Captain Oakes and his A.D.C., Sergeant Ireland, prominently placed in the foreground.

Cadet Assistant Signalling Instructors' Course, 4th-12th January, 1949, Western Command Signal Regiment, Blacon Camp, Chester. Captain F. W. Oakes and Sergeant A. J. Ireland with the course of 24 Cadets

4 A.A. GROUP INDEPENDENT (M) SIGNAL SQUADRON

Peninsula Barracks, Warrington, Lancs

February

4 A.A. Group had the honour of a visit from Lieutenant-General Sir Frank E. W. Simpson, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., General Officer Commanding-in-Chief Western Command, on Monday, 7th February. Of course, the Squadron provided the guard, and the lads lived well up to their reputation. The turn-out was first class, the difference being, this time, the blue beret. We did not like these berets, blue, at first, but everyone admits now that these, if worn correctly, certainly set off the battle-dress. Well done, once again, Signals!

We are now in the throes of "smartening up" again in preparation for the annual visit of our G.O.C., Major-General P. G. Calvert-Jones, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., early in April.

Training is going on as usual, and things are fairly quiet. The Squadron is still steadily increasing in strength, the latest addition being a draughtsman, so we can expect a new coat of paint on the notice boards around the barracks in the near future.

Boxing. The 4 A.A. Group Annual Boxing Championships were held here in late January. Entries from the Squadron were as follows:

Signalman Allen (flyweight) reached the semi-final and then was beaten on points by the winner of that weight.

Signalmen Hopkins and Morgan (welterweights) were beaten in the qualifying rounds after very good fights.

Signalman Hadfield (welterweight) won his bout on a knock-out, but unfortunately injured his hand and had to retire from the competition.

All the lads fought very well and we hope they go further in the next competition.

Football. Considering the size of this Squadron, we are developing quite a good team. Last week we were beaten 3—0 by 24 Command R.E.M.E. Workshops, but as their strength is nearly 400 we put up a good show. We played the Warrington Tannery on 5th February and won 4—1. We have quite a good fixture list, so more at a later date.

Hockey. Sergeant Hammond (of India fame) has been selected for the Corps hockey team. He has already played in their Scottish and London tours. Well done, sergeant.

Cross-Country. 4 A.A. Group held their Cross-Country Championship at Formby, Lancashire, on 1st February. The Squadron entered a team of 10—there were 120 runners. It was a very gruelling course of 6½ miles and only four finished, their positions being as follows: 12th, 22nd, 47th and 61st. Better luck next time!

That is all for this month. Cheerio to all from Warrington.

STAPOO

H.R.H. The Princess Royal Opens Catterick N.A.A.F.I. Club

We are indebted to the *Catterick Express* for the following account:

Gusty weather, a 21-gun salute, and a magnificent guard of honour greeted Her Royal Highness The Princess Royal when she arrived to open Catterick N.A.A.F.I. Club on 19th January. After coffee at Catterick Camp A.T.S. Officers' Mess, and a visit to Sandes Home, she arrived at the Club at 11.25.

With her was Major-General R. T. O. Cary, and as the Royal car drew to a stop at the entrance, her personal standard was broken at the mast-head, the guard of honour presented arms, and the Band of Royal Signals played the National Anthem.

Her Royal Highness then inspected the guard of honour from 4 Training Regiment, Royal Signals, and Catterick Group, A.T.S. As Her Royal Highness walked towards the Club, she was met on the steps by the Lord Lieutenant of the North Riding, the Marquis of Zetland.

The Lord Lieutenant then presented Admiral Sir Harold Burrough, President of the N.A.A.F.I. Council, Sir Lancelot

Photo by "Evening Gazette," Middlesbrough

Colonel-in-Chief, Royal Signals,
Controller Commandant,
Women's Royal Army Corps

A Guard of Honour found by 4 Training Regiment, Royal Signals

Photo by "Northern Echo," Darlington

Photo by "Evening Gazette," Middlesbrough

Chief Controller, H.R.H. The Princess Royal, C.I., G.C.V.O., G.B.E., Colonel-in-Chief, Royal Signals, accompanied by Major-General R. T. O. Cary, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O.

C. Royle, Chairman of the N.A.A.F.I. Board of Management, and Mr. L. C. Wynne-Tyson, a deputy general manager of N.A.A.F.I.

The princess was then escorted to the Club's Reading Room and Writing Room, where the Bishop of Ripon, General Sir Montagu Stopford and other notabilities were presented.

After a tour of the Club, Her Royal Highness entered the ballroom, greeted by the National Anthem.

Major-General R. T. O. Cary, who was in the chair, made the opening remarks. "Today is a most memorable day in the history of Catterick Camp," he declared. "For those of us who have been associated with the camp for some time, this is the fulfilment of a dream." General Cary told his audience that he personally was old-fashioned enough to think that when British architects, designers, craftsmen and workers put their minds to it, they could produce something which could not be surpassed in any part of the world. "The Club, in my view," he said, "confirms this opinion."

The General paid tribute to N.A.A.F.I. for the great co-operation they had shown to the District since he assumed command. "The N.A.A.F.I. is very much a part and parcel of Catterick," he added.

Officially opening the new Club, Her Royal Highness said, "Today is a great day in the history of N.A.A.F.I., and I am very happy to be here. This is the sixth Club of its kind to be opened by N.A.A.F.I., a worthy achievement for which I would like to congratulate them.

"During this visit I have been impressed with the design of this building. It is the newest example of the Army's attempt to fulfil the requirements of the Services.

"The Club will be an important centre where troops will be able to find recreation and enjoy some of life's comforts. There are signs here of the embodiment of much that symbolises the traditional amenities of civilian life."

A hostel, as yet uncompleted, would, Her Royal Highness went on, be a valuable feature of the Club, especially in that it would enable relatives of soldiers who are in hospital to be

The platform party from left to right are: The Lady in Waiting Miss Mary Lampson, General Sir Montagu Stopford, Lady Stopford, the Marquis of Zetland, Major-General R. T. O. Cary, the Bishop of Ripon, Lady Burrough, and Admiral Sir Harold Burrough

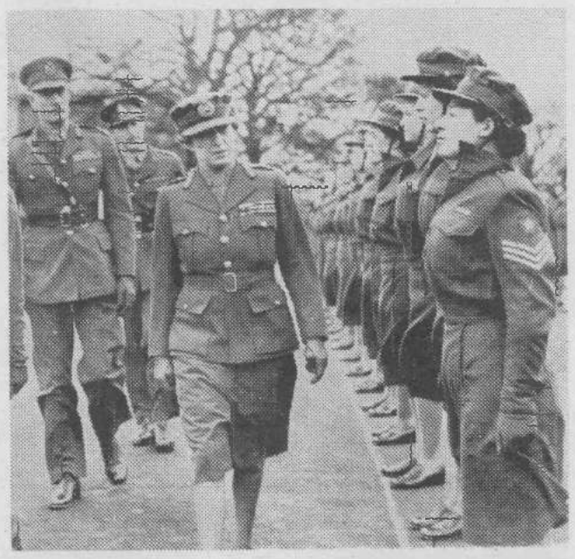


Photo by " Northern Echo," Darlington

A Guard of Honour found by Catterick Group A.T.S. After luncheon H.R.H. toured A.T.S. units, inspected barrack rooms and an education class

Photo by ' Catterick Express "

General Sir Montagu G. N. Stopford, G.C.B., K.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., A.D.C., G.O.C.-in-C., Northern Command, spoke on behalf of the three Services and paid tribute to the work of Major-General and Mrs. Cary during the former's term of office

near them. " I would like to wish all connected with the Club a very prosperous and successful future," she concluded.

Following a short dedication prayer by the Lord Bishop of Ripon, General Sir Montagu Stopford, G.O.C.-in-C. Northern Command, spoke on behalf of the three Services.

He praised the standard of morale and discipline in Catterick, and made special mention of the great part played by General and Mrs. Cary in the leisure life of the camp.

On the subject of Catterick's fast-dying " bogey," the G.O.C.-in-C. was most outspoken. " In some quarters Catterick has a reputation of being rather a squalid sort of camp," he said, " but this is completely unjustified. Most of the buildings and barracks are good and up to date."

An entertainment followed, given by Billy Ternent and his orchestra, and " impressions " by Peter Cavanagh. Her Royal Highness and the platform party were then entertained to luncheon by Admiral Sir Harold Burrough, President of the N.A.A.F.I. Council.

Her Royal Highness left at 2.10.

SIGNAL TROOP, 23rd FIELD REGIMENT, R.A.
Tilshead

January

Leave is always a speedy process, so it seems only yesterday that the previous notes were written. Naturally, with nearly the whole Troop partaking at various times of their long-awaited leave, little of note has been accomplished within the Troop. How some people spent their leave is nobody's business, but those bags under the eyes and slightly numbed expressions must have meant rather gay times for some individuals. It was suggested that we should have a few days' sleep before commencing work, but this suggestion was not received favourably amongst the senior members.

There are a few of us who have something more pressing on our minds. " Someone at the Door," in fact. Yes, that great production will shortly be presented to a very critical audience. Next month we should be in a position to give the post mortem—with obituary!

Little sport has taken place recently, but things will soon improve, as we have several soccer matches arranged for the near future.

Who was it who said that a cat would die if its whiskers were removed? This theory has been proved untrue by the recent experience of the Troop cat. The poor animal was innocently sitting in front of the office fire when the resident stoker commenced to load up. Undisturbed, puss continued to dream of fish and milk, showing a feline disinterest in all mortal activities. The stove replenished, the lid was replaced, causing a blast of flame to shoot out of the bottom. Our beautiful black and white cat suddenly found himself surrounded by a halo of singeing heat. The flame retired, leaving the creature shocked, numbed and just a little " browned off." For some moments he didn't move, then, with a plaintive howl, he made a double circuit of the room at express speed, then hurtled through an open window.

P.S. A report has just reached me which I think warrants inclusion. After a period of relative inactivity, we, or rather the powers that be, decided to try a bit of the old-time soldier's chief headache—a route march.

On the fateful morn we paraded in battle order, and after a few scroungers had been rounded up by " The Backbone " —our ever-faithful Sergeant—we set off at a steady 180. (It is rumoured that one of our senior members has extremely short legs!) A thick bank of grey cloud completely obscured the sky, keeping the merciless sun off our sweating carcasses, whilst a cool wind made the air breathable.

We left the road after a bit and followed an extremely muddy track for about two and a half miles, during which we twice took cover (as well as Signals could be expected to) from imaginary aircraft. After a very short while a few of the not-so-athletic types began to falter and were duly left to rot. At the accustomed time during the first hour we halted (sighs of relief). By this time the main topic of conversation was solely on our soles, and I feel sure I can't be far wrong in saying that practically everyone had " that something " in their boots that objected strongly to the unaccustomed work.

As the old saying goes, " It's the unexpected that happens,"

and to add to our enjoyment (?) as we trailed through one of the villages, we encountered a hunt meeting, plus hounds. These four-legged creatures were definitely hostile and resented our intrusion in no uncertain way. The local population (all six of 'em) had turned out to see the hunt commence, but judging by the yells of derision from the onlookers all interest in the mounted gentry was lost. I don't know who was most embarrassed, the hunt or us.

Anyhow, back to the trek. To most of us the going was pretty stiff, as is usual with our venerable Corps, but despite "howling dogs" and black looks in the direction of the O.C., we managed to reach camp, having covered 10½ miles in 2¾ hours, which we all considered pretty good going.

And on that rather painful note I shall close for this month.

5 Training Regiment, motor cycle team, winners Northern Command motor cycle trial, 1948-1949. Sergeant Ratcliffe, Sergeant Nicholson, Sergeant Jones

5 TRAINING REGIMENT

The highlight of the month has been the Unit's victory in the Northern Command Boxing Championships. After wins over the 12th Royal Lancers (7 points to 2), 14th/20th Hussars (7 points to 2) and the 7th Hussars (8 points to 1), we met S.M.E. (Ripon) in the final at Catterick.

The Unit team, which comes entirely from D.R. Squadron, won seven out of nine fights with a total of 16 points to S.M.E.'s 9. But it was by no means a walk-over; all the bouts were keenly contested. In the middleweight class, Signalman J. Croot, using a punishing left, outpointed Lance-Corporal Fountain, S.M.E. Both of our featherweights, Signalman Riding (first string) and Signalman Hearns (second string) were victors, Riding winning with a knock-out in a few seconds, and Hearns gaining a clear margin of points. Two disqualifications marred the welterweight (second string) and bantamweight contests, when both S.M.E. boxers were disqualified for hitting low. The Unit boxers, Signalman Rollinson (welter) and Signalman Thompson (bantam), were both ahead on points when the fights were stopped.

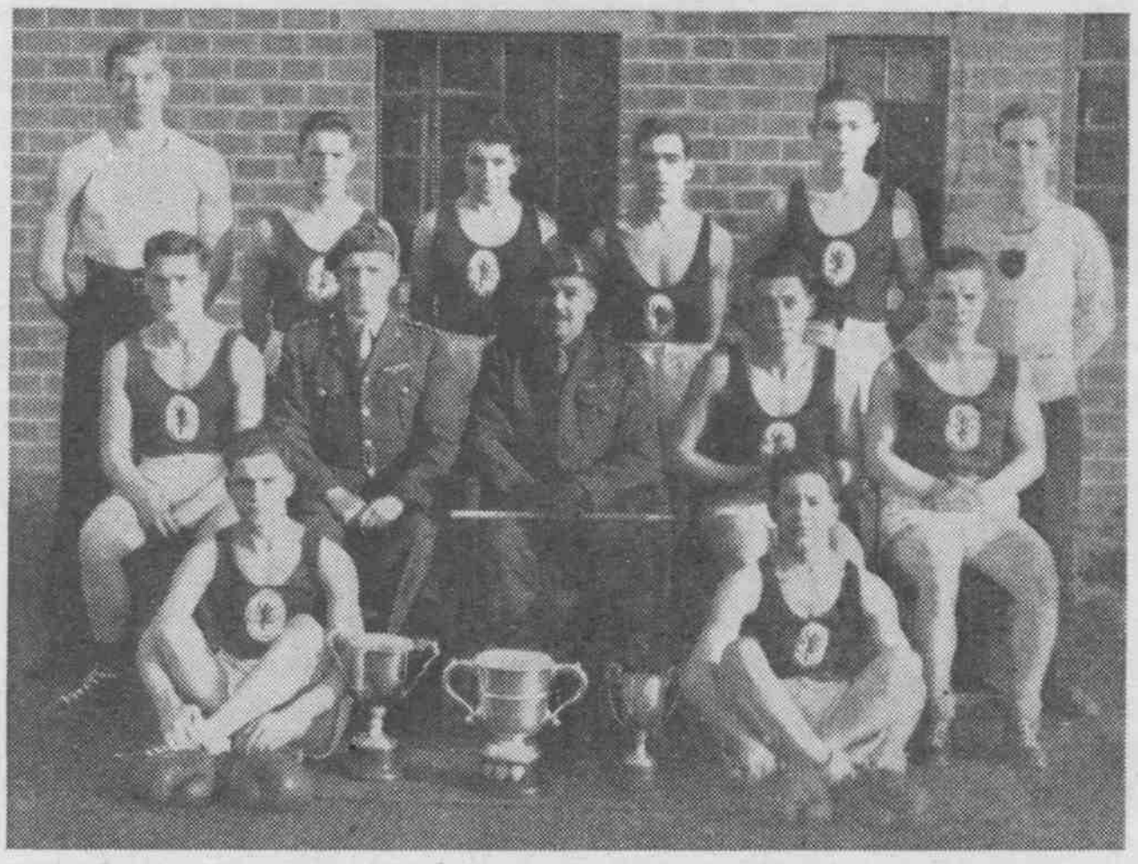
Our first defeat came when Lance-Corporal Menzies was knocked-out in the first round by Sapper Johnson, S.M.E., in the lightweight contest. Corporal Sturdy, our second string lightweight, was very fortunate and boxed well to win on points. The last two fights of the contest resulted in our second defeat of the evening, when light-heavyweight McLeavy lost a very close fight, and a final win, Corporal Broadbent outboxing a very clever opponent in the welterweight first string.

Incidentally, Corporal Broadbent must be congratulated on his selection for the Army team when they box the B.A.O.R. team this month. The Unit team, with the championship cup once more in their possession, go forward as Northern Command representatives in the Army Championship contests.

We are now looking forward to our next round, which is to take place before 14th March, and will be against the winning Unit team of the 5th A.A. Group.

Congratulations to the following in having been selected to represent Northern Command *versus* Tees-side Area on 21st January: Lance-Corporal McLeavy, Signalman Croot, Signalman Rollinson, Lance-Corporal Menzies, Signalman Thompson, Signalman Hearns and Corporal Sturdy.

Congratulations to Sergeant and Mrs. White on the birth of a son at Catterick Military Hospital. They have decided to call the boy Christopher. Rumour has it that here we have a prospective D.R.



5 Training Regiment boxing team. Winners Northern Command inter-unit team championship, 1948-1949

Back row: Corporal Smith, Corporal Menzies, Signalman Riding, Corporal Sturdy, Lance-Corporal McLeavy, Staff-Sergeant Murphy, A.P.T.C. Centre row: Corporal Broadbent, Captain A. Stirk, Lieut.-Colonel L. T. Shawcross, O.B.E., Signalman Croot, Signalman Rollinson. Front row: Signalman Hearns, Signalman Thompson

SCOTTISH COMMAND (M) SIGNAL REGIMENT

Edinburgh

The old order changeth! Such would appear to be the theme song these days North of the Border. It has always been said that Scotland is a land which provides emigrants, and this Regiment seems to have adapted itself in no uncertain manner to the ways of its native heath.

Heading an impressive list of those who have gone or are about to go is our C.O., Lieutenant-Colonel T. A. K. Howe. Colonel Howe has commanded the Regiment for the past 18 months, which in these days of change is sufficient to make him one of the oldest inhabitants. He now leaves us for warmer climes and Mediterranean breezes, and with him go the best wishes of the Regiment. At the same time all ranks send their heartiest congratulations to Colonel and Mrs. Howe on the birth of their daughter.

To our new C.O., Lieutenant-Colonel W. A. Peachell, O.B.E., we extend a warm welcome, and hope his stay in Scotland will be a pleasant one. Fairmilehead Camp in February can present a dismal outlook, which is not at all helped by the cold comfort of our tin-lined igloos, but we have hopes of better things to come.

Also leaving us for new fields is that very good friend of the Unit, Major Gregory, who goes on a course at Devizes. Sport in the Regiment is bound to feel the loss of his going, but we sincerely hope that the good work which he started will be carried on in his absence. The Mess will retain many

tangible memories of "Greg" for some time to come—including several coats of paint!

Yet another old inhabitant in the person of Subaltern Firbank, W.R.A.C., takes leave of us this month. Subaltern Firbank is going on that famed "Slow Boat to China" to join her fiancé in Hong Kong. While sorry to see her go, one cannot but admire the perfect timing of her posting technique! Last week we also said farewell to the Unit Padre, the Rev. Mr. Knott, who leaves us to minister to the needs of B.A.O.R.

On the arrivals side we welcome to our Unit Captain Sumner, 14th/20th King's Hussars, a candidate for "Jimmy" honours, and as an ex-Catterick dweller, well known to many in the home of Signals.

The Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess, too, has not escaped this general post. This month the Unit has said goodbye to such faithfuls as W.O.II Hourigan, who departed for his long-awaited T.A. job at Chester, and W.O.II Boon, who left Glasgow for unknown realms *via* 1 Squadron, The Depot Regiment. "Forrin" numbers seem much to the fore these days, and Ripon has also laid successful claim to such gallants as our M.T.O., W.O.II Fraser, and Sergeants North, Crampton and Gardiner. Truly an impressive exodus! We also record here the going of a real old soldier, one Sergeant Strachan, a gay 66 or thereabouts, who checked in his stripes for a civvy suit under the impressive title of DVGD/E/3 A. & S. Group 1.

It is with some relief and much pleasure that we welcome to the fold Sergeant Staite, who comes to lend a hand in the ever-dwindling Sergeants' Mess.

Going further down the line, the Junior N.C.O.s' Mess has had its share of losses. Corporals Fussell and Raffan have gone to join that merry band at Ripon, and Corporal Nicklin has departed on release with A. & S. Group 78. Although a loss to the Mess, we congratulate Corporals Laine and Slee on their recent promotion to sergeant.

General news in the Unit these days is our recent weddings at Broomfield. Whether spring is early this year (or perhaps Ripon has something to do with it?)—the orange blossom was out in force last month.

Sergeant Tyler married Corporal Swann, W.R.A.C., and Corporal Raffan married Corporal Sharp, W.R.A.C. The motto these days would seem to be "Come to Broomfield and be married—or posted!"

And in conclusion of this month's report we should like to congratulate the W.R.A.C. part of our Unit on their fine turn-out and bearing at the church parade to St. Giles' Cathedral to commemorate the formation of the W.R.A.C. A fine body of women! With that pleasant thought we sign off once more for yet another month.

SIGNAL TROOP, 23 FIELD REGIMENT, R.A.

February

It has been with untold relief that we have noticed the days of winter gradually crawl by. We sometimes think of the horrors that might have been. A bus every two hours seems very uncivilised to us even now, but had it snowed . . .

It was also a relief to learn that we were not to change camps, as had originally been threatened. A few of us (notably the radio mechanics) began getting worried when they surveyed the mountains of personal rubbish they had accumulated.

Our event of most note was the recent visit of the Chief of the Imperial General Staff. For a little camp to be honoured by such a great personality was truly unbelievable. The occasion was naturally preceded by weeks of painting and cleaning up. The billets received their first post-war coat of paint, barbed wire was furtively flung far and wide in an endeavour "to promote natural herbage," as Troop Orders put it. The camp finally rose up out of the dust and grime in which it had slumbered for many years. At last the day came, heralded by reporters and a frantic R.S.M. clearing the roads of all untidy humans below the rank of lieutenant. The magnificent Union Jacks glided up the road on the bonnets of even more magnificent Rolls-Royces. Our eyes goggled as we witnessed the sight of the Army gods descending to earth. The usual terrifying inspection of a few unfortunate Gunners, then the Field Marshal and his flock were shown around the camp. He paid a visit to our most revered toy and everything was working satisfactorily, but (luckily) he confessed that he was not a technical man, so at least one of our number "stopped sweating."

A somewhat more localised disturbance was the presentation of "Someone at the Door" by the O.C., Lieutenant C. H. Tutton. We had one member of the Troop in the cast, Signalman P. C. Ward. He took the part of the semi-hysterical comedy lead; most appropriate was the general impression. Our N.C.O.s lent a hand, Lance-Corporal E. A. Peatson being generally helpful backstage with the electrical equipment. During the play he spent most of the time endeavouring to pacify the "fire"—a heap of coke with a flickering red light emanating from the depths. Unfortunately, the electric motor used would persist in giving forth weird noises, clearly audible to the audience. Peatson did his best, but could not stop a most disconcerting banging noise occasionally coming out. Lance-Corporal Barnfather helped with the effects. I shall not forget the first night, though. The whole stage, including the victim, anxiously awaited the sound of a rifle shot from backstage; there was an awful pause whilst a frantic "Barny" spent anxious seconds before discovering that a rifle will not fire with the safety catch on. Apart from these slight mishaps, the show went off quite well, though the Regimental support was certainly not overwhelming. We hope to go on tour in the near future; that will really be the test.

The Troop has been doing quite well in sport lately. We have entered a local league for small Units. Our first two games were lost, partly due to our full strength not being available, but the remaining three have all been won decisively, 4—1, 5—2, 6—0. We owe a lot of our success to Corporal J. Crabtree ("Ginger"), who scored five of the goals in the last game. Staunch support has been given by Signalmen Pat Webster, Bill Todd and "Geordie" Conroy. All of these lads have played for the Regiment at some time.

At long last, after much correspondence, our Troop Sergeant ("Tiny" Webb) has succeeded in obtaining permission to operate his amateur station from here. Already moans of anguish have been pouring in, due to some mysterious agent who obliterates "Dick Barton." The call is G3EKL/A, and is operating on 80, 40 and 20 metres, so if any other Hams raise this station they'll know whom they've found (and how).

Telebolo. If VS1CO ever reads this far, how about a line, Ray?—Tiny.

EASTERN COMMAND SIGNAL REGIMENT

Canterbury

Here in Canterbury we manage to toddle along in the usual cool, calm (if not-so-collected) manner.

At time of going to press there is great jubilation on the part of a certain section of the Regiment—to wit, the deferred, but not downhearted, 77 Group. Last week the Commanding Officer (Lieutenant-Colonel J. N. Barker, O.B.E.) and revered members of both Officers' and Sergeants' Messes, attended a farewell party given for the departing groupees in the N.A.A.F.I. Your correspondent understands that one of the outcomings of the C.O.'s visit was that the N.A.A.F.I. may be repainted—surely a fitting hall-mark of those that are leaving for those that remain or are yet to come.

Christmas and the New Year went off very well, with travel facilities laid on by British Railways, so that it was a great surprise that the "morning-after-the-night-before" found us complete in numbers.

A " straight-left " from the Officer i/c Records tells us that in the near future many senior non-commissioned ranks will be leaving the Regiment for a tour of duty—possibly overseas. Among those leaving are R.S.M. Douglas-Beveridge, S.S.M. Vincent, S.S.M. Moehle, Sergeants " Paddy " Howley, Bill Flavill and " Mike " Whim, together with Corporals Collett and Unitt.

Taking over the reins in the Orderly Room is Sergeant E. Tilley, whom many officers may remember from their cadet days at Catterick.

Whilst on the subject of moves, I understand that R.S.M. Grattage, now at East Anglian District Signal Troop, is looking after a " boat." Memory serves to tell me that Colchester weather is hardly comparable to the warmer climes of stations abroad.

Still discovering the differences 'twixt Squadrons and Companies, and Signals and Infantry, is Captain M. G. Drakeford, of the South Staffordshire Regiment, newly-appointed O.C. H.Q. Squadron cum P.R.I., cum Welfare Officer cum Education Officer. With this imposing list of duties to be undertaken, it seems that it would be in order to pass on some good wishes for a pleasant stay in the Regiment to this officer, which we herewith do.

It is interesting to note that Captain Drakeford was on the Staff responsible for broadcasting instructions and news to underground forces during the war. Surely this is a fitting acquisition for a Royal Signals Unit ?

A little too late for the last issue were congratulations due to Sergeant and Mrs. Howley on the birth of a daughter—Patricia Anne, a sister for Freddy.

On New Year's Eve the Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess held an informal social evening, which served a twofold purpose, namely, to welcome in 1949 and to say " Hello " to one or two wives who had not, until then, given us the pleasure of their company.

The outcome of the evening was that Mrs. Tilley and Mrs. Lustig showed the Mess a new version of snooker—a version that dispenses with such formalities as cues and the " potting " reds! A most convivial evening was enjoyed by Mess members and guests alike.

With only very small numbers in the Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess, these get-togethers, although not over-frequent, have a most warm and social air about them. With " Father " D-B. at the head, we are but children in his hands!

Reports continue to come in on the good show that the Demonstration Column is putting up throughout its tour of the Command. Originally under the leadership of Captain Ian Gibson (since posted to Scottish Command), the Demonstration Column is now commanded by Lieutenant E. J. N. Owen, assisted (I believe that's the word) by S.S.M. M. Phillips.

It is interesting to note that in the near future parties from the Regiment will be visiting the House of Commons, on various days, under the auspices of the Education Officer. This should prove a valuable experience for those individuals whose only recollection of the Commons is the recent rise in pay—or their income tax!

As your correspondent in Canterbury, I regret that the above notes, which were intended for the February issue, were held up somewhere along the line. However, they are in this issue, so the news, belated though it may be, is here just the same.

Things are happening, particularly in the amenities and welfare direction. At the time of going to press, plans are being laid for the first of a series of Married Families' Socials, run by the Garrison Committee. This committee has recently added to its number two members of this Regiment, so that Signals have a loud voice in the welfare activities.

Within the Unit, sport has been much in the news lately. A new Sports Committee has been set up under the Sports Officer, and it has for its members representatives of every team game. Already we have prepared a hockey pitch that will be the envy of any visiting team, and the boxing team has sent out challenges to all comers. On 3rd and 4th March the boxing team will travel to Shorncliffe to compete in the Home Counties District Championship.

The team for this will be: Heavyweight, Signalman Fray; middleweight, Signalmen Taylor and Jones; welterweight, Lance-Corporal Waterton and Signalman Booth; lightweight, Signalmen Weston and North. At training bouts and airings these lads look very fit, and quite capable of giving a good account of themselves.

Chancing to look out of the window t'other day, I saw a happy-looking crowd piling into a three-tonner. On inquiry I found that this was the departure of the delayed, but none the less exhilarated, 78 Group.

Other movements from the Unit that may be of interest to old friends are: R.S.M. Grattage, M.M., to Middle East; R.S.M. Douglas-Beveridge, S.S.M. Moehle, Sergeant Whim and Sergeant Bateman to the Depot for who-knows-where. Older members of the Corps will remember R.S.M. A. Barraclough, who has just joined Eastern Command Signals as a sergeant, having " taken on " for another two years on top of his 30 years' service.

A farewell party to the departing members was given by the Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess. Several new members of the Officers' Mess attended and appeared to enjoy themselves. Wives, of course, were there, and a pleasant evening was enjoyed by all.

Down Shorncliffe way there is an out-Troop serving H.Q., Home Counties District, and I was talking to their Unit correspondent a few days ago. It appears that they are having a busy time at H.C.D. Signal Troop. Main duties are manning a teleprinter terminal, a 100-line, two-position switchboard and handling S.D.S. traffic for the District. As if this isn't enough, there are J.T.C. and A.C.F. Units to be trained in the Kent, Sussex and Surrey areas; and to cap the lot, three teleprinters are operated at the R.A.S.C. Record Office at Hastings and three operators take care of a switchboard at Brighton.

But apart from work, Signalman Fisher, of H.C.D. Signals, found time to go in and win the Table Tennis Tournament at the Record Office Table Tennis Club at Hastings.

Sport is notorious for the twists of fate that are so manifest. Over at Dover, Kent Coast Troop were congratulating themselves in acquiring Signalman Fox, whom sports fans will know better as the Fulham full-back. But at the time when the team needed Fox to assist them in a cup competition, he was selected to play for the Army XI, and the Kent Coast Troop lost to the Royal Sussex Regiment 0—8. Hard luck, Dover. Also talking sport, the Colchester Garrison Rugby side is being run by two Royal Signals officers, namely, Captain E. M. T. Crump and Second-Lieutenant H. Q. Davies. The Garrison side has recently beaten Ipswich, Colchester and Chelmsford Town, and is still doing well.

Mentioning Captain Crump reminds me that congratulations are due to him and Mrs. Crump on the birth of a son. (Sorry, we haven't heard the name yet.) As usual, best wishes to Signals everywhere from Eastern Command in Canterbury.

PETER MATTHEWS

SOUTHERN COMMAND (M) SIGNAL REGIMENT

Salisbury

February

Captain McIlvride, Royal Signals, has just returned to the fold after about a year spent in his happy hunting ground at Pompey. Major R. C. Baker has departed to take up an appointment as O.C., together with Second-Lieutenant W. G. A. Cathcart, who will assist him in his new duties. We wish them success in their new duties.

R.S.M. Woods has been posted to a more inhabited part of the country, i.e. London. In his place we extend a very

hearty welcome to R.S.M. R. Dixon and hope that his stay with us will be long and happy. "There are those among us" who look forward to the time when Mr Dixon's Married Quarter materialises; the odd cup of tea would be heartily approved, of course, plus !

We also extend a hand of welcome to R.S.M. C. F. Webb. Sergeant Brett-Foreman has returned to the Corps after an absence of three years and joined the Regiment in January.

We are pleased to be able to record that in the realm of sport the Regiment is on the up-grade. Our hockey team were unfortunate in the semi-final of Southern Command Small Units' Knock-out Tournament. Hard luck, of course, but we know that next time someone will have to watch his step.

The football team is still going quite well, and usually manages to scrape home by the odd goal. They do lose sometimes, though. Pity the Police are such big—blokes. We saw the first practice Rugby match a few days ago, but I don't think we had better say too much about it just yet. Of course, there were the odd casualties, but it's a pity that Lieutenant Walton pulls other people's legs so much that he eventually pulls a muscle in his own. Anno Domini, sir ?

ALDERSHOT DISTRICT SIGNAL TROOP (W.R.A.C.). We are sorry to report the loss of many friends during the last two months, due mainly to demob and overseas postings. A few days before Christmas we waved a fond farewell to Privates Manley, Smith, Campbell and Steele—all caught in a demob wave.

Caught in a more watery wave were Privates Cox, Ball and Rhodes and Corporal Hobbs, all drafted overseas; Corporal Hobbs to Germany and the other three lucky privates to the land of the sun, sand and sheiks.

Command has partly compensated for this loss by posting in Privates Elms and Cushen (ex-M.E.L.F.) and Clerke, all from Didcot; Privates Payne and Kinchington, from Fugglestone; Corporal Nock, from Bicester; and Privates Law, Baldwin, Mitchell, Baker and Cooper, all re-enlistments.

We have recently been joined in our little Paradise by 2 A.A. Group (M) Signal Regiment, to whom we extend a hearty welcome.

Last week Lance-Corporal Wedgewood left us to make the great journey to the other end of the District to become Corporal Wedgewood and take on the job of "muscle-building" with the new "B" Company, 6th Battalion W.R.A.C.

We are awaiting the return of Subaltern D. C. Harris, who is at the moment "skiving" (correction, ski-ing) in Austria in the Army Championships. Casualty will be published in time for next issue !

Our congratulations to Lance-Corporal Pointer (née Reaney), who spent her last leave getting married. We hope she will be very happy.

That's about all the news from the Aldershot Forgotten Army. More next month.

2 A.A. GROUP (M) SIGNAL REGIMENT

Bulford *January*

Alas; we fear that the Christmas festivities had such a lasting effect on your hard-working evangelist that he did not recover from his state of semi-coma in time to do anything about THE WIRE notes for December. Now, however, emboldened by New Year resolutions, he is able to review the events of the festive season with a dispassionate eye.

The Regimental high-spot was on Wednesday evening, 22nd December, when the Christmas party was held in the Unit Recreation Room. The centre of interest, if one leaves out the excellent bar and buffet, was the large Christmas tree bearing a carefully chosen present for each member of the Regiment. Some of the more bashful types are suspected of having abstracted their gifts beforehand, as some were found to be missing at the public opening ceremony. Groans of disappointment were heard when it was observed that the Q.M. was serving behind the bar. These proved unfounded, as he was most generous, with no suspicion of low measures. Only he can say how much the effort cost him! Our girls, ably assisted by Corporal Armstrong and his he-men to do the heavy jobs, worked wonders with the decorations, and, though the mistletoe tended to become mobile during the evening, most of them stayed up.

Footnote. We often wonder why, when putting up decorations, Private Rawlins always seems to prefer to work upside down on the beams . . . it's high time someone told her about gravity.

During December and the early part of January we had quite a few changes in the Regiment. We bade farewell to Captain A. V. Brandle, M.B.E., our Adjutant, who, after a very short stay with us, left on posting as a Major. Good luck, sir. Captain P. J. O'Rourke, who has been for some time awaiting an elusive overseas posting, has for the time being taken over the onerous task of Adjutant. Another departure has been that of S.Q.M.S. Fairhead, who left us at the end of December for civilian life. How does it compare, "Q" ?

We welcome to the Regiment Subaltern H. Broad, Second-Lieutenant Lelliott, R.Q.M.S. Page and Sergeant Stone. While Subaltern Broad dispenses justice from the A.T.S. Office, Mr. Lelliot has been swallowed up by M.T. and R.Q.M.S. Page by the Q.M. Stores. Sergeant Stone, who is doing a bit of everything at the moment, has made himself felt in more senses than one on the football field. We feel that, in fairness to others, he should only be allowed to use half his weight! How about it, Sergeant!

Staff-Sergeant Harte left us on leave just before Christmas, and returned as Staff-Sergeant Stanford, highly indignant at being referred to as a casualty (by those connected with Part II orders). Never mind, Staff, you have our best wishes.

The most important concern of the Regiment at the moment is the current move to Aldershot. An air of desolation hangs over the office and it is quite impossible to move anywhere without coming into violent contact with wicker panniers, precariously stacked furniture, barrack stores bearing the Q.M.'s hieroglyphics, and harassed heads of departments. The duplicator has been working overtime producing copious notes on the subject. The advance party has already left us, to the detriment of our football team, of which more anon. The main party will leave here on 26th January and meanwhile a convoy of transport under Mr. Lelliot treks monotonously to and fro. They should get to know the route fairly well soon.

Entertainments have not been much to the fore except for the Christmas party, although sounds of merriment were to be heard coming from the Sergeants' and Officers' Messes up to the small hours on the nights of 17th and 19th December respectively. The rivalry between the two Messes for the possession of the much coveted home-made cup awarded to the winners at the last competition of darts, table tennis and other indoor games, and at present in the Officers' Mess, will be maintained when we leave, by 46 (M) H.A.A. Regiment, R.A., who originated the contests.

Sport has been badly cramped during the last two months. We have been unable to enter for the 2 A.A. Group Boxing or Cross-Country Competitions, as the dates of these coincide too nearly with those of our move. For the same reason we have had to withdraw from the local Small Units Hockey K.O. Competition. We continued with our football, however, and after winning the local Small Unit League we were beaten in the first round of the resulting Inter-Area K.O. Competition. Great enthusiasm was shown for games by all members of the Regiment, and it is hoped that, when we reach Aldershot, sports facilities will be

better than they are here. It is worth while recording that Signalman Priest and Driver Wetton summoned up courage to apply for a boxing course and were unpleasantly surprised to be despatched in full F.S.M.O. with rifle and steel helmet. They returned, however, with good reports, and full of determination to " have a go." If anyone advertised for a bodyguard, we know just the man for the job.

Off the Records. Lieutenant-Colonel P. G. Gambier, O.B.E., Royal Signals, one time C.O. of this Regiment, paid us a short visit the other day, leaving behind him a very sickly looking pole crossing and the remark that he " Never could see out of that car when backing, anyway."

It is rumoured that the Regiment is buying a Hoover . . . whatever is the Army coming to? They'll be mechanising blanco next.

We gather that the introduction of the new pay code is causing Lance-Corporal Robbins to see " stars."

Panic overcame us the other day when someone misread the newspaper to the effect that there was another " three months " on the way. We are pleased to state that all but the most sensitive are now convalescing.

Our last notes from Salisbury Plain would not be complete without a reference to 46 (formerly 96) (M) H.A.A. Regiment, R.A., who have been our barrack companions since March, 1947, both here and at Waller Barracks, Devizes. There has been a natural if somewhat vigorous rivalry between the Regiments (" but, sir, the Provost Brigadier always picks on the Signals "), but, taking it all round, the co-operation of the Gunners under difficult circumstances has been remarkable. We should like here to express our thanks to them for all their friendliness and helpfulness. We know that members of the Regiment will leave behind them many personal friends, both R.A. and A.T.S., which is indeed a sure sign that our companionship has been a success.

We will end on this note in the hope that by next month we shall have settled down satisfactorily in Aldershot to function once more as an independent Regiment.

ATONEMENT

By **C. W. LUCAS**

TODAY is the 29th of September, and the time is 10.15 a.m. by the small brown clock on the mantelpiece. It's probably about five minutes fast, it usually is. In ten minutes I shall be dead. I can sit here and watch the people walking past the house. Women mostly, fetching their shopping, with a sprinkling of tradesmen and delivery boys. Just across the way a man is watching the house; he looks like the man from the gas company. Well, he can't be worrying about me, I paid my bills yesterday.

It's funny the way things turn out; yesterday I hadn't a care in the world beyond the usual small worries. I work, or worked, in an insurance office. It wasn't much of a job, but the pay was fairly good and in a couple of years I'd be branch manager somewhere.

Every morning I travelled up to town by the Central Line. Always I got in the second carriage and sat in the end seat so that I could watch the people as they get in; I like watching people, faces always have interested me. After a while you get to know them and miss them when they're absent.

That's how I came to know Martin. He used to get in at the same station as I and sat in the opposite seat; I say used to, for yesterday I killed him.

He wasn't really a bad chap, a bit ostentatious, perhaps, in his dress, but fairly decent underneath. It was that tobacco that did it—some ghastly stuff that always made me cough and feel slightly sick.

Every morning for the past two years we met on the station. We said " Good morning " and chatted casually until the train came in. Once settled in our seats with the morning paper, out would come the pipe, making the rest of the journey almost intolerable to me.

He never knew I hated the thing, of course. One morning he even leaned over and said, " Bad cough you've got there, old man—taking anything for it?" I always meant to tell him, but somehow I didn't have the nerve. He seemed so completely insensible to its effect on other people it would have been robbing a child of its toy.

The pipe became an obsession with me, all day I was haunted by the thought of the following morning, I even dreamt about it. Naturally I tried to avoid him, but he was a most persistent chap; finally I gave up. No other train was as convenient, and if I entered another carriage, he followed. It must have been fate, and eventually I resigned myself to the inevitable, until yesterday that is.

Everything stands out vividly in my mind, like a film in colour. We were standing by the edge of the platform waiting for the train. He was talking about the weather and I was brooding about the pipe.

The noise of the train startled me and I looked up to see it halfway down the platform. Momentarily I had a vision of myself suffering silent agonies down the long vista of the years. My mind recoiled, sickened, from such a prospect, and for a second everything blurred. Almost without thinking, I gave Martin a push just as the train reached us. I don't think anyone saw me, the whole thing happened too quickly.

The whole thing was regrettable, of course; I realised that instantly. I felt I couldn't stand the inquest and the barrage of publicity. I was ten minutes late at the office and the whole day seemed to be in a turmoil; nothing went right.

In the evening paper last night I read the account of his death. The report said it was an accident, but my eye flew instantly to the bottom paragraph, " The deceased leaves a widow and two children."

It stunned me. I hadn't really considered that angle before, and I didn't know just what to do. At last I came to the decision which should be the best for everybody.

This morning, early, I went to my lawyer and altered my will, leaving everything to Martin's wife except a small bequest to my housekeeper. I have never married.

And now the time has come. I suppose the verdict will be the usual—while of unsound mind—but I can't help that. I hope the punishment for my offence isn't too severe. Up to now I've always scoffed at the eternal fires, but there might be something in it.

I examine the gun; I bought it on the Continent whilst in the Army. All chambers are loaded and my hand is steady. Barrel against the left temple, thumb crooked tightly on the trigger. One last look before I pull. Goodbye. . . .

* * *

" The inquest was held yesterday to determine the cause of death of James Llewelyn, found shot in his study. The Coroner, in his summing up, said that the deceased appeared to be strongly affected by the accidental demise the previous morning of one of his fellow passengers. After saying he did not favour the publication of the deceased's last message, he directed the jury to return a verdict of ' Suicide while of unsound mind.' The jury added a rider to the effect that a stricter control should be exercised over the import of firearms into the country."

(Note. This is an entry for our Short Story Competition.)

3 Training Regiment

BOURLON LINES, CATTERICK CAMP

January

We had planned to start off these notes with a panegyric on the mildness of the Catterick winter, but as we crouch before our stove, S.C. No. 3, and peer round at the snow-flakes whirling past our broken window, we come to the reluctant conclusion that our song of praise will have to wait at least another year.

Still, last month was remarkably mild for this part of the world, and we managed to get in quite a number of games fixtures of different types, though our 1st soccer XI had no luck in their efforts to play off their two matches in Catterick District Division I League.

The first, against 14/20 King's Own Hussars, was prevented by snow, while the second, against 7 Hussars, had to be called off as the cavalry boys were engaged in a Northern Command Cup game.

However, the team has not been entirely inactive, and on 3rd January we provided two players for the victorious Northern Command team in their match against Stockton F.C., while, later, we provided four players for the Corps representative team which only just lost to the R.A.O.C. after a very exciting struggle on the Command central ground—the final score being 0—1.

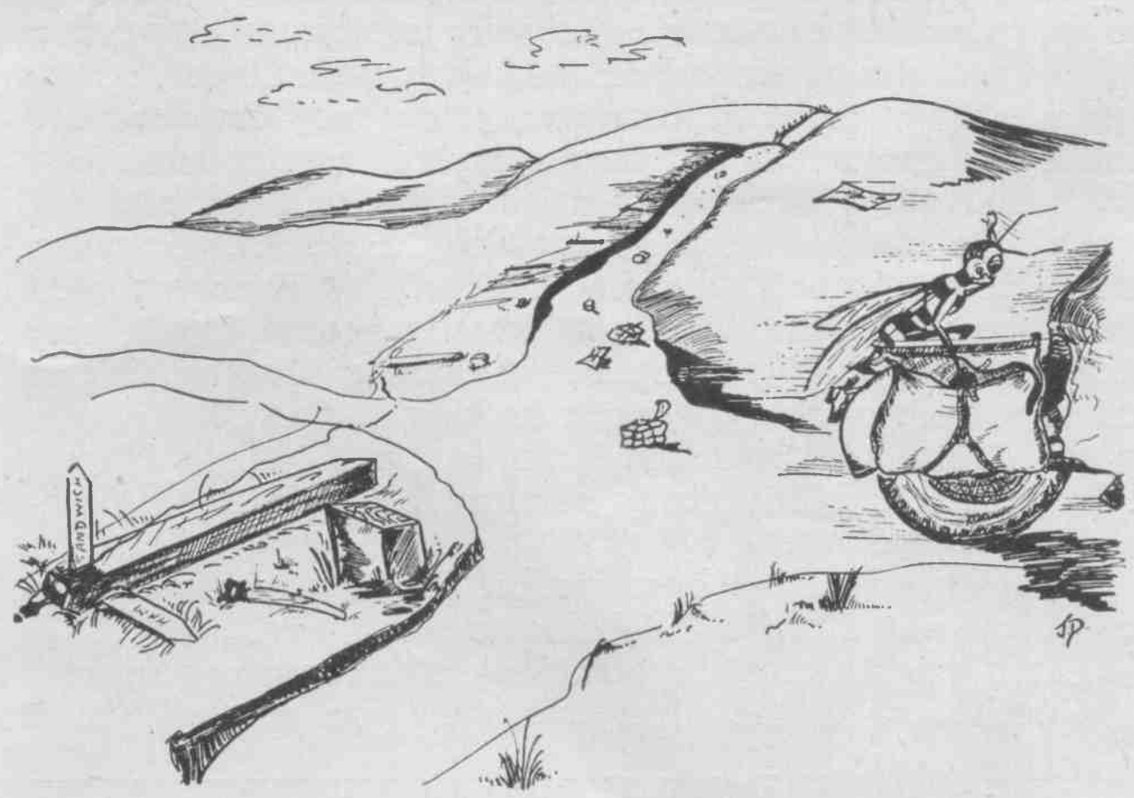
The poor old 2nd XI, while succeeding in getting in some matches, has not had much luck in the matter of results, as yet, and, of the three matches played, drew the first (3—3) with 4 C.I.C., lost the next (0—8) to 1 Command Workshops, and won the last (5—4). We still have hopes that they will finish above the half-way line!

For a variety of reasons, our hockey team has not been able to complete its fixture list, and it has not, unfortunately, succeeded in recapturing its pre-Christmas form.

We are now faced with the grim prospect of losing such stalwart members as S.Q.M.S.s Burge and Holt and Sergeants Skirving and Taylor, and our talent scouts are flapping around frantically.

Of the three matches played last month, we drew the

THE "GRIFFLIN" AT WORK (3)



"How many packages did you sign for?"

first (4—4) with 1 T.R., won the second (3—0) against 8 R.T.R., and won the last (5—1) against 17/21 Lancers.

And now we proudly report a miraculous phenomenon. For the first time in two seasons, our rugger XV have WON a match! Mind you, it was a "damn close run thing," as the Duke would have said, but a win, even by one point, is still a win.

The match took place on our home ground and was against a team from the School of Military Engineering, Ripon, and we were lucky to have some real talent in the shape of Corporal Gaunt, the Corps player, who turned out for us for the first time this season and who made all the difference to the backs, giving the line thrust and determination—qualities somewhat lacking in our earlier sides.

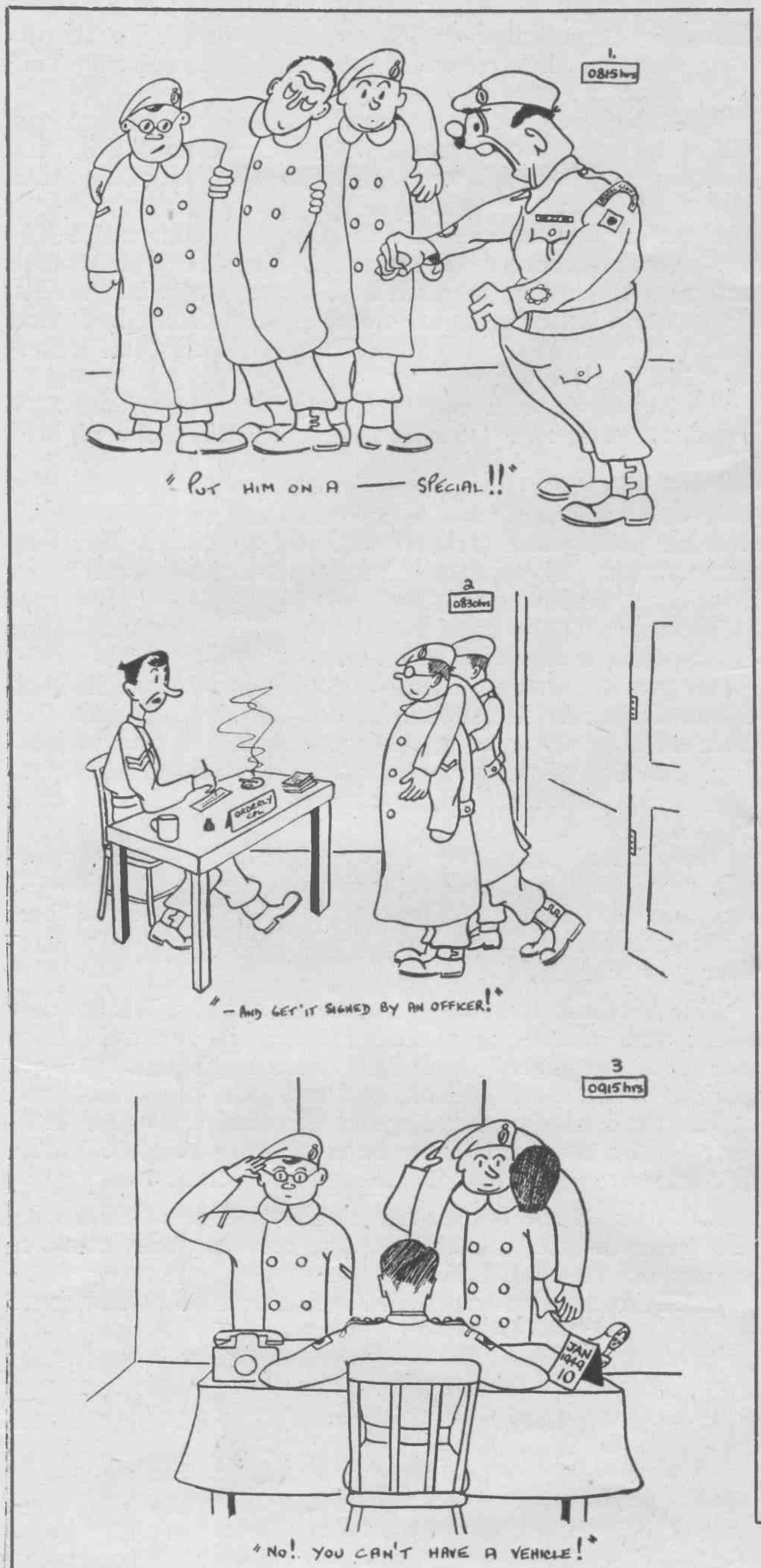
We scored a try in the first minute—a quick heel followed by a good passing movement right along the line enabled the wing to score wide out. This was not converted, but shortly afterwards the backs got going again and, after a good run by Corporal Gaunt, Signalman Cook, a very promising young centre, scored another try which was also not converted.

The Sapper pack then took command by virtue of superior weight, and, very wisely, kept the ball close. Their tactics paid and resulted in a good unconverted try to make the score 6—3, but there was no denying our own three-quarters, and another excellent passing movement brought another try, and the score to 9—3.

The Sapper pack, however, very ably led, played a grand game, and one must pay tribute here to our lighter forwards, courageously (though somewhat breathlessly) led by Captain J. E. P. Sampson, who never flagged but kept on fighting against heavy odds.

Two Sapper tries were scored in quick succession, the latter being converted, to bring the score to 11—9 in their favour, and there the score stood until the closing minutes when, from a scrum near the touch line, we managed to heel the ball, and a brilliant move, in which all three-quarters took part, resulted in a try near the corner flag by Corporal Sole. The kick once again failed, and it was followed almost immediately by the final whistle. 3 T.R., 12 points (four tries); S.M.E., 11 points (one goal, two tries).

So much for the more hectic activities, and now we feel that it would not be out of place to remind our camera enthusiasts that the Camera Club will soon be coming out of its winter hibernation. The dark room in the Sandhurst Block is being prepared for use, and the rust and cobwebs are being scraped off the enlarger. The Club Secretary, Second-Lieutenant Langworthy, is busy appealing to the



P.R.I.'s better nature to provide further equipment, while C.S.M. Mills, R.A.E.C., has offered to give instruction on basic photography to anyone interested. So roll up, fellows, and see if you can't make our club the best in the S.T.C., or, better still, the Corps!

Whilst on the subject of photography, we enclose a photograph of Bourlon lines taken by our own "intrepid bird-man" as he zoomed shakily by in an Auster at about 500 feet. Fortunately, these aircraft will fly themselves in normal weather conditions, and he was able to use both hands to manipulate the camera.*

Before turning to the more detailed reports from the Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess, and from the Squadrons, we feel we must not fail to thank Jean Kent for her very attractive photograph inscribed to this Regiment, which appeared in last month's WIRE. We don't know if Miss Kent is or will be a reader of the Corps Magazine—we hope she will be—anyhow, we are looking forward to the day when she will follow up her photograph with a visit in person, so that we may entertain her in true 3 T.R. fashion.

Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess. Yacht Club. Once more Mr. Records has set out to prove what migratory birds real soldiers are, and eight members have been duly warned to pack their sea kit bags. R.Q.M.S. Hayter, S.S.M. Jones, S.Q.M.S.s Carter, Burge and Holt, and Sergeants Hunt, Skirving and Herring are the lucky (?) people concerned. We wish them all "Bon voyage and happy stations!"

Games. Wednesday, 19th January, saw the first indoor games tournament this year. Two teams, one representing "Over 12 years' service" and the other "Under 12 years' service," battled for three hours, at the close of which it was found that the "Unders" had just managed to win by four points.

Pig and Poultry Section. A little bird whispered that Sergeant "Micky" Thatcher is shortly to assume possession of seven prize layers, which same have became surplus to the Carter menage as a result of the aforementioned "yachting."

Remember, Mick, that Lord Woolton said potatoes are not fattening to humans, but are to chickens.

Bingo. If any of our Canadian readers has a spare set of "Bingo" cards we would appreciate it if he would contact us with a view to a sale or "swop."

"*Gratters.*" We would like to congratulate 2315033 W.O.1 Jack Aubrey Zube Harrison on his promotion to lieutenant. Although not a member of this Mess, he was a frequent and welcome visitor, and we bewail his posting to B.A.O.R.

NEDGO

**(Not well enough.*—ED.)*

2 SQUADRON. Having greeted the New Year, and recovered from our strenuous Christmas or New Year leave, we settled back to work with a will, and proceeded to knock into shape the latest intake from 7 Selection Regiment.

No notable changes have taken place during the last month, although when the boat list came round we thought we were going to lose S.Q.M.S. Holt, our S.S.I. Fortunately, however, he managed to delay his posting, and all and sundry breathed a sigh of relief.

In the field of sport the Squadron has scored two great triumphs, first when our Cadre beat the Officers' Mess at soccer by 3 goals to 2, and secondly when we beat 4 Squadron at rugger by 21 points to 3.

Various Inter-Troop soccer and rugger games have been played, and interest in them has been gratifyingly high.

We have lost "V" and "W" Troops to 4 Squadron, and have started off "Y" on their long road to B.III.

"Y" TROOP. Here we are at the end of our second week of training and applying our grey matter most earnestly to the intricacies of morse and procedure. The bumps of knowledge that are sprouting on our pates are really quite alarming. Keep it up, boys, and we'll make B.III yet!

Since our arrival, good luck seems to have descended on the Squadron, and although we were only spectators, Bourlon Lines emerged victorious over Aisne Lines after their recent rugger match, the first time, we believe, that this has happened.

That's about all for this month, and we hope to have more to say next month. So until then, carry on the good work, and all the best!

4 SQUADRON. Congratulations to Corporal Clayton on the occasion of his marriage. May all his troubles . . . etc.!

"R" TROOP. At long last we have reached our B.III tests, and are, we hope, all ready for our pass-off on 15th February. In R.1 Section there should be no trouble, as we shall probably be inspected by "Major" Leech, of the Roger One Signal Camel Squadron. At 2030 hours he will enter the barrack room on Levy, the camel, and by 2100 hours the whole world should know the result of his inspection, as Levy wears a 19 set strapped between his neck and hump. On top of the hump is the "Major's" morse key. "R.S.M." Hornby and Camelman Holland will be in attendance, and Signalman "Percy," the aide-de-camel, will assist the ceremonies, while Craftsman Holland calls out the time. For instance, when the "R.S.M." cries "Mount Camels!", "H" replies "Salute, two, three . . . stirrup, two, three . . . hump, two, three . . . " and probably, "off, two, three . . . ! "

Well, we've had a pretty interesting time at Aisne Lines. Since we started our course, Lance-Corporals Davies and Jackson have been made up, and Corporal Nispel has been appointed procedure instructor.

Some of our schemes have been quite good, and others . . . on the border line. On the "mobile" two chaps managed to entwine themselves in a tangle of wires, aerials, 19 sets and batteries (to say nothing of the stationery), and before the end of the day they'd changed their "last three" to "252" (!).

That's all, so we'll end by quoting from the R.O.S.C.S. marching song . . . "Good night, Catterick, Good night!"

"S" TROOP. Having completed 15 weeks of training at this weird and wonderful army trade, and despite Catterick weather at is worst (or best), we still appreciate life. Five more weeks to go, and then the slogan "Parrots or Monkeys," or so they say.

We welcome the regulars of "Q" Troop to our happy band—what a collection of cheerful faces!

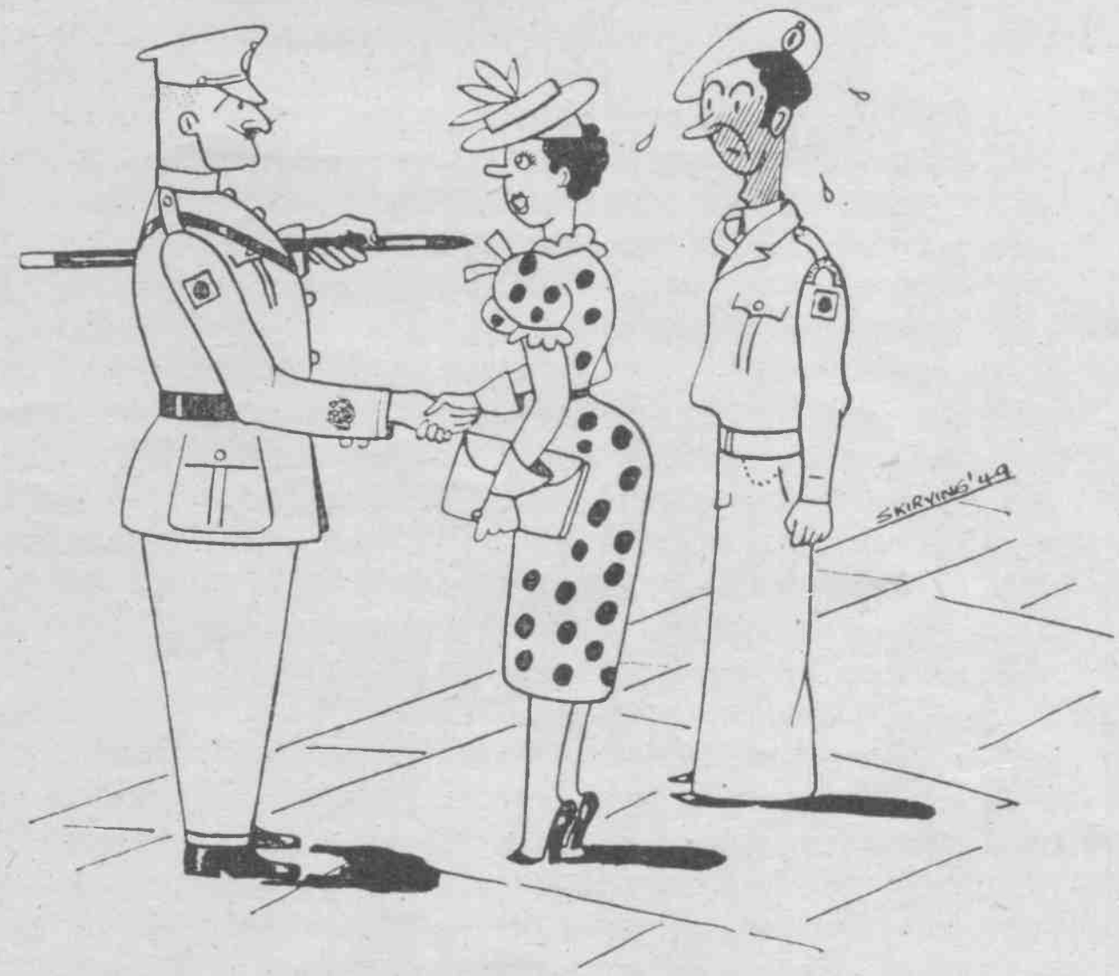
We say farewell to Lance-Corporal Shaw, and hello to Lance-Corporal McAlpine. Lance-Corporal Waines has been with us throughout, and we too are thinking of joining the Boy Scout movement. Our congratulations to Signalman Raddings, whose running legs remind us of a mountain goat.

We wish a speedy recovery to Signalman Wood, unfortunately in hospital, and we send an agony note to 2326957 Sergeant A. Sweet ("Sugar Sweet" to us), somewhere bathing in Lake Timsah, and best wishes to you all wherever you may be.

Contributions from Individuals. 1. Cartoons. We are now faced with something of a torrent of art, not only from our two "regulars," but from other scribblers, and we enclose a sheaf of collected efforts. We must, however, repeat the Editor's reminder that pencilled efforts, of however high a standard, must be reluctantly refused. Indian ink and cartridge paper is the stuff to use, me lads!

2. Types, Other Ranks. All soldiers will be familiar with the terms B.O.R., I.O.R., N.A.R., but few will know or understand the term L.E.P.

L.E.P. means "Locally Enlisted Personnel," that is to



say, men enlisted locally, overseas, irrespective of colour, race or creed.

Singapore District Signal Regiment was one of the first, if not the first Unit, to have its own L.E.P. Squadron after the Japanese surrender. It was an experiment watched with interest by service heads and civilians alike.

The final result of this experiment will not be seen for quite a while yet, but judging from the cuttings from the Malayan press which have recently reached me, there need be no doubt of its ultimate success.

British, Chinese, Eurasian, Indian and Malayan other ranks all work and play together as a satisfactory whole.

Except for Warrant Officers and Sergeants, the only separation comes at meal times, when each race or creed goes to its own cookhouse, but the Warrant Officers and Sergeants, whether British or L.E.P., mess in the same mess from the same kitchen.

Without a doubt the Corps is showing the world that the British Army still holds pride of place as "Ambassadors Extraordinary" and "Mixers, social, first-class."

I know that many ex-members of Singapore District Signal Regiment will be with me when I express the hope that that Unit will, through the medium of THE WIRE, keep us abreast of the latest developments.

In conclusion, may I wish all L.E.P. all the best and assure them that I will answer all letters from them, and in particular from Sergeant Nair, M.M.

W.O.2 OGDEN

(3) A MOAN

Slowly and surely I'm going "nuts"
Thinking of all the ifs and buts,
'Cos since they palmed "O" Troop on me
I've never had a half-hour free.

In days gone by I used to be
Able to snatch a cup of tea
Around about ten-thirty daily—
And in general live quite gaily.

But now, alas, I cannot do so
Because I've been palmed off with "O"!

The O.C. screams "I want a line
Of quad to stay through all the time;
Get Sole and Lunt and Webb along,
And lay it snappy—to Bourlon.
The Q.M. has some hopper poles,
You can take six men for digging holes."

Up and away to get those hoppers
Was where we came some awful croppers.
The Q.M. says "I'm awfully sorry,
Those hoppers went off on a lorry;
It's a shame to have wasted all this time,
'Cos 2 T.R. are laying your line."

Two weeks later, nothing daunted,
Webb came to me a trifle haunted.
"Sarge," he says, "that blasted line
Wasn't for us all the time.
The 2 T.R. party I've been to see;
That permanent route's to the S.T.C."

So Lunt and Sole and Lance-Corporal Webb,
With spirits at their lowest ebb,
Proceeded to lay that pair of quads—
Just Lunt, Sole and Webb, and six frozen "bods."

For days they worked to get them through
In weather so cold it made them blue.
'Twas nearly finished, when lo and behold,
"2 Training's dropped a pair off," I was told.

However, we laid our quad up to the crossing,
Where Corporal Steer, 1 Squadron, took over the bossing;
And having got past the rifle range
Discovered that someone had stripped the exchange.
So still not through, I went to see
What was the verdict from my O.C.

At last after many snags and swears
The quad was through, except for the bares.
Then Lance-Corporal Webb came up to say
They'd just completed the last big bay.
Sad to relate, this is not the end
'Cos that bally line has been condemned!

4. *True B.III Hawlers* (It's a Fact!) Map Reading: A way to find North—Find a Jewish cemetery and the heads point East. E. & M. and Wireless Theory: Timbre—Material builders are short of. Wavelength — Distance between the set and the heaviside layer. Pitch (of voice)—Black stuff on a cell. Rhythm—Dance music. Velocity—Type of motor bike. Frequency—The number of times the aerial passes a point in one second.

RUMOUR

A wise old O.W.L. sat by his key
With tuning dial at 6.3,
And bored stiff with the programme there,
Began to try the outer air—
Ipso facto!

So, "searching boldly, volume max"
(But operation sadly lax),
He did what makes the E.S. hop
And spun the tuning past the stop—
Shabash Sahib!

The weirdest stations find their home
In that outcast, forbidden zone;
This chap, without the slightest fuss,
Got Mount Olympus S9+ —
Crystal Gate in!

Heard Hermes' operators chat
About his winged new issue hat,
Whilst Mercury disbursed a hate
Of "cable, twisted, twin, D8"—
And Phantom circuits!

But so bemused this Op. became
That when he tried to raise the gain
He lost, by mixing up the knobs,
Ethereal contact with the gods—
Miserere!

But as he never really knew
If what he heard was dream or true,
And with the chance in either case
Of being charged (a fall from grace),
If true, with being off the net,
If dream, with sleeping at his set,
This story, which I heard at Mhow,
I never liked to tell till now—
Can you blame me?

ERNEST F. SMITH

Do you know the address of your local Branch of the Signals Association? If not, write to the General Secretary, 88 Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1.

British Army of the Rhine

H.Q. B.A.O.R. SIGNAL REGIMENT
Bad Oeynhausen

1 SQUADRON. There is not much to report this month. We are still plodding along merrily, taking care of the Regiment's admin. and maintenance of transport and equipment. We occasionally find time for a few games weekly in the Seely Shield, but we regret we cannot keep pace with the other more fortunate Troops in 3 Squadron in this respect. Recently, though, "H.Q." Troop walked off with the shield, which was indeed a very creditable effort.

On 27th December our O.C., Major R. E. Crawford, Royal Signals, met with a skating accident. At the time of writing we are pleased to say that he is now out of hospital and well on the way to recovery. We take this opportunity to welcome Major K. A. Nash, Royal Signals, to the Squadron as our new O.C., and congratulate him on his recent promotion.

2 SQUADRON. Reading through our notes in the January issue of THE WIRE, we find it difficult to believe that Christmas and the New Year are long past. The festivities passed off in traditional style, with the men's Christmas dinner the main event. The Officers and Sergeants, following past custom, took on the running of the Signal Office for a couple of hours, and as far as we know there have been no come-backs—yet.

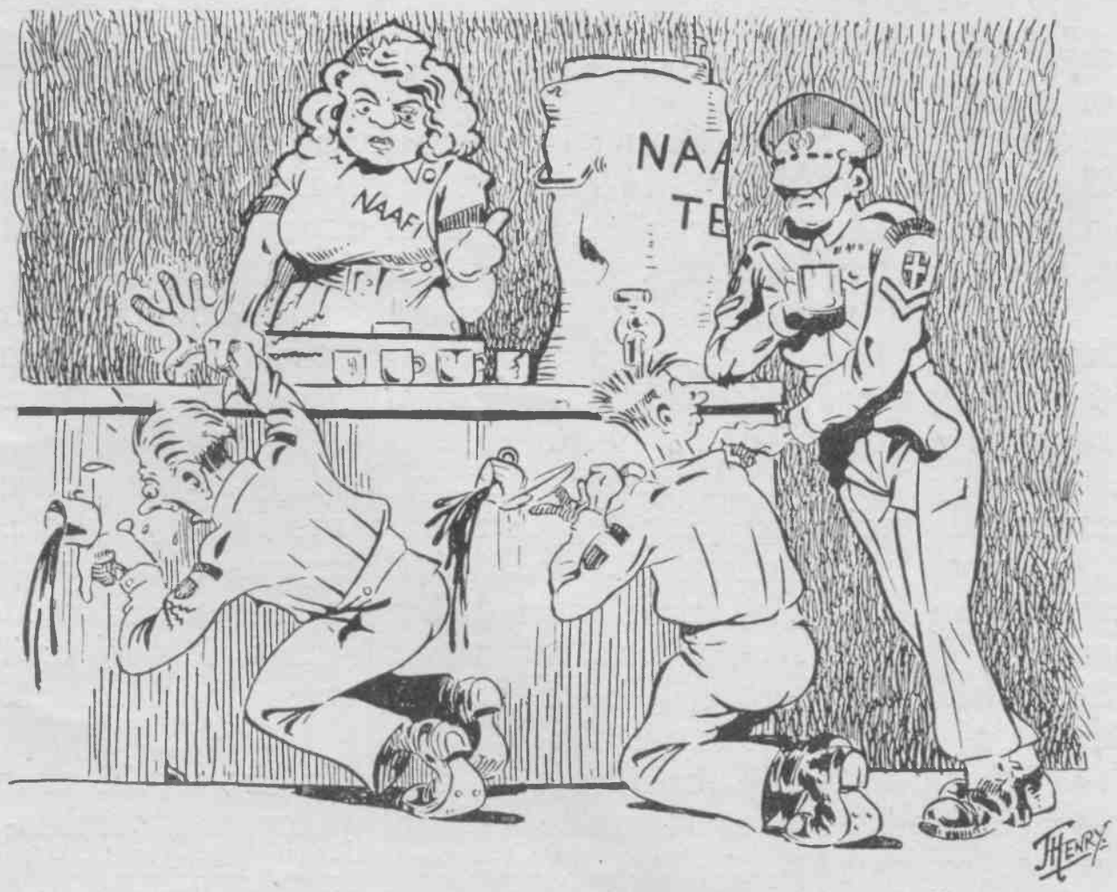
The Merrico Ballroom had gala dances on Christmas Eve and New Year's Eve, which were reckoned very successful. The decorations there were novel and handsome, the ballroom being decked out as H.M.S. *Royal Signals,* complete with lifeboat, lifebelts, wheel and engine room telegraph indicator.

Skating tyros and experts, of course, were able during the holiday to get in a couple of days' skating on the Garrison Ice Rink.

The reopening of demob. has gladdened the hearts of many, but it has also added to the heartaches of those who still have to keep the show going. Still, the work goes on nevertheless.

Tele. Op. Group. Sergeant Ferrier is still managing to cope with nearly everything on the admin. side. The Group keeps up its name for providing footballers, in particular Lance-Corporal James and Signalman Dickson playing both for the Regiment and the Squadron, not to mention Lance-Corporal Brunt, who has played for the Regiment on several occasions in the past. We understand Signalman Dickson has been on Celtic's books as an amateur. Our cartoonist, Lance-Corporal Henry, is leaving us on demob. so we hope the Editor will accept one or all of his contributions this month, especially as the Dental Centre is but a few steps away from the Signal Office.

"Keep your head still"



The Thursday morning break! "Who, me?"

Wireless Group. Command of the Group has recently changed, and whilst bidding a sincere and grateful farewell to Lieutenant C. M. Sinclair, departed to Herford, we are pleased to welcome Lieutenant E. P. E. Montagnon, who arrived after his labours as D.S.O. He also has achieved great fame in the world of flight. Sergeant Lord, as Senior Wireless Superintendent, has a daily and weekly tussle with reports and traffic totals, and it is not quite true that he is going under with it all. Our numbers dwindle with the passing months, but we keep going and hope to pen again an odd note in our next issue.

76 T.M. Troop. We should like to extend a warm welcome to our new O.C., Captain (T.O.M.) L. H. F. Dowding, and hope he will enjoy his stay with us. Captain (T.O.M.) C. J. N. Hearne has left the Troop to join R.E.M.E., and we wish him all the best in his new job. We welcome also S.Q.M.S. (F. of S.) St. John-Beale. He arrived in great style complete with one three-tonner loaded with kit. We hope his stay with us will be a long and pleasant one. No doubt many old members of the Corps will remember him.

With all members of the S.D.S. Troop who have left us recently on release go our very best wishes for the future.

Officers' Mess, 2 Squadron. January has seen some arrivals and one or two departures. Three reinforcements to the Cipher "set-up" have been Captains S. C. Moore and L. G. Wardle and Lieutenant J. H. Harrison, M.B.E. Several members of the Mess now feel dwarfed now that we have three six-footers, Captains Moore and Dowding and Lieutenant Harrison. To them we offer our welcome and hope their stay in 2 Squadron will be a happy one, and to Captain Hearne we offer our best wishes in his new Corps, R.E.M.E. Our congratulations to Major Nash on his recent promotion and our regret at losing him to R.H.Q., Herford. Christmas was heralded by a series of events ranging from the Commanding Officer's Cocktail Party to the All Ranks' Christmas Eve Ball in the Merrico. On Christmas night the single officers were entertained by the married officers, and most of the guests were rendered immobile by 2000 hrs. as a result of the fare provided.

The Mercury Theatre. The Mercury Theatre celebrated its third birthday during the week 31st January to 4th February with a production of "The Magic Cupboard," this being the 112th production since the theatre started. The

play was thoroughly enjoyable, producing packed houses where it was almost a case of standing room only. Captain Charles Bushell, supported by Private Margaret Birch, gave polished performances, as one is accustomed to expect from them. Lance-Corporal Jim Saunders and Sergeant Mary Pennington-Jones were equally effective in the support rôles, as was Captain Jimmy Ferguson with his suave manner. Production was in the sure hands of Major " Paddy " Cuffe, one of the mainstays of the theatre.

At the latter end of January the Mercury Theatre put on Somerset Maugham's " The Circle," produced by Brigadier A. E. Morrison, C.S.O., B.A.O.R. It ran for three evenings, with a special invitation evening in addition. The cast of the play, together with the assistant producer, were all members of S.X. Branch, H.Q., B.A.O.R. A very creditable performance was given by all, especially considering that all the cast but one had never done any acting before. It is generally agreed that " The Circle " is a difficult play to produce, so all the more praise to Brigadier Morrison for the excellent way in which he tackled the job, also, having in mind the fact that the actors in the original production included John Gielgud, Fay Compton and Yvonne Arnaud, the actors of S.X. Branch did amazingly well. It was definitely agreed by all that " The Circle " was an unquestionable success.

3 SQUADRON. *Wireless Wing.* During the past month the Medium Wireless Troops have been very heavily committed to training and exercises. We are running three classes of trainees, who will be ready to sit a Trade Board for O.W.L. B3 on 23rd February, and many are the signalmen to be seen walking about with puzzled or baffled expressions as they cogitate upon the mysteries of E. and M. and Radio Theory. Now that the Army provides a little more incentive to tradesmen (in the form of increased pay), the boys are really getting down to it in a big way and we hope to see a very large percentage of passes at the end of the Board.

In addition to classroom training, a very welcome break is provided by weekly wireless exercises in which all trainees participate. The accent is on working under field conditions during these exercises, and most of the boys are becoming quite adept at wrestling with W/T masts, tents, field latrines and improvised cookers consisting of a tin half-filled with earth or sand and then soaked with petrol.

The Wireless Carrier Troops have not escaped unscathed either. Half of the old 10 set link from Bad Oeynhausen to Iserlohn has now been closed down, and the link manned by 7 W/C Troop from Bad Oeynhausen to Iserlohn is the half still working. This close-down is due to the fact that we are training most of our R/M.s, T/M.s and L/M.s as W/T operators. Although the W/C Troops have been kept solidly at work and training during working hours, they have still managed to find time to win the Seely Shield recently, as well as winning fourth place the week before. This is a very creditable achievement and speaks well for their " esprit de Troop." Release has taken its usual toll recently, and we have had to say goodbye to such stalwarts as Signalmen Beddows and Gregory, of 4 W/C, and Signalmen Derrick, Johnson and Boyd, of 7 W/C.

Half a dozen members of the D.R. Troops who have done sterling work on S.D.S. duties in the past are to be given their chance to become mustered as D.R.s on 16th February. This date will mark the end of a D.R.s' training course which is to culminate in a Trade Board. Following this we have a course already planned to enable suitable chaps to upgrade from C3 to C2. All the D.R.s are looking forward to this latter course and the extra 1s. per day it will bring to successful candidates.

This month the D.R. Troops have had several reinforcements, and we extend the glad hand to Signalmen Dyson and Adlard and wish them good luck during their Army service. Congratulations are the order of the day to Sergeant "Paddy" Grant, who has recently got his third tape, and to Corporal Casson, now on the second rung of the ladder.

" What ! Late again, Engelbrecht ? "

Very few months go by without losing some of our old hands, and this month has been no exception. Lance-Corporal Lennon, Driver Wills, Signalmen Dunn, Norton, Arrowsmith, Rix, Waldron and Boardman have all left us for Civvy Street, taking with them our most sincere best wishes for their future success and prosperity.

As these notes were in preparation, news has just arrived that Signalman Bunn has just been promoted lance-corporal, and so it is once again our pleasant duty to offer our congratulations to another budding field marshal, and on this happy note we will close for this month. Greetings to all members, past and present, of the Corps.

Lines Wing. There is not much to report this month. 3 Line Carrier Troop still seem to be on top as far as the Seely Shield is concerned, having won the shield two weeks running.

Our best wishes go to Signalman " Chick " Morton, who has departed on release with 101 Group. We welcome the new arrivals, Hamshire, Kemp and Lucas, and hope their stay with us will be a happy one.

Sport. The Regiment has two soccer teams. The first eleven is holding its own in the 7th Armoured Brigade League and the second eleven, the Harewood Rangers, is at present fourth in the C.C.G. Z.E.C.O. League. The latter team provides a good nursery from which reinforcements are drawn for the first eleven.

As will be seen, we have not been very fortunate in cup draws: First Round Army Cup, lost 0—2; First Round B.A.O.R. Cup, lost 0—1; B.A.O.R. Signals Soccer Competition, lost 3—4.

At the time of writing we have just returned after having played 2 Infantry Divisional Signal Regiment on the Wuppertal Stadium. Their hospitality was absolutely first class, and an exciting game was witnessed under conditions made difficult by the icy surface of the pitch. The final score was 4—3 in favour of our opponents. A pleasant surprise awaited us after the game. Both teams were conveyed to the Dusseldorf Opera House, where we saw a first-class variety show just out from the U.K. We would like to thank all members of 2 Divisional Signal Regiment, and in particular S.Q.M.S. Bailey, Sergeant Daniels and Corporal Knight, for their efforts in making our week-end such a pleasant one.

Recently we played 50 R.F.T. Group and won 6—2 in the 7th Armoured Brigade League.

2 INFANTRY DIVISIONAL SIGNAL REGIMENT

Hilden

January

We welcome Captain G. T. Rogers (T.O.T.) to " T.E." Troop and Lieutenant A. P. King from War Office Signals to " D " Troop. This month has seen the beginning of the year's training programme, and a lot of work is being done to maintain the past high standard of efficiency in the

working of the Regiment in the field. Each week numbers of men may be seen operating wireless sets, laying cable or setting up a Signal Office under field conditions. In fact, "O" Troop are wondering what is the record for setting up a penthouse from the time the vehicle has stopped moving. Officers, too, are training, and each fortnight they may be found fighting imaginary battles, or listening to an expert telling them how an Operation Order should be written.

The weather has been fine but cold during the month, but the temperature always seems colder on a Saturday morning during the Commanding Officer's Drill Parade, although above the sound of chattering teeth the Adjutant has been heard to reassure himself, "It's a fine, warm day really."

A Camera Club has been started within the Regiment and, with the help of equipment from the Munster Detachment, a well equipped darkroom should be available soon, and we hope to be able to publish some of the results at a later date.

Football. Regimental soccer has been mainly confined to a series of trial matches this past month in preparation for the forthcoming B.A.O.R. Signals Tournament and the Divisional Inter-Unit Competition. Demobilisation has made it necessary for us to "sort" out our players and blend them into a workmanlike side. Here again the Inter-Troop League has proved invaluable in spotting likely lads, and our scouts with the different troops have been sending us a regular supply of promising youngsters for trials at Hilden. We are busy at the moment preparing for the visit of H.Q. B.A.O.R. Signal Regiment team, whom we are to play at Wuppertal Stadium in the semi-final of the Signals Tournament on Saturday, 5th February. We are looking forward to a keen and exciting game, as the visitors will certainly be all out to avenge the defeat we inflicted upon them at Bad Oeynhausen last November.

The Inter-Troop League has reached its final stages, and we can now give you the five leading teams.

"O" Troop are league champions, having maintained their unbeaten record. Of the 18 games played they have won 16 and drawn two ("J" Troop and "C" Troop), thus giving them 34 points out of possible 36. It will be remembered that "O" Troop were runners-up last year, and we wished them better luck this year. Well, they have done it, and with a wonderful record. Their success has mainly been due to "team spirit," which has carried them through, even when things have been going against them, such as in the game against "C" Troop, when two of their players were off the field injured they fought back to hold "C" Troop to a draw. Well done, "O" Troop. We are sure that Captain Simpson, of 5 A.A. Signal Regiment, will be delighted to hear of his former Troop's success, as he himself was a regular player until his leaving the Unit.

H.Q. team, very much fancied for honours this season, are runners-up, with a point lead over "A" Troop. Always a very strong side, they failed unaccountably on the most unexpected occasions, otherwise they would have challenged "O" Troop more seriously. However, they are to be congratulated, and we can only wish them better luck next time.

"A" Troop, who finished second from bottom last season, have a much better performance this year—they finished third in the table, and fully deserve their position. The advent of new blood in the team, plus great keenness by all concerned, made them a very formidable side, as "O" Troop will remember in their last game with them.

"L" Troop (6 Brigade), last season's champions, although still a very powerful team, could not come up to the same standard as last year, and finished fourth. Cheer up, Corporal Jamieson—we know it goes hard to give up the shield.

"C" Troop, although very small in members, showed their usual team spirit, and bravely fought their way to fifth position, ousting several of the larger Troops on their way.

Of the Artillery Signal Troops, "F" Troop (40 Field) were the most successful, scoring fine victories over larger Troops, and always clamouring for further fixtures. Two games a week were never enough for them.

The combined "E" and "G" Troops (19 Field and 42 Field) had a rough passage, until their last three games, when they surprised everyone by beating "K" Troop (5 Brigade) 6—2, and "L" Troop (6 Brigade) 4—3. Wonders never cease in the football world. Yeovil is not a patch on these Troops.

"J" Troop (4 Brigade) had a disastrous season—occupying the foot of the table must have been a severe blow to them, especially after their wonderful show last season. However, they were always a grand sporting side, being very unlucky on several occasions.

The "babes" of the League—Munchen-Gladbach Signal Centre, a Troop of approximately 21 men, did exceedingly well considering the small selection of players. What they lacked in skill, they made up in team spirit. Well done, Munchen-Gladbach!

In conclusion, we wish to thank all those whose efforts helped to ensure the success of the League. Team managers, S.Q.M.S. Bailey, Corporal Slavin, Sergeant McIrvine, Corporal Rutherford, Sergeant Holland, Sergeant Short, Corporal Hogan, Lance-Corporal Wilson, Lance-Corporal Fairclough; referees: Sergeant Tremear, Signalman Ransome, Lance-Corporal Henderson, and many others.

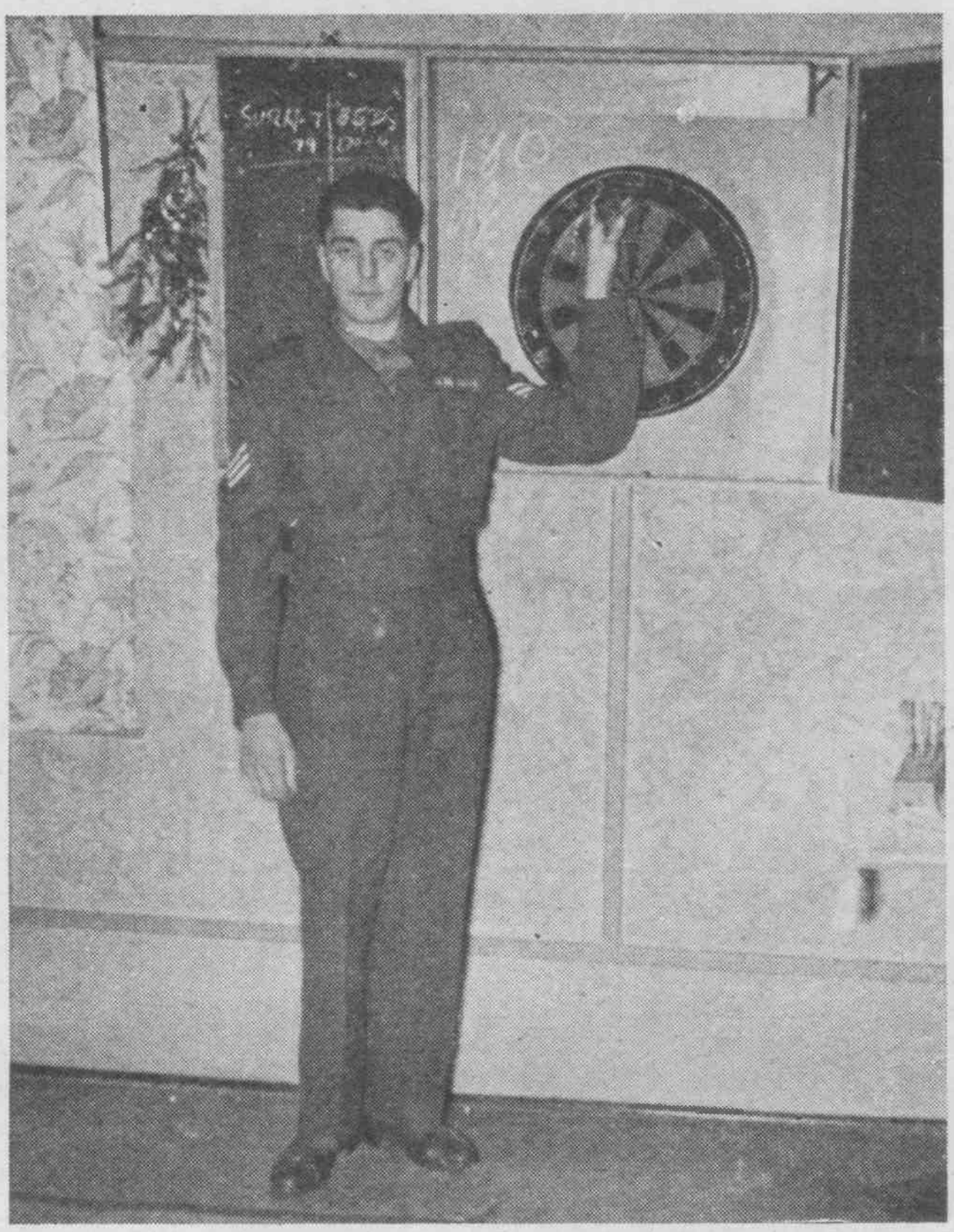
LEAGUE TABLE

	P.	W.	D.	L.	For	Agst.	Pts.
"O" Troop	18	16	2	0	77	15	34
H.Q. Team	18	12	1	5	77	35	25
"A" Troop	18	11	2	5	53	35	24
"L" Troop	18	11	0	7	55	30	22
"C" Troop	18	8	2	8	42	38	18
"F" Troop	17	6	3	8	43	58	15
"K" Troop	17	7	0	10	28	52	14
Munchen-Gladbach	16	4	1	11	32	47	9
"E" and "G" Troops	18	4	0	14	33	98	8
"J" Troop	18	3	1	14	21	54	7

Rugby. One game will be particularly remembered—that against the Wiltshire Regiment at Krefeld, which we won, though we were in grave danger of losing owing to the large number of penalty kicks we gave them in our own half. It was a perfect day and, on an excellent ground, it looked as if the Wilts were going to run up a large score against us. Their pack worked well, but their outsides lacked the punch to carry the attack home. Our three-quarters, although not getting the ball as much as our opponents, were faster off the mark, and a second try was scored after a "copy book" movement. The Wilts proved to be excellent hosts as well as players, and we had great difficulty in returning back that night.

"O" Troop, league champions, 2 Infantry Divisional Signal Regiment, Inter-Troop Football League, 1948-49

Back row (left to right): Sergeant Daniels (i/c football), Lance-Corporal Brown, Sergeant Ledger, Lance-Corporal Gibb, Signalman Mayles, Lance-Corporal Bannon, Signalman Bayliss. Front row (left to right): Signalman Angus, Signalman Campbell, Signalman Fearon, Signalman Gilbert, Driver Hill



S.Q.M.S. Vic Edwards, captain of our darts team, has lost only one special captains' match in eleven matches

Combined with Divisional Headquarters, we played the following matches:—

v.	10 Anti-Tank Regiment, R.A.	Lost 8—6
v.	Royal Scots Fusiliers	Lost 17—6
v.	British Air Forces of Occupation	Lost 19—6

Cross-Country. On 5th January we proceeded, on invitation, to Kupferdreh, Headquarters 42 Field Regiment, Royal Artillery. Here we were very nicely entertained by this strong sporting Regiment, and also very soundly beaten over a hilly six miles' course by a margin of 130 points. Our star, Corporal Noble, was beaten into second place, but there was little in it at the finish between two very fine runners.

Nothing daunted, we gave the R.A. a return match on our course of six miles, on 19th January, 1949. This time we reduced the margin to 48 points. Once again, Corporal Noble was beaten by his former rival, this time, however, by only a margin of five yards.

On 26th January, a Regimental run was organised in the hopes of finding some unknown talent among the youth of the Unit. A strong field of over 120 runners was provided from personnel aged 22 years and under. With the exception of Signalman E. Davis (1 T.E. Troop), all Regimental runners showed the rest of the field a clean pair of heels. Signalman Davis is to be congratulated on a good performance, and his addition will strengthen our team. One is always sorry to have to leave out of a team those who have so enthusiastically attended training and put so much effort into their running. For this reason, therefore, the following are deserving of special commendation, and we sincerely regret that they cannot be included in the team of ten runners, who are competing in the Divisional Championships on 1st February, 1949: Lance-Corporal Sheldon ("M"), Signalman Dickinson ("M"), Lance-Corporal Wittikind ("O"), Signalman Timmoney ("A"), Signalman Burnley (1 T.E.), Lance-Corporal Goodall ("C"), Signalman Brown ("A"), Driver Heyes ("A"), Lance-Corporal Keeler ("K"), Sergeant Miller (R.H.Q.).

Flash. Result of Divisional Championships: First, Royal Fusiliers; second, Royal Welch Fusiliers; third, 42 Field Regiment, R.A.

Our Regimental team finished in sixth place. Full report in next issue.

Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess. We welcome Sergeants Burton and Grummett from Munster Signals, and Sergeants King and Fisher, both R.A.E.C.

Sergeant Aitkenhead (R.A.E.C.) has left to take up a new post at Dortmund Education Centre, and Sergeant Buckley (R.A.E.C.) has taken over new duties at Iserlohn.

Sergeant Wright (Cipher Branch) has joined from Detachment. A welcome is also extended to Mrs. Wright and Mrs. Burton. Our family section has now grown to 14 families, and a few more can be expected to join us in the near future. Congratulations to Sergeant and Mrs. Worboys on the birth of a son and heir; Sergeant and Mrs. Burton on the birth of a daughter, their third child.

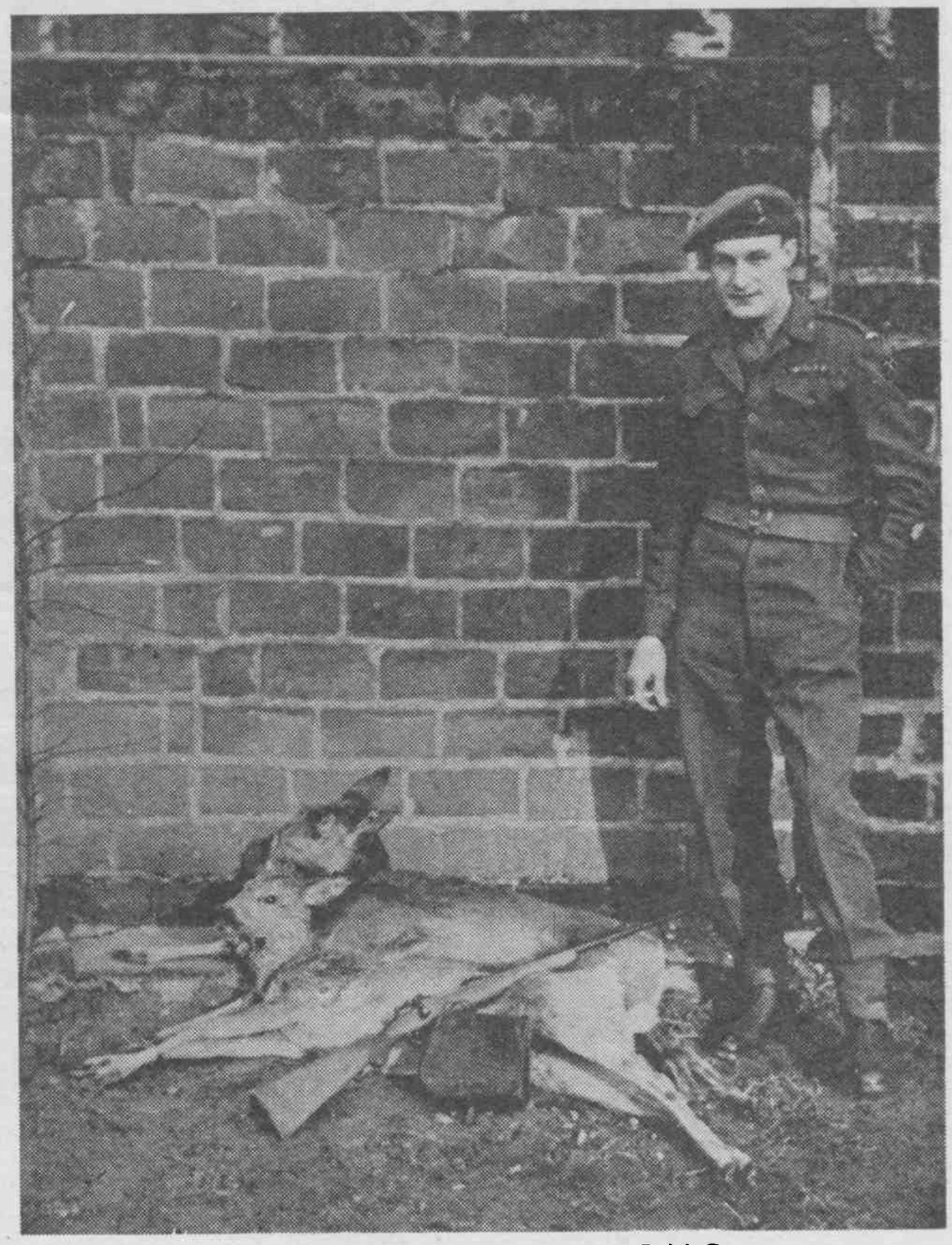
Sergeant "Ted" Tremear, at present on U.K. leave, will be moving out to 4 Infantry Brigade ("J" Troop) on return. We shall miss him as a regular Mess member, but Ted will always be welcome any time he comes along, However, "J" Troop have urgent need of Ted's services, and we must make the sacrifice of losing one of the best members the Mess has known.

Social functions continue at their normal rate of one British and two mixed special evenings per month.

Our darts team played four matches in January:—

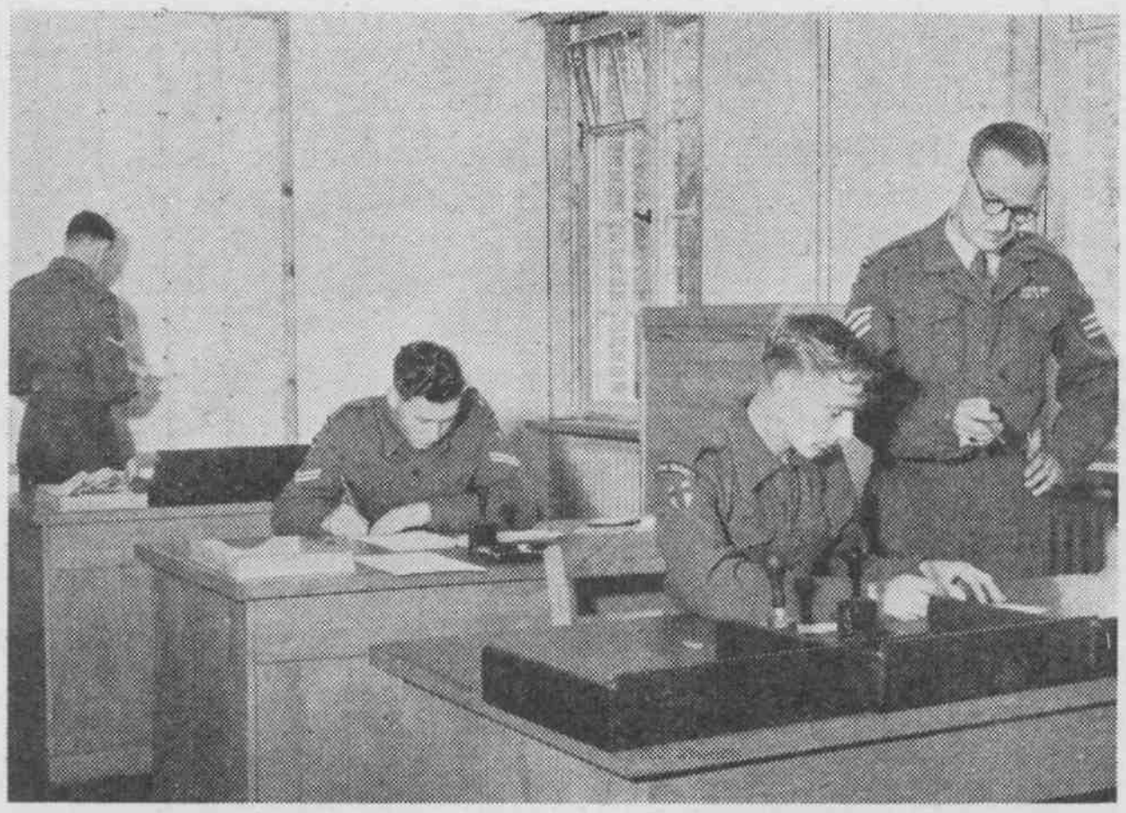
v.	Derby House C.C.G. (home)	Won 2—1
v.	Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess, H.Q. 2 Division (home)	Lost 2—1
v.	Denbigh House C.C.G. "A" (home)	Won 2—1
v.	Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess, H.Q. 4 Brigade (away) (Match forfeit)	Won 3—6

Record to date: Played 11, won 7, lost 4.

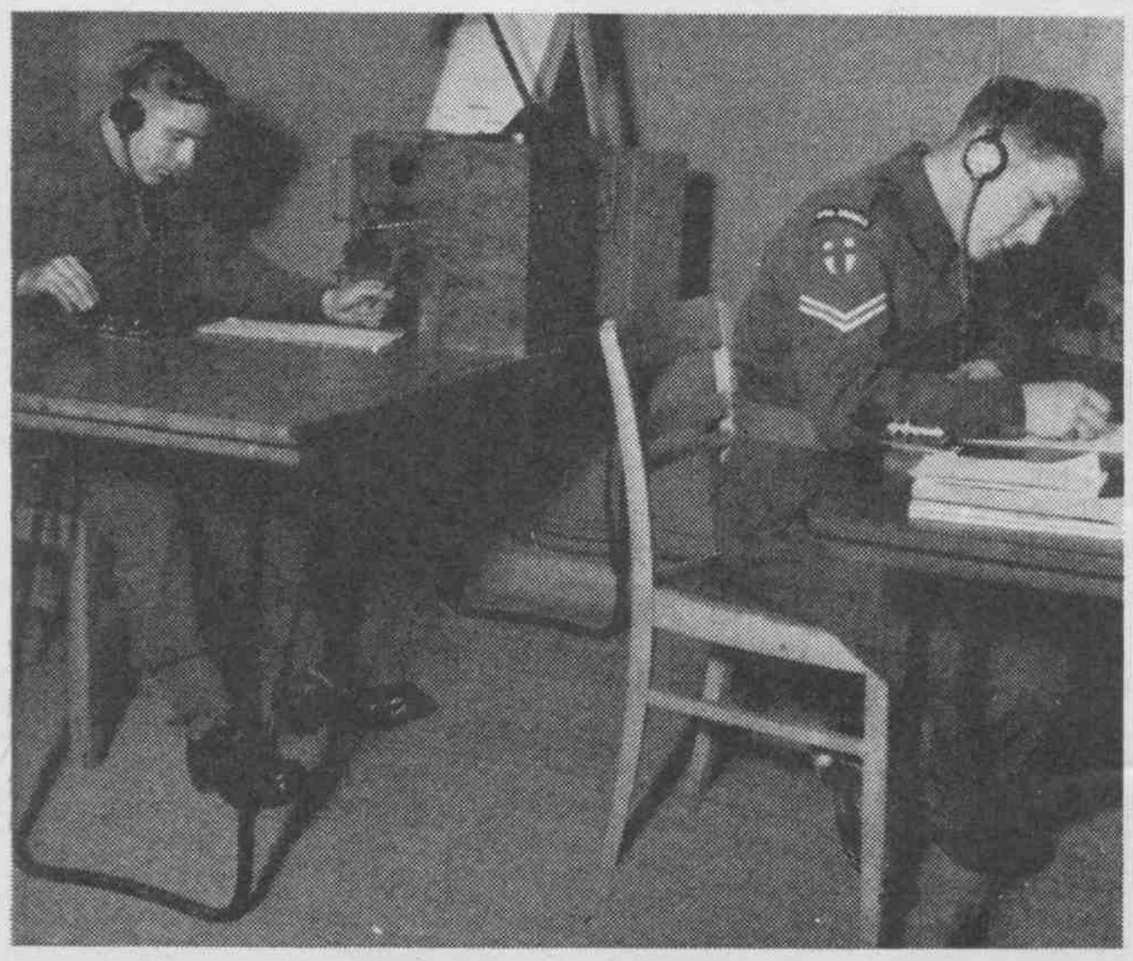


S.S.M. Terry Vaughan, our P.M.C.

Hamburg District Independent Signal Squadron



Signal office



Wireless receiver room

Having seen quite a number of photographs of different Units' Signal Office layouts, we think that it is high time we included photographs of Hamburg District Signal Office in our WIRE notes.

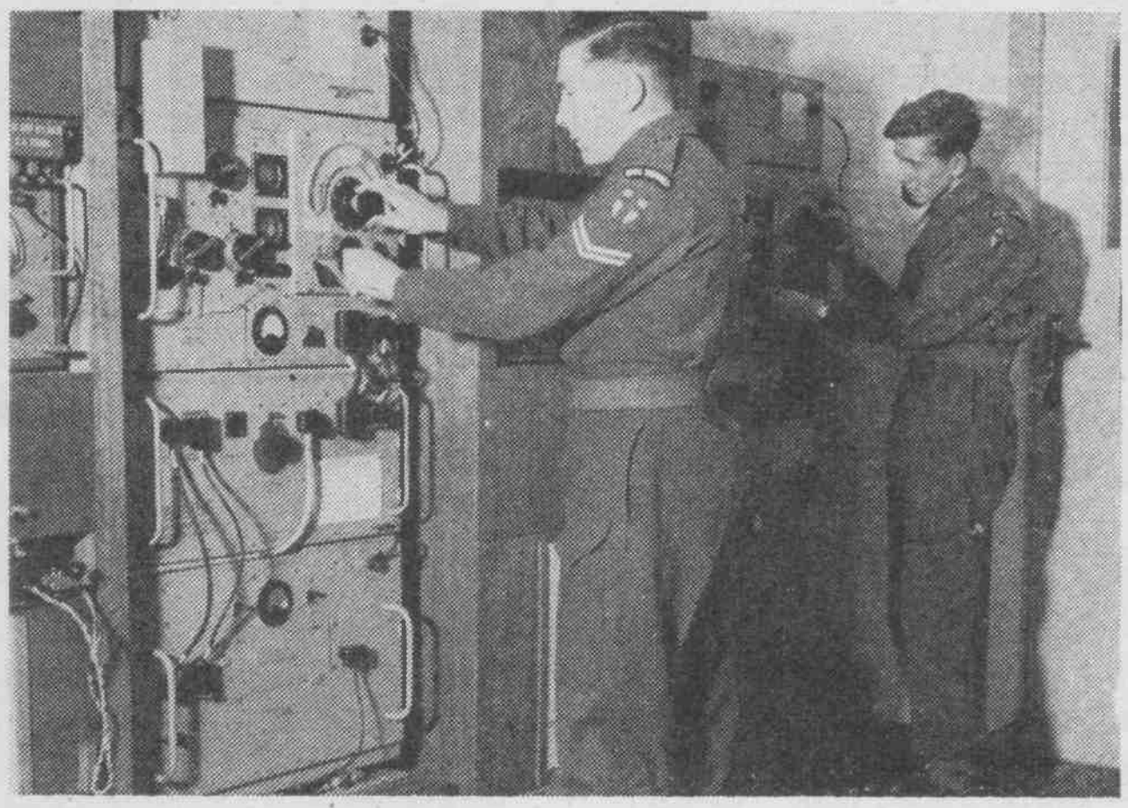
Our Signal Office is situated at the entrance to the District Headquarters, and we are fortunate in having a whole building to ourselves. On entering the building you find a very nicely tiled corridor with a series of doors leading off on both sides; these doors lead into the various offices, such as S.D.S. Office, Signal Office, D.S.O.'s Office, Teleprinter Room, Rest Room, Wireless Receiver Room, Stationery Stores, Transmitter Room and Cipher Office. The manual and automatic exchanges are located in the basement of the building, together with the radio and tele mechs' workshops. All the various rooms are nicely decorated and are very bright, having large windows. Our billets are situated in a building just behind the Signal Office. Here again we are very fortunate as we are not overcrowded, the maximum number of men to a room being four, but in most cases it is either two or three. We have plenty of facilities for recreation as, in addition to the Camp N.A.A.F.I., we have our own Information Room, Reading and Writing Room, Table Tennis Room and two large, very comfortable Quiet Rooms with easy chairs, etc.

Hobbies classes are held each week in such subjects as

Teleprinter room

Manual switchboard

Signal office rest room



Wireless transmitter room

carpentry, metal working and model aircraft making; the latter is run by our C.O., Major Caldicott. We have heard that the first diesel-driven aeroplane which was produced met with disaster on its maiden flight owing to the propeller being two small; however, no doubt after a series of experiments we may see a plane dashing round the Headquarters in the near future.

Sport. On 25th January the Hamburg Sub-Area Cross-Country Championships were held. We entered a team of ten men and finished fourth. It was felt that had more time been available for the training of the team we must surely have done even better. The winners of the cross-country were the team from the 1st Battalion The York and Lancaster Regiment. The Squadron received warm praise for the efficient way in which communications were kept during the whole of the race. Four wireless vehicles were situated at various points around the guide course, and up-to-the-minute commentaries were relayed over the tannoy system by Captain J. E. Evans, M.C., and Second-Lieutenant Holt in the real Raymond Glendenning style.

In the semi-final of the Signals Knock-out Competition in B.A.O.R., Hamburg District Signals were beaten by Hanover District Signals by 4 goals to 2. The Squadron was represented in the team by seven of the eleven players. The match was a fast and thrilling one, and it wasn't until the closing minutes of the game that the result was settled in Hanover's favour.

In the Hamburg League the Squadron team are still doing well. Last week we beat 980 Company, R.A.S.C., by 4 goals to nil. We are now two points behind the league leaders with one game in hand.

Table Tennis. We congratulate Lance-Corporal Moncur for winning the Hamburg Sub-Area Table Tennis Knock-out Competition, also Signalman Martin, who was runner-up. Both Martin and Moncur were runners-up in the final of the Hamburg Sub-Area Table Tennis Doubles Competition.

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1 SIGNAL SQUADRON, W.R.A.C.

(formerly A.T.S. Signals, Germany)

February

Our last contribution to THE WIRE, covering November, was unfortunately despatched (*not* by S.D.S.) too late to be included in the December issue. We tender our apologies for this and would assure the Editor that our chief scribe is still searching for a smile from *someone,* after the rocket that was duly delivered. In the endeavour now to even things up, we have delayed these, our notes on December activities, for this publication, which we hope will compensate all and sundry.

As an opening to our notes, we feel we must let our fellow-readers know just how much concern and indignation has been felt within the Unit since the article "Notes on Auxiliary Territorial Service," contained in the November issue of THE WIRE, met the public eye. With due compliments, we thank the originator for the esteem shown to the A.T.S. generally. Indeed, many berets have since proved too small for our respective heads. We were thrilled by the great build-up we received, but at the same time somewhat taken aback at the mention of *our* possible withdrawal from this theatre. Someone should have warned us!

Throughout our lines, issuing forth from bathrooms (yes, we have such amenities), bedrooms and even the Regimental Canteen, can now be heard the gay tune of " Rumours are flying," whilst our opposite numbers of the B.A.O.R. Signal Regiment, bless 'em, appear to have adopted the signature tune of " We don't want to lose you, but we think you ought to go." Frantic inquiries from the numerous boy-friends of said Regiment have been overwhelming. We did not realise that there was such a strong bond of friendship between us, except, of course, in the interest of our work. No doubt this rumour is merely one of the repercussions from the time when the Fraulein switchboard operators put in an appearance at Rhine Army Exchange, which made it only too apparent that the W.R.A.C. operators would eventually become redundant. Numerous inquiries have been made as to our future, but no indication of our ultimate elimination has been received.

Our own operators faced up to the situation very well when they were given the choice of home postings or remaining and retraining as T.P.O.s or O.s K.C. The greater percentage accepted the latter course, which has greatly assisted in strengthening our sadly depleted Teleprinter and Cipher Sections.

With the departure of our surplus S.B.O.s comes a spot of reorganisation, which, by the time you read this, will have been completed (sighs of relief are heard at this point), and we are now facing a New Year complete with redesignation —introducing at the same time Junior Commander P. M. Tully as our Company Commander.

December has really been a peak period for us, apart from the usual frivolities of the Christmas holiday, for we have now come down to earth with a solid crash to face our losses in the way of personnel, which include some very popular members of the Unit who have accepted their final Sea Landing Permits *en route* for Harwich.

Our saddest day was 29th December, when the whole

Unit felt the wrench with the departure of our C.O., Senior Commander C. H. M. Jackson, O.B.E., who decided to swell the throngs of Civvy Street. The C.O.'s absence will be particularly noticeable amongst the few remaining who have been with the Unit since the early days of its birth in July, 1945, when, leaving the comparatively bright lights of a newly-liberated Brussels, Senior Commander Jackson arrived at destitute Bad Oeynhausen to plan the location of Unit H.Q., A.T.S. Signals, 21st Army Group. Looking round at the layout of our Unit—the choice of Officers' and O R.s' billets, and that grand building the Warrant Officers' and Sergeants know as their Mess, all requisitioned civilian houses —it is most obvious that the C.O. had the welfare of her Unit very much at heart.

During Senior Commander Jackson's impressive command of the Unit, which at one time consisted of four widespread Companies employed with 8 Corps, Kiel, 30 Corps, Luneburg, 1 Corps, Iserlohn, and 21 Army Group H.Q., Bad Oeynhausen, the loyalty of all ranks rose to high esteem when, following her promotion to Chief Commander, came the award of the O.B.E.

In July, 1947, a redesignation of the Unit and subsequent cut in the War Establishment affected mainly the C.O. Great valour was shown when Chief Commander Jackson then reverted to the rank of Senior Commander in order to retain her command of the Unit and so stay with us.

To our ex-C.O. we say, " Best wishes, ma'am, and we sincerely hope that your lengthy command of this Unit brings you as many happy reflections and treasured memories as certainly will be carried by those who have served under you."

Our fond farewells and best wishes were, at the same time, extended to our Pay, Release and Messing Officer, Subaltern C. D. Ellis, now S.O.S. in favour of the Home Establishment after two years of balancing our diet. Your last effort by way of our Christmas dinner was stupendous, and we thank Echelon for deferring your posting date until after that great day. Don't blame us if this comment brings you the appointment of Messing Officer in your new Unit. We will be watching THE WIRE for information as to your whereabouts.

Several of the girls were lucky enough to get their posting dates in time to get them home for Christmas, and we hope they enjoyed theirs as much as we did. Invitations from the various male Units were so numerous that the girls seemed to have difficulty in choosing which to attend. We would like to extend our thanks to all who entertained us so well, and for the share in all the good things that were provided.

The members of the Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess departed from their usual practice of serving Christmas dinner to the girls, staidly dressed in Service dress, and much merriment was added to the occasion by the appearance of most of the said N.C.O.s in costumes varying from the New Look to the ridiculous—or are they the same?

A few members of the Sergeants' Mess have also departed for the U.K., amongst them being Sergeant Trendall, of Section Office fame, who, with great fortitude we think, has gone home to create a dwelling in Civvy Street beside her husband, Sergeant Trendall, of 2 Squadron, H.Q., B.A.O.R. Signal Regiment. We wish them luck.

Sergeant June Murray, whose presence must be sadly missed in the Signal Office, has also departed for U.K. on Python, as has Sergeant Joy Gould, ex-N.C.O. i/c Rhine Army Exchange. We would mention that the few remaining S.B.O.s are still reeling around in a complete daze, unable to realise that she is not just " on leave." However, we've convinced them at last, and all join in wishing her the very best of luck. Who knows, we may yet hear that well-known voice announcing " War Office," " Scottish Command," " London District," or did someone mention " Tokio Trunks " ?

In conclusion, we have very great pleasure in announcing our redesignation. No longer are we A.T.S. Signals, Germany, for with the formation of our Regular Service we become 1 Signal Squadron, W.R.A.C.

(Why no photographs?—ED.)

Operation 'Plane-Fare'

By **Captain W. C. BARBER**

PERHAPS no single incident of the present troubled year has so succeeded in arousing the imagination of the world as the successful operation of the Berlin Airlift. For over six months now 2½ million people, the majority of them civilians, have been fed, clothed and supported entirely from the skies in what is in effect a beleaguered garrison. On 28th June, 1948, when the airlift began, Gatow was handling an average of three aircraft a day, and within a few weeks 450 aircraft were handled in one period of 24 hours. This large increase of air traffic called for fast and efficient organisation as well as complete unity between the Army, Air Force and C.C.G.

The airlift owes its success so far to precise planning. All traffic from and to Berlin must pass along three corridors, each only 20 miles wide—one from Hamburg, the second from Bückeburg and the third from Frankfurt, the main American base. If these confined air spaces are to be used in safety by different types of aircraft with differing speeds, converging from widely separated supply airfields at various distances from Berlin, there must obviously be the most careful timing and strict control. With a few exceptions, all British aircraft fly to Berlin along the Hamburg corridor and return down the Bückeburg corridor. American aircraft travel to Berlin through the Frankfurt funnel and come back via Bückeburg. Every aircraft has to conform accurately to a certain route and each type flies at a prescribed height and speed. When nearing Berlin, all pilots follow a common approach and landing procedure. If the weather is bad, aircraft are guided down by radar from the ground.

Up to date, 52,000 aircraft have landed at Gatow alone. Appropriately enough, the fifty thousandth aircraft landed at Gatow on Christmas Day. In the midst of their Christmas merriment, Berliners paused when they heard the roar of engines overhead bringing life into the besieged city. But the men and machines were not forgotten on Christmas Day. On Christmas morning two Germans gave two pilots presents in recognition of the great work they had done, and on Christmas afternoon 14 German schoolchildren stood on the off-loading apron singing carols to the crews whilst they waited for their aircraft to be unloaded. These actions are typical of the appreciation of most Berliners.

High among the outstanding stories of the airlift is that of the airfield construction carried out since the airlift started. The problem was, how to remould the face of an airfield under the ever-turning wheels of aircraft landing and taking-off. Since the commencement of the airlift and in the midst of the continuous air traffic thereby produced, a 2,000-yard concrete runway has been completed and a huge off-loading apron has been laid down of some 60,000 square metres, special storage facilities for petrol and diesel oil have been installed, a taxi track provided, and a completely new airfield and approach lighting system of the most modern design assembled and introduced. To complete the plan, a number of buildings had to be erected for offices, rooms for checkers, ground crew and equipment, rest rooms for German workers, a Malcolm Club, a police station and guard house. It must be remembered that there was no room on the airlift to fly in building materials, and in the end the amount of asphalt required for servicing had to be torn off the streets of Berlin, transported to Gatow and treated before relaying. Rubble for a base was obviously plentiful enough, and in this connection nearly 90,000 tons of the ruins of Berlin were transported to Gatow. Consistent with all these airfield modifications went the task of communications.

These are the responsibility of 41 Wing Signal Troop, 11 Air Formation Signal Regiment. These communications consist of local lines (automatic exchange), numerous "direct" lines, G.C.A. (Ground Control Approach) and B.A.B.S. lines,

radar beacons, etc., etc. 41 Wing Signal Troop have had splendid co-operation from the Reich-Post employees, under the supervision of British C.C.G. personnel.

Berlin Signal Squadron did the installation of a Tannoy system for F.A.S.O. (Forward Air Supply Organisation), but the lines are maintained by 41 Wing Signal Troop.

Co-operation between 41 Wing Signal Troop and Berlin Signal Squadron is splendid, but there is a certain amount of friendly rivalry and argument as to which of these "outfits" is actually "running" "Plane Fare."

The immense effort of the lift can be visualised if one realises that for the last 188 days (up to 031200 January) a plane has taken off or landed at an average every 2½ minutes at Gatow. On 17th October there were 1,002 movements in one day.

Coal (in bags) comes into Gatow by plane, is transported by lorry to the Havel (the local lake) and then trans-shipped by barge into Berlin. Similarly, petrol and oil is pumped from the landing strip to the Havel through a pipe-line, and then on to the fuel barges and so to Berlin.

In considering the work done, it must never be forgotten that there was a shortage of British engineering staff and an atmosphere of constant strain.

In the canteens of the off-loading strips the "all ranks" atmosphere is predominant. You may find yourself following a major in the tea queue or sitting at a table with a G.I. All this provides a "free and easy" touch in these days of "all hands to the wheel." In the villages around the airfield and in the western suburbs of Berlin people are sleeping and the unlit streets and lanes are deserted; but there is no let up for Gatow. All through the night the roar of aircraft will go on. And so it will go on, day and night, night and day, until the job is done and the roads and railways are functioning normally again, and the strange necessity that called "Plane Fare" into being will remain a kind of odd fantastic dream under which two and a half million people, for months on end, were supported entirely from the skies.

BERLIN SIGNAL SQUADRON

February

Presumably, every Unit correspondent will commence this month's notes with the congratulations to the Editor on the brighter and "snappier" WIRE, so we rush in to join them. We must remember, though, not to contravene the orders of "Lloyds" regarding Unit journalism.

The picture on the front was excellent and brought back nostalgic memories of happy days of long ago. There are Officers and N.C.O.s known to us, however, who would be upset at the lack of concentration "on the spot" of the heliograph operator.

This month has seen many arrivals and departures in the Squadron, in particular we said good-bye to a couple of "old hands" in Corporal Caines (on reversion to H.E.) and to Driver Paddy Daly (to civilian life)—both will be greatly missed in the Squadron, particularly Paddy, who was a very popular personality.

We extend a welcoming hand to Second-Lieutenant J. M. Tait, who recently joined us from O.C.T.U. We hope your stay with us will be a pleasant one, sir. Already Second-Lieutenant Tait has distinguished himself by his keenness in cross-country running and, although he wasn't successful in the recent Berlin Individual Championship, we wish him better luck in any future events.

On 8th February we were honoured by a visit to the Squadron by the new G.O.C. British Troops Berlin, Major-General G. K. Bourne, C.B., C.B.E. During the short time that the G.O.C. was with us he inspected the Stadium Workshops, W/T Communications and the Squadron Billet Area, and expressed complete satisfaction in all he saw. saw.

On 2nd February the Berlin Inter-Unit Team and Individual Cross-Country Championships were run over a course of approximately six miles. We were unable to enter a team in this event, but the following entered as individuals: Second-Lieutenant J. M. Tait, Signalmen Fraser, Judges, Lear and Steadman. All the runners did exceptionally well, especially Signalman Fraser, who ran a very good race to finish fourth. A plan of the course was plotted on No. 2 hockey pitch of the Olympic Stadium, and the race was broadcast by Major Toombs, Major Parker and Captain Whatton from various positions on the course. This enabled the many spectators at the hockey pitch to follow the progress of the event. Major-General G. K. Bourne, C.B., C.B.E., presented the prizes to the winning team and the first three men home, and, in an introductory talk, said how pleased he was to be serving with British Troops again after a long spell in the East.

Congratulations must go to the commentators on their successful broadcast. It has since been rumoured that B.F.N. is looking for new talent down Berlin way. Well, if Cliff Mitchelmore would like a relief at any time we can always oblige.

Most sport has been badly hampered by bad weather during the past month, but during the fine spell we've managed to squeeze in a couple of games of soccer and hockey with varied success.

The first round of the Berlin Football Knock-Out Tournament is due to be played off on Saturday, 12th February, and our opponents are C.C.G. We are very optimistic about our chances and hope to be able to publish in next month's issue that we have passed into Round 2.

The Woodwork Room is now well stocked with tools and timber, and with this new amenity we hope to overload the Forces' Handicraft Exhibition due to open early in March. The gatherings at the moment are very small, but under the careful modelling of Sergeant Naylor, R.A.E.C., we hope to see the attendances improving.

Marriage. On 5th February, 1949, in the Garrison Church, Corporal Brewer was married to Rosemarie Gladosch. The Squadron take this opportunity of wishing them both the very best of luck.

Obituary. We regret to record the death of baby Jacqueline Parker, at the 84 B.M.H. on 25th January, 1949, at the tender age of six days. We extend our heartfelt sympathies to Major L. J. Parker and Mrs. Parker in their sad bereavement.

ROCKY

FORGET THEM NOT

The fog shuts down—a cold grey cloud—
The roar of planes is stilled.
With ground crews standing by
And radar groping high
To find and bring the planes to Gatow field.

The loaders have a rest,
But radar gets a test
To bring the freight to earth all safe and sealed.
Who will win the fight on this so-called "dirty night?"
Yes, it's radar who will guide them to the field.

So here's to the back room boys,
Who have their dupes and joys
But who seldom fail to conquer what they fight.
The planes are hand in hand
With safety as they land,
E'en though the strip be blotted from their sight.

To the aircrews! Toast with zest,
Of guts they have the best
As to Gatow through the murk they grope their way.
And, until this blockade stops,
They'll continue with their "ops"
Through light, through night, for each and every day.

SIGNALMAN D. MOLE,
Berlin Signal Squadron.

3 AIR SUPPORT SIGNAL UNIT

Minden

Someone once said something about "Spring being very near, now that Winter is here." How true he was! Even here in Minden, we of 3 A.S.S.U. begin to see the watery sun of Spring peeping furtively out from behind the dark clouds of Winter.

And with the advent of Spring there appears to have taken place in our Unit a startling transformation, in both composition and organisation. The last remaining remnants of 77 and 78 Groups have all gone now—rejoicing! But into this gaping breach in our Unit strength have stepped two dozen new operators and drivers. All of them are straight from the U.K., and are as keen as mustard.

Another recent arrival was Sergeant Rowland, who has taken over the duties of Troop Sergeant. He was closely followed by Second-Lieutenant Finch (now Sports Officer) and Sergeant Hindle (who is spreading the "light of knowledge" over the Unit).

Our new O.C., Major N. C. B. Cleveley, has now "settled in," and preparations for our forthcoming operational commitments are in full swing. These schemes commence in early Spring and, consequently, all new operators are receiving intensive instruction in Air Support work from Sergeants Rowland and Hindley. All this training goes on under the supervision of Captain Millo, who is Officer i/c Training.

Nor is the M.T. side of 3 A.S.S.U. being forgotten, as mobility in the field is the very essence of Air Support operations. This is the direct responsibility of Second-Lieutenant Samson, who, incidentally, will be leaving us at the end of March.

Our Barrack Fire Picquet has been extremely busy during the past two weeks. On no less than two occasions did they dash to the scene of a *real* fire. In the case of the second conflagration, however, they were exceedingly frustrated to discover that nobody had had enough initiative to keep the fire burning until their arrival.

Sport. Sport is now a daily feature of our weekly programme. And there is no question of its popularity within the Unit. Hockey, especially, is fast becoming a favourite with 3 A.S.S.U. Inspired and led by Major Cleveley, the formation of a very strong hockey team is in progress. We have played three matches, as yet; one defeat, one draw and one victory.

I am happy to say that the Unit soccer team is continuing its unbroken line of successes in the Garrison League by winning all its games, so far.

Other sports, such as basketball, cross-country running and horse riding, are being organised and participated in. In fact, every effort is being made to provide for individual tastes and interests in every field of sport. Amazing to relate, the P.R.I. has been prevailed upon to produce a considerable amount of money, in order that certain sports gear might be purchased.

Finishing off now, we in 3 A.S.S.U. wish all Royal Signals personnel a hearty "au revoir" until the next publication of THE WIRE.

ASSU DONYM

* * *

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

We acknowledge with thanks receipt of the following:

BRITISH LEGION JOURNAL, February and March.
ARMY MEDICAL SERVICES MAGAZINE, January.
CATTERICK EXPRESS, 11th and 25th February.
JOURNAL OF THE ROYAL ARMY SERVICE CORPS, February.
THE CLARION, February.
THE QUEEN'S OWN GAZETTE, February.
ST. GEORGE'S GAZETTE, January.
THE SIGNALMAN (Indian Signal Corps), January.
QASID (Pakistan Signal Corps), Nos. 1, 2 and 3.

PAIFORCE

IN March, 1941, I was in H.Q., Southern Command, in India. We had under somewhat urgent preparation the 10th Indian Division; by no means ready, it lacked equipment and training. The Infantry were good; the Technical Arms, particularly the Divisional Signals, lagged behind. As always in war, everyone was working too hard and largely ignored happenings outside one's immediate orbit.

One had been aware that the Staff of Force X or Y or Z was assembling at the Transit Camp in Poona. It was all very hush and one didn't ask questions. Then suddenly it happened. 10 Indian Division was "for off." A telephone from Delhi asked if we could make two wireless sets, one to be installed at Jubbulpore, the other to be flown by the officer who made it to Baghdad. These two comparatively small affairs in a world war were symptomatic of the work of Paiforce. Everything was done in a hurry and everything was improvised.

The anonymous author of "Paiforce," published by H.M. Stationery Office, in a very wonderful way manages in an official history to convey the headlong urgency of everything Paiforce did. The book reads as fast as a Peter Cheyney novel. Of all the good things done by India during the war, the choice of Sir Edward Quinan, K.C.I.E., C.B., D.S.O., to command during the first 18 months was perhaps the wisest.

The sheer pace of that man! Developed in the hard school of Waziristan, the only man to travel the country on "road closed days," he would arrive unheralded, unescorted, inconspicuous, and be deep in argument in his fourth or fifth cookhouse before the Commander of the camp was aware of his presence. There was just one man who worked harder than his Staff, and that was "Q" (and faster, much faster).

With half-trained, ill-equipped troops, with not a twentieth of the Staff the job demanded, he quelled an incipient rebellion, he overran all Iraq by sheer pace and without much fighting, the opposition hadn't time to fight.

Towards the end of 1941 we of Southern Command in India sent him the 6th Indian Division; Middle East sent the seasoned 8th Indian Division. Realise the size of the country, realise that for six months he had only one Division and an Indian Armoured Brigade. By that time he had occupied Persia as well as Iraq. How was it all done? Well, buy the book, or get it from your library and read it—twice. As has been said, it reads so fast that to appreciate facts and dates you have to read a second time. The chances of the Germans coming through the Caucasus looked about 10 to 1 on. Even back in India we were digging defensive positions guarding Quetta. That was in May, '42, and Paiforce was organising to fight for its life (and ours).

At that time, in the words of the book, General Quinan was given one more new direction. "You will take steps to develop such road, rail and river communications as are necessary to ensure . . . the maximum possible delivery of supplies to Russia."

How well that direction was obeyed is told in the second half of the book, which is only 137 pages altogether.

Supplies to Russia in tens of thousands of tons a month. The formation of a Polish Corps of two Divisions as reverse lease-lend. The problem of the vast numbers of Polish civilians and their movement across Persia and Iraq, and embarkation for distant lands.

In the history of Paiforce a fair balance is struck between the work of "the Services and the Fighting Troops." It makes proud reading for all of us.

General Quinan handed over to Sir Henry Maitland Wilson in August, '42. The greatest technical development took place after that date, but the plan had been well and truly started.

The Russians held at Stalingrad, the threat to Persia and

(*continued on page* 162)

GOLF

"YOU CAN LEAD A BALL TO THE PIN
BUT YOU CAN'T MAKE IT SINK"
— ROYAL AND ANCIENT PROVERB

by L. H. Drake

who declares:

" With one possible exception I have kept my eye on the ball with greater avidity, concentration and determination than any other living creature. That one exception was Cinderella."

Little-known, or even realised, facts concerning the origin of the goad called "Golf" are revealed here for the first time, complex facets of Life which hitherto (and happily) had remained hidden from fra'l humanity.

Now the veil is torn asunder, and a shrinking civilisation, long since cowering beneath a surfeit of darkest hours, reels stricken, stunned and stymied. It's all rather a pity, really.

How many know that the invention of the game can be traced to the McRabbitt of Warren-on-the-Sporran, whose mother was, of course, a Bonnet (of Bonnie Dundee).

Well, we might as well know the worst. . . .

* * *

THE game of golf was invented by a Scotsman, and that is one of the foremost reasons why Caledonia is invariably stern and wild. It would be a reasonably safe bet, in view of this, to assume that the tortures of the Thousand Cuts, the Dropping Water and Toe Nail Elimination were conceived in the mind of a Chinaman of Scottish extraction whose jaundiced outlook on life (matching his complexion) had come to him as a legacy of the links.

Golf is an infuriating recreation. It broadens the vocabulary, narrows the vision, hardens the arteries and steels the very soul of the addict who, flaying his way through life with a ferocity born of frustration, finally goes the way of all flesh and ends up at the 19th clutching his mashie-niblick as a drowning camel clutches at the last straw. A pretty grim spectacle, whichever way you look at it.

It was at Gilliehankie, near the foothills of majestic Ben Evolence, that wee Robert McRabbitt first saw the half-light* of day in the year 1269, the son of honest crofters who, at that time, little realised that 45 years later their wee bairn would be rising 50. From the meagre material preserved to us it is possible to construct only the most sketchy picture of the young McRabbitt's boyhood.

* *It was the tail-end of the Dark Ages.*

". . . the two should automatically go together . . ."

At the age of 13 he showed exceptional proficiency in the art of caber tossing until, in a moment of weakness, he tossed it through the thatching of the Gilliehankie Rural District Council office and fled the neighbourhood on the impulse of the moment and a borrowed bicycle, followed by a volley of expletives and two men in kilts.

The incident appears to have stamped an indelible effect on an impressionable mind for contemporary records show that the boy expressed his version of the affair in the succinct sentence, " Gi'e ain a mickle, they'll mak' a muckle," than which anything more terse or forthright would be difficult to imagine, and almost impossible to put into words.

In 1292 the young McRabbitt (then 23) was involved in a clash of the clans and suffered superficial injuries between Loch Hooey and Fairpechin. It was during his subsequent and short convalescence that he met Jeannie McWhistle, the beautiful daughter of the beadle, who played the pipes to the patients and who had an aunt living at Dagenham, in the Sassenach country.

Jeannie's skill with the pipes (she played to him for hours at a stretch because her wee, slim fingers used to get stuck in the holes and she couldn's free them) acted as an anaesthetic on the young man, and it was while he lay in a state of coma one day that realisation came to him, a spur and urge to get away from it all. Which wasn't surprising, really; a female (no matter how attractive) gripping a set of bagpipes in a half-nelson at the bedside must inevitably exert a cloying influence sooner or later.

In several of the more remote corners of the Highlands there persists to this day a short jingle—colloquially: a dingle-do — of such home-spun sincerity and obvious derivation from the incident of the McWhistle pipes that inclusion here is essential to the thread and continuity of a research which, more's the pity, cannot hope to touch other than the fringe of a monumental subject.

When the wind blaws tough
He's in the rough,
And doughty Rabbie's worrit.
He gies th' ba' a skelp or twa
Tae gang his progress furrit.

But, if it's no sae muckle wheen
He'll use his cleek tae mak' th' green
And lay th' ba' beside th' pin.
Nae mair he'll wear an angry froon;
A wee bit tap'll pit it doon.

And while he strives to true his drives,
Wi' mony a quaintly antic,
A memory clear o' th' pipes he'll hear;
It nearly drives him frantic.
Awa' he'll gang wi' slam and bang

Tae cut oot anither chunk a
Hieland rock (like a hied on th' block),
Creating a braw new bunker.

If we accept this as *prima facie* evidence (its rejection would be little short of a calamity), we accept the logical conclusion, namely, that golf is the natural child of the bagpipes. They spring from a common stock, share the same environment and produce much the same results exhibiting, in fact, so marked an affinity that someone is certain to advance the opinion that the two should automatically go together. This is a contingency against which the writer has taken every precaution, and his whereabouts for the next ten years will be known only to a handful of his nearest and dearest.

Perhaps the most interesting, and certainly the most significant, fragment of documentary evidence preserved to us is that in possession of the Gilliehankie Public Museum. Ascribed to the McRabbitt of Gilliehankie, shrunken and yellow with age, it bears the following legend: . . . and if, forby, I have contributed a wee towards the welfare o' my fellow creatures in that gowf (golf) may encompass the salvation o' the wayward, then may my accomplishments go doon to posterior."

An error of translation may have crept in here, and it can, I think, be safely assumed that " posterity " was the word intended.

Charity, at least, should direct our thoughts along that particular fairway.

(*continued from page* 160)

Iraq receded, and the task of Paiforce became " aid to Russia " at all and any cost. That didn't slow the pace—far from it. The Americans arrived, saw that the pace was fast, and proceeded to hustle some. A Field Company of Indian Sappers and Miners, who had never seen the type of equipment before, built a pontoon bridge, 950 feet long, to carry 10-ton lorries, in exactly four days. And all of 1942 and 1943 Indian Signalmen from Quetta were plugging their way along a thousand miles of Persian poles, adding two copper pairs to link up with the fabulous system installed by fellow Signalmen from India and Britain, covering Persia and Iraq, and reaching out across the desert to Cairo.

Anyway, enough of reminiscences: for heaven's sake buy the book. If you have served in Paiforce, you've just got to. If you like soldiers, and most of us do, buy the book and learn the height of human endurance doing a vital job which was always tough, nearly always dull. Consider the linemen, Indian and British, in a climate of extremes; desperately cold in winter, and in summer so hot that you dare not touch an iron pole after 11 a.m. A couple of Construction Sections building a route 500 miles long: day after day the poles crawl forward across the map. In a book which frequently, to the understanding reader, verges on the heroic, perhaps highest praise goes to the Indian driver—and that from the voice of a British driver.

Stationery Office Code No. 57–606, price 5s. And you can get it through any bookstall.

* * *

BAND TOUR PROGRAMME

April 8—50 (N) Infantry Divisional Signal Regiment Dance.
„ 10—Officers' Club.
„ 11–13—London District.
„ 15–19—Scarborough.
„ 20—5 A.A. Brigade Signal Squadron.
„ 27–29—Eastern Command.
„ 30—Eastbourne.

Other Overseas Stations

EGYPT COMMAND SIGNAL REGIMENT

Fayid

December

Rugby. The Regiment meets 3 G.H.Q. Signals in the final of the Egypt Army Cup, and a report of the game will be given in our next issue. It is noteworthy that it is an all-Signals final.

In addition to Cup games, several Corps representative matches have been played and we have supplied no fewer than eight members of the team, also there were five of our team selected for the District trials.

Hockey. We are doing very well in the Moascar Garrison Hockey League. Matches to date are as follows: Played 8, won 5, drawn 1, lost 2.

We have also entered for the Army Cup and are very optimistic about our chances.

Soccer. The combined R.H.Q. and 1 Squadron first eleven started their league fixtures with a glut of goals, unfortunately all against. R.A.F., El Firdan, put seven in our net, and the 1st Battalion R.I.F., not to be outdone, scored six. However, a reorganisation took place after this debacle and we haven't lost a match since.

Our second eleven were more fortunate as their league fixtures commenced after the great revival, and they also have only been defeated twice.

In December we held no fewer than three Regimental trials, under the watchful eyes of the selectors, before the Regimental side which is to compete in the Army Cup was chosen. We play our first round soon, and we are confident of bringing the cup to the Regiment.

1 SQUADRON. On Christmas Eve the carol singing of St. Mark's choir, followed by an excellent supper, commenced the celebrations in the true spirit. Our messing officials receive our grateful thanks for the menus they put on over the holiday period. We won't make you all want to put in for a posting to " T.E.K." by giving the lists here. Quite a number of us were pretty merry on more than one night of the holidays.

We are now well settled in our new billets, which look really smart with the fresh paint, and we are very proud of our own work. There have been long discussions as to whether we were better in tents, which, although being colder, were in a much nearer position to the offices. We do not relish the long march every morning.

Our football team is sadly lacking the numbers to choose from, and consequently we cannot boast of our league position. We keep hoping for some new talent in every man posted in. In fact, the newcomer is sure to be asked whether he can play football before he even takes his kit off his back.

2 SQUADRON. Considering that the majority of the Squadron spent the four days prior to Christmas firing on the range, which did not leave much time for preparations, an amazing variety of entertainments was organised for the lads.

On Christmas Eve a " smoker " was held in the Canteen, and by the sound of things the fellows evidently had the time of their lives.

At Christmas dinner the officers and senior N.C.O.s waited on the men, and our ears were not deaf to the shouts for " Sammy," alias S.S.M. Knight, who rendered a splendid ovation in perfect " King's English " ! Our O.C., Major Meiklejohn, having injured his arm, gallantly took over the difficult task of head waiter, and we all wish him a speedy recovery. When everyone had eaten his share of this gargantuan meal, the waiters then retired to the Sergeants' Mess for a little " imbibing."

The main credit for the Christmas dinner goes to Corporal Woolford, of the Catering Corps, and his band of cooks, who worked for 48 hours non-stop to make this dinner a success. There are rumours that he will not be with us much longer, and we wish him every success wherever he goes. He will most certainly be missed by everyone here.

Altogether a roaring time was had by everyone, and we trust there were not too many sore heads after the holidays.

Second-Lieutenant P. J. S. Gill has taken over Fayid Operating Troop, and the familiar call of " Chop, Chop—you're adrift " now " floats " from the Lines Office, where Lieutenant Hellier has slung his hammock !

Soccer still provides the main item of interest in the Squadron's sporting activities, and during December both " A " and " B " teams have given a good account of themselves. High scores have been prominent in our December league matches; in our last three games 17 goals have been scored for us, with only 8 goals against.

The middle of December saw a very keen and hard-fought game played at Moascar between 2 and 4 Squadrons, which ended in a 1—1 draw. This game was a trial match in the series of elimination trials designed to pick a Regimental team, and we are pleased to say that six men of 2 Squadron were chosen to represent a combined 2 Squadron and 4 Squadron team which played Moascar Signals on Christmas Eve.

A hockey match was played against 223 Company, R.A.S.C., in which our Service Corps friends just beat us by 3 goals to 2.

Two more whist drives were held during December, which were attended far beyond our wildest hopes, and from which we reaped a handsome profit to boost our sports and entertainments funds.

SUEZ DETACHMENT. The arrangements for the Christmas festivities are well in hand, and at the time of writing the Canteen looks like the " Palais de Danse," only more so. It has not been an easy month, what with one thing and another, and we really are hoping that the pressure will ease up over the Christmas break—at least, long enough to let us have tea in bed on Christmas morning! Sergeants Dignan, Dodd and Etheridge will be doing the honours, assisted by the Corporals of the Detachment.

Come what may, we *will* celebrate the occasion, and we *will* be remembering previous years (those of us that can) and thinking kindly of our late members, who will very likely be " knocking it back " at the local (God bless it).

Football. Our position in the Garrison League, Division " A," has deteriorated in this last month, for we somehow lost our form when it came to league matches, with the following results:

v.	B.M.H.	Lost 3—2
v.	A.R.G.	Lost 2—1
v.	8 Infantry Brigade	Won 2—1

There promises to be an interesting match on 25th December, when the whole Detachment will be out. Dress: Very loose order and what you like.

Topical Story. Lance-Corporal Bottoms walked up to the Canteen bar yesterday and, looking round about him, declared to the world in general that " When Bottoms drinks, everyone drinks! " There was a rush by all present to get a drink. Friend Bottoms slowly drained his glass, dug his hand deep into his pocket, pulled out 4.5 piastres exactly, plonked them on the bar and declared to the world in general that " When Bottoms pays, everyone pays! "

4 SQUADRON. Owing to the hold-up in release, changes in personnel have been few and far between. However, our 77-ites are at last looking forward to a trip to Blighty in a few days' time. We wish them all " God speed and the best of luck." We who stay will be sorry to see them go.

The Ballah Detachment football team has at last reached its rightful position at the top of the Garrison League. We are now trying to raise a Detachment rugby and hockey team. We have quite a bit of talent to choose from, especially at hockey, with our stock of ex-" punky wallahs."

1 L. OF C. SIGNAL REGIMENT, M.E.L.F.

El Ballah

December

A welcome is extended to Major (T.O.M.) J. E. Robertson, who arrived back from Blighty and has now joined 630 Construction Plant Troop; they do say he has gone Airborne. Adieus have been said to Captain (T.O.M.) L. H. Dowding on proceeding to U.K. on Python. Sssh!—just the job, Lofty. Is it true the Python tour is *really* down to 2½ years at last?

The football and hockey teams still retain their winning abilities and are top of their respective leagues, both having forfeited one point only. Keep it up.

Congratulations to Signalman Pearce on being selected for the District trial match. S.S.M. Hopkins still blows his whistle—now in the Moascar League. 'Twas he who decided the goal-posts were not opposite each other; shifting, salt, saucy sands of El Ballah are to blame. I wonder what " Ginger " Walton would say; it would probably be " I.C.C.L."

B.T.E. and Mediterranean Command presented a Searchlight Tattoo at the Stadium, Moascar, and it was very good entertainment, well organised and produced. The programme consisted of a fanfare by trumpeters of the 16th/5th Lancers and entry of the Massed Bands.

Item 1. " Faugh-a-Ballagh " (" Clear the Way ") by the 1st Battalion The Royal Irish Fusiliers, with the Regimental Colour flying. A ceremonial parade item with slow march past by Companies.

Item 2. " African Folk Songs and Dancing " by the High Commission Territories Corps, from Darkest Africa; an unusual spectacle of native dances, rhythm antics, very much appreciated.

Item 3. " Per Mare Per Terram." A drill display by 42 Commando, Royal Marines. This item was really superb. I have never seen drill so good; they were very highly trained and efficient—a pleasant sight these days.

Item 4. " Safety Fast." Trick riding on motor cycles by a Royal Signals Command team; a really first-class show, with the ladder rider par excellence. The team was in charge of Captain Galbraith.

Item 5. " Keep Fit." A physical display by the 1st Battalion The Royal Lincolnshire Regiment. A modern army's physical exercises well done, and they really showed good training and endurance and physical fitness.

Item 6. " The Covered Waggons." An episode on the lives of the pioneers whilst on trek, performed by 433 Company, R.A.S.C. (H.T.). A picturesque item where much organising had been put in to make it appear in the days of the 17th and 18th centuries, with the usual attack by redskins. A jolly good effort.

Item 7. "Grand Finale," in which the Massed Bands again marched in from the distant castle gates, counter-marched, and formed up to play " Abide with me," the echo taken up by the 16th/5th Lancers' Regimental Band.

All participants then marched past the saluting base, led by the Royal Signals Display Motor Cycle Team, to the strains of " Beyond Dull Care."

A credit to all and a good two hours of pleasant enter-

tainment; all makes part of the life in this part of the world.

This Month's Howler. Driver (I.C.): " Sir, this engine has lost its ' tick-over.' " Anybody found it ?

The families of Captain Sharp and Driver Brookes are welcomed for a happy stay. They arrived during November ex *Empress of Australia.*

Why is our O.R.S. so anxious for his Group to come up? Go on, sign on and see the world and cigarettes! You won't in civil life.

Suggestions for an Information Book—file " Letters " from " Soldier Magazine." It's a mint of information.

Happenings at Ballah. 1. Extracting salt from the soil of Salt Lake Ballah, economising Ant Hill.

2. Chasing the Ghost of Ballah in a jeep, causing three other jeeps, L.A.D. recovery and a D8 to get bogged; keeping half the camp up all night, feeding, petrol, water, 48 hours' solid work, and letting the Ghost slip through your fingers. A heluva Mask-ell, I calls it.

3. Have you ever seen a film which shows reels in the following order: One, three, two, four ? I have, yes, at Ballah. 'Tis just to add to the confusion of Maleesh, brother of Bucksheesh, the Desert Rat. Why worry? Time marches on.

February

What climatic changes this last month has produced—seen rain, sandstorms, cold winds from the steppes of Russia, hills of Persia and the Sahara—winter in Egypt played out.

In the sporting world we have won the El Ballah Knock-out Football Cup by 1 goal to nil against the A.C.C. Base Depot on the Garrison Ground. It was a really gruelling game in the worst of weathers—a cold, high wind and with it sand by the bushel. The ball was out of play most of the game and play was confined to the touch-line A goal resulted from a scrimmage in front of the A.C.C. goal-line, and it is said that A.S.M. Lindsay scored off his nose while full-length on the ground. A very sporting game and ably refereed under very trying conditions. The District Commander, Canal North District, Brigadier H. D. W. Sitwell, C.B., M.C., presented medals to both teams after the game. Our teams in this competition consisted of: Private Humphries, Lance-Corporal Brain, Signalman Simmons, Driver Storey, Craftsman Russell, Driver Toner, Driver Lockhart, R.S.M. Turner, Signalman Dakin, Signalman Harrison, Signalman Pearce, Corporal Crispin, Craftsman Meehan and A.S.M. Lindsay.

In the hockey world, the combined Regimental team and " A " team have won both the Moascar League (Winter) and the El Ballah League. Here are the results:

Moascar League. Played 10, won 9, drawn 1, lost 0, goals for 42, goals against 20, points 19.

El Ballah League. Played 4, won 4, drawn 0, lost 0, goals for 26, goals against 2, points 8.

The team consisted of: S.Q.M.S. O'Malley, Lieutenant (Q.M.) R. Shove, R.Q.M.S. Clackett, Captain A. Sharp, Captain R. Haxell, W.O.2. (F. of S.) Foster, S.Q.M.S. Forrest, Corporal Barnes, R.S.M. Turner, Captain N. C. Gordon, Corporal Wilson, Captain L. E. Addison, Sergeant White, Corporal Burke. Umpire: Major (T.O.M.) Minns.

Captain Haxell is at present ill in hospital. We all wish him a speedy recovery and back in the team once again.

On visits to Cairo: " Beware all ye that enter " of the little Boy Scout who would show you around, for if you do not, you will be well and truly fleeced and perhaps return with only 12 piastres in your pocket. These are abnormal times and a lot of kite hawks are awaiting you.

Farewells were said to 102 Group this week, and characters like Driver Toner, who has ably captained our football team, Driver Storey, our left-back, and Sergeant White, the Orderly Room Sergeant. Captain Grant has also left us on Python ex 3 G.H.Q. Signal Regiment. He'll be back. This was his second tour in seven years—he must like it. His relief arrived in Captain Woodger, the mystic spiritualist who moves tables at seances—go on! Perhaps he can inform us how flies land on ceilings!

Major R. Lansley (MD5AA) has been posted to 3 G.H.Q. Signal Regiment after two years with the Regiment—radio fans please note; also listen to his naval stories when he was a matlo (year about 1915). Good luck—they will change Bournemouth Bay for you yet!

The Camera Club (combined 3 Infantry Brigade Workshops, R.E.M.E. and the Regiment) has started up again, so take advantage, chaps, and get your films developed with that fine grain developer. Has anybody got an enlarger going cheap to make some really good pictures ? Offers, please. Meanwhile, you amateur photographers, why not join the Camera Club ?

We congratulate Captain and Mrs. Addison on the birth of a daughter on Christmas Day. Captain Slater has just arrived back from his course and leave. It's a great life while it lasts.

NORTHERN AREA SIGNAL TROOP

Moshi

January

Since last we gave utterance, of course the chief news has been the Christmas festivities.

On Christmas Eve the Sergeants entertained the Junior Ranks, who rose to the occasion but felt rather flat the next morning. Christmas Day was spent in the traditional manner, and then those of the juniors who had survived the other two days set out on a camping expedition. Much swimming and sunbathing brought them back with a dark brown complexion that even a good wash would not remove.

The sporting instinct is well upheld within the Troop, and an unwary pedestrian at night is always liable to find himself confronted with a bow or catapult by a desperate character. Whenever possible you will see some staunch and stalwart hunter with rifle on shoulder go striding out over the bush. It is whispered that a certain aspiring hunter, when confronted with two rhinos, turned to his companion and said, " My, the cows round here are big!"

During this month we said goodbye to our Second-in-Command, Second-Lieutenant Claque-Quine, and Lance-Corporal Damant, who went on release. We all join in wishing them every success in civvy life. These departures, sad as they were to lose such friends, cheered the hearts of the rest of the National Service men as it meant that " demob " had begun again. Many and wonderful were the calculations, calculated guesses and sheer imaginative guesses which were dished up for the mastication of the rest of the Troop. It now appears that even the most conservative estimates were easily six months out, and so now, after the momentary excitement, the Troop has returned to its customary complacency, and social life goes on as before.

There has been a marked increase in the number of dogs in the camp of late, and heated discussions take place each day amongst the dog fanciers as to the best methods of training, feeding and exercise. The outcome of all these always remains the same—they agree to differ!

Inter-Troop sport has begun again, and the Troop, with the aid of H.Q., turns out both a soccer and a hockey team. Results have been quite good and we are always striving to do better, both teams seeming to show good progress. During one of the first matches, Captain Legge wrenched his knees and we were without his services for a considerable time.

So we leave this little spot, where life at the foot of Mount Kenya carries on blissfully, unharmed by the world, and as we leave we hear the farewell call—

KWA HERI from KARANI

A Test of Middle East Memory

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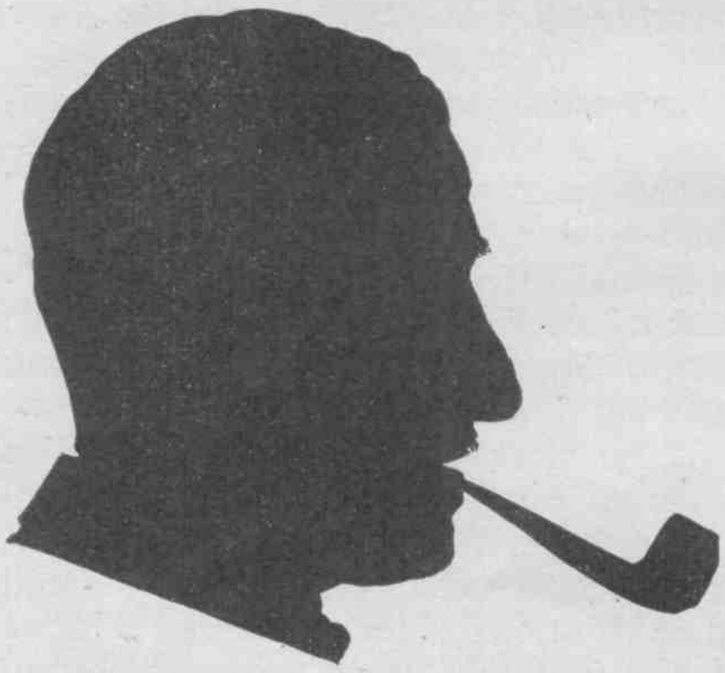

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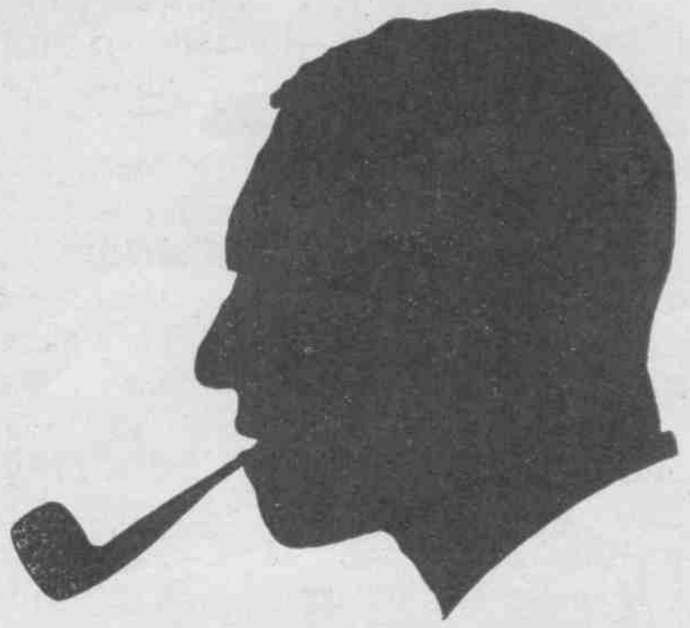

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The nine officers whose silhouettes appear above all served in Middle East, all were famous in one way or another. The Editor will be prepared to arbitrate if cases of dispute are referred to him. Anyway, try it out on a pal who does not buy the WIRE and see if you can take a pint off him

My Dog Rastus (III)

By **A. J. AUDEN**

"FOR Sale—A terrier sort of dog with kindly disposition, but talks too much," I wrote. "Damn!" I crumpled the paper up and threw away my sixth attempt. That was just what I mustn't put, or anyone who read it would think that I was pulling his leg.

Rastus had got me into bad trouble this time, and what was so annoying was that in common fairness I couldn't blame him, for it was just the nature of the dog.

In one way, too, it was my own fault, because, after I got back from leave and forgave him for the incident, of which I told you last month, I began to think that it showed that he was rather clever. Well, the other day "Tubby" Wetherall was boasting in the Mess about his dog, Prince—a sloppy sort of cocker spaniel, which I grant you has some inherited instincts as a gun dog, but which is completely without character. I got bored with the interminable tales of how Prince can pick up a bird in his mouth without damaging a single feather, so I told "Tubby" and the others who were there what Rastus had done. I thought that there was rather a peculiar silence, but then people never like to have their stories capped, so I wandered off and took no notice of the remark I overheard—something about "round the bend."

The next day the Adjutant sent for me. "You've put people in a proper stew," he said, "with your story about Rastus talking."

I tried not to look conceited about owning such a dog. "It is rather clever of him, isn't it?" I replied.

The Adjutant's face dropped. "So he really does talk, does he?"

"Not often, you know. Only occasionally, but when he does, his remarks always seen to hit the nail on the head remarkably well."

This seemed to put the Adjutant right out of his stride, and he sent me away, saying that he had just wanted to confirm the story.

When I was sitting in my room that evening I thought it rather odd that the M.O. should drop in for a chat, because, though he's a nice enough fellow, I've never been particularly pally with him.

After we'd been talking for a bit he said, "I hear that your dog talks. Now I've always been interested in peculiar dogs," which struck me as strange, as he hasn't even got one of his own. "Can you get him to talk now?"

"I doubt it," I said. "He's very independent and does most things, including talking, when he thinks he will."

"Well, do try to get him to. I'd like to hear it." Suddenly a light dawned on me. They none of them believed me. This put me on my mettle. I had to get Rastus to talk to him to show the M.O. that he was the fool and not me.

I woke Rastus up, which probably started him off in a bad temper, and called him over. "Rastus," I said, "this gentleman doesn't believe that you can talk. Just say something to him to show him what a clever dog you are."

Rastus curled his lips back from his teeth in a sneer, and the M.O., mistaking his intentions, drew his legs further away.

I coaxed and cajoled for half an hour, but it was plain to see that Rastus didn't like him, and was disgruntled at such disbelief, for not one word could I get out of him, and he kept on trying to go to sleep again.

At last, "Would ten o'clock tomorrow be suitable for you to come round to the Hospital with me?" said the M.O. "Just a routine check-up."

Further light flashed through my mind. "You think I'm screwey, don't you?" I replied.

"No, no, old boy. Not screwey. You've just been working too hard, and—war experiences, you know."

This was a pretty pickle, everyone thinking I'd gone off my rocker, and Rastus refusing to talk when there was anyone else around who could overhear, so that no one would believe me. I explained the situation very carefully to Rastus, who must have understood, but even then, when we were alone, he wouldn't say anything or take the slightest interest.

I wondered whether my answer was not to tell the psychiatrist that the whole thing had been a leg pull, but I came to the conclusion that I'd been so long in realising what they were getting at, that they wouldn't swallow that now. I was really worried.

There was nothing else for it, and the next day I duly presented myself. He was a kindly-looking Major, who shook me by the hand and sat me down in a comfortable chair. Then he began to talk on every imaginable subject except me and Rastus, until I wanted to tell him to get on with it. My exasperation must have been apparent, for he wrote a note, which probably said, "Slightly irritable."

At last he asked me whether we'd had any dogs at home when I was a child, and I admitted to him everything I could remember of the motley collection one or other of us had owned.

"You didn't have any unpleasant experiences with any of them?"

"No."

"Now think back carefully. Were you fond of your mother and father, or of one more than the other?"

I didn't see what this had to do with it, but answered, "Both."

"Did you ever feel that you wanted love beyond that of your parents?"

"Did you have any special liking for any of your schoolmistresses?" "For any of your sister's friends?" So the questions went on interminably until he got round to asking me direct about Rastus.

"Yes," I replied. "He does talk. I know that it's peculiar, but it's peculiar of him, not of me."

Eventually he asked me to get Rastus to talk, which was just what I'd been dreading. I tried every means I could think of. I flattered and cajoled him, I begged him, I threatened and cursed him, but I'd known before I'd begun that it would be useless. By the time that I'd finished I was dirty and dishevelled, and looked just like something out of a looney bin.

As we left the room, "You useless hound," I said. "Why the hell can't you say something?"

"Not Pygmalion likely," said Rastus. "They'd want to put me on the stage."

GIBRALTAR SIGNAL SQUADRON

Since the submission of our last notes to THE WIRE in December, Christmas and New Year festivities have come and gone, old friends have left us, and new friends have been welcomed. Early in December Corporal "Benny" Vanden left us, after over two and a half years on the "Rock." "Benny" had always been regarded as a fixture; the space left by his departure will be hard to fill. On 4th January the last of the Age and Service Groups left us together with the first of the 100s; we shall miss them all, but see in their departure the beginning, at least, of our ultimate voyage home to demobilisation. To those that have left us we say, "Good luck, good health and prosperity," and to the newcomers it's "Welcome, and enjoy your stay."

Christmas at Gibraltar was celebrated in as near as possible the traditional English manner. Our thanks are extended especially to the cookhouse staff and all those who did so much to make the catering section of the festivities such an enormous success. Throughout Christmas Eve and Day the Canteen stage was put to full use by budding artistes—and others—which prompts us to ask the question, "Why is it that so many 'Crosbys,' 'Giglis' and 'Handleys' lie dormant throughout the year, and only venture into the daylight on the 24th/25th December of each year?" Sergeant Pollock informs us it's the Christmas spirit(s). Coming from such an eminent authority, we accept this as the truth.

On Christmas Eve a show was organised on the "I want to be an actor" theme; prizes of cigarettes were awarded to the three best contestants, so a word or two about the winners will not, we trust, be out of place. The first prize was awarded to Signalman Hassell and his choir of "Bristol Boys"; their rendering of "My Heart and I" and subsequent encore was indeed a work of art. Next on the list we have the ever-versatile Sergeant-Major Bradbury, whose profound knowledge and rendering of the Army classics astounded even the sceptics amongst us. The third prize was awarded to Captain Allen, who very aptly sang a North African Desert composition entitled "My Dugout in Matruh." We feel sure that if Captain Allen ever forsakes the "lines" for the pen, then the Song Kings of Charing Cross Road will welcome him into their midst with outstretched arms.

Our C.O., Lieutenant-Colonel R. A. McIntosh, visited us on Christmas Day, and besides wishing us a Happy Christmas, expressed the hope that by next Christmas we should all be sitting round laden home tables. During Christmas dinner Colonel McIntosh also exhibited his skill as a waiter, to the complete satisfaction and pleasure of all the diners.

Sport. Football. Since the publication of our last notes, the final results of the Gibraltar North Division League have been determined. Although Gibraltar Signals did not gain the premier position, they justified their existence by attaining third position, only one point behind the first and second teams. Up till the last game it seemed possible we would manage to hold on to the slight lead over our nearest rivals. However, this was not to be, as our final opponents, H.Q., 1st Royal Northumberland Fusiliers, beat us by 3 goals to 1. Early in the match one of our half-backs was unlucky enough to receive a leg injury, which necessitated our team playing on with virtually ten men; this handicap proved too much. Our congratulations to the winners, and to our boys in the first eleven for putting up such a good show through the season. Detailed results are as follows:

Royal Signals 5, Royal Northumberland Fusiliers "Y" Coy. 1.
Royal Signals 8, R.A.P.C. 0.
Royal Signals 5, R.A.F. Servicing Wing 0.
Royal Signals 4, R.A.F. H.Q. 1.
Royal Signals 8, Royal Northumberland Fusiliers "X" Coy. 1.
Royal Signals 5, Royal Northumberland Fusiliers "Z" Coy. 0.
Royal Signals 1, Royal Northumberland Fusiliers "W" Coy. 2.
Royal Signals 12, R.A.S.C. 1.
Royal Signals 4, H.M.S. "Rooke" 1.
Royal Signals 2, G.E.C. 2.
Royal Signals 1, Royal Northumberland Fusiliers H.Q. Coy. 3.

Small Bore League. This season our small bore team are competing in the Gibraltar Northern League. Three matches have so far been "shot off," all of which we have won. Detailed results are as follows:

Royal Signals 546 pts., R.A.P.C. 534 pts.
Royal Signals 555 pts., Royal Northumberland Fusiliers "A" 527 pts.
Royal Signals 532 pts., Royal Northumberland Fusiliers "B" 517 pts.

Indoor Games. The Unit inter-Section indoor games proved very successful. Line Section, H.Q. Section and M.T. Section competed for snooker, table tennis and darts cups. All games were very keenly contested, a semi-partisan rivalry being the order of the day. Final results once again established the Line Section's supremacy, as they won the darts and table tennis trophies. The Snooker Cup was won by H.Q. Section, whose superior strategy caused the ultimate defeat of the very persistent Linemen.

SIERRA LEONE SIGNAL SQUADRON

Freetown

General. Another Christmas in Sierra Leone is over and soon we shall be entering 1949, so to Corps members all over the world, and especially to ex-members of the Squadron, we say may you all have a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Christmas here was enjoyed by one and all, Europeans and Africans, but it seems very odd to go around wishing each other a merry Christmas in blazing sunshine and a temperature of 90 in the shade. Moreover, if we didn't have a white Christmas, we certainly managed a "wet" one!

Life continues to flow along its normal course and our efforts are concentrated on training new recruits up to B.3 standard before putting them to work in the Signal Office and out on the Lines. The Squadron is now completely Sierra Leonian, Nigeria and Gold Coast personnel having been repatriated to their respective Colonies. Difficulties were at first numerous owing to the loss of so many experienced tradesmen, but with the completion of training of our own Sierra Leone A.O.R.s, these have largely been overcome. There is no lack of recruits, the difficulty being to find sufficient educated Africans suitable for trades training. This difficulty is more pronounced in this particular colony owing to its smallness in relation to Gold Coast and Nigeria, and consequently a much smaller revenue and cash available for education schemes. However, recruits that are lucky enough to get into the Squadron show keenness and enthusiasm, especially the operators and linemen. Our two outstations, Daru and Gambia, are still closed, so our opportunities for "swanning" are limited to an odd trip to H.Q. in Accra, Gold Coast.

A little about the "Squadronaires." Squadron Commander is Captain Duke, who shortly goes on recuperation leave and comes back for a second tour. It's rumoured he's changing to S.L.A. number. Second-in-Command is Lieutenant Hughes, who at present is in hospital, we regret to say. A speedy recovery to you, Hughie, and may you soon be around your D.P.s and test points again. Meanwhile, Lieutenant Ramsbottom has arrived from Gold Coast Signal Squadron as a relief, and to you, Freddie, we say, "Welcome to Sierra Leone and may your stay be a pleasant one."

Sergeant S. Barlow still ably conducts his Signal Office symphony (never the silly type), and he also talks of another tour. S.S.M. Crouch now runs F.S.S. Troop and is to be seen rubbing dubbin into belts, lineman, safety. "Never thought I'd have to wear one of these things at my time of life!" Our Quarter-bloke is "Topper" Brown, who reigns supreme behind his own particular Iron Curtain. Who was it said, "It's easier to drive a camel through the eye of a needle than wangle something out of a Signals Quartermaster"? Sergeant Townhill manages our transport and is recognised mainly as two legs protruding from under a Humber Staff car. Sergeants Richardson and Mann, up at T.X., keep us on the air and so in touch, as Q5, with the great big outside world. Oh for the day of pigeon post and the note in a cleft stick! Sergeant Wyatt still plays peculiar

tunes on his Typex and in between times keeps an eye on the Signal Office when Sergeant Barlow departs for a " cuppa " at the N.A.A.F.I.

Sport. The Squadron has been rather quiet in the field of sport this month, the usual matches—hockey, basketball, etc.—being played, but little of note has occurred. "Topper" Brown is finding he has a little spare time until football starts and is again much in demand as a referee.

Social and Personal. As already mentioned, Lieutenant Freddie Ramsbottom has arrived from Accra, and shortly we hope to welcome Corporals Evitt and Williams to our happy band. Our families continue to find Freetown life enjoyable, and Mrs. Crouch and Mrs. Brown are most mornings to be seen on the tennis court. From " Maison Duke " can be heard the frantic clank of the Singer as Mrs. Duke " runs up " the cold winter woollies. Yes, winter draws on! Recuperative leave in England in January—and they call it recuperative !

We recently enjoyed a visit from Major Joe Thorley, of the C.S.O.'s Branch in Accra. We hope you enjoyed the change, Joe.

Our C.S.O., Colonel Lyddon, had a birthday on 23rd December, and so we say, " Happy birthday to you, sir, from all of us." Finally, to all new arrivals in West Africa we say " Hello to you," and we hope, in fact we know, you'll all enjoy your tour out here 100 per cent.

Ham Radio ZDIBD. Hello, Corps hams, and especially Joe Spafford in Catterick. Thanks for a nice QSO, John; hope you got our QSL card O.K. Was quite a thrill working Catterick, but frankly we prefer to remain ZD for any future QSOs. Not that we don't like Catterick, John—but you understand !

What about some long calls from you Corps hams ? We're on 14395 kc.s phone and mostly Q5.58/9 in U.K. from 1730 to 1900 G.M.T. daily. We still need Singapore for our DXCC, so what about it, VS's ?

Cheerio for now, chaps, lots of 73's and DX for 1949.

AN AFRICAN SOLDIER GOES ON LEAVE

By **Sergeant S. B. TAYLOR**

After a day's journey on board a train and four days by lorry, I at last reached the goal of my journey at approximately 7.30 p.m. Upon arrival, I was welcomed by many friends, both young and old. The following morning, on my way through the village, I met my uncle and we walked on casually together.

In front of us is a big compound, and, nearing the camp, we saw several weary women weaving baskets in the shed of a dirty hut. On seeing us they stopped working, and came quickly towards us through the doorway of their queer dwellings.

Children peeped at us from their windows, with blank expressions on their faces, but when we showed them some sweets and toys which we had in our handbags they then grew friendly.

My uncle and I took a group of men through the narrow bush way that leads to another village. In the village there is a little river, from which the natives drink water and also catch fish, which is the staple diet. On the other side of the river we saw a cassava farm, and there were many busy men and women working. Twenty yards from the cassava farm there lies a big rice farm; on the farm there are men, women and children cleaning a good quantity of rice.

Leaving my uncle and the group of men, I went eagerly to the farm. I saw a good quantity of clean rice on the ground; moreover, a man with a nice native jug of fresh wine. Ah! how happy I felt after helping myself with a good quantity of this fresh and sweet wine. I departed, forgetting my uncle and the group of men. I then lost my way in the bush, but by the grace of God I at last reached the main village safely where I started my journey.

One moonlight night, while out hunting with one of my friends, we passed through a very crooked bush-way; we heard a rush, as if the trees in the bush were falling. We stopped, and in a few minutes I saw a pair of bright eyes steadily coming towards us. My friend fired at this mysterious object, which jumped up, and, firing again, knocked the animal on the ground. We advanced, and there lay a big deer, which we lifted with the aid of a few natives, and departed for the town.

Leave up-country is most enjoyable for the African soldier and leaves us with many pleasant memories.

I hope to go on leave in the near future to another village.

MAURITIUS SIGNAL TROOP

Vaeoas

January

Christmas and New Year have come and gone, leaving behind a trail of casualties who are, even at this late date, just beginning to see the light of day. Yes, it certainly was a hectic holiday period, starting on 23rd December and going on until the New Year. Everyone had his fill of turkey, Christmas pudding, mince pies and also plenty of lubricant " licker," beer and such like, which flowed more than freely.

Actually it wasn't very like Christmas—the weather, that is—for Phoebus was out in all her glory, and it was a very hot and tired party which weaved its way from Mess to Mess celebrating, as is the usual custom. The strength of the Troop decreased, but in a different manner.

The Garrison Sergeants' Mess had spent a lot of time in getting together a real treat for the kiddies of the Garrison, but unfortunately, owing to an outbreak of infantile paralysis (not actually in the Garrison, but precautions had to be taken), the children's party was cancelled. However, R.S.M. Tritton, R.A., made a very good Father Christmas as he tripped (literally tripped) from door to door with presents, and the children enjoyed it, too.

Not content with the polio outbreak, nature also handed us out a good number of cyclone warnings and very bad weather at the beginning of January. All Signals personnel, especially Corporals Walker and Wade, our lines and wireless N.C.O.s, respectively, were praying that the cyclone would take itself off in the opposite direction. It didn't look like doing so as it approached from 500 miles on the Saturday to 80 miles on the following Saturday, with a gale blowing and rain pelting down continuously. However, their prayers were answered for after getting to within 80 miles of our lines the cyclone beat it off south, and it hasn't been heard of since. Thank goodness!

A Garrison Indoor Hockey League has now been inaugurated and has proved very popular. So far there have not been any casualties in the Troop, but we expect one or two at any time. At present it looks as if the B.O.R.s' team is about one of the best, and it looks like being a great battle when they meet one of the Officers' Mess teams, who are also top-liners. I think this just about covers our activities for the present, so we'll say "T.T.F.N." for this month.

JIMMY THE ONE

G.H.Q. SIGNAL REGIMENT, FARELF

Singapore

3 SQUADRON. It being now the tail end of the football season, there is little to report on the Squadron sporting activities, and apart from some Inter-Squadron matches for the football enthusiasts, all are looking forward to the start of the cricket season. The Squadron is well represented in all Regimental teams, including Gunner Smith and Signalman Massey in the boxing eight, and doubtless the Unit scribe will take care of this.

Captain R. C. Whalley arrived during the month and is now firmly installed in the H.Q.S.O.'s chair, and from this lofty eminence directs the activities of the G.H.Q. Signal Office with a firm hand in the same worthy manner as his predecessor, Captain Webb who, with Captain Clapham, eventually departed homeward on the *Empire Windrush.*

We welcome to the Squadron five cipher types and three ordinary soldiers from the U.K. White knees brown rapidly and all are settling in fine, together with five chaps from Hong Kong, who know most of the ropes — slip knot, granny knot, and wot not.

A Unit party was held in the N.A.A.F.I. on 14th January, using the impending departure of Groups 102-105 as a fairly substantial excuse to commiserate with those due for the boat.

The band of 19 Air Formation Signal Regiment made the long trip from Changi, and played with great zeal. During rest periods for the band, a guest pianist and accordionist drew vociferous applause. Subject to correction and unsupported by actual data, it would appear that the most popular item on all programmes was "Where's that Tiger."

So once again we say farewell to those who leave this land of sun and no rationing—may they fare well in Civvy Street and have no regrets in leaving the Army.

2 SQUADRON. The New Year looks like witnessing many changes in 2 Squadron, and we are already beginning to feel the pinch now that the lowest group with us is 105, and they due to leave in the middle of February. As yet we have not had to undergo the rigours of the three-shift system, but at present each relief is down to about one-third of its strength as compared with eight months ago, and the burden on each individual is consequently considerable.

As each fresh group has left, the opinion has been that now surely we should not be able to carry on, but somehow we have managed to keep the home fires burning, and at last we may be getting some O.W.K. reinforcements, our last having arrived over six months ago. The Auto Room reconstruction continues apace. We have been fortunate in the number of Tele Mechs received of late, and Mr. Humby now has a goodly band of willing helpers to speed the work.

Our O.C., Major J. R. Smith, has been emulating the monkeys which abound in these parts by climbing innumerable trees at all hours of the day and night. The purpose of his exploits, we are told, is a project for installing a 10 set. It is not true, however, that he is growing a tail.

The Squadron's activities in the matter of sports are rather limited at the moment, for this is the time of year when the football season is just beginning and the rugby season is just ending, with the cricket season not far ahead. However, we are patiently awaiting the resumption of normality, when we hope to be able to add still further to our already not inconsiderable laurels.

All keen radio listeners in Tyersall Camp are advised that when Radio Malaya and Radio Ceylon have closed down for the night, they should tune in to 14.3 mc/s, when they can nearly always be sure of hearing VS1BJ in action. The Hams, in fact, go from strength to strength, and construction of an operating room par excellence is now in progress. The fact that the shack at present looks like a mixture between the Tower of Babel and a slaughter house should be taken as no indication of things to come. Great results are eagerly awaited.

"X" (GURKHA) INDEPENDENT INFANTRY RRIGADE SIGNAL SQUADRON

Malaya

The symbol "X" remains for the present our identifying mark, but we are less of an unknown quantity than we were a month ago. Since our last contribution we have been growing slowly but surely in every way. The British element of our cadre has gradually filled up until now we only require a small number of N.C.O.s and men to make us complete. The Gurkha element is coming more slowly, but none the less sufficient in numbers to get on with the initial phases of our preparatory training period.

I think it is fair to say that the embryo stage of the instructor cadre is almost past, and the infant is about to take nourishment, under the firm tutelage of S.S.M. Feakes, our S.S.M.I.

We commence an ambitious instructor-training programme on 1st January. This programme includes two hours a day of Gurkhali Kura for all N.C.O.s and instructors.

We have been fortunate in acquiring as our language teacher an ex-member of the Corps in the person of W.O.1 Hood, R.A.E.C. His method of teaching is "direct and fortissimo," and it is showing excellent results. It may be that we find difficulty in conjugating English verbs, but aided by his benevolent and dynamic encouragement, we can do some surprising conjuring tricks with Gurkhali verbs. Our Gurkha Assistant Instructors are developing their English at the same time, so that in a few months from now we hope that the instructors of the cadre will practically all be bi-lingual.

Eventually, of course, we hope that the whole Unit will be bi-lingual—a tremendous task and a long time ahead, admittedly, but essential if we are to sell THE WIRE in quantity.

Talking about infants, we are delighted to announce the birth of a son, Patrick Arthur George, to Mrs. A. C. Cox, the wife of our O.C., and we offer our heartiest congratulations. It is rumoured that this increment to the Squadron is already earmarked for the appointment of Second-in-Command.

We celebrated Christmas this year with our hosts, Malaya District Regiment. No doubt you will hear all about the festive activities in their WIRE notes. We enjoyed ourselves thoroughly, especially during the comic soccer-rugger-basketball match, which was played with such gusto. The fancy dress sports kit worn at this match was in the main very ingenious and colourful. In the phraseology of the fashion reported of the local rag, "Another splash of colour on the vivid canvas of the Malayan scene. Among those present I saw Corporal Howells, of the Squadron, wearing a very chic number in this year's 'new look' style with a becoming 'out of the elbow' note, which, worn with last year's make-up and a smear of latterite here and there, had a very telling effect on the audience."

The remainder of Christmas Day was spent in eating, drinking and recuperating, in usual style.

As part of the Christmas festivities we decided to hold a Squadron party on the night of the 21st, with no Unit funds of our own. A very efficient "whip round" was instituted on the previous pay day and enough cash was collected to float the enterprise. A very enjoyable time was had by all, both British and Gurkha ranks, and with ample lubrication to ease the throat, by the sing, say, play or pay methods, entertainment extracted out of each and every person present. There was indeed a great deal of latent talent sprouting forth that evening, almost on a League of Nations basis, with representatives from England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland and Nepal, not to mention Yorkshire and Liverpool !

On the whole, the Christmas break has provided us with a pleasant interlude in the trial and tribulation of this preparation phase of trying to turn ourselves into an efficient training outfit. For one thing, S.S.M. Feakes decided to spend his Christmas with some friends at Port Dickson, our local seaside resort. Of course, we *love* the Sergeant-Major, but the trouble is he never lets us rest! We are not so sure now that it was a good idea to encourage him to go away from us at Christmas. He has come back full of vim, vigour and ozone, like a veritable lion refreshed, and he has our noses to the grindstone again in no uncertain manner. He has an amaz-

ing fund of training ideas, stratagems, wheezes and what have you we are expected, nay persuaded, to practice, and as for the technical lore he is forcing in through our very pores, it's colossal.

Albeit, everyone manages to remain cheerful, even if slightly punch-drunk, so presumably his treatment is not fatal.

We are yet a small body of chaps, so perhaps it will not take too much WIRE space to welcome into our midst our latest arrivals, to wit: King's Gurkha Officer Jemadar Dhanbahadur Gurung, ex 2nd/2nd Gurkha Rifles; Corporals Howells and Dakin, Signalmen Morson and Clayton, ex Japan; Corporal Karnabir Thapa and Rifleman Sherbahadur, ex 2nd/2nd Gurkha Rifles. May their stay in the Unit be long and happy.

X PIPPIN

THE PAKISTAN SIGNAL CORPS

The Pakistan Signal Corps came into being on 15th August, 1947, on the partition of India. We are now one year old and are making our first appearance in the pages of THE WIRE as one of the youngest of the Signal Corps of the Commonwealth.

The year has been one of reorganisation, naturally enough. However, after a year's hard work by everyone, the Corps is well on the way to being established. The Signals Directorate, with Brigadier H. L. Lewis as Director, is at Rawalpindi with G.H.Q. The Centre and School, under Colonel P. H. Smitherman, is split between Rawalpindi and the Murree Hills, with its H.Q. in Rawalpindi. Divisional Signal Regiments are at Peshawar, Quetta, Rawalpindi and Lahore, the Armoured Brigade Signals at Risalpur, Air Formation Signals at Mauripur and East Pakistan Signals at Dacca.

The Boys' Regiment distinguished itself in October by getting into the semi-finals of the Inter-Services Boys' Boxing Tournament, beating the Gunners, the Navy and the Service Corps, but being beaten in the end by the Sappers. They are determined to win the next competition in April this year.

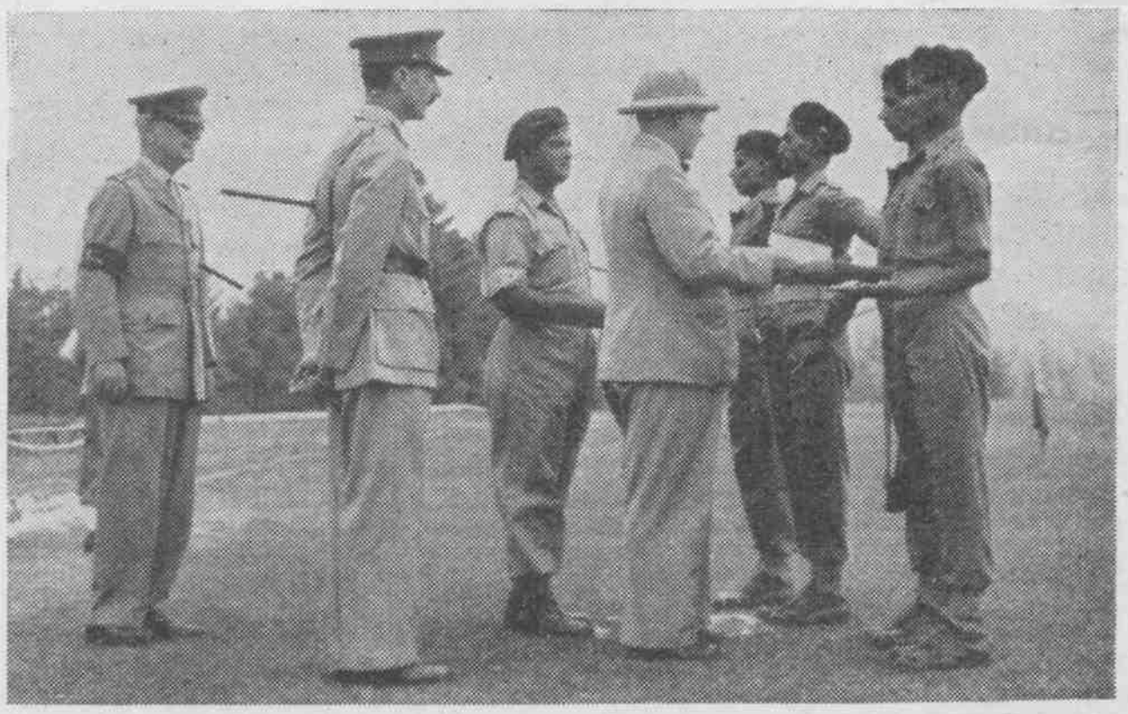
The Centre had its first sports meeting in October at Gharial, near Murree, which was all that a sports meeting should be, the Championship Cup being won by the Boys' Regiment. We are hoping to stage our first Signals Week in Rawalpindi in February, with an Inter-Unit Sports Meeting, a Signals Display and an Old Comrades' Reunion. Some of the Old Comrades are now back in the Army again for a spell. Sub-Major (Hon. Captain) Ahmed Khan, who retired in 1945 from Jubbulpore, is commanding a Company of the Boys' Regiment during the present shortage of officers.

Those of the Royal Signals who contributed to the Indian Signal Corps War Memorial Fund may be interested to hear what we are doing with our share of it. We received one-third of the total fund on partition. Of this a small sum has been set aside for the erection of a War Memorial at Gharial, with the names inscribed on it of all those Muslims who died through enemy action, and the remainder has been invested, the income from the investment being devoted to the provision of scholarships to sons of members of the Corps.

One result of partition has been an immense refugee problem in Pakistan. As far as possible, the Army is looking after its own refugees, and the Corps has been allotted 1,500 acres of newly-irrigated land near Mianwali, which will settle about a hundred families. The settlement is being organised by Captain Ali Hussain Shah, whom many will remember both as an officer and a V.C.O.

On 14th July, 1948, the Military Training Regiment was visited by H.E. the Governor of the West Punjab, Sir Francis Mudie, who took the salute at a passing-out parade of recruits, and who presented seven silver trumpets to the band. The photograph shows him presenting medals to the best recruits in the squad.

We wish a Happy New Year to all members of the Royal Signals—perhaps rather belated by the time this is published—and we hope to contribute periodical notes to THE WIRE in the future, giving you our news.



His Excellency Sir Francis Mudie, Governor of the West Punjab, with Colonel Smitherman, presenting medals to recruits

THE RUBAIYAT OF THE PERSIAN TELEPHONE ENGINEER

Awake! for someone in the bowl of night
Has cut the wires and vanished with the light.
Communication now depends on prayer
Till someone goes and puts the damned thing right.

Oh, if we had the men it might be done
Between the rising and the setting sun.
But since we haven't . . . Lo, the tavern door
Stands open and the drinking has begun.

Here with some wine, some caviare and thou,
And all the liberty your lips allow;
Why bother if Teheran can't speak to Qum?
There is tomorrow. Why do something now?

Oh, fill the cup—I wait your eyes' behests,
Nor heed the warning of the lineman's tests.
No insulators poled against the sky
Could match the beauty of your swelling breasts.

Myself when young would eagerly inquire
What takes a message through a copper wire;
And why a pole has stays. Till, wise with years,
Threw all my books and papers on the fire.

And if the phone you lift, the switch you press,
Ends in the nothing all things end in; bless
Thy Maker that thou art. Thou hast got what?
Thou hast got nothing. Thou canst not get less.

Some for a trunk call from Ahwaz, and some
Sigh for an urgent telegram from Qum.
Ah, take the cash and promise what you will,
Nor heed the prospect that they'll never come.

They say the spider with his web attired
The test frames which the British Army wired.
And our Great Engineer has meant to trace
From line to line; but always felt too tired.

What! Out of senseless Nothing to uncoil
A conscious Something and a lot of toil;
Why! No communications better than
These complications that one's leisure spoil.

Ah, Love! Could you and I get someone who
Could build this awfully sorry mess anew,
We'd only shatter it to bits again;
So let's just make our stupid system do.

Some Experiences with a Public Address Equipment

By **E. C. BAILEY**

I CAN'T quite remember the year I first became acquainted with a P.A. Equipment, but I think it must have been somewhere about 1935 or 1936. The Unit took delivery of a very neat and portable piece of equipment consisting of a mike, amplifier and three speakers, and I became custodian from the day of delivery.

That P.A. equipment brought me many interesting and colourful experiences. It was used for Parades, Government House Balls, Hunt Balls, Point-to-Point Meetings and Regimental Sports; in fact, during the "cold weather" season it was very much in demand.

The two main parades each year were the King's Birthday Parade, held in June, and Proclamation Parade, held on New Year's Day each year. Both parades were held on the local airfield and were at Brigade strength, in review order, and that covers a pretty wide front.

Before the advent of P.A. equipment, the Brigade Commander gave his orders, the orders being executed on the dipping of a lance, the lancer being in a conspicuous position in front of the parade.

One of the early snags was the mounting of the mike. The Brigadier was mounted, which meant that a normal type of mounting was out of the question. It also meant that somebody had to stand alongside the Brigadier's charger with a switch, so that the mike would only be alive whilst the orders were actually being given. Obviously the Brigadier's personal and private remarks to his charger, if it became restless, weren't for the ears of the troops on parade, though I don't remember him ever saying any of the things we used to say to our troop horses on occasions.

The mounting was easily overcome by hanging the microphone on a steel frame rather like a gibbet, and the Brigadier's charger had to be gently "broken in" and persuaded to stand under this contraption. I had to get the order of parade "off pat," so that I could switch on and off at the right times. There were no signals from start to finish, and after a couple of practices with this particular Brigadier, I almost knew when he was going to draw his next breath.

As these new-fangled inventions were not really trusted, the lancer was on duty for the first two parades just in case of accidents. After that, everyone in the cantonment became P.A. equipment-minded, and it was in great demand.

By far the most interesting annual events (to me that is) were the two Balls held at Government House. One a fortnight after the other, and both in the cold weather season, of course.

The orchestra of the 2nd Battalion H.L.I. used to be in attendance at these functions, and their crooner used to make good use of the mike. He was quite a character and certainly wrapped himself around the mike and pedestal, in the approved film crooner fashion.

As a point of interest, our present Director of Music was also in attendance on these occasions, and I can assure you that he cut a dashing figure in his "Tartan Trews."

These Government House functions were, of course, full dress occasions, and in the present era of battle-dress it is hard to imagine the splash of colour created by the full dress uniforms of the Indian Regiments, our own British Regiments, the various branches of the Indian Civil Service, and the beautifully-gowned ladies, the splendour of the ballroom and its surroundings. The orchestra and myself were always well looked after on these occasions. One very interesting Government House function that deserved mention was the occasion of His Excellency The Viceroy's visit. On his arrival at Government House the band (again the 2nd Battalion H.L.I.) was to play the National Anthem. Unfortunately, the band was some distance from the arrival point, which meant the Bandmaster couldn't see the faces of the arrivals, and, of course, no one wanted any technical hitches.

The following conversation was overheard between the Bandmaster and the Governor's A.D.C.:

Bandmaster: "How will I recognise the Viceroy?"

A.D.C.: "When you see a big chap who walks like Sidney Howard, strike up the band."

The next interlude took place in 1944. The Division to which I belonged was stationed in and around Inverness, where we had been practising wet landings and indulging in various other kinds of sport in preparation for D-Day. The Commanding Officer and Adjutant were up in London at Combined Ops. H.Q., getting the "griff."

Monty was due to pay us a visit, as was his custom before a big event, and for his visit several sets of P.A. equipment were required, one set to be fixed up at each place he was to visit.

I think we collected about thirteen sets of equipment from various sources, Chief Constables, Institutions, etc. None of them was really suitable for outside work, and eventually I had the pleasant task of going to London to collect three complete sets of the Service type of equipment.

On my arrival in London, I reported to the Adjutant at Combined Ops. H.Q., where I was presented with an address in Wimbledon, and a car to get there. I was also informed that I was to catch the 7.20 p.m. from Euston that same evening (it was then 11.30 a.m.), which I thought was going to be easy.

The R.A.S.C. driver was new to London, or claimed to be, and after a few minor incidents in one-way streets, we eventually found the address, and also found it was the factory where the sets were made. Of the three sets I had to collect, two were still under construction, one complete.

At 6.30 p.m. I had two in the car, the third was still on the bench. At 7.19½ p.m. three sets were in the guard's van, thanks to the R.A.S.C. driver's death-defying ride across London (my eyes were shut most of the way) and the full co-operation of two M.P.s at Euston, who helped us unload the car and litter the guard's van. The guard took a dim view of our short-circuiting the proper channels, but a bit of backchat, and a reference to V.I.P.s, seemed to calm him.

In due course, after much testing of various sets and many minor flaps, the great day arrived, and the north of Scotland seemed to be alive with I.M.s dashing around with P.A. equipment. In some cases one set would have to be dismantled as soon as Monty had finished his pep talk, rushed across country and set up again at some other camp in time for his arrival there.

A hectic day was had by all, and at the time I understood that there had been "snags" and in some cases "anxious moments," but no "clangers."

Since demob, I have met one or two of the bods concerned, and find that there were incidents not reported in 1944. Evidently Monty was satisfied, as there were no cans passed back, so all's well that ends well.

P.A. equipment was, of course, a part-time job, but it always brought some interesting experience, grandstand views of unforgettable scenes, and "close-ups" of some important people, and many interesting people.

Happy days !

IRAQ, 1944

"FAULT Control calling Signalmaster, Fault Control calling Signalmaster. Lines six owe one and two on the International Trunk dis between K3 and H2. K3 line party dealing. Fault Control out."

The loudspeaker in the big Signal Office fell silent, and the Signalmaster rose from his desk to make an entry in red pencil on his line chart—a chart which showed the state of all the trunk lines which stretched away for hundreds of miles across the desert from this hub of communications.

The International Route. The Signalmaster cursed. That meant no telephone or telegraph communication with Haifa and Cairo—and a large batch of traffic on hand. It would all have to be enciphered and transmitted by wireless. He wondered how long it would take those poor devils of linemen to find the fault. They might have up to a hundred miles to go and it would soon be dark. The desert was poor going at night.

In the Exchange Room the Trunk Recording Operator was saying, "I'm sorry, sir. Indefinite delay to Mideast. Eight calls in front of you, sir—yes, sir, I will call you."

In the Telegraph Room the operator working the Cairo teleprinter rose to his feet, a half-transmitted message in front of him.

In the Cipher Room the Duty Cipher Officer, who had heard the broadcast, glumly prepared to receive another heavy batch of messages in his already busy department.

Back in the Fault Control Office a test clerk was busy talking to K3, 200 miles away. The line party were reported as just leaving. It was estimated that the fault was a complete break in the line about 70 miles from K3. There was no moon, which might mean that the location of the fault would take a little time.

At K3 itself, a pumping station of the Iraq Petroleum Company, a corporal and three signalmen had just passed through the gate and were bumping over the desert track in a lorry *en route* for the distant fault.

There are no roads across this desert, only the wheel tracks of a constant succession of vehicles. There are many of these tracks, some of them miles apart—tracks originally made by some pioneer or other in his own small way who thought he could find a better and faster way across the arid waste of baked earth and outcropping rock. One can, of course, follow the telegraph poles of the International Route as they dip and rise in a dead straight line to the horizon. But it is not the best way for fast going, and one's path would normally take one out of sight of the route for hours at a time until suddenly the poles would appear in the distance straight and silver with the gossamer thread of the wires so nearly invisible that you would wonder whether you imagined their presence or not. Sometimes the route rises out of the blue of an enchanting lake dotted with soft green and rose islands—mirage, of course, but every bit as beautiful as the fact.

It is not all flat, the desert, and its character changes with the place and the light and the season of the year. Sometimes there are green grass hollows backed by amber hills; sometimes long level stretches of olive camel thorn; and then, possibly, the drop down over rugged stone ledges through the twilight to Rutba, in the centre of the Syrian Desert, passing through the black tents of a Bedouin encampment and camels moving homeward in the dusk.

But it is on summer nights that the desert is most fascinating, for it plays strange tricks on the eyes and you see hedges and green fields and trees, and you may be just approaching that bend in the road and the pub in England you used to know. But it is difficult driving and easy to miss the tracks when there is no moon. And you must always treat the desert with respect. You take plenty of water and stick to the known tracks. Tragedies have happened.

It is hot in the day in summer. Perhaps 120 degrees in the shade or more—only there is no shade—so hot that you cannot touch the poles or the wires with your bare hands without being burnt. In winter the temperature may drop to 20 degrees of frost, and the poles and wires are very nearly as untouchable.

They are regarded as good stations for linemen, these pumping stations of the Iraq Petroleum Company—little bits of England planted in the desert. After many hours of driving you see them suddenly on the horizon, shimmering and elusive in the mirage—the gleaming silver of the big tanks and the faint blue-green of the trees.

But there are other linemen's posts in Iraq which are not so good. Lonely railway stations which apparently serve nobody—two or three mud huts with nothing to break the monotony of the desert but the burnished railway lines stretching in a dead straight line from horizon to horizon. Nothing to enliven the day but the whistle and roar of the mail train and the brief glimpse, perhaps, of an English girl as it flashes through. There are other linemen's posts where there are similar mud huts, a similar desert and no railway.

The reports come in. "Patrolled from pole 351/22 to pole 375/24. Replaced five insulators. Renewed three stay wires."

There is no glamour about it. None of the excitement and publicity of front line service. Only British soldiers exiled from home, carrying out one of the essential tasks of this war.

"Fault Control calling Signalmaster. Fault Control calling Signalmaster. Lines five and six on the Tigris Route earth on one leg between Qurna and Margil. Amara dealing. Fault Control out."

Territorial Army

53 (WELSH) INFANTRY DIVISIONAL SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.

Cardiff

Once again we have some news from South Wales. The Unit strength is gradually going up and by the end of the month we hope to be well on the way to the hundred mark.

Over the Christmas period there was little in the way of festivities. However, on 8th January a Party for Children was held. About 40 children attended and had a grand time. The party commenced at 3.30 p.m. with games, led by the games master, S.S.M. Reed. The children were kept amused until tea-time and were then ushered to their seats by the ladies. After tea, when all was quiet, Santa Claus arrived by way of the chimney and distributed presents. When the discussion about the presents was over, the children were entertained by a conjurer and ventriloquist, which in turn was followed by a film show. At 6.30 p.m. the party came to a close, with everyone happy and pleased. As this was our first venture at this kind of party, we congratulated ourselves upon having made a success. Special mention must be made of the ladies who so willingly came along to help.

Continuing our social activities, a dance was held on 29th January. An enjoyable evening was spent by everyone.

Training has been going along steadily, some of the younger members of the Unit having been passed out as qualified drivers. The operators are very keen to get back into their stride and are interested in picking up the threads from where they left off.

A week-end camp was held at Maindy Barracks on 5th/6th

February. Quite a number of chaps turned out to make the scheme go along merrily. Sergeant Berry, our A.C.C. cook, fed us very well, whilst our caretaker, Mr. Wing, was in his element waiting upon the officers.

Congratulations. To Captain and Mrs. R. D. Oram on the birth of a son, and to Sergeant and Mrs. Bergelin on the arrival of a daughter.

Arrivals and Departures. Lieutenant (Q.M.) R. Pearson in relief of Lieutenant (Q.M.) F. C. Dixon, who has gone to Western Command Signal Regiment. S.S.M. Griffiths has left on posting to No. 11 (M) A.A. Signal Regiment, T.A.

BARDIC CROWN

44 (H.C.) INFANTRY DIVISIONAL SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.

Stamford Brook, W.6

R.H.Q. AND 1 SQUADRON. A small wireless exercise was run in conjunction with 2 Squadron and the 4th/6th Battalion Royal Berkshire Regiment on 4th and 5th December, 1948. The exercise, which was not quite as successful as it might have been (this was probably due to the enemy), was nevertheless thoroughly enjoyed by all ranks, and our thanks are due to the Royal Berkshire Regiment for their co-operation.

The Permanent Staff Officers and Captain E. P. Hughes spent a week-end at the Divisional Training Centre at Hythe, where, with the assistance of the Sappers and R.E.M.E., they formed a most successful syndicate, even agreeing in most cases with the "D.S. Solution."

1 Squadron held an informal pre-Christmas party on 16th December, when we saw some more "old faces" who we hope soon to welcome as new members of the Unit. The story that Sergeant Nicholls, having won a bottle in the Christmas draw, aided and abetted S.S.M. Cook into guessing how many peas there were in a glass jar, is somewhat without foundation.

The Post Office, as they have done in the past, borrowed our hall over the Christmas period, and judging by the number of vans constantly streaming to and from the hall, somebody must have had a pleasant surprise. Now, to replace the bustle of the Post Office, all the operators are frantically preparing for their trade test at the end of the month.

The big event so far in the New Year has been the arrival of a son to S.S.M. L. R. Cook, and we take the opportunity of congratulating Mrs. Cook and the Sergeant-Major on their happy event.

We welcome as a member of the Permanent Staff Corporal Edkins, who has just returned from Malaya and replaces Corporal J. E. C. Christian, to whom we wish the best of luck with his next Unit. Also, although not wanting to beat the gun, we would like to say that we are eagerly waiting to welcome six new officers into the Squadron.

2 SQUADRON, CHATHAM. The Squadron was visited by the Divisional Commander, Major-General P. G. S. Gregson-Ellis, C.B.E., on 9th December, during which he presented to S.Q.M.S. S. Kendrick his Mention in Despatches, and we should like to add our congratulations. We understand that the "Q" is also training hard for the Army Championships in June. Perhaps we should give you a hint and say the "Q" scorns all offers of a lift and won't even ride a bicycle. We will say no more, but hope that the soles of his "boots" don't wear out in the process.

We have said farewell to Signalman L. J. Uings, who has joined the R.E., and to Lance-Corporal G. C. Hayman, who has joined the A.C.C. We wish both of them the best of luck in the Regular Army. To make up for these losses we would congratulate Signalman A. E. Larkins on the addition to his family and Signalman Whittingham on his engagement.

With reference to the latter, we feel we should thank 20 (M) A.A. Signal Squadron, T.A., for sharing the Drill Hall.

"K" TROOP, HURSTPIERPOINT. "K" Troop, which is the only part of 3 Squadron which has got a home, is still finding it hard going. After an informal gathering at the Drill Hall last month, we are hoping recruiting will increase, especially as we hope Major G. P. Shepherd, M.B.E., will shortly be taking over the Squadron, which has been without an O.C. since the transfer of Major R. T. Lightoller to the T.A.R.O.

May we take this opportunity of asking all those ex-Signal types in Brighton to get in touch with us at Hurstpierpoint (Tel. No. 3266), so that we can have a good nucleus with which to open up in Brighton.

ARMY PHANTOM SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A. (The Princess Louise's Kensington Regiment)

London

The Regiment recommenced parades on Wednesday, 10th January, after a recess of three weeks over the Christmas period, and all ranks have settled down once again to intensive technical training in preparation for Annual Camp.

The Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel R. Wasey, M.B.E., Royal Signals, has recovered from his recent illness and is back with us again.

Since resuming our recruiting activities in January, we have enlisted 14 new members, which brings the Unit strength up to 107 all ranks, including eight members of the Permanent Staff. It is hoped that this encouraging figure will continue during the forthcoming months. During March the Unit is taking part in the Hammersmith Civic Week from 5th to 12th March, during which Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein is to receive the Freedom of the Borough. Lieutenant G. B. Borwell, S.S.M. Wright and 13 N.C O.s and men are to form part of a guard of honour for Field Marshal Montgomery, and are now busily engaged in practice drills.

In addition, the Regiment is to run an exhibition in the Town Hall in conjunction with other T.A. Units in No. 1 Area. We are organising a drive with some of our vehicles, suitably placarded, and it is hoped that the whole event will help to stimulate recruiting.

By way of helping our wireless operators to gain valuable practical experience for our ultimate role, permission has been given for this Unit to form a wireless net with other Royal Signals T.A. Units in widely scattered parts of the country, and it is hoped that by the time these notes appear in print the net will be working satisfactorily for all concerned.

Our first week-end exercise since the beginning of the New Year is to take place in mid-March, when half the Unit will move to Colchester and the other half to Chichester. So far this year our week-ends have been restricted to range practices in Sten and rifle at Wormwood Scrubs 30 yards range. For the Easter week-end, 15th-18th April, inclusive, the Unit will probably go to Canterbury and carry out Unit training.

It may interest older members of the Corps to learn that our Annual Camp this year will be at Crowborough Warren, Sussex, which I am assured was occupied by Signals before the Corps moved to Catterick Camp in 1925.

We await with some eagerness the delivery of our new workshop lorry and generator trailer from Derby. The addition of these equipments will help our workshop and M.T. staff considerably, both from the point of view of maintenance and training.

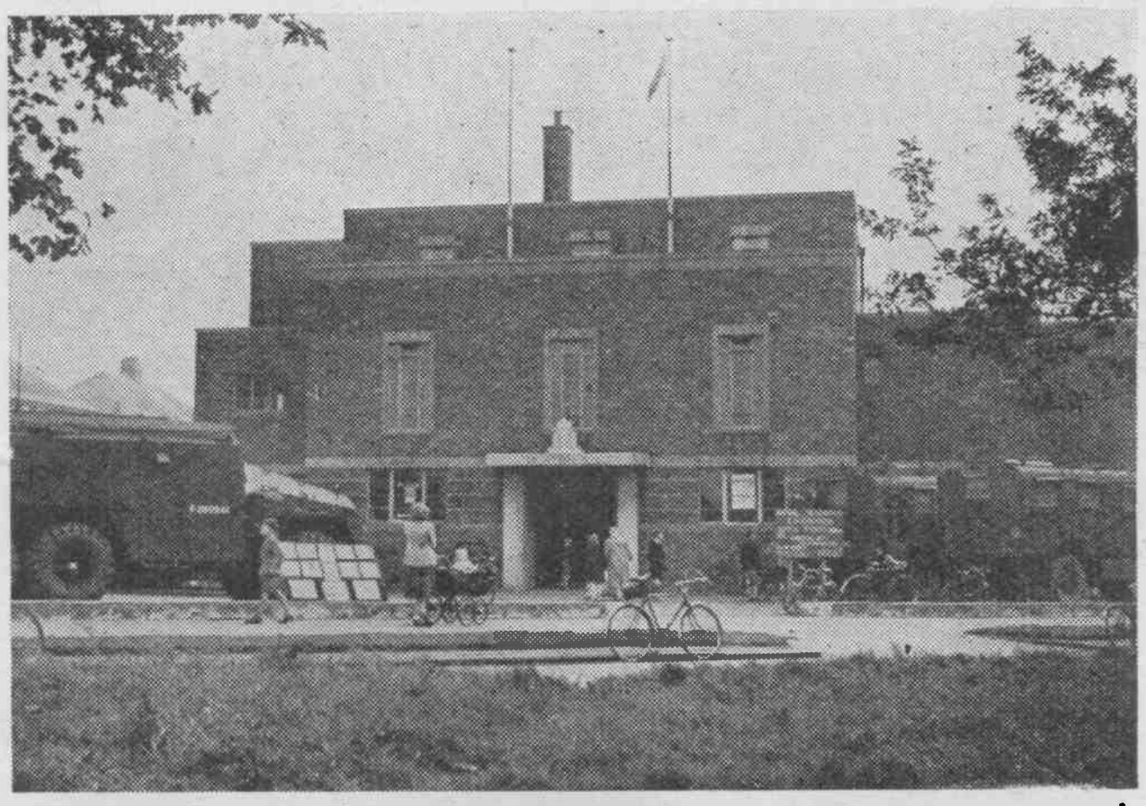
On Friday, 28th January, the Officers' Mess held a Regimental Guest Night, and another is to be held on 25th February, when it is hoped that General Sir H. Colville B. Wemyss, Honorary Colonel of the Regiment, and Major-

(*continued on page* 175)

22 Corps (Cadet) Signal Regiment

SIGNAL HOUSE,

SCORE LANE, LIVERPOOL, 16



Western Command Signal Regiment demonstration team at work at Signal House

Introduction. We are very proud to be able to make our entry into this magazine, so we had better introduce ourselves.

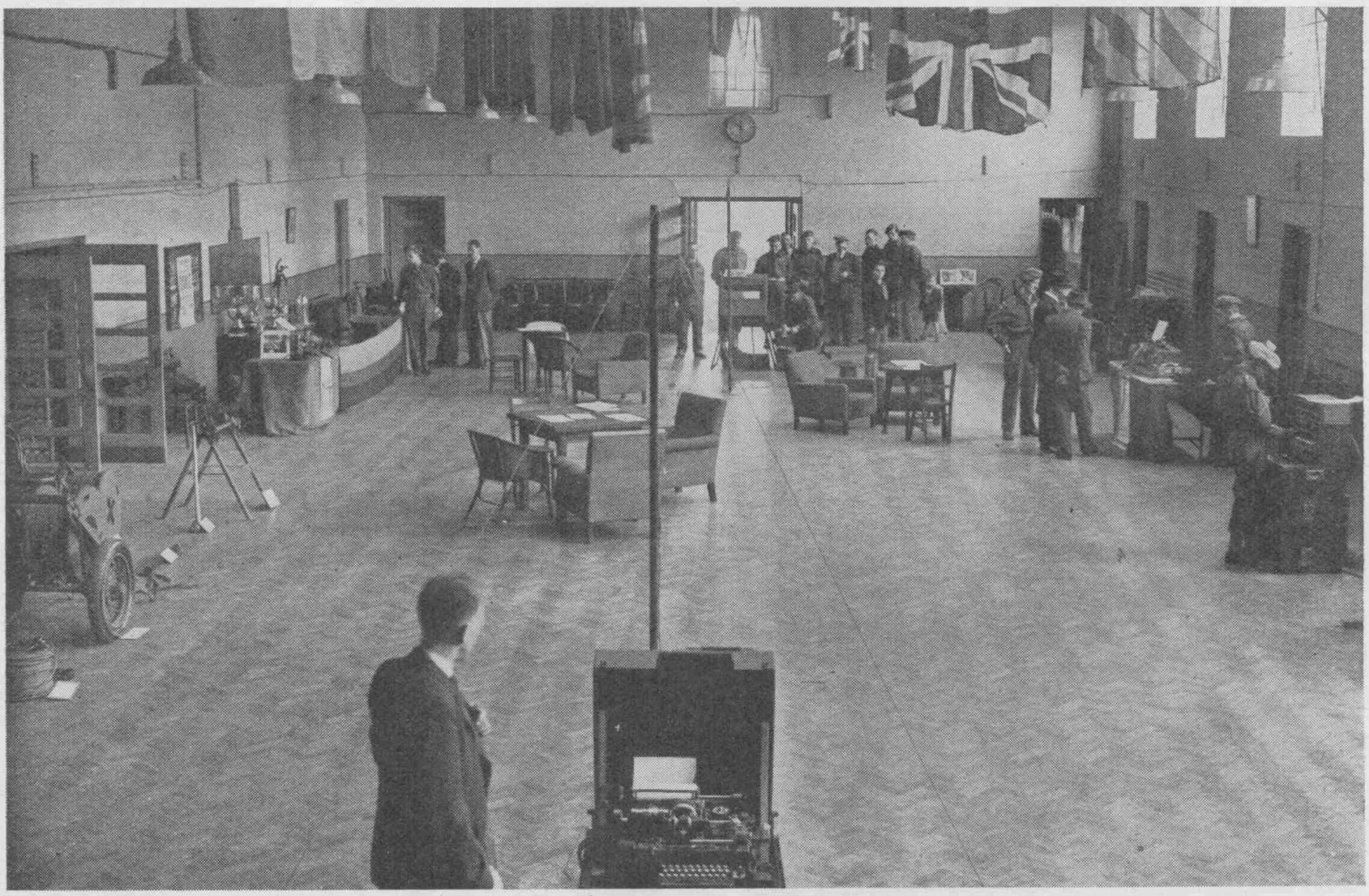
Firstly, our parent Unit, 22 Corps Signal Regiment, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel A. Ellison, M.B.E., T.D., are really responsible for our being here at all.

The Unit is commanded by Captain F. C. W. Bennett, who is the Quartermaster of the parent Unit. Captain N. Bond (an ex-Guardsman) is the Second-in-Command. Lieutenant M. Baron (son of Colonel R. Baron) is our Training Officer, whilst Lieutenant A. Johnsen (ex-Fleet Air Arm officer) is our Adjutant.

Our Adult Warrant Officers are none other than Mr. F. Johnsey, of Maresfield fame, and Mr. Keenan, ex-R.S.M. of 55 Division. So much for our Staff; we are very proud of them.

Training. At present we are carefully training our Cadets to form the Cadre of the Unit. They are in the main Cadets from J.T.C.s or from other Units, but most of them have their Certificate "A," Parts 1 and 2, and Pass Certificate "A" training programmes are in the process of printing.

It is our aim to get over the basic training as quickly as possible, and having got them to Certificate "A" standard, get the Cadets tested and certificated, then on to Signal Training.



Our opening day in the Drill Hall

Signs of our times

We have been promised help from the Officers and Warrant Officers of our parent Unit to this end, and we hope to have our Cadets very useful signalmen by the time they leave us.

Our strength at the moment is not very great, but the condition of entry is perhaps a little awkward, because our Commanding Officer insists on meeting the parents of all potential recruits, before enrolment, which we all agree is an excellent thing, but we get many boys who fail to turn up with their parents, and so it holds them back from becoming members of the Unit.

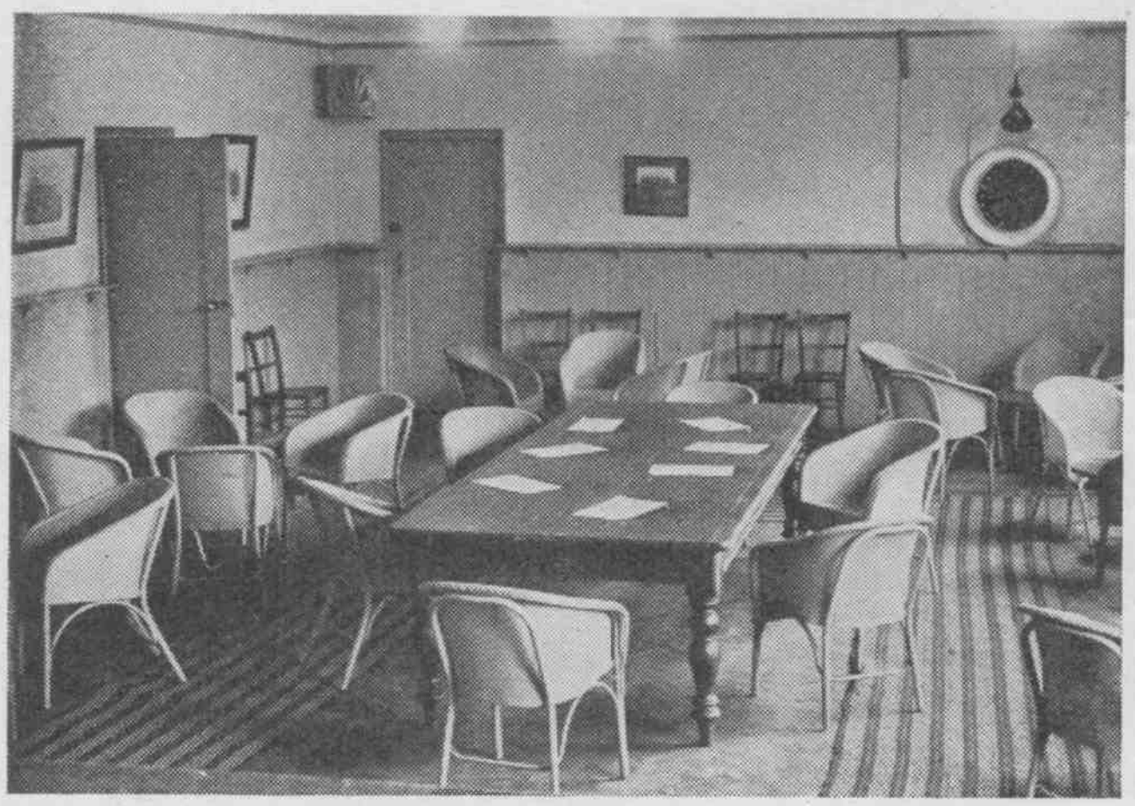
Welfare. We are privileged to be able to use the Junior N.C.O.s' and Men's Mess of the parent Unit. The accompanying photograph will show how comfortable it is. The Canteen is run by Miss M. Bennett, daughter of our C.O., and the cakes, etc., which are turned out are really delightful.

The usual games, such as darts, shoot, draughts, etc., are available, whilst in the Drill Hall we play badminton and passball.

We also would like to publish the photographs of our Headquarters on the occasion of our opening day, when we put in an Exhibition of Signal Equipment, kindly arranged by our parent Unit.

Lastly, we apologise to Lieutenant-Colonel J. E. Williams, M.C., and his Unit for our bad manners in not answering his message of good luck to us on our formation, but in our haste to get going the reply was never sent. However, we do hope we have put it right now.

May we say now that we wish 2 County of London Cadet Battalion (Royal Signals) a very happy and successful Cadet Year. Good luck to you.



Juniors' Mess as used by the Cadets

(*continued from page* 173)

General W. A. Scott, Director of Signals, will be able to be present.

The Corps Band will be in London during April and we have been lucky enough to secure its services for Monday, 11th April. It will be the first time this Unit has had this opportunity, and we are looking forward to it very much.

The following have joined the Regiment since Christmas: Sergeant R. F. Pitt, Signalmen W. H. Fawcett, A. J. Kelly, L. H. Towler, J. L. Griffiths, P. K. Judd, A. T Malpas, C. C. Harle, J. A. J. Jeeves, A. Andrews, P. Scannell, C. J. Hobbs, T. J. Tyler, W. J McGowan. We welcome them with open arms and trust that their stay with us will be both long and enjoyable.

11 A.A. (M) SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.

London, S.W.3

February

It seems a pity that you will not be reading this until March, for we are holding an informal dance at Regimental H.Q. on 26th February We shall make certain of asking you all to our next affair, those of our detached Squadrons and any ex-members of the Corps, by way of these notes. You can only find out one way who is there!

All Squadrons report very good results to the recent recruiting drive, but the girls outnumber the men. What about it, Old Comrades? If you wish to see some of the lads, go to Hammersmith Civic Week celebrations on 5th March, and there you will see more than a dozen providing a guard of honour to Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein. Some of our girls will be there, too, forming part of the route guard.

The Regiment will be holding an Easter Camp this year from the Friday to the Monday. The whereabouts we still await—hopefully. It should not be very far away; but that is enough, I shall have started a rumour and there is sure to be a bright spark who will "lay the odds." Summer Camp will be an improvement on last year and will be at Landguard, near Felixstowe, from 12th to 26th June. Don't forget bathing costumes—the sun might shine!

We are pleased to announce the entry of our team of W.R.A.C. into the quarter-finals of 1 A.A. Group Netball Knock-out Competition by winning our last match against 459 (M) H.A.A. Regiment, T.A.; the score finally was 35—9. In the next round we meet the winning team of 432 (M) H.A.A. Regiment, T.A. *v.* 571 S/L Regiment, T.A.

The start of the year saw the inauguration of a new consolidated training programme, so that by the time we get to camp we shall all know exactly what to do. We already know what we should not do! We are happy to be able to tell you that we are now possessed of some rather obsolete line equipment of very divers sorts, with which are more technical members are having great fun—making it work and then finding out why. And now, more good news! We have a V.M., a real live one, not the paper variety. Our poor D.R.s have been spending sleepless nights wondering who will talk him into doing "my" bike first. I should not worry too hard, for Bagshot will be seeing us again in the near future—and then for success in all the competitive events that we can enter

TEVO

1/20 (SM) ARMY SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.

Birmingham

March

New readers please read from left to right.

When I look at my previous month's notes, I wonder how I managed to find even those few words. The easiest way to start is with a "tick." Everyone knows that, but it is difficult to find anything worth ticking about in this happy family. Perhaps when we get our Technical Maintenance Troop into its stride this deficiency will right itself.

There may not be a lot of us at the moment, but we are as cheerful as can be expected with several of our P.S.I.s leaving us after nearly two years. Corporal E. E. Hatt, sometimes referred to as "Titfer," has gone at last. We are sorry to lose him, but will console ourselves with Corporal J. Curran, who has arrived to fill the vacancy.

Regular readers will have noted previous departures. If not, see Appendix 6, para. 1, or go back to the beginning.

I suppose I should be telling you about 1/20 Army Signal Regiment, T.A., but I have to work up to it gradually. Don't you think it is a pity that the Cap, S.D., with a nice stiff peak, has given way to the beret that you can roll up and push under your shoulder strap? No, I suppose you wouldn't. Your hair is too long, anyway. What would you do with a Cap, S.D., to avoid saluting officers and girl friends? Always supposing that you salute either. Write on one side of the paper only.

A project dear to the heart of Captain J. E. Denton, our Adjutant, is the formation of a D.R.s' Club and the organisation of some motor cycle trials. A meeting has already been held and some activity is about to burst on the motor cycling fraternity at any moment. There is room in the Regiment for more enthusiasts who fancy their chances as despatch riders. I have no doubt that you will be reading some familiar names in connection with this excellent idea in the near future.

Our visitor in January was Major A. M. Keeling, who travelled up from Bath to explain a very interesting scheme in connection with recruiting and publicity for the T.A. It involves liaison by line and wireless between Units in the West Country and our Regiment in Birmingham, but I must tell you more about it another time. We are enthusiastic. There is to be an Officers' Dance in the Drill Hall a few days after these notes are posted. A pity. About the date, I mean. I might have made another couple of paragraphs out of it. However, as Major E. R. Price and his Committee are to produce this show, we may assume that it will be a success. If it isn't, I shall say so. Don't encourage me—I only get worse. Talking about dances, the P.R.I. has bought a grand piano to grace the stage, all out of the takings from the Saturday night hops, which are very fully attended in spite of opposition from rival shows in the district. For sale, or would enchange for jam jars, two upright pianos on the T.A. inventory; no dealers.

Congratulations to Lance-Corporal Hook on his elevation. He now assists the Quartermaster when not presiding over the bar. Two rackets at once, so to speak. I would like to thank recent visitors to Catterick for news of Corps personalities up there. I shall look forward to a free seat at the next Walt Disney now that I know the manager. They tell me that one can get a "buckshee" haircut in the N.A.A.F.I. nowadays. I wonder what another friend of mine thinks about that? It probably *shakes* him.

I seem to be wandering away from the 1/20 Army Signal Regiment again. That's the worst of being a free lance. What we want is someone who can bore you with an account of our non-existent sporting events, or tell you at great length how S.S.M. Norman Jones became so engrossed in building a semi-permanent route, he forgot to go home on his usual long week-end. Libel actions will be dealt with in strict rotation.

In reply to numerous inquiries from recruits, I have to say that there is no objection to your using the inside covers of THE WIRE for taking notes. They don't seem to be required for anything else. A friend of mine who sells advertising space broke down and cried his eyes out when he saw those virgin and undefiled areas.

I am waiting for Lieutenant R. M. Fulford to tell me about his latest ideas for the Wireless Troop. Then we can really "go to town." What I don't find out about his schemes I shall make up.

The Sunday Evening Socials have proved such a success that they are to be held in the Drill Hall on the last Sunday in the month. Members of Signals T.A. and the Signals Association are very welcome. The Q.M. has promised not to play his saxophone at the next one, so don't be afraid to look in. You will be able to buy a drink and a sandwich, and you might even win a "full house."

How nice to see notes from a Signal Unit at Bulford again. Whenever I hear the music of "Those were the Days" I think of 3 Divisional Signals leading the whole Command with their grand cross-country team—Joe Cotterell labouring along behind me. Eh? You mean I wasn't even in the team? All right. Now going back to 1/20 Army Signal Regiment, T.A., for a moment, because I am writing their notes—I think. Can you hear anything? Me too neither. Let's go home to tea.

BARLEUX

51 (H) INFANTRY DIVISIONAL SIGNAL REGIMENT. T.A.

Aberdeen

January

On 14th January all the Officers assembled in Aberdeen for a week-end exercise. It was grand to have everybody together again, and we were particularly pleased to have the C.S.O., Brigadier C. Knowles, C.B.E., with us for the exercise. We worked through the Saturday and Sunday, covering the "Organisation of an Infantry Divisional Signal Regiment," with some problems on its handling, Courts of Inquiry and A.S.S.U. Communications.

On the Saturday evening, during the Officers' Training Week-end, we held our Annual Regimental Dinner. Our guests were the C.S.O.; Colonel H. J. Butchart, D.S.O., and Major R. N Christie, Chairman and Secretary of the T. and A.F. Association; Lieutenant-Colonel Pat Jeffrey, O.B.E., R.E.; Lieutenant-Colonel G. Milne, O.B.E., Gordon Highlanders; and Captain J. Allan, R.E. Many of our past officers were present at the dinner, but we were particularly sorry that Colonel F. R. G. Forsyth, M.C., D.L., and Lieutenant-Colonel James Cochran, O.B.E., T.D., were unable to be present. The dinner was a great success, and some of the "Eightsomes" towards the end of the evening had to be seen to be believed. Lance-Corporal Johnstone and Signalman Davidson are to be congratulated on their excellent piping at the dinner.

On the last Thursday of the month we were very pleased to see Lieutenant-Colonel A. W. Roberts, General Secretary of the Royal Signals Association, here in Aberdeen. He came up for the Annual General Meeting of the Aberdeen Branch, Royal Signals Association, and we hope his next visit will be a longer one.

62 H.Q. L. OF C. SIGNAL REGIMENT. T.A.

Chester

February

This month we commence with one big "Hurrah"—yes, sir, the recruits are coming along at last. We welcome to the fold Signalmen O'Neill, Williams and Dixon. Here's wishing them a long and happy stay with us. Recently we stressed the need for recruits and it was decided that the "personal contact" method was by far the best. With this in view, a talk was given to all recruits, both male and female, stressing the fact that they could do more to help recruiting than anyone. As a result of this, a Social Evening was held in the Jimmy Club, each member bringing along a few friends who might be interested in the T.A. A splendid and enjoyable evening resulted; recruits were not plentiful, but we have enrolled three. More of these Social Evenings are to be held and each member is asked to bring along one or two friends each time.

We are now the proud possessors of a good piano, thanks to the personal charm of our Quartermaster, Captain W. Mills; added to this we have the twinkle-fingers of S.S.M. "Jigger" Lea to play for us. Drill nights are now taking on a much more interesting note. All personnel are giving lectures on different subjects. They prove fruitful and also prepare our instructors for the time when the T.A. ranks will be swollen; I refer to the time when the National Serviceman will join us.

Inspections of Squadrons have been made, particularly on the M.T. side. Great credit is due to the P.S.I.s for the first-class show put up under very trying conditions. With the lack of drivers and fitters, the P.S.I. is indeed a jack of all trades. Some duties become irksome and monotonous, but it is worth noting that these duties are carried out with zeal and cheerfulness.

Congratulations. To S.S.M. and Mrs. J. France on the birth of a son—surely one more enrolment for 23 Armoured Signal Squadron. To Corporal and Mrs. Green, also on the birth of a son.

Farewell. To Mrs. L. Davies, whose husband is stationed at Crossheath Drill Hall, Newcastle-under-Lyme, Staffordshire, we say farewell. Unfortunately, through ill-health at her home in Yorkshire, Mrs. Davies has had to leave us. May I, on behalf of the Officers, Warrant Officers, N.C.O.s and men, say thank you for all you have done; we shall miss your generous hospitality and, above all, your personality.

Sport. Look out, all T.A. cricket teams. We have entered a team for the T.A. Championships, and although it is early, one or two can be seen wielding brooms, demonstrating late cuts, drives and neat swings to leg.

The contribution this month is only short, but we hope next month to do full justice to "la scribo," and so for the present cheerio, everybody—cheerio.

3 SQUADRON, W.R.A.C. Junior Commander M. Foster, the O.C. of the W.R.A.C. Squadron in Chester, has indeed been very busy. Monday evenings in Chester are drill nights. Recruits are coming along at a steady rate and we welcome the following into our midst: Sergeant Jones, who comes all the way from Liverpool; Privates Hiley, W. Thomas and E. Thomas. On Tuesday evenings Miss Foster hurries off to Liverpool, where the enthusiasm for T.A. is first class. Further afield than this is the Section at Wolverhampton, where no less than eight recruits were enrolled in one evening. Ably assisted by her Sergeant-Major (M. Gardiner), the Junior Commander, in her keenness to enlarge the numbers of the Unit under her command, has shown the example needed in the uphill fight to produce an efficient and zealous T.A. Unit.

At Liverpool on 18th January the Group Commander, Chief Commander M. Hewitt, W.R.A.C., visited the Section. The recruits, by her visit, were enthusiastic, and in consequence of a talk to the recruits, one enlistment per week over the past four has been achieved.

It is worthy to note that at Shrewsbury the daughter of the G.O.C. Mid-West District has joined the ranks of the W.R.A.C., the first recruit in that Section.

It would seem that there is a determined keenness on the part of the girls. Now, you chaps, those of you who reside in Chester area and read THE WIRE, come along and see us at Lache Park Camp; join in the fun and amenities of the Club; we can assure you all of a jolly good time!

Assisted by S.S.M. M. Gardiner, the R.S.M. has commenced a Drill Course for recruits who have had no previous military training.

As the month has shown such considerable promise, I will close these notes this month by congratulating the W.R.A.C. Permanent Staff and T.A. on the go-ahead methods employed and the keen way in which recruits have been enrolled. Good show!

CESTRIAN

61 H.Q. ARMY SIGNAL REGIMENT. T.A.

Bedford

Grand Opening Night. The 29th January saw a double party at Bedford, when the new Sergeants' Mess was officially opened and a farewell party was given to R.S.M. C. Webb and S.S.M.s Bottell and Baxter. The party, to which officers and wives were invited, proved a great success. Party games such as forfeits, balloon and bladder races, and penny-down-the-back team races caused much hilarious fun, but the beer-drinking boat race between teams of three ladies and three gents per team was one of the most amusing sights seen since Mafeking Night—and many an epiglottis wondered whether the Great Flood had returned. Yes, the Mess was well and truly christened, and R.S.M. Webb and S.S.M.s Bottell and Baxter were given a good send-off. We wish them all the best in their new environments.

The Battle of the Ouse. An Officers' Training Week-end was held at Bedford on 5th and 6th February, when a most interesting battle was fought in the snow and ice. Many useful lessons were learnt from this T.E.W.T., "Operation Ouse," which was directed by the C.O., ably assisted by Messrs. Taylor and Allaway, Q.M. and Adjutant, respectively. Most of the officers of the Regiment were able to attend, coming from as far afield as Ipswich and Norwich.

A Regimental Dinner was held on the evening of the 5th at a local hotel, the guest of honour being Commander H. R. Newton, O.B.E., Chairman of Bedford Area Recruiting Committee.

Do You Love Me? The question of the moment at Bedford is, "Who sent the Adjutant a Valentine?"

Annual Camp. This year the Regiment is holding Annual Camp at Walton-on-the-Naze. Excellent facilities for families are available, and it is hoped to see many of them there.

D. A. H.

ARMOURED REPLACEMENT GROUP SIGNAL SQUADRON, T.A.

Bristol

January

Sayida!

The phrase "Hell hath no fury like a woman whose Sunday dinner is scorned" must have caused the O.C., Major Keeling, many anxious moments before he decided to substitute Sunday mornings for Tuesday evenings' training. The decision, taken after viewing the attendance at voluntary Sabbath parades, has been justified by the success it has received. The combined attractions of driving, map-reading and operating in wonderfully mild weather, washed down by even milder bitter, no doubt outweigh the thoughts of the cold dinner and even colder reception. Sergeant Rodney Platt, to whom our best wishes are extended in his new post, would no doubt have appreciated the latter part of the morning's training.

The news that a Company of A.T.S. Signals will be joining us for the July camp at Beaulieu has been eagerly passed from mouth to mouth. The members of this Unit are looking six months ahead to making the acquaintance of these lasses from Plymouth, Exeter and Southampton.

A Brains Trust quorum who, to quote the local paper, were presided over by Lieutenant-Colonel Goldsmith, the brains being provided by Mr. Gilliam, of the T.A. Association, Captains Scott and Atkinson, successfully palmed off some Terrier criticisms on to the War Department and Treasury. They did, however, provide accurate answers to a battery of questions from both our own personnel and our hosts, the 44th R.T.R., T.A., in whose Bier Kellar the meeting was held.

A direct result of the quizzing and the C.O.'s address has been the almost furtive approach to eligible Bristolians by stealthy Signallers. Turning back their lapels, in approved Fed. manner, and armed to their badges, cap, with answers to every awkward question, each man goes in for the kill to get his personal bag of two recruits. The idea has been mooted that Terrier membership should be placed on points, an artificial scarcity engineered and a black market set up.

This month has seen the fruits of Sergeant Hewlett's labours on the mechanical side, and those of Corporals Flook and Shore on the radio side, in getting the 3-ton wireless vehicle on the road in working order for the first time. Ambitious schemes await the result of its trials, with an especially glinting eye for a steeper rise in the already climbing graph of recruitment.

The efforts of some of our novice drivers have rapidly produced a feeling amongst the operators working in the backs of the "fish and chip" wagons, that they resemble the

MAHARAJ OF BAGGIDORE

41 A.A. (M) SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.

41 A.A. (M) SIGNAL SQUADRON, PENYLAN COURT, CARDIFF. As this is probably the first time that most members of the Corps have heard of our existence, may we say "How do" to everyone and hope that in the future our activities will be of such importance as to merit a frequent appearance in this well-remembered journal.

Putting first things first, our P.S.I.s (may they forgive us for calling them things) are S.S.M. F. Reardon (better known to Mhow wallahs as "Cannon-Ball-in-Chief") and Sergeant W. H. Breeze, who discovered us on his return from B.A.O.R.

Other important people (we think) include the O.C., Major W. G. Scantlebury, who is gradually qualifying to be classed "Old Soldier, Mk. I," Captain J. O. M. Williams, M.B.E., Lieutenant A. C. Boler and Lieutenant F. C. Davies, all of whom, collectively, individually and indiscriminately, have upheld and at times imperilled the best traditions of the Corps.

Being a mixed crowd, mention must be made of Subalterns Claire Jones and Nora Mountjoy, who, having spent a cushy time during the war in the Regular A.T.S., are now learning at first hand the strenuous job of T.A. soldiering. If space and the Editor permit, we will introduce other members of the Squadron on another occasion.

The Squadron has been in official existence for nearly two years, and in that time has grown slowly. However, what we lack in numbers is more than balanced by keenness. This was well borne out at the annual camp last year, when this small Welsh contingent completely terrorised the late Adjutant, "Basher" Beatt, in spite of the fact that he was surrounded by numerous English Squadrons who far outweighed us in numbers. And talking of camps, it was the present writer's first experience of a T.A. camp, and it should be put on record that there's a lot to be said for this kind of excursion. It only lasted a week, but in that time we slogged hard (much to the disgust of the local Permanent Staff), played hard, and in general had a splendid time.

In Cardiff, our time is spent very much like that of any other T.A. Unit, with our social activities being shared by the component parts of an A.A. Brigade H.Q. and one of its Gunner Regiments.

We don't know how much space the Editor can allow a T.A. Squadron, so at the end of this general introduction we will leave you, and leave until later a more detailed logging of our activities.

94 A.G.R.A. (A.A.) SIGNAL SQUADRON, MEAL HOUSE LANE, ATHERTON, LANCS. Our most important news for January is that we have now passed the original recruiting target and our strength to date is four officers and 44 other ranks.

During this month we ran one all-day scheme. The weather was kind to us and, apart from learning quite a lot, our young recruits enjoyed themselves.

Our Saturday night dances continue to be very popular and, as well as keeping our name in front of the young people of Atherton, help our funds considerably.

15 A.A. (M) SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.

Leeds

February

R.H.Q. AND 37 A.A. (M) SIGNAL SQUADRON. This month the weather has been a little kinder to us in Leeds. The winter fog, for which our city is noted, has been far less apparent of late, and we can even record one or two recent occasions of brilliant sunshine and clear blue skies. We have other signs of springtime, too—small green shoots are beginning to appear in the flower beds, which this year really look as if they are going to live up to their name.

The month began with a visit from the C.S.O., A.A. Command, Brigadier Rogers, accompanied by Lieutenant-Colonel Watson, C.S.O., 5 A.A. Group. During their visit they saw

our new A.A.O.R., which is now nearing completion and which we hope soon to use for training. We have recently changed one of our training evenings to coincide with that of 69 A.A. Brigade, and as an introduction to our work together we heard a very interesting lecture on the functions of an A.A.O.R., given by one of the Brigade officers.

We have got out and about quite a lot during our training. We have had two evenings of training films at the Education Centre, Leeds, two visits to the G.P.O. Telephone Exchange in Leeds, and a Saturday afternoon being shown round the Signal Office at Northern Command H.Q., all of which have been interesting and, we hope, profitable.

We have some more new members this month whom we are very pleased to see, and we should also like to extend a very warm welcome to Subaltern Cunningham, who has recently joined our Squadron. Amongst our old members there have been a few changes. Sergeant Roberts has been transferred from R.H.Q. to 37 Squadron and, together with a few others—easily distinguishable by their puzzled but nevertheless determined expressions—is being initiated into the mysteries of the Orderly Room by the Adjutant, whilst Lance-Corporal Raper is finding her way around the similar mysteries which surround the Q department. The sick list has claimed one or two of our members, but we are glad to see Corporal Newport back with us again and we wish Private Mary Kinnings a speedy recovery to health, and look forward to her return.

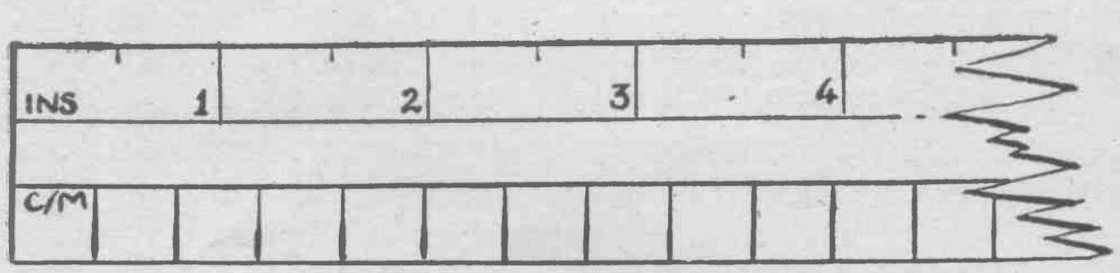
At the time of going to press we are eagerly—in fact, anxiously—awaiting the publication of the terms of service of the W.R.A.C./T.A. We hope that when the next WIRE notes are sent in that we shall be able to report that all our present members are still with us, and that many more are flocking to join.

36 A.A. (M) SIGNAL SQUADRON, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE. Now that we are established in fresh quarters at Low Gosforth House, after a lengthy sojourn in the less convenient Tyne J Camp, it is hoped that news of our activities, the comings and goings (if any) will find a more frequent corner within the covers of THE WIRE.

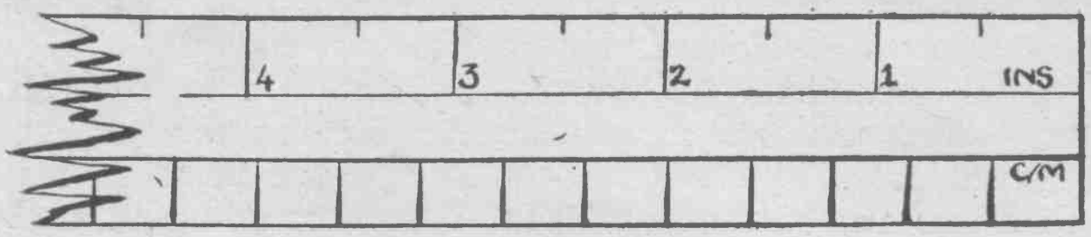
In real fact, our recent move is akin to a homecoming, for here it was that we first blazed the "Jimmy" trail in the locality at H.Q., 7 A.A. Division, in 1939. Of the gallant band of those exciting days, some have, alas, faded away; others are now portly old gentlemen who seem to have no connection with their exploits in the neighbouring places of hospitality, and yet there are still others, wavering on the brink—to have "another bash" or not is their problem. Ours, too; yet how easily we could solve it for them.

* * *

STUDENT DOODLES No. 9



Fleming's right hand rule



Fleming's left hand rule

This apart, recruiting proceeds satisfactorily, particularly from the point of quality, and our strength is unequalled in the district.

Amongst recent arrivals we have been pleased to welcome Sergeants Phillips and McLellan, and P.S.I.s Askew and Ray (ex-2 Division, B.A.O.R., 4).

As to the W.R.A.C., we are rightly proud of ours. A bonny set of lassies in the capable hands of Subalterns Audrey Laing, "Andy" Anderson and Denny Rochester, who are now doing extra drills in training for their first ceremonial march through the city in connection with the Recruiting Campaign.

Whilst on the subject of "ourselves," it occurs that some readers of THE WIRE may possibly echo the writer's thoughts and say, "Good gracious, is *he* back?" and that the names of some of us may raise an eyebrow.

For example, a well-known type to head the list is the Squadron Commander, Major Pat Donnelly. There's Captain Alan Charlton, Lieutenant David Middlemiss (who requests Jew's Mail Salaam to S.S.M. George Birrell, last heard from, with thanks, in Ismailia).

Then there is ex-Chindit Lieutenant "Bunny" Austin (he has the remainder of the alphabet for his initials really), whose righteous indignations fox one and all before the twinkle in his eye appears.

There are more of us, but of them—more anon.

GEORDIE

BRISTOL UNIVERSITY TRAINING CORPS, T.A.

Bristol

February

Having no sense of shame and no principles whatsoever, I offer no excuses for not writing last month's notes. Anyway, nothing happened worthy of note; there is always a hiatus between the end of one term and the beginning of another But hist, I lie in my teeth; an ominous missive arrived from you-know-where, and these notes will be my swan-song. Whither bound? Do I see Bob Wragg in West Africa, Peter Pearce in Germany, Jimmy Feakes with the Gurkhas, or maybe "Paddy" McCunnin (no, not that—I'm too young to die!)?

S.S.M. Bob Mitchell has volunteered to carry on with WIRE notes—I think that's the correct word, although blood-stained D8 twisted can't easily be explained away. It will be of interest to all ex-students, wherever you may be, that those two stalwart medical types, Joe Scudamore and Ken Kidd have, at long last, been paid for their stripes; it's been a long five years. Another two pints of blood, please, nurse. Second year medico Mervyn ("my brother's a captain") Page is now section corporal—paid, too. The Faculty of Science, obviously cut to the quick, offered "Genius" J. D. Smith. O.K., make him lance-corporal—yes, of course, paid. Congrats, blokes.

We are concentrating on line, and all things appertaining thereto, this term. With the help of the old hands, we hope to maintain previous high standards. A plentiful supply of hammers tele, sledge, helves spare, have been thoughtfully provided, and great pains taken to ensure a jumper is something other than that so tastefully worn by Miss Jane Russell.

Lance-Corporal J. D. Smith and Ian McQueen have been successfully manning this end of the Inter-University Net this term. Do we detect a trace of apathy on the part of certain Universities, our old friends Manchester, Liverpool and Queen's Belfast excepted, of course.

Out I go into the hard, wide world to meet old friends and make new ones in other Units. Press on your butts, the Colonel likes a steep slope.

KAY

Taken for a Ride

By **CAPTAIN JOHN WHITNEY,** *late Royal Signals*

ABOUT 10.30 one evening, two tired and sweaty British soldiers could have been seen scrambling on to one of those single-decker trams that clang all the way from Chowringhee to Sealdah Station. That March night was stifling hot in Calcutta.

There did not seem much bustle going on at the railway station as we strolled across the wide forecourt littered with sleepy beggars wrapped in dirty rags. "Next train for Barrackpore, buddy?" we inquired of the sleepy dhoti-clad official at the barrier.

"Tomorrow morning at 10, sahib."

"What, no night trains at all?"

Disconsolately we left the dreary and deserted station. Taxi-cabs were slowly cruising around the streets, like vultures awaiting a death. Our luck seemed to have changed when the first taxi we stopped would take us the 20 odd miles from Calcutta to Barrackpore for 10 rupees. For 15s. that ride seemed reasonable even to Bert. Almost too cheap to be true. Just able to muster that amount after a carefree day in Calcutta, we thankfully closed the deal without argument. Clambering into the back of the car, we sank gratefully on to soft cushions, congratulating each other on our astounding luck.

The car swept smoothly along a fine macadam road. The disturbing visions of field punishment that had haunted us faded as we relaxed in comfort. Pay day would be soon. Lounging in the back of the cab we gazed through half-closed eyes at the swiftly passing scene. There was a long straight road before us. The last straggling buildings of the fermenting city were left behind. Clumps of bamboo and banana now shaded the occasional humble hut by the wayside. Sunk in a pleasant stupor we were only conscious that the car was going at a fine pace on the smooth surface of the trunk road.

With a scream of the brakes the car stopped dead. Bert and I were violently jerked from our seats. The dusky driver, naked except for a dirty rag round his loins, turned to us. He seemed excited.

"Ek sal rupea. Ek sal rupea. Abhi," he jabbered at us, saliva dribbling out of his mouth. We looked stupidly at each other, blankly at him. He enlightened us. "One hundred rupees now, or you walk, sahib."

Bert was all for immediate violence. We hadn't the equivalent of six pounds sterling. We had only been in India a week, so we compromised by shouting at the dirty driver all the lurid old Anglo-Saxon words. He seemed to understand at once. The car was started again. On we went.

The engine purred pleasantly in the still night. The roadside scene changed. Dried-up paddy fields could now be distinguished alongside the narrow strip of smooth macadam. Large jungly plantations appeared, and receded, as we swept on. Through the lonely countryside the car serenely sailed. Once again we drowsily congratulated each other: this time on the virile beauty of the English tongue. Twenty minutes sped by. We skidded round many bends, passed long caravans of ox-drawn carts slowly plodding through the night.

"Must be nearly half-way now, Bert. What do you make the time?"

As he bent to look at his watch in a shaft of moonlight it happened. The car violently swerved off the macadam. Bert was thrown right on top of me. The car bounced crazily on its springs, and bounced us on to the floor of the cab. Even to our muddled wits it was obvious we were now plunging along a rutted track hardened like concrete under weeks of fierce sun. When we had extricated our limbs and gained some hold on our senses, we saw we were nearing a lot of huts. A village. Along the shadowy track we were astounded to see dozens of taxi-cabs of similar pattern to ours lined up on both sides of the way, giving a crazy metropolitan air to the rustic scene. As our cab slowly lurched along between the rows of cars, our driver shouted excitedly. Words froze on our lips as a surly crew gazed with interest at us. More shadowy figures appeared from the dirty hovels in the background. There was a lot of shouting going on, quite unintelligible to us. What *was* now intelligible was that we had been brought to the headquarters of a crime ring. We had veritably fallen among thieves, with no hope of a good samaritan in the jungly wilderness miles from anywhere. Groping around in the back of the cab for weapons, we found nothing of use offensively or defensively. Seconds slowly ticked away as the cab drew to a standstill. As the horror of our position became brutally obvious, we were struck dumb. Language failed us. The only possible protection—the glazed doors and fragile canvas roof to the cab—were seen at once to be useless. We might manage to pitch the driver out of his seat before the great crowd of ruffians pounced on us. Even this shadowy hope went when the evil mob drew round the cab. We were trapped. Beads of sweat gleamed on dusky muscles. Instinctively we raised our right knees, commando style. There was no possibility of getting the car started and reversed before we were dragged from our seats and beaten up. Car doors slammed in familiar fashion. More dark figures joined the press round the cab. It was a very nasty moment. There was only one slender chance left. Lose that and our fate was certain. Time seemed to stand still.

We tried to muster some semblance of nonchalance. Ostentatiously drawing from his pocket our last 10 rupees, Bert pressed the dirty notes into the driver's hand. In the simplest English words, helped out by a few words of Hindi, we pointed out we never carried large sums of money on us. It was too dangerous. But we would pay the rest of the money if he took us to Barrackpore. We had piles of silver there. Piles! Silver! Cupidity began to make him stupid. As clearly as we could in that bastard tongue, we hammered home our advantage. Urging him to take us to Barrackpore, and not surrender us to the evil mob, we pointed out grimly that from our murdered bodies he would now get nothing. He would lose all that silver in Barrackpore. The thought of all those silver coins overcame that poor wretch. Fortunately for us he succumbed —like better men—to the blandishment of money.

But to our horror his next action was to open the cab door. With a torrent of Bengali he shouted at the assembled crowd. I dug my nails into the palm of my hand as he argued fiercely. The driver brought his hand up, put it on the open door; pressed the self-starter. With

a roar the engine started. We did not dare make a movement as the car slowly backed. We were still on the razor edge. Sullenly the mob withdrew. We were still tensed up as the car bucketed about on the rough track.

When we regained the macadam our driver seemed pleased with life. His mind bathed with thoughts of silver, he made the car shoot along the road. Then he began to talk, recounting crude jokes. We were silent, but he noticed nothing. We no longer lounged in that comfortable car. All our nerves now cruelly awake, we crouched tense in the back, our eyes now sharp for any faint sign of further trickery. He might smell the double-cross. That wretched creature never know how near death he was on the last miles of the journey. Never guessed, as he babbled and laughed, how close he was to a swift passage to eternity. For, although we did not look at each other, or murmur anything, it was quite clear what we should do at the slightest hint of trouble. He would be dragged from his seat, his head remorselessly banged on the hard road to keep him permanently quiet, while we drove his cab on to Barrackpore. We were well stoked-up for violence.

Round several more bends that seemed to have a vaguely familiar look, and we were in sight of Barrackpore. Never before had the moonlight glinting on British bayonets given us such a comforting feeling. In front of the guard we peremptorily ordered the driver to stop. We quickly hopped out.

"Now scram! You have had your 10 rupees!"

To avoid the inevitable stream of abuse, we quickly sidled past the British sentries, gave them a wink, and crept to our beds. We had only overstayed our leave an hour. No one need ever know.

ROYAL SIGNALS BENEVOLENT FUND

Receipts during January, 1949

Subscriptions

	£	s.	d.
1 Squadron, War Office Signal Regiment		6	3
67 Wing Signal Troop	1	0	0
Shoeburyness Troop	2	8	4

Donations

2 Air Formation Signals	44	9	2
2/54 East Anglian Divisional Signals ...	12	17	6
77 Divisional Signals	18	3	8
British Depot Company, India	16	13	1
61 Lorried Infantry Brigade Group Signal Squadron	2	2	6
3 Brigade Signals	7	5	2
3 Holding Battalion and Mob. Centre Reunion Club	5	0	0
Kirkburton Parochial Church Council ...	6	9	11
Edinburgh Branch	20	0	0
Colonel A. J. Harris	1	1	0
Major R. Pigott		5	0
Captain J. McKee		5	0
Mr. F. Vernon		10	0
Mr. P. G. Willder		5	0
Mr. R. S. Moss		3	0
Mr. K. W. Stevens		3	0
Total receipts	£139	7	7

Expenditure during January, 1949, £539 1s. 9d. (includes assistance given with: General assistance, rent, rates and insurance, cots and prams, beds and bedding, clothing, furniture, hospital and doctors' fees, removals, fares, tools, education, rehabilitation and funerals).

Analysis of cases: Families of soldiers serving in U.K., 3; B.A.O.R., 2; FARELF, 2. Widows of deceased soldiers, 4. Released and discharged soldiers, 67. Total number of cases, 78.

Royal Signals Old Comrades' Association

Members registered at Association Headquarters during January, 1949:

Life members	32
Annual members	48

SIGNALS ASSOCIATION

Branch Notes

Birmingham

March

I could tell you about the two soldiers who were stranded, broke and blotto, at the foot of Nelson's column one winter's night, but you wouldn't be interested. So instead I will tell you about the Birmingham Branch and some of its 945 members.

Here we are at the Crown Hotel, Broad Street, on Thursday, 27th January. It is the monthly meeting. You may remember that these meetings take place on the last Thursday in the month. It is so easy to remember. The attendance was considerably better than last time, but most of us agreed that until the Crown Hotel can warm the room up a little the majority will prefer to stick around the home fires after a day's work. This excuse will not serve for the Annual General Meeting, which is due to take place at Cateswell House Drill Hall on 11th March. I happen to know that they have a spare bag of coke set aside for the central heating there. Remind me to tell you about it next time. I shall probably tell you the names of the more prominent members who fail to put in an appearance. It must be my wicked streak. No one cares. They all turn up at the Annual General. What a grip it is, too. The accounts by Mr. Carl Brown of his work on the Welfare and Assistance side are really interesting, and, curiously enough, often amusing. Perhaps in the beginning the cases do not present much to laugh at, but Carl's magic touch invariably brings a happy ending for the applicant.

The Employment Bureau for ex-Regular Sailors, Soldiers and Airmen is presided over in Birmingham by Mr. Les Robson, M.B.E., ex-R.S.M., 48 and 78 Divisional Signals. He has placed no less than 265 ex-Signals in jobs during the past 12 months. Mr. Robson, too, gets a laugh out of his work occasionally. As when the lance-corporal of the British Liberation Army called in to inquire about £500 a year jobs or something in the executive line. Occupation before joining up in July, 1945, labourer. Goes out muttering about people sitting in armchairs all through the war, though actually puts it a little less elegantly. As I can testify, Mr. Robson did indeed find an armchair in the 78 Divisional Signals now and again, though usually in places that might have shaken the lance-corporal (B.L.A.) more than a little.

Our winter programme of entertainments pursues its expected course. The whist drive scheduled for 14th January at Cateswell House was a riot of solitude. Mr. Sid Bright looked in to see what was doing. I happened to be there

because that is where I work. The Hon. Secretary came later and stayed for a drink. That's all. A good thing we hadn't bothered about cards and tables. Apply early for next winter's programme. It won't take you long to read it. We are already discussing the 1949 trip to the Royal Tournament. If you have heard what a grand show we had last year you will surely start saving the odd shillings to make up a couple of guineas by June. The Hon. Secretary will be glad to hear from you in this connection. First come, first served.

What do you do on Sunday evenings? The 1/20 Army Signal Regiment, T.A., at Cateswell House, Hall Green, offer a welcome to all Association members and their families at the Sunday evening socials, held on the last Sunday in the month in the Drill Hall. A few rounds of housey, a good singer, some instrumental solos, maybe a conjuror sometime, and of course a bar. The popularity of this pleasant function is growing fast, so you need not worry that you will find an empty hall—you won't.

We were glad to see that Mr. Tom Liggins managed to get along to the meeting on 27th January. What an example he sets to members who have the use of their eyes. Only a real illness can keep Tom away. What has happened to the Old Brigade? The recent dwindling numbers of the R.E. Signals may only be a temporary worry. Let us hope so. Without their rock-like support we shall be most unhappy. I heard someone advance the rather fantastic story that young men now leaving the Signals, and many who left right after the war, are keeping clear of the Signals Association for fear that it might be a sort of trap to get them into the Territorial Army. I am loth to believe that any man who was intelligent enough to hold his place in the Corps could possibly subscribe to such an absurd theory. There used to be a little something called *esprit de corps* some years ago. I wonder what happened to it ?

BARLEUX

Bournemouth

Having the feeling that the main item of these notes is going to be on the subject of support—in fact, I feel like " doing a Barleux " on that subject—let me start on a cheerful note. Our Children's Party, in fact. Once more we have been delighted with the carefree spirit with which the kiddies entered into the fun of things. The eats disappeared with the usual rapidity (but they're all right now!), and we cleared the floor for a film show, which was greeted with shrieks of delight and quite a lot of basso-profundo laughter. Probably this was due to Sammy Rouse getting rid of some of his secretarial cares for the afternoon. Geoffrey and Jean Worsfold worked their passage by attending to the musical part of the afternoon's entertainment in a most capable fashion, and I can see a long list of bookings stretching in front of them. In the evening the mums and dads took over for our first social event of the year, and for this I must say we had quite an encouraging turnout and a lot of fun. Let's hope that this proves to be due to many New Year resolutions to give more support to the branch. Funny how that word " support " will creep in, isn't it?

On the business side, our Annual General Meeting has just been held and, in the main, previous office-holders have been re-elected, but there was a welcome number of new nominations, which shows that there is an interest taken in branch affairs. Lieutenant-Colonel Hannah, O.B.E., our President for the past three years, told us that he thought that was quite long enough for one man to hold that office and expressed the wish that he should not be nominated again, so we have a new President in Major Dunningham, whom many of you will know from Mercury House visits. Our Chairman, Mr. H. Wright, made his report brief, as usual, but stressed the fact that membership conferred many benefits upon the individual, particularly when the unforeseen spot of bother arises, and that there was no need for any ex-Service man to feel that he had no one to whom he could turn for help or advice, while such associations as ours existed mainly for that purpose. These ideas were underlined by the Secretary, who added that the strength of the Association and its ability to render help to members arose from something more than the payment of subscriptions. Active support for, and interest in, both business meetings and social events should be a natural outcome of membership. Esprit de corps, that intangible asset which has always proved its worth to the serving soldier, could be of equal assistance to us now, always provided we ourselves do our best to foster it. At present the spirit was rather weak at the knees, but given the care and attention, and the attendance of members as often as possible at as many meetings as possible, there is no reason why it should not grow to full stature, to the benefit of everyone concerned.

It was mentioned that in response to one circular sent out to some 260 members, the number of replies received by post by the closing date mentioned totalled three—no kidding, three! And this was to do with a social event which had been asked for by the members.

Probably most branches find the same sort of thing happening. Barleux has had much to say on the subject and so have many others, but here in THE WIRE I'm afraid we are only preaching to the converted. Those of us who scribble these notes and those who read them are already interested, obviously—it's the all too vast body of members who pay their subs and then call it a day that have to be reached if the Association is not going to stagnate.

Oh well, let's all have a jolly good cry!

KELB

Scarborough

The branch held their monthly meeting on Tuesday, 4th January. A good start for the New Year was the increased attendance, which we hope will not only be kept up but will steadily increase. Three new members arrived to swell the ranks, and we wish them a hearty welcome.

We are giving a party for members' children on 24th January; the invitation is also extended to Signals dependants' children and children of the Signals married families at the local Barracks.

We have just had a whist drive and dance at the Olympia Ballroom. Unfortunately, it was not as successful as last year's event, and we missed the Corps Dance Band. However, nothing daunted, we have another whist drive and dance on 7th April, so here's hoping.

We may be having a dinner and dance in February; if so, we want to see a hundred per cent. attendance.

It has been suggested that each member should "have a go" at doing something for publication in THE WIRE. Poet Laureate F. J. (" Tim ") Kelly has started the ball rolling, so take it with a pinch of salt. We'll have a points system. The verses must be your own; " Romany Rose " all the Div. knows—catch on?

Major Frank Mansfield has offered £1 for the best effort (locals only), so roll up, blokes, and " have a go."

We were sorry to hear " Old Mac " (McGregor) has been ill. We certainly missed him at our gatherings. Here's hoping he'll soon be with us again.

Calling Derby. One of our very keen committee members, Mr. Mayhe, is leaving us to take up work in Derby. Good luck, Bob—don't forget the old gang.

See you next month.

VICK ACK

Bedford

Activities of the Royal Signals Association were outlined by the General Secretary (Colonel A. W. Roberts, M.C.) when, as chief guest, he spoke at the second annual dinner of the Bedford Branch at the Bridge Hotel on Friday.

Sixty-five members and guests enjoyed a convivial evening. In the absence because of illness of the President (Colonel R. P. A. Helps, O.B.E., M.C.), Lieutenant-Colonel F. M.

Greaves (Commanding Officer of the 61st Signal Regiment) was in the chair. He proposed the toast of the Association, referring to the growth of the Branch and to its healthy financial position.

Replying, Colonel Roberts expressed the General Committee's thanks to the Branch, especially to the officers, including Mr. C. Thurley (Hon. Secretary). " You have a good Branch here, and you must have a good Secretary," he added.

Speaking about the Association's activities, Colonel Roberts said that their work was divided into four sections—welfare (which was first and foremost), publications, employment and records. There were more than 9,000 life members and 20,000 annual members.

The toast of " Our Guests " was submitted by Mr. C. Thurley, who was toastmaster. He welcomed the ladies and R.S.M. G. Webb and W.O.2 E. Bottell, of 61 Signal Regiment, who had given valuable services to the Branch.

Major A. A. Taylor, Quartermaster of 61 Signal Regiment, proposed the toast of " Absent Friends."

After dinner a band played music for dancing and games.

At the Annual General Meeting of the Association, Colonel R. P. A. Helps, O.B.E., M.C., was elected President of the Branch.

D. A. H.

Sheffield and District

The January meeting of the branch, at the D.E.G.A. Club, Broomhall Road and Collegiate Crescent, Sheffield, was another very successful function.

After a short business meeting, dancing and other jollity soon got going; refreshments, as usual, organised by the indefatigable Mrs. Stone (who reminded us of the parable of the loaves and fishes); lucky number prizes; and the unexpected announcement of the further activities of one Cupid, resulting in the engagement of Mr. E. Taylor and Miss Dot Marshall.

Our energetic Secretary wishes it to be known that he is still open to receive new members. His address is 4 Tapton House Road, Sheffield, 10. He is anxious, by the way, to get into touch with an old comrade, Sergeant G. Graham, last heard of in a W/T Section in N.I. District Signals (and so is Mr. P. J. O'Donovan).

Another request is that Mr. H. Kay, of 120 Button Hill, Sheffield, 11, would like news of another former comrade, R.S.M. J. Higgins, formerly of Southern Army, India.

Meeting days are the fourth Wednesday in the month, until March, at the D.E.G.A. Club; afterwards, the meeting place will be announced here and in the local Press. A good turn-up is requested for the March meeting, where elections of committee members will be held.

JONAH

London

The London Branch held its second annual general meeting on Saturday, 22nd January, 1949, at 206 Brompton Road, S.W.3. The attendance was rather disappointing considering the number present at the meeting the previous year. Lieutenant-Colonel G. J. Morley Peel, M.B.E., T.D., Chairman of the Branch, opened the meeting by giving a résumé of the year's activities. The Hon. Treasurer was unavoidably absent and his report was read by the Chairman.

The election of the officers and committee for the ensuing year then followed. Brigadier G. C. Wickens, C.B., C.B.E., T.D., D.L., was re-elected President. Lieutenant-Colonel T. Victor Barber was elected Chairman, Major J. D. Winchester Hon. Secretary, and Mr. A. B. Hannington Hon. Treasurer. Two members of the A.T.S. were elected to the Committee.

It was agreed that the monthly club meetings, held on the second Friday of each month at the Drill Hall, 11 (M) Signal Regiment, T.A., 206 Brompton Road, S.W.3, should be continued during 1949. These meetings have been held regularly since last May. Some members may have been discouraged by the failure to get the meeting running regularly (and with the bar open) during the first few months of last year, but all the difficulties have been overcome, and there is no reason why there should not be large attendances in the future.

The meeting was followed by a short but very enjoyable concert. This was arranged by Lieutenant-Colonel A. Hemsley, M.B.E., T.D.

The committee hope to arrange other functions during the year and are relying on the co-operation of the members in getting in touch with them to let them know what they would like, and in turning up at the functions.

Warrington

February

Once again, a few notes to show that this Branch is still on the map.

We had a Social Evening on 3rd January, when we entertained the Social Club of the G.P.O., Warrington. They brought their own dance band, and a lively evening was had by all. Constable Rylands provided the cabaret and, as always, excelled himself. The visit to this show by Mr. Frank Carefull, of the Liverpool Branch, was greatly appreciated, and we welcome members from any branch at any time.

We are having a dance on 28th February in the Social Club of the South Lancashire Regiment Old Comrades' Association, and hope it will be as successful as the last. Also plans are in hand for another Annual Draw at Easter to help swell the funds.

We welcomed Major R. H. Farlow, M.B.E., Royal Signals, and the Officers of 4 A.A. Group (M) Signal Squadron to our last meeting and hope to see them many more times.

We are trying a new departure for our next monthly meeting on 7th March. O.C. Troops, 4 A.A. Group (Major R. H. Farlow, M.B.E., Royal Signals), has kindly loaned us a room in the N.A.A.F.I. premises in Peninsula Barracks. We are combining the meeting with a Social Evening, and hope that by this we may get a few of the Regular soldiers of 4 A.A. Group (M) Signal Squadron interested in this branch.

Once again the old S O S—will any ex-members of the Corps living in this district, who happen to read these notes and who are interested in the Signals Association, please write to the Hon Secretary, Mr. Wyke, 105 Locking Stumps Lane, Croft, Warrington, who will be only too pleased to give them any information they may require.

Cheerio to all till next month.

STAPOO

Oldham

February

'Tis about time our Branch had some notes. This is the first insertion, though we've been in existence for two years. It is not intended to mention anything about the weather or that any member of the Branch has had a slight cough.

To those who have never been to these 'ere parts, Oldham is in the heart of the cotton industry, which should bring to mind the phrase " Britain's bread," etc. Though we cannot claim to have the hundreds of members which some branches have, out of our total of 50 we average excellent attendances at meetings, and our social side is a most active one.

In the belief that new blood creates new enthusiasm, the Chairman (Mr. Harry Thomas), the Secretary (Mr. George Sherratt) and Treasurer (Mr. Allan Marlor) resigned their posts at the Annual General Meeting in December last, which they had held since the inception of the Branch. These duties are now taken over by Mr. Albert E. Roylance, Mr. Arthur J. Connell and Mrs. J. MacCorquodale, respectively.

The Annual Dinner was held at the Red Lion Hotel, Oldham, on 10th February, the guest of honour being Colonel A. W. Roberts, M.C., General Secretary of the Association. We were pleased to welcome also Captain D. A. Bond and other members of the Manchester Branch. One member thought it might have been the first time we'd had a colonel

visit Oldham, but this is not so, for Colonel Roberts mentioned he'd passed through Oldham before. It was a very enjoyable evening, and we look forward to the next one.

A final note on the Association generally. In the course of its long life it has undoubtedly rendered a very great service, and during the two years the writer has been connected with it there has been first-hand experience of the hard work undertaken by the General Secretaries and staff, and the assistance given to many deserving cases. The Corps has established a tradition which has been well maintained by the Association. If we could point out the advantages of belonging to the Association we should bring into our branches those who, for some unknown reason, are reluctant to join.

GEE ESS

SPORTS NOTES

Association Football

The Corps travelled to Manchester to play the second fixture against the University first eleven on Wednesday, 2nd February. The previous match ended in a draw 1—1, but this time, after a hard-fought game, we emerged victorious by 2—0, both goals being scored by Herbert (5 Training Regiment) in the first half. The University made strenuous but unsuccessful efforts to score in the second half, mainly due to excellent work on the part of S.Q.M.S. Andrews (2 Training Regiment) and Corporal Mays (3 Training Regiment). In the forward line, Signalmen Whelan-Ward (5 Training Regiment) and McReady (1 Training Regiment) delighted the spectators with some sparkling dribbles.

On Wednesday, 9th February, we took the field against the Royal Engineers with two changes from the team which defeated the University. S.Q.M.S. Andrews had been selected to represent the Army *v.* Oxford University (congratulations once again, Andy); Signalman Fox (Kent Coast Signal Troop) replaced him, and Signalman Blakey (7 Selection Regiment) was preferred to Neilson (1 Training Regiment). Royal Engineers had an unbeaten record and Signals are very proud that they were able to lower their colours to the tune of 4—2.

The game started disastrously for us, Corporal Mays unfortunately giving away a penalty, from which Footner made no mistake. Watson made a valiant attempt to save, but the snow-covered ground had made the ball slippery and Watson was unable to prevent a score. Good work by Whelan-Ward sent Signals away and Thompson went near with an excellent shot. Phillips, in the R.E. goal, was tested time and again but acquitted himself magnificently. Smith scored a second goal for R.E. just before half-time. Half-time score: Royal Signals 0, Royal Engineers 2.

In the second half Signals attacked continuously, and from a pass by Blakey, Herbert cut through the defence and scored with a magnificent drive. The same player made the score equal five minutes later by forcing the ball under Phillips' body into the net. From a lovely cross by Martin, Blakey shaved the top of the crossbar with an excellent header. Then Whelan-Ward, who worked hard and played magnificent football throughout, also went close with another header. Two minutes later McReady put Signals in the lead with a long shot which Phillips failed to hold. In the closing stages R.E. attacked and Smith, their centre-forward, had a golden opportunity but shot wide. Just before time Whelan-Ward scored the fourth goal for Signals from close in to put the issue beyond all doubt. Both teams played excellent football and spectators saw one of the best games the Command Central Ground has staged this season.

Result: Royal Signals 4, Royal Engineers 2.

The Corps was represented by the following: Corporal Watson (3 Training Regiment), Lance-Corporal Kilpatrick (3 Training Regiment), Signalman Jones (3 Training Regiment), Sergeant Martin (School of Signals), Corporal Mays (3 Training Regiment), Signalman Fox (Kent Coast Signal Troop), Signalman McReady (1 Training Regiment), Signalman Blakey (7 Selection Regiment), Lance-Corporal Herbert (5 Training Regiment), Signalman Whelan-Ward (5 Training Regiment), Sergeant Thompson (School of Signals).

Rugby

Army Cup

The quarter-final tie in the Army Rugby Challenge Cup competition between 1 Training Regiment, Royal Signals, and The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, at Strensall on Thursday, 20th January, provided a magnificent game between two grand sides, each of whom had been well "briefed" as to the possible strength or weakness of their opponents. For the Duke's, the £2,000 Leeds professional winger, Turnbull, and the two Sandhurst halves, Shuttleworth and Hardy, were reputed to be the "stars" of an experienced side, while the young Signals side had such well-known players as T. G. H. Jackson (Scotland) and N. M. Hall (the England captain) on their side, in addition to J. W. Hall and Cross, who play for the Army. Also Signalman Mason, who had figured in two English Trials and had appeared for Yorkshire in all their county matches, was the Signals scrum-half. Mason, unfortunately for 1 Training Regiment, had been on the injured list, and although he turned out, it was soon apparent that his damaged ankle was giving him trouble. Winning the toss, the Duke's elected to play against the stiff westerly breeze, which had moderated slightly from its "gale" aspect.

The Duke's pack were the heavier and in the tight scrums gave their backs the greater share of the ball, with Shuttleworth and Hardy combining like a well-oiled machine. The Signals tackling, however, was deadly and all their movements were stopped. Jackson, too, looked after his opposite number, Turnbull, so effectively throughout the match that the Leeds winger was quite ineffective.

On the other hand, the Duke's were determined to look after Jackson, and this bustling 15 stone threequarter usually had three or four men on top of him before he had gone far. In the loose, the fast Signals forwards showed up well, and from one of their rushes Cross picked up and handed to Hall, who passed to Jackson for the latter to score at the corner. Hall's kick failed, and so the sides changed over with the Duke's only down 3 points at half-time. It was thought by many that with the wind behind them and with only a three-point deficit, the Duke's would soon take the lead. 1 Training Regiment had other ideas, and their defensive play was magnificent, and from time to time they came near to adding to their score. Five minutes from time Hardy dropped a goal, and as no further scoring resulted, 10 minutes' extra time each way had to be played.

In the first half of extra time a great try was scored by Morphy, who cut through the centre and, after side-stepping several opponents, scored under the posts. Hall had no difficulty in converting. In the final ten minutes, after a forward rush, the Duke's scored at the corner flag and Hardy, with a great kick, levelled the score once more.

The Signals team, whose fitness just turned the scales, pressed hard during the closing stages, and from a forward dribble in which Cross, Johnson and D. R. Hall were prominent, Jackson picked up and scored a good try. Hall converted, and 1 Training Regiment had won an exciting game by 2 goals 1 try (13 pts.) to 1 goal 1 dropped goal (8 pts.).

The result was a fair reflection on the merits of the two sides, who were both above average. The youth and fitness of the Signals team just won the match in a hard-fought struggle. The game was admirably refereed by Colonel

Kendrew, the old English international, and the band of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment played selections before the game and during the interval. Ten bus-loads of 1 Training Regiment supporters gave magnificent vocal support to their Regimental team.

Semi-final, Army Cup

The semi-final, 1 Training Regiment, Royal Signals *v.* 1st Battalion The Welch Regiment, was played at Aldershot on 29th January. The ground was in excellent condition and a fast game was enjoyed by a large crowd, which included five bus-loads of 1 Training Regiment supporters who had made the long journey from Catterick.

After five minutes' play, Tranter broke through on the right and, when challenged, threw a pass into the centre; this was picked up by Jackson, who scored in the corner. Hall failed to convert. Play swept from one end of the field to the other, and from a loose scrum in the Signals half Lane broke through to score. Ford failed with the kick.

Shortly afterwards the Welch were penalised for a scrum infringement and Hall kicked a penalty goal. The Welch replied with a dropped goal by Bish.

1 Training Regiment pressed and the Welch were forced to touch down From the drop-out Jackson fielded the ball and threw a 30-yard pass to N. M. Hall, who was standing in the middle of the field. Hall, with plenty of time, landed a magnificent drop goal from 40 yards. Just before half-time Bish levelled the scores at "9 points all" with another drop goal.

Play continued at a fast pace in the second half, with 1 Training Regiment having the better of the game territorially. A passing movement by the Welch broke down near the half-way line and N. M. Hall picked up, made 20 yards, and passed to Cross, who ran strongly and handed to D. R. Hall, who scored 10 yards from the posts. N. M. Hall converted.

The Welch fought back and Lane scored a runaway try from his own 25 after a kick ahead which found Thompson and Mason (injured) slow in getting back. Ford converted. 1 Training Regiment now pressed hard, and from a set scrum a quick passing movement among the backs reached Bell on the left wing. Bell beat two men with a lovely side-step and scored in the corner. N. M. Hall converted with a glorious kick and 1 Training Regiment were left winners of a keen, fast game. Final score: 1 Training Regiment, 2 goals, 1 try, 1 dropped goal and 1 penalty (19 pts.); 1st Battalion The Welch Regiment, 1 goal, 1 try and 2 dropped goals (14 pts.).

Royal Signals (Catterick) R.F.C. v. *Billingham on 22nd January at Catterick*

Signals were without their two internationals, N. M. Hall and T. G. H. Jackson, and Cross, Marshall, Gloag and J. W. Hall, who were playing for the Army *v.* Oxford University.

Mason, the Yorkshire and England trial scrum-half, was also away injured. Although Billingham had six county players, Signals proved too good for them. Morphy, at stand-off half, was in brilliant form, making delightful openings and repeatedly tackling the Durham county stand-off, Pinnock.

Billingham were best served by their hooker, Macleod, who got the ball in nearly all the scrums. The Signals forwards were better in the loose and were always on the ball. Tranter's kicking was a feature. For Signals, Morphy, Rees and Woods scored once, and Dennis twice. Best kicked a penalty goal for Billingham. Morphy converted twice for Signals.

Score: Signals, 2 goals, 3 tries (19 pts.); Billingham, 1 penalty goal (3 pts.).

Golf

Royal Signals Golf Society

The Spring Meeting will be held at the Harrogate Golf Club, Starbeck, on Saturday and Sunday, 23rd and 24th April, 1949.

There will be four competitions, all except one of which are open to *all* officers who are serving (Regular or T.A.) or who have served in the Corps (Regular or T.A.).

C.S.O. Commands have been notified and asked to distribute notices to all concerned.

If you have *not* received a notice and would like to play, write to: Hon. Secretary, Royal Signals Golf Society, H.Q., S.T.C., Catterick Camp.

Arrangements have been made to hold this meeting on a week-end in order that T.A. Officers may take part, and it is hoped that as many T.A. Officers as possible will play.

Arrangements are also being made for accommodation in Officers' Messes at Catterick and for transport between Catterick and Starbeck.

ARMY RUGBY CUP FINAL

Score—1 Training Regiment, Royal Signals, 31 pts.

9th (I) Airborne Squadron, R.E. (B.A.O.R.), 3 pts.

ARMY INTER-UNIT CROSS-COUNTRY CHAMPIONSHIPS

1 Training Regiment, Royal Signals, 127 pts.

1 Parachute Battalion, 139 pts.

THE WIRE

VOL. 3 (*New Series*) NO. 4 • APRIL 1949

THE WIRE

The Corps Magazine of the
ROYAL SIGNALS

The Official Organ of the
SIGNALS ASSOCIATION

All correspondence and notes for "The Wire" should be addressed to: The Editor, "The Wire," 88 Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1.

Remittances should be made payable to: Royal Signals Association. Subscription rates (post free, except air mail): Twelve months, 10s.; single month, 1s.

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APRIL • 1949

Volume 3 *New Series* **No. 4**

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PRICE: ONE SHILLING

Editorial

South — Pickering

On 31st January, 1949, at St. Michael's Church, Malton, Yorkshire, by the Reverend Hutton, Captain Charles William South, Royal Signals (Indian Army), son of Mrs. and the late Mr. E. R. South, of Tollesbury, Essex, to Corona (Paddy) Pickering, only daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Lenaghan, of Rettenden and Westcliffe-on-Sea, Essex.

* * *

BLOCKS

We sometimes get a request that the blocks used in illustrating THE WIRE or the ROYAL SIGNALS QUARTERLY JOURNAL may be lent or handed over for the production of publicity literature. Such requests should be made within a month of publication, in order that instructions may be given to the printer to preserve the blocks in question, as they are normally destroyed after use.

All ranks, Royal Signals, will wish to pay their humble duty to H.R.H. The Princess Royal, C.I., G.C.V.O., G.B.E., their Colonel-in-Chief, on the occasion of her birthday, April 25th.

59th STAFFORDSHIRE DIVISION REUNION ORGANISATION

THE FORMATION OF AN OFFICERS' DINNER CLUB

For the information of those concerned, Major-General L. O. Lyne, C.B., D.S.O., the last Commander of the 59th (Staffordshire) Infantry Division, is now arranging—apart from other intended reunions—for the formation of an Officers' Dinner Club. The first annual dinner will be held in London shortly, and a membership register is, therefore, being commenced at once.

Anyone who served in the Division as an officer will be eligible for membership, and in order that the final details of the various arrangements may be circulated extensively to prospective members, all those eligible are asked to forward their name and permanent address as soon as possible to the Hon. Secretary, 59th (Staffordshire) Division Officers' Dinner Club, c/o Messrs. Glyn Mills and Co., Kirkland House, Whitehall, London, S.W.1.

It is imperative that the proposed formation of this Dinner Club shall be given the widest possible circulation both by word of mouth and by other means, and Major-General Lyne therefore asks everyone concerned to help by telling at least one other eligible person. The formation of the Dinner Club is also intended as the foundation upon which to build up a series of annual all ranks reunions and other functions.

* * *

If any reader of THE WIRE wishes to obtain direct copies of *The Signalman,* the Journal of the Signal Corps of the Dominion of India, he should send 6s. 6d. to the Editor, *The Signalman,* c/o C.S.O., Southern Command, Poona, 1.

* * *

Wanted, good quality sporting and athletic equipment. Anyone who has any article of sports equipment, such as a cricket bat or cricket pads, which is in really good condition, should write to the address given below, giving full details and the price required; at the same time, forwarding the item for sale. The article will be placed on sale in the Second-hand Shop and at the end of three months the article/s will either be returned, not having been sold, or the price required will be forwarded, if this has not already been done.—Major H. A. Havilland, M.B.E., Quartermaster, The Warren, R.M.A., Sandhurst, Camberley, Surrey.

* * *

WE PURLISH A LETTER FROM A.G.11 (O)

May I ask for space in the Corps magazine for a matter which will be, I am sure, of interest to all ex-Royal Signals officers.

Instructions have recently been issued by the War Office which give an opportunity to released Royal Signals officers to take Regular or Short Service commissions in the Corps.

For the Regular commissions the qualifications required are as follows:

To be British subjects, medically fit, between the ages of 21 years and 28 years on 1st January, 1949, have had two years' service, including one year as an officer since 3rd September, 1939, and have passed, or have been exempted from, Matriculation with credits in Mathematics and Science.

The closing date for this offer of Regular commissions is 31st July, 1949.

For the grant of Short Service commissions to former officers of Royal Signals, the following qualifications are required:

To be below 45 years, medically fit, British subjects or citizens of Eire who are sons of British subjects or citizens of Eire, officers who held the war substantive rank of Captain or below are eligible to apply, although if an officer who held war substantive rank of Major is willing to accept a lower rank, he may apply. Officers previously rejected for Short Service commissions are now eligible to re-apply under this scheme.

Commissions will be granted for a period of three years on the active list, followed by five years on the Regular Army Reserve of Officers. On satisfactory completion of the full active list period, a gratuity of £300 (three hundred pounds) will be paid. Successful applicants will be commissioned in the substantive rank equivalent to the substantive, or war substantive, rank held at the time of release, provided that vacancies exist in those ranks. If no vacancy exists, an officer may, if he wishes, be accepted in a lower rank. The closing date for applications will be 31st July, 1949. It is regretted that officers who held Q.M. type of commissions, other than T.Os.T., are not eligible.

Forms of application for both the above schemes may be obtained from the War Office (AG1), London, S.W.1.

For those released officers who do not wish to take advantage of the above, and who cannot spare the time to join a T.A. Signal Unit, but who wish to maintain a firm connection with the Corps, the following may prove of interest. The Regular Army Reserve of Officers (R.A.R.O.) and the Army Officers' Emergency Reserve (A.O.E.R.) have now been reopened.

The R.A.R.O. provides for the commissioning of former Royal Signals officers into a reserve, which will provide reinforcements for the Regular Army in an emergency. There is no training liability at present for the officer in peace-time, although a voluntary training scheme is under consideration. Officers of the war substantive rank of Major and below, under the age of 45 years, are eligible to apply.

The A.O.E.R. is a register of gentlemen who volunteer to serve as officers in the event of an emergency; here the age limit is 55 years. There is no training for members of the A.O.E.R. in peace-time.

Forms of application may be obtained from any Recruiting Officer; from the Secretary of your local T.A. Association; or from the War Office (ODO), London, S.W.1.

* * *

WAR OFFICE CIVILIAN WIRELESS SERVICE

Vacancies exist in the War Office Civilian Wireless Service in the grade of Civilian Radio Operator. The Service is expanding and offers prospects of a steady career to ex-Royal Signals tradesmen, particularly operators. There are a few posts for which men are required who are trained to maintain wireless and line equipment.

Basic qualifications for entry are British birth, general fitness for service at home and overseas, and an ability to receive Morse at 20 words per minute. If you are an operator, the training you have received in the Army will help you to qualify for entry. If you are not an operator, do not let this qualification requirement put you off, as a scheme has now been introduced whereby, if after an interview you appear to be likely to be trainable as an operator, you can receive training to bring you up to the required standard whilst receiving a special trainee rate of pay.

Full details of the conditions of service, pay, accommodation, leave, etc., are given in a pamphlet entitled "War Office Civilian Wireless Service." A revised edition has recently been sent to Chief Signal Officers of Commands at home and overseas for further distribution to Royal Signals Units under their jurisdiction. Serving personnel who are interested should therefore apply to their Unit Orderly Room for a copy of the pamphlet.

Ex-members of the Corps may obtain a copy of the pamphlet on application to the Headquarters, or their own local branch of the Royal Signals Association, to which copies have already been supplied.

If you are unable to obtain copies by any of the above methods, you should make written application to:

The Under-Secretary of State,
The War Office (C.4 (a)),
Room 452, Metropole Building,
Northumberland Avenue,
London, W.C.2.

Remember, the War Office Civilian Wireless Service offers to you, whether or not you have had previous operating experience, the opportunity of a steady career with prospects of establishment and pension when you reach the normal Civil Service retiring age. There are already many ex-Royal Signals personnel in the Service, and we want more !

* * *

CORPS HISTORY PAMPHLETS

A supply is now available, and may be obtained from the General Secretary, Royal Signals Association, 88 Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1.

	s.	d.
Part I. "Short History of Signals" with an addition covering the period up to the outbreak of war, 1939	1	6
Part II. "Short History of Signals," covering the period 3rd September, 1939, to June, 1940 (Dunkirk)	4	0
Part II (addition). The 51st Highland Division. British Air Forces in France	1	0

Post free—cash with order.

* * *

RAND TOUR PROGRAMME

MAY

1–28 — Eastbourne.
30 — Small Orchestra, Corps Dinner.
30–31 — Victoria Gardens, London.

JUNE

1–4 — Victoria Gardens, London.
5–11 — Bath.
12–19 — Worthing.
20–30 — Catterick.

JULY

1–5 — Catterick.
6–7 — Brighton Flower Show.
8–25 — Summer Leave.
27–30 — Western Command (Cardiff).
31 — Bath.

AUGUST

1–6 — Bath.
7–13 — Hyde Park.
14–28 — Glasgow and Edinburgh.
16 — Small Orchestra—H.Q. Mess.
29–31 — Scottish Command.

SEPTEMBER

4–30 — Eastbourne.

OCTOBER

1–2 — Eastbourne.
3–5 — Southern Command.

* * *

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

R.E.M.E., March.
QUEEN'S OWN GAZETTE, March.
ST. GEORGE'S GAZETTE, February.
JOURNAL OF THE R.A.S.C., March.
CATTERICK EXPRESS, 25th February, 11th and 25th March.

. . . and all because of a tin of milk

When the lads are finished work for the day at Shoeburyness F.S.S. Troop, there is little else to do but sit in the local canteen or, if you are lucky, continue some left-off business with the W.R.A.C.

But there was a rift between the W.R.A.C. and Signalman Derrick Powsey, and no sign of its being mended.

At tea time one fine day, Powsey chanced to see the makers' address on the label of a tin of milk. A little later, a letter appeared in the Staff Magazine of the Carnation Milk Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Headed "Girls—Here's Your Chance," it was a copy of a letter written to the Mayor of Milwaukee, and forwarded by him to the magazine. "Dear Mr. Mayor, I am a young British soldier who has read a great deal about your country, and would one day like to live there, but as this will not be possible, I would very much like to correspond with somebody in your country, man to man, preferably a girl. We have so much time on our hands, it would be wonderful to receive a letter from 'over there' some time. The lads I am stationed with say it's silly writing and that I will never get a letter. But I have heard a great deal of the understanding of your country, so no matter what they say, I am writing. I am writing to your town because I saw it on a tin of Carnation milk, and I guess it's as good a place as any. Yours sincerely, Signalman Derrick Powsey."

Powsey's confidence wasn't in vain. A letter came back from a young lady who called herself "Virgy" (short for Virginia), and also from Miss Margaret Taylor, both of Milwaukee.

Powsey is a National Serviceman who was working in a paper mill before being called up into Royal Signals. Aged 20, he comes from Dartford, in Kent, and says that he would be only too pleased to go to America if he got the chance. If the photograph of "Virginia" is any sample of what Milwaukee has to offer, as well as Carnation milk, that would go for me, too.

PETER MATTHEWS

A CANDID REPLY

to a Candid Question

By **ALLAN A. HOLMAN**

ONLY lack of time has caused me to leave unanswered for so long your editorial in the February edition of THE WIRE. My immediate reaction on first reading it was that it demanded a reply, since it asks a question of all readers of the publication.

You divide your readers into three types: "the members of the Association, the serving Regular, and the National Service man." I imagine that as a demobilised Service man who is a member of the Association, I belong to the first type. It is as a representative of this type that I write.

Perhaps I should first state why I joined the Association. Before I volunteered to join Royal Signals on leaving school I had no links with the Corps whatsoever. I do not come of a military family, knew little or nothing of *any* Regiment or Corps, and consequently had to "stick a pin in" somewhere. True, I had a bent for electrical work and thought the "Royal Corps" would be interesting in this respect; and consequently, by the time I actually signed-on, I suppose I had really convinced myself that it had always been my intention to join Signals.

From this moment, then, *my* Corps was *The Corps:* I met people I liked, and did work I liked; and I met a lot of people and did a lot of work. Thus it was that I became very proud of the Royal Corps of Signals and became—I hope—a loyal member.

My enthusiasm was great; what a fool I would be, I thought, if I automatically cut off all relations with the Corps on demobilisation; what an improved world it would be if all these friendships and private alliances could be kept alive in Civvy Street; what a lot it would mean to me if I could keep in touch with my old pals, know what they were doing, and meet them at occasional reunions and official functions.

Thus it was a foregone conclusion that I should join the Association — not an anonymous ex-Service Men's Association, not the universal British Legion — but *my* Association; the Association formed to provide especially for *my* particular friends; the *Signals* Association.

I joined immediately—paid a Life Membership subscription, and an annual subscription for THE WIRE and QUARTERLY JOURNAL. I even bought the few odd back numbers of THE WIRE that had been printed between the resumption of publication and the date of my membership. Here, in these pages I should find news of people I knew, people I had worked with, and of places I had visited.

Yes, that was what I thought. I read the first few copies from cover to cover: no news yet of anybody I actually knew, but then, I reasoned, I can't expect *my* pals to be mentioned *every* month. A whole year passed—I received my twelve copies of THE WIRE, but I read them less and less. Then I saw a report of a meeting at which the decline in sales of the magazine—and steps to remedy it—were discussed. This gave me food for thought: so others, too, were not finding what they wanted in THE WIRE. Why? I asked myself: what's wrong with the book? It contains news of a good selection of Units in turn; it publishes photographs of a good many places—and faces; it mentions dozens of Signals personnel by name; it doesn't discriminate between Officers, N.C.O.s and O.R.s; there are, as you say, "Some quite good cartoons . . . and eight short stories or articles of general interest." So what was wrong?

Well, as a "member of the Association," here is *my* answer. Although between four and five years' service seemed, in some ways, a very long time, I met in that time an extremely small proportion of the total Signals "population"; and the majority of those I did meet with were wartime soldiers, like myself. Consequently nearly all *my* friends are demobilised by now; and those that are not are so few in number that the chances of my ever reading of them in THE WIRE are remote in the extreme. I'm afraid I can't get very enthusiastic over the reports of the activities of "Sandy," "Slim" and "Hank" as reported by "Nobby" or "Buster"; nor over their photographs. *I* don't care if Corporal "Ginger's" wife has presented him with quadruplets: I should imagine some small fraction of 1 per cent. of your readers might be vaguely interested. I therefore turn to the "cartoons . . . and short stories or articles of general interest." Yes, these I decide, are usually interesting; the cartoon, "Student Doodles," etc., are cleverly drawn as a rule, and raise an inward chuckle. The stories, too, are usually good and well worth reading; but I think it is fair to say that these, as a regular feature, are an innovation, and it is difficult to generalise about them.

I should like to say here that at the beginning of this year I decided not to renew my subscription to THE WIRE. I had decided that it was not "worth 1s. of anybody's money"—or not of mine, at any rate. To me, the statement that an article is worth 1s. means that I would rather have the article than the shilling. This was certainly not true in my case—far from it. I assumed that if I didn't renew my subscription, delivery of THE WIRE would automatically cease, but I found that whoever is responsible for despatching these publications was not going to lose a customer so easily. THE WIRE arrived, as usual, but with a "new look." The cover had become more interesting, the paper of better quality, and the volume much thicker. I therefore hastily sent off my subscription, more, I confess, out of a feeling of loyalty than of conviction that I was spending wisely and that it was "worth it." (Incidentally, my February copy, I see, has four pages in duplicate; unfortunately these pages are the "Buster" and "Ginger" pages, so I don't consider that adds to the value!)

And what of the Association itself? You may or may not know that I recently wrote a letter to the General Secretary over my disappointment about this. I think the cause of my disappointment with the Association is fundamentally the same one that causes my disappointment with THE WIRE. Its motives of perpetuating the comradeship found among the serving members of the Corps is praiseworthy; a high ideal; in fact, the very motive which led me to join. But my point is this: if I attend meetings of my local Branch, what are the chances of meeting there anybody whom I knew whilst serving, or, for that matter, anybody I know at all? If I don't in this way perpetuate old friendships, what is the advantage to me in undertaking an inconvenient and, in my case, rather long journey to find entertainment which any local club provides in equal measure?

In conclusion I will try to give some constructive criti-

cism. When the sales of any article do not cover the cost of production, something is obviously wrong: *either* the article is completely superfluous—in which case the answer is to stop production; *or* it is of such a quality that it is not " worth it "—in which case the remedy is to improve the quality; *or* its nature is such that its appeal is to a limited public only—in which case it must, perforce, be produced at a loss.

THE WIRE, to my mind, does not fall neatly into either of these categories, as its ingredients are too mixed. In its present form I think it caters fully for the " Serving Regular " type only. He, presumably, is interested in Unit Notes, since his acquaintances will be widespread; if he has any pride of Corps he will be interested in articles on well-known personalities; and since he will normally be widely travelled, he will be interested in " Personal Experiences " articles.

The member of the Association is interested, I think, only in the " general interest " articles. As I have mentioned earlier, the incidence of known personalities in the Unit Notes is so small that interest here can be discounted.

The National Service man, I imagine, will not be interested at all. He will not need to pay 1s. to read Notes of his own Regiment, and " News from Royal Signals Stations to which he is likely to be posted " will not interest him until he is actually posted there—by which time it will be too late to start reading about which Squadron won the cricket match against XYZ.

I suggest that to capture the greatest public, THE WIRE must be packed with stories of strictly Signals interest; if the accent is on *Signals,* the publication is in a class of its own; if the stories are of *general* interest it has to fight a losing battle with the vast number of periodicals which already cater for this class of reader. By " stories of Signals interest " I mean non-technical articles by serving or ex-members of the Corps similar to those by Alex Monteith. (The technically minded are well served by the QUARTERLY JOURNAL.) If this type of article is not forthcoming in sufficient quantities, I suggest the limited appeal of THE WIRE must be accepted, and a decision made as to whether publication shall cease, or continue at a loss as at present. I, for one, will *NOT* try to " persuade someone else to buy it " in its present form.

I don't consider I am qualified to discuss the Association itself in the same way in which I have discussed THR WIRE. I must confess that after eighteen months' membership I know very little about it. The tenor of my letter to the General Secretary, mentioned above, was that in my opinion the Headquarters of the Association should be more than an administrative headquarters. I envisaged it as comprising club rooms in which past and present members of the Corps could meet, and perhaps have a drink or a meal. I wonder whether this idea would be practicable when restrictions on catering, etc., are lifted. I, for one, would gladly make a donation towards the initial cost of such a venture, and surely many more will feel the same about it. If the premises were well run, they could be both a port of call for the weary traveller and a rendezvous for prearranged social meetings. And why not an Annual Reunion Dinner in our own premises?

I feel convinced that the Association and THE WIRE in their present forms are missing golden opportunities. I do not pretend that the above is the last word on the subject by any means. I hope, however, that if this letter is published it may serve as a basis for discussion and perhaps stimulate further comment with a view to solving this difficult problem.

* * *

15 AIR FORMATION SIGNALS

Officers are invited to join the 2 Group Officers' Association, and attend their Annual Reunion at the Park Lane Hotel, London, on 14th May, 1949. Tickets (21s.) and details from E. H. Dickens, Eversfield, Kenton Gardens, Kenton, Middlesex.

B.I.F. Inventions to help Export Drive

B.I.F. this year, which will be held in London and Birmingham from 2nd to 13th May, promises to be exceptional for the number of new developments displayed.

The following are the essentials of a few inventions and discoveries claimed by exhibitors at the Fair:

1. A substance, at one time experimented with for possible use as a " war gas," which has been found valuable in the treatment of three diseases. Known as D.F.P. (di-isopropyl-fluorophosphonate), the substance was never used for its original purpose. It has been used in the treatment of (1) Glaucoma, a disease due to increase in the fluids of the eyeball which raises intra-ocular pressure; (2) Myasthenia gravis, a disease characterised by progressive muscular weakness; (3) Paralytic ileus, paralysis of the small intestine. Treatment for glaucoma takes the form of applying D.F.P. in arachis oil as eye-drops. For myasthenia gravis the D.F.P. is administered by injection.—Chemicals Section, Olympia, Stand No. B.2. Boots Pure Drug Co., Ltd., Station Street, Nottingham.

2. An " electric housemaid " of almost human versatility which can peel potatoes, scour pots and pans, clean shoes, polish buttons, mince meat, grind coffee, whisk eggs, stir puddings. The idea for this invention was born in a munitions factory during the war when the two inventors saw women using power-driven portable tools and decided that post-war housewives would not be content to return to traditional manual methods of housekeeping. The inventors took five years to perfect their gadget and are now experimenting with a view to making it perform two additional chores—clothes and dish-washing.—Electrical Section, Castle Bromwich, Stand No. C.706. H. Fisher (Oldham), Ltd., Glodwick Road, Oldham, Lancs.

3. Power-operated rock breakers and rock drills which can be carried on a bicycle and which were designed for use in inaccessible places which cannot be reached by heavier plant. The power unit of these tools consists of a simple two-stroke engine fuelled with a petroil mixture and working in an inverted position immediately below the handlebars. The tools can be used by unskilled labour.—Building Section, Castle Bromwich, Stand B, Outdoor. Warsop Power Tools, Ltd., 27 Regent Street, London, S.W.1.

4. An " automatic brain " which searches domestic electrical appliances and electrical switchgear for faults, switches on lights as each separate test is passed and rings a buzzer and switches off when finished. In the event of a fault, the " brain " immediately lights up a special indicator, showing where and what the fault is. The unit is self-contained and all the operator has to do is to plug it into the article under the test and switch on. Appliances can be tested at the rate of 500 an hour and larger equipment, such as motor control gear, at 60 an hour. — Electrical Section, Castle Bromwich, Stand No. C.107. Ega Electric, Ltd., Holyhead Road, Wednesbury, Staffs.

5. A collapsible metal shipping container which can take a 5-ton car to its export market and then be sold as a garage. The container is one of a series, made of steel or aluminium, and built to take from 1 cwt. to 5 tons of merchandise. The container saves timber, simplifies handling and safeguards export goods by providing slinging points. When shipped back empty, the containers can be collapsed to 10 per cent. of original volume, thus saving shipping space over the traditional timber crates. When not returned, the containers begin a new life abroad as garages or sheds and constitute a double export.—Building Section, Castle Bromwich, Stand No. B.213. Steel Ceilings, Ltd., Float Works, Port Talbot, Glamorgan, S. Wales.

Tonic solfa

by L. H. Drake

who draws attention to the oddly conflicting opinions of the poets who, on the one hand, aver that music is the food of love, and the scientists who, on the other, contend that there is a greater calory content in sausage and mash. Let us, he says, concede something to both, and so make it a world fit for Eros to live in.

WE have been having trouble with our piano. It has been at the beck and call of the British armed forces for generations, and, to our knowledge, it has grown old and hoarse before its time in the service of the Services. Large hands pounding at quivering vocal chords and larger feet pulverising pedal extremities (simply because feet are made for marking time and no other reason) have reduced the instrument to a state of nervous exhaustion.

Moreover, the regular nightly nourishment of the musician of the moment may be reasonably regarded as a fluid movement in a strictly non-musical sense. Tea, coffee, cocoa and the foaming tankard all come as one to our piano, surely the most liberally lubricated piece of mechanism inside or outside Royal Signals

All of which brings us to the matter of the letter which we have been compelled to indite and which we feel justified in describing, without flourish or exaggeration, as self-explanatory. It is addressed to Welfare (bless their hearts), and reads:

Subject: PIANO.

In the interests of the morale of this Unit and, indeed, of humanity at large, the renovation of the piano at present held on charge to us is implored in all priority.

The instrument in question (an upright model; according to a consensus of expert opinion within the limits of our own company) has, it is submitted, ceased to serve the purpose for which it was originally designed, and is now almost universally regarded in the light of a lethal weapon of considerable destructive potential, to quote Lance-Corporal Haversack, who recently passed the first part of his Third Class Certificate of Education.

Strong men start involuntarily on sight of the instrument and those of weaker constitutional fibre are complaining to the M.O. of " nervous crescendo," a disability which appears to deprive the great majority of their powers of concentration, and which is having a most detrimental effect on the daily output of the potato-peeling squads. And this, so spreads the canker, is having a most detrimental effect on the N.C.O. i/c Cookhouse.

Signalman Pullthrough, who claims to have had some practical experience of pianos in civilian life, volunteered to examine our upright model and to submit a report in triplicate. His findings are now before us, and the following extracts will serve to give you a rough idea of what we are up against.

Signalman Pullthrough states:

1. Of the complement of white keys, eight produce tones of an approximate accuracy, ten emit peculiar harp-like noises, three respond only to extreme violence in manipulation, and the balance remain mute.
2. Of the black notes, ten produce fairly true tones (although these vary and cannot be relied upon to give the same pitch twice in succession), six produce strange tapping noises and remain embedded in the keyboard, and four stick up without producing any form of tone whatsoever.
3. Of the two pedals, one swivels completely around like a compass needle, and the operation of the other thrusts the entire interior mechanism several inches above the normal level of the instrument's lid, a peculiarity which, according to numerous independent eye-witnesses, has frequently resulted in the piano vomiting an assortment of knives, forks, spoons, cigarette ends, saturated newspapers, and, on one occasion, the mangled remains of a boxing glove.

This has been observed to produce a most depressing effect on the more emotional and talented type of pianist. To restore the interior mechanism to its original seating it is necessary to remove the foot gently from the pedal and edge away from the immediate vicinity of the instrument. Following a pause of some ten dread-laden seconds during which period of suspense a decent silence is invariably maintained by witnesses of the instrument's agony, the entrails suddenly vanish from public gaze and, to an accompaniment of indescribable twanging noises, the machinery rights its dislocation. And that is when the front panel falls off.

We have tried to make our piano self-supporting; although described as an " upright," it deviates several degrees from the perpendicular and necessitates appointment of the human agency to ensure its remaining upright. Our human agency is recruited from among volunteers who lack even rudimentary musical refinements, but whose capacity for alcoholic stimulants more than compensates for other deficiencies.

This necessary contribution to our musical evenings is proving increasingly costly, as we have found to our mild and bitter experience.

It has been ascertained that the most enthusiastic supporter of these musical evenings was No. 1234567 Signalman

Bayonet, whose spilt beer has largely contributed to the warped condition of the panels, and who rather cleverly engineered a rapid posting on compassionate grounds before anything could be done about it.

In the circumstances, therefore, it is urgently requested (a) that the services of a certified piano tuner be made immediately available to us, or (b) that the instrument be speedily evacuated before the N.C.O. i/c Cookhouse runs amok.

P.S.—If the piano tuner is not certified before coping with our instrument he will be after he has seen it.

Home Stations

SCHOOL OF SIGNALS

Catterick

March

Ail Arms Wing

The Wing, which has in turn been named Regimental Wing and 53 R.S.I. Course, is at present situated at Gallowgate Camp, Richmond, and away from the madding crowd of Catterick Camp. Rumours have it that we are not likely to remain too long in this quiet spot, but must wait and see.

Being a Unit which has the job of training Regimental Signallers from R.A. and Infantry up to the standard of A.Is, it can be understood that the Corps is in the minority here as far as numbers are concerned. We are commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel J. Stuart-Usher, Royal Signals, who, fittingly enough, appears to be the oldest serving soldier by service, having been commissioned in the Corps for approximately 22 years. He is ably assisted by the Adjutant, Captain J. A. S. Fearfield, M.B.E., and by the Admin. Officer, Captain J. Valinder. The remaining officers are from other arms of the Service to enable particular training according to arms being given.

In the Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess we have several old hands. The Wing S.S.M. is "Jock" Farquharson, with the S.Q.M.S. Frank Duly, who, it might be said, did not like the idea of Civvy Street so has signed on the dotted line to complete 22 years instead of 21, and it would not surprise us at all if he carries on after that. In the Orderly Room there has been a change over of Orderly Room Sergeants, Peter Farrell having gone to help the T.A. and "Busty" Harden taking his place, just returned from the T.A. "Skipper" Kidd has now got the help of "Blondie" Whatmough as "Skipper" has received information that Records want his help in some foreign clime. Sergeant Dolaghan is doing a big job in chasing the carpenters as well as his usual job of radio mechanic. Sergeant H. Johnson, who joined us from the T.A. at Chester, is this week going to join the civilian army and has fixed himself up for a job as W.D. constable at Woolwich Arsenal. Good luck to him in his new job.

The S.S.M. has very able help in Corporal Allen, who will be known to many who have served in the Far East, and especially those who had to put up with those little yellow devils. It is not certain, but rumours are rife that Corporal Kitson is thinking of getting tied up as he has been making inquiries as to what Army Forms would be required should he take such a step, and now he seems to have proceeded on leave.

With the opening of the new N.A.A.F.I. Club, all the talk every day is of the different activities of the Club and the people they meet in the evenings at the various shows. It might be said that females come into the picture rather frequently. For the information of old hands in the Corps who have not been this way lately, Catterick Camp has changed out of all recognition with all the Sandhurst Blocks, shops and other improvements.

N.S. Officer Training Wing

We have had only one Pass-off Parade during the month, this being on 18th February, when Courses 219/20/21 passed-off together. The salute was taken by Lieutenant-Colonel C. D. Gardiner, our Commanding Officer, and the cane for the best cadet of the course was awarded to Officer-Cadet King.

We have said "au revoir" this month to Sergeant Boddington, who has left us for overseas, and wish him the very best of luck.

The Rugby XV have not yet played off the final of the Northern Command Championship as the game has been postponed until 9th March. A detailed account of this game will be given in the next issue of these notes. We would like to take this opportunity of congratulating Officer-Cadet Reeve on the excellent game he played at centre threequarter for the Army in their game against the Royal Navy at Twickenham.

Our hockey XI were unsuccessful in their bid for the Command Championship, being beaten 2—1 in the District Final by 8th Royal Tank Regiment. This game was hard-fought under very wet conditions on a grass pitch, and we reckon that 8th Royal Tank Regiment will now win the final. Good luck to them; we shall try again next year.

The efforts of our shooting team to win the District Championship for the third year in succession are meeting with stiff opposition. To date they have shot 10 matches, won 9 and lost 1, with 5 to play. The Royal Signals Wing are running level with us in the league and are making every effort to beat us.

It is interesting to note that the Royal Signals Wing are combining with us to produce a Signals (Catterick) team from the best in each Wing.

It is with great regret that we will bid farewell to Captain D. S. A. Hutley, G.M., who is proceeding on release early in March. He has captained our shooting team for over two years and it owes much of its success to his drive and enthusiasm (not forgetting his marksmanship). We wish him every happiness in civilian life and hope that he may continue to distinguish himself at Bisley and elsewhere.

User Trials Squadron

At the time of writing the Squadron is busily engaged on trials on a variety of types of new equipment. Our adaptability is being well tested—and we trust not found wanting—by trials on such varied equipments as a six-ton crane and a new transmission measuring set. Signals Research and Development Establishment have a full programme of trials in store for us and we expect to be heavily engaged throughout the summer. We would like to take this opportunity of informing all fellow-members of the Corps that (a) we do *not* test equipment for waterproofing by throwing it in a pond and counting the bubbles, and (b) do *not* conduct tests for "normal forward area rough-handling" by counting the number of sledge-hammer blows required to render the equipment inoperative. On the other hand, we have to admit that we do get some pleasure from being able to report accidental damage to our O.C. and know that he will be pleased at our thoroughness rather than upset at our carelessness.

Our latest expedition has been to Ripon, with Corporal "Mac" MacGarvie livening things up with his constant search for food. There is no boredom in the Squadron, due, no doubt, to the frequent demob parties. The last one we had was for Corporal Frank Cox, who never failed to raise a laugh with his ready wit. His department has now been taken over by Corporal "Smudge" Smith. We look forward to further festivities on the departure of three more of our old-timers—Corporals "Mac" MacGarvie, Jim Roberts and "Jock" Rotheram—with 106 Group. We shall be sorry to see them go but wish them the best of luck in their return to civilian life.

Civilian radio manufacturers will be interested in Corporal Matthew Radford's midget two-valve set. The extremely small size of the set is only equalled by the extremely small results achieved by it. It is rumoured, however, that on a good night, with the aid of an ear-trumpet and a lot of imagination, one can almost hear AFN on it.

Heavy falls of snow during the last week have made it possible to conduct trials on Lance-Corporal "Spike" Kunzie's sledge. It was found to be fully up to G.S. Spec.

We hear with regret that our O.C., Major E. N. L. Brown, will be leaving us in the near future to proceed on the Long Telecomns. Course. We wish him every success on the course and hope we shall be as lucky in the appointment of his successor.

In conclusion, we send our best wishes to Sergeant "Rocky" Knight, now in West Africa; to "Andy" Bedford, now on draft, with destination as yet unknown; and to our exiles wrestling with the rigours of the South Coast winter at Christchurch.

SOUTHERN COMMAND (M) SIGNAL REGIMENT

Salisbury

March

Many items of minor interest are daily keeping us busy, such as Trade Training, Courses, Trade Boards, etc., which always seem to find space in the Corps Magazine.

We welcome T.M. Troop's notes, the first from this Troop for some time, and hope they will be able to continue to provide material.

To the following officers who have joined since our last notes we extend a welcoming hand. Unfortunately, they don't all stay for long: Captain R. J. Harvey, Second-Lieutenants I. S. Randall, E. L. Rogers, E. A. H. Smith.

To Second-Lieutenant M. B. M. Brown who, after a stay of nearly 18 months, has left us for Middle East—it's much warmer there, Mike!

All ranks are looking forward to the Regimental dance which is to be held on 16th March, when it is hoped to have another enjoyable evening.

The third and last "Experiences in A.T.S. Signals in the Early Days of the War," by Senior Commander D. J. Hogh, are appearing in this issue.

T.M. TROOP. The passing of the first two months of the New Year has seen many changes in the personnel of the Troop, with the release of National Service men once again taking its toll of the Regiment. We miss a number of familiar faces who have been with us during the past 18 months. Among them Freddie Fields (the lad from Lancashire), Corporal Jackson (the rugger fan), Ron Price, and others. Our two A.T.S. drivers (Privates Stephenson and Hayes), who were attached to the Troop, and whom we had come to regard as an essential part of our composition, have gone, having been posted to duties elsewhere. We remember them all for the interest they took in the work of the Troop and in its social activities, and wish them all the best of everything for the future.

We are still well represented in the sporting activities of the Unit. A number of its members (prominent among them being "Lofty" Hewson, Corporal Shaw, Corporal Hewertson and Signalman Broughton) are playing regularly for the Unit's soccer and hockey teams. We feel sure that the Troop will be able to provide a large contribution to the cricket team during the coming season.

A recent Upgrading Course for Drivers produced satisfactory results among the M.T. Section of this Troop. Drivers Tipping, Stephenson and Hayes were successful in obtaining their Class II trade rating.

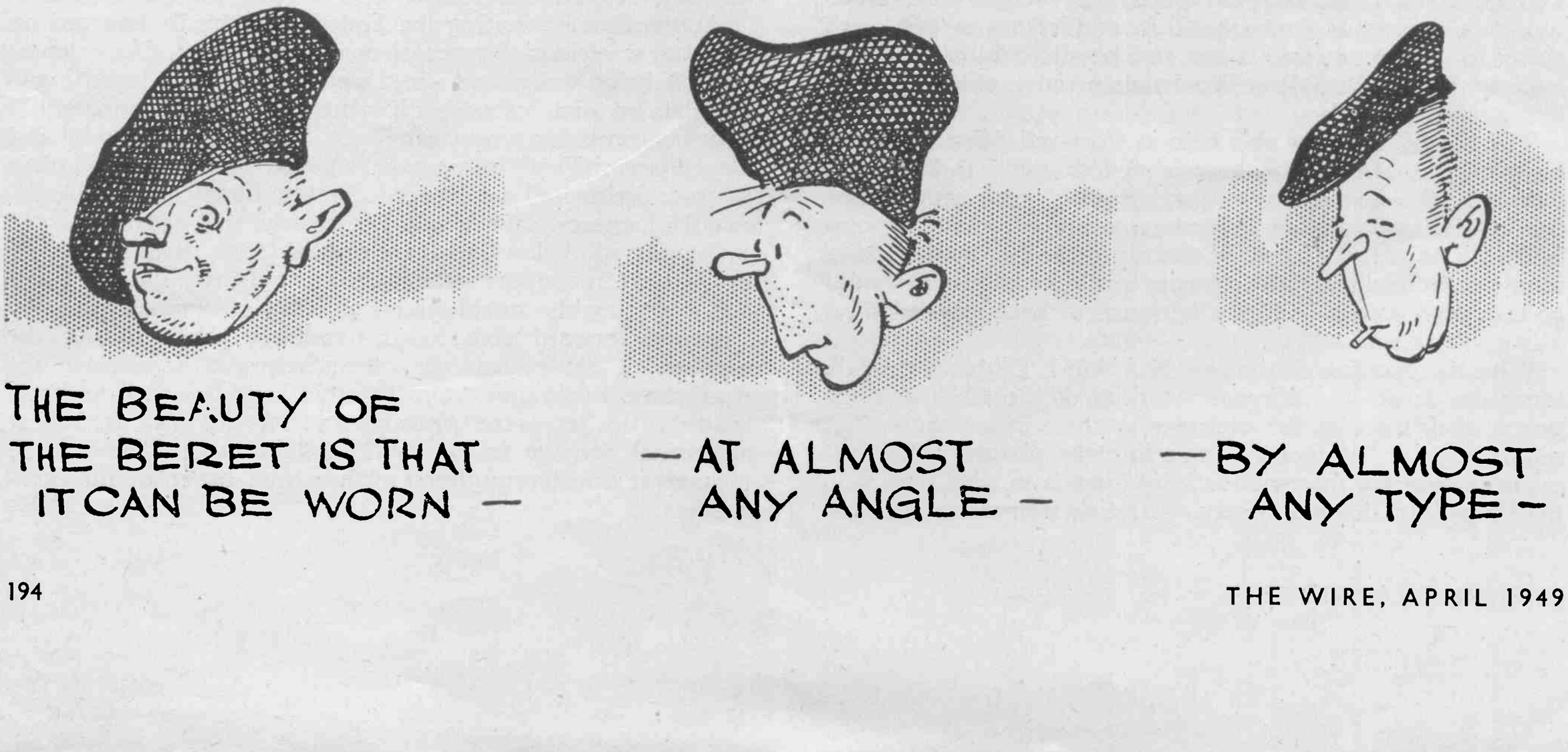
We all sympathise with Driver Dighton, who had to be removed to hospital last Tuesday, suffering from acute appendicitis, and wish him a speedy recovery.

There we must close until our next contribution, which we hope to produce ere long.

The Sergeants' Mess is at present the scene of an upheaval more acute than ever experienced before—the floor is being completely relaid. Liberal quantities of such alien products as creosote are being inadvertently consumed daily with our coffee. On completion, however, ours will be the finest sprung job in the South, and we shall at least be able to dance without the perpetual fear of being precipitated into the nether regions.

Welcome and goodbye in one fell swoop to S.S.M. "Bennie" Bennett, who has concluded that 22 is quite enough, and has evolved an ingenious system whereby all his remaining days are divided among various leave entitlements and a pre-release course!

"Lofty" Yard was pleased to have been joined for a while in his acute maladjustment to our climate by Sergeant W. Constantine, also recently returned from West Africa, and now with Aldershot District Troop. All one sees of



"Lofty" all day is the curved stem of his Peterson thrust between the upturned lapels of his greatcoat. However, summer is on the way—any week-end now . . .

"Dizzie" Bartlett has survived her last fond farewells—only this time it was she who was leaving us, and "Eve" Foster leaves for the Garden of Eden any day now. Best wishes to them both in Civvy Street.

"Chippie" Woods, lately R.S.M. here, is reliably reported to be on tour with a complete staff of W.R.A.C.s. We are looking forward now to a visit by him (and his harem) ourselves!

4 TRAINING REGIMENT

Catterick

March

Nineteen-forty-eight is now just a memory, and with the New Year we witnessed the arrival of several new faces and have had to say goodbye to several others.

We recently lost R.S.M. Burton on his posting to War Office Signal Regiment, but that Unit in return has sent us our reigning president of discipline, R.S.M. Meese. Mr. Burton will be remembered by the N.C.O.s of the Regiment for the active part he took in the forming of their new Corporals' Mess. Mr. Meese was heard to remark the other day, having followed in the former's footsteps and while presiding over one of the monthly Mess meetings: "Now, N.C.O.s, I want you to get a firm footing in this Mess before you get into a bigger Mess." (You must excuse us for noticing the obvious ambiguity of this statement.)

Of those who have departed . . . The inevitable boat has claimed Sergeant Kennedy, of 4 Squadron, well known as a Regimental footballer. Best of luck in, we hope, sunnier climes. With boxing gloves tucked away in his kitbag, Sergeant Daniels, also of 4 Squadron, and Sergeant Regan, the high-speed fanatic of 2 Squadron, accompany him.

A farewell party was given to mark the departure of Sergeant Regan. It was attended by the O.C., Major A. W. De Coursey-Brown and 2 Squadron Cadre, and was held in the N.A.A.F.I. prior to the monthly Corporals' Mess meeting. It was obvious by the high spirits of Corporals Boys, Uffindell, Cameron and Keogh that the proverbial good time was had by all.

More goodbyes to Sergeant Foster and Corporal Baker; having completed the further three months, they left us recently for civilian life. We would like to express our thanks to them for the work they did in running "Duffle Bag," a weekly record miscellany held in the Unit Education Centre. They leave behind Corporal Bill Lovatt and Lance-Corporal Pledge to carry on this popular function. Corporal Johnny Lloyd will be missed as the organiser of regular trips to local soccer matches, and the never-to-be-forgotten speedway meetings.

In the shape of Corporal Gordon Brooks, 4 Squadron and the Regiment have lost a member of the Method of Instruction team and one of Catterick's major music makers. Gordon will be remembered for his keen interest in Unit entertainments. He leaves to study at the Royal College of Music in London.

To some of those who still remain has come promotion. Congratulations to Sergeants Annison, Crowle-Groves, Trow, and also to Corporals Cotton, Drapper, Nicks and Perry, on their success. Congratulations again—this time to S.S.M. and Mrs. Bates on the birth of a daughter, Heather Margaret.

Soccer. After a run of losses, the First Division team's luck has changed. In the last four matches we have won three and drawn one. This promises well for future games, and we hope to finish somewhat higher up in the table. Our main object at the present time is to progress into the quarter finals of the Knock-Out Cup.

Rugby. With only a few weeks' service in the Army, 096 Thomson, a potential officer undergoing training in 4 Squadron, has played for the Corps side against Harrogate. Before being called up he played for Trinity College, Glenalmond.

Entertainment. We are the proud holders of the District Variety Cup presented to the cast of "Show-Time Eight" last year. As the annual competition draws near, the Entertainments Committee are planning a new and, we hope, even better offering than its predecessors. (N.B.—To our rivals—we don't intend to lose it.)

Sergeants' Mess. The Mess proudly announce that they are doing very well in the indoor sports league, and up to date are leading at darts and billiards, while holding second place at snooker. The Mess Entertainments Committee should also be congratulated on the success of their regular Saturday social evenings.

It is with great regret that we report the death at Catterick Military Hospital of Lance-Corporal Miller, M.M. This N.C.O., whose home is at Blackpool, served in the Infantry during the 1914-18 Great War, where he was awarded the Military Medal. He will be remembered by us all for his pleasant disposition. His funeral, held at Hipswell Cemetery was attended by the Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel R. N. Seddon, O.B.E., officers, N.C.O.s of the Regiment, and his many friends among the men, all of whom held him in high esteem.

On Friday, 4th March, Major-General W. A. Scott, C.B.E., in his new appointment as Director of Signals, honoured the Regiment with a visit. Accompanied by Brigadier W. C. V. Galwey, O.B.E., M.C., and the Commanding Officer, and under the guidance of Major Eagle, the Chief Instructor, he saw various forms of training in progress, and, before leaving for London, had tea at the Officers' Mess. W.M.M.C.O.

Farewell Parade

for

GENERAL SIR MONTAGU STOPFORD

G.O.C.-in-C. Northern Command

AS he watched the 1,500 troops march past him, the General's thoughts went back to a broiling Indian day, when, as a young second-lieutenant, he took part in his first big parade.

It was a far cry from the heat of India to the snow and sleet of an English winter, but for General Sir Montagu G. N. Stopford, G.O.C.-in-C. Northern Command, this last farewell from troops in Catterick on 10th March held, he said, especial significance.

At the largest parade seen in Catterick since September, 1947, troops representative of every Unit in the District gathered to bid their last farewell to the Commander-in-Chief, victor of Kohima and Mandalay.

General Stopford was met at the parade ground entrance by Major-General R. T. O. Cary, G.O.C. Catterick District, and a Lancer escort from 12th Royal Lancers.

The two generals walked to the saluting base, and after a general salute, an inspection commenced which took more than an hour in the driving snow, in which General Stopford walked a mile along rank upon rank of men.

The inspection completed, they returned to the dais, and 1,500 troops advanced in a 300-yard-long line—an impressive sight for the watching civilians and National Servicemen.

Then to General Cary fell the task of saying goodbye to the G.O.C.-in-C. on behalf of many thousands who had served under him, not only in Northern Command, but in India and Burma.

"He has interpreted the Army's rules and regulations to the greater benefit of every officer and man," said General Cary. "He has fought your battles and mine, and in his 38 years' service has shown a wonderful example of devotion to duty."

Praising Catterick's high soldierly reputation in his reply, General Stopford said, "Always remember that the Army exists in peace-time to make itself efficient, and to answer

any call to defend our country, our homes, and the things we reckon are good in the British way of life."

The final ceremony was a magnificent sight, as 18 units, including detachments from seven Signals Regiments, R.E.M.E., W.R.A.C., Royal Artillery, R.A.S.C., A.C.C., and Cavalry Regiments marched past to their Regimental airs, played by the massed bands of five Units.

And as the troops marched away down the road, General Stopford's thoughts must have gone back to another road in 1944, when, as G.O.C. 33rd Indian Corps, his troops inflicted a smashing defeat on the Japanese at Kohima, and drove forward along the road to Mandalay, and victory.

Footnote: General Stopford left Northern Command on 11th March, to live quietly in the South of England. His place will be taken by Major-General Phillip Balfour, at present G.O.C. 2nd Division in B.A.O.R.

Contributed by *Catterick Express*. Photographs by *British Army Newspapers*.

2 TRAINING REGIMENT

Catterick

March

Cross-country runners have had a good deal of exercise during the last few weeks. Corporal Field and Lance-Corporal Bryant were at Old Dalby on 4th March for the Army Championships, and were, respectively, second and ninth runners home. In the English National Championships Corporal Field brought Signals, Catterick, to second place, and is strongly tipped for Army Colours.

The Unit Drama Group is busily rehearsing for the forthcoming Drama Festival, and we are fortunate in having Signalman Raymond Dwerryhouse—formerly an assistant scenic artist at the Bristol Old Vic—as our producer.

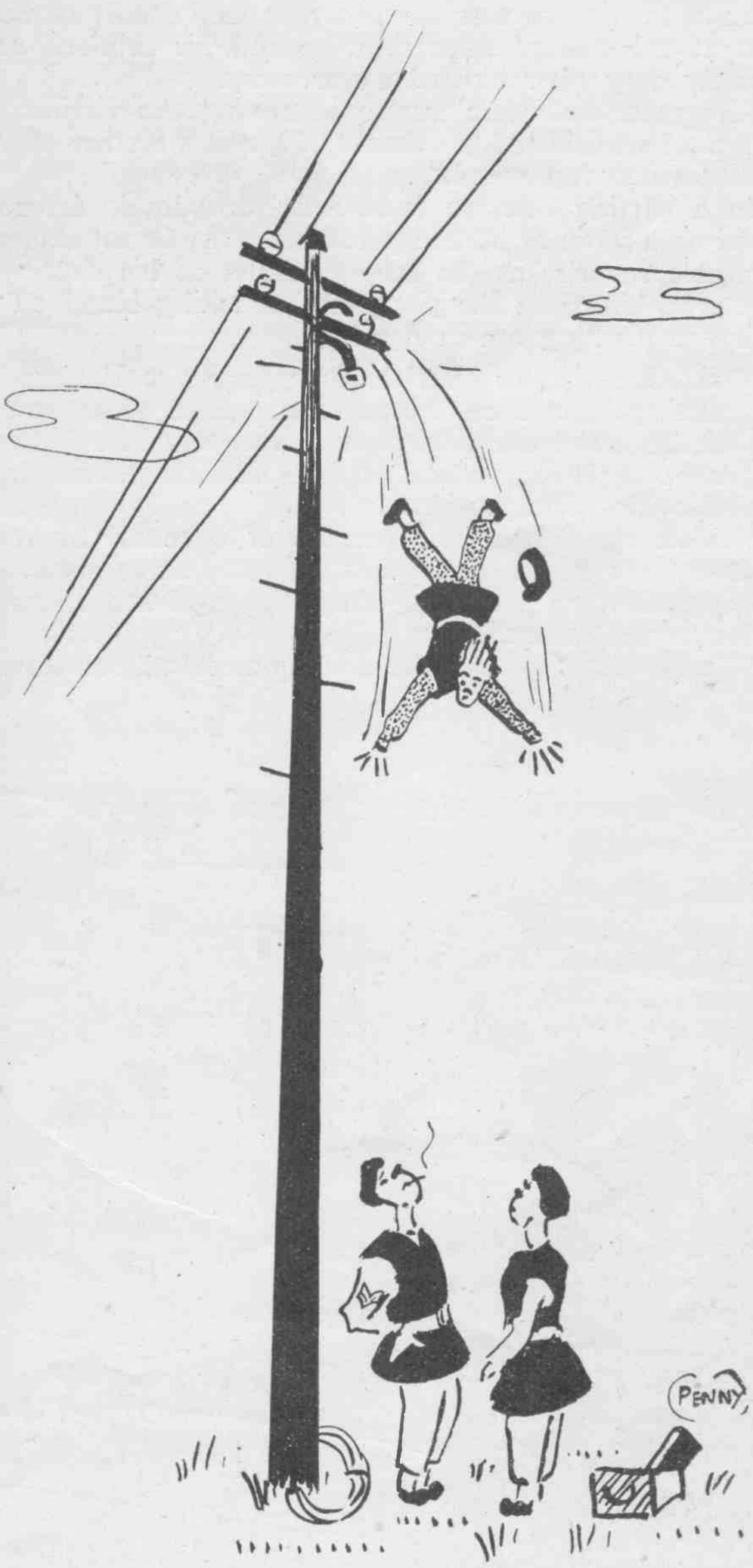
Class "A" release has recently deprived us of Second-Lieutenants Ashworth and Hanson, Sergeant "Frankie" Randle, Corporal Jimmy Johnston and others. We wish them all the very best of luck for the future.

2 SQUADRON. The "New Look" in the lines of colds created chaos in the Squadron. This three-day flu caused orderlies to become acting clerks; Section Leaders had valuable stretcher-bearer training as they carried off the faint and fallen from parade; Corporals were elevated to Troop Sergeants, and throughout it all a party of men searched diligently (?) within and without offices, stores and dustbins for a "Voice, vitriolic, husky, Mark I," the property of S.S.M. Smith. We are of the impression that the Squadron Sergeant-Major was nursing it in the warmth of his winter woollies, as now it has doubled in strength and the bitter winds cannot hold a candle to the "bite" that it now has.

The local winds have served a useful purpose in wafting away the dust clouds caused by the annual spring clean of the billets. Drums of distemper and pots of paint formed up in threes outside barrack rooms, and paint and distemper brushes appeared as if by magic. Apart from making everywhere look brighter and cleaner, this latest application of paint serves an additional purpose—that of holding together the tottering door frames and crumbling brickwork. It is indeed a pity that paint cannot repair flooring, as it is quite a gymnastic feat to walk the complete length of a barrack room without falling through a gap in the floorboards.

Incidentally, our Squadron back-room boys are working hard in the endeavour to produce a substance that is both transparent and weatherproof to put into the window frames that have long forgotten the feel of glass. ("More power to their arms" is a remark passed by 19 Barrack Room—I wonder why?)

Sergeants Beardmore and Harris have at last departed for the warmer climes, whilst Sergeant Randle and Lance-Corporal Billington (R.E.M.E.) have gone to face the perils of civilian life; with these, also filed away a notable Squadron



"Here's Bert coming for the pliers"

and Unit fixture in the person of Second-Lieutenant Ashworth.

Good luck and good hunting to all.

Congratulations are extended to Sergeant McKay on being included on the strength return of 2 Squadron, and it is hoped his stay will be a lengthy and happy one.

When Lance-Corporal Evans departed to Ripon en route for overseas, we lost a cheerful and keen worker. This loss to the Draughtsmen's Training School will indeed be a decided gain to whichever Unit Drawing Office is fortunate enough to receive him.

3 TRAINING REGIMENT

Catterick Camp

March

The Vampire Strikes Again! We must draw the attention of our readers to a highly successful foraging raid recently carried out by Count Dracula on this Regiment.

Creeping up under cover of a week-end, he installed himself and a crew of extremely attractive young vampires in a wing of the Sandhurst Block, and, by skilful deployment of his decoys, was able to wreak such deadly execution that at the end of three days he and his minions could scarcely drag their bloated forms away.

Altogether 700 were numbered among the victims, out of a total available of less than 1,000, and a further 15 were turned away "untapped."

In a parting message (scribbled hurriedly in letters of blood on a scrap of human parchment) the Count expressed agreeable surprise at the record results of his expedition, and even hinted at the possibility of taking blood off the ration in his kingdom in April.

Sport. Mention of blood leads naturally to Boxing, and it is fitting here to record an event which took place on 1st March, when our novices team met that of 1 Training Regiment in the first round of the Catterick District Inter-Unit Novices' Competition.

Neither space nor time permits of a round by round write-up, but all the nine bouts produced some good clean fighting with plenty of ding-dong exchanges and occasional flashes of real talent.

The two best fights of the evening were undoubtedly the featherweight and middleweight contests, and Signalman Dear and Lance-Corporal Donegan are to be congratulated on some real hard and cool fighting.

The last fight of the evening—1st string welterweight—was stopped by the referee because Signalman Desborough appeared to be in trouble. This was unfortunate, for Desborough was giving as good as he got and might well have come out another winner for the Regiment.

However, despite this setback, we ended up on top with 15 points, and 1 Training Regiment, after a gallant comeback in the last three bouts, scored 12.

Our team, consisting of Signalman Morten, Dear, Brand, Lloyd, Brierly, Desborough and Pierce, Driver Lewis and Lance-Corporal Donegan, and ably supported by our P.T. staff under Sergeant-Instructors Gourley and Thorpe, now go forward to meet 7 Selection Regiment with confidence and a happy expectation of further scalps for their belts.

Our Division I Soccer Team had only one fixture during the past month, when they succeeded in beating 4 Training Regiment by 5 goals to nil. Other fixtures had to be postponed owing to Corporals May and Watson, Lance-Corporal Kilpatrick and Signalmen Jones and Nock having been selected to play in the Corps XI *versus* Manchester University, and in the Northern Command team against Darlington F.C.

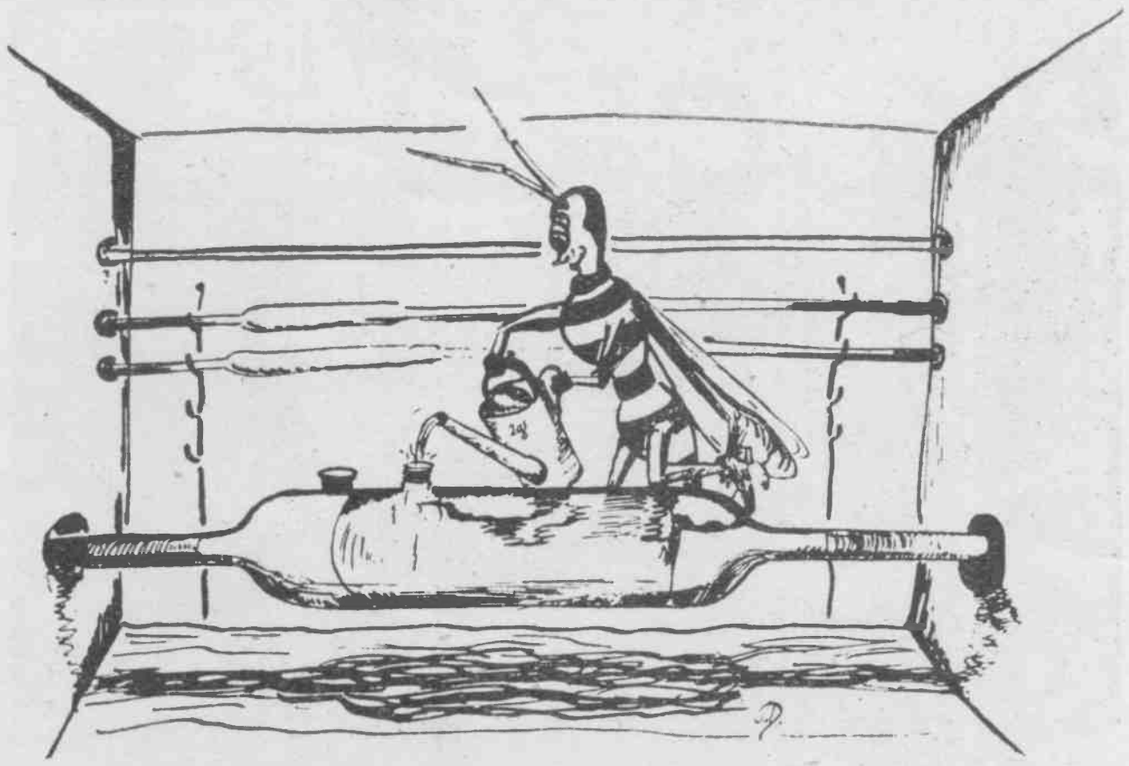
The Division II soccer team have maintained their run of bad luck and suffered a severe defeat by losing 1—10 to 1 Training Regiment.

The management of our soccer affairs has now been taken over by Captain Bob Wragg, owing to the absence of Major Tim Kelly on a course at Devizes. We thank the latter for his very fine work in the past and wish him every success on his course.

The rugger XV played its one game of the month against a team from the School of Signals, on 16th February. It was unfortunate that it coincided with an epidemic of 'flu which incapacitated Lance-Corporals Wassell and Turner and Signalman Remmington, all stalwart figures in the pack, while the three-quarter line was weakened by the absence on leave of Captain Sullivan and the departure on release of our star player, Corporal Gaunt, of the Corps XV and Yorkshire.

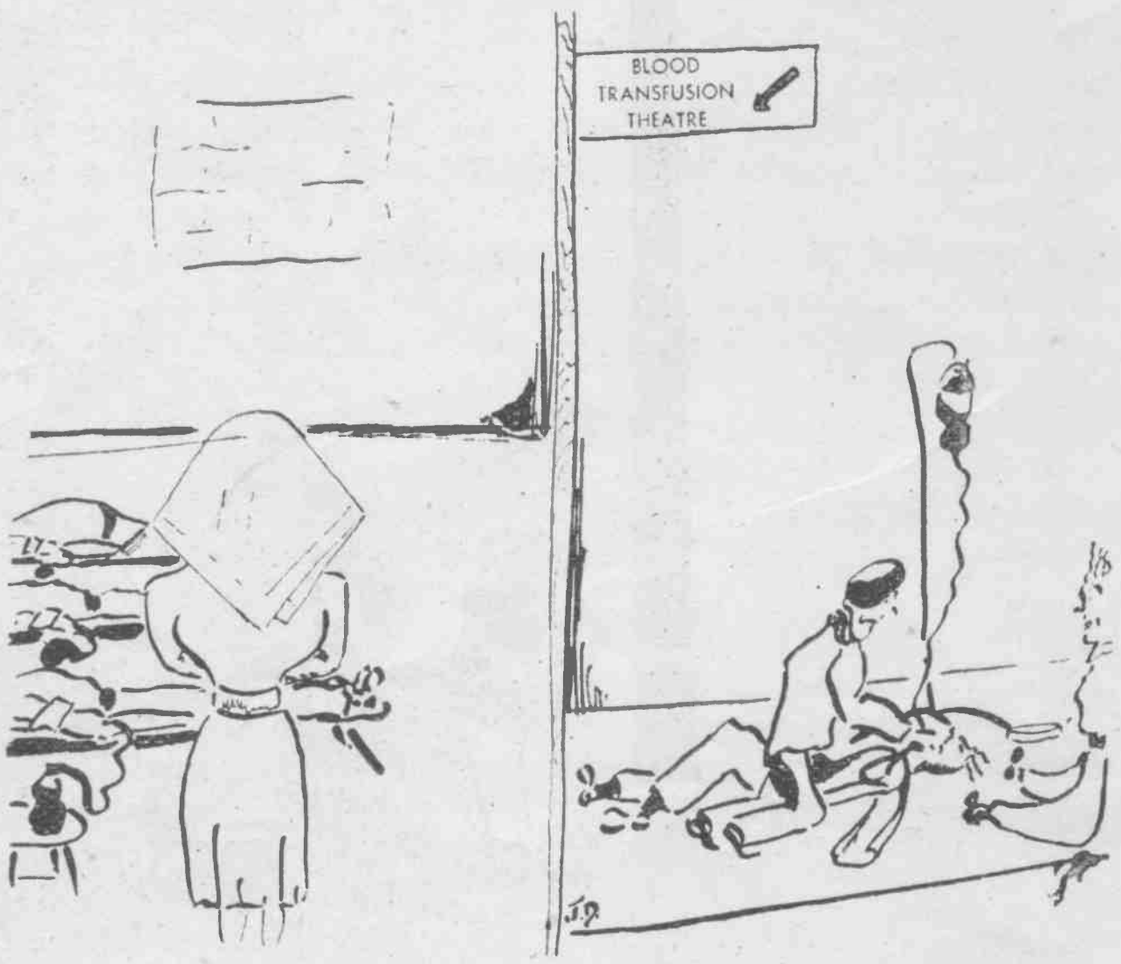
As if this wasn't enough, our veteran pack leader, Captain Sampson, over-reached himself in a fit of enthusiasm and had to retire with a torn thigh muscle halfway through the first half. This incident was a great blow to the team, as up till that time "J.E.P." had been fighting with the ferocity of the proverbial tiger, and the loss of his 14-odd stone was felt by the rest of the pack, who were forced to play David to the School of Signals' Goliath.

The Grifflin at Work (4)



"Let me see now! There were 60 pairs through in that U.G.?"

The Blood Transfusion Team Visits 3 T.R.



All is peaceful within

Outside they have seen the needle!

Despite all these setbacks our team played an heroic game and conceded only 8 points and only failed to score themselves by the narrowest of margins, and we may well congratulate all members of the team on a very gallant effort.

The Camera Club. Even Catterick weather does not deter the ardent photographer, and this month several members of our Camera Club have been overheard in heated argument over the correct exposure for snow photographs.

The darkroom in the Sandhurst Block is at last ready for use, and we must thank the Q.M. and the Education Handicrafts Class for their help, to say nothing of those members of the club who have put in so much good work to this end.

At the moment the membership consists of about a dozen members of the permanent staff, but C.S.M. Mills, R.A.E.C., tells us that he expects a good attendance of trainees at his forthcoming series of lectures on photography. A snapshot competition open to anybody in the Regiment has been suggested, the subject to be any aspect of our Regimental life, and this should put the Club on its mettle!

Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess. For the past few weeks one of the chief topics has been " the boat." Whispers of " This is my fourth trip " don't seem to penetrate as far as Officer-in-Charge Records, and we have recently lost R.Q.M.S. Hayter, S.S.M. Jones, S.Q.M.S.s Carter and Burge and Sergeants Skirving (whose cartoons have enriched the pages of THE WIRE) and Herring. We send them our best salaams, and can only say we wish they were just joining instead of leaving us.

However, despite the loss of a few parts, the military machine still functions efficiently, as the replacements appear to have landed straight on their feet, and we are pleased to welcome S.S.M. Walker (ex-6 Armoured Division), S.Q.M.S. Glover and Sergeants Norsworthy and Rowbottom into the fold.

Entertainments. A dance was held on 2nd February in order to assist the departing members to see each other through rose-tinted spectacles for the last time. A large crowd turned up to say cheerio, and we understand that " Auld Lang Syne " led to the production of more than one small handkerchief!

Games. We are still searching for new talent in the billiards and snooker world by having fortnightly games nights, but so far it remains securely hidden under its bushel.

Socials. The monthly dances have been a great success, thanks to hard work and interest on the part of the committee. Anyone requiring lessons on the "Shanghai Shuffle" may have the same on application to R.Q.M.S. Ogden.

Notes from Bourlon Lines. HEADQUARTERS SQUADRON. " The Boat " has hit us sadly, and on 10th February we said goodbye to S.S.M. Jones, held by many of us in awesome affection, R.Q.M.S. Hayter, S.Q.M.S. Carter, Sergeant Taylor, who had issued his last pair of socks from Squadron Stores, and Corporal Jenkins, who has played in many Unit games of soccer and hockey. Others, it is true, have left the Unit, and more have yet to go, but Headquarters will miss its own, especially since we shall no longer be reminded in stern tones of our " bone-idleness " or ordered to " bend our knees." We wish them all the very best for their overseas tour.

S.Q.M.S. Glover has had his hands full with a double responsibility since, besides officiating as S.S.M., he has also been performing in the Stores in the place of Sergeant Norsworthy, who entered hospital almost immediately after his arrival.

We welcome these newcomers and trust that they will be as happy here as their predecessors.

At the time of going to press the Orderly Room staff have completed the collection of all Unit Documents for the scrutiny of a team from Records, and are now awaiting the results in fearful anticipation.

Second-Lieutenant Donne and Corporals Fuller and Cross still go down to the Signals Theatre to perform and produce, and Thorn, our draughtsman, has stretched his loyalty to the cinema to the extent of going with them.

Snow is on the ground and our drivers are having the time of their lives trying to fit on their skid chains, but March is here and surely spring cannot be far behind! But, stay! We hear the T.O.M. muttering grimly of snow on the ground when he first came to Catterick "w-a-a-y back," and it was April!

1 SQUADRON. Our Military Sausage Machine continues to churn out a steady flow of O.S.T.s at the rate of some 25 per week, and they must be pretty good, for most of them these days are marked " For Export Only " !

At present we are in the throes of spring cleaning, and rooms and corridors alike are filled with a merry throng busily engaged in scattering paint and distemper in all directions with gay abandon. We are seriously considering an invitation to Mr. J. Arthur Rank to send his talent scouts along the next time he contemplates the production of one of those slapstick comedy films with loads of custard pies!

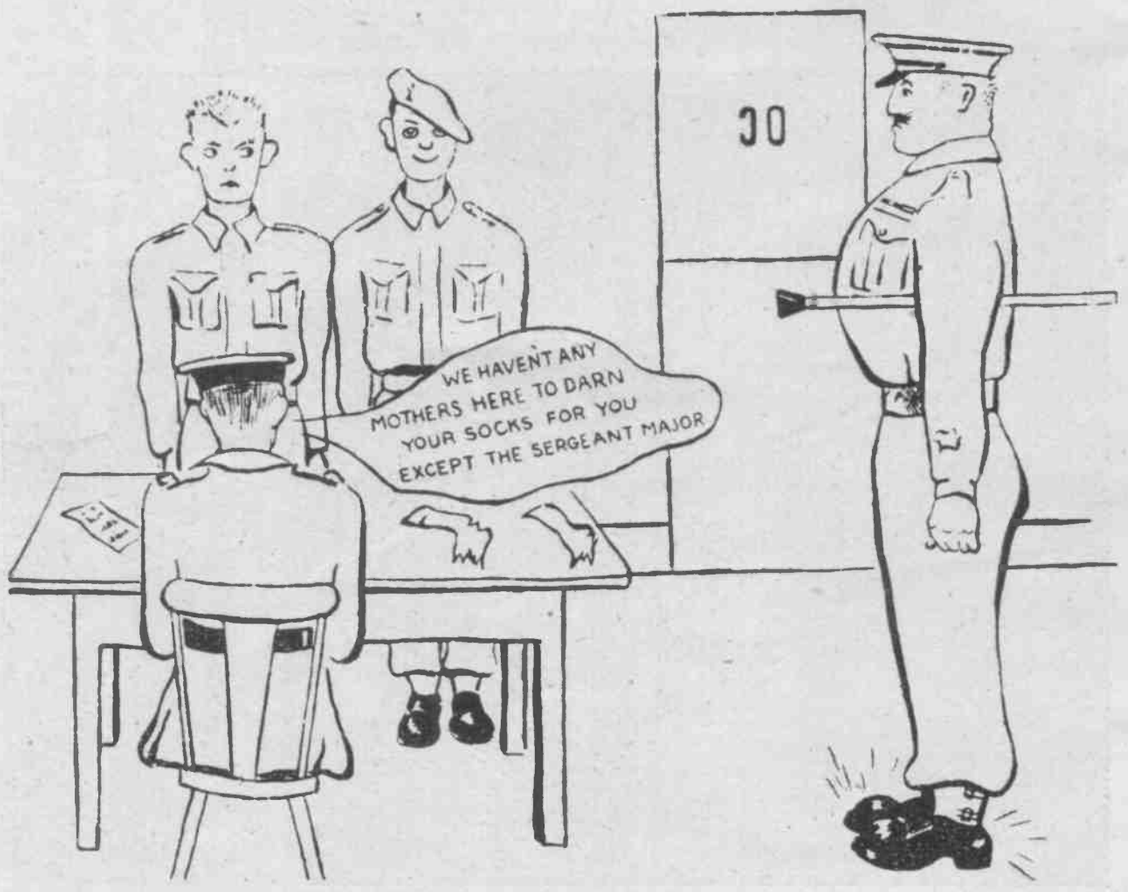
In the realm of sport we must congratulate Signalman Bell on his fine work as left-winger in the Unit football team, and Corporal Robinson and Lance-Corporal O'Shea, who have striven gallantly in the Division II side. Signalman Lloyd was our contribution to the boxing team in its recent victory over 1 Training Regiment, and Lance-Corporal Brown was all eager to take part, but was unable to do so as it would have meant his conceding too much weight.

We have had to say goodbye to Major Kelly, who has just left for a four-month course, and we welcome Captain J. E. P. Sampson as O.C. in his place.

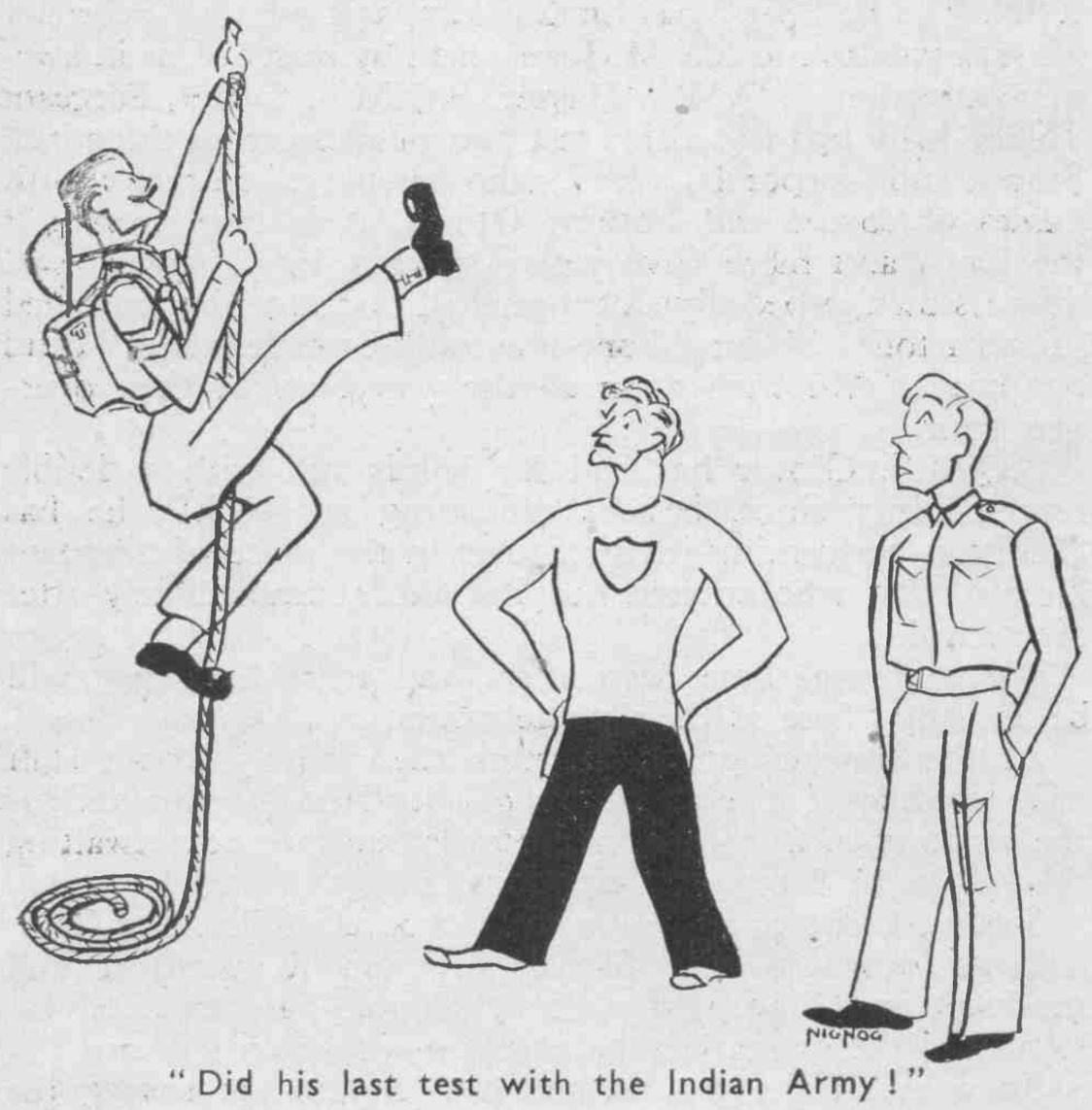
Contributions from Individauls. Cartoons. We have suffered a severe blow in the loss of Sergeant Skirving, though we trust that his new Unit will continue to forward a steady stream of his work to the Editor.

Second-Lieutenant Donne, despite a nasty attack of tonsilitis, continues with the good work, and we enclose two more products of his frenzied mind.

Our new scribbler is Captain McKay, who, like Sergeant Skirving, hails from 4 Squadron.



Will Sergeant Skirving, wherever he may be, please continue to help the Editor??



"Did his last test with the Indian Army!"

7 SELECTION REGIMENT

Catterick

March

The weather prophets, after ardent speculation that the proverbial Catterick winter had failed to materialise, were dealt a severe blow to their prestige, when, last week, the Camp experienced its first snowfall of the year. Outdoor training was held up for a few days while all and sundry wielded shovels and brooms to remove the snow, and the expressions on many of the trainees' faces revealed that they were in silent prayer for the drill square to be covered with a good few inches.

On 1st February we celebrated our first birthday. It is exactly a year ago since the Regiment was formed under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Beeton. Since those far-off days we have trained 11,500 "Nignogs," and our output to line of 1,000 per month shows that a steady pace has been achieved despite our many ups and downs. The old machine is now in top gear, and we hope to pass the 24,000 mark by our next birthday.

The Director of Signals, Major-General W. A. Scott, C.B.E., visited the Regiment on 4th March. He took the salute and inspected the pass-off parade of Nos. 3 and 4, and later presented proficiency certificates to the best recruits in each Squadron. We hear on good authority that the General was most impressed with the standards that had been achieved.

The Regiment is sorry to say farewell to Lieutenant-Colonel Beeton, who has been our C.O. for just over twelve months. He leaves us on posting to Command 2 A.A. Mixed Signal Regiment, Royal Signals, Aldershot. He will be greatly missed, and we all extend to Colonel and Mrs. Beeton our very best wishes for their future happiness.

Since our last issue the Regimental soccer team has gone from strength to strength by winning their last seven games, and our position at the top of the Catterick District League is of great credit to the players.

				Goals		
P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.	Pts.
22	19	3	0	137	32	38

Our leading goalgetter this season has been Sergeant-Instructor Riley, A.P.T.C., who has "bagged" 73 so far. Apart from the inter-Regimental battles we have had considerable success by beating 7 Queen's Own Hussars 4—1 in the first round of the Catterick Garrison Cup, and the team is now waiting to do battle with 17/21 Lancers in the next round. Among our new players are Lance-Corporal Blakey (Chesterfield) and Signalman Briggs (Mansfield Town).

During the last month the weather has not permitted more than four games of hockey to be played. A sharp setback was experienced to our hopes of winning the league championship when we were beaten 2—1 by 4 Training Regiment, Royal Signals, and 3—2 by 2 Training Regiment, Royal Signals. Of the two other games, one was drawn and the other won. We are at present on top of the league, but our nearest rivals, 8 Royal Tank Regiment, have four games in hand and are two points behind.

Welcome additions to the team are Corporal Gibbons and Lieutenant Wilson-Wilcox. Corporal Bailey, a very useful forward, has been posted, and is greatly missed in the team.

We congratulate Lance-Corporal Bottomley, who has upheld our Corps motto by getting fifth place in the Northern Command Cross-Country Championship.

The final team placing for the Regiment was seventh, with 470 points, 1 Training Regiment, Royal Signals, earning a well deserved victory with 132 points.

In the entertainment world, the highlight for the month will be the grand anniversary ball on Saturday, 12th March. Newbiggin Hall has been seized by our Entertainments Officer, Captain Boyle, and our M.O. has been requested to give anti-freeze injections to all intending patrons. All in all, it looks like being a very good "do."

4 A.A. GBOUP INBEPENDENT (M) SIGNAL SQUADRON

Peninsula Barracks, Warrington, Lancs

March

The W.R.A.C. of 4 A.A. Group paraded at Warrington Parish Church on Sunday, 6th February, for the inauguration service on the forming of the W.R.A.C. Led by the band of the South Lancashire Cadet Battalion, the whole parade looked very smart.

The Squadron has had its first enlistment into the W.R.A.C.—Private Boswell, a re-enlistment who was at one time serving with the Middle East Signals.

The accompanying photograph is of Lieutenant-General Sir Frank E. W. Simpson, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., General Officer in Chief, Western Command, inspecting the Royal Signals guard on his visit to 4 A.A. Group on 7th February.

Training is going on as usual. We have two courses running at present, the first an upgrading course for W.R.A.C. T.S.B.O.s, and the second for R.A. Regimental Signallers.

The Line Troop is out in the blue, laying lines for an exercise in the near future. The Radio and Tele. Mechs. are hard at it, repairing wireless sets and teleprinters, the draughtsmen doing notice boards, etc.; in fact, everyone is working fairly steadily.

The W.R.A.C. (Royal Signals) have moved into their new billets, freshly painted out by the R.E.s, and are in the throes of painting beds, lockers, staining floors, etc.

We welcome the first promotions in this Squadron—Captain E. F. Matthew to that rank, and Sergeant C. Land to entry into the Sergeants' Mess. Congratulations to both you, Sir, and Sergeant Land.

STAPOO

THE SONG OF THE SECRAPHONE

(With apologies to an unknown R.A.F. Officer who, I believe, wrote it in Barrackpore.—P.B.G.G.)

There's a little box within a room—
It stands there quite alone.
Inside it's filled with coils and things—
It's called the Secraphone.

This wondrous gadget scrambles speech
So that it can't be understood
By folks who may be listening-in—
Not even those who should.

Hello, Delhi, take this down:
From A.H.Q. Bengal
To Air Headquarters, India,
No aircraft seen—that's all.

What's that you say? You cannot hear?
My voice is far too weak!
How's that? That's fine, we'll get this down
From obble bobble eek.

I'll repeat it. Listen carefully:
From A. H. Bobble Squeak
No air crabobble wobble seen
That's obble bobble eek.

Say, what's the matter? Are you deaf?
Bengal—yes, B bor beak
E for eddle nobble, G for
Obble bobble eek.

Who's that? Get off the line at once
You bluddle fuffle tweek.

This sort of thing goes on an hour
Or two as like as not,
But Delhi gets it down at last,
And this is what they've got:

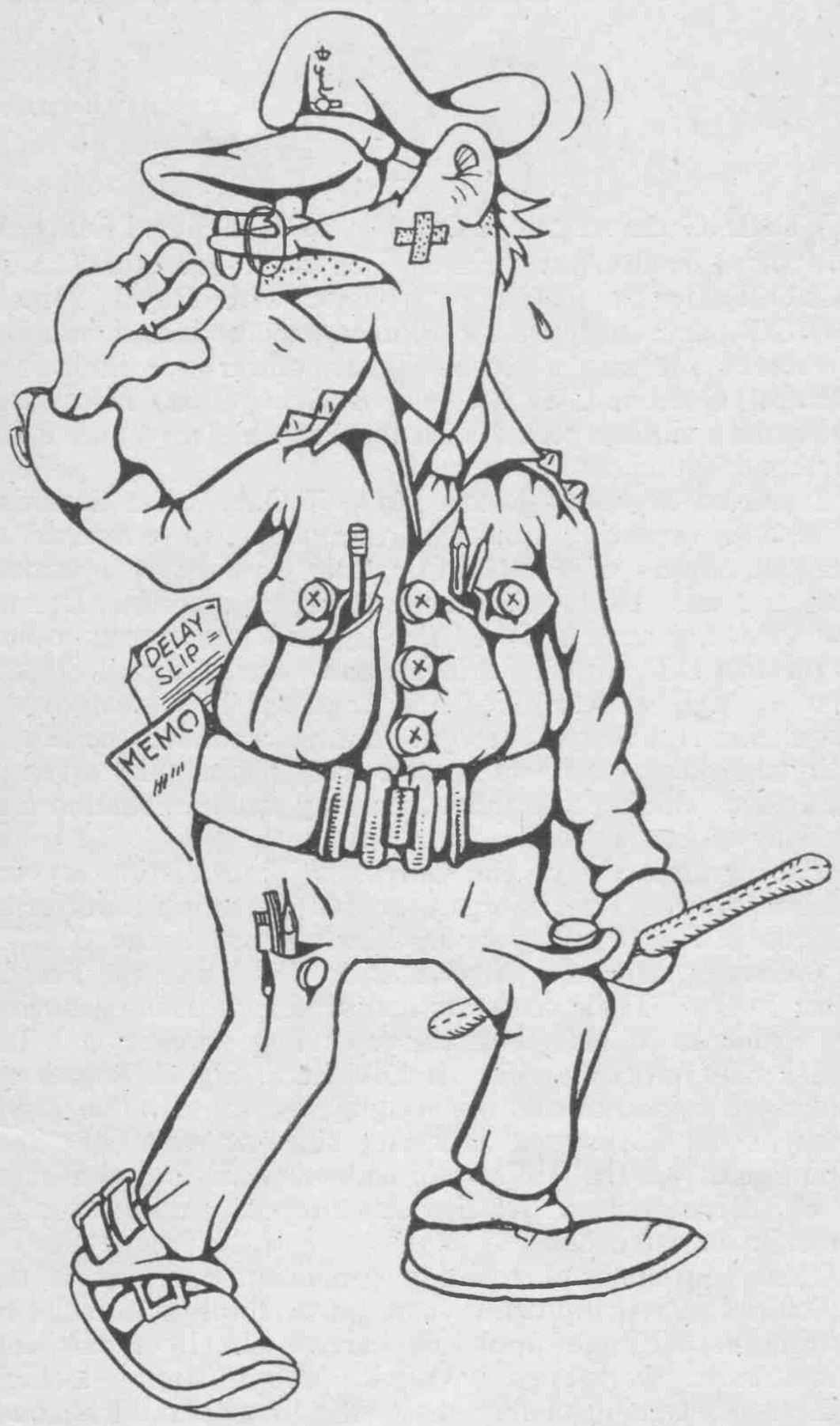
From A. H. Quiffle bubble giffle
To Air Habobble Cleek
No effle cribble fabble whiffle
Obble bobble eek.

I wish I had the inventor here—
The telephonic freak—
I'd take his box and stuffle tup
His obble bobble eek.

There's a little box within a room—
It stands there quite alone.
Inside it's filled with coils and things—
It's called the Secraphone.

Sognal Singsters No. 6

A comparatively new species with an acute anxiety neurosis. Dies young



The Flap Finch or Signal Office Scapegoat

(Inthruout—Wotzitalabout)

Adult male: Long and stringy; suffers from permanent migraine and acute near-sightedness. Call, high-pitched and querulous. Wings, dun-coloured and contra-rotating, giving it the appearance of a spinning top when in motion. Mandibles, hollow and mobile, covered with a faint down. Countenance, chalk-white or bright scarlet, as the situation demands.

Habits: The Flap Finch is an excitable, easily flustered bird, and during periods of emotional stress it bounces up and down, emitting as it does so clouds of lead pencils, *sharpened at both ends* (see Signal Training, Volume 15, Pamphlet 55—Shock Tactics, 1909). If on duty during the day, it sleeps at night. If on duty during the night, it sleeps.

Habitats: Prefers soft, multi-spring mattresses, but has to make do with chairs, Windsor, upright, very hard, or chairs, collapsible, Signal Office, any moment now. Lays its eggs regardless, in traffic charts and card index boxes. Raises its young in strict order of priority.

Signals in the French Army

By **Captain C. E. TONRY**

DURING the month of October, 1948, a Signal Officer of the French Army was invited as a guest of C.S.O., B.A.O.R., for a fortnight to liaise with Royal Signals, B.A.O.R., and study their equipment, methods and training. In return for this, a Royal Signals officer was invited by General Gueren, C.S.O., Troupes Occupation, Allemagne, to spend a similar period with the French Army, and I was fortunate enough to be selected.

I arrived at Baden-Baden H.Q., T.O.A., on a Saturday afternoon, expecting almost anything, but was surprised to find all officers of the C.S.O.'s staff working as a normal day, and was able to meet them all before evening. During the following week I visited the Signal Units corresponding to the B.A.O.R. Signal Regiment and District Signal Squadrons, as well as Armoured and Infantry Divisional Signal Regiments and Brigade troops. On all occasions the hospitality shown was tremendous and every opportunity given to me to see vehicles, equipment, training, accommodation and the way of life of the French Army.

The organisation of the Corps de Transmission is very similar to Royal Signals organisation. There is a Director of Signals in Paris, having under him various theatre C.S.O.s in Germany, Morocco, Algeria, Indo China and the French West Indies. Their staffs are comparable with ours, having Etat-Majeurs (G.IIs), with corresponding wireless and line junior staff officers, while in Divisional Signal Regiments ranks and appointments are roughly the same. The headdress of the Corps is a dark blue side-hat with light blue piping and top, the Regimental badges, consisting of a letter T with Divisional or Area sign superimposed, being worn on the right breast pocket.

Their equipment is basically American, but, due to the difficulties of re-supply and spare parts, absolute miracles of restoration and renovation are carried out by repair and maintenance workshops. Queries about strange-looking equipment were inevitably met with lifted shoulders, outspread hands and the magic words, " System D," which is the name given to the methods whereby anything is constructed from nothing or a Unit provides itself with necessary equipment from its own resources. Working from the basic policy that nothing is ever thrown away, the Signal Regiments provide Signal service as required, using the same equipment indefinitely.

No Ordnance Corps as we know it exists, the Corps de Transmission providing all signal equipment in use in the Army, and one could not help but draw a comparison between a hard-worked British Army Q.M. with R.Q.M.S. and staff supplying a Divisional Signal Regiment, and one Lieutenant Migeon, of 5 French Armoured Divisional Signals, who with three men supplies the whole Division from a store rather like a small B.O.D.

It has been found from experience that crystal-controlled sets lose range and accuracy as crystals deteriorate through use or age. The crystals themselves deteriorate far more rapidly than the sets, and large-scale cleaning and overhaul of crystals is carried out at Divisional level.

Vehicles are all American, fitted with sets as required, and heavily armed on American scales. No small charging engines are held, and on Scout cars the vehicle battery is used, charging being done by the vehicle engine, with consequent heavy petrol consumption and engine wear. This is being overcome by the almost universal introduction of expendable dry batteries.

Line, teleprinter and heavy wireless equipment is all modern American, installed, operated and maintained on British and American lines. The Signal Service thus supplied differs only slightly, in that phonograms are rare as wireless or teleprinter links exist between all major Units, and these are used at all times. The S.D.S. system is almost completely by train and only registered traffic is accepted, unregistered being cleared by French A.P.O. Registration of messages and S.D.S. traffic is as the British system, but the saving in personnel produced by the above rules and fixed working hours for Signal Offices enable Field Units to carry out almost full-scale field training without the bulk of their personnel tied down by static commitments.

Perhaps the greatest difference lies in the supply and training of personnel. Recruits called up in France are delivered direct to Units in Germany, who accept them as civilians, issue uniforms and retain them for one year. A Divisional Signal Regiment receives drafts of perhaps 180 men every six months, and a Brigade Signal Troop about 35. These men receive, under Regimental or Troop organisation, six months' training, four technical and two military, and for the remaining six months serve actively with their Regiment or Troop. Thus an O.C. has a definite number of personnel for six-monthly periods and can base his training programme on fixed numbers and times without the continual stream of arrivals and departures so exasperating under the British system of recruitment, leave and demobilisation. The results obtained from the trained soldiers depend directly upon the quality and quantity of the training given them, by the same O.C., during their first six months under his command. This training is therefore intensive and highly organised, each Signal Unit possessing a miniature Catterick, with demonstration line, wireless and telephone equipment, with operating training facilities all provided under the eternal " System D " by the Unit itself.

Some overall direction as to quantities by trades is given to O.C., but within their allocation of conscripts selection of individuals is left to the O.C. concerned. This policy of keeping recruits together under one O.C. for the whole period of their service, during which time, incidentally, they receive no leave except on compassionate grounds, has three major beneficial results. A team spirit is built up within Units and Detachments which can always work together—progressive training of young soldiers by older soldiers within detachments is easily organised—and above all an O.C., knowing that his results depend from the start on himself and his own work, is enabled to and does put a great deal of work and interest into his own command.

This system does not apply to the more technical trades, who are trained together at Corps level and distributed to lower formations on completion of training.

In comparison with a British signalman, the French soldier is far worse paid—a total of 1s. a week for a recruit, necessitating the sending of money from home. He receives about the same food, accommodation and clothing, yet works far harder, his hours being from 7.30 a.m. until 6 p.m., with

(*continued on page* 205)

To
No 2 Infantry Division
Regimental
with my
Palermo

(*continued from page* 202)

an hour and a half for lunch. He lives in tents from April until September, and barracks for the remainder of the year. He has no N.A.A.F.I. organisation, it being the Unit itself which produces, furnishes, staffs and maintains its own canteen. He can improve his pay by increasing his ability and achieve promotion by hard work, does far less drill and parades, but, as with the British soldier, does a guard about one night in ten. He uses his period in the Army as the time to improve himself for civilian life, and in all Units open workshops and technical equipment and literature are available to the comparatively large numbers of men who use them.

The French Signal problems and difficulties are the same as ours—misuse of priorities, impatience of telephone users, shortage of regular instructors and N.C.O.s' married quarters, and so on. But their shortage of equipment, not experienced by us to such a degree, can only be overcome by the superhuman effort made by all ranks in French Signals to maintain all equipment at the highest standard, instantly repair all faults and waste nothing. A British Divisional Signal Regiment or Brigade Signal Squadron would learn a lot, both technically and morally, if compelled to exist indefinitely on the same equipment, maintaining at the same time an intensive training programme for recruits and trained soldiers.

The French Army as a whole was most impressive, consisting as it does of hard-working recruits with officers and senior N.C.O.s possessing a fierce pride in their Units and the Service. One senses the effort being made at all levels to reinforce the efficiency and good name of the French Army, and in that work the Corps de Transmission is playing its full part and more.

British Army of the Rhine

2 INFANTRY DIVISIONAL SIGNAL REGIMENT

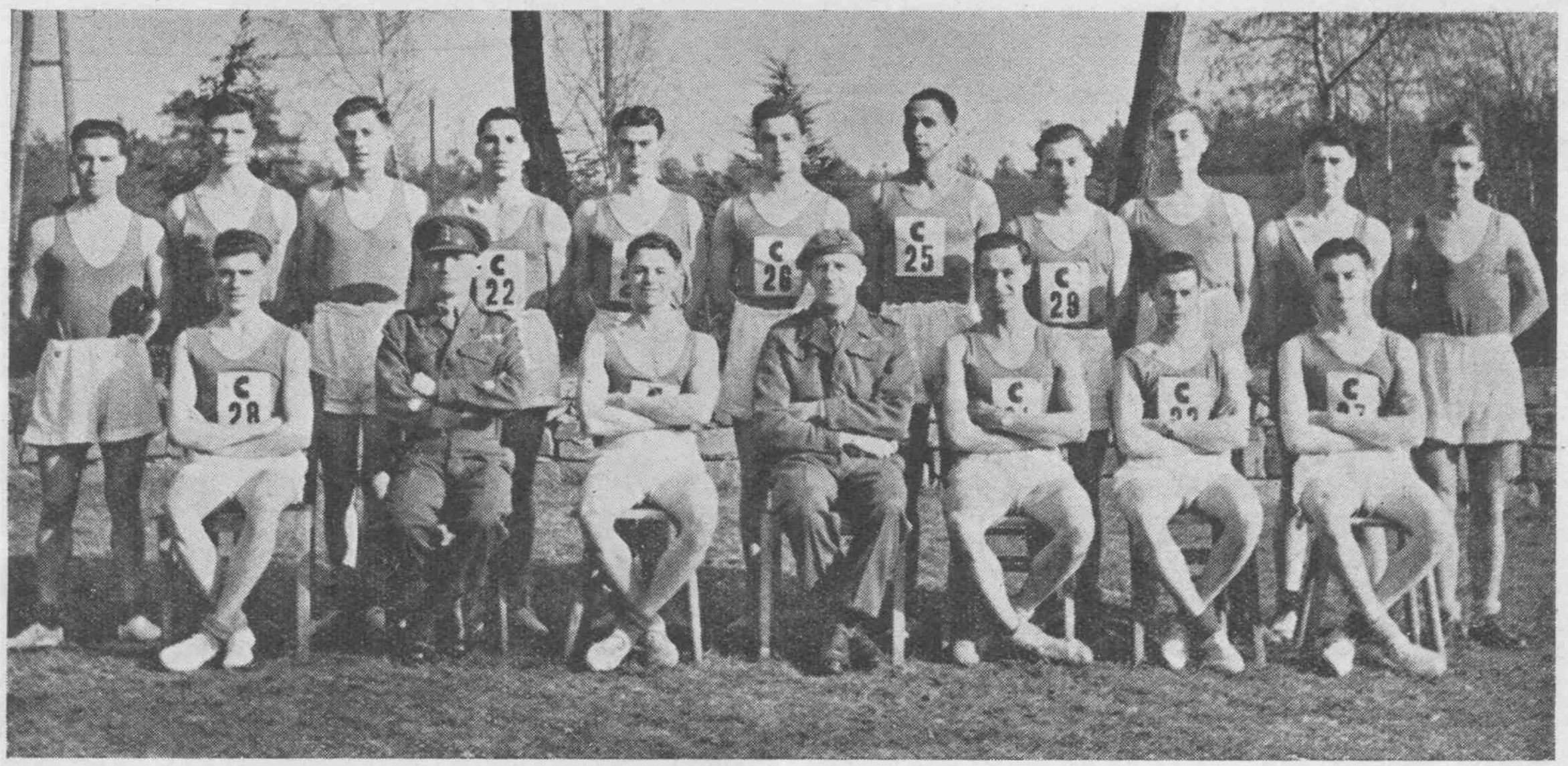
B.A.O.R. 4

February

This month we have with regret said goodbye to Lieutenant-Colonel A. B. McVittie, O.B.E., who has proceeded to take up a new appointment after having commanded the Unit for the past 2½ years. We welcome Lieutenant-Colonel G. B. Bell, C.B.E., as our new C.R. Signals, and wish him a happy and successful tour with the Unit.

The weather has been good over the past month, enabling training to go ahead with every success. A Trade Board was held at the end of the month, and nearly one hundred men paraded for the start. The results were fair, but more men will now have a trade rating and feel the benefit of their studies. Our L.A.D. has had a busy time, too. A move was scheduled at the beginning of the month, but had to be concelled at short notice. However, as I write this, the move is progressing and has almost finished. The L.A.D. is now situated near the Camp hockey pitch, and the Unit has more garages to house the M.T. A sparate garage can now be allotted to the Motor Cycle Club which is being formed in the Unit.

On 26th February, 2 Infantry Division held the Annual Hobbies Exhibition. Although the number of exhibitors from the Unit was small, we carried off many awards. We gained first and second prizes for Landscape Photography (our tame photographer having made full use of his Ehrwald tour), first and second prizes for model aircraft (the only wings some of us will ever get), first prize for water-colour painting (the paint is still frozen on, as these were done during the winter) and second prize for embroidery. We hope that as a result more men will find their way up the long stairs to the Hobbies Room.



Regimental cross-country running team

Signals stand, 2 Infantry Divisional hobbies exhibition

Football. Our Regimental Soccer Team is going "great guns," despite the fact that we lost quite a number of our "stars" lately. Recent victories have shown that our standard of play has not deteriorated in any way; in fact, we seem to be improving with every game, as the following reports will show.

The highlight of the February games was, of course, the visit of the H.Q. B.A.O.R. Signal Regiment team, whom we met in the semi-final of the Royal Signals (B.A.O.R.) Inter-Unit Tournament. This tournament, something entirely new over here, is confined to Royal Signals personnel serving in B.A.O.R. and is controlled by the C.S.O. Rhine Army. We were fortunate enough to draw a bye in the preliminary round, which put us straight into the semi-final against H.Q. B.A.O.R. Signal Regiment.

As we were drawn at home for this game, the ground selected was 2 Division Stadium at Wuppertal, and, despite the very slippery state of the pitch, due to heavy frost, a very high standard of football was played by both teams. It was a "ding-dong" struggle from the kick-off, and it was anybody's game right up to the final whistle. On two occasions the visitors were in the lead, but our lads fought back, and ten minutes from "time" the score was three all. Excitement reached fever pitch at this stage, and it came as a great relief to all our supporters when Signalman Clarke netted the all important goal to give us the game, bringing the final score to 4—3 in our favour. We understand that we now meet Hannover District Signals in the final.

The 2 Division Inter-Unit Competition has now commenced, and in the first round we met 1 Medium Workshops, R.E.M.E., at Krefeld. The final score of 10 goals to 1 in our favour was not a true reflection of the play. In the second round we were drawn at home against 52 C.R.E., and this match turned out to be a repetition of the first round. Again we were too strong for our opponents and, without exerting ourselves, ran out easy victors by 9 goals to 1.

We consider ourselves very fortunate so far, but we are to meet greater opposition in the third round when we play the winners of the 42 Field Regiment—77 British Military Hospital game. Both these teams are very strong, and whichever one we meet we can be sure of a very hard game.

The Regimental XI has also been playing in "friendly" games, and has done very well against strong Battalion teams. Included in our victories has been a well deserved win over 1 Royal Fusiliers by 6 goals to 2. We shall continue to play these friendly matches in an effort to try out new players against good opposition.

We have now formed a Regimental 2nd XI, which is proving very useful in spotting likely talent for the 1st XI. They started off by defeating 1 Black Watch 2nd XI by 8 goals to 2, while at the same time the 1st XI were having a rough time against 1 Black Watch 1st XI at Duisberg, losing by 4 goals to 1.

Inter-Troop League. The final games in the Inter-Troop League have now been played off, all teams completing the 18 games as laid down. There was no change in the leading positions as reported in last month's issue. "O" Troop are league champions for the season 1948-49, with "H.Q." Team as runners-up. The shield will be suitably inscribed and presented to "O" Troop at a later date.

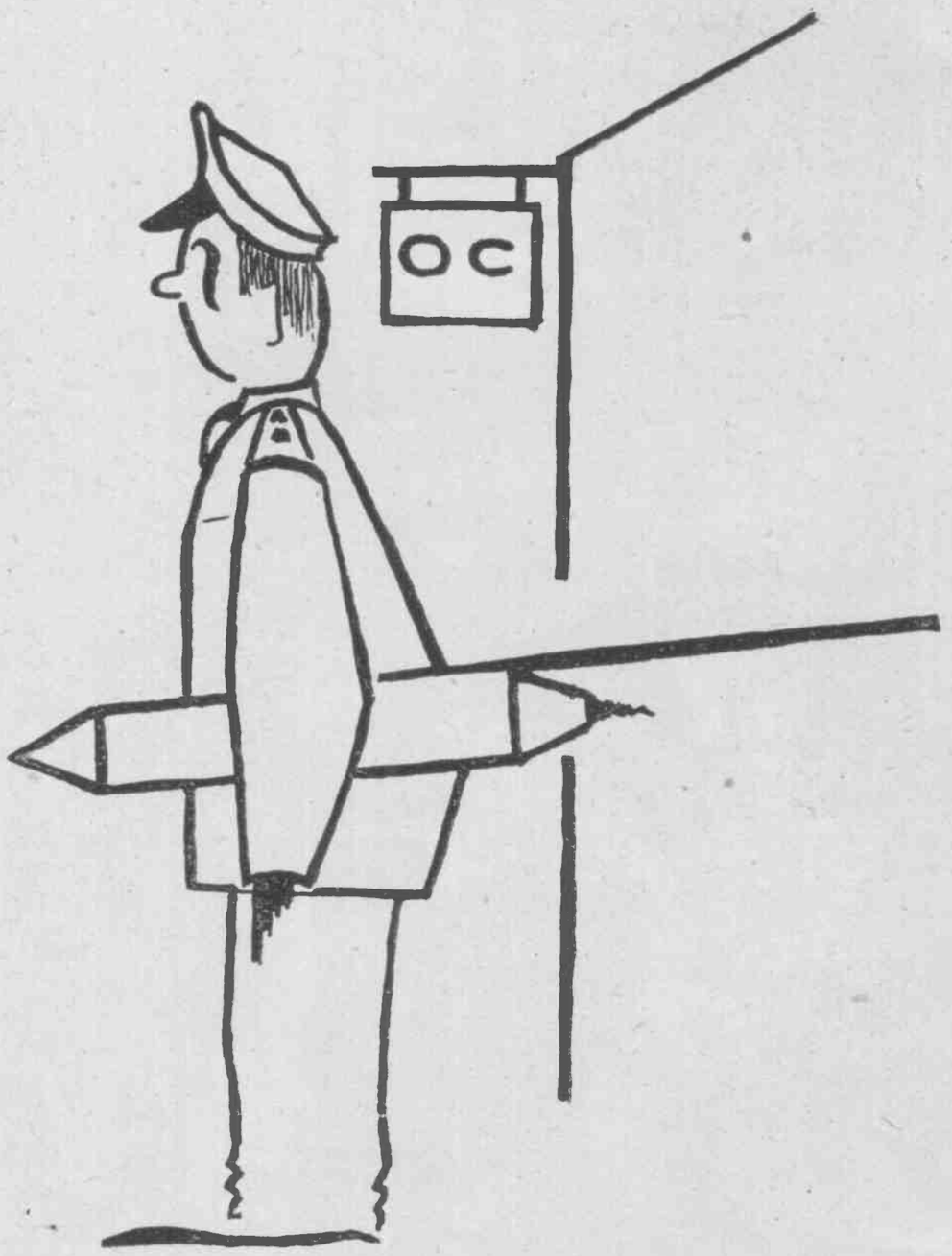
In an effort to encourage our young soldiers to participate in organised football, a Hilden Signals Junior Football League has been formed, composed of Royal Signals personnel stationed at Hilden. The League will consist of eight teams, made up as follows: Two teams from "A" Troop, two from "O" Troop, one from "C" Troop, one from "M" Troop and L.A.D., one from "D" and T.E. Troops, and one from "H.Q." Squadron. Only those personnel who enlisted after 1st January, 1948, are eligible to play in this League.

Recent departures from the Signals Football world are Lance-Corporal "Ginger" Brown, the Regimental right-back—a grand player. Lance-Corporal Fairclough, the left winger, whose "red-hot" shots at goal will always be remembered by us, and by many of the goalkeepers who were unfortunate enough to get in the way. Last, but not least, that great-hearted goalkeeper, Lance-Corporal Gibb, who during the course of his time between the "sticks" suffered no less than a broken nose (three times), a dislocated shoulder (twice), plus numerous bumps and gashes. He never spared himself whether in Troop or Regimental games, and it will be a long time before we find another like him.

Cross-Country. As briefly reported in January Notes, we came sixth in the Divisional Inter-Unit Individual Championships held at Hilden on 1st February. Although this result was not so good as our achievement of last year, when we finished in third place, an analysis of the performances shows that our team of this year compared very favourably with the team we fielded last season. Units took the competition much more seriously this year than last, resulting in a stiffer fight for supremacy.

The Infantry Battalions and R.A. Regiments had a strong nucleus of last year's runners, who were experienced, and of an age when a runner is usually in his prime, between 24 and 28 years of age. Our team, indeed all members of the Harriers Club, with the exception of two, were under 20 years of age. With the exception of Corporal Noble, all runners were in their first season of cross-country.

All things considered, therefore, our club members are to be congratulated on a successful year. What they lacked in physical ability and experience, they more than made up for in spirit. Well done, lads! If any reader of these notes should doubt the enthusiasm of our harriers, then let



him read on. Having selected the ten runners to represent the Regiment, the R.S.M. thought that his troubles were over, but shocks were soon forthcoming. Seven harriers not selected for the team requested they be permitted to run as individuals. First thought of the R.S.M.: "Oh dear! If they run, and do better than any of the team. DAH. DAH. DIT. DIT. DAH. DAH." Well, youthful enthusiasm had its own way in the end, and run they did, and gave a good account of themselves into the bargain, in a large field of 165 runners. Corporal Noble was in good form and finished fourth, failing to gain third place by a margin of about five yards. Corporal Noble was selected to represent the Division as an individual in the B.A.O.R. Championships held at Bielefeld on 23rd February, finishing twelfth place. Well done! From cross-country we now go on to athletics, and the "Harriers Club" takes on a new title, "Athletics Club." It is hoped that our runners will take the same interest in track racing as they have taken in "road, track and ploughed fields."

Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess. The 4 Brigade Zone Inter-Mess and C.C.G. Darts League has been completed, and we emerged victors, having won nine matches and lost three. S.Q.M.S. Vic Edwards and his enthusiastic band of "merry prickers" are heartily congratulated on this success. We await the addition of the trophy to supplement our Mess showcase.

On 16th February we entertained Denbigh House C.C.G. to an all-British games tournament and social evening. Our guests ran out winners by 85 points to 65. One of the highlights of the evening was a special table tennis match between one of our guests, who in 1946 was Country Champion, and our own Mess Champion, Sergeant Bob Dun. Bob lost, but is hopeful of gaining his revenge on 3rd March, when we shall visit Dusseldorf in a return engagement.

A very successful Carnival Dance was held on 26th February, and a wide variety of costumes and "get-ups" provided an atmosphere of colour and fun to a very enjoyable evening. The judges did not find it easy to select prize-winners, but someone had to be fortunate, and the following members and guests are congratulated on their success: 1st, Ladies, Mrs. Daniels ("Ballerina"); 2nd, Miss Gertrud Eisen ("Band Box Lady"). 1st, Gentlemen, S.Q.M.S. Ken Bailey ("Cup-Tie Supporter"); 2nd, Sergeant Bill Worboys ("American Hobo").

Our Mess family strength has been increased by three strong, sturdy babies, and many's the story of wakeful nights. You lucky people! Congratulations to Sergeant and Mrs. Burton on the birth of a daughter; Sergeant and Mrs. Warren also on the birth of a daughter, and to Sergeant and Mrs. Ledger on the birth of a son and heir.

A special welcome is extended to Staff-Sergeant Budge, Australian Signal Corps, who hails from Perth. Staff-Sergeant Budge is spending a few weeks with us in order to study German technical equipment, and we hope he will find his stay a happy one. Sergeant Short has joined us from "K" Troop, and we also welcome Sergeants Burns, Woodward and Hastings on promotion. Goodbyes have been said to Sergeant McIrvine on his return to U.K. and to Sergeant Worboys, who has taken the plunge to become plain "Mister." Good luck, chaps, and pleasant memories.

On 26th February we held a farewell party for Lieutenant-Colonel McVittie and his wife. Members and their wives were there in strength to bid them goodbye and *bon voyage.*

Lieutenant-Colonel McVittie has always taken a personal interest in the Mess, and it was by his unfailing efforts that we possess one of the finest Messes in B.A.O.R.

We take this opportunity to welcome Lieutenant-Colonel Bell, whom we are sure will have an enjoyable tour with the Unit.

3 AIR SUPPORT SIGNAL UNIT
R.A.O.R. 1

Marcl.

These notes are being written in a Minden which is, at present, lying under a thick mantle of snow. It was rather disappointing to find that spring was not quite so near, as we had anticipated. Nevertheless, training still goes on!

Our new operators are engaged in small wireless exercises on a Unit scale, and are now quite familiar both in the use of their "52" sets and in A.S.S.U. technique. Unfortunately we, like so many other small Units, suffer from that common "bugbear"—manpower shortage. In order to ease this shortage of trained operators, drivers are being instructed in the intricacies of Slidex Code. This will enable the operators to devote all of their time to actual operating. Another aspect of this labour shortage is becoming apparent in the maintenance of the Barracks. This is sharply accentuated by the impending departure of a large proportion of our German employees. Who knows, "spud bashin'" may once again become a popular pastime?

There were many joyful and exultant faces to be seen in our Unit during the past few days. That we had been allocated over a dozen leave vacancies may have had something to do with it! Our O.C., Major N. C. B. Cleveley, has himself recently returned from leave. Perhaps even O.C.s are not entirely immune from that "browned-off" state which usually accompanies the return from leave?

We seem to be rising to a comparatively high intellectual plane now that Sergeant Hindle, of the Education Corps, has "dug himself in." In fact; the whole Education Scheme seems to be proceeding very well indeed. In addition to this, the formation of a Barrack Education Centre is being contemplated, with all its various evening classes, hobby groups, etc. This should prove to be an extremely popular institution.

Our Air Training Team has, once more, returned after a very successful tour. Heigh ho! Back to "dear old Minden" again!

Starting up anew is an old friend of ours, namely, the Unit Amateur Radio Club. If it proves half as successful in the future as it has done in the past, its resuscitation now will certainly be justified.

Sport. Sport in general has been rather retarded during the past few weeks. This was mainly due to the severe condition of the weather. One important step taken, however, was the nomination of a Sports Committee.

ASSUDONYM

S.X. BRANCH, H.Q., B.A.O.R.

We don't often appear in print, preferring to work behind the scenes, but, because we appeared for the first time in front of those scenes, we have to tell you about it.

It was a little before Christmas when the C.S.O., Brigadier A. E. Morrison, O.B.E., committed himself and his staff, S.X. Branch, to a new form of activity.

As I said, it was before Christmas, so there was no excuse for him. We like to think he has learned the error of his ways, but we are not too sure.

Here, in Bad Oeynhausen, we Signals are secretly proud of our theatre, known as the Mercury. It has a history which could fill several volumes of THE WIRE, and that history would give the details of the 130 or so plays which have been produced. Each play averages three performances, so the theatre is a very real and going concern.

What with release, leave and bashfulness, the available performers, producers and helpers had become fewer, and therefore more hard worked. Remember that a new production each week is the aim, and involves a lot of blood, toil, sweat and tears.

The C.S.O. is one of the patrons of the Mercury, and he was well aware of the theatre's difficulties, but, in my view, it still doesn't excuse him. On 10th December he handed a book to some of us and simply said "Your part is So-and-So," adding, as an afterthought, "The Mercury people are rather pushed, so I've promised that the Branch will put on a show in January." By the time we'd looked at the book and seen it was a play, and that we, who had never been on a stage in our lives, were going to act, it was too late to protest. Besides, one doesn't argue with a Brigadier—at least, only once—and, anyway, he was so nice about it and apologetic.

The producer, Brigadier A. E. Morrison, with Lord Porteous, (Signalman Clive Brooks)

So we put our books away and got down to Christmas, which officially lasts for four days here. Unofficially, for "days" read "weeks." At intervals we came up for air and shuddered at the thought of learning all those lines. You see, we had opened the books to see if there were any pictures.

Finally we compared notes to find out who was going to do which character, and found that several changes were due because someone was ill or would be away on leave.

Standing (left to right) Major Charles Fountain, Major Harry Hunter, Lieutenant-Colonel Pat Hyde, Brigadier A. E. Morrison, Major Desmond Deakin, Signalman Clive Brooks, Major Tim Turner. Sitting (left to right) Mrs. Meg Hyde, Junior Commander Pat Tully, Mrs. Violet Richards. Major Charles Fountain appeared for Lance-Corporal Bob Cook, who was released, in the final performance

PROGRAMME

CAST

(in order of appearance)

Arnold Champion-Cheney, M.P.	Desmond Deakin
Footman	Tim Turner
Mrs. Shenstone	Violet Richards
Elizabeth	Pat Tully
Edward Luton	Harry Hunter
Clive Champion-Cheney	Pat Hyde
Butler	Bob Cook
Lady Catherine Champion-Cheney	Meg Hyde
Lord Porteous	Clive Brooks

Synopsis of Scenes

The action of the play takes place in the Drawing-Room of Aston-Adey, Arnold Champion-Cheney's House in Dorset.

Act 1. It is a fine summer morning.

Act 2. It is afternoon a few days later.

Act 3. The same night.

Producer	A. E. Morrison
Assistant Producers	Charles Fountain & Tom Richards
Stage Managers	Lou Gyseman & Gerry Smith
Electrician & Sound	Phil Harding
Decor	Spud Murphy
Costumes	The Players & C.S.E.U.

The cruellest thing was the decision that one of the major parts would be taken by a wife who hadn't then even arrived in B.A.O.R. Her husband may have thought he wasn't going to be the only one in the family to be laughed at. Imagine her horror when she was greeted on arrival with the news that she was going to act the part of a fat, dissipated, over-painted woman of 52 who had abandoned her husband and son and run away with her husband's best friend thirty years before. She hasn't got over it yet.

By the way, the play was "The Circle," by Somerset Maugham. Knowledgeable people say it is a difficult one. We know better. We say it is impossible, but the Corps is used to achieving the impossible, and it is only miracles which tax our resources.

In January we got started. At first reading from our books in a spare office, then on the stage with a minimum of props. We didn't feel very convinced that we could earn a living by acting, and most of us were in a permanent state of nerves and gloom. We even had nightmares about it.

Then, a week before the dress rehearsal, things began to happen. The stage looked like a room. It had doors and windows. We stopped following the other player's lines from our books, and even remembered our own lines more often than we forgot them.

Even so, our nerves and gloom got worse, though we thought we might get away with being booed and not being pelted with rotten eggs. We were in it up to the neck, and we had to justify our producer's confidence in us and try not to let the Mercury's reputation down.

Then we had two dress rehearsals and felt much better, but several furtive characters were seen taking quiet pulls at bottles between their appearances on the stage, and this may have had something to do with it.

At last, on Wednesday, 19th January, we "opened." Our audience was kind, and laughed politely, though not at the funny parts, which was interesting. They laughed in the most unexpected places, which was disconcerting. But—they didn't boo, or throw anything, which was gratifying.

We did it again on the Thursday night, with much the same result.

On Friday night we were braced up for a different audience. Friday is the big night at the Mercury, and we were determined to do well. I think we did. Nothing much went wrong, and a lot went right.

Then came the week-end, a blessed relief, and we relaxed, but not for long, because the C.S.O. had sent out special invitations for a "super" night on Tuesday. Seldom had the Mercury housed such a galaxy of red tabs, crossed swords and batons and distinguished people. Mere Colonels were squeezed in as a very great concession. The disappointed ones could be heard whimpering pathetically in the dark alleys of Bad Oeynhausen. The fortunates were given a treat.

We did them proud, or so we like to think, and they laughed in the right places and applauded us, but the applause and laughter reached a crescendo right at the end, and had nothing to do with the play.

Just as the curtains were being pulled across for the end of the last act, they stuck halfway. Sweating stage hands pulled harder. The players on the stage were nonplussed. Stage managers yelled for lights to be switched off. The curtains gave up the unequal struggle and started to rip slowly down the ends.

The audience was delighted.

ARNOLD

1 WIRELESS REGIMENT

Gluckstadt

March

With the advent of a cold snap, skating has become an increasingly popular form of exercise, and in this country of dykes and ditches there is no lack of opportunity for those who are sufficiently upholstered in the right places to indulge themselves.

The Unit hockey team has battled its way through to the semi-finals of the B.A.O.R. Section of the Army Hockey Cup and to the finals of the Hamburg Sub-Area Hockey Cup. The more optimistic members of the team are already packing their bags in readiness for the trip to U.K. for the Army finals.

In the Schleswig Holstein cross-country run our representatives, Signalmen Tullett, Shaw and Somner, were 2nd, 3rd and 8th respectively. All were selected to represent Schleswig Holstein in the Hamburg District cross-country run, when Signalmen Tullett and Shaw added to their previous success by getting themselves placed 3rd and 4th respectively. Both were selected to represent Hamburg District in the B.A.O.R. finals, where Signalman Tullett earned himself a trip to U.K. for the Army finals by coming home 9th. Well done, all.

Football. Owing to leave and injuries, the Unit team has experienced some setbacks, playing in Division I of the Hamburg Sub-Area League. The following games were played: 5th February *versus* 3 T.S. Depot 15 B.O.D. We lost after a very keen and hard fought game by 3 goals to 1 away from home; 12th February, playing at home *versus* present league leaders, 94 B.M.H., we lost again by 4 goals to 1. This result was rather against the run of the play as we were equally as good as our opponents, but they proved more accurate in their shooting, although our goal scored by Corporal Gomm was a real peach. Some very nice corners taken by Signalman Astle should certainly have been made better use of. On 19th February we were at home to 1 M.T.S. 75 B.O.D. and the lads really got down to it, and Lance-Corporal Banks helped himself to two goals and Signalman Turner one before B.O.D. reduced the leeway. Then a little bite came into the game, and we were really hard pushed for a time until after B.O.D. had scored a second goal. Our team hit back and made the game safe with another goal, handed up on a plate by Signalman Astle, who beat all in his path before sending over a perfect centre right up under the crossbar, which three of our players helped into the net. Result: The Regiment 4, 15 B.O.D. 2. On 26th February we were away to 22 Heavy Workshops, but after playing against a gale of wind for 20 minutes, during which time we were two goals down, the game was abandoned. We have now had some further postings from U.K. and we hope that some of the more promising material will strengthen our team and give us that necessary leg up which should enable us to finish in the top six in the table.

Our congratulations go to Sergeant G. Stebbings on the occasion of his marriage on 4th March to Fraulein Doris Langers. All ranks join in wishing the happy pair the best of luck in the new life which lies ahead of them.

Corporals' Mess. Due to the brain-dulling after-effects of the festive season we had to forego the customary notes for THE WIRE for the month of December, 1948.

Now that the winter still is with us and the cobwebs blown off the Mess pen, we can make a determined assault on the current month's notes.

From the Mess point of view the winter is the best season of the year, as the warmth and indoor games attractions can be relied upon to ensure a well-filled canteen on most nights. Such is the enthusiasm that we are now running a monthly games evening which usually develops into a round-the-piano sing-song. Previous members will recall the magnificent harmony achieved on similar occasions, and will be pleased to know that tradition is being upheld as regards endeavour—if not results. Unfortunately we still have Corporal Ball, and only six tenors to compete with his bass.

Highlight of the festive season was a fancy dress ball. Imagination was given free rein and originality of costume was equalled only by the conviviality and evident enjoyment

of all present. To see " Tovarich McQuadeski " and " Memsahib " Davy leading an inspired conga was to have been present at the final miracle of soldiering. The supreme sacrifice was made by their " Gauleiter " Shaw, of Orderly Room fame, who attained perfection of disguise by the tortuous expedient of shaving off the pride of the Sergeants' Mess in the shape of face fungi. In all, the evening was the best function of its kind held within the Unit.

With our usual sangfroid we accepted a challenge from the Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess to a skittles match. Scores were meticulously kept until the glare of a North African sun got in our eyes and our skittle balls got clogged up in the sands of the Sahara. The rest is silence—illustrated travel books on India are being indented for forthwith, with a view to suitable retaliation at our next *Bataille grande* (French for " Mark up another point while they're not looking, Paddy ")!

The Mess is well represented in the Unit hockey team, and we anticipate a team journey to Blighty in the near future when it reaches the B.A.O.R. hockey final, as we all feel sure they will do.

With the resumption of demobilisation, the Mess has seen various changes, and to those who have recently left we extend our best wishes for success in civilian life, as we extend a cordial and encouraging welcome to our most recently promoted members. We finish this month's notes with a special request for ex-members to keep contact with the Mess *via* our P.M.C., and a belated word of thanks to all those who sent us greetings cards at Christmas, and to all amateur radio types our best seventy-threes.

J. O. K.

4 A.G.R.A. SIGNAL SQUADRON
Luneburg

March

Having just returned from a spot of Blighty leave, and having been asked to write a few WIRE notes for the Squadron at short notice, I find myself completely out of the picture as far as Squadron activities during the past month are concerned. I therefore ask the indulgence of all WIRE readers for any shortcomings in consequence.

I have at hand an article written by Signalman A. Smith about a ski-ing course which was attended by four members of the Squadron, which article I was asked to condense and re-write. Having perused same, I thought it a shame to alter it in any form, and I submit it together with these notes for possible publication in its original form. I like its simplicity and the genuine sincerity expressed. However, I leave the article to you readers, from which to judge for yourselves the value and the enjoyment obtainable therefrom.

A hearty hand of welcome is extended by all ranks of the Squadron to Captain P. J. O'Rourke, Royal Signals, who has recently joined us from 2 A.A. Group Mixed Signal Regiment. I'm sorry, sir, this Squadron isn't of the mixed variety, but mix we most certainly do! We hope that you are going to stay and, above all, that your stay will be enjoyed.

Arrivals and departures have been various and far too numerous to mention individually, but I would like to say cheerio to Corporal Richardson on behalf of the Squadron. Your football talent I shall be most sorry to lose, your comrades will miss you, and no doubt many members of the weaker sex will shed a few tears at your departure—you brute! Best of luck to you, Bill, and to all ex-members who left us recently.

To Sergeant Dickie Malton, who has at long last assumed the affix " Regular " by enlisting for a further two years, let's all say " Well done, Dick. We have always suspected that your attachments—to us?—were too strong to be too easily severed." How about a pontoon, Dick ?

That will be all for this month, and until next month's task I'll say cheerio, everybody.

WESTERN EUROPE SIGNAL TROOP
Fontainebleau

March

This is our first entry in THE WIRE—the Troop was formed up in London in November, 1948, under War Office Signal Regiment, and moved to France by bits and pieces in order to man the Signal Office for the above H.Q. We also serve the British element of the Commander-in-Chief, H.Q. Land Forces.

We are situated in Fontainebleau, a town of about 16,000 inhabitants, 38 miles from Paris and about two miles from the banks of the River Seine. Fontainebleau is famed throughout the world for its palace and its forest. The palace was built during the 12th century. In the 16th century its interior decoration was extensively renewed with the help and advice of famous artists of the Renaissance: Leonardo da Vinci, Le Primatecci, Cellini. Henri IV added additional decorations, as did Louis XIII and XIV—Napoleon I and III did likewise. It is well worth a visit. The Forest of Fontainebleau has an acreage of 42,000, and 1,250 miles of paths and riding tracks. It is unique on account of its varieties of soil, trees and plants. There are innumerable rocks, gorges and vast open spaces. There is an 18-hole golf course in the forest near Fontainebleau.

The Troop is established in Cour Henri IV part of the famous Palace of Fontainebleau. From the offices we have a marvellous view of the huge ornamental gardens, with numerous fountains and lakes.

Our Signal Office is a combined affair, both Army and R.A.F. doing duty in it. The main switchboard is manned by French Signals (or French A.T.S.), as well as Army and R.A.F. operators. The language difficulties are easing themselves out.

With regard to sport, we supply the majority of the football team for the H.Q. British element, Land Forces, and at present we are second in a league of four teams. There are quite a number of games arranged with French teams, also there is a Combined Services team, and we hope to get some of our men into it. Driver Clarke is due to play in the next game for Combined Services, and Signalman Brown has played several times in goal. Corporal Lodge and Craftsman Harris (R.E.M.E.) have represented the Army *versus* the R.A.F. at table tennis. The R.A.F. had a narrow win over the Army, but our representatives gave a good account of themselves. We are hoping to raise a cricket team for the summer.

Reports on local matches and the Saturday evening football results are published here every Saturday in the Headquarters own paper, UNINEWS, which has a circulation of nearly 200 copies. Sergeant D. A. G. Stephens provides the cartoon for the paper and Corporal Lodge does his stuff by producing the weekly cross-word puzzle.

The following have left us on Class " A " release: Sergeant Green, Lance-Corporal Templeman and Signalman McDonald. We wish them the best of luck in their new spheres of life.

ALAS!!!

NO STUDENT DOODLE

Can FARELF please help?

-.--. Y E -.--.

The Original Code Call of Signals, 5 Division

SO, if the notes in THE WIRE have been correctly appreciated, the Unit charged with the provision of accurate and speedy signal communications of 5 Division has again "faded away"! As the writer is more interested in 5 Divisional Signals (its official title being what it may) than in any other Unit of the British Army, having served in it for several years many years ago, a few lines about it may be interesting to those still serving in the Corps as well as to those who have reverted to civilian life—many of whom, no doubt, still read their WIRE as one of their remaining links with Signals.

5 Divisional Signals was formed in Aldershot in 1907, when the Telegraph Companies, R.E., were reorganised into Airline, Cable, Wireless and Divisional Telegraph Companies. Its peace establishment was then one officer and 20 other ranks, Lieutenant (Now Brigadier, retired) F. A. Heymann, R.E., being the first Commanding Officer.

In May of that year the new Unit was transferred to Limerick, Ireland, from which city it migrated annually to such places as Kilworth Camp, Co. Tipperary, for musketry, Nenagh or elsewhere for summer training, and the Curragh Camp, Co. Kildare, for Brigade and Divisional training. Its equipment was two cable detachments, and its weapons Martini-Metford carbines.

During its early years, signals responsibility developed and its ramifications extended, and in 1911 a reorganisation involving an increase in establishment and a change in title took place. The Unit became known as 5 Signal Company, R.E., and consisted of five officers and 121 other ranks, including a company sergeant-major, namely George Tibble, who, at the time of writing, is still serving. Captain (now Colonel, retired) P. R. Bald, R.E., took over command shortly before this. Cable wagons were increased to three in number, and visual signal equipment such as flags, helios, push-cycles and Begbie lamps were added to its equipment tables. But the time had not yet come for motor vehicles, nor wireless; but the short magazine Lee-Enfield rifle had replaced the old Martini single-loader.

As accommodation at Limerick was inadequate, and the Unit three days' march from its Divisional Headquarters, a move was made in 1912 to Carlow, which is about 25 miles (one day's march) from the Curragh Camp, and where the barracks were just large enough for a mounted Unit of its size.

Training went on progressively and Staff exercises became common and more prolonged; and as the Staff officers began to use motor cars and could, and did occasionally, make moves of 12 miles or more, Signals, with its horses and push-bikes, were hard put to keep in constant touch. The disadvantages immediately noted as a result of these exercises and manœuvres were (a) need of motor-cycles for dispatch-riders, and transport of signalling gear; (b) an efficient modern signal lamp was needed, because the Begbie oil lamp was noisy in operation and short-ranged, and the lime-lights were no use in mobile operations for the gas took too long to generate and was awkward to transport; (c) the heliograph was next to useless, for the Irish skies were more often than not overcast.

While in Carlow, a new Commanding Officer took over, namely Captain R. V. Doherty Holwell, R.E. (this gallant officer was killed in action in Ypres as lieutenant-colonel in 1917), and amongst the subaltern officers were Lieutenant R. F. B. Naylor, South Staffordshire Regiment, now major-general (retired) and Colonel Commandant of the Corps; Lieutenant A. E. Grassett, R.E., now acting lieutenant-general and Governor of Jersey; Lieutenant E. N. F. Hitchens, Duke of Wellington's Regiment, now brigadier (retired); Lieutenant J. G. des R. Swayne, Somerset Light Infantry, now lieutenant-general (retired).

For the manœuvres of 1913, four motor-cycles were hired for dispatch-rider work, and the riders had to be found from among the Unit's personnel, of which three claimed to have had previous knowledge of such machines. The fourth member, and leader of the team, was Lieutenant D. Portway, R.E. (S.R.) (later lieutenant-colonel), who came up for his annual training and took the three potential D.R.s to Dublin to hire suitable machines. Their careers as military vehicles on manœuvres were inglorious for only one completed the period without breaking down absolutely, even though the operations were terminated prematurely on account of rain, rain and rain.

After summer training in 1914 was completed and the Unit was at Carlow preparing for collective training, orders partly to mobilise the Brigade Sections were received, for owing to the political situation in Ulster, troops had to stand by to act as necessary, and this state of partial mobilisation continued until the complete and real thing happened in August, when the Unit was brought up to war establishment of five officers and 170 other ranks, and motor-cycles—14 of them—their riders being one sergeant and 13 corporals, all specially enlisted and borne on the strength for the first time. The Begbie lamps and helios also went to France (and so did two electric signal lamps which were donated to the Signal Section at Carrickfergus by the Ulster Volunteers, who pitied the ineffectual attempts of the signallers to communicate by means of Begbie lamp over a range of about six miles).

The Old Fifth were in action in Belgium on 22nd August and took part in the Battle of Mons and the subsequent retirement, which included the Battle of Le Cateau, during which one officer and about 30 other ranks, personnel of a Brigade Signal Section and a Cable Detachment, were lost; while immediate awards of one Cross of Chevalier of the French Legion of Honour, one Medaille Militaire and two Distinguished Conduct Medals were gained by individuals of the Unit for gallant conduct during the latter battle.

After the famous retirement ended, and the subsequent advance was halted on the banks of the River Aisne, reinforcements in men, horses and equipment were received in time to enable the Unit to move, at full strength, into the Ypres Salient, where it was continuously engaged through mud, frost and snow of the harsh 1914-15 winter.

It was during this period that a buried cable was laid, from a point near Belgian Chateau on the Ypres-Dickebusche road to Zillibeke Lake; not a deeply-buried cable as later buries became, but sufficiently deep to be reasonably proof from the shell-fire then experienced; and all the digging it entailed was carried out by the Unit's own personnel. This was probably the first occasion on which field cable was so buried. Ordinary D5 cable was used.

The Unit was engaged in all the major actions of the 1914–18 war in France and Belgium, being commanded successively by Captain R. V. Doherty Holwell, R.E., Captain H. L. Wright, R.E., Major H. A. J. Parsons, R.E., and Major F. V. Merchant, R.E., and spent a quiet three months on the River Piave front in Italy in 1918, from which sector it was moved back to France in April of that year, after which it

was constantly in action until Armistice Day, when it ended its fighting service 12 miles from the village in which it commenced operations in 1914. As, however, Signals never rest, communications were kept going.

During the years of the war the establishment was increased from time to time, and in 1918 the authorised establishment was 15 officers and 400 other ranks, including wireless personnel, for during the operations wireless had been developed and began to fill an important part in the communication scheme. Personnel with pigeons and messenger dogs were attached. The inquirer may be interested to learn that the Begbie lamps were replaced by Lucas electric lamps.

Casualties through the whole fighting period totalled four officers and 154 other ranks, of whom 32 were killed, 103 wounded, 21 missing, and two died. Thirty-one N.C.O.s and men were granted commissions, and the honours and awards received totalled 109.

Demobilisation commenced in December, 1918, and the Unit was gradually reduced to a cadre, and by May, 1919, all horses had been disposed of, all equipment packed, and the remnant of the Company, a cadre of 40 all ranks, were billeted in Charleroi. A Staff officer and a couple of A.S.C. clerks were all that was left of 5 Divisional H.Q.

It is noted that 5 Divisional Signal Regiment of 1948 handed the magnificent sum of £419 14s. 8d. to the Signals Association Benevolent Fund last September. Presumably that was the balance of the Regimental funds. The Old Fifth had no such sum to dispose of, and most of its much smaller balance was spent in giving a farewell party to the cadre and their friends (the friends being members of the local population in the vicinity of their billets).

The Unit's cadre embarked at Antwerp, with its wagons and technical equipment, on 9th May, 1919, and arrived, via Tilbury, at Aldershot on 12th May. Of this cadre there were but four who mobilised with the Company in 1914. All ranks of the cadre, except the Commanding Officer, were demobilised or, in the case of Regular soldiers with more service to serve, sent on leave, and a small "care and maintenance" party looked after the equipment until it was disposed of.

The Old Fifth faded away for a time, and during the period between the 1914 and 1939 wars it was reconstituted and filled various roles. For a time it was stationed at Burniston Barracks, Scarborough, where Lieutenant-Colonel (now General Sir H. Colville) Wemyss was in command. While at Scarborough, Old Comrades' Reunions took place, and in June, 1934, three past and present Commanding Officers of the Unit were present, namely, Brigadier F. A. Heymann, O.B.E., Major F. V. Merchant, M.C., D.C.M., and Lieutenant-Colonel H. C. B. Wemyss, D.S.O., M.C., together with about 50 Old Comrades. It was about that time that the C.O. caused an enlargement to be made of a photograph of the 1914 officers and N.C.O.s of 5 Signal Company, R.E., and that photograph, it is understood, now hangs in one of the Messes of the Corps at Catterick Camp, to which locality 5 Divisional Signals moved from Scarborough.

Time marched on, and in 1939 the Unit again mobilised for war and in due course went to France to join its Division, its Commanding Officer being Lieutenant-Colonel (now Brigadier, retired) H. D. Beadon. The Unit was accommodated for a few days prior to its departure overseas in Willems Cavalry Barracks, Aldershot, and by a coincidence the two Staff officers who attended the marching-out parade on 15th December, 1939, were past Commanding Officers of the horse-drawn age, namely the C.S.O., Colonel P. R. Bald, D.S.O., and his S.O., Royal Signals, Major F. V. Merchant, M.C., D.C.M.

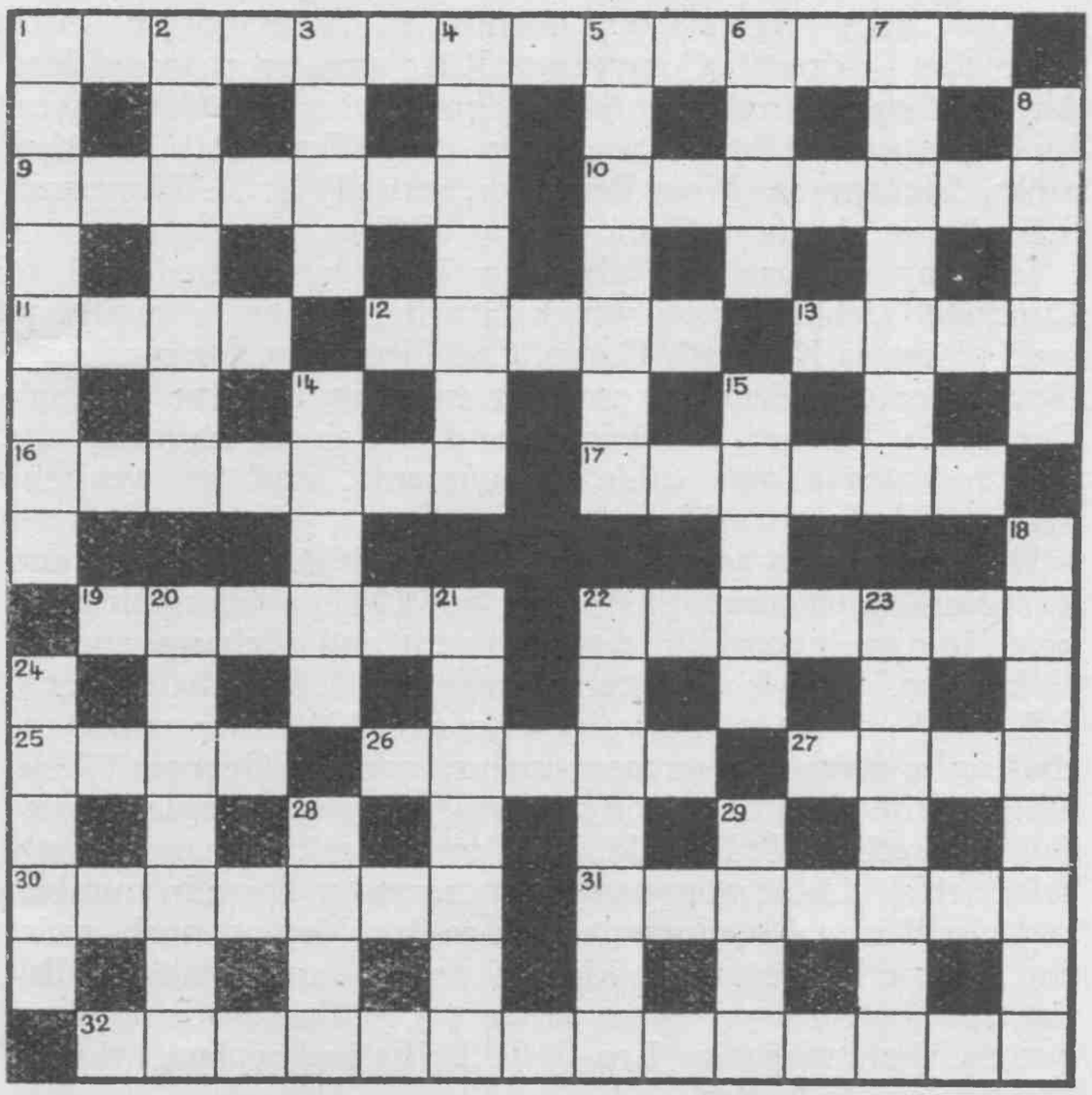
The travels of the Unit during the late war were considerably more diverse and lengthy than those of the Old Fifth. About Dunkirk time, while most of the Unit was engaged in the famous evacuation, elements of it were in Norway with the 15th Infantry Brigade, and when they returned to the United Kingdom a few months were spent in Scotland before moving to the Western Command. Then to Northern Ireland, after which most of it accompanied forces which landed in Madagascar and then moved on to India. It assisted at the landings in Sicily and on the mainland of Italy and spent a few months with the 8th U.S. Army in Italy and, with the 5th U.S. Army, landed at Anzio in Italy.

The Unit joined the 21st Army Group in 1945, having spent a few months in Palestine, and after the final stages of the great advance and liberation, joined the B.A.O.R., and now, after more than three years of occupation, has "faded out," its members having been demobilised or retired, or some distributed amongst other Units, there to emulate the sailor whose last ship is always a better one than the present, and sound the praises of 5 Divisional Signals, a Unit which was always second to none and of which past members may deservedly be proud.

It is hoped that its history may one day be written, and that soon, before its ranks are thinned by the passing of years; and who knows? perhaps somebody might arrange a reunion!

F. V. M.

Crossword Puzzle No. 8



ACROSS

1. Nightmare (14).
9. Evil (7).
10. This type of person is apparently easily amused (7).
11. To neglect (4).
12. A dubious source of income (5).
13. Can be good or evil (4).
16. An accessory (7).
17. An act of endearment (6).
19. Outline (6).
22. At all events (7).
25. The bed of a wild beast (4).
26. A part of a decoration (5).
27. Frequently in the news as flying close to the wind (4).
30. To master (7).
31. A speedy letter (7).
32. Mutually dependent (14).

DOWN

1. A symphony—rural (8).
2. Straddling (7).
3. A modification of sound (4).
4. To help when in difficulty (7).
5. Out of this world (7).
6. Normally referred as to drunken (4).
7. The cause of suffering — we may soon have to complete forms in triplicate for it (7).
8. Regimental (5).
14. The medium of transmission of light and heat (5).
15. A colour often referred to in the forces (5).
18. Used by a lad as decorative and by a policeman as arresting (8).
20. Landmine or booby trap (7).
21. "And no tail" (3, 4).
22. Aladdin would have been lost without it (3, 4).
23. The Russians do this with Treaties quite frequently (7).
24. You couldn't solve this without these (5).
28. Goes hand in hand with fortune (4).
29. A bird (4).

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE NO. 7

ACROSS.—1, Contrast. 5, Father. 9, Nonsense. 10, Clarks. 12, Scheme. 13, Sider. 16, Indoor. 17, Royal Signals Tie. 20, Raindrop. 21, Parrot. 23, Phial. 25, Trends. 28, Outlaw. 29, Steerage. 30, Earcap. 31, Criminal.

DOWN.—1, Cane. 2, None. 3, Rheochord. 4, Sister. 6, Atlas. 7, Hereditary. 8, Resurrects. 11, Beast. 14, Microphone. 15, Administer. 18, Grand Team. 19, Roots. 22, Centre. 24, Llama. 26, Barn. 27, Bell.

My Dog Rastus (IV)

By **A. J. AUDEN**

RASTUS is a wonderful dog. I told you last month how everyone thought that I'd gone slightly balmy because in a moment of boastfulness I'd told "Tubby" Wetheral that Rastus could talk, and how I'd been sent to see a psychiatrist. Well, I had a peep at the old boy's report, which was something to the effect that I was quite harmless, but that the hallucinations should be allowed to develop. So I was encouraged to take Rastus with me everywhere I went, which pleased me quite a lot. I suppose that the idea was that either someone else would hear him talk, or that he'd say nothing for so long that I'd come to the conclusion that I'd been mistaken. I was even allowed to take him into the Mess with me.

This was all very well as far as it went, but it was a devilish awkward situation. Just imagine it! How would you like to walk about all day knowing that everyone was watching you and making mental notes. If I laughed at a joke a bit quicker than other people they would exchange meaning glances—"unbalanced." If I made some ordinary remark, about our football team, for instance, which someone else didn't agree with, he just shrugged his shoulders—"well, of course, what else can you expect . . ."

I believe there was quite an argument in the C.O.'s office when General Fireater was coming down from the War Office last Saturday to inspect our rabbits and poultry, as to whether I should not be got quietly out of the way until after the inspection was over. But they decided to risk it, as I was the only officer who knew the difference between a Rhode Island Red and a White Leghorn, and could talk reasonably intelligently on the subject of hens in general.

The General was well known for his ferocity, and I don't know what he really came down to inspect, but all Generals have their particular foibles, and his were rabbits and poultry. So much so that everyone knew that if he found anything wrong with ours, we'd had it! This seemed rather my chance to show everyone that I wasn't loopy, as they could hardly say that I was if I managed to make the old boy think that our chickens were the tops. So you can imagine that I was not exactly happy when I heard a number of full-throated bellows coming from the direction of the rabbit hutches, and a number of frightened Signalmen doing their best to run at supersonic speed.

However, when the General came to the chickens, it all passed off with the greatest friendliness, for I introduced Signalman Donowt (pronounced Doughnut), who has theories about some obscure chicken disease, on which the General turned out to be an expert. The General spent twenty minutes explaining to Donowt exactly where he was wrong.

The Colonel tapped the ground with the toe of his boot.

The Adjutant yawned.

The R.S.M. looked up to heaven.

Rastus sat quietly in the background. Now whatever you may say of Rastus, he's a clever dog, and I could see him sitting there with his ears pricked, taking in everything that the General said. Much as I wanted him to speak in front of other people I only hoped that it wouldn't be some of the stuff he was picking up from the General.

By the time that the General had finished his lecture there was only a little time left for the inspection of the rest of the Unit, which went off with an admirable air of assumption on his part that our efforts had without doubt produced the best possible results from the materials to hand. Then we all trooped off to lunch, which he was having with us in the Mess.

The Colonel smiled.

The Adjutant looked officious.

Rastus and I brought up the rear.

The General was undoubtedy in good form, and, sherry in hand, held the floor. He told us what an exceptionally good man Donowt was, but bemoaned his mistaken ideas, for which, unjustly, he tended to blame us—as if anyone would have believed Donowt capable of having an idea beyond a N.A.A.F.I. bun. Once again he explained in the greatest detail exactly where Donowt was wrong. From there he went on to the illnesses to which chickens in general are liable, leading up to one extraordinary case he had known where a chicken had caught whooping cough from a small boy.

The Colonel coughed.

The Adjutant succeeded in breaking in to ask if the General would have another sherry.

I, who had been pushed forward as being the chicken expert, tried to look intelligent. Rastus didn't.

With the soup we continued with a lecture on little known breeds of chickens in other lands, with their special peculiarities and differences, so that from one minute to the next we never knew whether we should be in Formosa or Saskatchewan, Madagascar or Tierra del Fuego.

"Do they still do cock-fighting in Bangkok?" asked the Colonel as the meat came in. They certainly did, and a tirade on the cruelties and iniquities of the sport was followed by an apology for it, showing what a sturdy breed it produced. The General gave us detailed descriptions of a number of fights which he had witnessed in the past.

By the time that the pudding came in we were all completely exhausted, but felt that the subject had been adequately covered.

The Colonel mopped his brow.

The Adjutant ostentatiously played with a pinch of salt.

I sneezed.

Then Tubby, being more of an idot even than usual, started the whirlwind off once again with a remark about rabbits, which reminded the General of our failures in this subject. You'd be surprised how different rabbit diseases are from chicken diseases. The Colonel just managed to break in to suggest coffee in the ante-room before we started on a world tour of the rabbit kingdom.

The Colonel looked at his watch to see if he was still going to have time to take his wife shopping.

The Adjutant thought of the crowd there was going to be on the first tee at the golf course.

Rastus pretended to go to sleep in the corner.

At last the General decided that it was time to go. His "Thank you, gentlemen, for a very pleasant lunch," seemed rather ironic to us. The Colonel ushered him out of the room, and the door closed.

Everyone agreed that Rastus was only grumbling in his sleep, but the words came quite clearly:

"Silly old basket," said Rastus.

PROGRESS

By **BRIAN THOMAS**

IN the East, one's social status is apt to be assessed by the means of locomotion one adopts. There are many subtle grades between the lowly user of "Shanks' Mare" and the dignified effendi in his "Straight Eight," and Hasan ibn Ferad, being a product of modern Palestine, felt this very keenly. As he went about his job, riding a small donkey at the head of a string of his father's camels, he looked with envy on those of his friends who had achieved the ambition of all the young bloods of the village and acquired a bicycle. To be able to tuck up one's skirts and skim along the roads with effortless ease showed that one was keeping pace with the times, and not mildewing away among the customs of the past.

Hasan's father, when approached, was not very encouraging. "Allah created the beast for the service of man," he said, stroking his patriarchal beard. "Man has created the machine. Take heed, my son, that the machine does not become your master." This pious speech had little effect on Hasan, who continued to brood over ways and means of achieving his heart's desire.

One day, while engaged in carrying sand with his string of camels, Hasan saw something which set his heart beating with excitement. On a rubbish-heap near the military barracks lay the rusty remains of a bicycle, more or less complete. Hasan halted his convoy and examined the find. It was certainly rather a wreck, but the wheels revolved, and he could see no reason why it should not be made serviceable. He cached the prize beneath some bushes in a shallow wadi, and that evening bore it home in secret on the back of one of the camels, which strongly resented the indignity.

In an isolated corner of the village there stood a small ruined building, originally the tomb of some long-forgotten holy man. To this hiding-place Hasan carried his treasure; and he spent many happy hours cleaning, oiling and repairing it, with the aid of such primitive tools as he could procure. He scraped together a small sum of money by selling bunches of wild flowers to passing tourists, and with it purchased some much-needed spare parts, and even a coat of paint.

☆

At last the great day came when, in company with a few chosen companions, Hasan wheeled his machine to the open space by the village threshing-floor, and made his first venture in modern locomotion. The initial results were both painful and disappointing, and caused considerable mirth amongst the spectators. Owing to lack of proper adjustment, the chain kept coming off, but it was all great fun and Hasan felt that he could now hold up his head before those more fortunate youths who owned shiny new machines. He even mustered sufficient self-assurance to jeer at a friend, who had carefully wrapped strips of cloth round all the enamelled parts of his bicycle to protect them from damage.

Youth is ever hasty and venturesome; and it was not long before Hasan tired of the threshing-floor and decided that it was time to show himself on the public highway. He wobbled out on to the road and set off down a slight slope, pedalling as hard as he could. His progress was rather like that of a frightened snipe, and an approaching motorist sounded a warning blast on his horn, while he was still some hundreds of yards away. Hasan heard and free-wheeled in sudden panic, an action which gave the refractory chain an opportunity to jump off again. Having slowed down a bit, he attempted to pedal sedately along at the side of the road, but found that nothing happened. At that he lost his head completely, and, after a series of alarming swerves and wobbles, fell off, right in the path of the oncoming car.

☆

When Hasan recovered consciousness, he found himself in strange surroundings. In fact, he was in hospital, suffering from a broken leg and other more minor injuries. In due course, his father came to see him and uttered words of reproof; words which were a good deal milder than Hasan had any right to expect.

"My son," said the old man, "had you heeded my words and kept away from machines, this would not have happened. However, Allah, who ordaineth all things, has brought good out of evil. Ibrahim Sadiq, the lawyer, says that the driver of the car should pay compensation, out of his insurance, and is even now preparing a claim."

Ibrahim Sadiq was, like Kipling's Mariner, "a man of infinite resource and sagacity," and his success with the insurance company did much to soothe the feelings of Hasan's father, when his offspring emerged from hospital with one leg shorter than the other and a limp which would be with him for life. "How are you to earn your living, my son?" he asked, stroking his beard. "You will no longer be able to do heavy work with the camels. Times are hard, and I cannot afford to keep you in idleness."

"I have thought of that, oh my father," Hasan answered promptly, "and I think I have found the answer. The money which you have had on account of my injuries is rightly mine; with it I will buy a motor car, and ply for hire in the *souk,* as do Achmet and Kerim Riza. We need not pay for the machine all at once, and much profit and honour will be ours."

The old man jibbed at first, but when Hasan pointed out that he would be able to ride about in style, free of charge, he gave in. Hasan reached heights above his wildest dreams when he became the proud possessor of a large and powerful American car; and he may be seen in the dusty square by the Post Office, limping round his precious toy and flicking dust off it with a feather brush.

He drives with dash and brilliance, but with a complete disregard of danger and of any laws written or unwritten, and it is probable that, long before the last instalment is paid, the car will be a tangled wreck by the roadside, which no one will bother to remove. The donkeys and camels, plodding along under their loads, as they have done since time immemorial, will pass it without even a look, for such is the way of the East.

Army Ski Championships 1949

THIS year, with the willing co-operation of the French, the Army Ski Championships took place at St. Anton am Arlberg in the Austrian Tyrol. Although the Army Ski Association is an infant of two years, it was ambitious enough to stage its second meeting on a course of international repute—the Arlberg/Kandahar. The times of the competitors did credit to this decision.

On 19th January, 1949, there assembled at Liverpool Street Station some forty people—the prospective U.K. ski team. A mixed bag; some experts and others not so good. In this team the Corps had one representative, Captain E. Bardell, Royal Signals, of S.R.D.E., Christchurch. In addition, we had Subaltern D. Harris, W.R.A.C., of Southern Command Signals, who had come to cheer us on. The party soon settled down together, and the four-day journey to Austria *via* B.A.O.R. did not prove too irksome.

St. Anton is a small village situated about 4,500 ft. up in the Tyrol, and served by one narrow winding road and a single track railway; both of which cling to the cliff side to make any progress at all. The team was accommodated in two hotels outside the village. The only discomfort, and a minor one, was the feather bolster the Austrian persists in using as bed covering instead of our more accustomed sheets and blankets. The first night was a very chilly one,

Hotel Solleder, where the main body of the U.K. team were accommodated

Arlberg/Kandahar run, near the top of the Galzig

struggling with the monstrosity. Each hotel had its own character, and ours was most certainly Charles — waiter, barman, postman and, I think, boots. He made everyone comfortable and seemed to do everything in the hotel, even to typing the menus in the most laughable phonetic English. I doubt if he ever had spare time enough to eat and sleep.

Everyone went into training straight away, as only ten days remained before the championships. The weather was delightful and the snow deep, so every hour of sunshine was used to the full. B.A.O.R. very sportingly loaned langlauf skis and boots, but, owing to injuries, we were not able to field a langlauf team, only individual entrants.

The Chasseurs Alpins laid the patrol course and the Arlberg Ski Club set the downhill and slalom. On fresh snow the winner of the downhill race took a little more than four minutes. The drop from the Galzig peak is over 2,500 ft. and the length of the course about two miles. The langlauf, ten kilometres across country, was a hard course with a great deal of uphill running, which made it a test of heart and lungs. By a small margin B.A.O.R. took first place; an A.P.T.C. Sergeant coving the course in 33 minutes 6 seconds. The first of the U.K. entrants was way down the lists, at number thirteen unfortunately. The langlauf being the last race of the meeting, tea and prize-giving followed in usual fashion.

After a short introduction by Major-General J. E. T. Younger, president of the Army Ski Association, the Army Commander, B.A.O.R., presented the many cups. British Troops, Austria, won the inter-theatre competition, but it

Hotel Mooser Kreutz. Another hotel used by the U.K. skiers

was good to see that the title " Army Ski Champion, 1949," was won by a member of the Corps—Lieutenant Boyagis, Royal Signals. He won both the slalom and the downhill events.

Saturday, and our last day. Some people took the tests of the Ski Club of Great Britain, whilst others caught the train to Innsbrück for a day's sightseeing. Although war-scarred and in need of a lick of paint, Innsbrück is still a charming old town, full of old palaces and historic churches. For those in search of a good meal, the city still offers a varied menu to suit all tastes—even the chocolate éclairs are filled with dairy cream.

The police in the local villages are fearsome fellows, so unlike their English counterparts. In some respects their dress is most practical, each man being issued with ski boots. It is their side arms that really attract attention. On one side they are weighed down by a massive sword and on the other side, to balance this, they wear a huge pistol. And the Austrian would appear to be such a peaceable chap!

Our final evening was celebrated by a first-rate cocktail party. Four days later we arrived at Harwich. Six o'clock in the morning, pouring with rain—we were home, and our sun-tan seemed quite out of place in England, in February. At Liverpool Street the small band of enthusiasts split up; one to patrol the London stations—a redcap; another group to Barnard Castle—the XII Lancers; gunners, signals and W.R.A.C. scattered throughout England. It was good fun, and, although the U.K. came third, we did have some excellent sport. Better luck next year. E.J.B.

MILITAS FANTASTICAS

(With apologies to almost everybody)

Long, long ago there was an efficient Duty Clerk, burning the midnight oil and making copies of the AF W3005 (it may have been an AF B157, but he was too tired to know the difference). But, being the youngest son of one of the Unwise Virgins, he had failed to indent for sufficient oil, midnight, burning, for the use of; and his light went out. The time was somewhere between 2359 hrs. and 0001 hrs., that protracted limbo of the fourth dimension which is in, but not of, time; that weird period wherein the moving finger, having writ, pauses—to Mr. T. S. Eliot, over. It was during these non-existent minutes that our hero collapsed into a fitful slumber and dreamed a dream.

Once upon a time there were three little bears, and their names were ADME, DADME and DADOS (their other names were, respectively, Freeman, Hardy and Willis). Their faces were green and their berets were blue, and they went to sea in a ship. Someone told them that they were on an SS, and this frightened them until they learnt that it meant " Steam Ship." They were NS, which may have meant " Not Satisfactory," but they were not quite sure.

After many moons of voyaging, they eventually reached a strange land which was bounded on the east by the terrible mountain range of the CORSUK-PRIVZONE and on the west and south by the SURWONCO plain, which ran down to the sea. On the north, at the further side of a deep forest, was a well-guarded frontier, marked with notices such as NSOTW, DDMS and DAQMG, which led everyone to believe that it must be part of the Iron Curtain.

The natives of this land were wont to chant a weird song, the words of which sounded vaguely familiar:

". . . Where Alf, the scared old giver, ran
Through taverns measureless to man,
Up to the ADC."

When DADME learnt that the Quartermaster's christian name was Alfred, it made it easier to understand.

The country was almost cut in half by the great river SEWLROM, which swept all before it. Although the water was, in some places, too dangerous for bathing, being infested by JAGs, SIGs, ODOs and other rather fierce creatures, some of the natives were allowed to navigate their tiny craft through these treacherous waters. These boats were usually LILOPs, which were inflated by much hot air. The three bears asked to be allowed to play, even if they had to paddle their own canoe, but they were told that, even if they fell in, they would not be in for long enough. Besides, they might get into the clutches of the BAOR constrictor—which looked slim but wasn't, and whose main hobbies were instructing, restricting, constructing and eating marmalade.

The river slowed down as it reached the plain, and PYTHONs slithered about in the long, wet grass. On the SURWONCO plain there were many excited groups of men, who were always hoping that their letters would cross in the post, or something like that. On these letters and posts they frequently wrote about FORINS, but it was difficult to tell if they really were going to sell their souls for less than half-a-crown, because they never could spell very well anyway. Being descended from Sisyphus (or something like that), they were kept very busy, attempting to roll a large stone up the hill. This stone was called a WOUM (or miscalled a WARUM—from " Rogare," to ask), and was very heavy. Although the men pushed, pulled and strained, and used strong ROPOs to help them, the stone nearly always overcame them, rolled down, and pushed them into the sea.

But there were even worse terrors awaiting those who stayed behind. There were often battles with those two dreadful bandits, TOS and SOS, when the clk, clk, clk of machine guns shattered the uneasy silence. And it was so easy to do the wrong thing. Some people, for example, got into trouble for going AWOL, which meant American Way of Life, and made them do the most peculiar things. When they returned, they used to dash about the place singing, " Hey, barber, REJABS," or something equally silly.

Perhaps the worst plague which beset the inhabitants of this land was that of the Amazonian Women, who came out of the forest and seemed intent upon driving the men to Ultima Thule or dejected abjection. The men rallied round their leaders and cried out their slogans.

" Come wind, come WRAC,
At least we'll die with harness on our back."

Which seemed, under the circumstances, highly likely.

Then, with a terrified shudder, the Duty Clerk woke up, which was, perhaps, just as well. PREWITT

Ski and Snow Warfare Course

ST. ANDREASBERG/HARZ

During the past month, four members of the Squadron attended a course in ski and snow warfare at St. Andreasberg, a little town tucked away in the higher regions of the Harz Mountains. They were Signalmen C. McArdle, W. Moore, A. Smith and S. Ward.

On arrival at the School, they met three other Signals "students," namely, Captain Tonry and Corporal —— ("Tito," as they knew him), of Parachute Brigade Signals, Hannover, and Corporal McNey, from somewhere in the 2 Infantry Division Area.

Although I am not the regular Unit scribe, I will endeavour to compose a readable report on the course.

Having drawn ski and snow equipment from the "Q" and Norwegian stores, the majority of the new arrivals, including the 4 A.G.R.A. four, immediately put on their ski boots and skis and started enthusiastically for the slopes at the rear of the O.R.s' billet, "Hotel Schuetzenhaus."

Many of us had not, until that day, even set eyes on a pair of skis, to say nothing of running downhill on them! Consequently, that afternoon the air was filled with laughter from the experienced onlookers, mingled with cries of despair and abuse from members of our community, as they fell victims, one after the other, to a slip, a double somersault and what have you, inevitably ending up in a flurry of snow and a tangled mass of skis, sticks and legs.

Luckily, the first day drew to a close with no one on the casualty list, but everyone felt tired, bruised and more confident (?).

Sunday proved to be a day of rest for many, and the sorting out of strange newly-issued kit took up all the leisure hours.

Monday, our D-Day, came and we were introduced to our instructors, a special team of Norwegian Army officers, under their chief, Colonel Tarnem. We were allotted to our various squads and commenced our training at once.

Like children, who must learn to walk before they can run, so it was with us. The first week was spent learning to walk on skis and, strange though it may seem, practically three days were taken up learning "how to fall"! As you may imagine, everyone made excellent progress during these lessons and still continued to perfect themselves throughout the four weeks of the course with great gusto.

As the days passed, we became more and more efficient, but, sorry to say, the hair of our instructors grew more grey! A series of lectures was given, illustrated with films on Ski Technique; First Aid; Bivouacing in Snow; Ski Unit Operations in the Field, etc., and were most interesting.

The second and third weeks' training completed, we had now accomplished the Snowplough, Stem and Christie turns. Field Firings under snow conditions came into the programme, and a day was spent firing the rifle and L.M.G. at camouflaged and moving targets.

Although the School had only been in existence for 10 days when the students arrived, the accommodation at both the Officers' and O.R.s' Hotels was very good indeed except for the fact that there was only one bath in each hotel. This difficulty was soon overcome by the erection of a Swedish bath. The "bath" was in the shape of a tent, pitched at the rear of the O.R.s' billet in the snow. The ground inside it was covered with a thick layer of sawdust, and a large stove stood in the centre. The temperature inside the tent, after the stove had been well stoked up, soon rose to the region of 100–160 degrees F.! The stalwarts who chose this way of bathing just stripped off all clothing, and once inside the tent, stood on chairs in the terrific heat with sweat running from them in streams, as long as they could endure it. This part of the process was quite nice after being out in the cold, but 15 to 20 minutes seemed to be the maximum anyone could stand!

This was done by dashing out of the tent and rolling over and over in the freezing snow, and having a cool, refreshing bucket or two of snow and water thrown unmercifully over you. After a brisk rub-down and quickly putting on the clothes, the body (no, sir, it is *not* sent to the morgue!) simply tingles with warmth.

I had none other than the Swedish bath during the course, and I suggest that readers try one if they ever get a chance. They are really health-giving!

On the Monday of the last week, we started on a gruelling 14-kilometre march with full pack and rifle, which weighed in the region of 40 lb., and towing ski sledges. Our destination was the Ski-Kreuz, a ski-ing memorial, as its name implies, which is situated at the highest point in the mountains surrounding St. Andreasberg. Here we were to bivouac for two nights in the snow. Feeling worn out on our arrival, the thought of pitching the tents, covering the ground inside them with fir twigs, making rifle and ski racks, and various other jobs before darkness fell, was anything but a nice one. Nevertheless, no efforts were spared and the jobs were all completed in a short time. After eating a piping hot meal, brought by "Weasles" from base, and having knocked back our rum ration, we all climbed into our sleeping bags for the night. Or so we thought!

There were small stoves in the tents, which meant that a fire-watcher must be in attendance all night, so each of the 13 men in each tent was allotted a 40 minutes' stag during the night. One could not just lie awake in his sleeping bag for the duration of his watch, and, when his time was up, lean over and give the next man a rousing dig. Oh no! He must crawl out of his cosy sleeping bag and, after stoking the stove, sit precariously for 40 long minutes on a pointed log (the point downwards, incidentally!). This ingenious method of keeping the man to his post never failed, for if he chanced to doze off, his balance on the log would be lost and he would fall off. Hence, a rude awakening!

Fieldcraft and snow-camouflage lessons took up most of our time during the two days, and on Wednesday morning we struck camp in a true "Boy Scout" manner. The area having been cleared of any possible signs that would indicate to the enemy that a camp had been there, we began the descent to Sonnenberg, 6 kilometres distant, where waiting transport returned us to the School.

Our ski training, 117 hours in all, was now complete. All thoughts now turned to the following two days, which we had all eagerly awaited, when the ski competitions were to be held. From early noon until late evening, everyone was busy cleaning and preparing skis, bindings, boots, etc., in readiness for the Slalom race the next morning.

Although the snow condition was very bad, spirits were not damped by the situation. Instead, enthusiasm and keen competition reigned throughout the race.

On Friday the final event, the 10 kilometres cross-country, took place. This did not prove to be in the 4 A.G.R.A. boys' line, as the best we could do was to take tenth and twelfth places. Captain Tonry, Royal Signals, however, took sixth place and gained a diploma.

A smoker-cum-farewell party was held on the Friday night, and a really uproarious time was had by all in attendance.

Prize-giving was held the following morning and the Signals were well represented in the presentation of first and second prizes in the Slalom race to Signalmen A. Smith and T. S. Ward, respectively.

Some Early Experiences

WITH A.T.S. SIGNALS (Part III)

By **Senior Commander D. J. HOGH**

AFTER taking part in the early training of A.T.S. operators, as previously described, I spent a few months on the Unemployed List, returning to duty in January, 1941.

On this occasion I was posted, still as a Second-Subaltern (known in those days as a "Company Assistant," and, of course, invariably abbreviated to "Coy Ass") to command the newly-formed London District Platoon of Eastern Command Signals, A.T.S.

For a Londoner like myself this was an ideal appointment, as both our Signal Office and quarters were situated in the heart of the West End, and we had all the shops and entertainments which could be desired right on our doorstep.

We worked in close liaison with the Military Unit—London District Signals—and, at first, the A.T.S. only manned the District H.Q. switchboard, which was fairly large and very busy, whilst the military personnel took care of the actual Signal Office and teleprinter operating (later the whole commitment fell to our charge).

This system worked very smoothly; in fact, outstandingly so in some ways, as at least three of the young Signals Subalterns married S.B.O.s of mine during the ensuing months.

The Platoon was very soon made an Independent Company, to command which I received my second "pip." In those days it was quite usual for A.T.S. Subalterns to command Companies, and I was delighted with the advancement, since, at that time, there was no automatic promotion to full Subaltern at the end of a specified period, as now.

We were accommodated, together with an A.T.S. Pay Corps Company, in a most sumptuous block of Mayfair flats, the original furnishings of which had been retained in some parts of the building. I, with another Subaltern, shared a double bedroom, and all the furniture and fittings it contained had been a wedding present from the owner of the flats to his daughter, so, as may be imagined, we lived in great luxury, and even had a beautiful private bathroom attached to our "boudoir."

Once formed, the Company grew very rapidly, and I was given a Second-Subaltern from O.C.T.U. as my assistant. Being an independent Company, we were entirely self-accounting in all respects, and I often shudder to think of some of our primitive attempts to cope with all our various stores and other accounting responsibilities.

We finally achieved a strength of about 220, of which some 70 were accommodated at H.Q. and the remainder scattered around the outskirts of London in small detachments at Record Offices, Ordnance Depots and so on.

As far as the Signals side was concerned (and, indeed, as far as administration went), I had still not received any training, other than a little knowledge acquired by the "trial and error" method; so, during this period, I managed to get sent on one of the first Signals Courses for A.T.S. officers, warrant officers and N.C.O.s, held at the A.T.S. Signal School, at Southbourne, near Bournemouth. As I went fairly early in the year, this did not provide the wonderful seaside holiday that might be imagined, since the weather was incredibly cold, and snow fell constantly during the course.

We student officers were quartered in the typical seaside boarding house of fiction, and two of us shared a diminutive bedroom (somewhat inadequately heated by an oil stove), of which I had distinctly the worst part, as I was literally compelled to climb over my companion's bed in order to reach the door. I remember, however, that the food was good.

The course was extremely short, judged by present-day standards, as it only lasted about a fortnight; and I think the potential instructors must have been hard put to it to hammer the rudiments of, for example, the internal workings of a teleprinter into some of us, although everyone was tremendously keen, and we frequently used to sit in our boarding house explaining things to each other (the blind leading the blind) far into the night.

Many A.T.S. personalities who subsequently achieved some fame in A.T.S. Signals attended this particular course; and at least one of the instructors will go down in history, since her secret "vice" was pipe-smoking, in which she often indulged while executing beautiful and dainty embroidery. We all enjoyed the course enormously, and, as far as I recall, all succeeded in passing, so that we returned to our Units with a satisfying sense of having gleaned a little first-hand knowledge at last.

It was also during this year that my Company was treated to a very vigorous inspection by our late Director, then Controller Knox. Naturally, we had spent days in preparing energetically, and in getting everything as much into apple-pie order as possible; so that it was a sad and horrifying blow to find, some ten minutes before our Very Important Visitor was due to arrive, that a small flood of water was coursing persistently down our otherwise immaculate main staircase.

As everyone but myself and my Orderly Sergeant was either strategically placed at her duty station, or effecting some vital last-minute touch elsewhere, I felt compelled to attend to this disaster personally; and crawled out of a very inaccessible cistern loft some minutes later, triumphant at having temporarily cured the trouble, but downcast to find that my hard-won sartorial perfection was a good deal marred by the various additions of straw, dirt and water that had collected in the loft.

However, the Sergeant nobly dusted me down and put me hastily to rights; and the inspection eventually passed off as well as I could have hoped. The girls were, of course, highly delighted at the cistern incident and I was given to understand that a repeat performance, with the Company as audience, would be appreciated. This, however, was not forthcoming.

This incident, I feel, would not necessarily have occurred, at least not in such an acute form, if we had been able to call upon some official male assistance (as is usually the case nowadays, even in all-A.T.S. as opposed to Mixed Units). The only soldier who regularly visited our billets in the course of duty was the driver of my Utility, whom I employed on loan from London District Signals. He certainly made up in great-heartedness what he lacked in stature, and every time he brought the truck he was co-opted into some strange task for the Company, from heaving about heavy pieces of furniture or equipment to cleaning brass. Should he ever come to read this, I should like him to know that all his cheerful kindness is not forgotten; although, in any case, I think he felt himself nicely recompensed by the friendly affection of a whole Company of girls, not to speak of the material tokens of esteem lavished upon him by the cooks whenever he called.

I must accord a special mention to one of my Company N.C.O.s for providing me with one hair-raising experience. She was an excellent person, and (among other specialities) had unfortunately been turned down for O.C.T.U. on several occasions, each time subsequently being given an additional stripe, as it happened; so that she may quite likely have begun to regard her promotions as being in the nature of consolation prizes (I heard she finally left the Service as a C.S.M.). She was invariably full of care for us all, and one night very late, as Orderly N.C.O., she came to me and categorically stated that there was someone on the roof. Naturally, this had to be attended to; so, leaving one or two other people on our way as connecting links, we ventured aloft, acrobatically struggling through trap-doors and clinging precariously to small vertical metal ladders high above London. The sight was so lovely and the viewpoint so novel that I almost forgot the intruder (whom, in any case, we never found) and was only brought back to earth (metaphorically, not literally, I am happy to say) when the N.C.O. dropped a heavy metal torch on to a dust bin below with a resounding clang, which nearly frightened me to death, and must surely have awakened a number of nearby sleepers.

It was this Company which was so unfortunately bombed out of its luxury home, and then found the hospitable sanctuary with the A.T.S. War Office Signals which I mentioned in the last article. The courage and devotion to duty displayed by all my auxiliaries during this first blitz phase of H.E. and incendiaries was magnificent, and beyond all praise. They were invariably marched to duty by a senior N.C.O., and there was practically always a raid in progress when the evening shift set forth. It will, perhaps, seem strange now to remember that we all wore steel helmets, and gas-masks at the ready, on these occasions. The girls really did appear to be quite unperturbed by bombs during these marches, and I am delighted to say that we sustained no casualties. On duty, all was far from easy for the operators during raids: the switchboard was housed in the basement of the building, where every sickening nearby thud could be felt with the maximum effect; yet they calmly operated as usual, and, what was more, continually distributed life-giving cups of

tea to the various duty staff officers also in the building at night, who were themselves sometimes more than a little disturbed by the intensity of the bombing. On one occasion, when the District H.Q. received a direct hit, and the roof spotters unfortunately bore the brunt, the space behind the switchboard was used as a kind of casualty clearing station, containing one dead man, who had been dreadfully cut about and had shed a great deal of blood around the place, and one seriously wounded man, whom the girls tended in turns all night, whilst continuing to man the switchboard in front (of course, in those days a complete relief, as big as a day relief, was on duty at night, and not merely the two or three auxiliaries now usually employed for night duty).

On the night during which we were bombed out, the raid turned out to be one of the worst to strike the West End, and an unusually high percentage of incendiaries was included with the H.E., which was rather awkward, as a very bad incendiary raid on the South-East of London earlier in the evening had drawn off all the fire services and most of the police. Nearly all the Company had to spend a long time putting out these things with sand, and various other less orthodox devices, because they were falling on and in the quarters so thick and fast that no sooner was one extinguished than two others seemed to alight in its place. When the incendiaries lessened, the H.E. increased, so that I ordered all auxiliaries not going on duty to the shelter. This was a worrying manœuvre, as they had to go some way up the street to reach it, and I had to stand in the doorway despatching a few at a time during what I hoped were short "lulls." It would have been an unendurable thing to have misjudged such a lull, at someone else's expense. At length all were safely away, and, breathing a sigh of relief, I went to the Signal Office. It was a rather tiresome and adventurous journey, with fresh and surprising craters in familiar roadways, fires blazing everywhere, and lurid glows, flashes, noise and all the familiar paraphernalia of a big raid. What made it all so uncanny, especially in this part of London, was the complete and utter emptiness of the streets—there was not a soul to be seen, and it might have been an old city from which the population had fled, at the onset of an eruption of the local volcano.

When I got to District H.Q. I found it had been hit again, but only slightly, and my excellent girls were still at it—operating and dispensing tea—and so we passed the night. At about 0530 hrs., when the raid seemed to have more or less stopped, I went back to the billets to see if all was well with those in the shelter. They were just being forced to emerge, a water main having been hit somewhere, and the floor of the shelter being about an inch deep in slowly rising water; but everyone was well and safe.

Not so our treasured quarters; the flats had been hit, and we found that the two top floors had been entirely wrecked by a land mine; in addition, a medium H.E. had gone right through the building (although most of it appeared, from the outside, to be still standing), which had been cordoned off and condemned as unsafe by the police. However, I managed to get permission for a few of us to enter and salvage belongings. We were only allowed a very short time in the building, so that everything we could find was bundled willy-nilly into palliasse covers, no attempt being made to keep the auxiliaries' belongings separate from one another's. (One of the nicest aspects of an otherwise depressing occurrence was the scrupulous honesty of the girls in subsequently claiming their own things from the motley collection—so careful were they not to take anything which they were not certain of owning that there was quite a quantity of unclaimed property left over.)

Inside, the building was quite badly damaged; hardly a door remained and huge pieces of concrete had fallen from the ceilings, considerably impeding our progress along the corridors. The H.E. bomb had penetrated through all floors, and at least one room of each flat concerned had lost both floor and ceiling completely, and every little thing was covered with a thick pall of white choking dust.

We were all naturally somewhat upset at finding ourselves so suddenly homeless (although, indeed, this was quite a usual event in London at this time), and our relief and gratitude at the boundless kindness of the A.T.S. War Office Signals, who immediately bustled to and cared for us, was correspondingly great.

This incident certainly remains in my mind as the most memorable of my stay with the A.T.S. Signals of London District, and I still treasure a newspaper photograph of the street outside our billets the next morning, which shows a tremendous mass of debris and rubble—concrete, wrecked cars and so on—and which arouses in me fresh gratitude for the safety of all the Company on that occasion whenever I look at it.

A Memory of Abbassia

Mr. A. Chapman, of the Shakespeare Inn, 364 Gorton Lane, Gorton, Manchester, 18, late lieutenant (Q.M.) of No. 1 Egypt Command Signals, writes:

I took over the above inn on 24th November last, and should like to say through THE WIRE, when space permits, that I extend a hearty welcome to my many friends either still serving with the Corps or now settling down to civilian life—that is if they should be in Manchester with half-an-hour or so to spare.

I have received copies of THE WIRE regularly and passed them on to ex-Signals chaps that I happened to run across in the hope that they may become regular subscribers themselves.

I am sending you a copy of a drawing of the "Old English Bar" that we built in the bar of the Officers' Mess of Egypt Command Signals in Abbassia Garrison. It became quite famous in Egypt until it had to be dismantled on the evacuation of Cairo.

It was built of all sorts of scrap wood, although you would not have believed it if you had not been there to see it built. It owed its existence to the energy of one man, now Major (T.O.M.) A. Trapmore, but then Lieutenant-Colonel, Commanding Egypt Command Signal Regiment. There are probably many who may claim to have built or helped to build this bar, but the idea and the necessary drive to get the job done belonged to the C.O. alone. It was a great pity that almost as soon as it was completed he had to leave on Python.

The drawing itself is also the work of a member of the Corps—or at least he was at that time—C.S.M. Wilson, Chief Clerk to C.S.O., B.T.E. You may be interested to know that as Sergeant Wilson he had an exhibition of his work opened at the Victory Club in Cairo by General Paget, then Commander-in-Chief, Middle East.

I don't know whether you can publish this drawing, but if you do would you kindly add that I still have several copies, and I should be more than pleased to send one to any of those who remember the old Mess if they would let me have their address.

I will close by wishing you luck for 1949, and here's hoping that THE WIRE will stay in publication for many years to come.

Gardens in Barracks

Sow hemp and flax. Pole hops and sow all kinds of garden herbs. Restore the liberty of the laborious bee by opening her hive. Bark trees for tanners and let the good housewives mind their gardens.

—XVIITH CENTURY LORE

BARRING the business of the laborious bee, the above introduction to April's work does not really ring true nowadays. But I suppose that the real counsel is at the end of the last sentence. I know I usually have a last-minute rush to the seedsman or nurseryman for something my housewife, "minding her garden," notices I have not insured for a stock of. In other words, April is a month for looking round for something you haven't done and doing it quick, because the end of April should find you with every inch of available space growing something.

My own diary for 1948 mentions such various items as sowing sunflowers, an easy and ornamental crop of poultry tonic, the only difficulty being to cut the flower head off and feed it to the hens before the small birds and field mice eat all the seed. If you haven't yet pruned your roses, do it at once. If you saved seed of hardy perennial and hardy annual flowers, sow 'em now and sow 'em quick. The last plot which contained your winter greens, sprouts, sprouting broccoli, etc., should be cleaned and re-made quickly. The main-crop potatoes should go in as fast as you can put the sets underground.

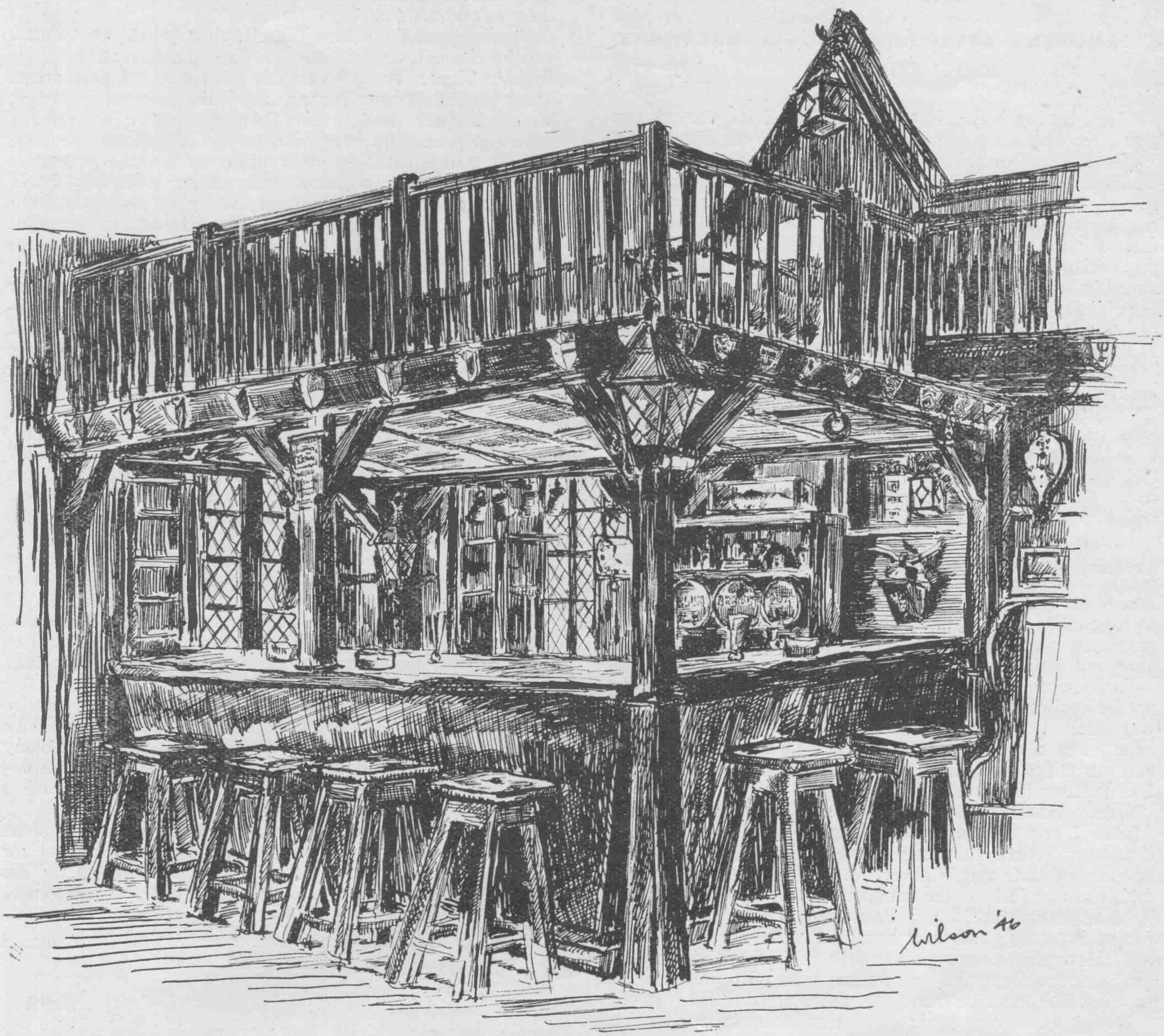
If you have any grass (lawn, not waste land), you will have had, with rage in your heart, to lug out the mower already. Hard, beastly unproductive work. *But* nature always repays, and a good thick sprinkling of lawn mowings in your potato drills provides in a queer way something the growing potato really likes.

So, sow everything you haven't sown. Set out all the seedlings you sowed in late February and early March as soon as you have the vacant ground and the seedlings are big enough to be handled.

Do remember to make your ground firm. I hate the back-breaking job of setting seedlings with a dibber. To do it in freshly-dug, loose soil makes the job tolerable. But the extra work of planting in good, solid, well-firmed soil will be well worth it. Plants like to be planted firmly in solid, well-packed soil that they can really get a grip on.

If you have any spare time, keep the hoe going amid growing crops. Let the cold out and the heat in. Keep the weeds down until your young plants are well established and have a comfortable start on the surface weeds.

As if you were wise you sowed your seed in batches for succession, so with your planting out. Lettuces, cabbages, etc., will remain quiescent in the crowded conditions of the nursery bed and only start into rampageous growth when planted out in good prepared soil at the proper interval and distance. You can check a tendency to glut by this means as well as by successional sowing.


Wilson '46

Other Overseas Stations

1 INFANTRY DIVISIONAL SIGNAL REGIMENT

Tripoli

February

There having been a drought in Tripoli for the last two years, the weather here is indeed making up for lost time in 1949. Except for a few bright days, there have been cold winds and much rain, culminating on 3rd February with snow. This, for Tripolines, was a noteworthy event as snow has never fallen here before in living memory and some say even within the last 100 years, and the majority of the population have never even seen snow or hail before. One amusing story is told of the soldier's wife who was buying her Sunday joint in an Italian butcher's shop when the two men behind the counter downed tools and rushed outside. It had just started to hail and they weren't going to miss it.

During the month of January we were visited by the aircraft carrier H.M.S. *Triumph* and her escorting destroyer. The 1st Guards Brigade ran an exercise in which the troops were given air support by Seafires off the carrier. There were also a few land-based Vampires—this a novelty for Tripoli—taking part in the exercise. It was most impressive to see the superiority of speed of these jet-propelled aircraft, which are truly fast machines.

Unfortunately, the weather interfered not only with the closing stages of the exercise but also with the social arrangements. All were looking forward to a visit to the carrier, which was lying outside the harbour, but the sea had become so rough that the visit had to be cancelled and we had instead to content ourselves with a visit to the destroyer, which was anchored inside the harbour.

Recent events in the Middle East have also had their effect on the Regiment, and on New Year's Eve an emergency signal was received ordering us to send 53 men to the Suez Canal zone. For this purpose three special Dakotas were laid on and our chaps took off in the early hours of the morning of 2nd January for Fayid.

Other visitors have been the U.S.N. aircraft carrier *Midway,* one of the world's largest, with two escorting destroyers. Again the weather intervened and, except for the last day of their stay, the men of the carrier were not able to get ashore, due to the rough sea.

As in most other Signal Regiments, we are hard-pressed for operators wireless and line, and there are not enough available to man all the wireless nets within the Division. We are therefore doing the best we can with what we have and training a number of men from other arms to help us out.

Having been very static in Marine Barracks for the last nine months, steps are afoot to get ourselves mobile again, and we have already had the whole of Divisional H.Q. out for 36 hours. Now that the old hands who knew all about it have gone on release, it is evident that we have got a lot to re-learn.

E. D. G.

NIGERIA SIGNAL SQUADRON

Lagos

February

Our notes this month commence with a welcome to Captain D. Beatt as Second-in-Command, and to Captain D. Scarfe as O.C. of our new Brigade Signal Troop. But as in all cases where gains are made, losses may have to be sustained, and we have had a loss in the departure (to the higher realms) of our late Second-in-Command, Major G. Axson. We all wish you much happiness in dealing with the "policy" side of Signals at C.S.O. Branch, Accra.

We also extend a welcome to seven new British N.C.O.s on their arrival in Lagos, some of whom are new to "the Coast" and some who have already been through their "baptism" with a few months on the Gold Coast. We hope your stay with us will be a happy one. Welcome also to Sergeant McWilliams and wife on the commencement of their second tour on the Coast.

Christmas and the New Year having faded, we are now getting down to much activity. With the formation of the Brigade Signal Troop there was quite a lot of promotions going for the African Troops, and at the moment of writing we are halfway through a N.C.O.s Course. This course is covering practically everything a N.C.O. should be conversant with, including such items as how to prepare a "thick-un," communication drill, junior leadership, M/T maintenance, rifle drill, etc. I am told by the British N.C.O.s in charge of rifle drill that next time they take it they want someone to paint lines on the African's feet to represent bootlaces, because under the new drill laid down "the toe of the butt will be in line with the first lace-holes of the boot instead of in line with the toe of the boot, as heretofore." However, after much demonstration, there are quite a few who imagine their boots lace up at the back, but we are hoping (during the remainder of the course) to prove our points.

It is rather surprising the knowledge some of the new junior N.C.O.s have acquired whilst serving as Signalmen, and it's a question of having to "know all the answers" at question time because they are pretty conscientious in putting their questions, and it's got to be the right answer before the African soldier is satisfied. In fact, he is a hard nut to crack.

Our O.C., Major Bond (despite his 13 months' here) is still as enthusiastic as ever, and he gets a great kick out of leading the Squadron on a route march occasionally all round the native villages adjacent to our quarters. Naturally, all the local "glamour" girls are there to cheer us and to see, perhaps, their husband or boy friend doing his stuff for King and Empire.

On Sunday, 30th January, a Remembrance Day Service was held in Lagos Cathedral to commemorate the first major battle in which West African soldiers took part—and many lost their lives—at Myohaung on the Burma Front. Representatives of all Nigerian Units attended, together with a big percentage of British ranks.

Owing to pressure of work our notes are rather short this month, and, as we have to get them to England for publication by the 4th of each month, the time factor has to be considered, too, but we will let you have a bit more "gen" next month.

Stop Press. After many rumours and much speculation we are all pleased to see Army Order 2/49!

* * *

March

Considerable activity has been the keynote during the past month as far as the Squadron is concerned. With the formation of the Brigade Signal Troop much planning has been completed, and exercises will be well under way by the time these notes have been dissected, discussed and digested.

At the moment we have two Detachments out with Battalions of the Nigeria Regiment in the bush, and, according to the programme mapped out, there will be many more in the near future.

We welcome into the fold this month S.S.M. J. Bond, who has arrived on posting from Gold Coast Squadron. We all wish him a very happy sojourn in Lagos and by all accounts he is much impressed with everything he has seen.

The C.S.O., Colonel C. H. Lyddon, is at the moment paying us a visit for a short period, and we all hope that

he will be as pleased with the results as he was when he visited us in October last.

Sports activities in the Squadron have been well to the fore recently, and we are now building up a pretty good team of African other ranks to keep the Signals flag flying in the Nigeria District Football League, whose fixtures commence on 7th March.

Recent results in friendly matches have created a good spirit of optimism for the future, results being: Signals 4, 5 Battalion Nigeria Regiment 1; Signals 2, H.Q. Nigeria District 1.

These games have all been played on sun-baked grounds, but with the approach of the rainy season we are hoping that our team will be just as nimble in the mud.

Cricket is now on its way out, and the British N.C.O.s from the Squadron who have been co-opted into the Apapa Army XI have put up some really good performances in enabling the team to reach the semi-final of the Elmore Cup.

Of the minor Units we took third place, and although we did not suceed in winning a trophy the whole team are to be congratulated on putting up such a fine show.

Still on the topic of sport, an examination was recently held at District H.Q. for would-be referees. There were six candidates, five of whom were from this Unit. Results are not yet known, but we are hoping to have five qualified referees in the Unit shortly.

CYPRUS SIGNAL SQUADRON

March

So far as can be remembered, even by the oldest soldier of this Unit, this is our first contribution to THE WIRE, and, being the normal procedure, we must first introduce ourselves to its readers. The Squadron, although small in numbers, is responsible for the communications of the island. Our present strength, including officers, consists of 42 British ranks and 18 Cypriot ranks.

Our O.C. is Major G. Rowland, M.B.E., who is also C.S.O. Cyprus and, incidentally, has served in most parts of the world. Lieutenant Carlettides, of the Cyprus Regiment, is our very able and efficient Second - in - Command and Administrative Officer, for whose occasional silver hairs we in the Squadron hope we are not responsible. We are fortunate in having as our Duty Signal Officer Lieutenant "Tex" Canham, and as our Squadron Sergeant-Major, S.S.M. "Pip" Stone.

On the administrative side we have Sergeant Bert Verinder, the Squadron Quartermaster, and Driver Dixon, who is his assistant-in-chief. To obtain anything from the "Q" Staff is considered the work of a genius. Chief Clerk of the Unit is Corporal Brazell, and Signalman Bill Rushton is our Pay Clerk. From an observer's point of view life in the Squadron Office is considered to be one long holiday. This, however, is stoutly denied by the aforementioned, who, reclining in their easy chairs, feet on desks and cigarettes in hand, will spend all day explaining their case.

In naming personalities we could not possibly omit to mention our one Radio Mechanic, Lance-Corporal Wiffen, whose ability is shown by the fact that each billet has a private radio in first-class working order.

Leading light of the Signal Office is Corporal "Leo" Heaps, and we are all extremely pleased to know that his family will soon be joining him.

The inspiration of the Line Section is Lance-Corporal Harry Leeks, who, together with Signalman "Zebby" Watkinson, spends much time hunting for "buckshee" telephones and D8 cable.

The "hush hush" men of the Cipher Detachment are Corporals Duncan, Gerrard and Cook. This gallant trio really are enthusiastic fellows, and have been known on occasions to rise from their beds to play football and hockey, and it is rumoured that they have even been seen playing table tennis in the Canteen.

In the world of sport the Squadron is making good progress. At present we are blessed with a promising football team, who, although failing in the second round of the Island Knock-Out Competition against 1st Loyals, were certainly not disgraced, having in the first place forced a draw and the second game were compelled to make several changes owing to the toll taken by both release and injuries. However, we are not complaining, and wish our victors every success in the competition.

S.S.M. Stone showed his organising powers at the beginning of the season, when he formed a Unit Hockey Team. The team to date has played 15 games, of which 10 have been won and five lost.

On 22nd February our Cross-Country Team, led by our O.C., took part in the Garrison Cross-Country Run Championship.

G.H.Q.
SIGNAL REGIMENT
FARELF

We had understood that in Malaya, in FARELF, they had a war on. Rumour has told us of warlike action against the Communists, of Royal Signals with their resources stretched to the utmost, making telecommunications where none previously existed.

As so often with rumour, fact is stranger than fiction. We publish photographs to show that they have ample leisure! Was the C.S.O. there in person ?

G.H.Q., Signal Regiment, FARELF, all ranks' dance

W.O.'s and Sergeants' Mess, G.H.Q. Signal Regiment, FARELF, fancy dress ball, 31st December, 1948

W.O.'s and Sergeants' Mess, G.H.Q. Signal Regiment, FARELF, fancy dress ball

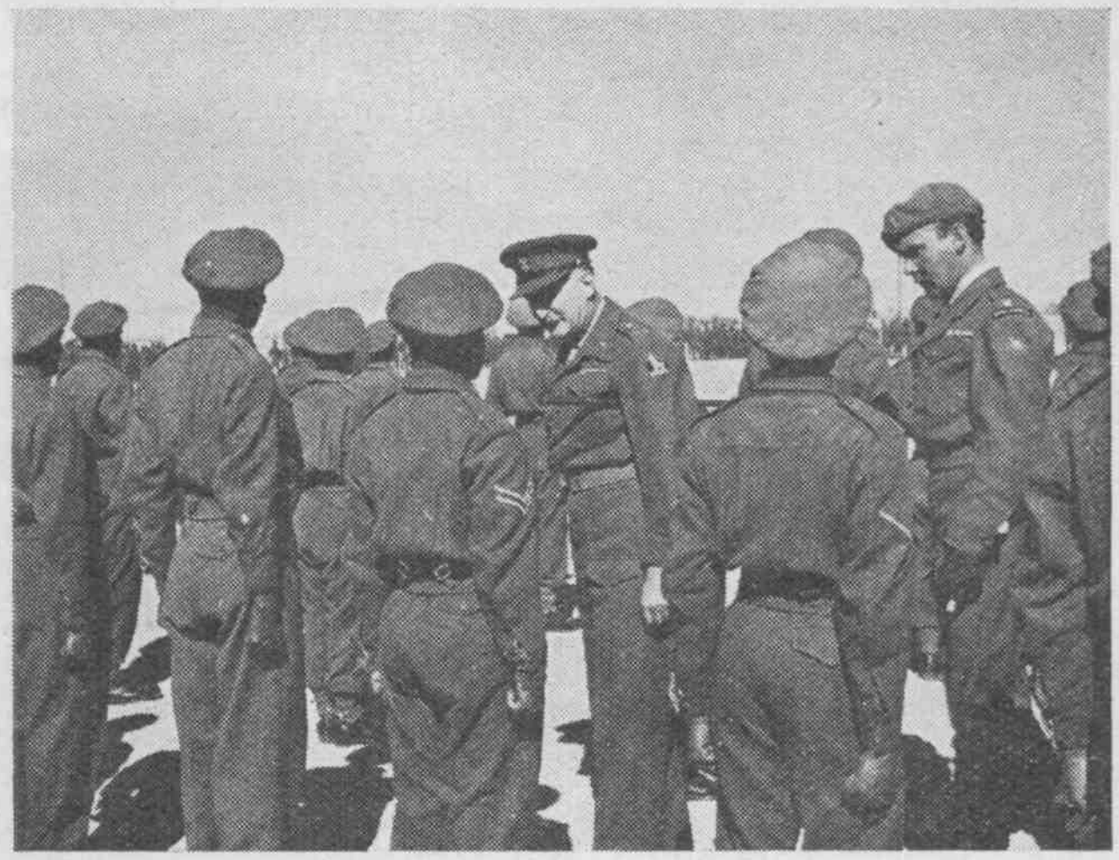
G.H.Q., Signal Regiment, FARELF, all ranks' dance

Another view of the all ranks' dance

Welcome into the Corps

On 28th February, 1949, at Fanara, in the Suez Canal Zone of Egypt, there took place the first ceremonial parade of the Mauritian Signals Wing, on the passing out of 165 Mauritian linemen. On parade was the complete Signals Wing, totalling 530 trainees, which was inspected by Brigadier C. A. H. Chadwick, C.B.E., Chief Signal Officer, British Troops in Egypt and Mediterranean Command. After the inspection the Wing marched past the C.S.O., who took the salute. On completion of the parade the trainees were assembled for an address by Brigadier Chadwick, in which he outlined the traditions and *esprit de corps* of the Royal Corps of Signals. He welcomed the linemen, who were due to proceed to Signal Regiments in Egypt, and pointed out that in the hands of the forerunners rested the reputation of the remainder of the Wing, who had yet to complete their training.

The Mauritian Signals Wing was brought into being in August, 1948, as an experiment. A training organisation was prepared in Egypt, and a Royal Signals Officer was sent to the island of Mauritius to investigate and report on the suitability of interested volunteers. During his visit of one month 1,500 men applied for consideration, of whom 500 were selected. These arrived in Egypt during October and, after one month's basic training, their technical training commenced in November. Courses of instruction are based upon the syllabuses and training methods in use at the School of Signals, Catterick, who offered valuable advice and assistance, and are awaiting with interest the results of the unmodified U.K. courses of instruction applied to Mauritian students. Although all instruction has been given in English, this has not proved a great handicap, as the percentage of fluent English-speaking students was high and their reaction to the training keen and intelligent. The results of training up to the present justify confidence that the Mauritian signalman will not only be a useful tradesman, but will also be a credit to a proud Corps, a criterion of which is the fact that the Royal Signals have decided to double the original figure and now plan to train one thousand Mauritian technicians by the end of the current year.



EGYPT COMMAND SIGNAL REGIMENT

Fayid

January

The highlight of the month was undoubtedly the final of the Army Egypt Rugger Cup, which was played on 8th January between 3 G.H.Q. Signal Regiment and ourselves. A detailed description will be found elsewhere in this journal.

It was a game in keeping with the traditions of Corps sport, but it was marred by the absence, in hospital, of our C.O., Lieutenant-Colonel Hardy, who had done so much to train the team. Congratulations, Sir, and a speedy return to our ranks.

1 SQUADRON. Once again release has deprived us of various characters, especially in the sporting world—more of the latter anon. Still, we that are left soldier on regardless. Of the officers, Second-Lieutenant D. Berriman left on release at the beginning of February, together with Lieutenant Cherry and Captain Hardy on Python. Best wishes to all of them. Sergeant Lee has been taken over by 3 G.H.Q. Signals, and we wish him lots of luck with his new Regiment.

S.S.M. Dickens now has lots of difficulty in getting enough men on parade, due to the decreased numbers, but it is not yet down to the man and a dog!

Sport. The big event in the Regiment was, of course, the winning of the Army Egypt Rugby Cup. We beat 3 G.H.Q. Signal Regiment by 21—3, although it was not such a one-sided game as the score suggests. This is the first time Signals have managed to get their name engraved on the cup since it was first instituted in 1923. Thanks go to all who took part in the team, and especially to Corporals Ferguson and Littlejohn, who retarded their departure on release in order to play in the final. Captain Gordon Smith scored four tries, Signalman Armstrong one try, three of which were ably converted by Lieutenant "Slim" Callaghan. No tries were scored against the Regiment throughout the whole series, and the final totals were 106 pts. for and 3 pts. (penalty goal) against.

We have also been doing well in the soccer world. But unfortunately we got knocked out of the second round of the Shalaby Cup by the "Medics," although only by the odd goal in nine. Bad luck, chaps.

We hope to make amends with our hockey team, however, for the Army Egypt Cup. We have got a good team and we hold high hopes to participate in the final also.

OPERATING TROOP. Twenty-third December, 1948, brought the Troop Christmas Party to commemorate the invasion of the Troop Signal Office by the A.T.S. (now

W.R.A.C.). As usual, the spivs of the Troop, the D.R.s, outshone all others present by the glamour of their ties. "The Turk," at Port Said, we understand, has now retired on the proceeds of these purchases.

Amongst other things for which the Troop is becoming famous is the excessive number of D.S.O.s/O.C.s with whom it has to deal, and who have had to deal with it. None of them appear to wish to stay very long, possibly due to Sergeant Britten's D.R.s. However, we now have our "original" back in the person of Captain Smith, who has just completed a tour of duty with the Mauritian Signals Training Wing. The only thing wrong now is, that if rumours are correct, he soon won't have a Troop left to deal with. (Those W.R.A.C.s again.)

Since our last entry we've said goodbye to Groups 77, 78 and the Joskin 101s—impossible, isn't it. Anyway, we're wishing them all the best for the future.

WIRELESS TROOP. The Troop has suffered badly during January, due to our 78 Group lads going on demob, leaving us with only nine O.W.L.s (including four R.A.F.).

This state of affairs has made our remaining operators work two shifts and, although we say it ourselves, they have done really well.

We have lost our O.C., Lieutenant Callaghan, to R.H.A. Signals, Fayid, and have, as O.C., Sergeant "Dickie" Bird, who seems to have the worries of the universe upon his shoulders since taking command.

Sergeant "Jock" Tait has now taken over the Troop Administration and Discipline, but at the moment is praying for a new draft to come in and give him a chance to "get cracking" on the discipline.

We hope to be in a more "peaceful" state when the next issue is due, so for the present this is Wireless Troop "signing off."

1 SQUADRON, TEL EL KEBIR. The end of January sees us saying "Cheerio" to all the old-timers of Groups 78 and 101, who have just left this "desert outpost" for Blighty and civilisation. The recently announced details of the proposed release programme for the second quarter of this year were, as usual, readily welcomed by all concerned, and even our very young friends of 137 Group may yet see the shores of England (or Bonnie Scotland, as the case may be) before Easter, 1950, if the rate of demobilisation is maintained at two groups per month.

With the departure of 101 Group we must also say farewell to our Lines Officer, Second-Lieutenant R. S. Taunton, who has been with us since 3 Squadron was disbanded last October. All of us here at Tel El Kebir take this opportunity of saying goodbye and wish him the very best of luck.

Most of you ex members of this Troop will be interested to hear that picquets are a thing of the past now that the compound is patrolled by bluecaps during non-office hours. The junior N.C.O.s still perform the rather irksome duties of Orderly N.C.O., but they consider this "dead easy" compared with the picquets they did previously.

Our new billets have now been surrounded by barbed wire to prevent vehicles of neighbouring Units straying into our lines. Everyone agrees that the billets are much better than the tents were, and a greater spirit of comradeship is making itself shown throughout the lines. Billets are challenging each other to the most popular of indoor games, namely, darts, and rivalry is keen between all who play the game.

The visit of Ivy Benson and her All Girls Band to 21 Shed Cinema was a very eagerly awaited event and all are of the opinion that it was the best C.S.E. show to be presented to date. Some even saw that show twice, which goes to prove this.

Sport. During the past month our football team has lost two more of its players in Signalman Grady (78 Group) and Signalman McIntosh (posted to Moascar). The former surprised everyone, including himself, by scoring a goal the other week, just to show it could be done. Much needed replacements for the team are long overdue. If we are to maintain the standard of football of T.E.K. Signals we must have players to replace these who have gone on release and those about to go. In the latter group is our "stopper," Bill Badnell, who leaves us soon with 103 Group. A football net has been erected behind the billets and most afternoons players are to be seen getting some useful practice.

And now, until next month, we say goodbye from T.E.K. Troop.

MOASCAR LINE TROOP. Though release has caused gaps in the ranks of the Troop, it still operates smoothly and efficiently.

The little brown men have been making hay while the sun shines, with our underground cable routes, with the result that January has been one of the heaviest months for cable thefts yet. Regardless of this setback we can safely claim that the cables still go through.

The Troop soccer team has been broken up through release, but steps are being taken to form a new one in the near future.

Signalman Armstrong having been chosen to play for the Corps rugger team against the R.A.E.C. prior to his departure for the U.K., said a fond farewell by scoring the winning try of the match.

2 SQUADRON. Firstly, a happy New Year to all members of the Corps.

All members of the Squadron have got settled down once again to the normal routine after the Christmas period.

A good few are nearer that elusive boat that takes chaps to Civvy Street and the land of "plenty."

The Squadron has been sadly depleted during the last month due to release, most notable being the famous S.S.M. "June" Knight (ex Punkey Wallahs note). A farewell party was held in the Sergeants' Mess, and he was appropriately presented with a bowler hat. We don't think he will require it, as we hope to see him punching tickets on a United bus when next around Catterick.

Release has taken a toll of the officers, replacements are few and far between. The most notable is the chap called "Stainless"—your loss is our gain. (We know it's the wrong way round.)

Sport. Soccer still provides the main source of interest in the sporting field, and with the winter routine most of the afternoons are taken up with this sport.

The Squadron "A" team has been giving an excellent account of itself, despite the fact that some of the players have left us for "England's green and pleasant land." For the last dozen games they have been undefeated. Such notable teams as O2E, North Staffs and 662 Armoured Workshops have been unable to pierce our solid defence, and we hope to go a long way in the race for the League II championship.

Our "B" team also has been doing very well and in the past dozen or so friendly fixtures has done rather more than share the odds. The most notable achievement was the defeat of 2311 Basuto Company by 3 goals to 1 in the match just prior to the Basutos' departure from Egypt.

Two of our "A" team players—Corporal Spooner, the centre-half, and Signalman Mayfield, the centre-forward, were both selected to represent the Regiment in the Shalaby Cup Competition, whilst another player from 2 Squadron —Corporal Austin, our "A" team right-back—was picked as reserve. Well done, all three of you!

Entertainment. The Squadron has continued holding the whist drives, which are still proving very popular and which are always well attended. Our A.T.S. and W.A.A.F. friends are now attending in ever-increasing numbers and the high sport of the evening now is when the lady opens her booby prize.

(*continued on page* 228)

A Visit to Petra

MANY years ago a student at Oxford University wrote a long and very tedious poem which won him a coveted literary prize. The name of that student is now forgotten, and so is the poem, with the notable exception of one line:

"*A rose red city, half as old as time.*"

It was a description of that mysterious valley which is situated about 30 miles due west of Ma'an, and which was completely lost to the Western world for some 12 centuries until it was rediscovered about a hundred years ago.

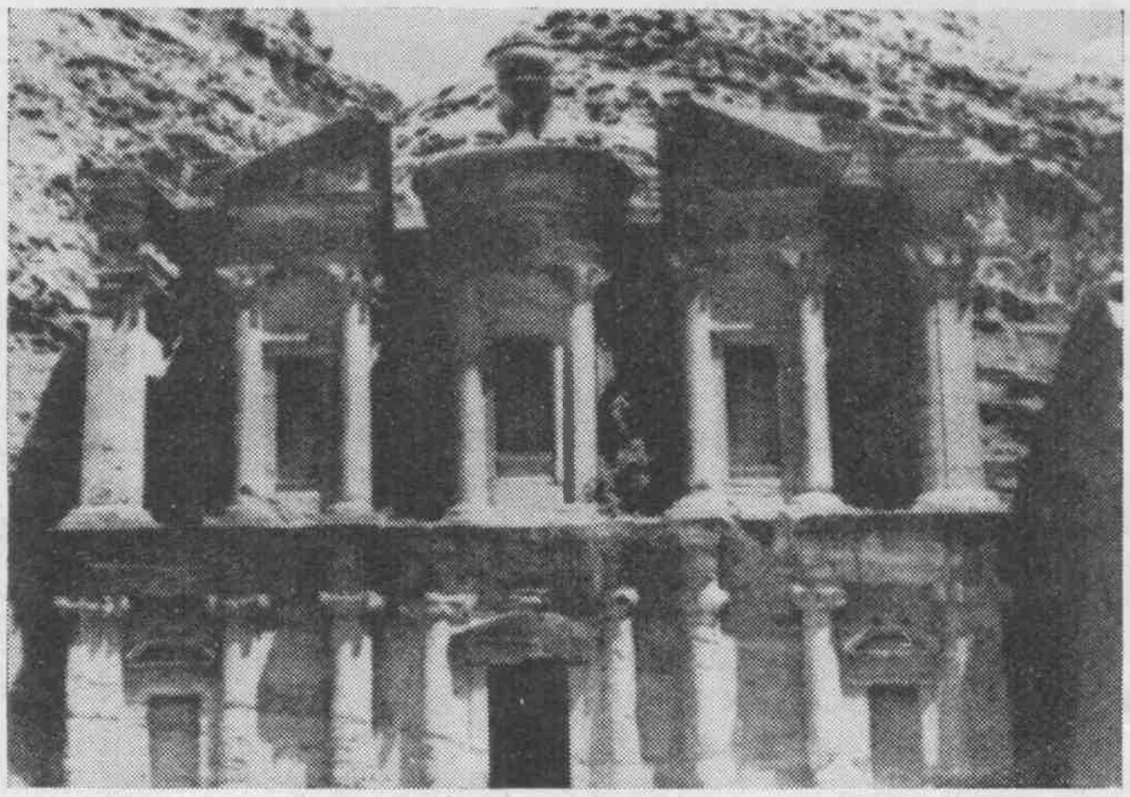
I first read about it in Lawrence's *Seven Pillars of Wisdom,* and was immediately filled with a great urge to see its wonders for myself.

Well, I had to wait for 10 years before I could satisfy that desire, and it was not until the early summer of 1947 that, being stationed in Palestine, I was able to take a week's local leave and could set about the business of my pilgrimage.

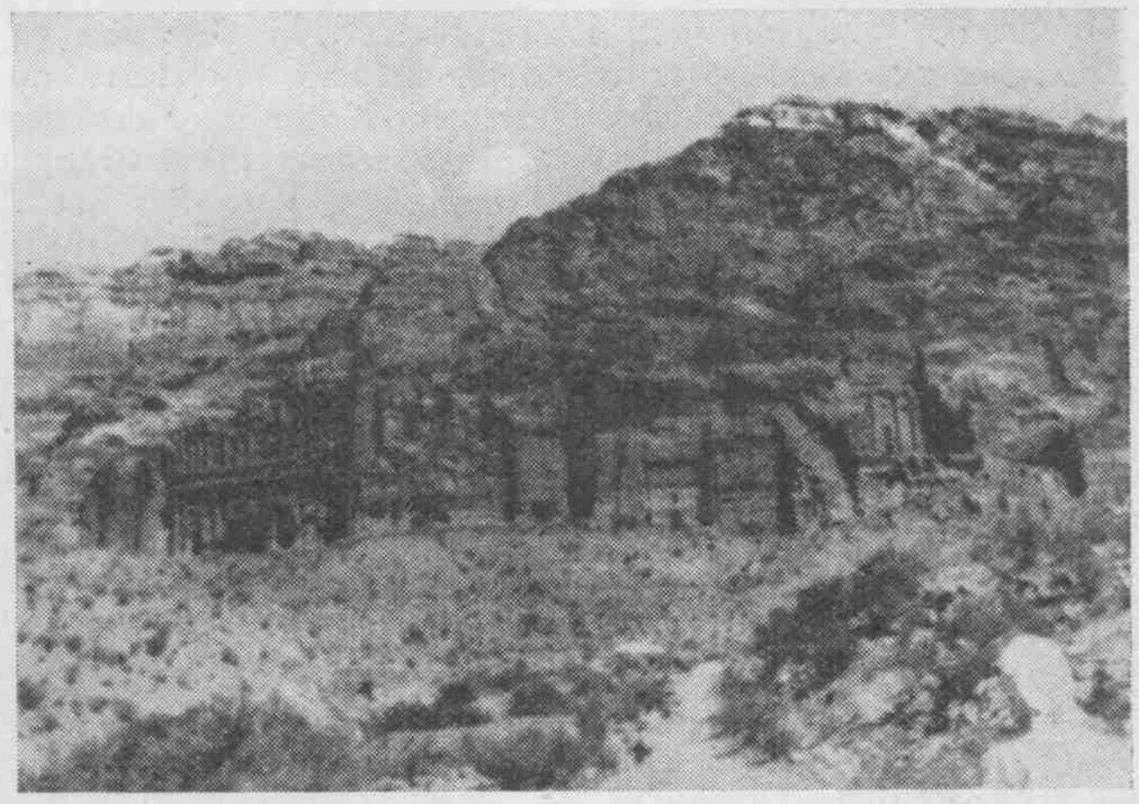
The main difficulty was how to get there, and I found myself faced with three alternative choices. I could make my way from Amman (the capital of Transjordan and southern limit of the main metalled roads in that country) by camel, down the old pilgrims' way to Ma'an; or I could fix up with the Hejaz Railway for the use of a platelayers' truck, and so travel down by the railway that Lawrence and his merry men had had such fun with in 1916-17; or I could charter a plane from Amman to Ma'an.

The first alternative, although the most romantic, I ruled out because it would have taken too long, and anyway I had never ridden a camel and would probably have spent most of my time falling off the wretched brute! The second choice had also to be turned down for lack of time, and I was faced with the prospect of chartering a plane for the princely sum of £P60.00, and I was lucky enough to find amongst my friends five who also had the urge to see Petra and who were prepared to share the cost.

We took off in our Arab Airways De Havilland Rapide at 6 o'clock one morning and flew south over the Mountains of Moab with the Dead Sea glinting far below under our starboard wing. After an hour and a half's flying we saw the network of the old Turkish defences still clearly visible round Ma'an, and a few moments later we touched down.



The Monastery



View of one of the main valleys

At Ma'an we haggled frantically with an Arab driver and eventually agreed to let him drive us the next stage of our journey, to the police post at Wadi Musa (the Valley of Moses) for £P15.00 return. The journey lasted another hour and a half, and it was just after 9 o'clock in the morning when we started on our last lap into the mysterious valley.

As we approached this age-old monument, so our means of transport became more primitive, and this last lap was, of necessity, made on horseback. Our mounts, which we hired, if I remember correctly, for the equivalent of 10s. each, were sure-footed creatures whom we controlled not by bit and bridle, but by a plain halter, and they carried us for another hour and a half right into the valley itself.

It is said that the original inhabitants of Petra were the Nabateans, a strange race whose story is lost in the mists of time, but whose language was very probably that spoken by the lowly dwellers of Israel and Judea in the time of Our Lord.

Whoever they may be, they certainly knew how to site their stronghold, for there must be few places as inaccessible as Petra. To enter the valley we had to pass through a deep cleft in the mountains, about half a mile long, which twists and turns and which is so deep and narrow that the sun's rays could not penetrate to us. This cleft is called the "Sik" by the Arabs, and the length of it, cut into the rock, is a deep gutter which of old took water from an outside spring right into the valley.

At last we came out into the sunlight again, and were rewarded by the sight, straight ahead of us, of the most perfect of Petra's monuments, "Khasna Faraoun" (Pharoah's Treasure House).

Like all the monuments it is hewn out of the cliff face and it presents the picture of an ancient Greek frontispiece carved out of red stone. Surmounting it is a massive carved urn, and the Arabs, believing it to contain treasure, or to frighten evil spirts, have peppered it with rifle shots so that its surface is chipped and pock-marked, but still very beautiful.

Leaving this tomb, we turned right, and so entered the main valley of Petra, coming next to what was the theatre, whose seats are carved in tiers out of the rock, which in this case is coloured more purple than red.

Our time was limited, for we were not equipped to camp the night, and our aircraft had to return to Amman by dusk. So we rode on, past the only building in Petra not carved out of the living rock, "Kasr Faraoun" (Pharoah's Palace), until we reached a point where we had to dismount and scramble up a steep erratic path—more suitable for mountain goats — which led up to another massive hewn monument, known to the Arabs as "The

Monastery," and, climbing a little further, we were able to look out westwards over the most desolate and fearsome mountains right to the Sinai Desert and Southern Palestine.

There we rested a while and mused about these strange people who have left almost no clues as to how they lived, but who have taken such immense pains to honour their dead; and then we slowly made our way down to our horses, and set off on our long journey back into the world of today.

Looking back on this visit, I can sense again the atmosphere of that strange valley. It was chill and desolate to the spirit (though not enough to the body!), as if the ghosts of the old dwellers still haunt their empty tombs, and I find myself unable to picture the valleys as being occupied by a living community. Not a city, but a

"*Rose red graveyard, half as old as time.*"

Nevertheless, I count my £15-odd well spent, and would gladly go again if I got the chance; if possible, a week's stay in the valley would be the thing to do.

Next month, if I am permitted, I will describe, by way of complete contrast, the ancient Greek colony of Jerash, in Northern Transjordan.

EL KAFIR

WHEN *MEMORY* CAME HOME

By **J. P. HARRISON**

THIS happened during the month of September some years ago. The barometer was falling fast, but we did not realise it was foretelling such a gale, or the shambles it would leave in its wake amongst the sailing centres on the South Coast.

But this is purely the adventure of *Memory,* sailing alone in the gale.

A stoutly-built, stout-hearted little ship—once a naval pinnace, built entirely of teak, and, according to Royal Naval tradition, almost regardless of cost. She was converted later, by a retired admiral, into a snug little ketch, 40 ft. overall.

Our sailing season was over, and prior to going into her mud berth, *Memory* was lying at her moorings in Bosham Creek, in Sussex. Her moorings, which were very well laid, consisted of 28 fathoms of cable, an anchor, and a cross of heavy wood or windmill, dug into the mud. Somewhere between, the yacht rode at her bridle chain.

It was spring tides and, as I said, the glass was falling. By 7 p.m. half a gale was blowing. Between 11 p.m. and dawn, few could sleep, the gale had reached such force. Tiles were flying from the roofs in the village and many of the fishermen and yacht hands were out on the quay. The sea, with the wind behind it, was coming up like an ocean, soon covering quay and village green, even finding its way into the streets and into the cottages. It was a wonderful sight, the black clouds, and rain lashing in solid sheets across the sky. Men could hardly stand against the force of the wind, which had terrific weight behind it and moaned hideously.

Suddenly, out of the lashing darkness and swirling and pitching mass of boats, the watchers saw a shape silently approaching up the fairway. A phantom ship? No, one whose lines were well known, riding proudly through the hurly-burly of every sort of craft, glided the white ketch.

The men tried to shout to one another, but the words were driven back and carried away by the screaming wind. On she came, turning to starboard past the quay, and carefully skirting the guardian piles, she carried on. She seemed to pause and hesitate at the street end and the old Town Hall, as if to make sure it was not here that she must come to rest. One man detached himself from the silent knot of watchers and ran. . . . Our house echoed with the shattering rain of blows on the knocker, and a voice shouted, "If you come now, you will save *Memory.*" We dragged on sweaters as we dashed out. The sea was half-way up the garden, and as we pushed through the gate it came over our knees.

Did *Memory* know she was home? Did she hear her master's voice? She shook herself, and as if to say, "I'm safe now," she swung right round to port, and glided up to the wall where we stood.

We sprang on board, and as we dropped the fenders over her side she leant quietly against the wall and came to rest. The dawn was breaking and the tide had started to ebb as we walked slowly home, having made *Memory* as comfortable as possible.

She had broken the swivel of her bridle chain, thus freeing herself of one half of the mooring, then plunging and rearing on the remaining half, pulled the cross from the mud. So with this to stay her progress, she had come slowly up the harbour, through a mile of boats. How she steered herself to our own gate, she never told us.

(*continued from page 226*)

Arrangements are in hand for a trip to Cairo in order to see the Pyramids, Museum, etc., and it is hoped that the proposed visit will materialise sometime at the end of February.

SUEZ DETACHMENT. The Christmas and New Year festivities are all over now, and most of the resolutions made are either broken or crumbling. Whilst it lasted the season was full of gaiety, in spite of irritating setbacks in the form of work which just couldn't wait. The Christmas Committee put on an excellent programme of events, which went off like a "command performance." When it was all over, 78 Group chaps, including Lance-Corporal Softley, Signalman Mahon and Signalman Cousins, began to pack, and wend their way toward Port Said, but their luck was out and we'll be saying farewell to them again in the very near future.

Congratulations to Sergeant Revill on his promotion to that rank.

Football. The following results were achieved by the Detachment team in the Garrison League matches: *v.* 169 Railway Workshops, won 3—1.

Driver Alden represented the Detachment in a Regimental trial match and only let three past him which would have beaten Frank Swift. Good show!

Sergeant Dignan and Lance-Corporal Shields were picked to represent Scotland in the Suez International England *versus* Scotland match. The Scots won 3—2.

The O.R.s team played the Officers and N.C.O.s just recently, and ran circles round their superior officers to the extent of the following results: 1st game, O.R.s won 6—1; 2nd game, O.R.s won 6—1. (It's a bad habit!)

1 L. OF C. SIGNAL REGIMENT, M.E.L.F.

El Ballah

March

After a month of very mixed weather, including sandstorms, rain and Khamsin winds, we are settling down to a little warmer weather, although the nights are still cold.

We welcome Captain (T.O.T.) Kavanagh, who arrived in the middle of February, and also S.S.M. (F. of S.) Jenkinson from the School of Signals, who is already taking things in his stride. He sends his salaams to the pals he knew in the Boy's Company in 1929.

Major (T.O.M.) Robertson has departed for the Sudan, armed, we understand, with A, B and C lists for a camel. Captain Haxell is now out of hospital and recuperating, and we hope he will soon be with us again. Sergeant Knight has returned from Corsuk, and is now in the midst of M.T. stores, ledgers, indents and famto. (Eeh, bah gum!)

All and sundry from Airfield Camp will like to know that sweet peas have at last been grown here, so that we are now hoping for flowers of all kinds this summer. This will be of particular interest to the Pal Command contingent, who helped us to bring mud from the Sweet Water Canal last year.

An Explosive Night at Mymensingh

By **Captain JOHN WHITNEY,** *late Royal Signals*

Whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week;
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day:
Who is't that can inform me?

HAMLET.

IN what is now the East Bengal Province of Pakistan, and some ten hours' train journey from Dacca, is the ancient and odorous town of Mymensingh. In times long past it had proudly stood on the bank of the Brahmaputra, but that turbulent and treacherous river had long since changed its main course to a channel some fifty miles westwards of our city, leaving a sluggish and muddy stream, navigable only to small country craft. But some of its ancient glories lingered on. Exotic eastern palaces stood hard by mud hovels; barred and cloistered rooms for women in purdah could be seen from the roads leading to the heart of the bazaar, where, the Police Superintendent averred, nightly deeds of violence were done, working out, by averages, one inhabitant found with a knife in his back each morning. There was a Maharajah who if long without political power was still the upholder of local society and culture; and a University whose students indulged in the perverse pleasure of forming cordons across main roads with linked hands, to the great annoyance of our Punjabi linemen.

In the days when we knew this old but thriving market town, the Union Jack flew daily over the Georgian pillared portico of the District Magistrate's house, and in the British Messes white-coated bearers still discreetly went to and fro. Set in the midst of a large agricultural and jungle terrain, with no neighbour town closer than 100 miles, it was yet unusual in having no roads leading anywhere. Once, as a trial, a military jeep had set out with a party from Dacca in an attempt to get through, but the solitary track had soon petered out, and unbridged and unfordable rivers had been impossible to negotiate; so with its river silted up and no road communications the single track railway was of paramount importance, forming the one link with the vast outer world. The main line from Calcutta formed a junction and marshalling yard at Mymensingh, with routes branching to Dacca and the Burma frontier.

The land tenures of Bengal are tortuously complicated and inexplicable to Western minds. For generations these had worried successive Viceroys at Fort William, and untimely meddling had caused the premature recall of one august Governor-General; but in the hierarchy of the land the Zemindar stood a commanding figure. The magnificent house in a walled compound standing on the waterfront at Mymensingh stood witness to the imposing importance of the local Zemindar.

When I arrived at Mymensingh, with very few months' commissioned service, this magnificent palace was occupied by the Army. The marble floored rooms echoed to the tread of staff officers and orderlies, the heavily lustred chandeliers tinkled incessantly to hobnailed footsteps in the upper rooms. The Signal Office, W/T and Military Exchange were conveniently housed in the three-roomed entrance lodge just inside the wrought iron gates. One adjoining octagonal temple, with an exquisitely sculptured pointed roof, housed the Exchange batteries, the matching temple on the opposite side of the flowered garden housed the noisy din of the remote controlled generators for the W/T sets. The stables were filled with our permanent line stores and cable; the loose boxes and all odd corners filled with ammunition and small arms; the main garage, distempered in a delicate pastel shade by the good offices of a friendly Garrison Engineer, was fitted up as an office, and was a fitting background for the collection of alabaster and plaster idols which were in safe keeping there, and which looked on so benignly to the hurried comings and goings, the violent telephone calls, the struggles over maps, accounts, and stores, the earnest confabulations and schemes to get two days' work done in the day and yet keep everyone fit, happy and out of hospital.

It was a very heterogeneous command: much more than a Section, less than a Company: with none of the advantages of either. British and Indian, Madrassi, Punjabi Mussulman, Dogra, Bengali. I can remember half an operating section; a strong detachment from someone's W/T Section; two Indian Line Maintenance Sections; one lone British Lineman; a whole bevy of local Indian girls with jet black hair, proud carriage, finely chiselled features, and bare feet, graduates of the local University and enrolled as local service W.A.C.(I). They very efficiently managed, with multi-lingual command, the military exchange, both by day and night. Those not on night duty going home to the safe haven of their parents or husbands, those on duty at night locking themselves securely in the Exchange Room! A routine the new Signal Officer thoroughly endorsed, in view of happenings elsewhere, which may perhaps make another story one day.

One hot sticky night the Cipher Officer, senior British Sergeant and myself had found refreshment and a slight cooling breeze on the flat concrete roof of an R.I.A.S.C. officer's quarters. Sitting in creaking cane chairs we snatched at relaxation. Suddenly the dark night was riven by a great flash in the sky followed by a noise like a clap of thunder right overhead. A great column of smoke shot up over the town and star shells could be seen exploding against a background of brilliant crimson which slowly spread across the sky. Readers who were present on the winter night in 1940 when London had the first vicious night attack on the docks and saw that conflagration from a vantage point, such as I had on London Bridge, can well understand the sudden wonder and terror that momentarily gripped us as we stood for a few seconds looking over the parapet at the amazing scene before us. Who ran down the stairs first to the telephone, I do not remember. If anyone knew what was happening that ubiquitous source of information, Miss Gupta, on the Military Exchange, would know, and sure enough she did. An ammunition train in the marshalling

yard adjoining the railway station, and slap in the centre of the town, had begun to explode.

We stopped for no council of war. The Signal Office Superintendent was ordered to reinforce the Exchange with Madrassi lance-naiks of proven ability, the Signal Office and W/T with extra British operators. A call to the Indian Lines ordered the Senior Jemadar to stand-to all Indian Signals: send out extra guards for the Signal Office and Ammunition Store: get trucks ready and loaded with line stores as indubitably *some* lines would shortly go.

The Sergeant sped off on various errands on his motor-cycle. Together, the Cipher Officer and I walked over to the Indian Lines. As we saw it then there was more danger than just an ammunition explosion. There was every possibility of the whole town and many military establishments, including Signals, being wiped out by fire: it was the dry season, thatched bamboo huts would go as easily as tinder and twice as quickly. Everything we did subsequently was coloured by this gloomy prognostication. Everything was quiet in the Indian Lines, all present except one young imp of a lineman, whom we knew well as a youthful edition of Sabu. Undoubtedly he was enjoying the spectacle from some insecure front line perch. "We cannot send men to look for *him,* Jemadar Sahib. Come with us to the Signal Office in a truck. When the admi does turn up sent him to report personally to me in my quarters, irrespective of the time."

"Bahut Atcha, Lieutenant Sahib. Ek motor-gari abhi!"

When we reached the Zemindar's palace all was as usual, except the Exchange, which was in a ferment. As the flood of calls mounted, Miss Gupta became more and more efficient, her hands darting over the cords as she was rude, conciliatory, brusque, kindly, insolent, and patiently helpful, by turns, as the call warranted, monitoring all calls likely to give us new facts.

It already seemed an age since we had been abruptly jerked away from comfortable chairs and soothing liquors, but from the Signal Office clock it was only some eight or nine minutes since the explosions had begun. All this time there had been the steady pop-pop of exploding shells, the quick staccato noise of exploding small arms, and the shrill screams coming from thousands of throats as the inhabitants of the town fled from the inferno, carrying hastily snatched up bundles of belongings on their heads. As the great throng streamed along the waterfront road the huge iron gates were hastily dragged into place and guarded. In the temporary haven of the Signal Office we strove dispassionately to plan to safeguard the carrier telephonic and telegraphic circuits of 14 Army H.Q. In a seeming miraculous manner all circuits still held. With her usual helpful effrontery, Miss Gupta cleared telephone lines so that we could advise all distant stations of imminent disruption of communications. A brief but comprehensive report was telephoned to Company H.Q. in Dacca, with an urgent request for 300 lb. copper wire, as miles of this precious commodity might be required, though how it was to be got through with the railway line blocked was a headache we considered the Company Commander could comfortably bear.

We soon left the unreality of that Signal Office, so neat and tidy, with all its communications still working. In a quite illegal manner the Cipher Officer was hastily issued with a motor-cycle and enrolled in the honoured ranks of the linemen. Jumping into my truck we sped to the railway station, blaring horns and shouting loudly, to clear a path through the streams of refugees. The R.T.O.'s telephone, which had been in constant communication with the Ammunition Depot, had suddenly gone "dis," and our pride was hurt that one of our most cherished lines should have gone.

At the railway station a Battalion of Indian Infantry had been drawn up and military fire pumps slaved to pour water everywhere. When we forced our way into the R.T.O.'s office we came up against a great babble of sound and found the Indian R.T.O., in his excitement, had pulled the telephone junction box bodily from the wall. In an instant this was repaired and a jocular lecture delivered to him on the proper method of telephoning.

In company with the District Magistrate and a few others, we cautiously made our way along the railway platform and crossed several pairs of lines to the safety of a train of great steel trucks, from the shelter of which we peered into the red inferno. Streams of burning phosphorus were pouring along the railway tracks: a hasty message was sent back to the too enthusiastic firemen, as their water was only carrying the burning phosphorus further along the lines into the town. Beyond quickly glimpsed white-hot wrecks of steel trucks we could distinguish nothing, although we confirmed the R.T.O.'s report that the burning train was fortunately on the very far side of the marshalling yard.

Fortunately! But not for us, as our precious six-pair carrier route must run within six feet of that wreck: that exploding death-dealing wreck.

A large piece of shrapnel from a high exploding shell made us hastily resume our council at a safer distance. A screaming motor-cycle brought a D.R. who reported lines gone. Pros and cons were reconsidered. Could we send a party of linemen into that death trap? Volunteers there were a-plenty, British and Indian, but I could not give the order. What alternatives? We had 100 miles of D8 cable: could we run a great loop right round the town? It is night, sir; it would take many hours working on rutted tracks in the dark. A poled route out of the question, of course; the route would have to be nine or ten miles long. Ground cable? Would be slashed and broken as soon as laid, by the streams of refugees. How soon would it be possible to get to the present break? Some sixteen or seventeen hours at the earliest! Ahem!

What about running our cable along the Posts and Telegraphs Civil poled route along the waterfront? Ah! Now someone was talking. We need not do that. Commandeer as many pairs of local civil route as we should require and splice into our carrier route at each side of the town. We shall never find the P. and T. officials at this time of night, and they could never agree without referring to higher authority, and how can they get that with lines down? No need to, Sergeant, best to tell no one. Just cut; and I shall take personal pleasure in cutting the first wire!

Just one further difficulty to be overcome. The 100 lb. local pairs will not match with the 300 lb. carrier copper. Easy! Put Army 1 + 1 transformers on the poles.

So the simple expedient was decided upon. Our one British Lineman went off to the Civil Exchange to test from their distribution frames the pairs we should decide to use, and when ready, to jumper-over. The Cipher Officer would go to assist and to be responsible for blustering his way into the Civil Exchange and overawe the poor Indian mechanics. With a joyful whoop as a relief from tension, the Sergeant and I sped out of the town to the pole we had decided upon, cut, and reconnected the lines.

Within an hour or so of the explosion we had re-established all essential communications, well away from the seat of the explosion and quite out of danger, as the fire had been kept from spreading.

Tired, sweaty, but happy, we returned to the Signal Office. The Exchange was working again, and everything under control there. But what pandemonium had now reached the Signal Office. Signals for outward despatch had apparently been pouring in from all Units and Regiments quartered in and round the town; inspecting officers unable to continue on tour; escorts for supplies from Ordnance unable to travel by train; every Tom, Dick and Hussain who had some idea of writing had been anxious to acquaint

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Recent Developments in the Radio Industry

ACCENT ON MINIATURISATION

By **Captain C. M. JENKINS,** *Royal Signals*

THE formula for making a wireless set for any purpose remains the same, whether it be for the fighting soldier or the Government official. But the vital components and test equipment, essential for the best results, are under constant review by our radio research engineers. In recent years, especially during the War years when so much technical knowledge was freely exchanged, the field of radio has expanded enormously, and may well alter our future way of life. At the same time, the radio industry of Great Britain has to play its own part in the country's drive for more exports, i.e. the design and manufacture of equipment for use in many parts of the world. Over five million pounds' worth of components went abroad last year, representing an increase of 44 per cent. over the previous year.

With this general background in mind, the Radio Component Manufacturers' Federation holds a private three-day exhibition in London each year, with the object: ". . . to acquaint radio and electronic manufacturers and engineers with the most recent advances in the design and development of British radio, television and electronic components, valves and accessories, radio and television test gear, and instruments and materials used in their manufacture . . . "

The first two exhibitions, held in 1944 and 1945, were in secret (admission being by special pass only), and the location has invariably been in the Great Hall of Grosvenor House, Park Lane. The President of the Federation, Sir Robert Renwick, K.B.E., opened the exhibition this year and disclosed that just over a hundred stands were on view, including for the first time members of the British Valve Manufacturers' Association.

Continuance of the policy of " miniaturisation " and the increasing demands of television appeared the major trends of thought. The former is of particular interest to the Services who wish to take the full advantages of telecommunication development into forward areas—in tropical, arctic or temperate zones. Final results, acceptable to all users, have however yet to be achieved.

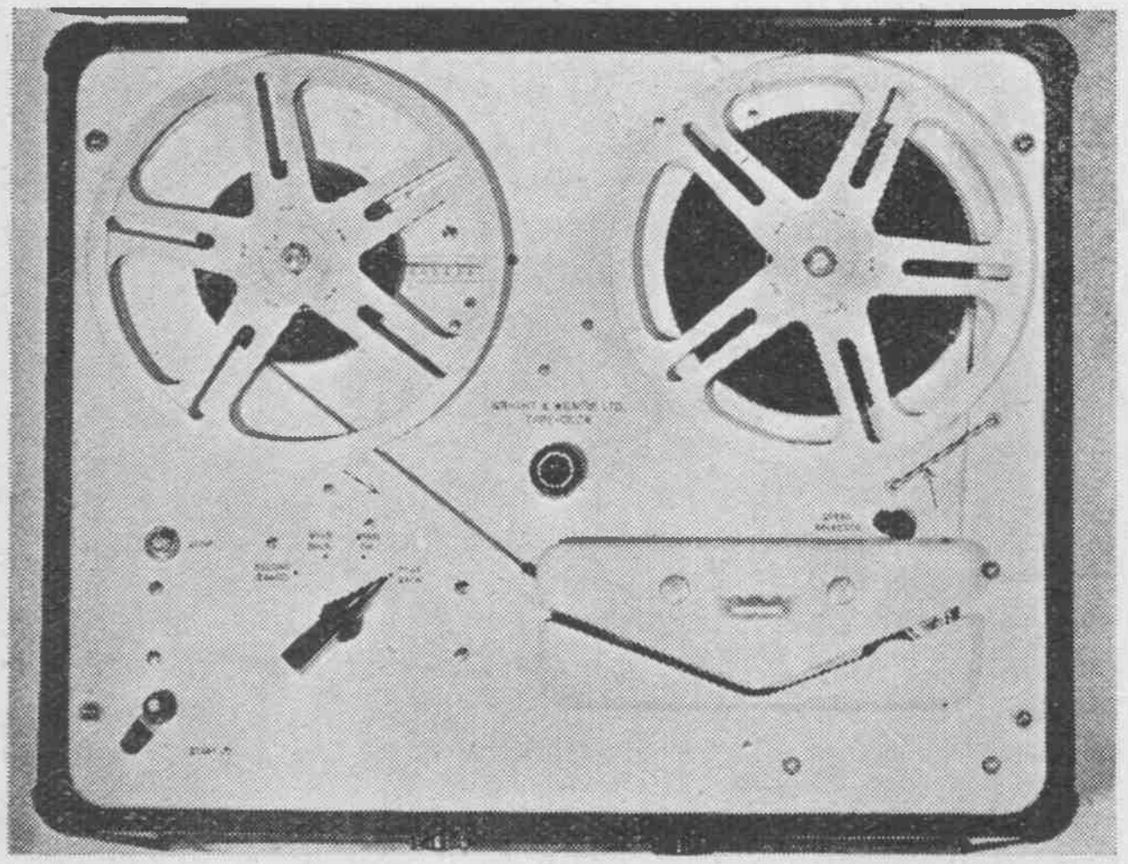
There were some noticeable changes in tape recorders and gramophone components, and described as revolutionary, Messrs. Garrard offer a battery-operated automatic record changer (6 or 12 volts). Ediswan had on show the first lightweight high fidelity pickup with output voltage of 3.5 mV at 1,000 cycles per second and impedance of approximately 20 ohms at 500 cycles per second.

But the two new recorders being displayed were impressive, and may well be found useful in Service communications:

1. *Wearite Magnetic Recorder*—" *Tape Deck.*" See photograph for external fittings. With a suitable amplifier the attainable frequency response at $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches per second is from 50–8,000 cycles. At a tape speed of $3\frac{3}{4}$ inches the response is 50–4,500 cycles. Very easy to operate. Using standard reel, will play back for 1 hour 6 minutes. Twin speed.

2. *G.E.C. Magnetic Recorder.* Playing time of 1 hour 50 minutes on a single 1,000 yard tape. Push button control. Into production by May at a list price of £115. Frequency response the same as the " Wearite."

Television is no novelty now, though millions have never seen it. It remains mainly a medium for entertainment for sound/vision, though the Services, certain Government Departments and commercial firms are experimenting with the hope the technique may be incorporated within their own communication system. Emphasis has been made on better aerials, affording longer range with less interference, including indoor aerials. The " Skyrod " and " Eliminoise " made by Belling & Lee, and the " Compact " made by Antiference, Ltd., are worth considering. Price of the latter is listed at 50s., and it claims to be the best and first small



indoor aerial giving full picture definition and correct impedance matching. The introduction of television to the Midlands this year will give engineers more experience, and it is hoped will enable them to produce an effective yet cheap aerial.

The question of interference suppressors has recently been before Parliament, and before long it will be the law of England that any person causing electrical interference to his neighbour will commit an offence. Suppression at source or at the receiving end would be too costly a proposition; the answer to the problem as advanced by Messrs. Belling & Lee is partial suppression at source and receiving end. Messrs. Dubilier produced a useful guide for the selection of capacitors for such a variety of items as vacuum cleaners, electric blankets, refrigerators, and generators.

Messrs. Hunt, Ltd., had on view the first capacitor in which only one metallised paper is used, which means the length is reduced by about one-half without any loss of efficiency. Actual measurements are $\frac{3}{16}$in. diameter by $\frac{7}{16}$in. long. It will maintain very high insulation resistance under all conditions of humidity.

Other components which caught the eye:

(a) Resistor with special end-caps so that units may be screwed together to form a chain suitable for very high voltages. (Messrs. Welwyn, Ltd.)

(b) Two condensers and a resistor contained in a tube no longer than would normally hold a single condenser. (Messrs. Erie)

(c) Compact range of multi-section eletrolytic capacitors to occupy minimum chassis area with twist prong type fixing clip for interchangeability with American capacitors. (Messrs. Telegraph Condenser, Ltd.)

(d) Five hundred types of switches, including single and double pole, plus the other usual varieties taken from the stocks of Messrs. Bulgin & Co.

(e) Frequency changer valve giving twice the previous gain. (Standard.)

(f) New range of 1.4 volt dry battery miniature valves, indirectly heated valves (a.c.) on miniature base and a.c./d.c. valves, similarly designed with 100 mA heaters for series operation. (G.E.C.)

In contrast the Ministry of Supply had, amongst other things, a continuously-running camera which was of interest. Fitted with a *f*2.5 lens for 25 m.m. focal length, it has been designed to photograph cathode-ray traces in which the spot deflection is along a straight line only and the time axis is formed by the continuous movement of the film. Power by a 24 volt motor.

[Acknowledgement is made to the Radio Industry Council and Messrs. Wright & Weaire, Ltd., for the opportunity of attending the exhibition and for permission to reproduce early photographs of the latter's recorder.]

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some distant person of the disaster. The text of all messages were similar, but what a difference in priority! Everything from "Most Immediate" to "Routine," every security grading from "Most Secret" to none at all, every kind of originator's number from the strictly correct to the most weird concoctions of figure-hyphen-oblique-number I have ever seen. Miss Gupta quickly contacted the Administrative-Commandant of the station. There was a hastily telephoned parley. Cipher and W/T had been kept clear for his official report to go first. A common security classification was decided upon. Red pencils were set to work to make uniformity of those piles of traffic.

When it was light a reconnaissance of the goods yard was made. The explosions had lasted practically all night, but now all was quiet. Thin blue columns of smoke floated lazily upwards, and the railway tracks were scattered for thousands of yards with unexploded shells. Stepping very circumspectly, we closely examined the charred wreck and gazed with interest at the three bays of carrier route that were down. Steel telegraph poles were twisted tortuously, insulator arms hung drunkenly. It was still too dangerous to allow a great gang of Indian Linemen to swarm all over the place with piles of line stores, but an ammunition expert promised to advise when it was safe to carry on.

The bleary-eyed Signal Office staff were quickly relieved by a fresh skeleton staff. Company Commander reported to by telephone: "You want names, Sir?" "Certainly, Miss Gupta, Cipher Officer, Sergeant, Signal Office Superintendent . . . "

"What, Sir," I queried wonderingly. "Indian Linemen?"

"Afraid I could not send them in, Sir."

"C.S.O. Calcutta wants to speak to me . . . put him through, Sir."

There was a distant rumble, and a whole spate of staccato words.

"I am afraid, Sir," I eventually got in with, "I can recommend no Indian Linemen for conspicuous bravery; I am afraid they had no chance of being a shining light and inspiration to the whole of the Indian Signal Corps, as you suggest, as we found a much quicker and safer method of dealing."

I held the telephone away from my ear as very angry words came through, gently replaced the receiver, and went to breakfast.

* * *

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS

These are reckoned from January to December, and any received after the January number has gone to press are filled retrospectively as far as our stocks will allow. If the January issue is exhausted, the customer is placed on the Mailing List from February, and so on. A customer beginning with the January, February or March issue is treated as an annual subscriber. Customers beginning with later months are treated as monthly subscribers, and any balance over the shilling for each month for which they receive a copy is refunded. Annual subscriptions *cannot* be accepted after the March issue.

Territorial Army

43 (WESSEX) INFANTRY DIVISIONAL SIGNAL REGIMENT. T.A.

Taunton

March

Obituary. It is with very deep regret we record the sudden death of Lieutenant Brian Dromgoole. He joined the Corps during the war, serving in 18 Air Formation Signal Regiment in Egypt, and later with 1 Armoured Divisional Signal Regiment in Palestine and 1 L. of C. Signal Regiment in Egypt. He joined the Unit on demobilisation in January, 1948, and was appointed O.C. "E" Troop at Bridgwater, Somerset. He will be remembered by all who knew him for his cheerfulness and keenness on all occasions.

Exercise "Pronto." It all began on a warm summer day in 1948. The G.1 was speaking to the C.R. Signals: "We should have a few sets out with Staff officers—just two or three." It ended last week-end, when over 300 Territorials from all parts of Southern Command returned after two days in the open on Exercise "Pronto." It wasn't quite the weather we expected, but that did not affect the spirit or the efficiency of the show.

The sets had grown from two or three to over thirty, with the complete "G" communications from Corps H.Q. to Battalion rear links.

The meeting place for the exercise was Higher Barracks, Exeter, and on the afternoon of Saturday, 5th March, the exercise began to assemble. There were detachments from all the County Regiments in the Command. Battalion and Brigade H.Q. Staff added colour to the scene as Signals operators were busy fixing their aerials, adjusting their line stores, checking their motor cycles and running their vehicles. Soon after 1500 hrs. the detachment from 10 A.S.S.U. (T.A.) arrived from Eastleigh, near Southampton, under the command of Major Pat Finney, with Captain "Nick" Warren disappearing into a 52 Set.

They were followed by 15 Special Wireless Squadron, from Plymouth, under Sergeant Brunyee. Then came 43 (Wessex) Infantry Divisional Signal Regiment, T.A. Major G. S. Dalton, Royal Signals, led his Squadron to the forming-up area—and a very good sight it was. The C.V.s looked better than C.V.s have looked for years—the show in the dull light on that afternoon—their aerials swayed around as the vehicles came in to the forming-up area. The T.E.V., a recent addition to the Squadron transport, was fully equipped with switchboard and terminal equipment.

3 Squadron were the next to arrive, from Torquay, under the command of Major L. E. O. Evans, T.D., Royal Signals. Battalion Adjutants made their number with their rear link trucks and parties formed up in Brigade Groups. H.Q. Squadron were next to arrive, led by Foreman of Signals Churchill, who appeared happier than seemed possible after three weeks of "last minute" rush.

At 1530 hrs. all ranks were briefed on the exercise. The G.1 explained the tactical position, the A.Q. gave the Administration, and S.O. Signals a short talk on Slidex.

At 1630 hrs. all ranks had tea and returned to their vehicles for moving off. By this time over 300 personnel had assembled at Higher Barracks and this exercise was set to go. The Divisional Provost Company, T.A., here took over and got the column moving through the streets of Exeter for the Dawlish area.

The exercise was planned to take place at the estate of Brigadier Ralph Rayner, O.B.E., M.P., and his residence was Divisional H.Q. The three Brigades were at Rixdale Farm (128 Brigade), Woodhouse Farm (129 Brigade) and on the Aerodrome at Haldon (130 Brigade).

The Divisional H.Q. column arrived just on 1800 hrs. and harbouring for the night began. The C.V.s were parked close to Ashcombe Towers and the Signal Office in the proverbial stables. The move went without a snag despite the failing light and heavy rain. Vehicles were quickly set up and the staff were soon established in their penthouses.

Local lines were laid within Divisional and Brigade H.Q.s, and "C" Troop began the line to 129 Brigade. Communications to the Brigades by wireless were very satisfactory, but difficulty was experienced in the link to Corps H.Q. at Taunton.

As the night drew on the rain increased, but with it the spirits of the T.A. Soldiers. A line detachment from 130 Brigade were to be seen through the pouring rain and wind building a pole crossing.

At 2200 hrs. the food was ready and all personnel moved to Woodhouse Farm for central feeding. A stew awaited the cold, wet bodies, and despite the demands of a senior officer to "stir it up," large lumps of swede came to the surface, but it was hot! Cocoa was served with rum, and on this all departed to their locations.

The Sunday morning came in with sun shining and a blue sky; by breakfast-time everyone had dried out and things took a happier complexion. During the morning Brigadier Kennett, C.B.E., C.S.O. Southern Command, visited the Brigades and Divisional H.Q.

The advance began during the morning, and by lunch time all Units were on the move. At 1515 hrs. the G.O.C. gave the cease fire and the exercise closed. All vehicles moved to Higher Barracks for the final conference.

The G.O.C., Major-General C. F. C. Coleman, D.S.O., O.B.E., said, "I am very pleased with everything I have seen, and I am most impressed with the enthusiasm and keenness of the Territorials."

2/20 ARMY SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.

Wanstead

March

This Unit has been most active since the beginning of the year—mainly in organising exhibits for the T.A. Recruiting Demonstrations, and also holding an "At Home" of our own for the same purpose.

Unfortunately the weather was not very helpful and the worst conditions seemed to reserve themselves for our functions. On Saturday and Sunday, 26th/27th February, we gave a very thorough demonstration of Signals equipment in our own hall. Each Squadron contributed from its own resources to give an overall picture of the Unit's activities. In addition, the Miniature Range was open and was most popular.

The numbers attending were not large—particularly on the Sunday, when it rained most of the time. We did get a few recruits though and several very helpful inquiries, which have already materialised.

Apart from this small measure of success there is no doubt that for all—with the possible exception of the M.T. Section—a great deal of training value resulted from our efforts, and each Squadron was able to see just what the others could do.

On the Saturday evening a successful social was organised by the Canteen Committee and was much enjoyed.

We took our full share in a big demonstration at Woodford on 5th/6th March, but a cold wind and some snow froze most of the enthusiasm. An Air Contact team with Meteors was able to operate on the Saturday, but most of the exhibits had to close down on Sunday and the Band only played one or two numbers before it froze up.

These recruiting affairs have not produced a great rush of recruits but there has been some progress, and our numbers are going up steadily. We hope our efforts will bring future results and, in any case, we do know that the Unit is better known.

The various arduous and unpleasant duties concerned with these affairs have shown us that the T.A. man of today is a first-class chap and with his campaigning experience behind him has made light of any difficulties—but we still need a lot more of his kind.

1/20 (SM) ARMY SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.

Birmingham

There are some people who don't like my notes. They say it is difficult to see what I mean even on a clear day. This grieves me. Interval while I grieve.

The sudden rush of recruits did not catch us unawares. Nobody panicked when two of the newcomers arrived simultaneously and almost made true our dream of recruits jamming the gateway. Recent additions are D. G. Davies, now a corporal and one full time in the Orderly Room, Signalmen Douras, Woodcock, Dodson and Pulham. Mr. E. Halliburn came to work full time as a fitter and proved a useful addition. A pity he has to leave us again, not being eligible to join the T.A.

I see that I am still not keeping pace with the influx, for K. Thomson, C. Bayley and S. W. High have signed up. Many of our recruits have served in the infantry and several are even ex-naval types. All are keen to learn a signal trade, though to be sure some of them from the G.P.O. can probably teach us something.

The motor cycle trials are due to be held this breezy month of March, but just too late for a place in these notes. I sincerely hope that someone will be around on the course with a camera. I have never recovered from my disappointment at failing to secure a picture of Bill Nokes parting company with his Norton in a mud bath in 1938.

1/20 Army Signal Regiment, T.A., takes its turn in the recruiting kiosk at the top of the Bull Ring in Birmingham. We have wireless sets, teleprinters and a play-back recorder working for the admiration and wonder of those people who invariably congregate on street corners. One or two ex-Signal friends have looked in at the kiosk to say "Hello" and to explain rather unnecessarily that they are terribly busy these days, etc., etc. However, we have interested several good types who will be calling in before long, if they haven't already done so.

The Adjutant and the Q.M. made a preliminary recce of the proposed annual camp location at Marske-on-Sea, near Redcar, a week or two ago. One has to imagine the place enjoying the advantages of sunshine, warm breezes and people in holiday mood, otherwise the recollection of a flat-out 60 m.p.h. gale of about 27 degrees Fahrenheit is apt to cloud

2/20 Army Signal Regiment, T.A.

one's anticipation. There is every reason to expect a pleasant stay at Marske. Saltburn is about two miles away and has everything that a seaside resort should have. It will probably have more of it when we arrive.

Curious that for no reason at all I should have mentioned Major Joe Rodgers last month, because within 24 hours of the arrival of THE WIRE Major L. C. Suggars, of Coventry, wrote to tell me that he had been engaged in a telephone conversation with Joe on long distance. And how! From the Gold Coast. It seemed to be a test of the new wireless link with Lagos. There was a little fading at first, but Joe instructed someone to shovel a few more watts into the aerial. Followed 15 minutes of comfortable talk. Isn't science wonderful ?

This Regiment is fixing Bromford Bridge with communications, various, on the occasion of the National Cross-Country Run on Saturday, 12th March. Joe Cotterell is turning up as a Surrey A.C. supporter. If I don't post these notes before then, I'll tell you what he looks like: Take that young recruit aside, sergeant, and explain that in the company of old soldiers one doesn't ask " Who is Joe Cotterell?"

A favourite pastime with many people these days is writing to the newspapers to suggest new ways of attracting recruits to the T.A. A careful study of several hundreds of these letters over the past 12 months reveals that £ s. d. is the overriding consideration. In this Unit, recruits attend twice a week, sometimes more. They receive 9d., 1s. or 1s. 3d., according to rank, for each attendance (per hour), but human nature being what it is, they adjourn to the comfortable canteen and spend it. When the missus says " What do you get out of this T.A. business?" they haven't quite got the answer. Mark you, no one here is grousing about it. They like it. The pint and a sandwich go down very well, but you can't put it that way to Mother without the inevitable " What about *me* ? "

It would seem, then, that a little more pocket money might be a powerful attraction. In fact, it might be offered only to those enlisting in the T.A. before a certain set date. After that the T.A. will get along with its quota of N.S. men, and if they don't like that, they can lump it. Any questions ?

While I think of it, an officer employed with the T.A. on consolidated rates of pay is not entitled to training expenses. How do you like that? He does a normal day's work like the T.A. officer who may be a company executive. One gets nothing for his extra few hours in the evening and the other gets his handful of piastres. Ah well, *sic transit gloria Mundi,* or rather, here today and gone by Tuesday.

Which, by a complicated system of reasoning, brings me to my last subject—that of the social life of the Regiment. The P.R.I.'s gold mine, Saturday evening dances, are divided up between the P.R.I., Sergeants' Mess and the Cadets. Les Williams supplies the resident band, which, whether the older generation like it or not, is exactly what the jive members want. The Drill Hall is filled to capacity every time. Major R. Barlow and Lieutenant R. M. Weir have initiated a Discovery Series, now in its third week. Some remarkably good stuff is coming to light. The B.B.C. have promised to send someone to watch points at the finals. It should be interesting.

The last Sunday in every month is eagerly looked forward to by an ever-growing crowd of T.A. members and their families, and Signals Association members. This means the social evening in the Drill Hall, with a little of everything to entertain and amuse. We had our conjuror last month, and a very good one too. He must come again. The best of the discoveries from the Saturday night hops are also engaged.

We are all sorry to learn that Major J. F. Timings is leaving the T.A. for the T.A.R.O. Pressure of business makes it impossible for him to give time to the Regiment. We hope that he will look us up whenever he finds it possible.

A devastating attack by a brigade of flu germs having laid us all low at Barlow Castle, I am unable to tell you about the cross-country run at Bromford Bridge. Neither am I able to describe Joe Cotterell to you. Sorry, but that's how it is.

61 H.Q. ARMY SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.

Bedford

March

The highlight of February was a Social Evening held in the Clubroom on the 25th. Much hair was let down, and had not the clock struck 12—the hour appointed by the powers for departure—about 50 sides of *homo sapiens* would have been split asunder. Among the many games played the ladies' jelly-eating contest was certainly the most amusing, and the excellent jellies made by Mrs. Dickens, the R.Q.M.S.'s wife, would have been thoroughly enjoyed had the competitors been given more useful eating utensils than knitting needles. The contest was won by Mrs. Hallsworth, who only beat W.R.A.C. Sergeant-Major Topsy Miller and Private Hilda Izzard by a very short needle (No. 14's).

The games, interspersed with a little dancing and a modicum of sparkling ale, provided a very enjoyable evening, and we at Bedford are looking forward to our next " do " on 25th March.

On 29th February the Bedford Squadron (No. 1) and R.H.Q. visited our Cambridge Squadron (No. 3) for a " get together," and in spite of a draughty ride in a 3-tonner at a temperature below zero, this proved very successful, mainly due to the excellent catering by Major Blyth and Captain Seddon, plus a little help by the excellent " Audit " and " Varsity " ales. These outer Squadron visits should prove very useful in many respects, particularly in getting to know each other before annual training.

14 HOME COUNTIES INFANTRY DIVISIONAL SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.

London, W.6

The annual dinner was held at the T.A. Centre, Stamford Brook Lodge, Stamford Brook Avenue, W.6, on Saturday evening, 19th February, 1949. Among those present were Major-General W. A. Scott, C.B.E. (Director of Signals, the War Office), Major-General P. G. S. Gregson-Ellis, O.B.E., Commander 44 (Home Counties) Infantry Division (T.A.), Major-General C. E. N. Lomax, D.S.O., M.C. (Hon. Colonel, 44 (Home Counties) Infantry Divisional Signal Regiment, T.A.), Brigadier R. H. R. Steward, D.S.O., M.C. (Chief Signal Officer, H.Q. Eastern Command), the Mayor of Hammersmith (Alderman R. J. Buckingham, J.P.), the Mayor of Brentford and Chiswick (Councillor R. P. Sinclair, J.P.), Colonel Sir A. Stanley Angwin, D.S.O., M.C., and Colonel A. H. Read, O.B.E. (former Commanding Officers of the Regiment), Colonel S. R. Moss-Vernon, M.C. (representing the Territorial and Auxiliary Forces Association of the County of Middlesex).

In replying to the toast of " Our Guests," proposed by Major K. B. Baldwin, M.B.E., Major-General Gregson-Ellis said that recruiting was, on the whole, good in the Division, but certain units had not managed to get as many recruits as had been hoped; one of these units was the Divisional Signal Regiment. They would not get recruits except by appealing to men individually to join the Regiment, and he hoped that all ranks at present in the Regiment were using their best endeavours each to get a friend to join.

General Ellis went on to say that the average Britisher is attracted by the idea of efficiency. We must spare no pains to achieve efficiency in the Regiment, and to put this idea across to intending recruits. As regards the word " considering," the speaker said that before the late war he had heard it said that the Territorial Army was " doing very well considering . . . ." In future the word " considering " was not to be used. " There is only one standard," said the General, " and that is the professtonal standard; what we do, we will do really well."

In thanking the Regiment on behalf of the guests, General

Gregson-Ellis said that he thought dinner parties were a good thing, as they brought those people together who were interested in the Territorial Army and in their country. He had motored 88 miles to attend this dinner, which, he said, showed the importance which he attached to it.

FINE RECORD

In proposing the toast of " The Regiment," Major-General Lomax (Honorary Colonel of the Regiment) said: The spirit of a Regiment was built up not only on individual tradition, but on the loyalty and devotion of those who served before us. We should like more men in the Regiment, but we had a fine record in the past and confidence in the future. Let us be sure that when the time came, and we got the men, we should be ready to receive them and imbue them with the spirit built up by those who went before us.

Lieutenant-Colonel R. F. Gandy, Royal Signals, Commanding Officer, replied to the toast of " The Regiment," and proposed the toast of " The Regular Army."

Replying, Brigadier Steward, Chief Signal Officer, H.Q. Eastern Command, likened the Permanent Staff of a Territorial Army unit to the professional coach of an amateur football team, who might not be a brilliant footballer himself, but who knew what training was necessary to win the match. T.A. units must be careful that they did not get into the state where they were prepared to hope that when the day came everything would be all right. He considered it a magnificent effort on the part of the volunteer to give up his free time to the T.A. The Regular Army greatly appreciated this, and would give every possible assistance in training.

In proposing the toast of " Absent Friends," Colonel A. H. Read, O.B.E., regretted the absence of many former members of the Regiment, and (looking at the honours board behind him) said he hoped more former members would attend the next annual dinner.

(Reprinted from the *West London Observer*, 25/2/49.)

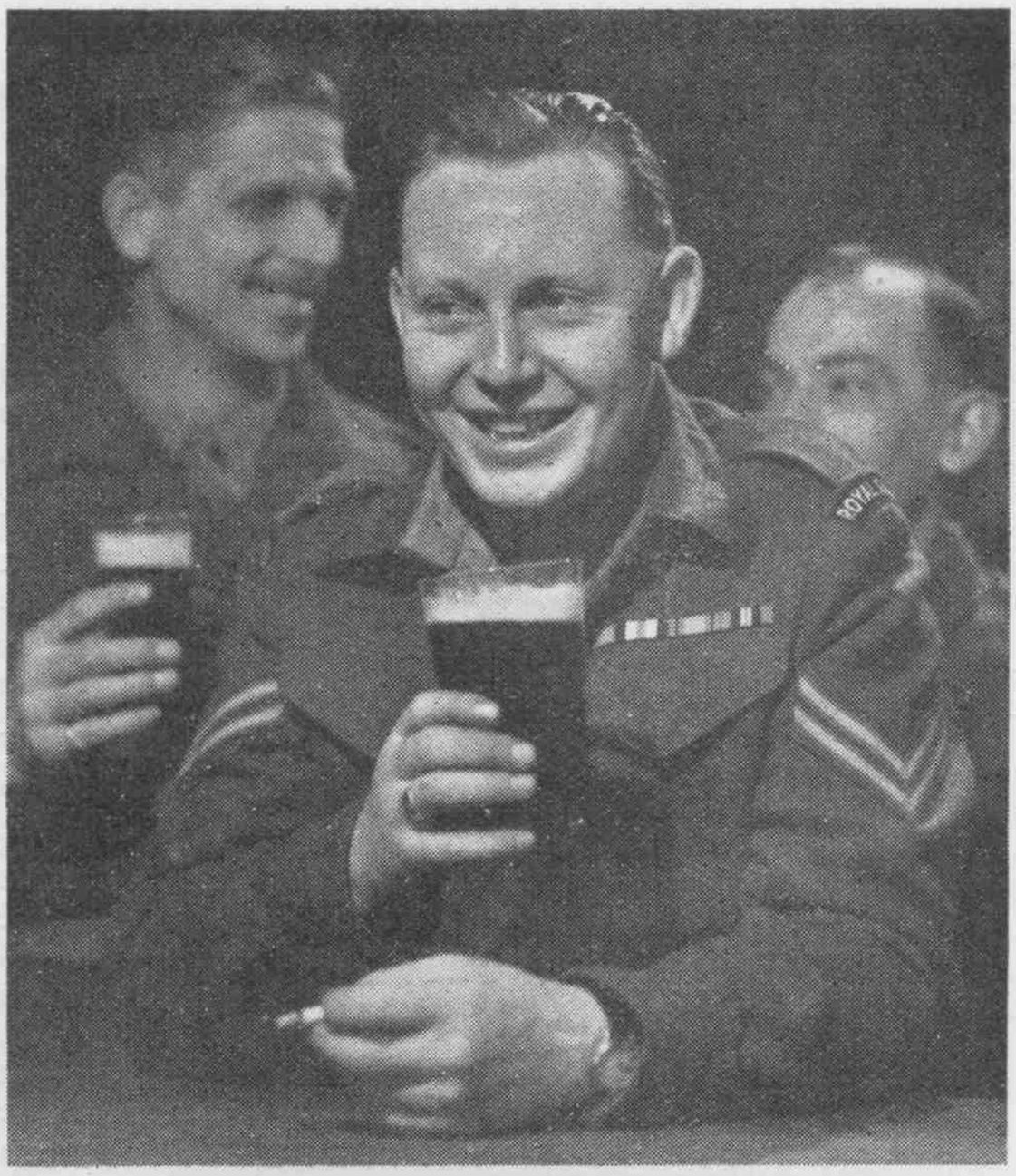


Photo by Aberdeen Journal, Ltd.

51 (H) INFANTRY DIVISIONAL SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.

Aberdeen

February

Our first and most colourful event of the month was our Annual Territorial Army Officers' Ball. It was held this year on 11th February in the Town and County Hall, Aberdeen, and it was an even more colourful gathering than last year, with Highland dress predominant, and nothing less than " Blues."

A large gathering of officers from this Regiment first assembled in the Officers' Mess with their guests for drinks and a very excellent dinner. Among the guests we were particularly pleased to have Colonel and Mrs. Butchart and Professor and Mrs. Stevens, from the University, with us.

At 10 o'clock we finally reached the Town and County Hall in high spirits, and a very enjoyable evening we had dancing to the Band of the Highland Light Infantry and the combined Pipers of 4/7 Gordons and Divisional Signals, for the Highland dances. Yet another excellent supper was provided at the ball, which ended somewhere about 3.30 a.m., so far as I can remember!

The C.O. spent two very busy days this month visiting 2 and 3 Squadrons at Stirling and Dundee. At Stirling his visit coincided with that of the C.R.A., who was looking to the time when the R.A. Squadron might again go to Camp with the Gunners.

We had hoped to bring you news of an addition to Sergeant Rhind's family before going to press, but although he has been away looking after the rest of the family for some days, there is " nothing heard of " yet.

Sergeant R. J. MacSweeney has now joined the Permanent Staff from N.I.D. Signals, and he has relieved Sergeant Beckley, who goes to Eastern Command Signals.

(News has just been received that Sergeant Rhind has been presented with a boy. Congratulations, Sergeant.)

11 A.A. (M) SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.

London, S.W.3

March

Our participation in Hammersmith civic celebrations is showing its own reward in the shape of the number of those now joining us on drill nights. We wish them welcome.

The 20 members of the Regiment who formed a guard of honour for Field Marshal Montgomery of Alamein at Hammersmith were commanded by Major B. Bryan, with Junior

By courtesy of Fox Photos, Ltd.

Junior Commander J. Kemper, Staff-Sergeant N. Pearce and Lance-Corporal Francen, 11 A.A. Group (M) Signal Regiment

Commander J. Kemper, Officer Commanding the W.R.A.C. detachment. We were also represented in the M.T. display, taking with us a three-ton truck and pole trailer, followed by seven D.R.s led by Sergeant Jessop and made up of Signalmen O'Keefe and Pooley, of 21 Squadron, Signalmen Pryce and James, of 22 Squadron, and Signalmen Hall and Parker, of 23 Squadron.

In preparation for camp, our training is going with a swing, and we shall be holding trade tests for all trades about the end of the month, our object being to have not one N.F.R. The D.R.s, who have now recommenced week-end training runs, will, of course, have practical map reading to go through with their trade tests, and rumour has it that riding ability will also be included! The Regiment's name will be to the fore at the next London District Trials.

So that we shall all know what the other fellow is doing, we had two parties visit Avenue G.P.O. Telephone Exchange Traffic Training School. It was very interesting, but far above the writer's head. Anyhow, we now know why we have to wait so long!

As mentioned last month, our Regimental team had entered the quarter-finals of 1 A.A. Group Knock-out Netball Competition. In this round we played 482 (M) H.A.A. Regiment, T.A., who gave us a most excellent game, the final score being 11 A.A. (M) Signal Regiment, T.A., 7; 482 (M) H.A.A. Regiment, T.A., 1. So we are now in the semi-finals. Very well done, girls—keep a steady hand and let us see you in the final.

Our heartiest congratulations to our Adjutant, Captain J. W. Rayner, and Mrs. Rayner, on the birth of a daughter, and to Major (Q.M.) E. H. Mott and Junior Commander J. Kemper on their recent promotions. At last we know why one of our D.R.s was putting in so many drills, it is an engagement betwen two Squadrons—Signalman E. J. Ivatts, of 22, and Private N. L. Wood, of 21. The best of luck to you both and may your only troubles be little ones.

TEVO

* * *

BULK ORDERS

P.R.I.s and others who order in bulk are requested to let the Publications Branch of the Royal Signals Association, 88 Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1, know of any variations in their requirements by the 5th of the month, in order that a reasonably correct print-figure can be given to the printer. For the March issue, a margin of approximately 150 copies was allowed for, but owing to late submission of increased requirements, this was exhausted on the day of issue.

ARMY PHANTOM SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.
(The Princess Louise's Kensington Regiment)

Since writing last, we have carried out our commitments in connection with Hammersmith Civic Week. We were well represented in the Guard of Honour for Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein, and also took part in the Recruiting Drive of Unit vehicles. Our contingent comprised two L.C.V.s, two A.P.C.s and a motor cycle. The Mayor of Hammersmith took the salute from the steps of the Town Hall, and afterwards the vehicles were placed on exhibition to the public. The Permanent Staff worked extremely hard both in preparation and participation, and three T.A. officers and 26 T.A. O.R.s made the event go down with a swing.

Recruiting has continued during the month, and although we have not had such a rush as earlier in the New Year, we have recruited two officers and three O.R.s. We welcome Lieutenants Catling and Kendell and Signalmen D. F. Donovan, R. E. Tindall and F. W. Taylor to the Regiment and trust that their stay with us will be both long and enjoyable.

A Trade Board was held during the month and Lance-Corporal C. L. Middleton and Signalman A. J. Kelly were successful in being upgraded to D.R. C.III.

A Week-end Exercise was held on Saturday and Sunday, 12th and 13th March, when, in order to practice our war-time rôle as realistically as possible, our patrols went to the Chichester area and R.H.Q. to Colchester. This afforded us medium distance W/T working, and the experience gained was most valuable. Taking part in the exercise were 17 officers and 45 O.R.s.

By way of giving our operators long-distance W/T training, we have established W/T links with 49 Armoured Divisional Signal Regiment, Leeds, and 50 (N) Infantry Divisional Signal Regiment, Darlington, on one group, and 43 (WX) Infantry Divisional Signal Regiment, Taunton, and 15 Wireless Squadron, Devonport, on the other group.

Both these groups are now settling down, although they were not without initial "teething" troubles.

On Friday, 25th February, the Officers' Mess held a Regimental Guest Night, and we were happy to have with us the Honorary Colonel, General Sir H. Colville B. Wemyss, K.C.B., K.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., and the Director of Signals, Major-General W. A. Scott, C.B.E.

We are looking forward to the visit of the Royal Signals Band on 11th April, and shortly after that we are off to Easter Camp, but more of that next month.

By courtesy of Fox Photos, Ltd.

Major B. J. Bryan, Royal Signals, Lieutenant G. Borwell and three other members of the Army Phantom Signal Regiment (Princess Louise's Kensington Regiment)

Photo by Marshall, Camberley

Army Rugby Cup Final

1 Training Regiment, Royal Signals: 2 goals, 2 dropped goals, 5 tries—31 points.

9 Independent Airborne Squadron, R.E. (B.A.O.R.): 3 points.

Such was the result of the Army Rugby Cup Final, played on the Stadium ground, Aldershot, on Wednesday, 9th March, 1949.

There is no doubt that 1 Training Regiment, Royal Signals, thoroughly deserved their success, which was a fitting complement to the success of the cross-country team a few days before in the Army Championship. The Airborne Squadron, R.E. (B.A.O.R.), were a very fit side, full of enthusiasm, who tackled splendidly, but it was obvious that 1 Training Regiment was composed of a XV who had been well trained in all the finer points of the game, and, indeed, the display they gave was better than many International XVs have given, the handling of forwards and backs alike being a pleasure to watch.

Determined tackling by the R.E. kept the score down in the first half, when Signals were playing against the wind, and unconverted tries were scored by Jackson, Hall and Bidgood.

In the second half brilliant movements by 1 Training Regiment backs led to scores by Morphy, Hall, Bell, Cross, and D. R. Hall, two of which were converted by J. W. Hall, and dropped goals by Tranter and Jackson completed the scoring.

A large number of distinguished Royal Signals officers (including the Director of Signals and the Colonels Commandant) witnessed the match, and the Army Rugby Challenge Cup was presented by Lady Crawford to Second-Lieutenant N. M. Hall, captain of 1 Training Regiment XV.

Twelve coach-loads of spectators had made the long journey from Catterick to watch the match, and their vociferous applause encouraged their team to greater efforts. After the match, 1 Training Regiment XV had dinner at the Queen's Hotel, Farnborough, and the Cup was duly christened! Brigadier Galwey and Colonel Moberley looked in during the evening and congratulated the winning team.

Perhaps a word here would not be out of place regarding the players who won the Army Rugby Challenge Cup.

1. Signalman D. M. Bidgood. Full-back; a stand-off half schoolboy from Roundhay who has been trained as a full-back. He scored in the final from a cross-kick by Jackson, which is a remarkable effort by a full-back. When his kicking with his right foot improves, he may well go very far as a full-back.

Gale & Polden

2. CAPTAIN T. G. H. JACKSON. The Scottish International wing; a tower of strength to any side. As a P.T. instructor in extra training, and an example of physical fitness, he has done much for the success of the team.

3. LANCE-CORPORAL H. TRANTER. Played on the wing last year, but has now developed into a first-class centre with a fine turn of speed. Handles well and may go far.

4. SIGNALMAN D. A. MORPHY. A product of Rydal School and a player of great promise, with an elusive side-step. His tackling and play generally has improved out of all knowledge this season and international honours may not be far away.

5. SIGNALMAN C. BELL. Originally a centre, this player has adapted himself well to his new rôle. He has a good side-step and has plenty of dash and determination. A most useful player to the side.

6. SECOND-LIEUTENANT N. M. HALL (captain, and captain of England in the first two Internationals). He is a player of great experience and on his day one of the best kickers of a ball in the four countries—a dropped goal per match is likely !

7. SIGNALMAN W. R. MASON. A much-discussed player who played with Hall in the first two English trials and for Yorkshire. Has a pass of about 30 yards which goes like a bullet and apparently can only be fielded by Nim Hall ! His accuracy in the muddy grounds around Christmas

Gale & Polden

Lady Crawford presenting the Army Rugby Cup to Second-Lieutenant N. M. Hall

deteriorated and he found himself out of the England side. He played a brilliant game in the final and, happily, seems recovered from an ankle injury which has troubled him since just after Christmas.

8. SECOND-LIEUTENANT J. L. BOTTERILL. A stocky front-row forward who has improved steadily.

9. SECOND-LIEUTENANT J. W. HALL. The hooker for the Regiment and Army; useful, too, in the line-out and in the loose.

10. SIGNALMAN R. F. JOHNSON. A magnificent forward. If there are any better front-row forwards in the Army, I haven't seen them.

11. LANCE-CORPORAL W. J. DUNFORD. Has improved out of all knowledge.

12. CORPORAL H. E. FROOM. The only player who played in last year's final; a strong player with a good knowledge of the game.

13. SIGNALMAN R. CROSS. A very fine wing forward, almost sure of International honours at some later date.

Gale & Polden

14. SECOND-LIEUTENANT M. McA. JOHNSTON. A product of Cheltenham and a very useful forward.

15. SIGNALMAN D. R. HALL. Played for Yorkshire Schoolboys and is a rapidly improving player. Will be heard of again.

N.B. Five of the above players are 18, and only two, viz. Second-Lieutenant N. M. Hall and Captain T. G. H. Jackson, are over 21.

The following is the record of 1 Training Regiment, Royal Signals, in the Army Challenge Cup Competition, 1948/49:

	Points F.	Points A.
Round 1—beat N.S.O.T.W. School of Signals	18	6
Round 2—beat 2 Training Regiment, Royal Signals	48	6
Round 3—beat 1 Battalion The Royal Scots	57	9
Round 4—beat 1 Battalion Duke of Wellington's Regiment (after extra time)	13	8
Semi-final—beat 1 Battalion The Welch Regiment	19	14
Final—beat 9 Independent Squadron Airborne R.E. (B.A.O.R.)	31	3
	186	46

Army Inter-Unit Cross-Country Championship

THE Army Cross-Country Championships were held at Old Dalby on 4th March, over a six miles course, which included a stiff hill, a fair amount of plough, and a water jump. The going was made even more punishing by the heavy rainfall just prior to the race. At the drop of the flag 1 Training Regiment, Royal Signals, shot into the lead, and at the half-mile stage they were nicely placed behind a pack of individual runners led by that fine Army runner Lieutenant G. B. Saunders, R.A.O.C. At two and a half miles Saunders was 200 yards ahead of Corporal L. Field, 2 Training Regiment, Royal Signals, and at the half-way mark he had increased this lead to 400 yards. Towards the end Field closed the gap, but was unable to catch Saunders, who finished the easiest of winners in 35 mins. 37 secs., a good time considering the heavy going.

After four miles there were only two teams in the running for first place—1 Training Regiment, Royal Signals, and the 1st Parachute Regiment, from B.A.O.R. As both these teams were wearing red shirts and white shorts, it was very difficult for the commentator to distinguish the runners. However, 1 Training Regiment soon settled the issue by moving up in the last half-mile, and packed all their eight scorers in the first 26.

First man home for 1 Training Regiment, Royal Signals, was Sergeant J. D. Colbert, who came in eleventh, and along with Corporal Field and Lance-Corporal P. Bryant, both of

2 Training Regiment, Royal Signals, gets his Army colours for 1949.

The order of finishing was: Lieutenant Saunders (6th R.A.O.C., Northern Command), 1; Corporal Field (2 Training Regiment, Royal Signals, Northern Command), 2; Corporal Hiney (1st Cheshires, Western Command), 3; Rifleman Green (Greenjackets Brigade Training Battalion), 4; Sergeant Shaw (1st South Staffordshires), 5; Private Downer (2nd Training Regiment, R.A.S.C.), 6; Private Dalton (4 Company, R.A.M.C.), 7; Private Caswell (1st Parachute Battalion), 8; Lance-Corporal Bryant (2 Training Regiment, Royal Signals), 9; Lance-Corporal Foord (16 Independent Parachute Brigade Signal Squadron), 10; Sergeant Colbert (1 Training Regiment, Royal Signals), 11; Corporal Lewis (3rd Parachute Battalion), 12.

The Inter-Unit Championship was won by 1 Training Regiment, Royal Signals, whose eight scorers had a total of 127 points. Team placings were:

1 Training Regiment, Royal Signals, 127 pts., 1; 1st Parachute Battalion, B.A.O.R., 139 pts., 2; Officers' Training School, Western Command, 192 pts., 3; Wessex Training Battalion, Southern Command, 235 pts., 4; 1st Battalion K.O.S.B., Scottish Command, 332 pts., 5; 1st Battalion Royal Ulster Rifles, Northern Ireland, 359 pts., 6; 1st Battalion Royal West Kents, Eastern Command, 393 pts., 7; 59th Heavy A.A., R.A., A.A. Command, 481 pts., 8; 1st Battalion Scots Guards, London District, 500 pts., 9.

The following telegram was received by the Commander, Signal Training Centre, from H.R.H. The Princess Royal:

"Delighted to hear of my Corps winning Cross-Country Championship. My warmest congratulations to my 1st Training Regiment.—Mary, Colonel-in-Chief."

and the

CATTERICK DISTRICT AND NORTHERN COMMAND CHAMPIONSHIPS WERE HELD AT CATTERICK CAMP ON 17TH FEBRUARY, OVER A SIX MILES COURSE OF VARIED COUNTRY

The G.O.C.-in-C. Northern Command (General Sir Montagu Stopford, G.C.B., K.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., A.D.C.) started the 150 runners on their way. Lieutenant Saunders (R.A.O.C.), the Army three miles champion, took the lead, and at the half-way mark was 400 yards ahead of Corporal Field (2 Training Regiment, Royal Signals). Saunders continued to increase his lead, finishing some 800 yards ahead of Field, who, realising that Saunders was too far ahead, made no further effort to catch him.

After the first mile, it was obvious that there were only two teams in the race—1 Training Regiment, Royal Signals, and 2 Training Regiment, Royal Signals—and from then on it developed into a private struggle between these two teams. The race looked all over, bar the shouting, when four men of 2 Training Regiment turned up in the first eight. But 1 Training Regiment turned the scales by packing their eight scorers in the first 28, and, in fact, had the whole team in inside the first 33. Results:

Catterick District Inter-Unit Championship.—1 Training Regiment, Royal Signals, first.

Northern Command Inter-Unit Championship.—1 Training Regiment, Royal Signals, first.

During the tea which followed, the G.O.C.-in-C. Northern Command presented the trophies, including the Catterick District League Championship, already won by 1 Training Regiment, Royal Signals, to the winners. He congratulated 1 Training Regiment team on winning all three championships, and wished them the best of luck in the forthcoming Army Championships.

and the

ENGLISH NATIONAL CROSS-COUNTRY

12th March, 1949

ON Friday, 11th March, a bus load of the leading Signals runners set out from Mons Guard Room *en route* for Chester and Birmingham. After calls at Harrogate and lunch at Manchester, the team stayed overnight with Western Command Signal Regiment at Chester. Here, all was ready for us in fine style—fires lighted, sheets on the beds, and a grand welcome. Next morning, the C.O. of the Unit, Lieutenant-Colonel Boileau, wished us all success, and we set off for the maze of Birmingham, with its complicated streets. At the Bromford Bridge racecourse a surprise awaited us. Joe Cotterell, the famous Signals runner of the twenties, himself an Army and English international cross-country runner, was there to wish the junior team success in the all-England junior "national" championships. And in no way did they let him down. For the first time in the history of the Corps a Signals team was amongst the placed teams. Indeed, except when the Aldershot Command Harriers were second in the senior event in 1932, it is the first time an Army team has been placed in the national event. The junior course was one of six miles. The going was extremely rough, but flat, except for one nasty hill climb, encountered twice. There were 460 runners and 52 teams in this event. In the front was the Army champion runner, Saunders. But he was chased around the course by Field, of 2 Training Regiment, Royal Signals, who ran a remarkably fine race to come in second, 30 seconds behind Saunders. Not so far behind were Colbert and Bryant, who came in 16th and 18th respectively. It looked as if the Signals were very well placed, but Godfrey, who had bad foot trouble, was a little too far back in 65th position. However, the team ran well and came a very close second to Sheffeld A.C. by 16 points.

Team placings were:

1.	Sheffield A.C.	85 pts.
2.	Royal Signals	101 pts.
3.	Westbury (holders) ...	128 pts.

In the senior event, the Signals runners had to contend with real "class." In that race were the cream of the National senior runners striving for international colours. But in a field of 540 runners, competing over a 10-mile course, the Signals runners showed up quite well against far more experienced teams. The counting men were Blundell, Moynan, Campbell, Brewis, Raddings and Hammond, who were placed 237, 252, 280, 319, 344 and 363 respectively.

A stop was made at the Nottingham N.A.A.F.I. Club on the return journey.

The team arrived back in Camp—all tired and yawning—at 4 a.m., a little too early for Reveille.

CORPS TENNIS

A letter has already been sent to all Units in U.K. asking for names of potential Corps tennis players. Any officer or O.R. who considers that he is approaching Corps representative class is requested to forward his name, through his Unit Commander, to Lieutenant-Colonel E. L. L. Vulliamy, O.B.E., President, Royal Signals Lawn Tennis, 2 Training Regiment, Royal Signals, Le Cateau Lines, Catterick Camp, Yorks. Similarly, any such officer or O.R. who may be home from abroad on leave or duty during the summer and who could make himself available for Corps matches is requested to forward his name direct to Lieutenant-Colonel Vulliamy, together with any details which would help to fix his standard.

and the

Army Egypt Rugby Cup. 1948–49

The final of the Army Egypt Rugby Cup was an all-Signals affair, the finalists being 3 G.H.Q. Signal Regiment, champions of Canal South District, and Egypt Command Signal Regiment, champions of Canal North District. The game was played on the Garrison ground, Moascar, on 8th January, 1949.

The game was clean, hard and exciting, but Egypt Command Signal Regiment, by sound back division play, proved themselves to be worthy champions of Egypt.

3 G.H.Q. Signal Regiment won the toss and decided to play with the wind (a slight wind was blowing straight down the pitch). Egypt Command Signal Regiment kicked off and were soon attacking 3 G.H.Q. line. After about ten minutes' play, a quick heel by Egypt Command from a set scrum set the threequarter off in fine form and Smith, playing left wing, went over for a try near the corner flag. Callaghan failed with the kick.

Play continued to be hard and fast, and good forward rushes by 3 G.H.Q. took the play into Egypt Command half. At this stage of the game 3 G.H.Q. forwards were a little superior, but their efforts were never rewarded, due to poor handling by their halves.

A long punt ahead by Armstrong and a quick follow-up resulted in a loose maul well inside 3 G.H.Q. half; the ball went out to Smith, who streaked for the line and scored again, this time near the post. Callaghan made no mistake with the kick.

At half-time Egypt Command had an eight-point lead.

Play resumed and 3 G.H.Q. attacked strongly, and took the play into Egypt Command 25, but bad handling by 3 G.H.Q. backs allowed Smith to pick up a loose ball, and again his superior speed and swerve put him across for yet another try. Callaghan failed with the kick.

Undaunted, 3 G.H.Q. fought on, and determined play took them again well into Egypt Command's half. Here a penalty kick by Steel brought 3 G.H.Q. a justly-deserved three points. 3 G.H.Q. continued to press hard and a forward rush put Willis over the line, but the try was disallowed.

At this point Egypt Command forwards got well together and got the ball out to the back, who made good use of it, and Furgerson went over for a try. Callaghan converted.

In the closing stages of the game a 25 drop-out by Collier (3 G.H.Q.) went loose, only to be well picked up by Smith, who again scored a well-deserved try.

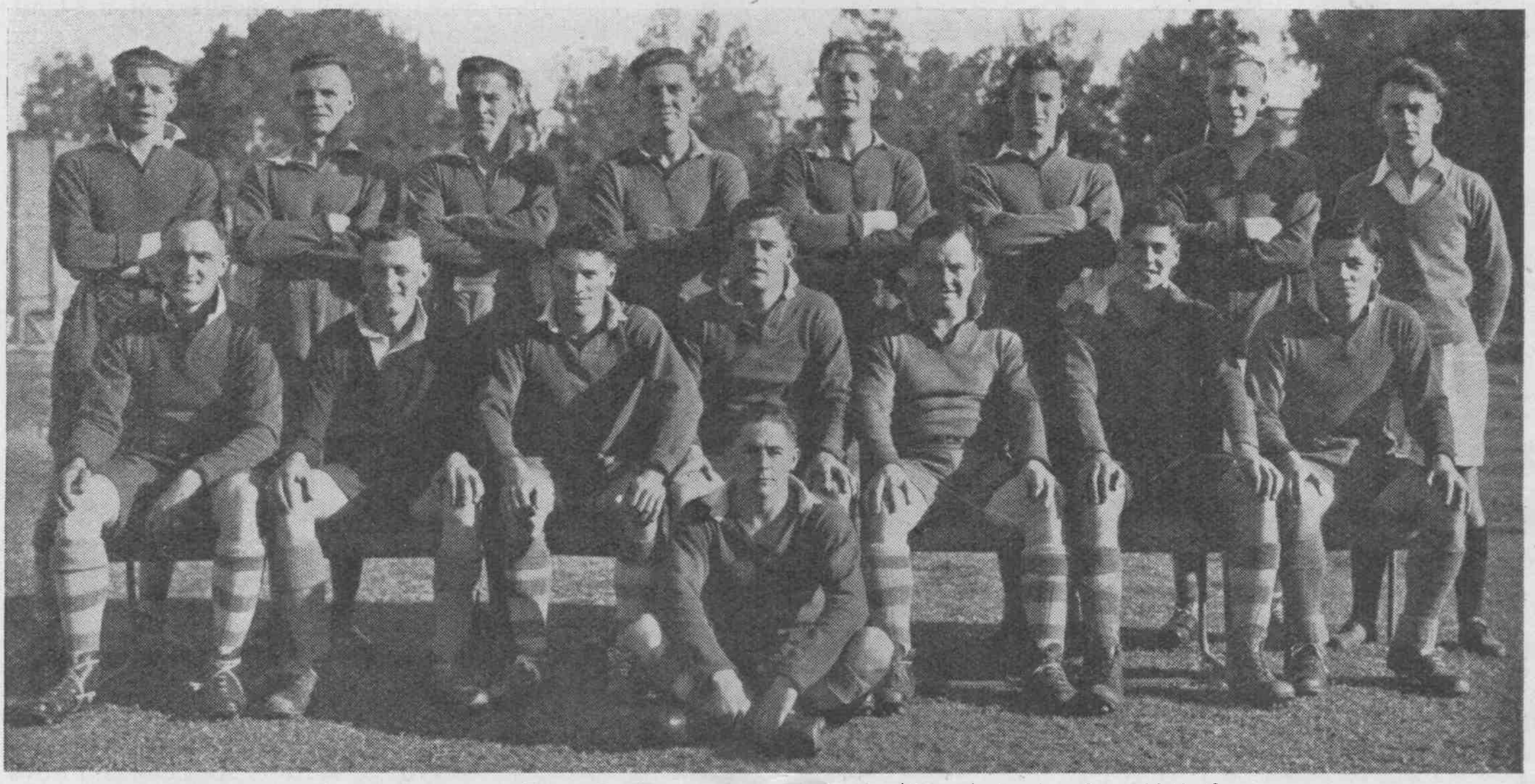
Both sets of forwards played well, Willis always well up with the ball, leading his forwards, and the good line-out play of O'Brien and Watt was particularly noticeable. For the Egypt Command pack, Lee and Fears were prominent in the loose, and Smith was outstanding in the way he got away from the scrum once the ball had gone, to cover his backs in defence and attack.

Record of Games Played

EGYPT COMMAND SIGNAL REGIMENT

1st Round	Bye		
2nd Round	v. 1 L. of C. Signal Regiment	Won	61—0
3rd Round	v. 1st Royal Lincolnshire Regiment	Won	3—0
4th Round	v. 5 B.O.D.	Won	21—0
Final	v. 3 G.H.Q. Signal Regiment	Won	21—3

It is worthy of note that Egypt Command Signal Regiment did not have their line crossed throughout the tournament. The 3 points scored against them were from a penalty goal. A good record: 106 points for and only 3 against.



Egypt Command Signal Regiment, winners Army (Egypt) Rugby Cup, 1948-49

Back row: Lance-Corporal Smith, Sergeant Fears, Corporal Howell, Sergeant Lee, Second-Lieutenant Plant, Signalman Cowper, Corporal Littlejohn, Sergeant George, R.A.E.C. (touch judge). Centre: Captain Smith, Signalman Pitman, Signalman Armstrong, Lieutenant Callaghan, Captain Sheridan, Signalman Dunham, Corporal Ferguson. Front: Lance-Corporal Lewis

Photo by Cecil Coulden

S.T.C. (B) Mhow Reunion Dinner

The Second Annual Reunion of the Staff of S.T.C. (B), Mhow, was held at the Victoria Hotel on Saturday, 26th February, 1949.

The chair was taken by Major D. Pennant, and 58 ex-members of the Unit of all ranks attended.

The Chairman expressed his pleasure at the presence of so many old friends, particularly those who had travelled very long distances.

He recalled the cry of "You're going the wrong way," which we shouted to the eastward-bound troopers at Port Said, and wondered who had been going the wrong way after all.

Major Pennant passed a vote of thanks to the organiser, Mr. J. W. Ludgate, who in his reply read a message handed to him at the dinner, which had been received via War Office Signals, from Captain Bob Edwards, now serving in Accra, and also passed on the greetings of many old friends, including such well-known members as John Garroni.

Mr. Ludgate said that it had been decided to hold an informal gathering on the last Friday evening of each month, in the saloon bar of the Victoria Hotel, Buckingham Palace Road, and asked that all ex-members who were not present be asked to contact him at 4 Ronelean Road, Tolworth, Surrey. He further stated that all ex-members of the Unit would be welcome in the Sergeants' Mess of 23 (S) Corps Signal Regiment, T.A., at Fulham House, on any Friday evening.

The gathering then got down to the serious business of "gripping" and "elbow-bending" and some old friends entertained, notable among these being "Jock" Miller with his tin whistle.

J. W. L.

SIGNALS ASSOCIATION

Branch Notes

Headquarters

Honorary Secretaries of Branches have already been notified that the usual Annual Meeting of Honorary Secretaries will be held at the Duke of York's Headquarters, Chelsea, on Friday, 29th April, commencing at 10 a.m. Lunch will be provided as before, and all members of the H.Q. Staff will be present, to enable them to meet the people with whom they deal. Final details will be notified to all concerned nearer the date. It is hoped that as many Branches as possible will be represented.

Major-General W. A. Scott, C.B.E., our Director of Signals, and Major-General C. W. Fladgate, C.B.E., our Representative Colonel Commandant, have both promised to attend and will give us a short talk on the activities of the Corps. Major-General G. G. Rawson, C.B., O.B.E., M.C., our Chairman and Hon. Treasurer, will be in the chair, and will talk about the Association's activities.

We had hoped to get Lieutenant-Colonel H. R. Firth, C.S.O. London District and Hon. Editor of THE WIRE, to tell us his difficulties and future policy for THE WIRE, but as he has a Signal Exercise around that date he may be unable to attend. Many Branches have expressed pleasure at the great improvement in THE WIRE, due to Colonel Firth's Herculean efforts.

Items for the agenda of this meeting are urgently required, and should be sent to the General Secretary at an early date.

We have to welcome new Branches at Nottingham, Bath and Sutton, and all send their best wishes for their future. It is hoped to open further Branches in the near future; the first will possibly be in Colwyn Bay. We are anxious to get Branches in every town where there are sufficient ex-Signals personnel to make it worth while, and anyone willing to take a hand in forming one should write to Headquarters for details of how to proceed.

The General Secretary has paid further visits to Branches —Chester, Aberdeen, Edinburgh, Oldham, Coventry, Portsmouth, Liverpool and Bedford all being visited, with still many more. These visits are looked upon with much pleasure by the Committee, to say nothing of the General Secretary himself. He would like to thank everybody concerned for their kindness and hospitality.

Work at Headquarters proceeds apace. We get many callers with varying problems, and we do our best to assist.

With thanks to Branch Committees for all the hard work which they put in.

Scarborough

March

A General Meeting was held at the Barracks on Tuesday, 1st March. A Dinner and Dance was held at the Villa Esplanade Hotel on 11th March. Our thanks are due to the Committee and the proprietor of the hotel for an excellent meal and a very enjoyable evening.

A cabaret was provided, and the duties of M.C. were carried out very efficiently by our capable Secretary, Mr. F. J. Kelly. Flashlight photos were taken during the dinner and if they prove successful we will include them in next month's notes.

The weekly Whist Drives at the Rhul Café are proving extremely popular and one can frequently hear on the buses on Fridays, "Where are you going tonight?" "Oh, to the Signals Whist Drive, of course."

For the future, we are looking forward very much to the appearance of the Corps Band at the Spa, Scarborough, where they open for Easter.

At the end of their tour here they have kindly consented to play for us at a dance to be held at the Drill Hall, St. John's Road, on 20th April. This, by all accounts, should turn out to be a successful evening.

By the way, the invitation to any member or ex-member of the Corps who happens to be fortunate enough to be holidaying in Scarborough during the summer still holds good. We meet at the Salisbury Hotel every Tuesday, 8 p.m. So don't be frite—we will be pleased to see you.

J. N. H.

Birmingham

When the organisers of the Royal Tournament get down to the business of producing their wonderful show for 1950, I hope they will remember all those old soldiers who mostly live in the past yet take as much interest in their old Regiments as do many serving members. Were the Regimental Associations given a chance to book us seats for their members? Or must they take a chance with the spivs? By the time this Branch of the Royal Signals Association had discovered the date of the 1949 Royal Tournament, every seat had been disposed of. At least, every seat that would have interested us. We could have had a few scattered about at widely varying prices, but when we go all the way to London we like to stick together. So at least 90 of us are very disappointed.

I must get a move on with the notes because flu is getting a rapidly firmer grip on me every hour. I am not even sure that I shall be able to push a typewriter key down by tomorrow.

Sorry I was unable to get over to Bromford Bridge for the cross-country run, where I expected to meet Joe Cotterell. In a recent letter Joe tells me he has come across quite a few of your friends in recent years. He mentions "Cabbo" Cayley, "Jock" Tyrell, R.S.M. Kenyon and R.S.M. Jones, of Maresfield's old "D" Company. Am I going too far back for you, boy? He saw Lance-Corporal "Rough" Cudmore, Bill Barby (what a full-back!), Teddy Markham, Joe Gresham. They are all still around somewhere.

The Annual General Meeting of the Birmingham Branch took place at Cateswell House, Hall Green, on 11th March, just as I told you it would. In the chair, Brigadier E. A. James, O.B.E., T.D., supported by Colonel J. W. Danielson, D.S.O., and Captain R. H. Ironmonger. Many old friends turned up and, alas! many old friends stayed away. I am glad that I can't give you a verbatim report of the Hon. Secretary's remarks because if I could I wouldn't. He was very fair, make no mistake about that, but you might begin to think that we are a pretty bad lot. And you'd be very wrong. We have a happy branch in Birmingham, but would like more members to come in a lump and make the officials and committee feel that they are not quite wasting their time. Colonel F. E. B. Jones, O.B.E., T.D., has agreed to serve on the committee in place of Mr. Les Robson, M.B.E., resigned owing to pressure of work.

The President, Brigadier E. A. James, reviewed the past year's activities and commented on the financial losses resulting from the trip to the Royal Tournament and the Annual Dinner. Not serious losses, of course, but given reasonable support from the members, could have tipped the scales the other way.

BARLEUX

Bournemouth

Now I'm all for a quiz, and being of a mathematical turn of mind—ask Littlewoods if you doubt me—I've been pondering over an equation which reads like this: 275 letters re Annual Dinner + 1 Press advertisement = 3 replies by post + 27 verbal replies.

If you multiply the left-hand side only by *apathy*, the whole thing becomes clear. That may not be good mathematical practice, but it gives the right answer. Well, where do we go from here? Bishops and bankers have spoken on this subject at great length and still the disease is with us, but I think we are more fortunate than most, in so far as we also have the antidote ready to hand, and the antidote—comradeship. That figures largely in the main object of the Association and, as we have seen one or two new faces among our regular supporters lately, we believe that the Branch has got the right idea. All that remains for us to do is to convince a much larger proportion of our members. In order to keep our name in front of as large a section of the population as possible, we have bought a Standard, and this is being dedicated on the occasion of the St. George's Day Parade, which is organised by the local Council of Ex-Service Associations.

Our recent Social Evening became a training gallop in preparation for the visitors we are having on the first Friday in April—I don't like to say 1st April, it looks bad. Anyway, "Flooky" and "Busty" Gregg—they always remind me of those "before and after" advertisements—at long last are showing dart form more in keeping with their line of bull on the subject, and Sammy Rouse, when there's a gin at stake, would make Jim Pike shake in his shoes. Taken all round, we have great hopes of saving the gallon for the first time in our history. Believe me, the gallons we have bought in the past would be nearly enough to quench the thirst of a "Q."

We are also sharing in the export drive and, as usual, it's our brightest and best that is going. In the interests of Anglo-American friendship, Maisie Pennefather, late of Taunton, Dunstable, Plymouth, Salisbury, etc., etc., is leaving us. Pardon me while I swallow the lump in my throat, but you know how it is, fellers. The single members of the Branch have bitten their nails down to the elbows but, as she sails on 6th April, it will have to be a whirlwind affair to make her change her mind. Good luck to you, Maisie, and don't forget that it only needs six to start a Branch! We

can ill afford to lose such a charming, cheerful and regular supporter as she has always been.

Our Annual Dinner is in the offing and certain members may be seen muttering to themselves, all in an attempt to confine their remarks to the three minutes allotted. They needn't worry, however, for the Secretary has adapted his alarm clock so that it now gags anyone who over-runs the time. I can't tell you whom he used in his experiments because his wife is/was a friend of mine. We have a number of distinguished guests coming, so I have my pencils sharpened in readiness to jot down the verbal pearls that will no doubt be cast before us. Let's see—what is it you cast pearls before ?

KELB

Salisbury

Apologies for our absence from THE WIRE for so long, and greetings to all of our fellow-members and Service personnel.

We of Salisbury Branch, although silent in reports, have had a very successful year, and though social activities have been few since last time our notes appeared, what few we have had have been most enjoyable. Might I, at this stage, express our grateful thanks and appreciation to our neighbours, Southern Command (M) Signal Regiment, especially to the Warrant Officers and Sergeants, who entertained us in very fine form at a Social Evening held in their Mess on 27th January.

We held our Annual General Meeting on Thursday, 10th February. Officers and Committee were elected as follows: President, Brigadier R. H. Willan, D.S.O., M.C.; Vice-President, Colonel A. C. Allan, D.S.O., M.C.; Chairman, Mr. J. Wheeler, T.M.; Hon. Secretary, Mr. E. Greatorex; Hon. Treasurer, Major B. Trapmore; with Messrs. Sewell, Bent, Sartain and Garrett to serve on the Committee.

We are holding our Annual Dinner on Saturday, 26th March, and hope to arrange to have an outing in the summer, so if you don't want to miss these good things, get in touch with the Secretary at 7 Wordsworth Road, Salisbury, who will be pleased to enrol you. The more the merrier.

We now have the use of the club room of 26 A.G.R.E. Signal Troop, T.A., for our monthly meetings, and believe me, it really is a grand place and we do owe our thanks to the ingenuity of our Chairman and members of the Territorial staff for their fine efforts in making us so comfortable.

So long for now, and all the best.

SARUM

ROYAL SIGNALS BENEVOLENT FUND

Subscriptions received during February, 1949

	£	s.	d.
H.Q., B.A.O.R. Signal Regiment	3	7	0
Gold Coast Signal Squadron	12	17	9
Royal Signals Corps Fund (Subs—Q/E 31-12-48)	66	19	1
Total	£83	3	10

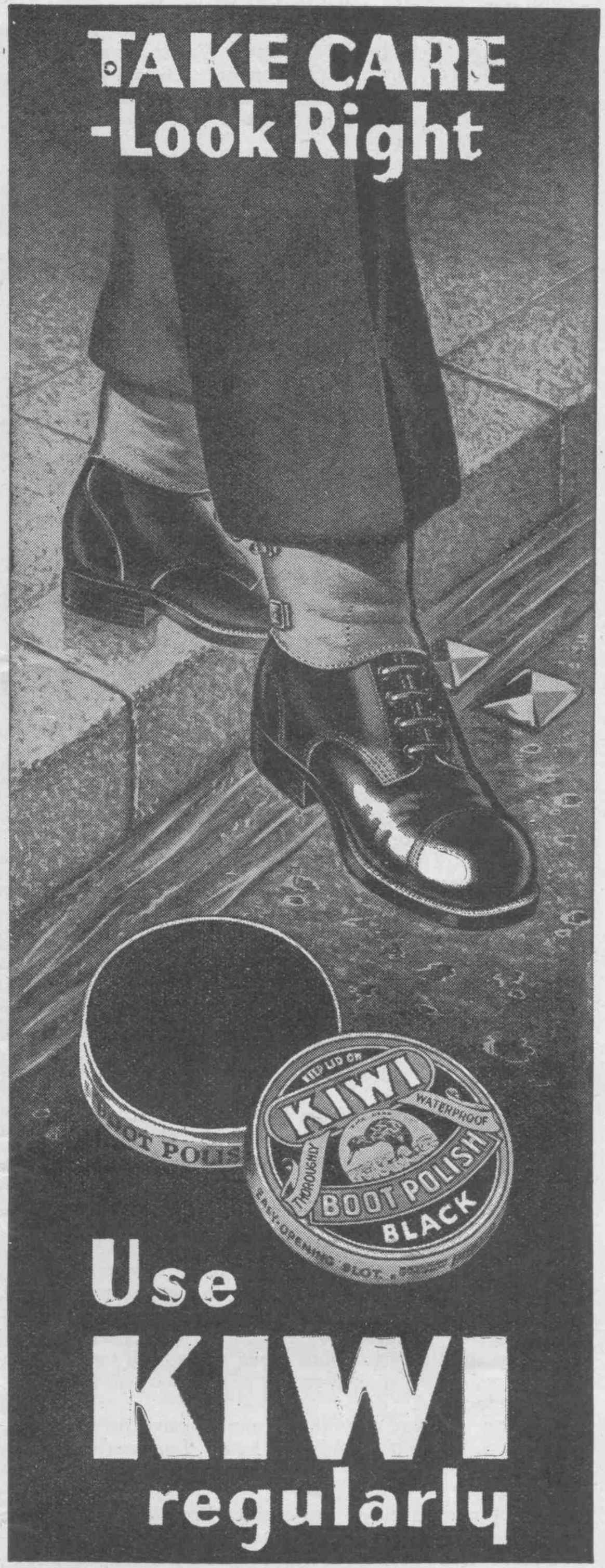
Expenditure during February, 1949, £418 5s. 2d. (includes assistance given with: General assistance; rent, rates and insurance; cots and prams; beds and bedding; funerals; clothing; hospital and doctors' fees; furniture; removals; rehabilitation; fares).

Analysis of cases: Families of soldiers serving in U.K., 6; widows and dependants of deceased soldiers, 3; released and discharged soldiers, 63. Total number of cases, 72.

Royal Signals Old Comrades' Association

Members registered at Association Headquarters during February, 1949:

Life members	24
Annual members	61



THE WIRE

The Corps Magazine
of the
Royal Signals

VOL. 3 (*New Series*) **NO. 5 • MAY 1949**

THE WIRE

The Corps Magazine of the
ROYAL SIGNALS

The Official Organ of the
SIGNALS ASSOCIATION

All correspondence and notes for "The Wire" should be addressed to: The Editor, "The Wire," 88 Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1.

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MAY • 1949

Volume 3 *New Series* **No. 5**

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PRICE: ONE SHILLING

Editorial

Photo by Rand "Daily Mail"

The front cover depicts the first Royal Signals Motorcycle Display Team in 1931.

The picture above shows that the Signal Corps of the Dominion of South Africa have caught up with the idea. Next month's cover will show the 1949 Display Team who open at the Royal Tournament during the month of June.

OBITUARY

Major-General Ernest Vere Turner, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., died in London on 28th February, 1949, and by his death the Corps lost a distinguished Signal Officer and a good friend.

Born in December, 1872, he was educated at Winchester College and the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, and was commissioned Second-Lieutenant in the Royal Engineers in 1892. Five years later he was serving with the West African Frontier Force, and for his services was mentioned in despatches and awarded a Brevet in the rank of Major on promotion to Captain. From 1899 to 1902 he served in the South African War, being again mentioned in despatches. In 1903 came promotion to Captain and Brevet Major. After a short tour of duty with the G.P.O. Telegraphs, he was, in 1904, appointed Director of Posts and Telegraphs in the Sudan, a post he held until 1912.

On his return home he joined "K" Company (a Royal Engineer Telegraph Unit which worked for the Post Office) in Ireland and was serving with that Unit when the First World War broke out in 1914. He served with the British Expeditionary Force in France and Belgium, first as C.S.O. Lines of Communications, then as D.D. Army Signals from February, 1916, to May, 1918, and next as Deputy Signal Officer-in-Chief from May, 1918, to November, 1919.

His personality and the close friendship which he consistently maintained with French Signal Liaison Officers contributed much to the admirable co-operation which existed in the provision of Allied communications.

The award of Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel came in June, 1915, and Brevet Colonel in June, 1918. He was made C.M.G. and awarded the D.S.O., being six times mentioned in despatches.

From 1920 to 1924 he held the appointment of Chief Signal Officer, Egypt, and in 1925 was appointed G.S.O., SD6, at the War Office, a branch that was the forerunner of our present Directorate of Signals. In 1925 he was made C.B. On vacating this staff appointment, he retired from the Service, being promoted Major-General on 21st January, 1929.

Although he found himself unable to accept the appointment of the first Colonel Commandant of the Corps, the late General Turner always maintained a keen and personal interest in the activities of the Corps. On the outbreak of war in 1939 he offered his services to the Royal Signals Association and, in addition to the work of Hon. Treasurer, he assisted with the many tasks connected with the Prisoners of War Benevolent and Comforts Fund throughout the war years. His long experience and valuable advice gave great support to the Association, in which he was deeply interested. At the same time he never spared himself in lending a hand with the vast amount of clerical work. It was inevitable that a large proportion of the war-time Corps, who had never known "E.V.," did not know and so could not appreciate the amount of work he did for the Association.

He joined the Civil Defence Services at the outbreak of war, and was a Post Warden in the Westminster Area of London throughout the whole period of enemy air offensive, being held in high esteem by his fellow Wardens.

A senior officer of great charm, he hid his long and distinguished service record under a cloak of modesty. He will be greatly missed by all who had the pleasure of knowing him and the honour of serving with him.

* * *

G. W. Ogden, late Royal Signals, Director of Posts and Telegraphs, Sudan, writes to the Representative Colonel Commandant:

"I have just had news of the death of Major-General E. V. Turner. As you probably know, he was Director of Posts and Telegraphs here from 1904 to 1912. Although I did not meet him personally until much later (I served under him when he was Chief Signal Officer, Egypt, in 1924), a few of the older Sudanese and Egyptian members of our staff still remember him (as I do) as a very kind and charming, and at the same time capable, chief.

"I have been asked to express the Sudan Government's sorrow at the news of General Turner's death. To this I would like to add my own, both personal and on behalf of the Posts and Telegraphs Department.

"If the Corps Committee is in touch with General Turner's relatives, perhaps you would be good enough to pass our condolences on to them."

* * *

THE UNITED SERVICES SILVERSMITHS

Lieutenant-Colonel J. W. Bell, late R.H.A., wishes to call attention to the fact that "The United Services Silversmiths," Wrotham, Kent (an organisation employing disabled ex-Service men) design and produce exclusive trophies, presentation pieces, challenge shields, cups, medallions, etc.

They also carry out repairs, replating, polishing, gilding and engraving.

Their work is of the finest order and prices exceedingly moderate.

The organisation has many applications for employment from ex-Service men and therefore solicits your kind co-operation.

All inquiries should be addressed to: "The United Services Silversmiths," Wrotham, Kent.

OBITUARY

Charles Frederick William St. Quintin, R.N.

It is my very sad duty to pay a tribute to the memory of Charles "St. Q," as we knew him. It was my privilege to serve under him for a year while he was Signal Officer-in-Chief at Supreme Headquarters, South-East Asia. He was then an Acting Captain and, as the Royal Navy does not consider rank a problem, he therefore had to deal with C.S.O.s of other Services who were far senior to him. That he did this with outstanding success is, I think, the best tribute to his ability.

In his work he was very thorough and seldom at a loss. Those of us who worked with him were always sure of being backed up in our actions and having our opinions considered. He had a wide knowledge of Signals and came to SACSEA from Combined Operations H.Q., where he was C.S.O. in 1943/44. From 1930 onwards he was a Fleet Wireless and Signal Officer in various capacities, and in 1942/43 he was Commander of H.M.S. *Mercury,* the R.N. Signal School. At H.Q., SACSEA, he had to deal with many Services and nationalities, and undertook this very difficult task most efficiently.

I think many of us will remember his speech at the Corps Dinner two years ago, with his humorous reference to his being a sailor treading delicately among soldiers. The way in which he delivered that speech and the reception it very rightly received was typical of "St. Q" and his manner of dealing with a job in hand.

As a sailor the Service has lost a great personality, and many of us have lost a great friend.

T. W. B.

The wedding took place on 9th April, 1949, at St. Stephen's Church, Watford, between Captain Russel H. Maxfield, Royal Signals, Adjutant, 1 Training Regiment, and Miss Margaret Shand, of Oxhey, Herts.

MAJOR (Q.M.) C. W. WHEELER, M.B.E.

All who knew Charlie Wheeler intimately will have been greatly shocked to hear of his sudden death.

A grand fellow, first-class boxer and athlete in his younger days. A great pal. I have no doubt his many achievements as a boxer will be recorded in THE WIRE: I only wish to write a few lines in appreciation of the Charlie I knew.

One has to go back to the early days of the formation of the Corps, those sportsmen who let the Army know the newly-formed Royal Corps of Signals meant business in the sporting world. To mention names such as H. A. Spencer, Boys Viney, Collins, Langley, Sym, Richmond, Jones, R. P. Viney, Dibbs, Jimmy Emblem, Riggs, Smith and, of course, Charlie. What a team! Capable of beating any Army team, and in my opinion quite fit to represent the Army, as most of them did. What a grand lift up for a newly-formed Corps.

Charlie had his own pet aversions. He always set an example to youngsters. He trained hard and fought hard. It was a duty instilled in him. No novice was overlooked. Charlie always had the encouraging word for the beginner. With the boys he was "a hero." I wonder how many of those boys, now warrant officers and officers, will remember those early days at Maresfield without mentioning Charlie's name. Charlie always knew what he was up against and prepared himself accordingly. He always stepped into the ring fit, never under-rated his opponents (and he had some tough ones at times). Charlie was there to represent the Corps, and he took it upon himself as a duty to do his utmost to get a couple of points for the Corps. To act as second to Charlie meant hard work—towel, water, sponge, air, get a move on, etc. He meant to step out of his corner for each round as fresh as when he first entered the ring.

The likes of Charlie are very hard to replace, but the fine example of putting the name of the Corps on the map of sport in the Army will live for ever. The Corps have lost a fine sportsman and gentleman, but the younger members of the Corps have a specimen of the type of man they should be.

W. H. TERRELL ("JOCK")

* * *

MAJOR L. C. SUGGARS WRITES TO THE EDITOR

Reserve of Officers

Your opening paragraph of the "Editorial" in the current issue of THE WIRE (March issue) puzzles me and also most of the officers in the Coventry O.C.A.

As we understand it, irrespective of our terms of past service, we are subject to recall until the State of Emergency has been declared ended by Parliament. Our demob papers are quite clear in this respect. If this is so, why ask for re-registration? Is it because the end of the State of Emergency would automatically free *all* Emergency Officers? On the other hand, it would not free the R.A.R.O., T.A.R.O. and S.R. officers, so why ask for re-registration?

To this the Editor replied: "I'll ask me dad!"

A.G.II Replies to Major Suggars

In answer to Major Suggars' letter of 28th March, 1949, I would like to make the following points.

You are quite right in assuming that officers are subject to recall until the State of Emergency has been declared ended by Parliament. This end of Emergency would free all Emergency Commissioned Officers. It is to the Emergency Commissioned Officer, who will be freed by the end of the Emergency, that my previous letter was addressed. You are quite right in assuming that former officers of R.A.R.O., S.R. and T.A.R.O. will still be on those reserves. We wish, therefore, to encourage Emergency Commissioned Officers not to wait for the end of the Emergency, but to apply *now* to join R.A.R.O. or A.O.E.R.

You are urged to obtain the form OFFRS/RES/1 from any T.A. and A.F.A. or Recruiting Officer, which gives full details.

A CANDID REJOINDER
to a Candid Reply

Dear Allan A. Holman,

Having read your article with the deepest interest, I think I can answer some, if not all, your queries. APATHY, in very large capital letters and heavily underlined, is the main cause. I, too, shared your feelings about carrying on the friendships of Service days; I, too, joined the Signals Association and carried on subscribing (financially) to THE WIRE.

Unlike you, I often read in the pages of THE WIRE the names of old friends, and often see the photographs of familiar faces. Many of the Units and present-day formations are unfamiliar, but nevertheless I find their notes of general interest. During my service I spent varying lengths of time from one year to five years with about six different Units, not counting the Depot and Training Establishments, and none of those six Units is in existence today, so I can't read their notes.

I feel sure that the Editor of THE WIRE will be only too pleased to include any information from any Unit, Branch of the Association, or even from individual members of the Association, if of interest to any reader.

The reason that you don't read in the pages of THE WIRE the names of your friends and acquaintances is simply that they don't send any information about themselves or their activities to the Editor. One form of apathy!

My nearest Branch of the Association is some 30 miles away, and the last train home is 8.15 p.m., so that Branch isn't much use to me personally. I have met several ex-Signals types in my own town, and put out feelers with a view to starting a Branch here, but there's nothing doing. They all admit having enjoyed Service friendships, and all admit having a warm regard for their old Units, but are not sufficiently interested to do anything but sit back and dream of days gone by. APATHY ! They are interested in copies of THE WIRE I pass on to them, but won't plunge 10s. on a year's subscription.

As a local Branch of the Association seems to be out of the question, I joined the local Branch of the British Legion, and as most of the younger members demanded action in the way of entertainment, socials and the like, I became a member of the Social Committee, though I noticed that those who made the loudest demands took good care to steer clear of serving on the said committee. The committee of five—four '39-'45 warriors and one '14-'18 veteran—dwindled to two, the '14-'18 veteran and myself, when it came to the actual work of organising the first social evening, and to make it a success we dipped deep into our pockets. That was very foolish. Approximately 300 invitations were sent out to members of the Branch. THIRTEEN turned up to the social. The Branch gave us financial assistance, but we were out of pocket.

I should imagine that Signals Association Branches, British Legion Branches, and many other ex-Service men's organisations throughout the length and breadth of the country can quote the same story. MORE APATHY !

I do agree that there are men like yourself who really would like to get together and make a live Branch, but unfortunately we are all too widespread. I am in constant touch with friends in Inverness, London, Manchester and Birmingham, but even an annual reunion is financially out of the question.

We must also accept the fact, unhappily I think, that when Service men rejoin their families they quickly lose interest in Service matters. The friendships that are formed in the Services are peculiar to the Services. They are fostered and flourish only under Service conditions, and are usually deeper, I think, than civilian friendships. How many life stories have I heard, in all their lurid details, in the wee small hours of the morning, when on sentry-go. How little does one really know of one's colleagues in civil life.

If the H.Q. of the Association were made into a club, how many people could use it? Not many of us, and for that reason very few would agree to finance such a proposition. During the war, when friendships were at their best, and everyone thought they really did belong to the Corps, it was not always a very easy job for some of us to persuade our friends to subscribe to the Corps Memorial Fund.

To sum up, Allan, THE WIRE is short of the articles you want to read because the people you want to hear from, or about, are too apathetic to write them. And the Branches of the Association are not as successful as they could be because people are not sufficiently interested to join, or, having joined, are too apathetic to do anything to make the Branch a success. Even when everything is laid on for them, they are still too tired, lazy or indifferent to attend.

Believe it or not, those same people were just the same in the Service as they are today, but in the Service the organisers had greater powers of persuasion. Bluntly, I've seen men bullied into attending some social function which they otherwise were too lazy to attend, and they have admitted afterwards that they enjoyed the function, though they did plenty of moaning about having to stir themselves.

Yours sincerely,

E. C. BAILEY,

ex-Sergeant, Royal Signals.

To the Editor,

Allan A. Holman remarks that he bought and read the few back numbers between the date of resumption of publication and the commencement of his annual subscription, yet he apparently missed the announcement in the second issue—December, 1947—prominently printed on the Editorial Page, that owing to the prohibitive prices of suitable properties, the Corps Committee had been reluctantly compelled to abandon their original plan that the Royal Signals War Memorial should take the form of a Royal Signals Club in London, and that it had been decided finally to establish two "Royal Signals Memorial Holiday Clubs," of which "Mercury House" at Bournemouth is the first. And this was long before he read his copies less and less, despite which he trotted around to No. 88 expecting to find, in his own words, a warm fire, a pint, and possibly a meal!

With regard to his defective copy of the magazine, why didn't he send it back to the Editor, who could have supplied a perfect one, and at the same time informed the Printer, who likes to be told of these "technical hitches" so that they can be traced to their source and eliminated in future.

L.N.L.

ROYAL SIGNALS DISPLAY

It would appear from the provisional programme that there will be few opportunities, compared to last year, for Londoners and people in the South generally to see the display.

May	16	Stockton-on-Tees.
	19–21	Oxford.
	23–30	Glasgow and Edinburgh.
June	4	Manchester.
	6	Reigate.
	8–9	Saffron Walden.
	15	Royal Tournament, Olympia.

* * *

ALLIED FORCES H.Q., ITALY (CASERTA)

A reunion will take place on Saturday, 8th October, at the Seymour Hall, Seymour Place, London, W.1. Dancing to Lou Preager's Ambassador Band, 7 to 11.30 p.m. Running buffet.

All personnel of A.F.H.Q., A.F.H.Q. Signals, etc., are welcome. Tickets, 15s. inclusive, and full particulars from Mrs. H. M. Archer, 1 Burleigh Road, Wimbledon, S.W.19, to whom all remittances should be made payable.

* * *

AMATEUR RADIO CLUB

Caribbean Area Signal Squadron, VP5HQ, work at present on CW in the 20-metre band, but hope to open up shortly on FONE in the 10-metre band. QSL's requested.

40 Below Zero Tests for Radio Parts

Arctic and Tropical Conditions in British Factories

Baking, bumping, freezing and vibration is the fate awaiting British-made components for radio, radar and other electronic equipment, under a new specification laid down by the Radio Industry Council.

To maintain the high standard of workmanship and durability always associated with British components, apparatus has been designed to reproduce in the factory climatic conditions ranging from the tropics to the Arctic.

Tropical components—on which lives may depend when they are used in communications and radar equipment—will be subjected to a dry heat chamber for 16 hours; bumping for eight minutes; a damp heat chamber for 16 hours; freezing to "40 below" for six hours, and, while still cold, another eight minutes of bumping, and two repetitions of the damp heat cycle, allowing heat and humidity to come back to normal between them. Or they may be exposed to a really wet tropical atmosphere for 84 days continuously. Components for domestic radio take life a little more easily but they still have a tough time.

After each test the component will be examined to the requirements of a component specification to make sure that it is perfect. Additional tests include infection with mould growth and salt atmospheric corrosion.

This specification is intended to meet the radio industry's own needs, but it is intended that it shall eventually reach a wider field and has not yet reached the stage as part of a British Standard.

2 3 2 2 3 2 9

It is a great joy to receive and read the issues of our WIRE. Each month I scan the pages, and many are the happy recollections and reflections that come! I joined the corps in '32 and took my ticket in '45.

An article in THE WIRE on "Springdrills" (Catterick) brought memories. The column re "Jimmy Emblem," "McGregor" and others too numerous to mention. Recently the March copy arrived and I tore away the binding paper. Turning the cover page, I noticed the "Triumph" advert. ("Double Jimmy"). Surely I knew some of those onlookers! Of course, the old 115 Section, ex-Wimbledon, etc. If any ex-personnel of 115 Section read this, I would welcome a line.

Any ex-China wallahs who had the misfortune or good luck to know me? Any news of Eric Lowe or "Tiny" Abel (ex-Shanghai) would be welcome.

I must take this opportunity to send greetings and salaams to all with whom I have sipped N.A.A.F.I. tea. Many still drink it!

(T. Mellor, 110 Northgate, Almondbury, Huddersfield, Yorkshire.)

More new Inventions at B.I.F.

THE following is a selection of claims by exhibitors at the British Industries Fair, which was held from 2nd to 13th May.

1. A method of providing locked side seam drums with pressed-out hoops for rolling along the ground. This problem had never been solved in any country until the inventors spent 18 months experimenting to perfect their method.—General Services Section, Earls Court, Stand No. P.32. Reads, Ltd., Orrell House, Orrell Lane, Walton, Liverpool, 9.

2. A pair of kitchen scissors with which the housewife can not only cut, slice and chop meat, fish and vegetables, but also open crowned bottles, prise up lids, hammer tacks, and turn screws. The scissors are forged from Sheffield steel, fully hardened and tempered, and chromium plated. The shanks and bows are enamelled in assorted colours.—Jewellery Section, Olympia, Stand H.254. Edgware Cutlery Mfrs., Ltd., Humber Road, Cricklewood, London, N.W.2.

3. Sectional reinforced concrete units which fit together on a tongue and groove principle to enable buildings of any length to be assembled quickly by unskilled labour. The units are held in position by aluminium nuts and bolts and no parts require fixing in the ground. Advantages claimed over other "prefabs" are that no special foundations are required, buildings can be permanent or portable, are rotproof and fireproof, require no maintenance.—Building Section, Castle Bromwich, Stand No. B, Outdoor. Ernest Batley, Ltd., Colledge Road Works, Holbrooks, Coventry.

4. A toy snail which children can ride on and, with a simple rocking motion, cause the snail to slither along the ground in a natural fashion. The snail is of all-steel construction and is vividly enamelled in gay baked-in colours.—Toys and Games Section, Olympia, Stand No. N.145. Sebel Products, Ltd., 39–41 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

5. An automatic darts judge which eliminates argument about the thrower's last score. In addition to performing automatic subtraction of scores from 301, this new device includes a special panel which records the last score made by the player.—Sports Goods Section, Olympia, Stand No. L.40. B.O.B., Ltd., Band House, Alnwick Road, Bognor Regis.

6. The first stud-welder ever designed as a self-contained machine tool. This machine has a fixed electro-hydraulically actuated head, and is specifically designed for quantity repetition work for which the usual type of equipment is not so suitable.—Electrical Section, Castle Bromwich, Stand No. C.218. Cyc-Arc, Ltd., 27–29 New North Road, London, N.1.

Television at the B.I.F.

PUBLIC DEMONSTRATION ON 625-LINE SYSTEM

Television Transmitting

THE world's first public demonstration of a television transmission on the 625-line system was given at the Birmingham section of the Fair. The exhibit was a practical backing for the recent statement that British manufacturers can provide television for any required standard of definition and are not confined to the British 405-line system, although the latter is considered here to be the most efficient in relation to cost and to ether space occupied.

The 625-line equipment, manufactured by Marconi's Wireless Telegraph Co., Ltd., was among developments demonstrated early in March to the official Belgo-Dutch Television Delegation who visited England on the invitation of the Government.

Included in the B.I.F. demonstration were two new Marconi Image Orthicon cameras which can be used for either mobile or studio televising. One was on the stand and the other mounted in a special tower in the grounds, so that scenes inside and outside the building could be televised. Visitors to the Fair saw the result on the stand in a line-monitor with a 15-inch screen. The outside camera also televised aeroplanes landing and taking-off from the nearby aerodrome.

"Suitcase" Equipment

The equipment, made up into a series of units each about the size of a suitcase, can be carried with ease. For a two camera set-up there would be 12 such units in addition to the cameras, each additional camera requiring a further four units.

The pick-up tube is extremely sensitive, allowing the camera to be used in a very poor light and, owing to its small size, lenses of small physical dimensions can be used. The four-lens turret can take telescopic as well as normal lenses, selection being made by a handle at the rear.

An incorporated electronic viewfinder gives a bright, clear display of the scene actually being transmitted on a cathode-ray tube.

The connection between the camera and the control units is a single multi-core cable of small dimensions which allows the camera to be operated up to 1,000 feet or more away from the control table. The light-weight units make it possible for the camera and associated equipment to be erected and used in confined areas, thus increasing the opportunities for outside broadcasting. A similar Marconi Image Orthicon camera mounted in a launch was used by the B.B.C. for televising the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race. It was the first time in the history of television that scenes had been publicly transmitted from a moving vehicle.

Electronics

An electron microscope capable of magnifying an object 1,000 to 100,000 times was shown at Birmingham by Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Co., Ltd. It has a three-lens image-forming system, and is designed to hold two plates, each larger than three inches square, set side by side. A single masking control allows exposures of quarter, half or whole plate to be taken. The eye-piece fitted to the viewing chamber is detachable, to enable more than one person at a time to examine the picture on the screen. By simple adjustment, electron diffraction patterns and stereo-micrographs can be made.

The same firm demonstrated equipment developed to give accurate control of the speed relationship of a number of motors working together, without mechanical coupling.

A remarkable instrument by Marconi Instruments, Ltd., is a portable pH meter which, by pushing an electrode into the soil, gives a direct reading of its acidity or alkalinity. Different crops prefer different nourishment and soil condition, and farmers can now analyse the soil "on the spot" and select the correct field and dressing for their crops.

Testing Equipment and Instruments

Among the instruments and accessories shown at Olympia by Airmec Laboratories, Ltd., was one designed to detect the presence of radio-active materials in all substances, as a safeguard to human life. The instrument is fitted with a beta probe, also sensitive to gamma rays, with a separate alpha probe available if required. A direct reading of the intensity of radio-activity is gained from a meter.

Also shown was an electronic ionisation voltage tester developed on a new principle to avoid damage to insulation under test. In addition to testing for ionisation before breakdown, the instrument is useful in preliminary design tests when it is required to know where insulation should be decreased or increased. Indication of ionisation is given aurally by loudspeaker and visually by magic-eye.

Taylor Electrical Instruments, Ltd., exhibited a comprehensive range of testing instruments, instrument switches and wafer switches in various combinations of decks and poles. They also featured an instrument designed for speedy fault location. A high frequency detector carried in a probe coupled to an audio amplifier, loudspeaker and magic-eye indicator, enables rapid checks to be made on all stages found in radio receivers, audio amplifiers and radiograms. It is an invaluable time-saver in all service work.

Among the exhibits of Marconi Instruments, Ltd., was a signal generator with frequency coverage of 16 kc/s to 30 mc/s and the calibration displayed on an expanded scale giving a discrimination of one part in ten thousand of the total scale length. A particular feature of the Video Oscillator is its ability to produce square waves in the range 50 c/s to 150 kc/s, a switch on the panel introducing the necessary squaring circuit.

* * *

THE RADIO MECHANIC

A radio mechanic is a person who takes advantage of the credulity of his associates by posing as a technical expert on the assumption that he is able to repeat with unvarying and monotonous regularity a vast number of incomprehensible formulæ calculated with micrometric precision from vague assumptions which are based on empirical figures which he has obtained as the result of the performing of innumerable and inconclusive experiments with instruments of problematical accuracy by persons of doubtful reliability and questionable mentality for the avowed purpose of annoying and confounding a hopeless and chimerical group of esoteric fanatics to which we refer altogether too frequently as practical radio men.

BEEFLAT

Home Stations

2 TRAINING REGIMENT
Catterick

April

During the last month or so, your Unit reporter, having been hounded out of his Ivory Tower, has been wandering around the lines, finding out all sorts of interesting things about what we are meant to be doing.

One aspiring young man, when asked to give the reason for the existence of 2 Training Regiment, Royal Signals, said that he supposed there was a vacancy for us on some War Office Establishment, so we had to fill it. While enlarging and inquiring into this idea, the present writer unearthed the following points, which may be of help to any WIRE readers who are wondering about our *raison d'etre*.

We are, or so we are told, principally a Line Training Unit, but whether the men are trained to lay or to shoot the aforementioned lines is a matter of increasing doubt.

Men selected for training as linemen (and they have nothing to do with their near relations who carry flags up and down the sides of football pitches) come to Mons Lines and 1 Squadron. Here they are severely shaken, sorted and sifted until it becomes apparent that their particular *metier* is either Field, Permanent, Underground or Test. The finer shades of meaning between these categories being rather deep for the uninitiated, we will pass, with a gay laugh and a carefree shrug of the shoulders, to the next process of training.

Potential linemen (field) are passed to 2 Squadron, where they do a great deal of strenuous outdoor exercise and festoon all available hedgerows and shrubs with gaily-coloured wires, this lending a cheerful aspect to the otherwise rather drab countryside.

All other types of linemen are forwarded to 3 Squadron to become specialists in their various crafts. Linemen (Permanent Line) may often be seen gently feeding the birds who perch on telegraph wires, and are aptly immortalised by the B.B.C. and Messrs. Jewell and Warriss.

Linemen (Underground), who are officially known as Linemen (P.L.) U.G. trained, are, as tradesmen, still in their infant stages, but will, presumably, be eventually employed by the London Passenger Transport Board.

A Line Test Clerk seems to be a Jack of All Trades, and dashes hither and thither, being trained as almost everything. After working with 1 and 3 Squadrons for about 12 weeks, he goes to 1 Training Regiment to be finished off.

The training of Clerks and Draughtsmen is undertaken by 2 Squadron, who also do a fortnight's educational swotting with Technical Storemen before they go to Donnington. As men of these three trades are trained behind closed doors, it is a little difficult to give any precise information about what goes on, but it can be safely assumed that the majority of Clerks are taught how to read and write, and that Draughtsmen learn to draw.

If Training Officers and Instructors have any complaints about their multifarious activities, as here set down, and wish to consult their lawyers about the Law of Libel, they will appreciate the wisdom of cloaking one's identity in the proverbial *nomme de guerre*.

PREWITT

HEADQUARTER SQUADRON. "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to . . ." Well, anyway, George Ranson, our Warrant Officer i/c Education, is joining the Easter Parade to the altar, and we wish him and his bride all the very best for the future.

In the spring, also, the weather is exceedingly changeable and has been causing folk furiously to sneeze and to cough. The strength of the Squadron—in more than one sense—has been wont to vary from day to day, but we are managing to tick over very much as usual. We are sorry to say that Major G. S. Grey, the Chief Instructor, is still in hospital, but we wish him a speedy recovery and hope that he will soon be back in action.

Class "A" Release has deprived us of Signalmen Johnny Wainwright and Ron Moule. We are shortly to lose two of our Assistant Physical Training Instructors, Corporals Hubble and Field, and are viewing the approaching sports with increasing trepidation.

Evening gardening parades have been started once again, and it is interesting to note how many men manage to scatter, in preference to ploughing the fields.

1 SQUADRON. Big flap—Easter approaches and the Orderly Corporal is still making out passes and travel warrants in accordance with A.C.I. 180/49. The majority of the Squadron are going on Easter leave, but about 40 of us are staying behind to do the necessary duties.

It is with regret that we hear of our S.S.M.'s probable posting. It makes our hearts ache to hear him singing his theme songs, "Far Away Places" and "A Slow Boat to China."

We welcome Lieutenant P. D. Tidey to our Squadron and hope that he will have a long and happy stay. We also welcome S.Q.M.S. Williams, who has joined us from the Depot Regiment.

We wish luck to Lance-Corporal Kiely, who is sweating on the marriage line whilst on Easter leave: it must be the spring. All the best, Pete, and may there be many little Kielys.

Our Pay Clerk, Lance-Corporal "Horsey" Black, is taking a keen interest in Squadron sport. He takes his little trainees to Colburn (the Field, not the Hildyard) each Wednesday and Saturday, and is turning out some budding internationals. Nice going, "Horse."

From the numerous cricket letters passing through the 193, it seems that we are going to have a spanking cricket season. Our Cricket Officer, Second-Lieutenant P. J. Ibbotson, has had a delivery of new equipment, and all we require now is a cricket team.

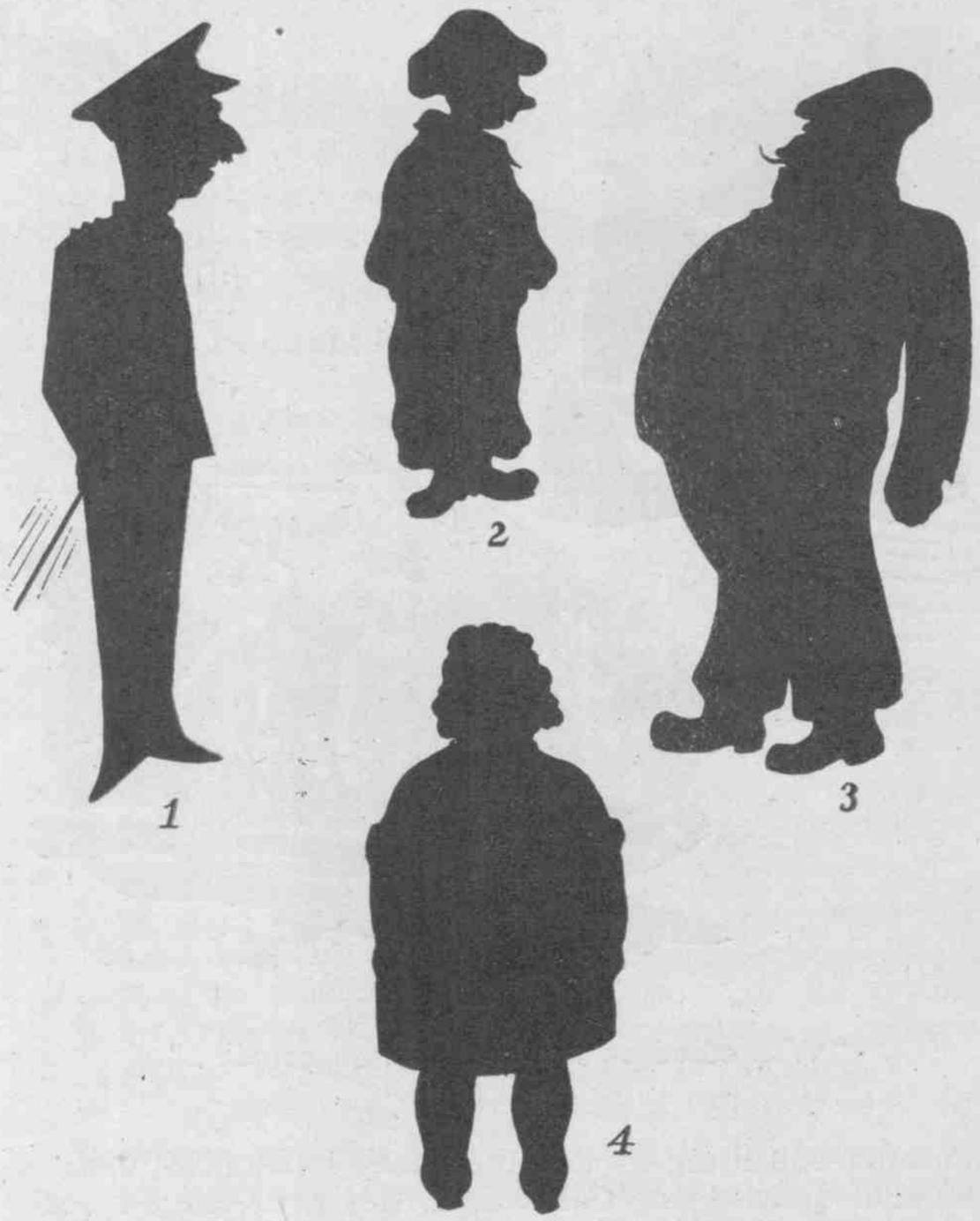
2 SQUADRON. The Squadron has greeted the arrival of spring with enthusiasm, and throughout the lines all is industry. The S.S.M., no longer contented by mere paint brushes, has unearthed from the nether regions of the Draughtsmen's School a weird and noisesome contraption reputed to be a distemper spray, and with his team of picked accomplices has rapidly succeeded in rendering half the barrack rooms unrecognisable. His evenings have apparently been spent wrapt in thought, his fertile brain inventing yet more ingenious kit layouts with which to torment us.

In the Training Office, Second-Lieutenant Wilson, our new officer from N.S.O.T.W., has become accustomed to the startling sight of Corporal "Taffy" Short, haggard of mien and mouthing strange formulæ, gleaning yet more knowledge for his B1. Controlling everything amid the chaos stands Sergeant Brock, his shoulders bowed beneath recently-acquired responsibility and white ink.

Meanwhile, Clerks' Training, unmoved by the passing of the seasons, continues to propound the mysteries of filing, pay and the hook to square leg.

A sea of paper piled around the portals of the Draughtsmen's School indicates that the latest fruit of the literary brain of Sergeant Carter, the first Draughtsman Training Precis, is in production. We found him perched, unmoved, upon a stool, amid droves of frenzied assistants, drawing strange signs upon a huge board. We asked him in reverent tones how the work proceeded, but he waved us away with a parabolic curve, muttering something about "isometric projection in the Fourth Dimension." So we departed hurriedly.

Training Camp Memories



What are they ?

3 TRAINING REGIMENT

Catterick Camp

March

Of course we always knew that it was tempting providence to go mucking around with the clock just to get an hour's extra daylight, and what happens ?

The sun, which had been coming along all in its good time from somewhere down Devon way, gets into a flat spin and takes permanent refuge behind a convenient horizon, while we are left defenceless as new-born lambs against the gales, the snow and the driving rains that continue to rage triumphant over the Catterick moors.

Before dealing with our sporting activities, we are proud to report the first visit to this Regiment of the new G.O.C.-in-Chief, Northern Command, Lieutenant-General P. M. Balfour, C.B., C.B.E., M.C. He spent the better part of the afternoon of Friday, 8th April, going round the lines accompanied by General Cary and Brigadier Galwey, and later took tea in the Officers' Mess.

We understand that he was pleased with all he saw and heard and we trust that he will again honour us with his presence in the not-too-distant future.

And now for our sporting news. Our soccer representative reports that the Division I side, still running close for honours in the Catterick District League, fell rather unluckily, we think, to 1 Training Regiment in the second round of the Northern Command Cup. The first meeting between us ended all square after half an hour of extra time, with both sides having scored thrice. Twice in the lead during the regulation 90 minutes, we lost the first goal in the extra time period, and still a goal down, with seconds left for play, all seemed lost. Corporal Mays, our Derby County centre-half, pulled us through, however, with a great last-minute goal direct from a corner kick on the right.

Both sides were sure of a victory when they took the field on 1 Training Regiment's home ground to fight the replay, and from the kick-off the spectators were treated to a really fast, end-to-end battle. As in the previous match, we were twice in the lead, Cook and Godbeer having scored two lovely goals, to which 1 Training Regiment replied but once. The opponents' right wing of McCreadie and Neilson (especially the latter) played grand forcing football, however, and paved the way for two late goals to win the day.

Hard luck, "Three," but congratulations 1 Training Regiment on your success. We hope you now go on to win the cup.

In two league outings during the month we collected three points. N.S.O.T.W. were easily beaten 5—2, despite the play of Corps player Spence at centre-half, but with a team sadly depleted in strength we had to fight hard to bring one point back with us from Barnard Castle's 7th Q.O. Hussars. Jones, our left-back from Everton, was off injured, and after five minutes' play there, his right-hand Crystal Palace partner, Kilpatrick, became a passenger on on the wing through an ankle injury. Despite these losses, however, our defence played well and after 15 minutes of the second half had gone, Kilpatrick made us one up from close in. Our opponents then made an all-out effort, but our solid defence seemed impregnable till Watson spoiled his chance of keeping a clean sheet by dropping a cross from the right to the feet of the Hussars' centre-forward, who just managed to prod the ball into the net.

So in the closing minutes we lost a precious point, but we are not discouraged. On Monday, the 11th, we hope to be back to winning form against 5 Training Regiment in the Catterick District Cup.

Flash. Late News. Catterick District Knock-out Cup. 3 Training Regiment 1, 5 Training Regiment 0.

Turning to rugger, we are able to report a recent match against the 14th/20th Hussars, who won handsomely and deservedly by 17 points to 0. However, what we lacked in skill we made up in spirit, which never failed throughout a very hard-fought game. The match was played on a rain-soaked pitch, and the ball, after only a few minutes' play, was soon wet and heavy. It was a forwards' day, and the Hussars, who had a fine pack, more than held us in the tight scrums and were fresh enough as a result to be fast and dangerous in the loose play. Our threes were completely out of it, except in defence, which was a pity because when a stray ball did come their way it was obvious that they knew where the line was. The pack was well led once more by Captain Sampson, who was concerned in rather an amusing incident towards the end of the game. Unknown to him, a field mouse dared to enter the scrum just before the ball was put in. The Hussars hooker yelled to his opposite number, "Kill him!" and a hefty boot descended on the unfortunate creature, which lay squirming. The same voice again shouted, "Kill him, he's still moving!" and the now indignant Sampson grew fully convinced that the bloodthirsty remarks from the Hussars were pointed at one of his pack, and remained in quite a huff until the incident was explained to him at the end of the match.

It is difficult to single out individuals in such a defensive game, but tribute must be paid to the pack and to young Allardyce, at full-back, who was outstanding in his positional play and in his clean catching and kicking.

It is not surprising that the weather should have interfered with our hockey programme, and only two league games were played. One, against 2 Training Regiment, resulted in a win for our opponents by 3—0, but this was compensated for by a match against 1 Training Regiment, who were beaten by 4—2.

In the Six-a-side Competition we were narrowly beaten, also by 2 Training Regiment, as a result of a short corner. We were pleased to see these worthy opponents go forward to the finals, and we wish them the best of luck.

We have great hopes for our much re-formed team, and perhaps, after all, the loss of S.Q.M.S.s Burge and Holt and Sergeant Taylor will not be so heavy as we had feared.

One sport which has not been affected by the weather is boxing, and the second round of the Inter-Unit Novices' Boxing Competition, against 7 Selection Regiment, provided an excellent evening's entertainment.

The keenness of the competitors was most evident and the standard of boxing remarkably high for a novices' competition. An exhibition bout halfway through the programme between Signalman Hill and Sergeant-Instructor Johnstone, A.P.T.C., provided one of the highlights of the evening.

The Commandant, Brigadier W. C. V. Galwey, O.B.E., M.C., congratulated 7 Selection Regiment on their victory over us by the narrow margin of 14 points to 13, and both teams on a hard-fought match. We would take this opportunity of adding our own congratulations, and our thanks to Captain Sturk, Royal Signals, who kindly refereed the proceedings.

Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess. The main feature of the past month was the quarterly Mess night, which was well attended by our officers and their ladies. The refreshments were back to pre-war standards, and helped to make this occasion worthy of remembrance. We were very disappointed that sickness prevented the Commandant from attending.

Postings in and out have been so numerous that it is not possible to record all movements here. Our greetings and farewells are extended to all our new and departed friends.

The Mess finances have recovered from their Christmas knocks, and we are now all set to paint this corner of the camp a more seemly colour. Indeed, our new Entertainments Committee have soon got into their stride by organising a very pleasant games evening, in which the Warrant Officers and S.Q.M.S.s managed to beat the Sergeants by three points.

The Pig and Poultry Section is soon to be wound up when Sergeant Thatcher leaves us for "furrin" parts, which is a great pity, as the produce was getting more numerous and more weighty.

NEDGO

1 SQUADRON. During the past month we seem to have been having a new O.C. almost every other day. Major Kelly left us for a long course at Devizes, and his place was taken by Captain Sampson, who has now gone off on a four-week attachment to H.Q., S.T.C.; so we are now in the hands of Second-Lieutenant Hunt, who recently arrived here from 11 Air Formation Signal Regiment, B.A.O.R.

We are looking forward to a good athletic season this summer, and to showing the other Squadrons a clean pair of heels (Medical Officer, please note!). It is a pity, though, that we are not at present able to use the excellent Stadium ground for training, but must content ourselves with the field behind the gymnasium.

Swimming has started again, and our trainees are finding it a welcome change from long hours in the lecture rooms. Yes, we still have the same old lecture rooms, and even the old Cadre is little changed, save for the sad loss of Sergeant Mills, to whom we send our best wishes for the future, wherever his draft may take him.

2 SQUADRON. Here we are again with the Easter season nearly upon us, and all but the unfortunate few just "a-rearin'" to go off on Easter leave. We welcome back Major Scrase to command of the Squadron and we trust he enjoyed his few weeks' leave.

Captain McLaren absent-mindedly allowed the whole of his weight to rest on one foot, and we hope sympathetically that he will soon recover from his limp!

We shall soon miss the friendly faces of Sergeants Scaife and Travers, who will be donning their topees again soon after Easter. We wish them both all the best.

In the field of sport, the Cadre football team lost a hard-fought game to the Officers' Mess by 3—1. The Cadre started strongly and soon opened the scoring, but the Mess countered

The Grifflin at Work (5)

"Who stood on my boots before parade?"

and, after equalising by half-time, they followed up with a couple of quick ones. Cadre tried hard to reduce the lead, and two fine shots by Sergeant Earl hit the crossbar, but it was to no avail.

We now consist of four Troops, "J," "K," "L" and "M," though "J" will soon be on its way to 4 Squadron. We hope it will equal if not surpass the fine effort of the former "J" Troop when it comes to taking its trade test.

Footnote. If you want your accounts passed, don't forget to give the Audit Board a whole bucket of tea, complete with cigarettes!

H.Q. SQUADRON. Our new sergeant-major, S.S.M. Farley, arrived from the Depot Regiment early in the month and has quickly settled down. Another newcomer is S.Q.M.S. Smillie, who has come to swell the ranks of the Q.M.'s department.

Anyone walking down our ground floor corridor after a lapse of some weeks might well be excused for losing himself, and, indeed, for believing himself in an altogether different wing. Office reorganisation is the answer; the Squadron clerks take their tea where the stores used to be, while "Q" Glover plays happily in his new stores, whose walls were wont to echo to the clink of small change or the rustle of banknotes as the pay staff recklessly gambled away Major Clemmey's hard-earned gains. These rogues have in turn displaced the old sports store, whose keeper has been exiled to the old ration store, where he may be seen of an evening sitting on the "stoep" busily engaged in removing the studs from the football boots and replacing them with 1-inch nails—point upwards!

All of which brings us to the football season, which finished in a blaze of glory. The office staff were at last persuaded to file away their football pool coupons and to work out their theories in practice, against the T.O.M.'s Troop. The result of this epic match, 13—2, has led to a certain amount of chest-swelling on the part of several drivers.

We are proud to record that we were amongst those inspected by the new G.O.C.-in-Chief Northern Command when he visited the Regiment recently, and that he was well satisfied with us.

5 TRAINING REGIMENT

Since our last notes were written we have said farewell to our C.O., Lieutenant-Colonel L. T. Shawcross, O.B.E., who has taken a post in the Signals Directorate, War Office. With him go the very best wishes of the Regiment.

To our new C.O., Lieutenant-Colonel I. E. Meiklejohn, O.B.E., we extend a warm welcome and hope his stay will be a long and pleasant one.

Our heartiest congratulations and good wishes for the future to Major C. H. Barker, O.C. Driving Squadron, who has left the Regiment to take over command of the Scottish Command Signal Regiment.

We also welcome Second-Lieutenants Prewitt, Devonish and Lyons, who have recently joined us and are helping to make up our sadly depleted numbers.

The Unit's boxing team put up a good show at the S.M.E., Ripon, on 8th, 9th and 10th March, when the Northern Command Individual Boxing Championships were held. The competition attracted 106 competitors, resulting in some really hard and closely contested bouts throughout. It was not until the semi-final of the heavyweight class that we sustained our first defeat, when Corporal Smith was beaten by Sergeant Crabtree, West Yorks, after a really good, hard scrap.

The results of the finals are as follows:—

Bantamweight. Signalman Thompson lost to Private Morrison, East Yorks, the I.S.B.A. Champion and English representative. Thompson had the better of the opening exchanges against his more experienced opponent. Towards the end of the first round, however, he received a right cross to the jaw from which he took a full count.

Featherweight. This contest was an all-Unit final, when Sergeant-Instructor Traynor, A.P.T.C. attached to the Unit, met Signalman Riley in a very closely contested bout. Traynor, 1947 I.S.B.A. champion, was fully extended and secured the verdict by a very narrow margin of points.

Lightweight. The lightweight was also an all-Unit final, when our first and second strings, Corporal Mengies and Corporal Sturdy gave the 1,000 spectators a first-class exhibition of fast, clean boxing. Mengies secured the verdict by a very close margin of points.

Welterweight. The welterweight final produced the fight of the night. Corporal Broadbent, Army first string welterweight, had a terrific battle to beat Private Hill, 1 Battalion Royal Leicesters, on points. Hill, a very experienced boxer who lost in the semi-final of last year's A.B.A. Championships, gave our welterweight his hardest fight this season. Broadbent is to be congratulated on his victory.

Middleweight. Signalman J. Croots made no mistake in his contest with Corporal G. W. Fountain, R.E. Employing his left lead to great advantage, he won each round of this bout with little difficulty.

Light Heavyweight. Lance-Corporal McLeavy fought an excellent fight against Corporal F. Jackson, R.E., but did not do quite enough to secure the verdict, Jackson winning by a close margin of points.

Congratulations, all of you—a good show.

On Sunday, 20th March, the Unit's "A" and "B" Motorcycle Trial Teams visited Packington to take part in the Pyramid Service Trial. They secured first and second places respectively for the Army. We heartily congratulate the teams on their excellent performance.

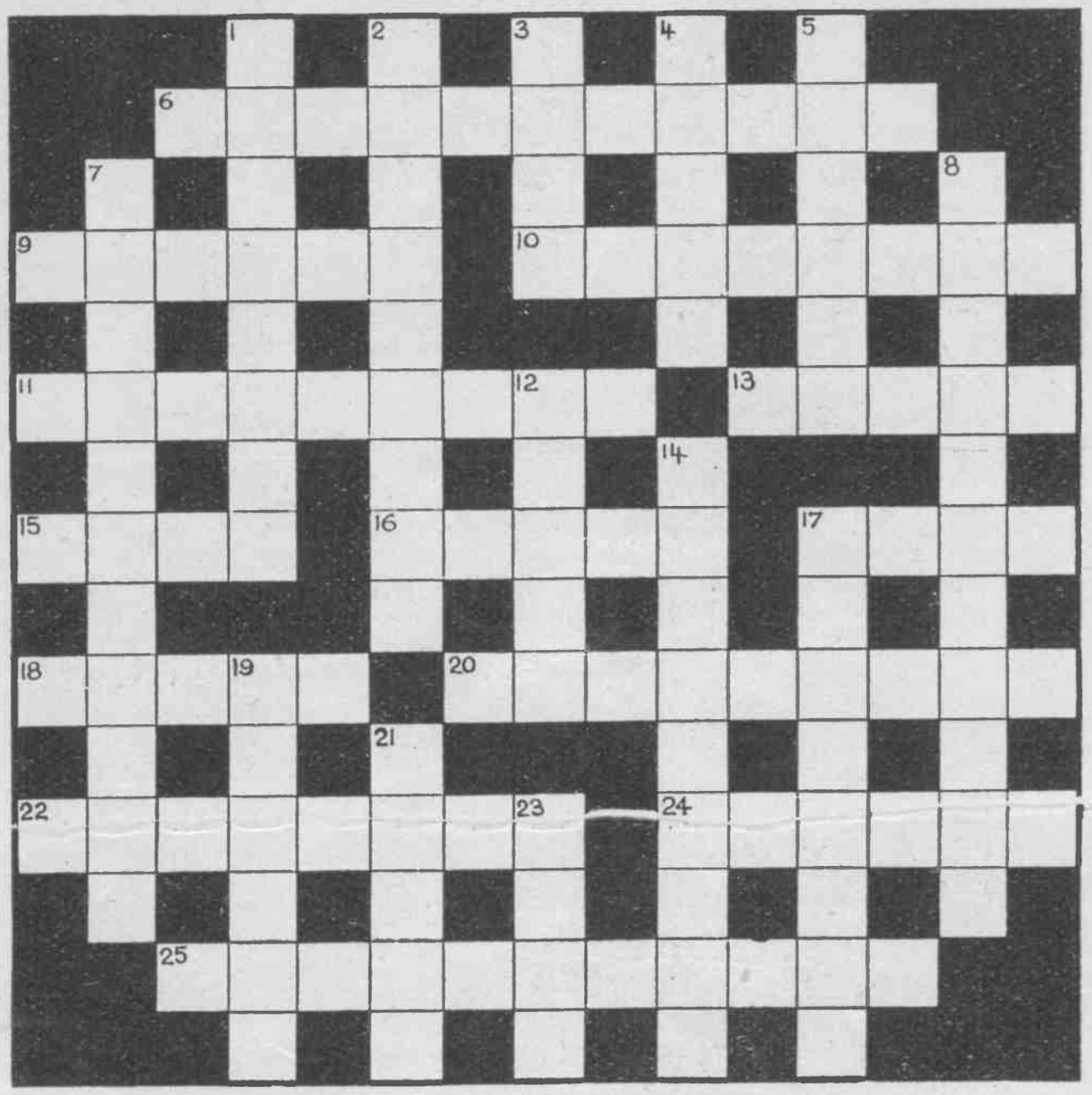
There was a sigh of regret from the Training Officers and a sigh of relief on the part of the Administrative Officers of the Unit when Driving Squadron closed down their Initial Training Ground at Tholthorpe on 10th March. Although the runways and perimeter tracks provided ideal scope for trainees during their first fortnight of driving tuition, this fact was outweighed by the difficulties of administration, caused mainly by the distance between the Unit and its Tholthorpe Detachment and also by the acute shortage of Officers which prevailed at the time.

Congratulations to Lieutenant (Q.M.) and Mrs. Lunn on the birth of their second son.

On Wednesday, 23rd March, the Barnard Castle Amateur Operatic Society invited all Officers of the Unit to their production of "The Maid of the Mountains." An excellent evening's entertainment was enjoyed by all, after which the principal members of the cast were invited to the Mess where we endeavoured to reline their throats with alcoholic liquor.

Crossword Puzzle No. 9

composed by J. Riley



ACROSS

6. The act of producing wonderful effects (11).
9. Condimental State (6).
10. Abode (8).
11. An argument of this type rarely reaches a satisfactory conclusion (9).
13. A vessel (5).
15. In a high degree (4).
16. A nocturnal mammal (5).
17. Action without words (4).
18. One would like a new one of these on life (5).
20. Allied with a woman's curiosity (9).
22. Owned by the Corporation (8)
24. Agricultural implement (6).
25. The poorest labouring class (11).

DOWN

1. With no certain manner (8).
2. A record of events (9).
3. An emblem of true love (4).
4. Could be good; could be bad (5)
5. An object in twenty questions (6)
7. The same kind of nature (11).
8. You frequently see a desk labelled this (11).
12. Town in Transjordan (5).
14. Violation of Allegiance (9).
17. On some occasions this may be mistaken for a Field officer (8).
19. Ridicule (6).
21. Linemen look for this (5).
23. To carry (4).

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE No. 8

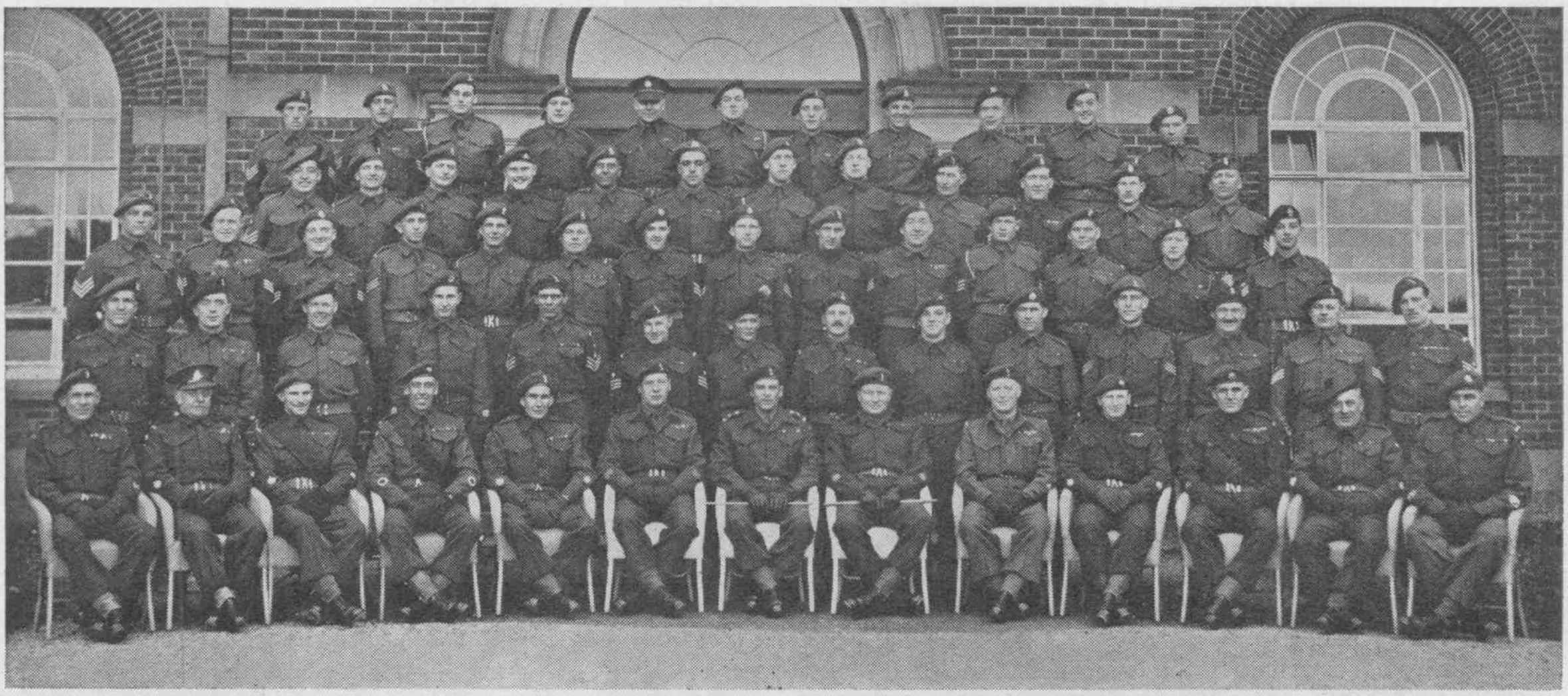
ACROSS.—1, Phantasmagoria. 9, Satanic. 10, Giggler. 11, Omit. 12, Pools. 13, News. 16, Abettor. 17, Caress. 19, Scheme. 22, However. 25, Lair. 26, Clasp. 27, B.O.A.C. 30, Enslave. 31, Airmail. 32, Interdependent

DOWN.—1, Pastoral. 2, Astride. 3, Tone. 4, Succour. 5, Angelic. 6, Orgy. 7, Illness. 8, Crest. 14, Ether. 15, Brown. 18, Bracelet. 20, Caisson. 21, All head. 22, His lamp. 23, Violate. 24, Clues. 28, Fame. 29, Wren.

SOGNAL SINGSTERS

This admirable series seems to have died at source. A domestic poultry keeper would say it is not yet too late to hatch out an egg. The Editor has gone to Catterick to investigate.

7 Selection Regiment, Royal Signals



Warrant Officers and Sergeants, No. 7 Selection Regiment, Royal Signals, February, 1949

Back row : Sergeants Matthews, Horwood, Merrils, Reynolds, Edwards, Harwood, Furlong, Lockwood, Sergeant-Instructor Riley, Sergeants Goff, Scott. Fourth row : Sergeants Carr, McCartney, Woolveridge, Latham, Morley, Barnes, Baird, Newbold, Pyke, Norton, Bond, Winter. Third row : Sergeants Robinson, Smith, Idiens, Hopper, Owen, Whittingham, Grimshaw, Langan, Kittle (M.M.), Mount, Graymore, Swadling, Maddison, Randle. Second row : C.S.M.s Wilson, Osborough, Whiteoak, W.O.II Ratnage, S.Q.M.S.s Field, Black, C.S.M.s Nolan, Hunt, Q.M.S.I. Richards, C.S.M. Kennedy, Sergeant Newton, C.S.M. Gray, S.Q.M.S. Holdsworth, Staff-Sergeant Baxter. Front row : C.S.M.s Kebble (M.C.), Boocock, Brant, Robinson, S.S.M. Smith, R.Q.M.S. Vigurs, Lieut.-Colonel J. R. Beeton, R.S.M. Lynam, S.S.M. Hayes, C.S.M.s Hale, Holmes, Thompson, Harrison

March

By the time these notes come into print, memories of the anxiety caused by the annual P.E. Tests will have given way to ambitions for aspiring supermen! The success achieved by some of our officers and senior N.C.O.s must have caused as much surprise to the Q.M.S.I. as to the participants themselves!

Baghdad N.A.A.F.I. was filled to capacity when the Regiment staged its Easter revue, " Eyes Front," at the end of the month. Co-produced by Captain Boyle and Second-Lieutenant Eaton, the show was a great success, and has gained us third place in the Catterick District Regimental Variety Competition. Among the artistes taking part were Miss Audrey Ives (Pay Office), who entertained us with her singing and dancing, while " Q " Black kept everyone amused with his ever-popular sketch entitled " Blackie."

Among other items for future presentations, Captain Boyle has included a one-act play for May and an even bigger and better musical revue for early June. Any rumours that the Signals Theatre is being put out of business are completely unfounded.

While awaiting the arrival of Lieutenant-Colonel W. E. M.

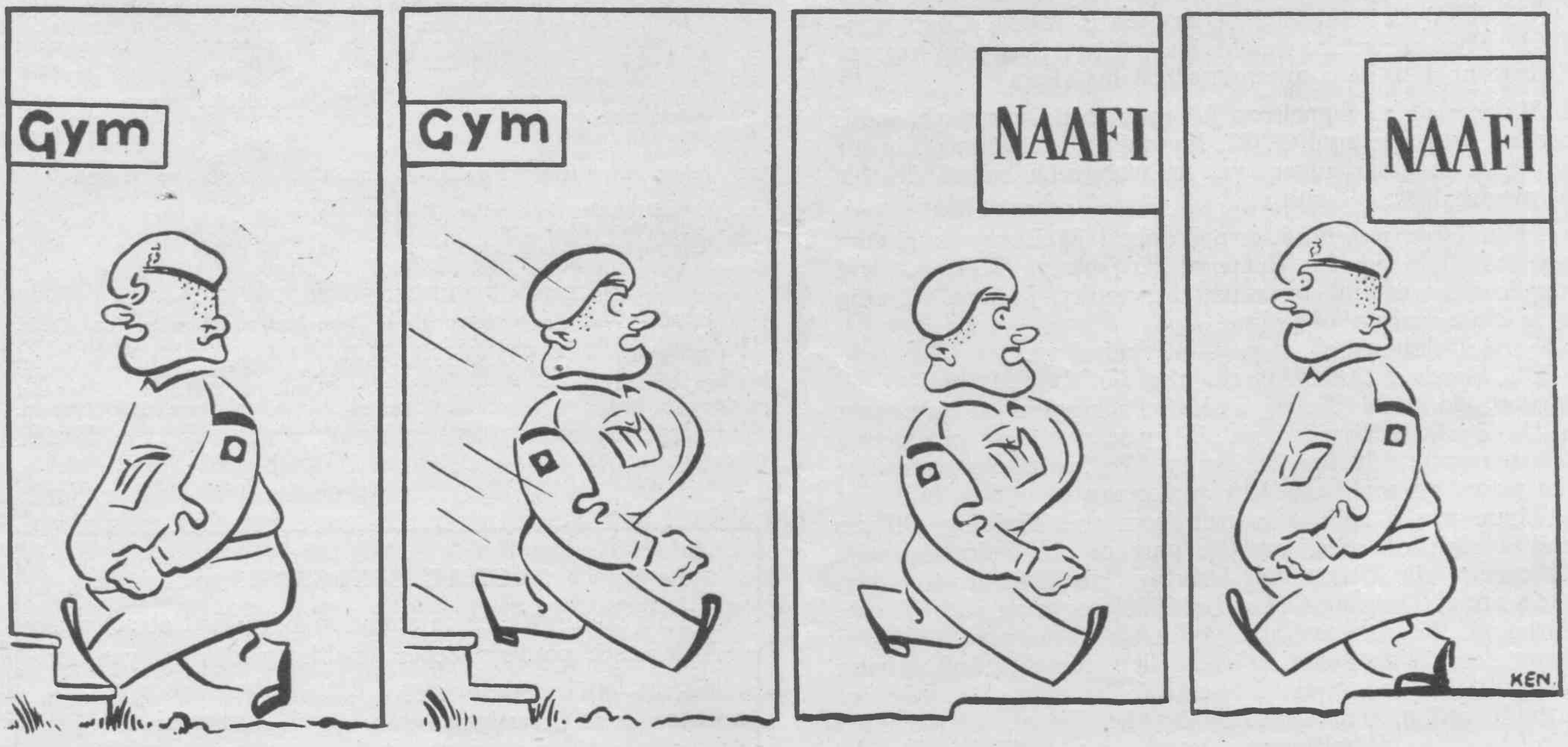


Photo by "Marjorie," Swale Studios, Richmond

Voices in harmony

Photo by "Marjorie," Swale Studios, Richmond

The Rhythm Rustlers

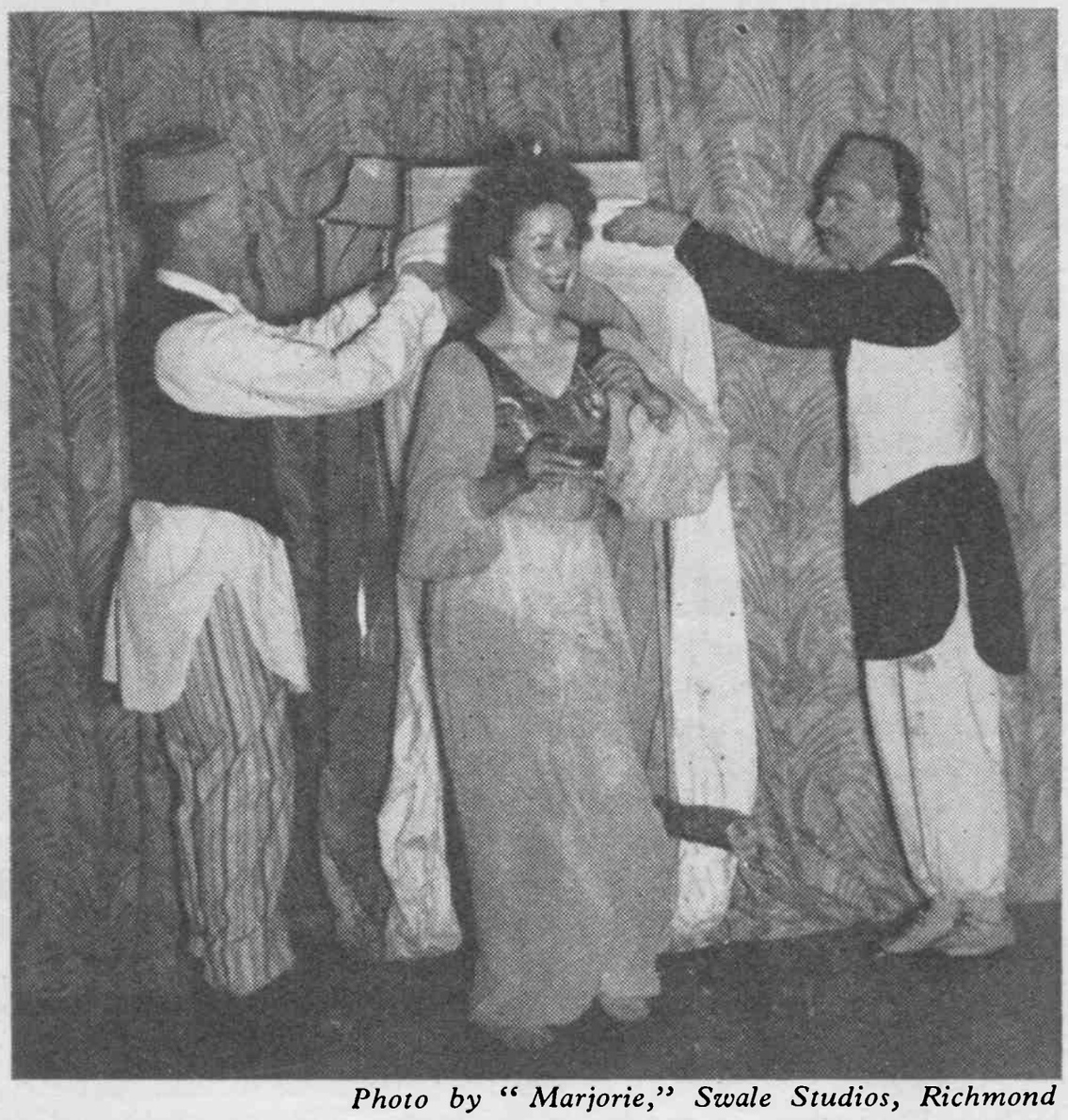


Photo by "Marjorie," Swale Studios, Richmond

Baghdad nights

Photo by "Marjorie," Swale Studios, Richmond

"White man want eat?"

Ponsonby, O.B.E., who will be our new C.O., Major Bevan has been ably officiating. Among the many varied duties that he has had to perform was at our Anniversary Ball, when he cut the birthday cake, with the help of Mrs. Bevan.

Among our new arrivals this month we welcome S.Q.M.S. Summers, who has arrived from one of the outposts of the Empire. We hope his service with 7 Selection will add a very happy final chapter to his Army career.

On 30th March, Brigadier W. C. V. Galwey, Commander, H.Q., Signal Training Centre, Catterick, took the salute at the pass-off parade of 416 recruits belonging to 3 and 4 Squadrons. Later, in the gymnasium, he presented certificates to the best recruit in each Squadron, and also a drill stick to the Troop N.C.O. winning the Troop competition.

The Regiment did remarkably well in the Catterick District Boxing Competition. Having drawn a bye in the first round, we defeated 3 Training Regiment, Royal Signals, by one point in the second round, after several thrilling contests.

Our match in the semi-final against 12th Royal Lancers was fought at Barnard Castle on 28th March. After a struggle that was full of excitement and hard fighting, the Lancers gained the decision by their victory in the last fight. The closeness of the points bore testimony to the keen rivalry. 12th Royal Lancers, 14 pts.; 7 Selection Regiment, 13 pts.

The highlight of the evening was the clash between Signalman Savage and Trooper Lowther in the light-heavy class. In the early part of the first round Lowther put down Savage with a hard right to the jaw; Savage got up just in

7 Selection Regiment, Royal Signals, boxing team

Back row: W.O.II Gray, Signalmen Balaam, Shaddick, McMillan, Elias, Sergeant Scott. Front row: Lance-Corporal Taylor, Signalman Russell, Major Bevan, Captain Rattue, Second-Lieutenant Lawrence, Lance-Corporal Green

time to beat the timekeeper, and proceeded to box Lowther for the rest of the round. In rounds two and three Savage gave a beautiful exhibition of boxing, and finally managed to win the fight in fine style. Among other excellent exhibitions was the fight between Second-Lieutenant Lawrence, Royal Signals, and Trooper Bell, and Signalman Shaddick and Trooper Moon, which finished in a k.o. for the latter.

Most of these boxers have now left the Unit and passed on to the trade training regiments. We shall, no doubt, be fighting against them in the very near future, when we have once again managed to rebuild our team.

With grim determination the Regimental soccer team have managed to hold on to their lead in the Second Division of the Catterick Garrison League. At present they are hotly pursued by R.A.F., Catterick, who are behind only on goal average.

We gained our revenge on 17th/21st Lancers for our home defeat earlier in the season by defeating them twice within two weeks, once at home in the Garrison Cup 9—3, and later in a league game 5—2. The match of the season was played on our ground, when we met R.A.F., Catterick (the winners of this game are likely to win the league). Before a large crowd, 7 Selection took the lead with an early goal scored by Signalman Blakey (Chesterfield). This was later increased when the Regiment were awarded a penalty, which was put into the net in no uncertain fashion by Signalman Blakey. The R.A.F. fought back in the second half and drew level, having previously missed a penalty. Finally, after a hard-fought game, 7 Selection were awarded a second penalty, when Blakey again made no mistake. The general opinion was, a hard-fought game, the best seen on our ground for a long time, with the R.A.F. just a little unlucky to lose.

Judging from the results achieved this month, the Regimental hockey team stand a very good chance of winning the Catterick District League Challenge Cup. Our present position at the head of the league is being challenged by 8th Royal Tank Regiment, but if we can win our remaining four matches we should carry off the trophy.

Results this month are:

v. 14/20 Hussars	Won 10—0
v. Royal Signals, Wing School of Signals	Won 4—2
v. R.A.F., Catterick	Won 5—1

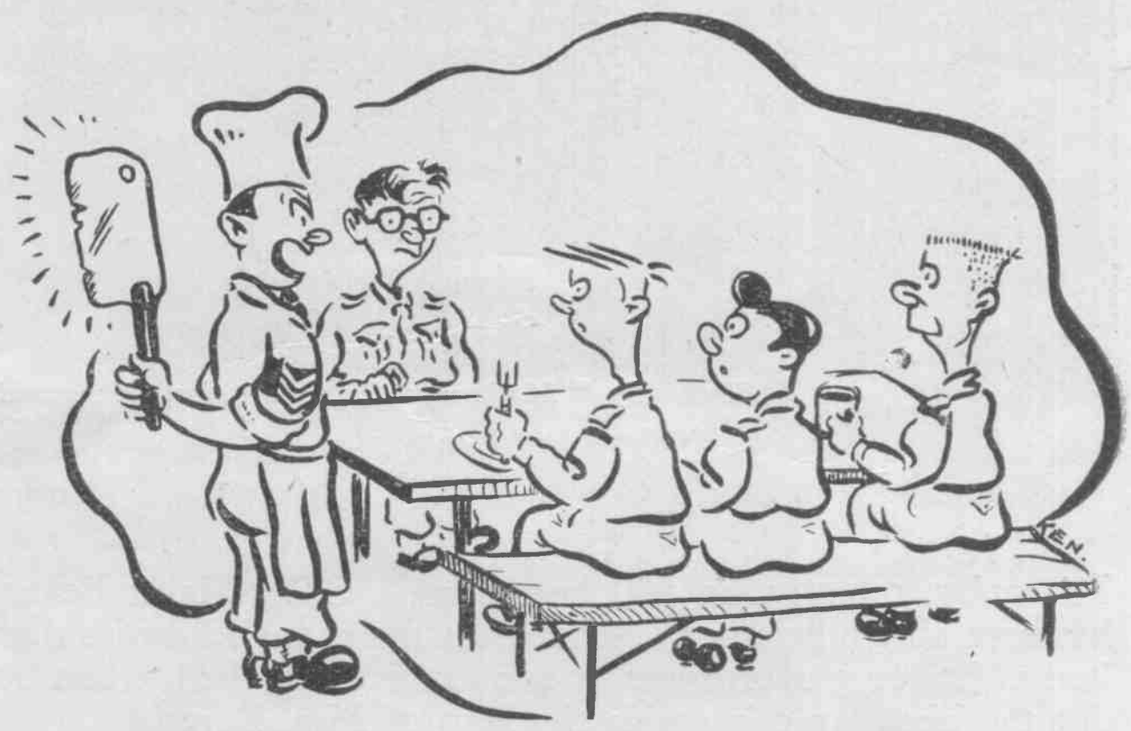
Not content with this, the team have also put up a good performance in the Northern Command Six-a-Side Tournament, having reached the semi-final. The team travel to York on 21st April to play the winners of the North Midland District. The atmosphere in 2 Squadron Office, while Captain Smith prepares tactical plans, is comparable with an "ops" room before D-Day!

Our results in the Six-a-Side are:

1st Round	Bye.
2nd Round—8 Royal Tank Regiment	Won
3rd Round—17/21st Lancers	Won.

Among our players who we are fortunate in having, and who have helped to bring us success, are R.Q.M.S. Vigurs, "S.Q." Deegan, Corporal Gibbons and "S.Q." Summers.

The Small Bore Club have nearly completed their fixtures for the season. At present they are lying third in the league and stand a very good chance of moving up to second place if they win their remaining matches. N.S.O.T.W. have held their position at the top of the league, although they came near to defeat when they fired against the Regiment early in the month. Amongst the crack shots who have been the backbone of our team are Lance-Corporal Gillam, Sergeant Oag, "Q" Holdsworth and Major Bevan. Sergeant Oag has produced the highest average for the team.



"Any complaints?"

SCHOOL OF SIGNALS
Catterick

April

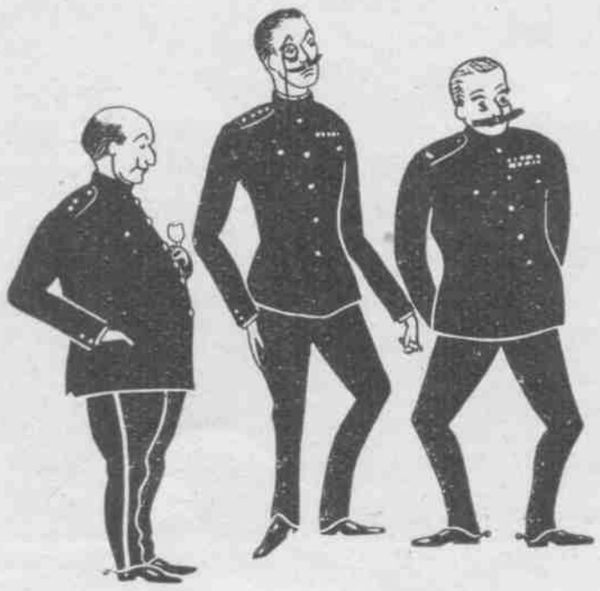
Royal Signals Wing

For, lo, the winter is past; the rain is over and gone; The flowers appear on the earth; The time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land.

Spring is here, the picture papers tell us. At Catterick, however, floods and gales seem to be the rule. "Sometimes it snows," as the old hand told the new recruit, who was unwise enough to ask if it ever did anything else but rain.

Major-General W. A. Scott, C.B.E., paid an informal visit to the Wing on 1st March, his first visit as Director of Signals. He visited classes at lectures and in laboratories, and later attended a Guest Night at the Officers' Mess.

This month we say farewell to Major Claridge, who goes to the War Office. We expect to see him from time to time in his new job.



G3DUG (Captain McIntyre) is now active, principally on 10-metre 'phone, and would welcome a call from any members of the Corps overseas. His transmitter has a nice new shiny supply meter all to itself; the bearings of the old one couldn't stand the strain.

Congratulations to Major Sutherland on his wedding. We wish them both a long and happy married life. Captain Wood is also to take the plunge shortly.

One of the principal activities of the month has been the Physical Efficiency Tests. All ranks, encumbered with boots and equipment, have been competing with obstacles and runs with varying degrees of nimbleness, spurred on by the cackles of senile mockery from those old enough to be exempt.

Sergeants' Mess. A big red-carpeted welcome to R.S.M. Lea. We already feel his fatherly hand at the helm. There is a well-worn path to the barber's shop and men tell fearful tales in the N.A.A.F.I. We hope you enjoy your stay, sir.

With the coming of spring, members eye the Mess gardens enthusiastically and tell of seeds, biennials, hardies and fertiliser (known by a different name in the old mounted days). Then they look at the sky, the rain-sodden ground and their lecture-room lily-whites, turn sadly to the bar and murmur, " Oh well, next year we'll have a really good do at it."

The Mess lately has a distinctly colonial atmosphere, for we have at present four members of the " far flung—W.O.II Jones and Staff-Sergeant De Chalain, of the South African Signal Corps; Sergeant Gower and Staff-Sergeant Budge, of the Royal Australian Corps of Signals, complete the quartet. We are very glad to see them all.

Wedding Bells. Prospective F. of S. Weeks has branched out into matrimonial harmonics. All our best wishes, Johnny —that makes two weeks to a quarter.

Pink Bootees. A daughter to Mrs. McPhee, wife of Sergeant McPhee. Congratulations to you both. The doctor also appreciated the nice fat Phee.

Our notes lately seem to be full of departures. This month signing on as deck-hands on that slow boat are S.S.M.s Skinner and Ashford, S.Q.M.S. Coventry, and Sergeants Mudge and Woodbridge. Farewell also to Sergeant " Taffy " Joseph, who returns to the land of the leek, having produced a posting to the T.A. from under his hat.

Sitrep. S.S.M. L'Homme has been here for a month's D.S.O.'s Course. " Busty " Bartlett, the R.P. Sergeant, wants a charge for his detention cell. Sergeants Martin and Thomson are punting a steady football for the Corps. S.Q.M.S. Ted Weaver is in hospital for a long time with an unpronounceable disease, and Sergeant " Jock " Shields is going back in again with his own particular complaint. S.Q.M.S. Banham is also in dock. Our sympathy is with them all.

R.Q.M.S. Fred Huggett is not on leave.

Sport. Football. Our luck in recent games has not been good, but we came back into cracking form on 30th March, when we beat 4 Training Regiment 8—0.

Changes have had to be made to the team throughout the season, due to postings and illness, but we now hope to finish the season with as convincing a number of wins as we started with. Our position in the District League is in the lower half, but we can and will improve this when we play off our backlog of postponed games.

Hockey. In the match against 7 Selection Regiment we were pleased to have the support of more married officers than usual, although, unfortunately, we had to play one short throughout the game. Considering this handicap, the team played together very well. The score at half-time was 1—2, and we finally lost 2—4. Both of our goals were scored by Captain Bound, and we have found a new goalkeeper in S.Q.M.S. Dore.

Northern Command Six-a-side Knock-out. We hoped to regain some prestige by a good performance in this competition, but our hopes were shattered by 17th/21st Lancers, whom we met in the second round after a bye in the first. They scored right at the beginning of the game, and in spite of our best efforts the score remained 1—0.

We are trying now to play off our many outstanding matches, but enthusiasm has been much damped by the rain, which forced us to cancel all three games.

Afterthought. Three weddings! The picture papers must be right after all. But it still snows!

Rifle Shooting. The Wing entered a team in the Catterick District League, which started in November, 1948. After a very shaky start, the team soon settled down to produce some very useful scores. One match only was lost throughout the season, and that only due to one unfortunate shot which went out at an angle through the roof of the range!

The climax was reached in our last match, which was against National Service Officer Training Wing, who have always fielded a very strong team. Scores were close in each detail (never more than one or two points difference in the aggregate), and after adding up the last scores Royal Signals Wing was found to have won by three points. A well-deserved victory, and we offer our congratulations to Officer Training Wing for the very fine performance they put up.

The results for the season are as follows:

Royal Signals Wing, 720; Catterick Group, A.T.S., 629.
Royal Signals Wing, 709; 1 Command Workshop, R.E.M.E., 708.
R.A.F. Regiment, Catterick, 713; Royal Signals Wing, 705.
Royal Signals Wing, 730; 14/20th Hussars, 693.
Royal Signals Wing, 742; 7th Hussars, no score.
Royal Signals Wing, 739; 12th Royal Lancers, 737.
Royal Signals Wing, 751; 7th Selection Regiment, 745.
Royal Signals Wing, 728; 8th Royal Tank Regiment, 726.
Royal Signals Wing, 753; 17/21st Lancers, 673.
Royal Signals Wing, 733; 5th Training Regiment, 666.
Royal Signals Wing, 750; 2nd Training Regiment, 722.
Royal Signals Wing, 730; 1st Training Regiment, 716.
Royal Signals Wing, 744; 3rd Training Regiment, 681.
Royal Signals Wing, 744; 4th Training Regiment, 728.
Royal Signals Wing, 740; N.S. Officers' Training Wing, 737.

Individual averages, together with the numbers of matches fired are: Major Kendall-Baron (15), 94.3; Major Thompson (15), 93.9; Lieutenant-Colonel Crichton (4), 93.0; S.S.M. Bell (15), 92.9; Major Gibson (14), 92.8; Captain Reid (7), 92.3; Lance-Corporal Minton (13), 91.4; Colonel Burridge (11), 90.6; Lance-Corporal Francis (13), 89.4.

N.S. Officer Training Wing

We have had only one Pass-off Parade during the month, this being on 4th March, when 222 Course were commissioned. The salute was taken by Colonel D. W. R. Burridge, C.B.E., Chief Instructor, School of Signals, and the cane for the best cadet of the course was awarded to Officer-Cadet D. W. Cooper.

We have said au revoir this month to Captain R. C. Bird, who after a very long sojourn with us has gone to join 2 Training Regiment. Also to S.Q.M.S. Parry, who has gone to S.R.D.E.; W.O.s II Armstrong and Sorfleet departed for draft and Corporal Bratlid to the T.A.

The Rugby XV were beaten 9—0 in the final of the Northern Command Cup by the Duke of Wellington's Regiment on 9th March at Harrogate. The ground was covered with snow, which made handling very difficult, and the game ended in another fall of snow. Our team was: Captain P. S. Westmacott, Second-Lieutenant I. S. Gloag (Scottish Trial), Captain R. P. D. Painter, Officer-Cadet Reeve (Army), Second-Lieutenant J. H. Bamford, Second-Lieutenant G. M. Stannard, Captain J. B. S. Brabham, Second-Lieutenant R. H. O'Neill, Major J. H. St. G. Hamersley, Second-Lieutenant R. T. Shenton (Corps), Sergeant E. R. Mark, Second-Lieutenant D. I. Hunter, Officer-Cadet C. Anderson, Second-Lieutenant T. R. Marshall (Army), Captain V. I. Milne.

The Rugby season has now closed as far as this Unit is concerned, and we look forward to next season with the determination to get even further.

We are now looking forward to preparation for athletics and cricket after the Easter break.

All Arms Wing

All ranks of this Wing would like to congratulate the Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel J. Stuart-Usher, Royal Signals, on his promotion to the rank of substantive lieutenant-colonel.

The Wing has now commenced another trek, this time out of Richmond to Somme Lines in Catterick Camp, a spot which will be well remembered by older hands of the Corps. It seems very unfortunate having to move after making Gallowgate Camp comfortable, but no doubt the new lines will soon be up to scratch. The job of cleaning has already commenced ready for the completion of the move on 4th May.

We are extremely pleased to report that the Unit has been placed on the map by the fine efforts of our Admin. Officer, Captain J. Valinder, Royal Signals, who has managed to bring back from London the trophy of Army Welterweight Boxing Champion. It would appear that he was not deterred by the fact that he was 1½ lbs. overweight when weighing-in for the lightweight class, for which he had entered, as he continued with welterweight class and knocked out his opponent in the second round. By the look of Captain Valinder's eye on return, the contest was obviously not one-sided. It would have taken the week's meat ration to take the colour from the bruise. Hearty congratulations, sir, on the fine achievement.

It may be of interest to old members of the Wing to know that the following Instructors and A.I.s are still with us: Major R. H. Ripley, M.B.E., Cheshire Regiment, in his capacity of G.S.O.II, is assisted by Captains Dormer and Rolleston in the R.A. category and by Captains Furniss (Foresters) and Kinahan (Royal Irish Fusiliers) in the Infantry category. The A.I.s are still under C.S.M. Docherty (Camerons) and consist of Staff-Sergeant Wheatley, Sergeants Aston, Froud, Kitchen, Baldwin and Kent with the R.A., with C.Q.M.S.s Thompson and Smith, Sergeants Burke, Trodd, Wilson, Marsh, Lee, Gordon and Grimes with the Infantry squads. The majority of the above are at present having a well-earned leave after No. 54 R.S.I. Course, now dispersed.

SOUTHERN COMMAND (M) SIGNAL REGIMENT

Salisbury

April

REGIMENTAL HEADQUARTERS. We have said goodbye to the following in the last month: Senior Commander D. J. Hogh, W.R.A.C., and Captain A. T. Stevens to civil life. Leaving us soon are Second-Lieutenant G. A. S. Exell and Lieutenant Clapp, the former to Catterick and the latter to Eastern Command. More moves, we hear, are in the offing.

We welcome to the Regiment an old W.R.A.C. Signal Officer in Senior Commander B. M. Ridler, who has joined us after a spell as W.R.A.C. adviser to 66 A.A. Brigade, T.A. A welcoming hand is also extended to Junior Commander W. J. Herlihy, W.R.A.C. (who has basked in the sun for nearly two years in Singapore), who also joined us last month. We hear she must have pulled a string or two to be home in time for Christmas, as she disembarked on 23rd December. Also a welcome to Second-Subaltern A. Moore, W.R.A.C., who was posted on arrival to the Aldershot Troop. We hope all the above-mentioned will enjoy their stay in the Regiment.

A thoroughly enjoyable evening was spent at a dance which was held in the Regimental Institute on Wednesday, 23rd March, and, judging by hearsay, seems to have been the most popular event in the camp. Everyone is looking forward to the next one, and we would like to thank all those who organised and helped for a jolly good show.

Knock-out Hockey. Semi-finals: 26 Assault Engineer Regiment 1, 64 A.A. Regiment, R.A., 2. R.A., Porton, 2; Southern Command (M) Signal Regiment, 1.

Final: 64 A.A. Regiment, R.A., 4; R.A., Porton, 2.

A week later we had a most interesting game with 26 Assault Engineer Regiment, resulting in a draw, one goal each.

The sticks will not be stored this year as in the past. We understand that there is to be a Summer Hockey League this year. It is hoped that when the weather gets warmer some of the older hands will find their lost sports kit and roll up for a knock around.

HEADQUARTER SQUADRON. Newcomers still join us and old faces fade. Captain R. J. Harvey has rejoined the Corps from civilian life, having tried for three years and found it wanting! (A lesson to all those who are now going out.)

Three glorious days spent on the range at Bulford at the end of March was one of the most pleasant things that have happened to us. The weather was perfect and we managed to get the whole Unit through their annual course. The cooks proved that they weren't hidebound to a static cookhouse by showing their ability to use field equipment. A number of good shots appeared, and we hope to raise a team for the Command Championship.

A successful dance and a Grand National Sweepstake, both very well run, were among the activities of the Entertainment Committee. The remote location of the camp does not make it easy to run social evenings, but we are doing our best. Old members will be sorry to hear that Mrs. Lee's old four-cylinder relief waggon only runs on a Saturday now and so we are deprived of the pleasure of travelling from door to door on Tuesdays and Fridays. We saw the final of the Rugby Championship at Aldershot and we hope to take a crowd over for the Football Final as well. Good luck to past members of the "Figsbury Ring." More news next month.

R. J. H.

ALDERSHOT DISTRICT SIGNAL TROOP (W.R.A.C. ELEMENT). Since our last issue we have to welcome Sergeant Sampson to our fold. We hope that she will be happy with us. Her arrival was followed by a box of chocolates (the aforementioned box was the size of a cabin truck). A born diplomat! She was promptly accepted.

Subaltern Harris returned from the Army Ski Championships at St. Anton with several bruises and a glorious tan to show for her trouble, but, alas, no trophies.

Congratulations to Sergeant French on her promotion to W.O.II. We regret to say that the powers that be saw fit to post her to "A" Company, 6th Battalion W.R.A.C., here in Aldershot. Our loss is their gain, and we are all pleased she is not very far away. Also congratulations to Corporal Morris on achieving her second stripe.

Sorrowful goodbyes to our little Annie (otherwise known as "Shorty" and "Sawn-off") or Corporal Cottington. Demob happy for weeks, she has given us a running commentary on her remaining service, such as "17 days and an early call." Now we lose her to Civvy Street. Ah well! We bade farewell also to Privates Baldwin, Cooper, Payne, Phillips and Read, who departed for the Middle East sometime in March.

Members of this Troop spent a very pleasant afternoon visiting the *Daily Mail* Ideal Homes Exhibition in London. All were impressed by the samples of food, such as soup, sweets and waffles. No wonder they looked green when they saw such beautiful clothes worn by Anna Neagle in her film "Elizabeth of Ladymead." Several of the girls came back with a cherished memory of meeting Robert Beatty, the famous film star from the film "Portrait of Life." This indeed was a great thrill for them. All were sorry when the time came for them to return to camp.

In the realm of sport, a representative netball team from this Troop spent a very hectic afternoon at Figsbury Camp, Salisbury, last week and played against teams from the other Troops of the Regiment. Congratulations to the Figsbury team on winning all their games, and many thanks to both Command Troop and Figsbury Troop for a grand afternoon.

EASTERN COMMAND SIGNAL REGIMENT

Mobile Recruiting Column

WHEN Eastern Command Signal Regiment formed their part of the Government's Recruiting Campaign in the autumn of last year, it was the commencement of six months' hard work for the Personnel of the Demonstration Column.

The T.O.M., Captain K. White, got away to a good start by putting in some hard work, with his workshop staff, on the job of making vehicles and equipment look really first-class.

ACV's, LCV's, trailers, trucks and motorcycles all had the look as only a Signal T.M. Troop can make them look. By the time the Column took the road they were certainly a credit to both the Corps and the Regiment.

Some idea as to the extent of this task can be seen from the organisation shown below:—

Personnel: 1 Officer, 1 Warrant Officer, 25 Other Ranks.

Equipment: Selective Carrier Equipment. Teleprinters, Static 10 Sets and Model Radio Sets, including 53's, 22's, 19's, 38's, 88's, 31's and R.107.

Vehicles: One ACV and one LCV (complete with tentage and all equipment), both of which were fitted with W.S.52 and W.S.22. Three Bedford 3-tonners towing two 10 Set trailers and one P.E.95. One 15-cwt. Wireless Van with W.S.22. One Standard Utility carrying P.A. equipment. One motorcycle.

In most towns they visited, the Column was received warmly, and in many cases (particularly by small boys) with open-mouthed amazement. There were isolated cases where support from the local population was not forthcoming, and this did tend to make the conditions a little trying.

The general effect on recruiting has not been noticed by the Column Personnel, owing to the fact that they have been on the move. Whilst at Norwich, however, they were warmly thanked by their efforts, and informed that the Eastern Command were leading by thousands in the Recruiting Drive.

One point, which speaks well for the general management of the Column, was the almost complete lack of casualties to men and vehicles.

There has not been, however, a complete lack of humorous incidents. One such moment was when the man fell off the 10 Set, was caught in mid-air, and left hanging by his leather jerkin, or the wall that was left with a permanent curvature after it had been gently nudged by the 53 h.p. of an ACV! Another slight mishap, but one that gave something of a thrill to the operators concerned, was when they found themselves in conversation with the operators of the Berlin Air-Lift. It was pointed out by the controller concerned that "this was not desirable."

Whilst on the subject of the junior members of the Demonstration Column, the writer, who visited them on many occasions, must draw attention to the fact that, even under the most difficult conditions they were always well turned out, and their cheerfulness and patience was something to be admired.

The release programme has been the cause of a change of command three times in six months. Captain Ian Gibson, who initiated the start of the Column's activities, was constantly admired for his enthusiasm and devotion to the job in hand. For the latter part of the tour, the Column was taken over by Second-Lieutenant J. Barrett, who remained with the Column until the close. The main stand-by has been S.S.M. M. Phillips, who has been with the Column since its inception. "Q" duties, making polite conversation to mayors, T.A. secretaries — or V.I.P.s — all these seemed to come readily to S.S.M. Phillips.

A Valuable Exercise

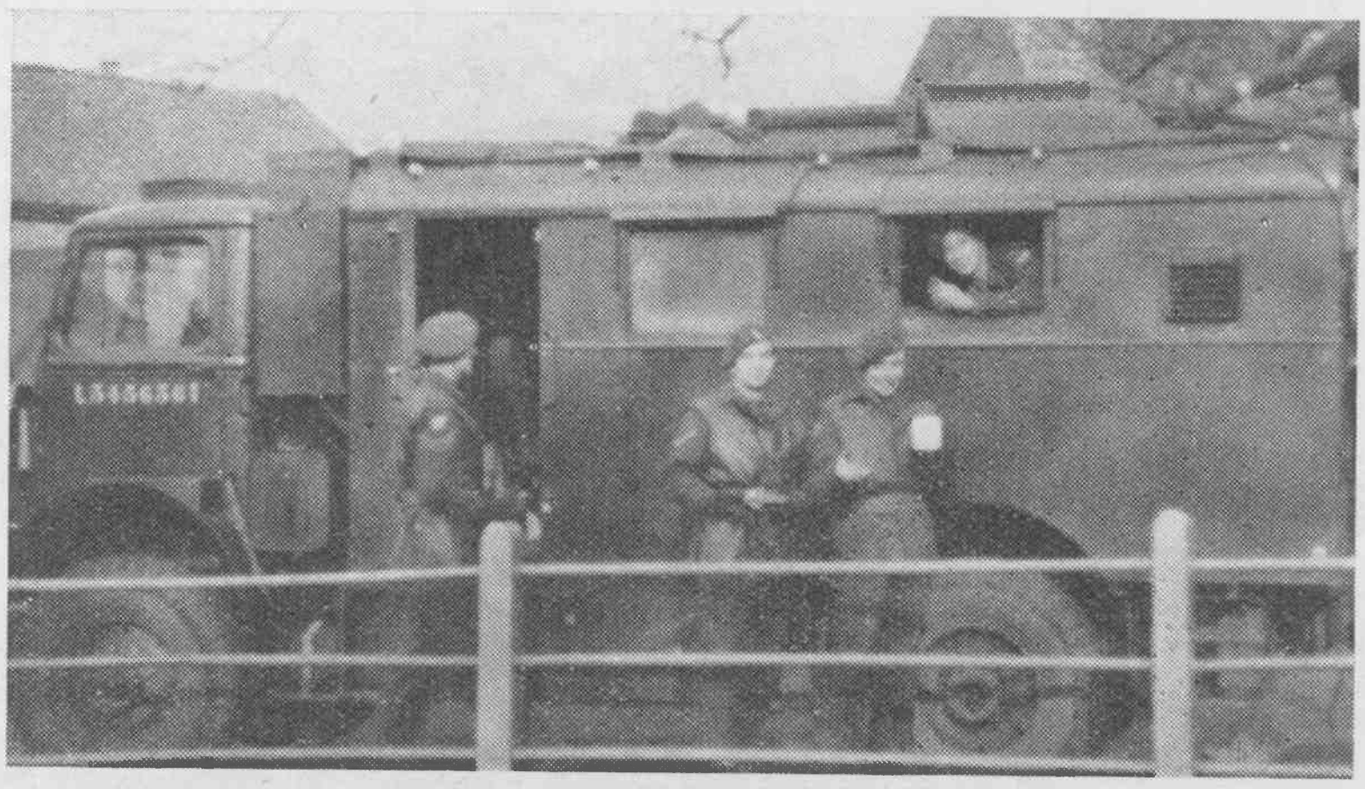
From the Regimental point of view, the formation of this Column has been a most useful long-term administrative exercise, and all ranks taking part have gained a wealth of experience and training.

The demonstrations have been visited by many senior officers, including General Sir Evelyn Barker, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., M.C., G.O.C.-in-Chief Eastern Command, and the C.S.O. Eastern Command, Brigadier R. H. R. Steward, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., A.D.C.

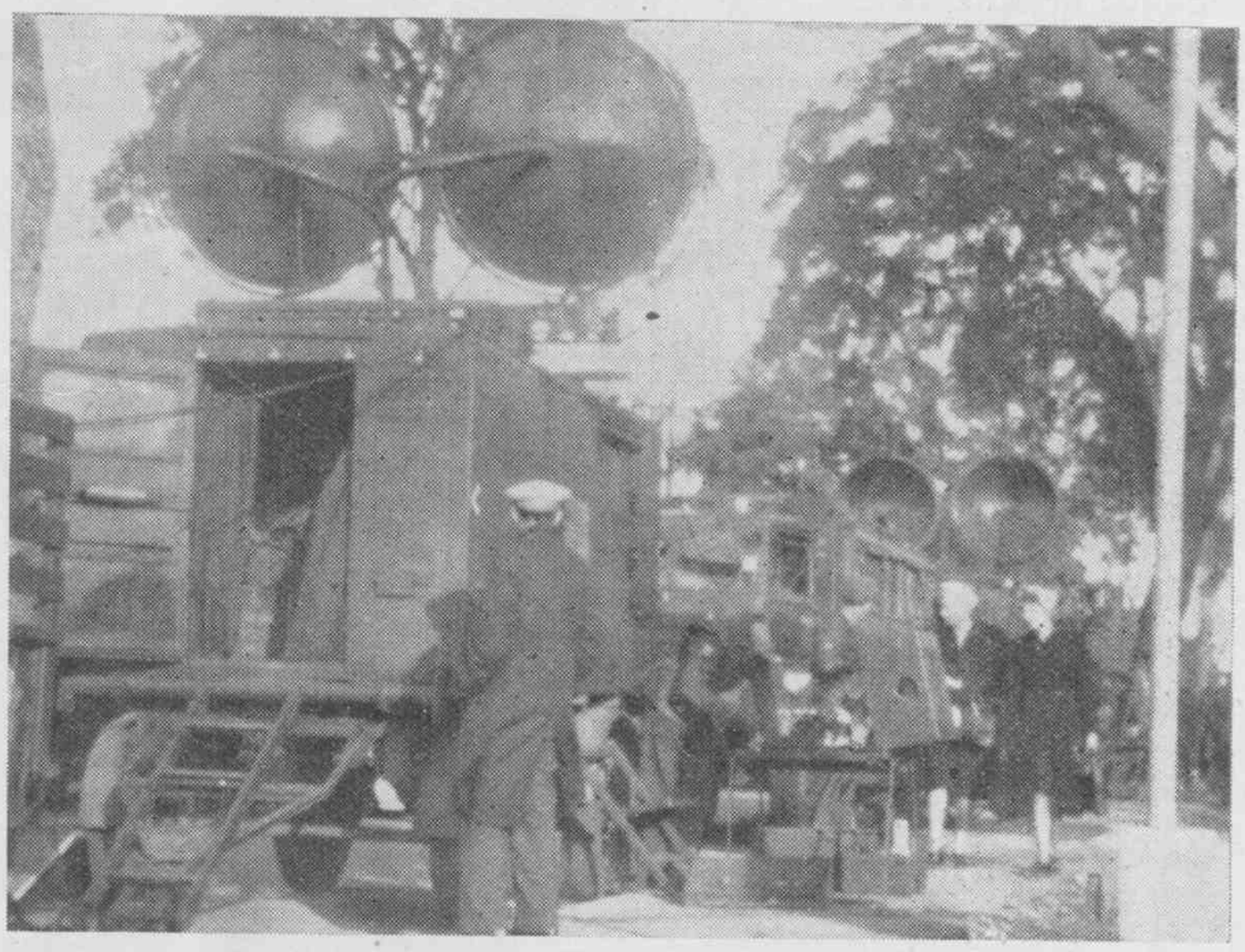
"*After the work comes play*"—and after the last display of the tour, on March 26, the officers and N.C.O.s attended

(Left)
The Column on show at Brighton, February, 1949

(Below)
A stop for refreshments at Attleborough, January, 1949



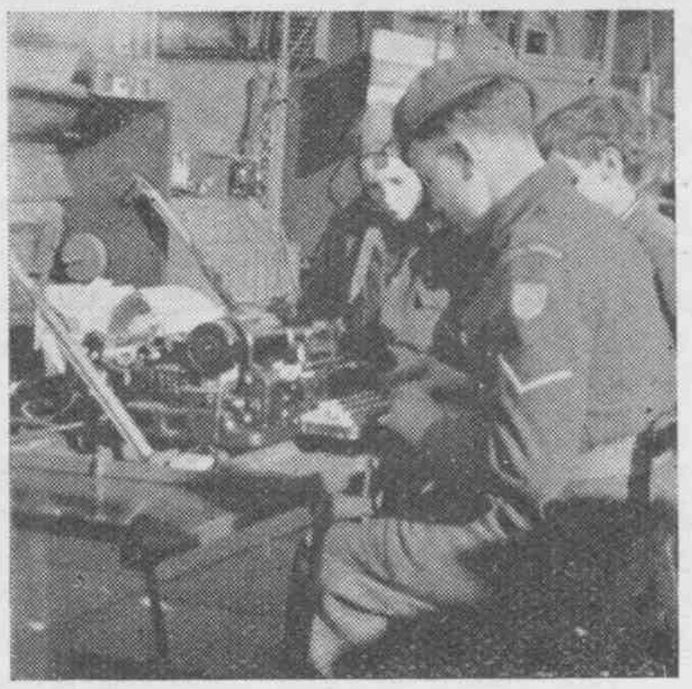
(Above)
Second-Lieutenant J. Barrett, who commanded the Column in its latter stages



(Right)
10 set trailers at Worthing, February, 1949

(Left)
Signalman Hobbs gives some attention to selective carrier apparatus

(Right)
Lance-Corporal Booth performs for the younger generation

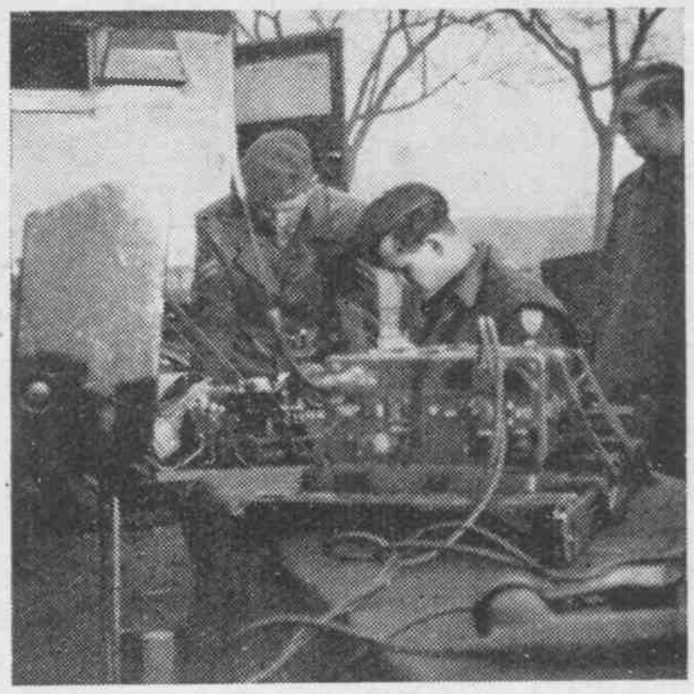


(Left)
Some interest is shown by another Regiment. That is Sergeant Clarke, a T.A. P.S.I., with the wire recorder

(Below)
A line-up of the Column personnel

(Left)
S.S.M. Phillips and Lance-Corporal Dutton discuss a knotty problem

(Right)
Corporal Clayton and Corporal Unitt do some teleprinter maintenance



a Farewell Dinner at the Bell Hotel, Southend. As is usual on these occasions, the " odd noggin " was well in evidence, and a most enjoyable evening was had by all.

It is hoped that the Demonstration Column has helped the T.A. to find some recruits—we like to think so.

Just after the column returned to Canterbury, the C.O., Lieutenant-Colonel J. N. Barker, O.B.E., received the following message from the Chief of Staff, Eastern Command:—

" *I have been instructed by the Army Commander to convey to you his appreciation of the excellent work done by the personnel of your Unit, who formed part of the Mobile Recruiting Column. Their turnout, bearing and the condition of their vehicles and equipment has been the subject of favourable comment by all who have been in contact with them. Whatever the result of the recruiting drive, the Army Commander considers that your Unit has made a most valuable contribution in this effort to show the Army to the public in a favourable light. The Army Commander would be grateful if you would pass on his appreciation to all those who took part.*"

The C.O. added his congratulations to this message, and so ended a most successful tour.

PETER MATTHEWS

WESTERN COMMAND SIGNAL REGIMENT

Blacon Camp, Chester

March

The month of February was notable for the departure of a large proportion of our Warrant Officers and Sergeants and other assorted bodies, many of whom may now be on a " Slow Boat to China " or a " Tonga to Trieste." Wherever they are, we wish them every success, and hope they will be as happy in their new abodes as they were here in Blacon.

New arrivals have, alas! been rather few and far between. Nevertheless, one newcomer, *not* posted from Records, whose arrival should not pass unsung, is the Regimental Mascot, in the shape of a bull terrier pup, kindly presented by Mr. B. Pullan, of Heywood, Lancs.

Sports. At present our playing field is being dug up, drained and levelled, as a preliminary to being re-laid, and an army of civilian workmen have descended upon it and torn it asunder. We are assured, however, that this is but an essential operation to ensure that their finished product is a thing of beauty fit for the entertainment of the M.C.C. (we hope).

A sport which is gaining considerable support in the Regiment is our " new " baby—basketball. Several good matches have already been played, and we are rapidly building a strong team. It has been decided to enter a team in the Chester Garrison League, and we are confident that we shall make our presence felt.

Hockey. The Unit hockey team has had two major setbacks this season, both, unfortunately, in cup games. After reaching the semi-final of the G.O.C.'s N.W.D. Hockey Cup, we were beaten by 21st H.A.A. Regiment by 3 goals to 2, in a fast, clean game. In the second round of the Army Cup we were beaten 2—1 by 49th Anti-Tank Regiment, R.A., at Worcester, the winning goal being scored from a penalty bully. Rather depressing news, but even the best teams have to bow the knee occasionally! Probably our greatest loss has been that of our captain, R.S.M. Bob Barrett, whose enthusiasm and skill were a major factor in our past successes. The complete record to date of all matches played (including cup games) is as follows: Played 40, won 26, drawn 8, lost 6, goals for 176, goals against 59.

Soccer. This season has been one of many ups and downs, and in spite of the undoubted keenness of our players, luck has not always been on our side. Postings and injuries have made it necessary to re-shuffle the team for almost every match, but the spirit is there and the lads never give up trying. Centre-forward Stant has been a great asset to the forward line, and so far has not failed to score in any match this season. Up and coming youngsters Moore and Cartwright are shaping well in the right- and left-half berths, and with the return of Lance-Corporal Sadler to the centre-half position after a spell in hospital, the middle line has been strengthened considerably. Sergeant Roberts, who has been our guiding star this season, has been posted abroad, and goalkeeper Lance-Corporal Attrell has been demobbed. We wish them both the best of luck, and hope they won't hang their boots up for a long time.

Corporals' Mess. Social functions have been on a limited scale this month, but in a return games tournament the Corporals avenged their previous defeat by the Sergeants' Mess and are now indoor sports champions.

Sergeants' Mess. So many members of the Mess have departed recently, and so many " good healths " have been drunk in consequence, that we fear for the health of those left behind. With our depleted numbers, social life is temporarily at a standstill, but we hope to be in the picture again soon.

WESTCO

NORTHERN IRELAND DISTRICT (M) SIGNAL SQUADRON

Lisburn

This month has seen various moves in the Squadron. Captain Legg, Mr. Rashbrook and Mr. Peden have left us for civilian life. We wish them luck and success, hoping that the experience they have gathered in their short stay in the Corps will prove of use in their occupations or professions. Other moves have included Sergeant O'Malley, who has gone to Runcorn, in Cheshire, to " frat " with our American friends, and Signalman Evans to civilian life. We extend a hearty welcome to Captain Grundy (ex-B.A.O.R.) and Sergeant Goldthorpe (ex-Runcorn), complete with accent. To both we wish a long and happy stay.

Entertainments are keeping their usual high level. A dance was held in the Gymnasium on St. Patrick's Day, which was supported and appreciated both by civilians and Services alike, Although there was no bar, there seemed to be quite a number of " Shamrocks " which had been thoroughly wet.

Congratulations are extended to the W.R.A.C. netball team on their decisive victory over the Scottish Command team, the " star " of the day being Private Pardue, who gave an excellent performance in the position of shooter. Table tennis is proving a popular sport and one which is performed with great skill in the Squadron, allowing us to form a team which is carrying all before them, recent victories being against Camp Staff and Civilians of Lisburn. Football, alas! is a game in which we cannot claim any success. Although there is enthusiasm and energy, skill there is not. Captain Palmer and Lance-Corporal Harrison give full support, but two do not make a team.

We regret to announce the death of Sergeant (" Busty ") Barton, B.E.M., who died at Waringfield Military Hospital and was buried at Carmoney Cemetery on 2nd February. Sergeant Barton was well known in the Corps, having transferred from the Royal Engineers at inauguration. He served in Mesopotamia during the 1914–18 war, and in China and various overseas theatres in the '20s, going to pension, after 21 years' service, in 1931. He found employment as a switchboard operator with H.Q., N.I.D., being recalled to the Colours in September, 1939. He filled various vacancies within the Squadron during the war years, the most recent being Sergeant in charge Line Maintenance Troop, a position he filled to the satisfaction of all concerned. He was awarded the B.E.M. for devotion to duty in 1947. He died after practically a lifetime of service, and he was a man who will be sadly missed by all who knew him.

His medals were: B.E.M., 1914 Star, British War Medal, Victory Medal (1914–18), Defence Medal and War Medal (1939–45).

Our condolences are given to the family of Private Nancy Harrison, who died at her home in England eight weeks after taking her release from the Services. Private Harrison will be remembered for her cheerful disposition and willingness to perform any duty or task given to her. The news came as a shock to all concerned. Wreaths were sent from the Unit but, unfortunately, it was not possible to send representatives to attend the funeral.

And so for the present, good stations, everybody!

J. D.

Royal Signals Band
at War Office Signal Regiment
Kingston-on-Thames, 12th April

Captain John L. Judd, L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M., L.T.C.L., has done it again! I had not seen the Band since the end of the summer of 1948, when they were playing in Hyde Park, and to say that the Band is new is an under-statement. Practically all the faces were new and the accent was on youth. According to Captain Judd, who was taxed with an accusation of having committed something of an exploit, nearly all of them are Regular soldiers, and they are all as keen as anything. Certainly we of Royal Signals in London were delighted.

War Office Signal Regiment fairly spread themselves and entertained their guests right royally before and after the concert. Amongst the distinguished company were Brigadier R. H. O. Coryton, C.B.E., Colonel C. D. Clapp, O.B.E., and Colonel E. J. H. Moppett, all of the Signals Directorate at War Office.

The Band was in very good form and delighted us all with the following programme:

1. March fantasia, " See the Regiments Go By " (Winter).
2. Tunes from the latest London success, " Annie Get Your Gun " (Berlin).
3. Violin solo, " Czardas " (Monti), " Danse Espagnole " (Chaminade). Soloist: Bandsman Hind.
4. Piccolo solo, " Silhouettes " (Barsotti). Soloist: Bandsman E. Moore.
5. Aria from the opera " Rigoletto" (Verdi), " La Donna e Mobile " (arr. Judd). Vocalist: Lance-Corporal O'Neill.
6. The Male Voice Choir sang the following: " Old King Cole " (their own interpretation), Brahms' " Lullaby " (very beautifully sung), and then " A'Roving."
7. " Scherzo " from the Concerto Symphonique (Litollf), " Arabesque " in E Flat (Debussy). Soloist: Bandsman D. Riddell, L.R.A.M.
8. Slow Movement from Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto. Soloist: Sergeant Hunt.
9. Minuetto from the Symphony in E Flat No. 39 (Mozart).
10. Grand finale. " Music of the Masters " (arr. Judd), Corps March, " Begone Dull Care."

God Save The King

The Band also played on 11th April for the Army Phantom Signal Regiment (Princess Louise Kensington Regiment), T.A., at Hammersmith, and on the 13th at 23 (S) Corps Signal Regiment, T.A.

They returned to London on 24th April to do a broadcast on the 25th and have managed to fit in the Dance Orchestra at War Office Signal Regiment on the 26th between other engagements in Eastern Command.

ROYAL SIGNALS TROOP, 23rd FIELD REGIMENT, T.A.
Tilshead

A Correction

We are indebted to C. W. Lucas, ex-corporal, Royal Signals, for the following comment on THE WIRE notes of 23 Field Regiment, R.A., Signal Troop. In their note in the February WIRE the writer mentioned that this Signal Troop had only recently come into existence.

Mr. Lucas comments: " In actual fact the Troop was formed during the late war, when it was attached to 9th Field Regiment, R.A., during service in Burma. After the cessation of hostilities the Unit moved to Dehra Dun for re-forming, after which it moved first to Nowshera and then to Sialkot, where I joined it in March, 1947.

" It was re-named 23rd Field Regiment, R.A., about May, 1947, when it became part of the 23rd British Independent Brigade Group and was employed on internal defence duties in the Lahore area.

" The Regiment came back to England during September, 1947, and was stationed, along with the Signal Troop, at Penhale Camp, Newquay, where it stayed until December, 1947, when I left it for release."

* * *

Well, All Fools' Day has come and gone, and the Budget leaves everyone cold, but come what may, Atlantic Pacts, Budgets or T.A., the Troop are on 14 days' leave, at the time of writing, and possibly couldn't care less. The same may be said for the " left-overs," the skeleton staff left behind under the care of Corporal E. Peatson, and, over all, the more remote care of the R.A. officers, but these people don't worry us much as they have their hands full with their own charges.

The skeleton or " nucleus " have been working fairly hard to get our remaining commitments finished, i.e. battery charging, painting and vehicle maintenance. The Troop Commander, Lieutenant C. H. Tutton, contacts us every day at a given time, by wireless, and answers our queries and problems. For this we rigged up an experimental " T " aerial composed of odd rods and guy ropes, and erected same in the field outside the Troop billets. Strangely enough, it worked very well over the 40 odd miles required of it. We even got an R/T message through the mush caused by shipping in the English Channel.

Until the Troop returns from leave, sport must remain out of the question, but the rise and fall of the Troop rugger team might be worth mentioning. To start with, the O.C. decided to see what the Troop could do in the Rugby line, after a long series of successes in the football side, and so one fine evening we all bowled along to the field, where he (the O.C.) explained the gentle art of obtaining the ball " from the other bloke," and then, having acquired same by more foul means than fair, just where and when to put it. Yes, theoretically very easy, and we proved it was easy when the seven chosen beefs played the scratch R.H.Q. team and licked them by some unaccountable ratio. Were we pleased, and big were our chests!

Well, came Wednesday afternoon, and all the Regimental teams conveyed themselves to the great field, blood sports for use of, where the Signals team, resplendent in blue and white, were pitted against the crack Regimental team, who proceeded to show us just how to play. We were thrown from one side to t'other; we were trampled on; massacred; no canned beef factory could have disfigured us more. To cut the story short, we lost, and many a bruised and pitted would-be rugger star (Signals edition) climbed wearily into our trusty truck, which slowly carried us home. We held a court of inquiry in the barrack room that night amongst the survivors, and we came to the conclusion that they were the better team. What do you think?

A short while ago the troops, complete with smoke-rods and ammo, visited the rifle range at Tidworth. On arrival, the ammunition was doled out to the tune of about 27 r.p.m.

(rounds per man). One extremely tall member of the Troop, in jumping across a ditch, buried the muzzle of his rifle in the mud, which effectively bunged it up. He eventually removed the mud, with much impatience and bad language. It seemed to have no detrimental effect on the rifle; in fact, just the reverse, for he triumphed in the end with a very clean 3 in. group. (R.E.M.E. armourers, take note.)

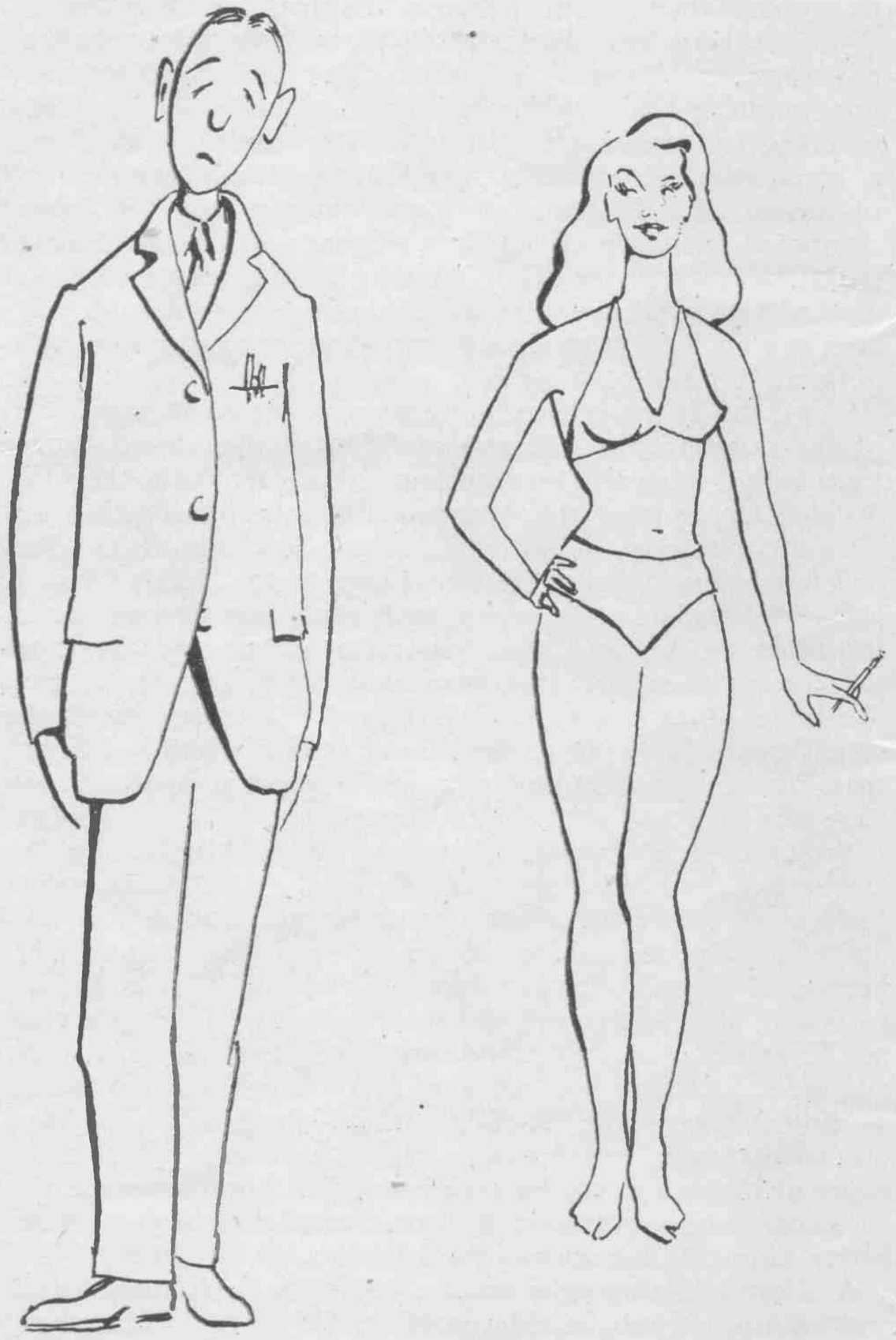
In addition to the gunnery instruction, which the R.A. have been giving to the luckier members of the Troop, gardening has now reared its ugly head, and in order to get the gardens dug and the turf laid we have had to use forced labour (of a sort). Well may the last man out of bed in the mornings quake, for he will surely find himself armed with a pick and shovel, attempting to pierce the iron-hard earth during his spare time in the evenings, or woe betide anybody caught taking a short cut across the garden, for his will be the same fate.

If and when the junior N.C.O.s can be spared, they are sent up to Catterick to attend the Method of Instruction Courses now being held at the School of Signals. The course, though very short, is, from all reports, very interesting and amusing, and a wealth of information on how to and how not to " put it over " may be gained, and is heartily recommended for all budding potential instructors.

Just recently we have had a little variety introduced into our otherwise humdrum lives, in the shape of Initiative Tests. The two selected victims (whose initiative, if any, it is desired to ascertain) are given a day's rations and a movement order sealed in an envelope (for use of C.M.P. only) plus one solitary shilling each (they are obliged to hand over all other wealth before departure). They are then to get to an objective and, once there, obtain proof, usually in the form of a signed note, and then make their way back to camp. Several pairs have been sent out in this way; so far no one has failed.

As there is a shortage of receivers, broadcast, P.R.I., a brilliant idea was evolved by the Troop Sergeant, " Ham " " Tiny " Webb (G3EKL/A), so that the more remotely situated members of the Troop could hear A.F.N. or Radio Luxemburg in bed, by " piping " it over the internal telephone system, composed of short lengths of D8. At the pumping end is his communication receiver, type H.R.D.; though somewhat battered, it still receives anything from Sinatra to a hearty kick. If any " hams " do manage to read this far before sleep becomes a necessity, how about a call? We ring out on 80, 40 and 20 metres, and I have a pile of Q.S.L. cards here 2½ inches thick, so you shouldn't be disappointed.

STUDENT DOODLES No. 10



Jones

A Jones Exciter

Gardens in Barracks

This month commands the provident housewife and the proud artist to set their stills at work.
In the beginning of the month sow all those summer herbs which could not endure the previous cold.
Weed out your gardens, cut off superfluous branches, moss trees and weed corn.
Rise early, walk the fields to north and west sides.

XVIIth Century Lore

THE wisdom of the quotation lies in the two middle sentences. Setting a still to work is frowned on by nearly all types of government and certainly the sponsors of planned economy dislike anyone doing anything so individualistic as setting up a private still. But what rare potions were distilled in the old days. They had a " wine " for every occasion and a cure for most ailments, and they did not pay a farthing in tax either. Perhaps their vast consumption of home-brewed liquor urged them and gave strength to obey the last precept.

Now it is the two middle sentences that count. The first about completing sowing is obvious, and, indeed, by the time THE WIRE reaches you the month will be nearly over and if I know anything of the beginner, and most barrack gardeners are beginners, everything will have been put in already. But in my own diary I find myself in previous years doing a good deal of pricking out of cabbage, sprouts, etc., into permanent quarters. Runner beans, or the last of them, were sowed on the fourteenth of the month. May is chiefly a month of planting out.

The old beds of winter greens should be cleared very early if not done in April.

An important if not vital task in May is the reduction in numbers. Reduce the number of plants in close proximity to one another by thinning out. Reduce the strain on each root by cutting or disbudding. Too many is the great enemy. If you want quality and size go rather for too few.

It is definite that plants cannot and will not give of their best if they are crowded, and if you wish for prize specimens of flowers or fruit, reduce the number being produced.

If you have any vacant ground cleared of another crop and you keep poultry, you can, in the South of England, get a crop of maize (sweet corn) by sowing in May. It is not worth it unless you keep hens, because only about one-third of the crop is fit for the table, but the balance is much enjoyed by chickens. Sow in a three-inch drill, cover lightly, and earth up as the seedlings grow.

Take it from Hair

by L. H. Drake *(who's almost bald, anyway)*

BEARDS of a feather, they say, flock together. Similarly, as in the case of greatness, some acquire beards and others have beards thrust upon them.

This month, therefore, flying in the teeth of Providence and those who scrape a living from the razor blade industry, we will discuss the topic of beards (a) because they are evidently topical, (b) because they are topically evident, and (c) because they have something in common with bad habits which, as is generally recognised and admitted, grow on us.

The beard in relation to the Army has ceased to enjoy the popularity and luxuriance which once attached to the chins of the soldiery, and the merest suggestion of stubble nowadays has been known to give considerable offence to those bearing rank entitling them to take umbrage. Anyone who has seen umbrage taken will readily agree to our pressing on.

The British Navy, on the other hand, is not averse to the cultivation of a healthy crop and, if need be, will not hesitate to nail the stoutest to the mast, with a yo-ho-ho and a bottle of bay rum.

Research into the matter of the Army's beard lore provides fascinating study and brings to light details of many extraordinary customs and traditions which have slipped into obscurity behind a hirsute curtain.

* * *

It was Boadicea's militia who first demonstrated the practical advantages of keeping the chin well covered in a fight and, during a brush (*sic*) with the clean-shaven legions of Rome, so effective was the solid phalanx of Early British beard that it swept the coast clear of invaders, ice-cream cartons and other unsightly souvenirs of the day-tripper, that there was borne the popular expression, "They can't hold the (Roman) candle to us!" As any Cockney will confirm, it was the 'air force of the period.

From the time of the Early Britons, when straggling strands covered a multitude of chins, to the days of the colourful Crusades is a small step in history, and here we find that military customs had changed; individually cultivated camouflage had gone out of fashion and it was considered pretty bad form to indulge in anything but barefaced affrontery, which was just as well because the rapid manipulation of the long bow (to say nothing of the more mechanical and new-fangled cross-bow) becomes an operation fraught with serious embarrassments to those compelled to combat a welter of whisker. To which was added the ever-present danger of fire in the heat of battle.

The swing of the pendulum was again in evidence about the time of Crecy (1346), when the bowmen of England emerged from beneath a mighty and tactical expanse of undergrowth to tell their opponents a few shaggy bulldog stories, and hit them for six into the bargain. (Hence the popular phrase, "Not a word to Crecy!")

One hundred years later that ace of free-lance archers, Robin Hood, gathered about him the sturdy band of outlaws whose belligerent beards vied with the boscage of Sherwood Forest and struck terror into the black hearts of oppressors. It was about that time that the composition of the famous ballad "Down in the Forest Something Stirred" gave rise to the popular belief that Robin's Sherwood was the subject of the song, but there appears to be a sound basis for the contrary claim that the composer had the outlaw's beard in mind. To whichever school of thought one cares to subscribe, I consider that little useful purpose can be served by argument at this late stage.

During the Hundred Years' War, which began in 1337 and which has been going on ever since, the military beard suffered vicissitudes of greater or lesser degree, rising to a magnificent zenith at Sebastopol and suffering what, I hope, is only a temporary eclipse when the closure of the Crimea campaign rendered chest-protectors redundant, and the Army took to wearing woollen underwear.

In between, however, the Georgian era saw the adoption of the elegant periwig (now a State monopoly), a measure presumably designed to offset the loss of the earlier Stuart chin fringe so adequately illustrated in the renowned portrait "The Laughing Cavalier." Legend has it that a certain Captain Bentley, of the Heavy Dragoons, once asked, somewhat facetiously, what he, in common with the jackass, had to laugh about, a comment which drew from the Merry Monarch the famous rebuke, "Black mark, Bentley!"

* * *

At no period in history has the military beard (or sidewhisker) enjoyed greater freedom of diligent cultivation than during the 1870s; what finer example can be found than the "Camberley Cascade," a majestic growth which, when massed on the parade ground, had to be seen to be disbelieved? Following closely in the wake of this fantastic appendage was the "Tidworth Triumph," much favoured at the time but having the over-riding disadvantage of necessitating the wearer surfacing for air rather more frequently than was consistent with regulations.

The story is told of the young and enthusiastic recruit who one day seized a particularly thin and elegantly bewhiskered warrant officer and heaved him unceremoniously among what was subsequently described as the impedimenta of the guard room utensils cupboard. The youth said, "I see 'im standin' about like a mops, common." (See "Mops, Common," Vocabulary of Stores.)

It created something of a scandal at the time.

* * *

If it isn't asking a rude answer, can anybody tell me what to do with used razor blades?

Rockshaw Revisited

By **JOHN WHITNEY**

MERSTHAM itself always comes back to my mind pleasantly, and not just because it is the first village after the ugly suburban sprawl of South London, for it was in the old Feathers Inn, on the Brighton road, that we nightly sought solace from the rigours of Rockshaw House, and where Oscar, one winter evening, just after he was promoted lance-corporal, was very careless in his choice of words when inviting a crowd of signalmen to have a drink with him.

When the tray of whiskies came in—but that was in 1940, dear reader. Even in our moments of careless hilarity then we were conscious, as with the nagging of an old tooth, that we had to return to the dark drabness of Rockshaw. Nine years on, many people can still feel a faint shudder of distaste when the mere name of that old ruin crosses their mind, so how can I even begin to express our depression when, perhaps slightly fuddled, we had to turn out of the comfort and good cheer of the old " Feathers " and face the dreary two-mile walk up Rockshaw Road, past silent fields and blacked-out cottages, past the watchful policemen lurking in the great hedges surrounding Sir John Anderson's retreat, and right up to the high brick walls and rusted iron gates of our bizarre billet, there to parley with the guard or squeeze unseen through a gap in the wall (whichever was considered tactically opportune), and make our way up the rutted drive. It was a grotesque place, as the many thousands of signalmen who passed through the gloomy Gothic hall will willingly testify, but who can give any real impression of the place? No one who ever set foot in that fantastic house can doubt any longer that truth is infinitely stranger than fiction, for where in the narratives of Sheridan le Fanu or Edgar Allen Poe has the like of that house been portrayed? I will willingly admit there were no vampires or deep bottomless pools: we should have been happier if there had been something tangible to inquire into. I will admit, too, that on frequent sentry-go in " the dead vast and middle of the night " we saw no ghost—the sight of one would have helped to pass the dragging minutes. But it was not just the unpleasant physical surroundings, though Heaven knows they were bad enough.

First glimpsed through the ivy-clad trees, it seemed that the house was an abortive cross between an overgrown Swiss chalet and a child's idea of a grandiose castle. Once inside the ruined door, it was seen as a formidable example of the gloom that is Gothic. Oh! the sight of the decayed rococo decorations of the grand hall, furnished with rows of greasy-looking trestle tables and rickety wooden forms, was nauseating. Not that in those days we were particularly worried about the grim externals of our Army life or that the sanitary arrangements would have appeared crude even to the Normans—even in 1940 we had been in more tumbledown places—but what was somehow quite damnable was that the horrid old house seemed to turn men into such unpleasant characters. There seemed a Galsworthian air of sadism about. Even the cutlery clattered mutinously at meal-times.

And the dirt! Floors and walls that had received a deposit of grime from decades of wind and rain sweeping through broken windows and warped doors, were devilishly hard to clean. We had no more success with our scrubbing brushes than Lady Macbeth had with her bloody spotted hand—we only kept at it longer. And it was sad, too, to spend so many spring-like days on bended knee in the wretched old sculleries and in a kitchen that might, in the fat old days, have turned out a scratch meal for Gladstone, but were deucedly greasy and squalid after the preparation of hundreds of Army meals.

Some of the trouble may, of course, have been due to the fact that we were so tantalisingly near to the flesh-pots of London; and we were not made happier when our tours of duty as mess orderlies were varied with the delights of the weekly compulsory concert in the hall, when the guards at the gates were turned on the inmates within and blithely ignored the possibility of a lurking enemy without; but that difficulty was easily overcome with careful timing and a noiseless detour through the overgrown grounds to a convenient unguarded gap in the walls.

No. I think it was more than that, though quite intangible. In those dread days of 1940 a convoy moving off, in the early hours, to an unknown destination was hardly ever a gleeful occasion; so who can explain the spontaneous outburst of song, loud and free, that attended our departure from that misgotten manor?

We were haunted for years by that place. Signalmen in the delirium of malaria were heard to thank their stars they were no longer incarcerated there; signalmen met in the desolation of that camp at Dhubri, on the banks of the Brahmaputra, would enter into a closer companionship when that name was uttered as a password. In countless places round the world anecdotes were told; but at last it died, buried under innumerable preoccupations and a myriad of experience.

Think, then, of my wonder when after six varied years and countless journeys, the wheel turned full circle—well, almost. It was perhaps more of a sinusoidal curve, for I found myself posted to Pendell Camp. Pendell Camp was a highly desirable residence, as it had been built in the palmy days of 1939, when materials were not scarce and when the first militiamen were issued with sports jackets and flannel bags as their walking-out dress. But it was less than half a mile from notorious Rockshaw House. How we had envied the cheerful Royal Artillery in their resplendent camp in the old days!

Of course I had to take a stroll in the direction of Rockshaw House the first free afternoon I could manage. I well remember it as a gloriously sunny autumn afternoon, but the old mansion looked gloomier and more dilapidated than ever. I was tempted to go inside and explore the echoing grim emptiness, but I knew of old the danger of those dry-rotted floors. As I moved off along the road I seemed to hear voices, like sounds dubbed on to the track of a film. I heard again Oscar curse as he went about distasteful sanitary duties wearing immaculate kid gloves. Then I seemed to hear a truck drive up, and went through, once again, all the complicated routine of admitting a vehicle through those sacred portals. . . .

" Would you care for a lift to Merstham, sir? " That was certainly no ghostly sound track. I turned my head. The phantom of an Army truck dissolved into the reality of a car. I saw I had reached the open gates of Sir John Anderson's house. The empty car must be going to meet him at the railway station. Of course! and the slim, smart young man in dark cloth must be his chauffeur.

" I noticed your uniform, sir, and thought you might like a lift," the young man repeated, obviously wondering what anyone could be doing at that dead end of the road.

I should have been happier to stroll along the sunlit road, pursued for once by only the shades of irate non-commissioned officers, but this was the very first lift I had ever been offered on that lonely road. It seemed churlish to refuse. I hopped in, and as I was carried comfortably to the railway station the driver attempted conversation:

" Looking for a house round here, sir? "

British Army of the Rhine

3 AIR SUPPORT SIGNAL UNIT
Minden

April

Well, this is 3 A.S.S.U. making its appearance once again in the pages of THE WIRE, with yet some further interesting news—we hope.

Work goes on here in Minden amidst an atmosphere filled with both relief and anticipation. The reason for the "relief" is evident when we consider that this Unit has recently undergone the Brigade Commander's inspection, and the cause of " anticipation " perhaps, even more evident with a large-scale exercise, almost upon us. It was a pleasure to find, however, that the Brigade Commander did cast around an appreciative word or two. We felt that our somewhat arduous preparations had not been entirely overlooked.

Regarding the exercise, it is hoped that we shall do very well, as our standard of operational efficiency has improved considerably. The various schemes which we have already undertaken, and in which we are still taking part, have all played their part in helping us to attain this standard.

It is with considerable regret that we announce the departure of two former members of our Unit—" off to fresh fields and pastures green "—namely, Corporals Warner and Wilde. It is a much more pleasant duty, however, to welcome two newcomers into our midst, Second-Lieutenant Cook and Sergeant Neil (now i/c M.T.). We hope that their stay with us may be a happy one.

During the last few weeks we have been fortunate in having two small " breaks," away from the normal routine. The first was a trip to Bad Lippspringe, where the preliminary rounds of the B.F.N.-sponsored quiz were being held. Unhappily, however, our team was ignominiously knocked out in the first round. Do *you* know what a campanologist is? The second excursion was to Bielefeld, where we visited the B.A.O.R. Hobbies Exhibition. This proved to be extremely interesting, especially to those of us who were interested in hobbies and art.

The possibility of a Unit newspaper is, at the moment, being contemplated. If any interesting items do materialise they will be duly forwarded to you in the next edition of THE WIRE.

Sport. This has been rather restricted during the past few weeks, because of our forthcoming operational commitments. Nevertheless, our few sporting endeavours have been crowned with, at least, partial success.

Sergeant Hindle (R.A.E.C.) and his newly-formed table tennis team scored a noteworthy victory over the 904 Tele. Workshops. Although they started off by losing the first three sets, they later took a grip on themselves and finally won 9—7.

Much to the dismay of our Unit soccer enthusiasts, fixtures could only be arranged at infrequent intervals during the past few weeks, but one friendly match was played against 14th Field Survey Squadron, R.E., resulting in an unsatisfactory draw, 2—2. Incidentally, our Unit soccer team is still top of the Garrison League, having played *and* won six games.

Our final sporting tit-bit concerns Battle Efficiency Tests. This, perhaps, is not included in the popular conception of sport, but nevertheless, under " sport " it comes. I'm sure someone must have enjoyed them—if only the P.T.I. Accompanied by much puffing and blowing, we managed to complete the various tests successfully, with a nine-mile " stroll " to round them off nicely.

Finishing off in this rather painful and " blistering " vein, we would like to wish everyone who has the misfortune to read this article au revoir until the next publication of THE WIRE.

ASSUDONYM

4 A.G.R.A. SIGNAL SQUADRON
Luneburg

During the past month a change of command of the Squadron has been effected. Major J. R. G. Walker, Royal Signals, having returned to the U.K. He was very well liked —nay, actually loved—as Unit Commander, and the farewell speeches from either side were very touching. Once again, sir, 4 A.G.R.A. Signal Squadron, " the finest Unit you ever commanded "—quoting your own Christmas Day speech—offer sincere best wishes for your own and Mrs. Walker's future happiness and success, wholeheartedly say fare thee well, and thank you.

To Major R. E. Button, our new Commanding Officer, who joined us from 2 Divisional Signals. A hearty welcome, sir, and we expect and most certainly hope that your new command will prove as happy and satisfactory as it was to your predecessor. We assure you of our unswerving loyalty and support.

Forthcoming spring exercises are causing a certain amount of eager anticipation among the younger members of the Squadron, which eagerness I feel is even reflected in the older " sweats " who after nearly two years of barrack routine are keen to get out into the blue, to experience once again the taste of smoked char, brewed in a dixie over a wood fire, and to yet again be fascinated by the cooks working their black magic on a tin of bully. One wonders—with a nasty feeling of certainty—have the back room boys devised any more devilish, dainty or disastrous methods of camouflage, " A-la-Boullie," or potatoes sauté, sooty, salty or sour? We shall probably have to be content with a mess tin of dishwater and a bully or bunghole banjo, but who cares, when one can once again kip out in the blue.

Sport, an ever-important factor in any training programme, has consisted mainly during the past month of football, hockey, Rugby and basketball. As the soccer season draws to a close, every available opportunity is taken to kick the few remaining puffs of air out of our long-suffering and well-worn soccer balls.

We have never had a truly representative rugger fifteen, but we haven't " Dunn " too bad, being well represented in the popular " Cocktails," a conglomerate fifteen, organised by Lieutenant Dunn, Royal Signals—our Wireless Officer, when at home!—and stolidly supported by Lance-Corporal ("Geordie") Oughton, who ably adds a little weight in any scrum or argument that might ensue. Due, no doubt, to the fact that the officers' and senior N.C.O.s' combined side were unbeatable, the Inter-Section Basketball League appears to have wrapped up. 'Twas good fun while it lasted, and without doubt with a more even distribution of talent will again assert itself in our field of evening activities. How about a spot of reorganisation, Monty? Congratulations to Hamburg District Signals on the winning of the Royal Signals B.A.O.R. Hockey Tournament, with special mention to our own stalwarts, S.S.M. Nurse and S.Q.M.S. Redhouse, who so ably represented this Unit in the victorious team.

Before closing our notes for this month, we should like to say farewell to S.Q.M.S. (F. of S.) Le Hardy, of DL2GN fame, who departed this sphere recently and has taken the plunge into the Civvy Street stream. Sorry to see you go, John, and if you are determined to leave us for ever and anon, then our very best wishes go with you. Lance-Corporal " Snaky " Williams stoutly maintains that you left the secrets of 579's charging facilities as a treasure trove, and with his forward amplifiers firmly adjusted, is oft observed searching and probing around the cellars and alleyways. Cheerio, John, and all the very best.

Subaltern " Pip " Carlisle

Sergeant Mary Pennington-Jones

The main switchboard, H.Q., B.A.O.R.

Dial W.R.A.C.

By **R.S.M. PHILIP DAY,** *Military Observer in Germany*

DURING the war, A.T.S. carried out a hundred and one different jobs with an efficiency which surprised senior Army officers. On anti-aircraft sites, in cookhouses and as ambulance drivers in the field, they showed the Army that a woman's place was not always in the home and that she was able to take her place by the side of men. Now, known as the Women's Royal Army Corps, women in uniform are still getting on with the job. An example of their skill is the control of telephone communications at Rhine Army Headquarters in Bad-Oeynhausen, B.A.O.R.

☆

In addition to more than 3,000 automatic lines, 6,000 individual connections are controlled by W.R.A.C. supervisors. Officer in charge of the exchange, Subaltern " Pip " Carlisle, of 16 George Street, Cottingham, Yorkshire (a telephonist in civil life), has worked with the Royal Corps of Signals for the past eight years, and Sergeant Mary Pennington-Jones, whose home is in Bristol, is chief supervisor in Army Headquarters. Mary is a former Post Office telephonist, and with the help of three civilian assistants she controls the flow of

9.40 p.m., nearly the " peak hour " in Rhine Army. However, there is no delay and a German supervisor reports all is well to Sergeant Pennington-Jones

calls to and from the Allied zones of occupation and the United Kingdom.

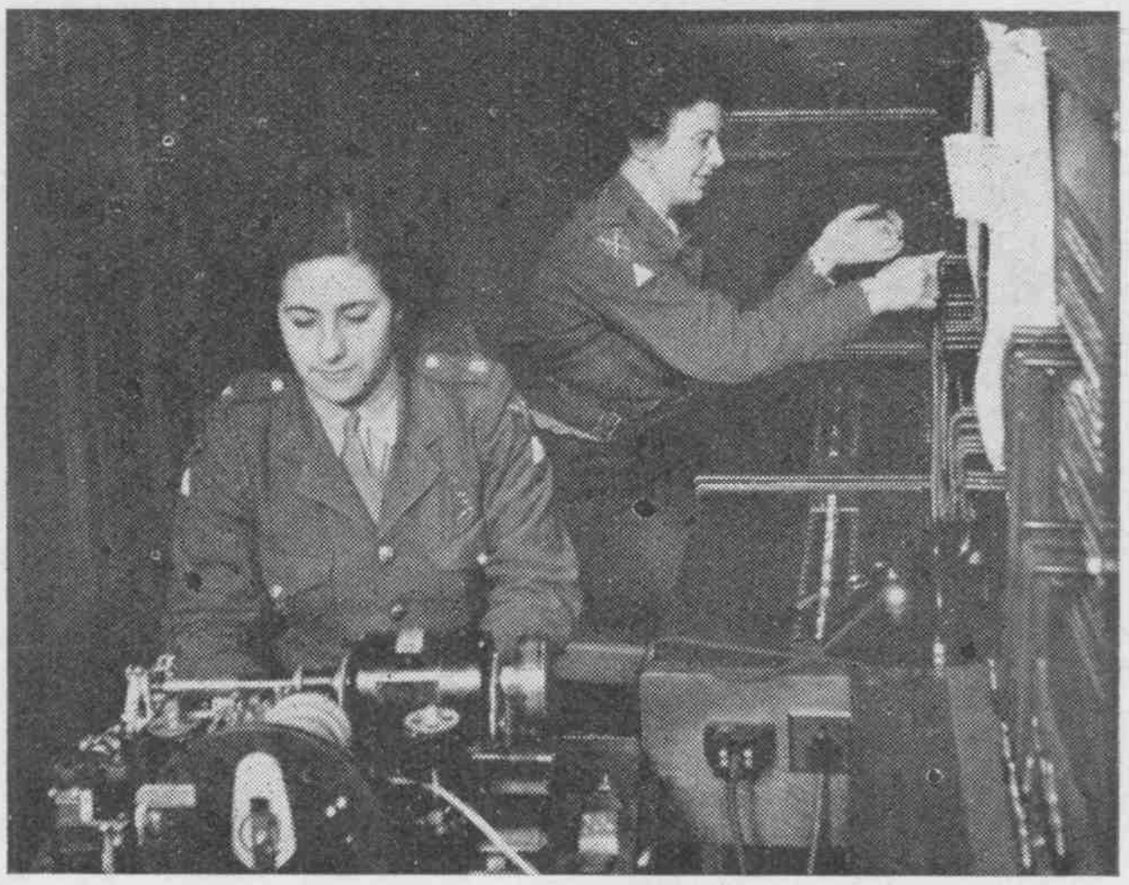
" By far the busiest line is the one to War Office," said Subaltern Carlisle. " The Army Commander in B.A.O.R., Lieutenant-General Sir Charles F. Keightly, and his General Staff Officers are able to make priority calls to Whitehall and this line is often in constant use."

Opposite number to Britain's T.I.M. is number fifteen on the Rhine Army dialling system, and the pleasant voice of an unknown A.T.S. operator (she was demobbed some time ago) gives the local time to subscribers.

☆

Another feature is the inquiries switchboard, manned by Private Monica Gilbert, whose home is in Oldham, Lancashire. Over a thousand queries a day are successfully answered by her. Twenty civilian operators man the 6,000-line switchboard connecting Bad-Oeynhausen to Vienna, Frankfurt, Berlin and other sections of occupied Germany. Most of the operators were former Reichspost employees, and their enthusiasm to learn and speak English fluently is a credit to the present high standard of Anglo-German relationships.

The W.R.A.C. have really " taken over "—not only is the Rhine Army Exchange the largest in B.A.O.R., it is the most efficiently manned. As ever, British Service women are showing the troops that no job is too difficult for them.



Members of 1st Signal Squadron, W.R.A.C., operating a teleprinter switchboard

Subaltern M. Carlisle and Sergeant M. Pennington-Jones

1 SIGNAL SQUADRON, W.R.A.C.

We open this month's edition with very best wishes for the future to Senior Commander C. H. M. Jackson, O.B.E., who, having decided to enter Civvy Street, is now settling down, as Mrs. E. Milner.

On Thursday, 24th March, Rhine Army Exchange was honoured by a visit from Major-General W. A. Scott, O.B.E., Director of Signals at the War Office. The Director also visited the H.Q. B.A.O.R. Signal Office and Cipher Office, where he saw women of our Squadron at work.

After an extensive tour of the Zone, the Director returned to Bad Oeynhausen, where on his last night he was entertained at the Mercury Theatre by members of the W.R.A.C. and H.Q. B.A.O.R. Signal Regiment, in a special request performance of " The Magic Cupboard." The performance went off very well and was much enjoyed by all.

Amongst the distinguished new arrivals to H.Q. B.A.O.R. is the D.D.W.R.A.C., Controller Toft, O.B.E., who recently inspected this Squadron and commented on the high standard achieved.

We also have great pleasure in welcoming to our midst a new arrival to the Squadron from A.A. Command, namely, Junior Commander J. Thomas, who is now swelling the Cipher ranks and who is a very welcome addition to the Orderly Officers' duty roster!

Many promotions have taken place in the Squadron recently, and amongst those to whom we offer our congratulations are W.O.II D. V. Collins on her promotion to W.O.I, and S.S.M.s Bryan and Hughes. S.S.M. Hughes has been with the Unit since 1945 and her progress has been of interest and pleasure to all who know her.

Lance-Corporal McKeating's well-deserved promotion is also the subject of congratulation.

We have also had our losses since last writing, and to all those who knew Sergeant Joan Littlewood the enclosed cartoon needs no introduction. Our cartoonist has reproduced the scene of her departure far more accurately than any camera could have done. The long arm of the (W.R.A.C.) Military Law would not allow the girls to enter the station and give her a W.R.A.C. send-off, so through tears and moans (these had no effect on the law!) we bade her farewell over the barrier. Sergeant Littlewood is now serving with Northern Ireland District (M) Signal Regiment, and we send her our best wishes for the future.

Another sad day for us all was when we gathered on the station to say goodbye to S.S.M. " Vee " Kerby, one of the last remaining few who have been with the Unit since its departure from Brussels in 1945. S.S.M. Kerby also served in Minden and with 30 Corps, Luneburg, before finally settling down in Bad Oeynhausen. S.S.M. Kerby has been posted to a W.R.A.C., T.A., appointment in London, where we feel sure that her talents in many directions will be as much appreciated as they have been in the past by the women under her leadership in this Squadron. Our very best wishes go with her.

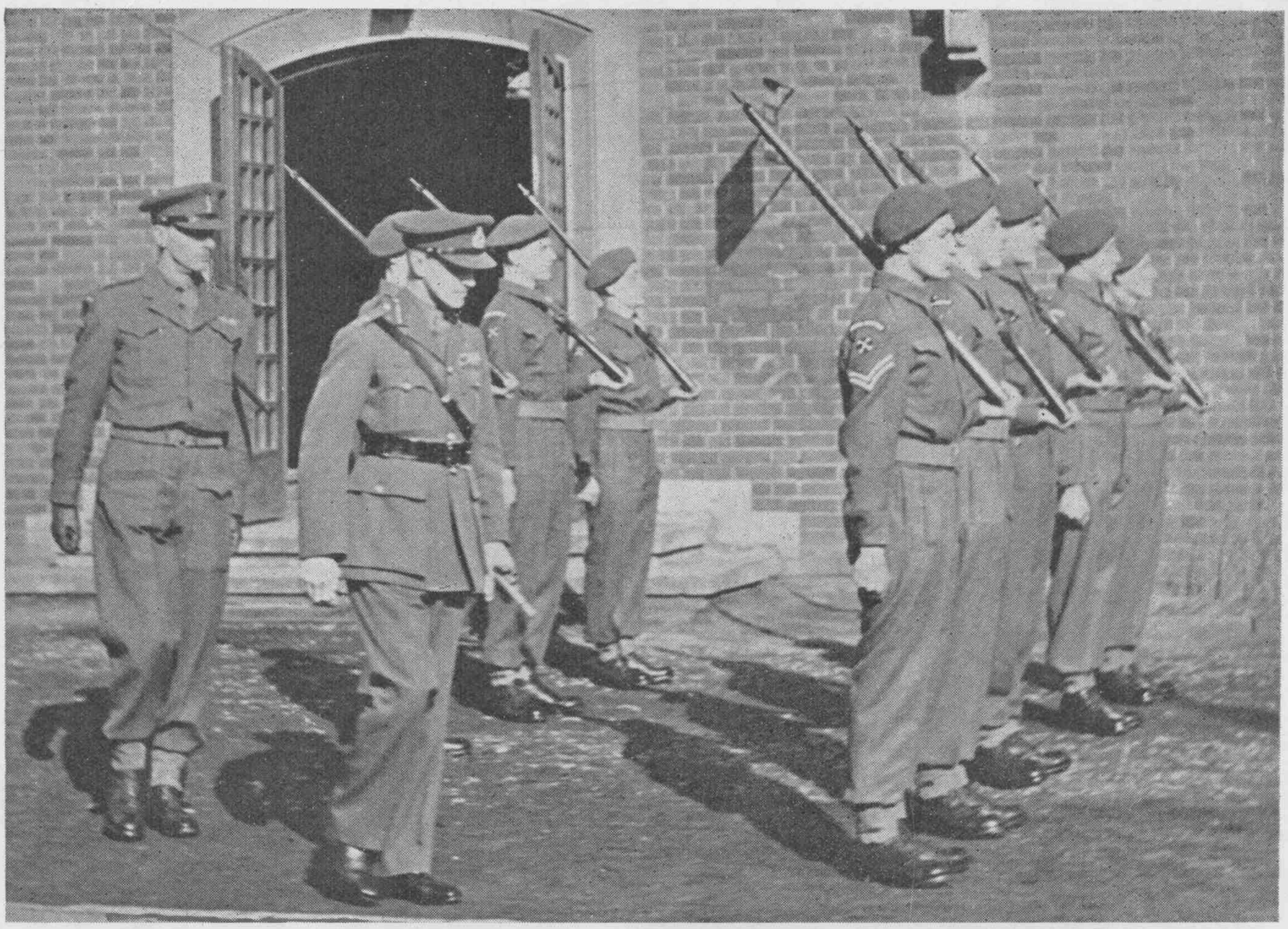
Best wishes for the future also go to Subaltern M. V. Leach and Sergeant G. MacMillan, who have also been " reverted," Miss Leach for Civvy Street and Sergeant MacMillan for new fields to conquer. Lance-Corporal Clark has also left us under " Op-Union," and we wish her every happiness.

Although there is little time available for practice, the opportunity to take part in sport is always welcomed by members of the Squadron, and such was the enthusiasm shown during the recent hockey and netball tournaments that there are quite a few casualties to be seen around Bad Oeynhausen these days. In spite of these, however, we hope to find ourselves well represented in the coming Athletics Competition to be held in Hannover in May.

A member of 1st Signal Squadron, W.R.A.C., at a teleprinter

The girl who went on Python

The Signalman who went on Class "A" release



Major-General W. A. Scott, C.B.E., inspecting the guard of honour, accompanied by Lieutenant-Colonel G. B. Bell, C.B.E.

2 INFANTRY DIVISIONAL SIGNAL REGIMENT

B.A.O.R. 4

March

We have with deep regret to say farewell to two old campaigners, Major P. C. MacDonald and Major R. E. Button. Major MacDonald leaves us to take an independent command at Munster Lager. Major Button has departed to Celle. We are sorry also to say goodbye to Lieutenant A. G. Anderson, who goes to the Middle East. We wish them every happiness and the best of luck in their new vocations.

We welcome Major T. R. Warren and Major R. H. J. Rowntree to the Unit. Major Warren comes from "down under" and already has taken a guiding hand in organising the cricket. We hope their stay will be a pleasant one.

General. March has been a month of important visits. On the morning of the 15th, our new Divisional Commander, Major-General C. B. Callender, C.B., M.C., made his first visit to the Regiment. He inspected the Regimental lines and showed great interest in the Hobbies Room and Library. Later he visited the Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess, where he was introduced to every member. Then on 21st March our Director of Signals, Major-General W. A. Scott, C.B.E., accompanied by our Chief Signal Officer, Brigadier A. E. Morrison, O.B.E., paid us a visit. The Director did us the honour of putting in a very full day. Received by our Commanding Officer, he took the salute of the Regimental Guard and made his inspection of it. Then, after meeting our Senior Officers and the R.S.M., the General made a very thorough tour of the Regimental lines and the Signal Office. The morning was completed with a visit to the Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess, when all members present met their Director. After lunch, visits were paid to 19 Field Regiment, R.A., Signal Troop, and 4 Infantry Brigade Signal Troop. Finally, General Scott was entertained to dinner at the Officers' Mess.

We know that the Director's job must have been a very busy one and we would like to say how much we welcome this token of his interest in us.

With the turn of spring, bringing warmer and longer days, we have devoted this month to intensive training. We have already been out on three exercises with Divisional H.Q., and expect many more in the future. Apart from training ourselves, we have arranged courses for Infantry Signallers, R.E.M.E. Operators and R/T Procedure for the Staff.

Our Athletics Officer, R.S.M. Griffin, is busy making preparations for the season. A new high jump has been built and a long jump is under construction. We have many promising athletes in the Regiment and hope to produce a good team. The Unit is very short of cricket pitches at the present moment, but we are hoping to get the use of one nearby all to ourselves. Although the cross-country season has finished, a few enthusiasts can still be seen on Wednesdays rushing along the country side.

More and more of the chaps are taking good advantage of the new Education Centre in Dusseldorf. The greatest attractions seem to be the Art and Music Classes. Perhaps one day a Turner or Kreisler may emerge from our ranks. It is very encouraging to see so much interest taken in the cultural arts.

The recently-formed Camera Club is very active. Loud curses can be heard from the direction of the Club at night, indicating that yet another good film has been ruined. Our tame photographer, Captain D. A. Barry, is being ably hindered by Lieutenant Seddon. Both were seen armed with cameras during the inspections.

Back on the job, we find that the L.A.D. have at last completed their move and are working at full pressure. Their new accommodation is more suitable for their work. Perhaps it is the urge of spring, but they certainly are producing results. The Quartermaster, Captain Parker, can be seen juggling with higher and lower establishments. The T.O.M., Captain Juniper, busily painting signboards for our vehicles, finds time to devote his attention to the Unit gardens. All available ground has been sown and the green shoots are already pushing up. The new teleprinter room, designed by Captain Rogers, the T.O.T., has been completed. This has had the remarkable effect of altering the complicated graphs our T.O.T. keeps. Can anyone fathom these out?

Sport. Football. March has proved a very interesting month for the Regimental XI, competition and challenge matches making it necessary for us to play twice weekly.

The main event of the month was the Royal Signals (B.A.O.R.) Inter-Unit Tournament, when we met 7 Armoured Division Signal Regiment in the final at Bad Oeynhausen on 23rd March. Great enthusiasm had been built up for this game, and arrangements were made to transport 90 of our keenest supporters to Bad Oeynhausen in order to give our lads a cheer. It was a glorious afternoon when the teams lined up for the kick-off, and included in the very large crowd of enthusiasts were the Director of Signals, Major-General W. A. Scott, C.B.E., and the C.S.O., Rhine Army.

Play began with our opponents immediately on the attack, showing themselves to be very fast and robust. Over-eagerness on both sides produced several opportunities which were lost. However, after 20 minutes' play it was left to us to open the scoring when Signalman O'Neill put a well-placed shot in the goal. Our triumph was short-lived, for within a few minutes our opponents had equalised through their outside-left. There was no further score during this half, although we went very close when Signalman Grimes struck the upright.

On resumption of the second half, football skill gave way to a "blood game" as play swept from end to end. Both goalkeepers made brilliant saves as well-placed shots hammered their goals. Alas! it was 7 Armoured Division who finally took the lead, putting paid to all our hopes—this time.

Final score: 7 Armoured Division Signal Regiment 3, 2 Division Signal Regiment 1.

Having lost the Signals Competition, we have one more "shot in our locker," that being the Divisional Inter-Unit Competition. We are now in the semi-finals and have to play 10th Anti-Tank Regiment, R.A.

Before closing the news, may we mention the popularity we are acquiring with visiting teams. This is undoubtedly due to the teas provided by Sergeant Cooley, our Cook Sergeant. Thanks again, Sergeant Cooley.

Hockey. The highlight of this month's hockey has been the semi-final and final of the Royal Signals B.A.O.R. Knock-out Competition. Having drawn a bye in the first round, we played H.Q. B.A.O.R. Signal Regiment at Hilden on 5th March in the semi-final. After an exceedingly hard-fought game we beat them 3—2, all our goals being scored by Corporal Pearce.

On 2nd April we played the final against Hamburg District Signal Squadron at Bad Oeynhausen. It proved a game worth seeing, the fastest and hardest of the season. Both teams were intent upon a win, and only after five minutes' overtime did Hamburg score the single and winning goal of the game. The shield was presented to the winning team by the C.S.O.

The Regimental football team

Left to right, standing: Sergeant Daniels, Signalman Davidson, Lance-Corporal Maloney, Lieutenant Anderson, Sergeant Warren, Lance-Corporal Cameron, Corporal Jamieson, Corporal Knight. Left to right, kneeling: Signalman Clarke, Signalman O'Neill, Signalman Grimes, Corporal Chater, Corporal Rankin, Lance-Corporal Beattie

On 19th March, at Wuppertal, we played the 1st Battalion The Manchester Regiment in the first round of the 2nd Division Spring Hockey Competition. Luck was with us and we triumphed 2—1. We played our friends the Camp again on 30th March. The sides were unevenly balanced and we won 8—0.

Shooting. We are now in the middle of the Divisional Small Bore Shooting Competition. We are severely handicapped by only having Winchester rifles.

Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess. On 7th and 22nd March, respectively, we were honoured by visits of our Divisional Commander, Major-General C. B. Callender, C.B., M.C., and our Director of Signals, Major-General W. A. Scott, C.B.E. Although the visits were very short, both our Commander and our Director viewed the Mess premises, and were introduced to all the Mess members over a glass of ale. We like to feel they were favourably impressed with all they saw.

On 9th March we visited Dusseldorf in a return engagement with the C.C.G., Denbigh House. The games tournament went in our favour this time. Sergeant Bob Dun again gave an accomplished display of table tennis, but unfortunately lost to his opponent. We thank Denbigh House for a pleasant and enjoyable evening.

Our monthly all-British social evening was arranged as a games tournament (what, another?) between the families and living-in members. Extraordinary as it may seem, the families emerged victors. Where on earth do they practice? The main surprise of the evening was the sumptuous buffet prepared by the living-in members. Wives, take note! We have had two dances this month. Our biggest problem to date is making our band play long enough in modern tempo. These local musicians cannot master Rebop.

Goodbyes have been said to S.Q.M.S. Duffy and S.Q.M.S. Erridge, who have left us on Python. Sergeant Bill Worboys, our demon motor cyclist, has departed on release. Best of luck, you chaps, in your new vocations!

Many new faces are appearing in the Mess—R.S.M. Barrett, R.Q.M.S. Boon, S.S.M. Hall (to "G" Troop), S.S.M. Baxter, S.Q.M.S. Cloughley, Sergeant Whim (to "O" Troop), Sergeant Borthwick and Sergeant Bateman. May your stay be pleasant.

Personalities. This month we devote the personalities section to our retiring P.M.C., S.S.M. Terry Vaughan, who, after much form-filling, married Miss Claire Baumeister on 26th March. Congratulations, bride and bridegroom. Preparations for the wedding were made well in advance and much doubtful advice handed out. The evening of the 25th was arranged in traditional style. Tell us, Terry, how did you manage to get water into your drinks? The wedding reception, incidentally arranged by the Mess, was held at the Visiting Officers' Restaurant, Hilden. The couple have now gone honeymooning to Mohne See complete with shotguns and fishing tackle. Once again, congratulations.

The wedding of S.S.M. Terry Vaughan to Miss Claire Baumeister at Hilden on 26th March, 1949

HAMBURG DISTRICT INDEPENDENT SIGNAL SQUADRON

Hamburg

April

The Squadron was visited by Major-General W. A. Scott, C.B.E., Director of Signals, on 26th April. General Scott inspected the Hamburg District Signal Office and the Squadron lines. He was accompanied by Brigadier A. E. Morrison, O.B.E., C.S.O. Rhine Army, and Lieutenant-Colonel F. C. Seely, O.B.E., D.C.S.O. Hamburg District.

Second-Lieutenants Watson, Paul and Tyrrell have now proceeded on release. We wish them all success in civil life. We welcome Lieutenant M. H. Hengeveld and Second-Lieutenants A. L. Holt and B. G. Roberts.

We also extend the hand of welcome to R.Q.M.S. Hayter and S.Q.M.S. Carter, who have settled in and are busy consolidating the "Q" branch of the Squadron. To S.Q.M.S. and Mrs. Finch, who depart on 18th April for the Depot, we say goodbye and wish them success in their new sphere.

Sport. Football. The Unit football team are still continuing to do well in the Hamburg League. Their present position in the table is third; only three points separate us from the league leaders and we have one game in hand.

Last week the Squadron combined with 1 Wireless Regiment and 3 Squadron, 11 Air Formation Signal Regiment, to produce a Royal Signals team to play the R.A.S.C. in the Inter-Services Knock-out Competition. It was a fast game with both sides even in the first half. No goals were scored before the interval. In the second half the R.A.S.C. broke through the Signals defence and netted three times before Signals scored through Lieutenant Woodley. Again the R.A.S.C. scored, and for Hamburg Signalman Gannan crashed in our second goal just before the end. The final score was: R.A.S.C. 4, Royal Signals 2.

Hockey. During the last week the Hockey Final between Combined Signal Units in Divisions/Districts was played. The finalists were Hamburg Signals and 2 British Infantry Division Signals. The match was played at Bad Oeynhausen and a first-class match it proved to be. It was not until the closing minutes of the game that the winning goal was scored for Hamburg. Captain Sumner played a sterling game at full-back, and S.S.M. Hills, in goal for Hamburg, pulled off some hair-raising saves. The final score was: Hamburg Signals 1, 2 Division Signals 0.

16 INDEPENDENT PARACHUTE BRIGADE GROUP SIGNAL SQUADRON

Hannover

March

This is our first contribution to THE WIRE since the disbandment of 6 Airborne Divisional Signal Regiment and the assumption of our present designation.

The end of June, 1948, saw the Regiment and its rear parties back in the U.K. from Palestine. The Regiment disbanded and the new Brigade Signal Squadron formed around the old 2 Parachute Brigade Signal Squadron, which was then commanded by Major G. Proudman.

Nearly all the Regular soldiers below the rank of sergeant and all Parachutists over Group 100 were transferred from the Regiment to bring the new Squadron some of the way up to its new establishment.

As everyone knows, the formation of a new Unit necessitates much heartache and many headaches, but at long last we can say that we have broken the back of this burden and can see the result of much hard work.

The Squadron is now composed of Parachute Brigade and Base troops, which are responsible for Brigade H.Q. and Base communications, and R.A. Troop, who are detached, and are responsible for the communications of the 33rd Airborne Light Regiment, R.A.

Several Brigade exercises took place at the latter end of last year, terminating in a seven-day exercise in the forests north of Celle and Soltau. To many of us the area was familiar and brought back memories of such old friends as 7th Armoured and Guards Armoured Divisions.

In January we ran a Junior Leaders' Course, under R.S.M. J. Leonard, M.B.E., with students from the Parachute Brigade, 31st Brigade, 7th Armoured Brigade and Hannover District Signal Squadrons.

Upgrading Courses for Operators provided the next highlight. Again we added students from nearby Signal Squadrons to our own, and the result was proved on the Trade Board as paying a dividend.

During March we have had two real Arctic experiences. One, a Brigade Troop Exercise, which was enjoyed by all, irrespective of weather conditions. Slit trenches were dug in record time as a means of improving circulation, while sets and vehicles behaved perfectly. This was a preliminary to a Brigade H.Q. Signal Exercise, which took place two days later, when again in the snow we ventured forth to give Brigade H.Q. good communications.

One of our main concerns, Airborne Training, has temporarily been severely cut by the Berlin Airlift, which appropriates all available planes. This, however, has now been overcome by the arrival of those nightmares—balloons.

Jumping has already started, and we are now waiting—eagerly—for our turn. *Sic Transit Gloria.* So very soon we shall be hearing that soul-stirring cry of " Up 800—down 5."

In the field of Squadron entertainments, most of the "*Schleswigland*" are very reserved in their remarks re Hannover, whose boasts are a cinema and a theatre. So the motto has been, make your own fun.

The festive season upon us, our thoughts turned to " fun for the boys," and out of the mêlée of notes, bits of memo pads, etc., was born " Cheer Up and Sing," a snappy live-wire variety show put on by members of the Squadron to an audience of hospital patients on Christmas Eve, and to our own lads on Boxing Day. This was a great success, and credit goes to members of the cast and all those willing helpers, especially Signalmen Rawlings and Sinclair, who wrote and produced the show.

In conjunction with 125 Transit Camp, with whom at the moment we are lodging, an Anglo-German Dance was arranged for Christmas Day, and again recorded a tremendous success, with a first-rate buffet and dancing to the " Signalairs " and a German band.

Into the New Year, and this time it has been a case of chasing winter, therefore week-end trips and local leave in the Harz Mountains have been very popular and everyone has returned with glowing reports and how they can " ski."

The fixture list for the " Signalairs " Dance Band has been very full and it has been acclaimed a " good 'un," despite members dashing off on leave, they have kept on playing, and provide a nifty time now and again.

On 23rd February the Squadron held the first of its fortnightly Anglo-German Dances, and despite a dark and stormy night, " spirits " were not dampened and rumour has it that it was quite a success.

Sport. Our sporting activities and successes have been too numerous to give any detailed account, but since our entry into the B.A.O.R. sporting circles we have made an impression that helps to keep the Royal Signals flag flying whenever sport is mentioned.

Briefly, here are the results of the major competitions in which we have entered, to date:

Football

B.A.O.R. Competition.	v. 23 Field Regiment, R.E.	Won	2—1
	v. 2nd Para Battalion	,,	2—1
	v. R.E., Hannover	,,	4—1
	v. Danish Brigade	,,	1—0
	v. 3 Para Battalion	Lost	4—0

The Hannover South League has offered us very little competition. The league table shows us at fourth place, with four or five matches in hand and a goal average equalled by none. Unless something odd happens we should win this league.

Several of our players have been called upon for representative matches, chiefly Signalman Thorns, who has played in the Rhine Army team in almost every match this season.

Hockey

Brigade Knockout Tournament		
v. H.Q. Para Brigade	Walkover.	
v. 63 Company, R.A.S.C.	Won	15—2
v. 2 Para Battalion	,,	5—2
v. 3 Para Battalion	Final (to be played)	
Hannover District Competition		
v. 2 Para Battalion	Won	4—1
v. Royal Dragoons	Drawn	3—3
v. ,, ,,	Won	3—0
v. 16 Vehicle Battalion, R.A.O.C.	,,	1—0
v. 1 C.V.D. Workshops	,,	1—0
v. H.Q., B.A.O.R. (the Final)	Lost	0—7

We have played our first match in the Hannover Military and C.C.G. League, which resulted in a win for us by 5—3 over 125 Transit Camp. We are hoping for more success in this league, which offers us some good matches and good competition.

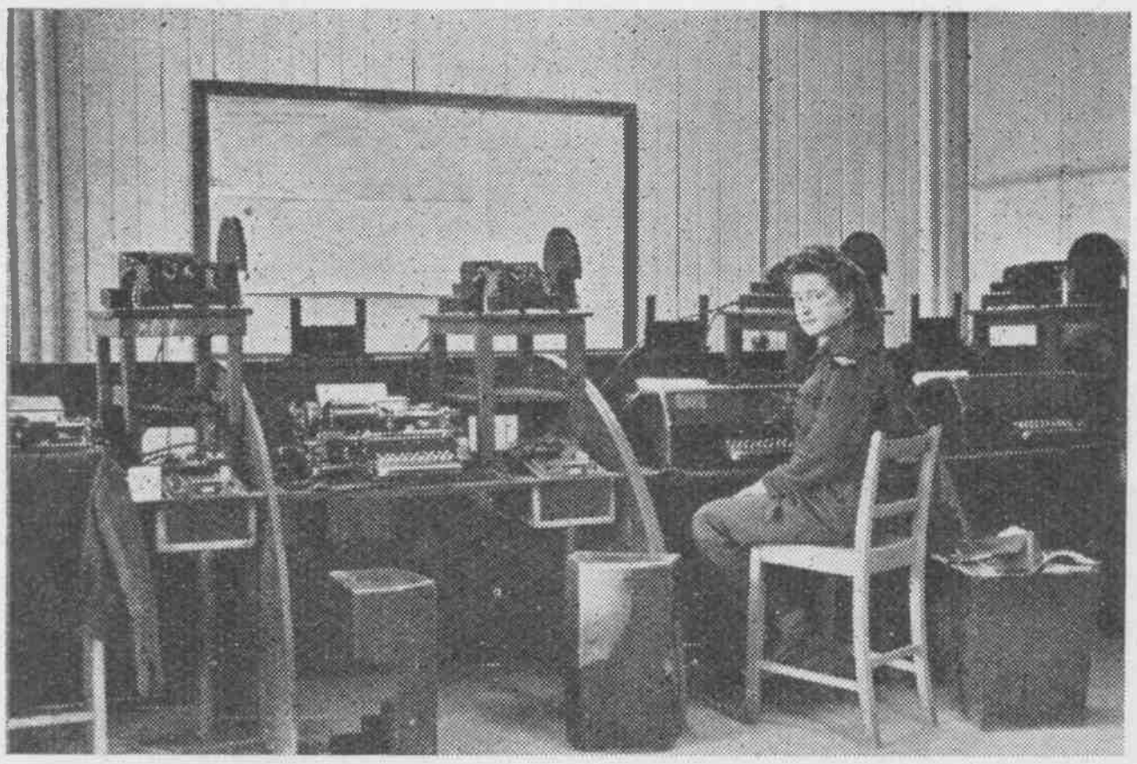
Basketball. Played under International Rules, we made great headway under the very capable supervision of Q.M.S.I. Cogram, A.P.T.C. We played a number of trials and proved this sport to be one of the fastest and severest tests of stamina and fitness.

We won the Brigade Competition and then went on to win the Hamburg District Championship. In the B.A.O.R. Inter-Unit Competition we fared very well until the semi-final, when we were narrowly beaten by the Belgian team.

Cross-Country. As a team, although not disgracing ourselves, we did not meet with very much success. In the Brigade Run we finished seventh of 15 teams, Lance-Corporal Foord running in to finish at second place. Unfortunately, on the day of the run we were playing both football and hockey in competition matches; in consequence, the cross-country team suffered the loss of a number of valuable runners.

In the Hannover District C.C. run, Lance-Corporal Foord again came to the fore, finishing third, and again as third British individual in the B.A.O.R. Run.

The Army Cross-Country Championship offered greater competition for Lance-Corporal Foord running as an individual, where he came tenth, just scraping into the Army team for the Inter-Services C.C. Championship.



Old Teleprinter Room

11 AIR FORMATION SIGNAL REGIMENT

Rückeburg

On St. Patrick's Day a grand dance was held in the Unit canteen, the Malcolm Club. The dance was a huge success, with an attendance of well over 400 ladies and gentlemen. In the interval there was some community singing, with a large percentage of Irish songs, ably led by the C.O., Lieutenant-Colonel Sladen, who received generous support from his N.C.O.s and men. All present declared the dance a great success, and it is hoped to hold many more in the future, the next being on Easter Monday.

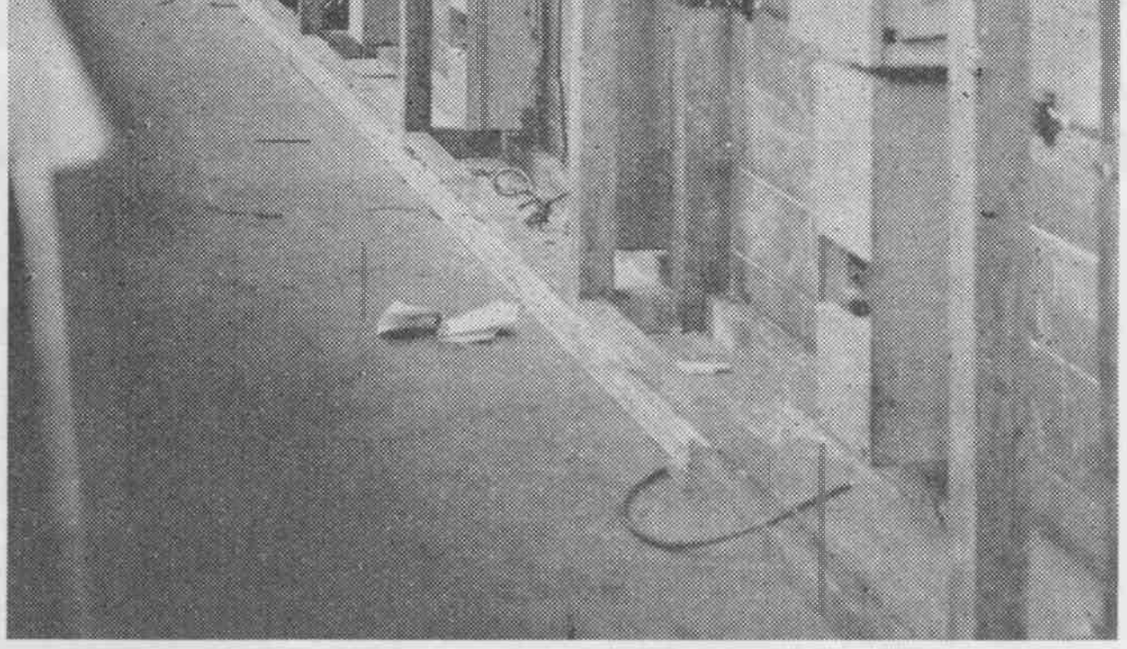
May we express our great appreciation to the management of the Malcolm Club and to Lance-Corporal Hamilton, who so nobly gave much of their spare time to the organisation behind the scenes. Lance-Corporal Hamilton, unfortunately, was unable to see the fruits of his good work as he was away from the Unit on duty.

B.A.O.R. Regimental Quiz. Great enthusiasm was aroused in the Regiment by the Inter-Brigade K.O. Quiz, but we were unlucky to be knocked out in the second round. The Regiment started off with a number of preliminary quizes to select a team. These took the form of inter-Troop contests on a k.o. basis; some of the Troops detached from Bückeburg came a considerable distance to attend. After three of these preliminary contests the team was selected as follows: S.S.M. Surfleet, S.S.M. Smith, Signalmen Hardcastle and Jeffries. After a hard-fought victory at Hamelin against the brains of the Royal Engineers, we were beaten by 5/6ths of a point at Nienburg by No. 2 B.A.D.

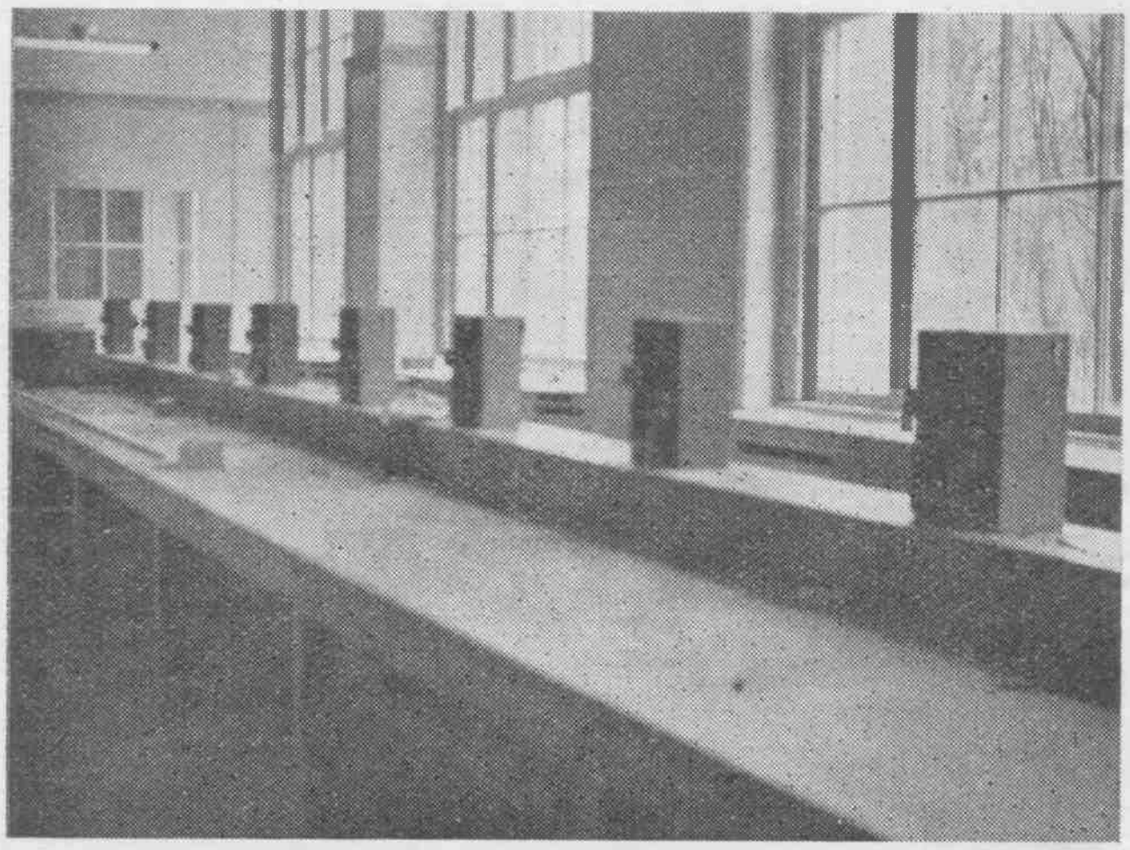
Congratulations to the team who tried so nobly and to Captain Cosstick and the Educational Staff, who worked very hard to coach them.

Sport. Sport is very important in our lives at Bückeburg, as far as "Operation Plane-fare" will allow. Our hockey team, playing an excellent team from B.A.F.O., won with a final score of 4—2. There have been several inter-Troop hockey and football matches, and by the look of things the cricket team will soon be in the news, as distinct promise is being shown at net practices, which take place every evening and on Thursday afternoon, our sports day.

New Arrivals. During the last month we have had a



Backs of "Upright piano," covers removed

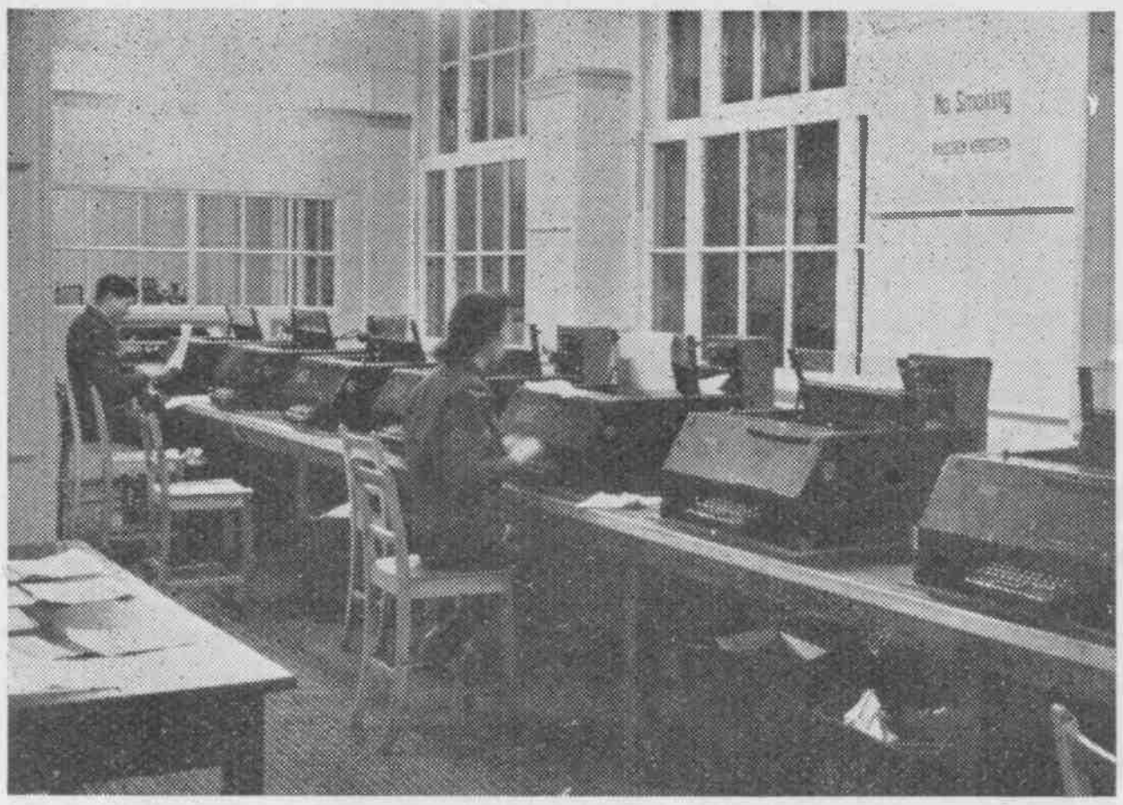


Simplex bench. Note, no wiring showing

number of additions to the strength of senior N.C.O.s We welcome the following to the Regiment from U.K. and hope their stay will be long and happy: R.S.M. Barry, S.S.M.s Surfleet, Boyd, Moehle, Cartwright, Sergeants Daley, Gardner, Oglanby and Noble.

Weddings. Heartiest congratulations are extended by all in the Regiment for a happy and long married life to Corporal Learmont and A.C.W. Barbara Ward, who were married in Luther Church (C. of E.), Bückeburg, on 19th March.

Strictly Off the Record. Comparisons are odious, recrimination futile. The writer of these notes has quite recently returned from the Middle East, and on posting to B.A.O.R. thought he was on an easy number—maintenance and training. We had heard of thousands of tons of stores earmarked and reserved for 21 Army Group, a pleasant country with



New Teleprinter Room, Simplex bench

roads, an intellectual engaging native population and 3½ years since the war. No long pulls for transport as from Haifa to Baghdad or from Shaiba to Teheran. No tortuous mountain roads like Greece. Why then, in the name of Mercury, did such tangled masses of good cable become associated to bear the name of B.A.F.O. H.Q. (shades of 1 L. of C., 3 G.H.Q., 4 G.H.Q. Signals bear down on them and smother them, please). I once heard Hamadan described as the worst Mess in Paiforce. I had the honour of sorting it out. It was good training. B.A.F.O. presented an unrecorded tangle; in the middle of it were the G 1098's of two Regiments, a few teleprinters and a 70-line teleprinter switchboard, modified locally almost beyond recognition. Fault incidence was up to a fault per machine per day, with a couple buckshees as make-weight. Field equipment was in use in static sites and was the cause of the world-wide shortage of jumper wire.

The R.A.F. have an "Org" branch; its Army equivalent, I believe, is to be found in "A.W.S." directorate under "Mobile Entertainment." No R.A.F. officer is allowed to stay in the same office for more than three weeks, which is something to do with Navigational Training. This makes for more confusion and more cables when you are not quite sure where the installed cables end up; so the form is to run a temporary cable until you find out. As it is only temporary, you don't record it, but either you are too busy or released before you actually get down to sorting out. Give "Org" branch a free hand and provide enough releases—boy, can you get places! Such a place was B.A.F.O. H.Q. six months ago. A team of cable-tracers was set to work and then the Reichspost wiring team came in; for full three months a team of eight have worked a full eight-hour day and at last we know where everything goes. After completion, some three weeks ago, something like a hundred telephones have changed locations—good old "Org"!

The R.A.F. have recently changed their European Signal Centre, Stanbridge, over to the tape relay system. This system cuts out hand operating except on perforators. Messages are received on tapes and re-transmitted with a suitable preface, the object being to reduce the "human element" of error and to speed up transmission times. The system works on direct lines and not through a switchboard. Well, you never get something for nothing. The increase in machines, all types, is about 400 per cent., with all the attendant spares and maintenance difficulties. It was proposed that B.A.F.O. should install this system, but the project was turned down on financial grounds. After much local chit-chat it was decided that the teleprinter room described earlier should be unwound, about 99.9 per cent. of it thrown away, and all started again, but without interrupting the normal and abnormal "Air-lift" traffic. This was achieved by being absolutely firm that alternative accommodation was provided, which was done, and W.D. machines on their own table stands formed a very useful emergency teleprinter room. Benches were then made rather like an "upright" piano, the "upright" box containing and concealing all the kits and knobs of S.U.R.s, smoothing units and the like which offend the artistic eye. This brainwave was one of the C.O.'s, and a very good one it proved. W.D. covers were used for two main reasons: (1) They totally enclose the machine; (2) they are too heavy and awkward for the W.R.A.F. operators to take off for "Operation Nail-file." These covers, mounted on a sheet of Numnah, render the machine almost noiseless.

F. of S. Bolton worked like two blacks and finally produced a very pleasing result—"Not-a-wire-showing Bolton" they call him. The accompanying photographs show the layout. Nine simplex-direct lines on one bench and ten tape relay circuits on the other. The tape relay system in this case can be worked hand speed, because you cannot always trust the machine at the distant end.

BERLIN SIGNAL SQUADRON

April

With winter well behind us, the thoughts of swimming and all the open air amenities of the Olympic Sports Centre are foremost in our minds, but with March winds and April showers predominating here of late, it seems as though these pleasures will be denied us until the "met" situation becomes more settled. We have, however, managed to squeeze in a few football matches in the form of a triangular contest between Signal Office, Workshops and S.H.Q. To date the Signal Office have emerged victorious with two wins, beating Workshops by 8 goals to 1, and narrowly defeating S.H.Q. by the only goal scored. In the B.T.B. Junior Football League we are holding third place, with a good prospect of improving our position with the few remaining games that are left to be played. It was hoped that the weather would hold good on Saturday, 9th April, so that we could partake in a full programme of sport, including football, Rugby and hockey, but, alas! we awakened on Saturday morning to find that several inches of snow had fallen during the night. The majority of the Squadron rather welcomed the cancellation of all sport as it gave them the opportunity of listening-in to the commentary on the International from Wembley, the result of which—as a Sassenach—I refuse to discuss. However, it's a long time ago since the Scots gave us a licking like this, and for them to hold the championship once in a while is quite a feat!

Talking of Scots reminds me of one of our oldest Mess members who recently departed to Pocklington on reversion to the H.E. Sergeant "Jock" Thom was a great personality in the Squadron, especially at his work as N.C.O. i/c Cipher. "Jock" is now spending a few days' disembarkation leave in London and has already written to say how dreary life seems after his very pleasant sojourn in Berlin. We wish you the very best of luck, "Jock," and sincerely hope that we may have the pleasure of meeting you again soon.

In the B.T.B. Table Tennis Championships we had a record entry, and take this opportunity of congratulating Lance-Corporal Allen and Signalman Briggs on their fine effort. These two boys were narrowly beaten in the final of the doubles series and we wish them even better luck next time.

In the B.T.B. Individual Boxing Championships we were less fortunate, and our two entries, Corporal Brewer and Lance-Corporal Smith, were both beaten in the semi-finals, but both lads fought very well indeed, particularly Lance-Corporal Smith, who was adjudged the best loser in the competition.

We were recently honoured by a visit to Berlin of His Grace the Archbishop of York. During his very extensive programme His Grace gave a most interesting address in the

Jerboa Cinema, and his talk on Western civilisation was indeed a most impressive one. Yet another V.I.P. paid the Squadron a visit; on this occasion the Commander, Area Troops, Berlin (Brigadier C. E. A. Firth) had an inspection tour on Friday, 8th April. During his inspection the Area Commander visited the Squadron billets and the workshops area, and had quite a long discussion with the Education Class on the Chancellor's recent Budget. On completion of his inspection, Brigadier C. E. A. Firth expressed complete satisfaction in all he had seen.

We are now very busy preparing for the King's Birthday Parade, and our weekly programme, consisting of drill order parades, P.T. and musketry, is quite a heavy one. Our O.C. can be seen daily in the very early hours either in P.T. kit or dressed in drill order, keenly putting the Squadron through its paces, and the physical efficiency course is being used to a maximum.

Our Unit garden is in the process of being planted once again, and it is hoped that our products this year will greatly exceed those of 1948. The planning and proposed cultivation is already completed; it only remains for us to have a real spell of good weather to reap results.

Things We Want to Know. Why certain officers of the Squadron have recently adopted guinea-pigs and white mice?

Agony Column. We regret to announce the admission to hospital of Second-Lieutenant J. M. Tait with a badly sprained ankle! We understand that during his stay there he is busy studying 26 different ways of using flash. We wish you a very speedy recovery and return to the Squadron, sir.

ROCKY

1 WIRELESS REGIMENT

Glückstadt

April

Spring is come and with it a spate of activity. A new tennis court (our second) has been completed and a new sports ground is rapidly approaching completion. Seeds and seed potatoes are being planted with care and hope and, judging by the number of marriage letters being originated, young men's fancies are turning, something more than lightly, to thoughts of love.

During the past months the activities and successes of the Unit hockey team have aroused terrific enthusiasm, and our congratulations go out to that old stalwart of 40 and then some years, S.Q.M.S. Miller, who has been selected for the Royal Signals B.A.O.R. team.

Signalman Tullet, who, off a 200 yards handicap, was placed eighth in the B.A.O.R. Cross Country Championship, earns his B.A.O.R. Colours and the congratulations of all ranks of this Unit.

Hockey.—The Regiment having battled their way through to the final of the B.A.O.R. section of the Army Cup Competition, journeyed to Verden to cross sticks with H.Q. B.A.O.R. in the final, a large number of enthusiastic supporters made the long trip to give vocal support. We started off well, making ground on the right to set up a series of attacks, and Corporal Todd was very close with a fierce drive which went just wide of the post. Luck was against us, and in spite of further pressure we were unable to score that vital first goal, then after about 20 minutes the H.Q. scored a goal through their outside-right. The Regiment hit back, and urged on by their supporters, played some beautiful hockey up to the circle, but just could not get the ball into the net. A few minutes before half-time a further disaster happened when H.Q. scored again, and we took a breather 2 goals down. From the restart we again put on pressure, and after 10 minutes were rewarded with a goal scored by Lance-Corporal Wood, the supporters started a miniature Hampden roar urging the Signals to "get stuck in for just one more," but the equaliser was not forthcoming. Sergeant Vickers made some lovely runs, outstripping the defence, and from his centres Corporal Todd, Lance-Corporal O'Connor and R.Q.M.S. McQuade went very close. H.Q. forwards were very fast and clever, so our old-stagers R.S.M. Couch and S.Q.M.S. "Dusty" Miller, together with Signalman Clark, had to pull out all they knew to hold them up, ably supported by Sergeant Hales and Lance-Corporal Newman at back. The game had now speeded up, the pace was terrific, the roars of the crowd keeping them at it, a ding-dong struggle developed, we trying for the equaliser and they for another goal to put the issue beyond doubt.

The great speed of the game kept everybody at fever pitch of excitement, the play swept first to one end and then the other, and both goals had some narrow escapes, the H.Q. having just the shade better of the exchanges, even so the Regiment deserved to notch a second goal, but about five minutes before the end our fate was sealed by another goal from H.Q. after Corporal Moseley, in goal, had made an acrobatic save, so after a very exciting and hard struggle we ran out losers of a very even game by 3 goals to 1, our marksman being Lance-Corporal Wood. We are not dismayed, there is plenty of talent in the Regiment, and we intend to earn an extra trip to England next year to receive the Army Cup, the Sergeants' Mess looks bare with that blank space and we mean to fill it.

On Tuesday, 29th March, the Regiment sallied forth to Hamburg to meet R.A.F., Lubeck, in the final of the Hamburg District Cup. The match was played at Klein Flottbek. After waiting an hour for the R.A.F. the game started at a good pace and the Regiment's vocal chorus got to work, we kept up pressure the whole time except for rare breakaways by the R.A.F. Signalman Clark, at right-half, played a real blinder and had the left wing in his pocket throughout the game. The hockey was not up to the standard of previous games, but we were putting in some very good attacks, several short corners were forced on the right but came to nought. Corporal Todd and Lance-Corporal O'Connor were just outside with their efforts, some nice crosses from Sergeant Vickers and Lance-Corporal Wood were allowed to pass, but the pressure had to tell, and just four seconds before half-time young Mac took a centre from Sergeant Vickers and crashed it home.

We started the second half in the same whirlwind fashion and swept down the field, Corporal Todd took a pass, beat two men, drew the goalkeeper out and pushed a shot just outside the post; then Lance-Corporal O'Connor had a go, he did the same, the goal had a charmed life; young Mac flicked a short corner and the goalkeeper made a great save and so it went on, but another goal simply would not come. On one of the rare occasions when the R.A.F. broke away Corporal Amos, who was deputising for the R.S.M., just managed to stop the R.A.F. centre-forward when he was clean through, this was about the last effort by the R.A.F. We continued our pressure, Corporal Todd again took a centre from Sergeant Vickers, shot first time, only to see it go over the bar, and although we pressed right up to the end we were unable to break down the hoodoo on our shooting, and the final whistle sounded with the Regiment very good winners by 1 goal to nil.

The cup and medals were presented to the winners and runners-up by Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. S. F. P. Wolferstan, the cup being paraded with much pomp and ceremony at the Corporals' dance that evening.

There is still room in the Sergeants' Mess for more of these Baubles, and we hope to add another on Saturday, 2nd April, when the Royal Signals, Hamburg area (with seven of the Regiment in the team), make the journey to Herford to play 2 Division Signal Regiment in the final of the Royal Signals B.A.O.R. competition.

DAVY

H.Q. B.A.O.R. SIGNAL REGIMENT
Bad Oeynhausen

April

The Regiment has suffered many losses in personnel since our last appearance in these pages. Greatest of all is that of our Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel F. C. Seely, O.B.E., Royal Signals, who has left us to take over his duties in Hamburg. On behalf of all officers and O.R.s, I take this opportunity to wish Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Seely the best of luck in their new station.

2 SQUADRON. This month has seen the usual changes of faces in the Officers' Mess. We all join in wishing Captain D. M. Humphries all the best in his new appointment with 31 Brigade, and may he not break too many ankles while ski-ing at the leave centres at week-ends.

Marriages appear to be all the rage at the moment, so we are able to take this opportunity of wishing Corporal and Mrs. Dean and Corporal and Mrs. Wainer long and happy lives together.

Lance-Corporal Alec Cave has become a member of the stalwart Regimental hockey team, and a few weeks ago he helped to knock 11 Air Formation Signal Regiment out of the B.A.O.R. Signals Championships.

The S.D.S. and Tele. Op. Group have suffered many changes during the last month. No fewer than 20 of the "old boys" have left us.

The S.D.S. Troop has been more fortunate. After having run for some time on the proverbial two men and a boy, 15 new chaps have joined them. We are wondering why three of these have already volunteered for service in the Far East.

3 SQUADRON (LINES WING). *24 Con. Troop.* Daily physical training in preparation for the Inter-Unit Competition at Detmold provided the chief topic of interest in the Troop during the earlier part of the month. The honour of providing a large part of the Squadron team fell to the Troop, and although a certain amount of light-hearted grumbling about the P.T. periods took place, the training and the competition were enjoyed by all who took part in it. A certain N.C.O. of the Troop is now affectionately named "Muscles" as a result of his taking part as an instructor for the competition.

Several enjoyable week-ends were spent at Winterberg, where ski-ing and bobsleighing provided laughter and fun in plenty. In spite of the inevitable bumps and bruises, it was with great reluctance that the snow-covered slopes were left behind each week-end. The middle of the month saw the return of the Troop Officer from what all in the Troop hope was a very happy and memorable leave.

After being runners-up for several weeks, the Troop once again, on the last Saturday of the month, proudly marched off C.O.'s parade to return the Seely Shield to its only true home, 24 Con. Troop Office, where all are determined to keep it for some time to come. Several of the Troop are extremely fortunate this month in being chosen for a short detachment to Ehrwald, where it is hoped they will have sufficient spare time to enjoy the excellent scenery, sports and entertainment facilities of this well-known leave centre. We look forward to March with the sure hope that the Troop will continue with its good fortune in the fields of work and sport.

Much work is being done by 3 Line Carrier Troop to organise a Troop social and dance during March. In order to finance this event, members of the Troop are saving a little each month to supplement a grant which will be received from the P.R.I. By the time these notes are published, the Troop barrack rooms should be much brighter as we have been invaded by decorators armed with gallons of distemper and paint, quite a lot of which will have to be scraped from the barrack floors before they can return to their normal highly-polished state again. Our detachment under Sergeant Wilson has returned from Bad Oeynhausen and has been a big asset towards achieving a higher standard at sports. Shortly after their return the Troop was placed in the Seely Shield. We hope the improvement will continue under the new system.

Hockey. The first round of the B.A.O.R. Signals Hockey Championships was played against 11 Air Formation Signal Regiment at Herford and ended in a draw, even after extra time was played. The replay took place at Minden and we emerged the victors. I think we were fortunate in this respect because both teams were very evenly matched. The second round was played at Hilden against 2 British Infantry Division Signal Regiment. We were less fortunate on this occasion, for after leading 2—1 at half-time, 2 Division Signals scored twice in the second half. Representing H.Q. B.A.O.R. Signal Regiment were: Lieutenant Pearce (goal), S.S.M. Telfer and Lance-Corporal Cave (backs), S.Q.M.S. (F. of S.) Pritchard, Lieutenant-Colonel Sanders and Sergeant Griffen (captain) (halves), Captain Richards, Second-Lieutenant Crole, Major Page, Second-Lieutenant Weare and Captain Hannigan (forwards). Second-Lieutenant Crole and Captain Hannigan scored for H.Q. B.A.O.R. Signal Regiment.

On behalf of the Regiment, I would like to take this opportunity to wish 2 British Infantry Division Signal Regiment the best of luck in the third and final round, which is due to be played at Bad Oeynhausen on 23rd March.

DEKAPEY

1 SIGNAL EQUIPMENT TROOP
(attached 15 B.O.D.), B.A.O.R. 3

We of this Troop were pleased to receive, last month, a copy of THE WIRE. After each "bod" had read and digested each item, and even each advert., it was suggested that someone of this Troop should edit a few sentences to be forwarded hoping that they may be published.

The following is a short resumé of the history of this Troop.

This small detachment exists in a technical advisory capacity to the R.A.O.C., dealing only with the P.1 (Wireless and Signals) provision branch of the Technical Stores Sub-Depot.

We owe our origin to the equivalent Royal Signals Troops in 14, 16 and 17 A.O.D.'s, which took part in the invasion. These three depots amalgamated at Antwerp to form 15 B.O.D., and subsequently this Troop was formed and took on its strength the remaining Royal Signals personnel in the first three depots mentioned.

In July last year we lost our O.C., Captain Fearnley, who returned to civilian life, S.Q.M.S. H. A. Simons taking on the role of N.C.O. i/c Troop.

We have at last persuaded the powers that be that we are more proficient on wireless operating than on the assault course, and so each Saturday morning is spent admiring the wonderful countryside from very small and somewhat uncomfortable armoured scout cars.

Past members of the Troop will be pleased to hear that we still provide talent to assist the R.A.O.C. in many spheres of sport. Since Sergeant (Taffy) Hopkins joined us last July he has played for the depot's cricket, football and hockey teams. We are looking forward to a successful summer season commencing with the Depot's athletic sports in June, in which we are expecting to do well. In this respect we welcome Signalman Don Dutton from the great 2 Training Regiment (Catterick) cross-country team.

Do you know the address of your local Branch of the Signals Association? If not, write to the General Secretary, 88 Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1.

Certa Sitto

By **C. E. TONRY,** *Royal Signals*

"SNEAK like a cat—Sneak like a cat." The words sounded strange and even stranger coming from the mouth of a Lieutenant-Colonel. But strange or no, thirty-five obedient individuals raised their heads and eyes, pushed hips well forward, and lifting one leg after the other, padded across the surface of the ground and all that could be heard was a faint hissing and purring as the keenest really lived their parts. These were peculiar cats, dressed in camouflage clothing, heavily sweatered, gloved and goggled, speaking a strange language which seemed to consist mainly of one monosyllabic word which did service as noun, adjective, adverb or exclamation. They carried sticks in each hand, wore planks of wood on their feet, and seemed to be more often horizontal than vertical.

These were no secret squad of supermen, training for some obscure campaign, but the B.A.O.R. Ski and Winter Warfare Course at St. Andreasberg, learning under Lieutenant-Colonel Helge Tarnum, Norwegian Army, the secrets of walking uphill without slipping backwards. And seven of them were Royal Signals.

What a course! A month of the life civilians pay pounds to Thos. Cook for. Yet here given free, with expert instructors, extra rations, special kit and, luckily, good weather.

There was much competition in B.A.O.R. for this course, and perhaps the fact that one-fifth of the students were Royal Signals doesn't bear investigating. Especially the four from 4 A.G.R.A. Signal Squadron. Heaven and Hamburg District only knows how they did it, but Signalmen McArdle, Moore, Smith and Ward turned up clad in Tyrolean sweaters and gum-chewing to join Corporal Mackney from 4 Brigade Signal Troop and Captain Tonry and Corporal Williams from 16 Parachute Brigade Signal Squadron.

The course was divided into six squads under Norwegian instructors. Genuine modern Vikings these, practically born on skis and with as little regard for going up and over mountains as the Englishman has for crossing the street. They leapt on us with low growls and much muscle-feeling, and spent the first day handing out enough kit per man to fill a 15 cwt. Camouflage suits, snow suits, string vests, Everest packs, sleeping bag, groundsheets, colossal pullover, gloves, mittens, socks, goggles, parka, headover (cap comforter), face veil (like a cookhouse dishcloth), boots, sticks and, lastly, looking us over with cold eyes, they thrust two skis into our trembling hands. With this load on our backs we tottered back to the billets and collapsed exhausted, to wake during the night several times to see the skis leering at us from their place against the wall.

. . . it's either on your back . . .

We started on the Monday. For six hours per day, irrespective of the weather, we laboured to master the art of ski-ing. We had lectures on equipment, tactics, battle procedure, bivouacking, and all the details of warfare under extreme winter conditions, but the concentration was on ski-ing ability. It is rightly reasoned that however good the tactical or strategical brain of a commander, if his CV bogs in the snow, his Snowmobile cannot cover the type of ground and his orders are to continue, he packs his kit, hoists it on his back, puts on his skis, and carries on alongside the rifleman. Snow is a great leveller from all points of view, and apart from the necessity for personal experience by officers or N.C.O.s of what they would expect from their men, in winter warfare you carry yourself and your kit, and what isn't on your pack you go without—*and* you take your turn with the sledge. So we climbed hills and mountains, went up through forests, up over uneven ground, round and round in circle tracks in normal walk and amble walk, herring-boned and sidestepped, and occasionally—or it seemed occasionally—had a brief glimpse of the joys of free running downhill.

But there was method in the instructors' seeming harshness, for as we found out quickly, it is practice, practice and practice only which can give a skier the ability to control his feet and legs when skis are on the end. The necessity for changing the weight by instinct, development of sense of balance, and above all appreciation of the fact that one's feet are elongated about eight times, easily enabling them to cross at the back or front, takes a long, long time.

Some students, of course, developed faster than others, but the emotions all experienced were much the same as when golfing—the absolute feeling of exasperation that one cannot master what seems on the face of it to be so simple.

The instructors Christied, Telemarked and jumped about the place and we fell backwards or spreadeagled face down—most difficult to get up again—or while quietly standing talking during a break started to move off gently forwards or backwards downhill, either to fall again or disappear from sight at high speed with a faint "Save my tea" borne back on the still air.

We learnt to tow sledges, two men in front, one behind, which is quite all right until attempting to go sideways across the face of a hill, when the sledge—usually loaded with snow, incidentally—obeys the law of gravity rather than the pullers and goes off sideways downhill, with disastrous results on the two men in front. The man at the back is there to stop this, but he needs to be good, or he joins the pullers.

It really is incredible the falls one can have on skis and still survive. We learned the art of falling very early on—always backwards with sticks well behind. If the sticks are forward there's a serious danger of being skewered, which has been known in Norwegian Army history.

It was agreed by the whole course that the best fall was done by Signalman McArdle, who was doing a fairly small jump—perhaps 6 to 7 metres. He dug in both ski-tips, touched next with his face; the back of one ski then cracked the back of his head, making him think he had been hit by a fellow-student and almost causing a fight. He was followed on this jump by Signalman Ward and Captain Tonry, both

. . . but if the first man falls!

of whom broke a ski, causing an immediate cessation of that particular practice.

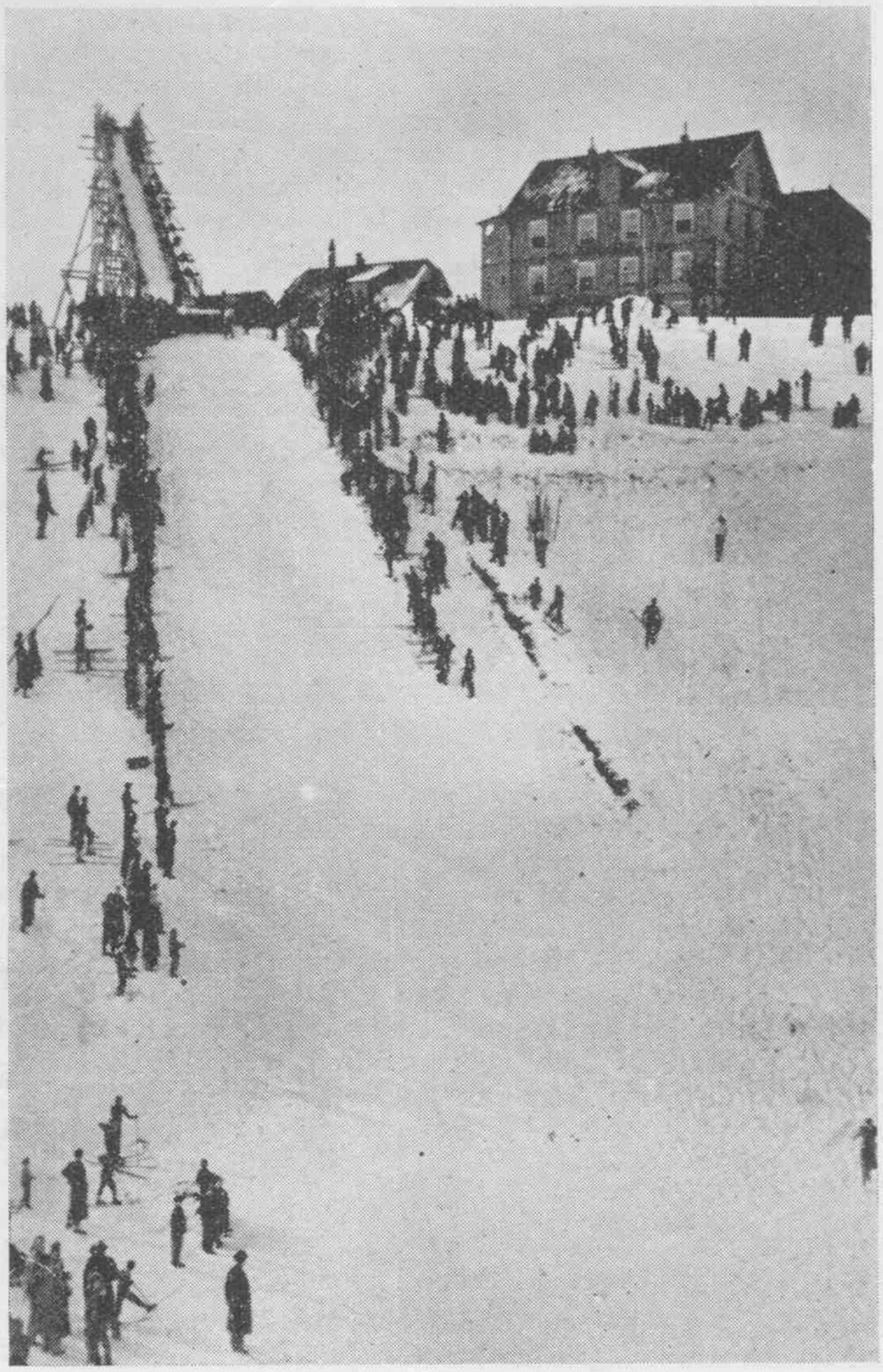
The best mass falls were in the towing behind vehicles. About eight or ten men are all on one rope and the vehicle bowls along about 12–15 m.p.h. If the rear man falls all is under control, and when the vehicle stops he joins on again. But if the front man falls! The effect is rather like pushing a lot of beads off a string on to the table, and the mass of bodies, skis, sticks, packs and rifles looks as though it's been tipped straight out of an enormous bucket. How everyone survived these is a miracle, especially Corporal Williams, who carried the title of " the worst man to be behind on the rope," having brought down about 20 men in three falls until banished to the rear.

We lived out in the open for two nights, sleeping in Swedish Army tents, which instead of a pole in the centre have a stove with its pipe forming the pole. The floor is well covered with a layer of fir twigs, and they are remarkably warm and comfortable. The only night duty—happily we were non-tactical—was the fire guard, whose sole duty is to keep the fire going. In Scandinavian armies he cuts a wooden cone out of any handy tree-trunk and, placing the point on the ground, sits on the base, the theory being that if he dozes he falls off and wakes up. We might have that issued with wireless stations for the use of some operators!

Competitions were held weekly, in cross-country going originally, and Slaloms and downhill as experience was gained. In the cross-country races the course is over a set track, with competitors starting at 30-second or one-minute intervals. If they overhaul the man in front they shout " Track," and the man overtaken is bound by the rules of the game to leave the track and let the man behind go through. The course is over any country, forests, shrubs, streams, up and down steep slopes, the key to success being style and technique in moving over level ground, and of course the fastest time is the winner. Captain Tonry won the first two races but failed badly on the last, over 10 km., excuses about " wrong wax, old chap " meeting with the thin reception they deserved. Signalman Ward maintained a steady level, rarely being below sixth, and was perhaps one of the best all-round skiers on the course, being second in the final Slalom race as well. The Slalom is downhill between sets of two sticks; the skier must pass between each pair, but from which direction is up to him, thus combining skill with reasoning. Competitors start at intervals and are timed, and in this race once one's route has been decided it is speed in turns which counts or, as most competitors found, skill in falling in such a manner that on standing up again the skis are pointing the right way. Signalman Smith, of 4 A.G.R.A. Signal Squadron, won this race almost consistently throughout the course, being beaten only once.

The course dispersed on 19th February after the distribution of diplomas to competition winners, and Norwegian Army ski badges to all students, it being considered that the overall standard attained was equal to equivalent Norwegian military skier standard.

What now? The students return to their Units, some to



Perhaps next year

demobilisation, and perhaps the only direct result is a hole in an unusual place on one's record card at the War Office which may in the future cause its extraction in some frantic search for skiers followed by the despatch of Op. Messages to Units or civilian addresses. In that case we may all meet again to put our knowledge and experience to practical use. It is unfortunate that knowledge and experience has been given to so very few people, in whose minds alone it is likely to remain. What are the principal lessons learnt, as seen by an absolute novice at winter warfare now with one month's experience?

Firstly, I think the need for careful research into clothing and equipment for use in winter warfare. Whatever the external temperature, a heavily laden man will perspire when climbing steep slopes as much as in cross-country running on a hot day, and when he halts or goes downhill his accumulated heat disappears with incredible rapidity, causing acute discomfort through cold, damp underclothing. Boots must be absolutely waterproof, as really cold, wet feet can reduce a man's efficiency almost as effectively as a bullet; hands, ears and nose also require as much attention for clothing as the British Army at present gives to its kidneys.

Secondly, the increased speed and range which can be obtained by good skiers over almost any ground in comparison with the normally accepted speeds and ranges of infantry on foot over normal ground. The Norwegians estimate any Unit to be able to cover half as much distance again in two-thirds of the time, assuming good ski-ing ability and physical fitness.

Thirdly, the appalling difficulties under which Signals would have to work under extreme winter conditions to achieve any satisfactory standard of communications. I do not know if the Army is carrying out any experiments into this type of warfare, especially from a field communication point of view, or whether under Western Union the Canadians, Norwegians and French would be responsible, but it would be very interesting to see how British signal equipment, and above all British signalmen, would react to long hours of working in extreme cold.

But apart from these serious and somewhat disturbing thoughts, the most lasting impression is that made on the students by the Norwegians themselves. Normal infantry or artillery officers, they volunteered for this task, and if their toughness, powers of endurance and military knowledge are a small example of those possessed by the Norwegian Army as a whole, then I hope they stay on our side. Our thanks to them, and remember—" Sneak like a cat " and you'll at least get up gradual slopes.

BALANCES DUE TO ESTATES OF DECEASED OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS

Reprinted from *The London Gazette,* dated 1st April 1949.

In pursuance of " The Regimental Debts Act, 1893," notice is hereby given that there is available for distribution amongst the next-of-kin or others entitled the sum of money set opposite to the name of each of the deceased officers and soldiers named in the lists which are published with this notice in *The London Gazette.*

Applications from persons supposing themselves entitled as next-of-kin should be addressed by letter to " The Under-Secretary of State, War Office, Whitehall, London, S.W.1," and marked outside " Effects."

G. W. TURNER

War Office,
31st March, 1949.

5th Republication of List 734

Effects 1940	£	s.	d.
Brown, R. W., Signalman, R.C. of Signals ...	13	3	1
Higgins, C. J., Signalman, R.C. of Signals	8	0	5

That Old Corps Tie

—*Wot! Again!*

WE occasionally receive correspondence criticising the Corps Tie, and the following are some of the grounds advanced: (a) It is too conspicuous, not to say loud; (b) it is too common a design, and easily mistaken for either the Rugby School Tie or for that of another school at Blackheath; (c) it is too expensive; (d) you can't obtain it anyway, and (e) it is too easily obtained, and any Tom, Dick or Harry can buy it, with the result that all sorts of queer types with no connection with the Corps can wear it.

We will leave point (a) to speak for itself, while the question of confusion with other ties is best answered by stating that the Rugby Tie consists of a series of ¾-inch green, ¼-inch light blue, and ¾-inch dark blue stripes, so that there is very little chance of mistaking the two ties. The case of the Blackheath School is more difficult in that their tie is very similar to ours, but they reply that they wear the green stripe above the pale blue, and with no dark line between the two. It is understood that they are altering the design. It must be remembered that the Corps Tie is a registered design.

With regard to expense, it must be realised that a large proportion of the cost is represented by Purchase Tax, and at the same time, when ties are cut out, only half of the piece can be used, otherwise half the ties will have the colours wrongly arranged with the green stripe on top, so that the haberdasher faces a dead loss unless he can induce same poor fish to buy the Corps Tie with its colours reversed.

At present, it must be admitted that the supply position is difficult as materials are still scarce, and uncertainty about the Purchase Tax makes manufacturers reluctant to produce too many. On the other hand, both the Corps Committee and the Royal Signals Association regret that nothing can apparently be done to enforce the restriction of the sale of Corps Ties to genuine members of the Corps.

It may be of interest to recall some of the history of the Corps Tie. The original design was a series of stripes of the Corps colours, ¾-inch green, ¼-inch dark blue and ¾-inch light blue, representing land, sea and air, the three elements over which the Corps operate. It had the disadvantage that the light blue had a tendency to fade so that by contrast the dark blue appeared black.

Unknown to the Corps Committee of those days, the officers of the 2nd Punjab Regiment of the Indian Army, on account of overseas service by their 2nd Battalion, wore a similar tie, with the exception that their dark stripe was black instead of blue—to the Indian idea the sea is " the black water."

Bannu has always been a Signals station, in fact the Pakistan Signal Corps still have a detachment there. In 1931 the 2nd/2nd Punjab Regiment were stationed there, and the young jawan on sentry at the quarter guard had been informed that a new major had joined the Battalion. That evening a sergeant of the Bannu Signal Section strolled down to the Signal Office, which was close to the quarter guard of the Punjabis. He was wearing mufti with the Corps Tie. The sentry, seeing a strange " sahib " wearing what appeared to be the tie of his Regiment, somewhat naturally assumed that this was the new major, so he presented arms, which the sergeant very properly ignored. Somewhat peeved, the sentry reported the matter to the guard commander, and the report was duly passed on to higher authority, and as the subsequent investigation revealed the similarity of the ties, representations were made which resulted in the present pattern being adopted by the Corps.

L. N. L.

My Dog Rastus (V)

By **A. J. AUDEN**

THIS is my Christmas story of Rastus, and you will probably think that it is out of place in the May edition. It's all very well these writers in the Christmas numbers of magazines telling you Christmas stories, but you are being had for mugs, for those stories have had to be written in August at the latest, and so are a year out of date. Now this is what really did happen last Christmas, and taking into consideration the amount of work I've had lately, the lack of co-operation on the part of the Adjutant in the matter of typewriters, and the necessary delay in getting it into print, to produce this story by May is really pretty good.

Anyway, the long and the short of it is that I went home on Christmas leave and took Rastus, my terrier sort of dog, with me. Now you may remember how on my last leave home I met a girl called Joan Grant. Well, since then I'd been thinking quite a lot about her, wondering whether her eyes were that particular shade and whether her hair really curled in the tantalising way that I remembered. In fact I thought that she was rather nice, so the first morning home, as soon as I could, I went round to see.

Joan herself came to the door, and I nearly made an ass of myself by rushing ahead of fearing angels, but I held back, remembering once more what I'd been telling myself all the way down in the train—that it takes more than a pretty face to make a suitable partner for life.

"Hullo, John," said Joan. "I heard that you were coming home and wondered if we'd be seeing you." Was it my imagination, or was she blushing slightly? "And how's Rastus?" she added, bending down and making a fuss of him, which was not at all to the liking of Lassie, her Scotch terrier, who had followed her out. Canine relations were slightly strained, but open hostilities were avoided.

Joan asked me in for a cup of coffee, and though it was really rather too early for coffee, it seemed as good an excuse as any. As we drank it she told me all the local news and all the doings of her brother Bill, who had been a great pal of mine in the old days before we both left home. Then she went on to tell me of all the arrangements that had been made for the holiday period, so that my heart sank, and I began to wonder whether she was going to be able to find time to see anything of me at all. However, I needn't have worried.

"Are you going to the Christmas Eve dance?" asked Joan.

"I had been hoping that you'd come with me," I replied, "but you seem to be completely booked up."

"Nonsense," she said. "Of course you must come with us," and from then on there appeared to be a place for me in everything that had been arranged, so that I had some difficulty in keeping free sufficient time to spend with my own family.

I'll always remember that Christmas Eve dance. At one time everything seemed so black, and then suddenly everything was as good as it could possibly be. There was a bloke called Lionel there. I apologise to readers who are called Lionel, but I have never liked the name, and the longer the dance went on the more I disliked it. Just when there were enough couples on the floor not to make us conspicuous, and it was on the tip of my tongue to ask Joan to dance, Lionel would come smarming round a corner and nip in ahead of me. Or, when I had been able to get a dance with her and sitting out afterwards, we were just getting round to talking about ourselves, the band would start, and up would come Lionel again. Anyway, he danced in a nasty, slinky, continental sort of way.

I wasn't interested in dancing with anyone but Joan and all the girls I knew seemed to be plentifully supplied with partners, so after doing my duty dances I spent a fair amount of time in the bar. About one o'clock Joan came with me to have a drink.

"If you have much more to drink, I shan't want to dance with you again this evening," she said.

"What else do you think there is to do, when you dance most of the time with that so-and-so?" I replied angrily.

Just then the subject of the conversation turned up once again. "I'm sorry, I'm dancing the next one with John," she replied to him.

"Then the one after. It's the last waltz."

"I'm dancing that with John, too," she answered, smiling sweetly. You see what I mean, isn't she wonderful?

* * *

One way and another, Joan and I spent a lot of time together, sometimes in company with other people and at others, which were pure delight, just the two of us alone. My old two-seater, which is in commission once again, did sterling work, and I never before realised the advantages of a two-seater until a number of people declined my offers of a lift in the dickey.

Now you're probably saying to yourselves, "Why doesn't the fool kiss her?" Perhaps I did on occasions, but I'm not telling you about that, because that is something private between Joan and me. But we did kiss when she came to the station to see me off—right in public with all sorts of people that knew us watching. I didn't mean to do it, nor do I think did Joan; it just happened. Then I got into the carriage rather shakily, and neither of us knew quite what to say.

"Don't work too hard," said Joan.

"Will you write to me sometimes?" I asked.

"Look after him, Rastus," said Joan.

Then the train steamed out.

"What will she look like in curling papers in the morning?" said Rastus.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

We gratefully acknowledge receipt of the following:

R.E.M.E., April and May.

BORDERERS' CHRONICLE, March.

ROYAL PIONEER, March.

CLARION, April.

QUEEN'S OWN GAZETTE, April.

JOURNAL OF THE ROYAL ARMY SERVICE CORPS, April.

GATTERICK EXPRESS, 8th and 22nd April.

ST. GEORGE'S GAZETTE, March.

QASID, Pakistan Signal Corps, Vol. 1, No. 4.

SIGNALS (United States Armed Forces Communications Association), current issue and all available back numbers.

A Dangerous Talisman

By **BRIAN THOMAS**

JAFFA, the ancient port of Palestine, lay shimmering in the noonday sun. Stones which could tell so much of the history of the Christian faith seemed to give off heat in waves, and even the dust was still. The time was August, 1939, and the oppressive heat seemed to be intensified by the shadow which was creeping across the world.

In spite of outward appearances, the city was alive; seething with that peculiar undercurrent of excitement which is only to be found in the East. There were even people about. A solitary European was plodding slowly up the shady side of one of the narrow, winding streets which lead from the quayside to the more modern portion of the town. Behind him came a ragged figure which flitted from one arched doorway to another, but came steadily closer.

Suddenly, the second man stopped and raised an arm; the sound of a single shot echoed dully in the heavy air and the European stopped in his tracks and collapsed into an inert heap.

The ragged figure darted forward and hurriedly searched the corpse. A few minutes later the hot silence had settled down once more, except for the buzzing of flies which had already begun to collect.

George Clinton, hot and overworked, swore lustily when he heard the news.

"Talk about a policeman's lot," he grumbled. "As if we hadn't got enough trouble without strange Europeans getting themselves bumped off. Know who he was?"

The Police Corporal who had made the report produced a passport and laid it on Clinton's desk.

"Claims to be an American, sir. Passport stamped at Kantara two days ago, so he hadn't been in the country long."

Clinton regarded his subordinate shrewdly. "Something on your mind, Stewart? Let's have it."

The Corporal shifted uneasily from one foot to another.

"Nothing much, sir. It's only that the deceased seems to have been a secretive sort of bird. We've no trace of his movements since he left Kantara or where he was staying in Jaffa. Also he seems to have had a bit of a spring-clean in his pockets, and there were no marks on his clothing of any sort. We've only the passport to prove his identity."

"Nothing in his pockets at all?"

"Only these." Stewart produced a coloured silk handkerchief, a packet of cigarettes, a box of matches and a stub of pencil. "No money and no letters or papers. Suppose the chap who did him in got the cash."

"What did you make of him?"

"Pretty well off, and undoubtedly of German extraction."

Clinton, who had been fingering the various exhibits, suddenly uttered an exclamation.

"There's something funny about that match box, but I can't for the life of me say what it is."

The Corporal took it from him and examined it closely.

"Looks as though somebody's been scribbling on it with a pencil, sir. Sort of thing children do."

Clinton looked at the box again.

"It's more than that. It's the old 'Key' brand we used to get, made in Czechoslovakia. I've had hundreds of 'em and I'm sure the name was printed in yellow; on this one it's green. It stands out directly you look at it."

Corporal Stewart looked dubious.

"May have changed the label," he suggested.

"Not very likely. By the way, I wonder where he got it. There can't be so many about now since the Boche swallowed Czechoslovakia a year ago."

He picked up a magnifying glass and examined the box carefully.

"That green ink has been added on top of the printing," he announced. "And these pencil marks underlining letters are interesting. There have been others, but they've been carefully rubbed out. I wonder whether the letters mean anything. Just take 'em down as I call out. 'F' and 'A' in *Safety Match* and 'H,' 'A' and 'I' in *Czechoslovakia*. Does that make sense?"

The Corporal put his head on one side and regarded what he had written.

"It could be made into *Haifa*," he suggested.

"Good!" Clinton exclaimed eagerly. "That's something, anyway."

He emptied the contents out of the box, and shook it, but no further clues appeared.

"There's another thing, sir," said Stewart, fingering the little heap of matches. "The box was nearly full, yet the striking part on both sides is so badly worn as to be practically useless. These matches are the 'strike anywhere' kind, and not the ones which were originally in the box."

Clinton examined the box again with his glass.

"You're right, though what it all means beats me. One thing's clear—the bloke, whoever he was, had carried that box about with him for some time. I wonder . . ."

Later, Clinton, in his turn, was reporting to his superior.

"It's my belief, sir, that the match box was doctored like that so that it could be used for some special purpose, probably as a recognition sign, though I'm afraid I don't know the significance of *Haifa*."

"It might be worth going there to see," his senior remarked thoughtfully. "You aren't known in those parts. Go up there quietly by train and show this box discreetly in suitable places. Something may bob up which will give you a line. If it does, I leave the next move to you.

"I'll tell the chaps in Haifa to keep away from you and give you a clear run, but to stand by to lend a hand if you should need it."

It looked as though the experiment was likely to prove a failure. Clinton prowled about Haifa for several days, showing the "Key" box discreetly in what he regarded as suitable localities, but nobody apparently took any notice of him.

When things did begin to happen, events moved quickly enough, but they were started by accident more than design, so far as he was concerned.

Hot and thirsty with his fruitless search, he strolled into a small café in a quiet street and ordered a bottle of beer.

Lighting a cigarette, he sat moodily debating whether he should accept defeat and return to Jaffa when a voice addressed him in English.

"Excuse me, but could you oblige me with a match?"

Clinton looked up quickly and saw that a young Arab, in European clothes, was standing beside him, holding an unlighted cigarette.

The man seemed to be staring fixedly at something on the

table, and following the direction of his gaze, Clinton saw that his " Key " match box was lying beside his bottle and glass. He must have used it to light his cigarette and put it down there without thinking.

" Of course," he answered quickly; but before he could move, the stranger had picked up the box and struck a match.

" Thank you," he said, puffing clouds of smoke. " You have been long in Haifa?"

" No, only a few days." The question made Clinton's heart beat faster. Perhaps it meant that the Arab took more than a superficial interest in him. His next question confirmed the suspicion.

" You come down from Beirut, perhaps? "

" No, I came up from Jaffa."

Clinton eyed the Arab warily, but the other seemed quite unaware of his scrutiny.

" Ah," the man spread his hands expressively, as though that put Clinton in a definite social category. " For myself, I prefer Haifa. Jaffa is too hot and dusty at this time of year."

The man seemed about to move away, and Clinton realised that he had not returned the precious match box.

" Hi! " he called sharply. " Do you mind giving me back my matches? "

The Arab started, and felt in his pockets.

" Pardon me," he murmured, " I was forgetting."

He handed over the box with a stiff little bow.

" Ma-el salama " (Go with safety), he murmured, and vanished quickly into the crowd.

Clinton stared after him in surprise. The questions, and the sudden change from English to the Arabic salutation, must have some meaning.

He glanced down at the match box which he still held in his hand and received another shock; it was not the one he had brought with him from Jaffa.

It would be unwise to inspect the box in a public place, so Clinton paid his reckoning and sauntered back to his hotel.

Once in his room, with the door locked, he pulled out his treasure and examined it carefully. It was not so well worn as the previous one, but the green colouring was the same. A different set of letters had been underlined in pencil, and there were more of them. There was another variation in that while some of the underlining was horizontal, some sloped from right to left and the rest from left to right. From this, Clinton expected three separate words, and his guess proved correct.

He noted down the letters in three groups, and after some shuffling, made out the words " Come Safad Monday."

He had never been to Safad, a border town in Northern Palestine, but one glance at a map showed him that it was a most convenient place from which to conduct intrigues or unlawful dealings, being within easy reach of three roads into Syria and one into Transjordan.

Whatever was afoot, it looked as though he was expected. Possibly he was being mistaken for the gentleman who had been shot in Jaffa. If that were so, he was likely to be distinctly unpopular if he bumped up against anybody who knew the deceased before he came to Palestine.

It was a chance he had to take, but as it was then Saturday evening, he judged it best to lie low until Monday, so as not to run any risk of an accidental meeting, thereby precipitating a crisis or frightening the game. He had a feeling that, if he could keep the appointment at Safad, he could soon learn enough about what was in the wind, whatever happened afterwards.

To guard against possible accidents, he employed part of the period of waiting in writing a detailed report on what had happened to date, which he addressed to the local District Superintendent, an old friend of his. He dared not post this in the hotel or entrust it to any of the servants, nor could he risk being seen handing it in at the police station or giving it to a constable on patrol. In the end, he crept out, well after dark, and posted it.

So far as he could, he kept an eye on the people who frequented the hotel or loitered about outside, and was rewarded by a glimpse of the young Arab he had met in the café, in earnest conversation with a taxi driver. He was not surprised, therefore, when on leaving the hotel bright and early on the Monday morning, he spied the latter lounging at the wheel of his car.

Clinton beckoned to him, but he appeared not to have seen. Smiling to himself, Clinton got out his " Key " match box and made as though to light a cigarette which he already held between his lips, ready for just such an emergency.

The action produced a rapid though somewhat delayed-action response to his signal. In fact, the man must have already had his engine running, for the car shot forward and pulled up beside the police officer with a grinding of brakes.

" Fein? " (Where?), the driver asked shortly.

Clinton was not to be hurried. This was much too abrupt an opening for a proper conspirator. He let out an angry exclamation, and shook the match box as though it were empty. The man promptly produced a " Key " box, and leaning over the side of the car, struck a match.

" Safad," said Clinton softly, looking quickly to right and left.

" Anna afhani " (I understand), answered the man with a broad grin, reaching behind him to open the rear door.

To Clinton's surprise, the car did not enter the town of Safad itself, but struck off along a rough track until they reached a cluster of Arab tents in the midst of a tract of wild and rocky country. In the shadow of the largest tent, about a dozen men were squatting in a semi-circle. As Clinton approached they rose and greeted him ceremoniously.

" Welcome, oh Brother of the Key," said a grey-bearded old patriarch with a silver-mounted sword, who seemed to be the leader.

" Peace be upon you," Clinton replied in Arabic, and could have bitten his tongue off the moment the words were out. As a stranger from a foreign land he might not be expected to know the language.

His slip seemed to pass unnoticed.

Greybeard led his visitor to where a rug was spread facing the centre of the semi-circle, and motioned him to squat on it. Then he clapped his hands and a small boy appeared with a box of cigarettes which he solemnly handed round. This was apparently a ritual excuse for the flashing of " Key " match boxes in all directions.

Not to be outdone, Clinton produced his own. As he lit up, he took the opportunity of studying the faces before him.

They were a poor looking lot. Mostly, he judged, minor sheiks of small nomad tribes. In one he thought he recognised a well-known camel thief from Gaza, and devoutly hoped that the man had not recognised him without his police uniform. Whatever these beauties were up to, it boded somebody no good.

Greybeard was speaking again.

" You were not expected so early, and El Hakim is not yet back from the town."

Clinton bowed, wondering who the Teacher or Master could be. He might be dangerous, and it would be better to find out what he could before he turned up.

" No matter," he said airily. " No doubt we can proceed with our business. Time is short."

" Assuredly." Greybeard rummaged inside his voluminous garments and produced a roll of paper. " Here is the plan which you sent by the hand of El Hakim, and here are the places where the arms and explosives are hidden. These here," he indicated the rest of the semi-circle, " have their orders and know what to do. Here," he produced another piece of paper, " are the names of the tribes in Syria and Transjordan who will rise to the Banner of Islam when you attack the English. The signal will be the blowing up of the bridges as ordered by El Hakim."

Clinton's breath seemed to catch in his throat. Here was

no plot for private gain but a well thought out plan to paralyse communications and rise against the mandatory powers in support of some sort of Holy War engineered by Germany.

" It is well," he said slowly, as he studied the two papers, trying hard to memorise their contents.

" So said El Hakim," piped up another elder from the circle. " He said further that doubtless you would pay us half of that which was promised as a reward for good work."

So that was it! The dead German in Jaffa was coming to collect reports and pay the reward of treachery, or at any rate an instalment. If that was so, where was the money now? He, Clinton, certainly had not got it, and the next move looked like being a difficult one.

He was measuring the distance to the taxi, with the idea of making a bolt for it while the going was good, when a diversion occurred. A figure suddenly appeared from behind the circle. A huge man in dirty and tattered Arab clothes, and wearing the green turban which distinguished the Haji—one who has done the Pilgrimage.

Clinton looked up, and beheld a bearded face and two bloodshot eyes, one of which squinted violently.

The man would have been formidable enough at any time, but to face him while squatting on the ground was overweighting the odds.

For a second, Clinton glanced down and caught sight of the man's feet. They were bare, and dusty enough, but they were not the feet of one who has gone unshod all his life. Even if other evidence had been lacking, the presence of a large corn would have been sufficient proof. This was no Arab but a European in disguise; one who probably knew too much!

Clinton's fears were justified. Making a guttural sound in his throat, the man reached down and wrenched the papers from Clinton's hand.

" This is not he for whom we wait! " he bellowed in a voice of thunder. " Who has brought him here? "

" He gave the sign," quavered Greybeard anxiously.

Clinton saw that the game was up and that he must act quickly if he was to save his skin. The moment the big man appeared, he had instinctively drawn his legs under him. Now, exerting all his strength and agility, he heaved himself up and straight at the stranger's middle. Taken off his guard, El Hakim lost his balance and toppled over, landing with a thud that drove all the breath out of him.

It was no time for niceties. In a second knives would be out. Clinton picked himself up, grabbed the crumpled papers, aimed a kick at the prostrate man which he hoped would put him out for a few minutes longer, and ran for his life.

It was only a short distance to the car, and he had the advantage of surprise, but he had reckoned without the taxi-driver. The man had been standing on the flank of the crowd and had further to go, but he was a young man and a fast mover.

Clinton felt his breath failing and thought of the automatic pistol in his hip pocket. It was impossible to get it out while moving at his best pace across rough ground. If he stopped to draw it he would lose distance to the car and would be left with no alternative but to fight it out where he stood.

Gritting his teeth, he put on a desperate sprint and reached the car a few strides ahead of the Arab owner. It was an open touring car with the hood up—about the hardest vehicle in the world to get into in a hurry. How he did it, Clinton never knew, but he managed to scramble in somehow and start the engine.

The Arab jumped on the running board just as the car started, and made a grab at the wheel. Clinton warded him off as best he could, but was hampered by the narrow space between the hood and the body.

The car lurched and swayed drunkenly, and seemed to be going straight for a large thorn bush, the sight of which gave Clinton an idea.

Clenching his fist, he brought it down as hard as he could on the Arab's knuckles; the man let go his hold and Clinton swung the wheel over, first one way and then the other, accelerating at the same time.

There was a crash as the side of the car hit the thorn bush, and glass from the splintered windscreen hit Clinton in the face, but the long, sharp thorns had done their work—the Arab was gone!

Clinton was scratched by thorns and badly cut by glass; also he felt sick and dizzy. He remembered, vaguely, that his head had come into violent contact with one of the hood supports.

Somehow, he reached the track along which he had come, and kept the car on it, but blood kept getting into his eyes, and his head swam. He realised that he was going to do something he had never done before in his life—he was going to faint. The passing landscape seemed to be vanishing into a mist. Instinctively, he slowed down just as he lost consciousness; there was a sickening jar and the car stopped.

When Clinton recovered he was lying in the shade of a tree, staring up into the anxious face of an Arab police constable. In the background, a second constable was holding two horses. His head ached horribly and it was difficult to concentrate, but he remembered enough to feel for the papers in his pocket and hand them over before he went off again.

The next time he broke surface was in a ward in a military hospital, where a fresh-looking nursing sister informed him briskly that he was much better, and undertook to send a message to the D.S.P.

In due course his friend arrived, looking extremely pleased with life.

" Good work, George," he said briskly. " Thanks to you, the Brotherhood of the Key of Islam is now disbanded."

" Was that what they called themselves? "

" Yes," the D.S.P. perched himself on the foot of the bed. " Their motto was something about unlocking the Fetters of the Faithful—which meant, of course, liquidating the likes of you and me! "

" Did you bag that lot of beauties at Safad? "

" No, but the Board of Directors went into voluntary liquidation. When I got your report, I arranged for a patrol to follow you in case there was any dirty work on hand. They found you and a taxi, both looking a good bit the worse for wear, and wasted a good deal of time getting you in. When they went back for a closer look at things, they found the remains of a camp, and the body of a great big tough dressed as a Haji."

" El Hakim," Clinton murmured. " Who was he? "

" Don't know, but he was no sort of Arab which ever came out of Africa or Asia. It's my belief he was a German; sort of local agent. The man who got bumped off in Jaffa was bigger stuff."

" Who killed him? I don't think I did."

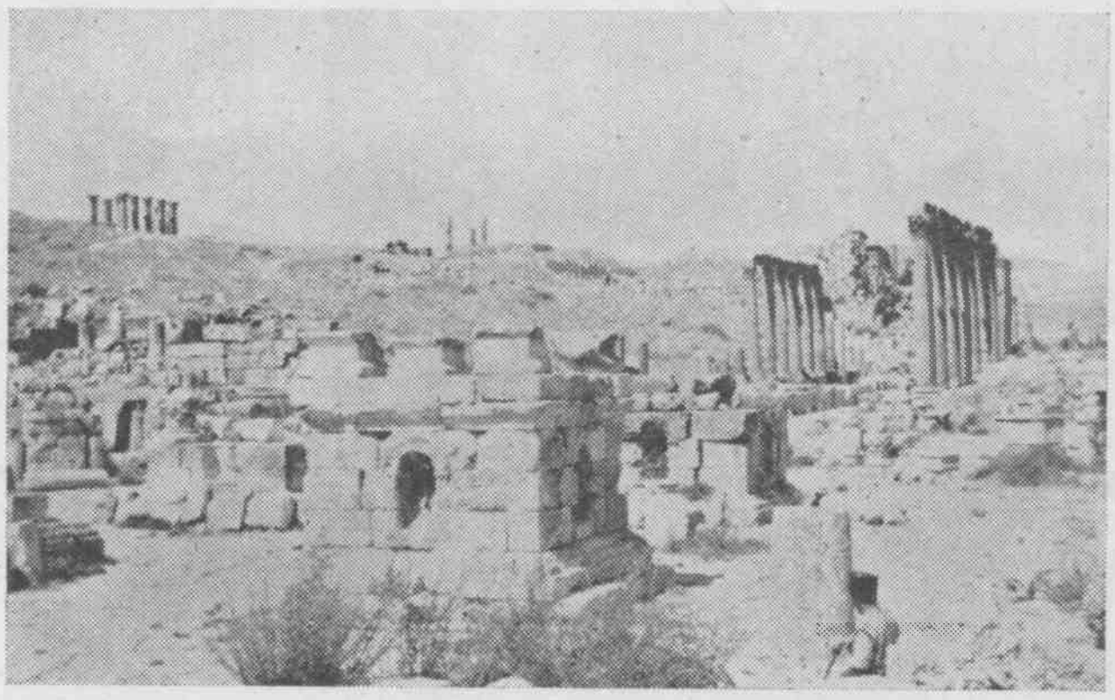
" You did not. I said they had gone into liquidation. We rounded up a greybearded old gent who looked rather like an Old Testament prophet, and he explained that as they had been done out of their pay, which you were supposed to have brought, and furthermore looked like getting into a jam, along of your having gone off with the list of shareholders, the meeting passed a vote of no confidence in your friend El Hakim. I gather that at this time he was in no condition to contest the finding, as he was still suffering from some little difference with you."

Clinton sat up.

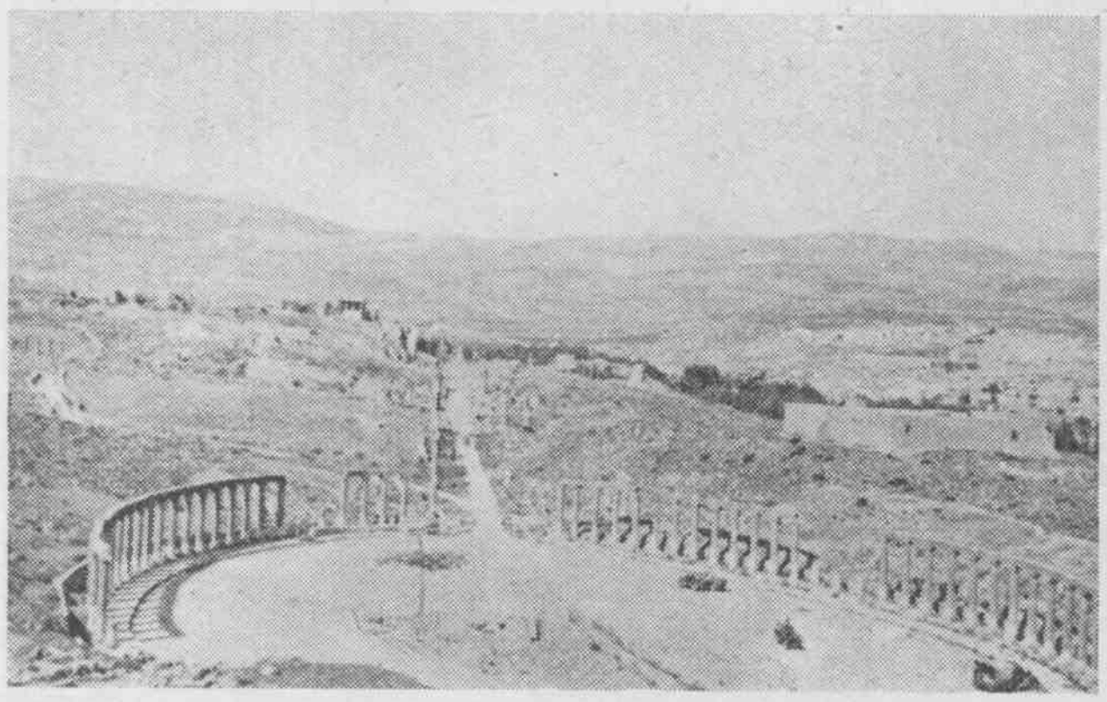
" Do you mean to say they murdered him in cold blood?"

" Just that. Just as another of the Brotherhood must have murdered the other bloke in Jaffa for the sake of the cash he had on him; and believe me, my lad, those two are much better out of the way. They were working up a show which would have spread over the whole of the Middle East, and might have done a lot of damage once war had been declared."

" War! " Clinton exclaimed. " I suppose that was their idea of war—to undermine a country from within."

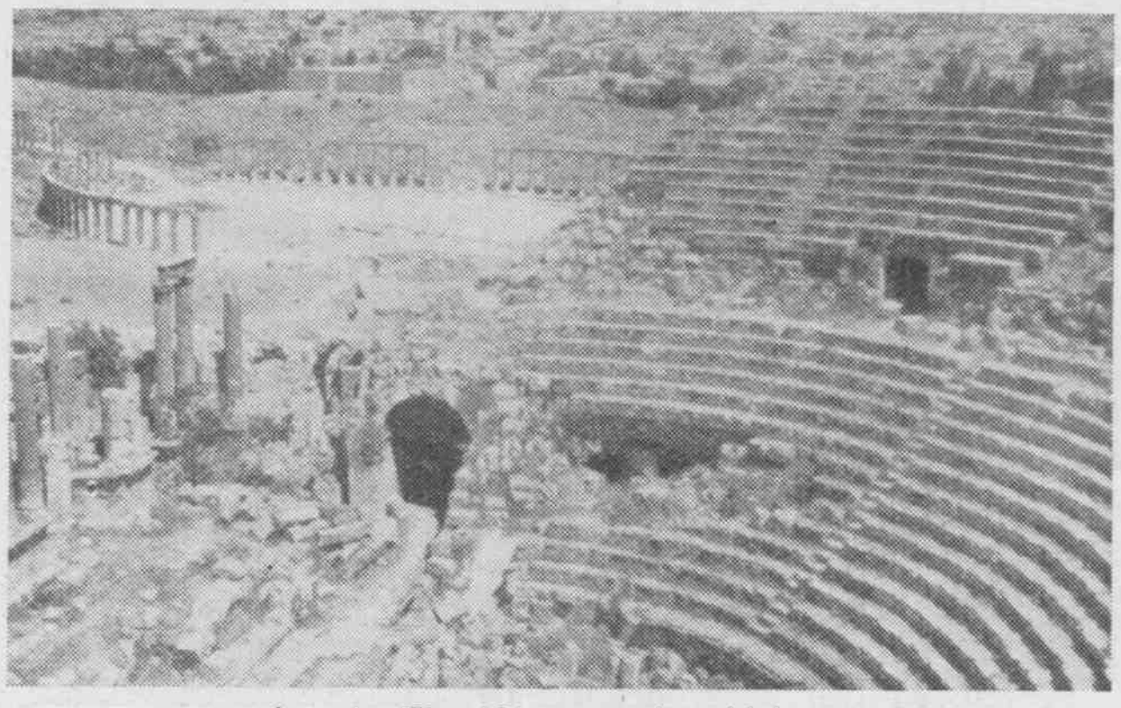


Jerash, " Piccadilly Circus "



Jerash, The Forum

Jerash, the old and the new. An 8-cwt. truck of the Transjordan Frontier Force standing in the main street



Jerash, The Western Amphitheatre

Travels in Transjordan—Part II

Jerash, a city of the Decapolis

LAST month I described a visit to that ancient city of the dead called Petra, and I tried to give you an idea of its sombre atmosphere.

Now, by way of contrast, I will tell you of quite a different ruined city which is situated in the northern part of Transjordan, in the high land to the east of the Jordan Valley and south of the road that runs from Haifa to Baghdad.

This place, which is called by the Arabs Gerasa, once flourished as a Greek colony during the time the Romans ruled the Middle East, and it must, indeed, have been an important and flourishing community in those days.

Unlike Petra, it is reasonably accessible, and on the two occasions when I visited it I approached it the first time from the north and the second time from the south, leaving it on each occasion by the road that runs to the east, to Mafraq.

Undoubtedly the best approach is from the south, for the road runs through the last remnants of the great forest that once covered the whole countryside and which remained fairly extensive right up until the close of the last century, when it was largely cut down to provide sleepers for the Pilgrims' Railway from Damascus down to the Hedjaz.

When I travelled along this road it was in the late spring, and the bare hills were sprinkled with wild flowers, while gold and brown bee-eaters flew above us and even the gnarled old trees were green.

Coming thus upon Jerash, we saw first the triumphal arch, known to the Arabs as the " Bab-el-Amman " (the gateway to Amman), which was erected in honour of a visit to the city by the Emperor Trajan. Skirting this, we passed to the right of the westernmost of the two amphitheatres, and so entered the Forum, where, in olden days, chariot races were held.

As you may see from the photograph, this wide arena is bordered by a fine set of pillars, whose stone blocks have literally been burnt a deep red by the sun.

From the Forum, the main street runs eastward to what may be termed the Piccadilly Circus of Jerash. Here, at the intersection of two streets, stands a now dried-up fountain, and surrounding it are the remains of what was most probably the main shopping and residential area of the city.

Continuing eastward, the well-paved road is bordered by ruined temples, and slightly to the north of it rear the pillars and block of masonry that mark the site of the main temple of all, that in honour of the goddess Diana Artemis, the patron of the city, beyond which is the smaller easterly amphitheatre.

Continuing along this well-paved street, we came at length to the boundary of the old city, which is marked by a refreshing, dancing stream, beyond which are the houses of the modern Arab village, most of which are made from stone taken from the ancient ruins.

In our wanderings we came upon the custodian of the ruins, an old and courteous Circassian, with fair skin and blue eyes, who led us to a chamber where are stored the statues and mosaics that have been excavated from the ruins, and we left admiring the skill of these ancient craftsmen, and marvelling at the quiet pride of this old guardian, so very different from the grabbing, chattering guides of Cairo and Jerusalem.

Sitting by those graceful pillars of the Forum, it was very easy to picture the Jerash of old, with its cheerful, vital populace flocking to one of the theatres or gambling their money away on the chariot racing. It must have been good to live there in those old days!

EL KAFFIR

Other Overseas Stations

EGYPT COMMAND SIGNAL REGIMENT

Moascar

March

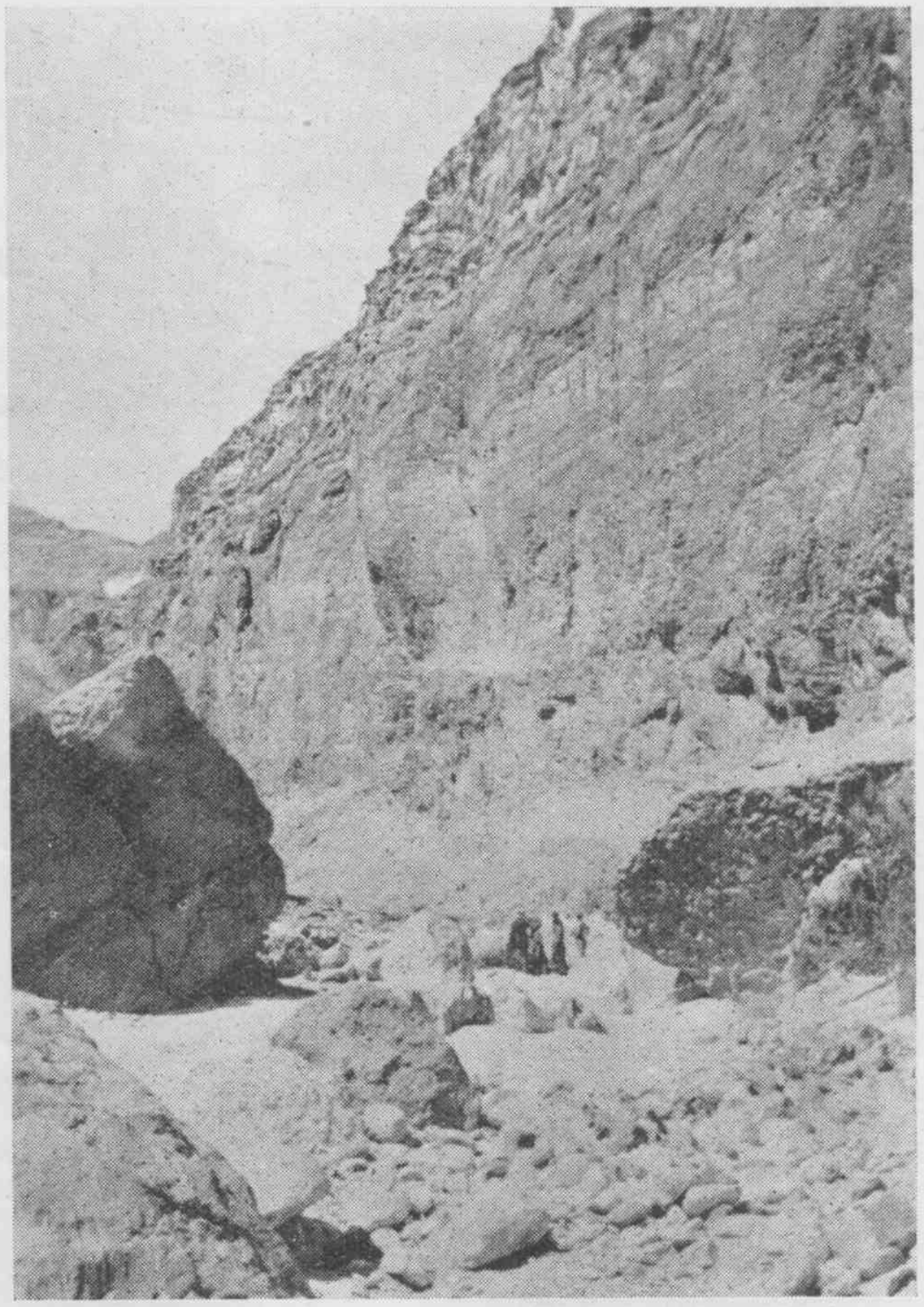
The main activity in the Regiment during the past two months has been the struggle to keep the Canal Zone cables through in the face of almost daily thefts. During the three months November to January there were no less than 282 cuts, involving the loss of some 34,000 yards of U.G. cable; the pace has not been slackened appreciably since then. An average cut is only some 120 yards; one wouldn't think it worth while, but such is the price paid for copper and lead in Egypt! Maintaining these cables is an uphill struggle, especially with our dwindling resources, but we're by no means downhearted. In the meanwhile deeper and better cables are being laid.

We have recently welcomed 45 Mauritians into the Regiment from the Mauritian Signal Training Wing. More are to come, and they will be a very great help to us in meeting our varied commitments. There is certainly nothing wrong with their keenness.

So far as personalities in R.H.Q. go, we have been very glad to welcome back our C.O., Lieutenant-Colonel Hardy, from hospital after a difficult few weeks of eye trouble. May the recovery be final. Our Second-in-Command, Major Partridge, has left us to take command of 4 Air Formation Signal Squadron, not very far away, so we hope to see him frequently. His place has been taken by Major Blaker, who joins us from 3 G.H.Q. Signal Regiment down the road.

1 SQUADRON (H.Q., MOASCAR). *Moascar Operating Troop.* A main topic of interest this month is marriages. Five of the W.R.A.C. tele-ops have gotten themselves engaged. The interesting one to us is the wedding, very shortly, of Sergeant Marie Newman and Corporal Thompson (" Geordie "). This is the only Signals wedding, the other girls all marrying members of other Regiments and Corps.

Lieutenant Hellier and his merry men



Grand Canyon

All members of this Regiment will join us in wishing them all the very best of luck.

Whilst on the subject of marriages, we see that during the month of April we shall be losing some of our living-in members, with the arrival of these members' families. The main ones are Captain A. G. Smith, our O.C., whose wife arrives on the *Empress of Australia* on 4th April, and W.O.II Clements, whose wife arrives by air on 6th April. So many wives are reputed to be arriving, we're wondering where they're all going to live.

Sport. We were most unfortunate to lose the Canal Zone Seven-a-Side Rugger by 6 points to 3, after a very thrilling game, but have one consolation in that the Seven-a-Side Cup was won by the team which we beat to win the Army Rugger Cup, 3 G.H.Q. Signal Regiment. Well done, G.H.Q. Signals.

The Squadron football team has managed to get through to the Moascar Garrison final. This should prove to be a good game.

In conclusion, we would like to say thank you to all the members of our Rugby team for their grand performances this season, and in particular to our two experts, Captain A. G. Smith and Lance-Corporal A. D. Smith; the latter leaves us to face the rigours of Civvy Street and we all wish him the best of luck.

The hot weather is now nearly on us and Rugby boots will soon be replaced by cricket togs, and we are hoping to repeat last season's performances.

2 SQUADRON (H.Q., FAYID). The " tomato season " is now commencing, and everyone is aching to get into K.D. once more. I expect we shall see a lot of lily-white knees knocking around, but they will soon get brown.

A few of our lads, headed by " Lawrence of Arabia "

Hellier, had a very successful desert recce. The lads thoroughly enjoyed themselves, and returned to Squadron H.Q. looking very fit, and with the " air " of veterans.

Highlight of the month was the wedding of Driver Wyllie to Miss Elsie May Stevens. We all wish you well on becoming a benedict.

Our famous Exchange celebrated its first anniversary. All personnel who were with the Squadron on its first opening were given a very enjoyable lunch in the Sergeants' Mess on Sunday, 20th March.

Desert Scheme—Exercise " Endeavour." On the morning of Wednesday, 23rd March, a detachment of one officer and 20 men left Squadron H.Q. for a scheme in the desert, about 80 miles south-west of Suez. The object of the scheme was threefold:

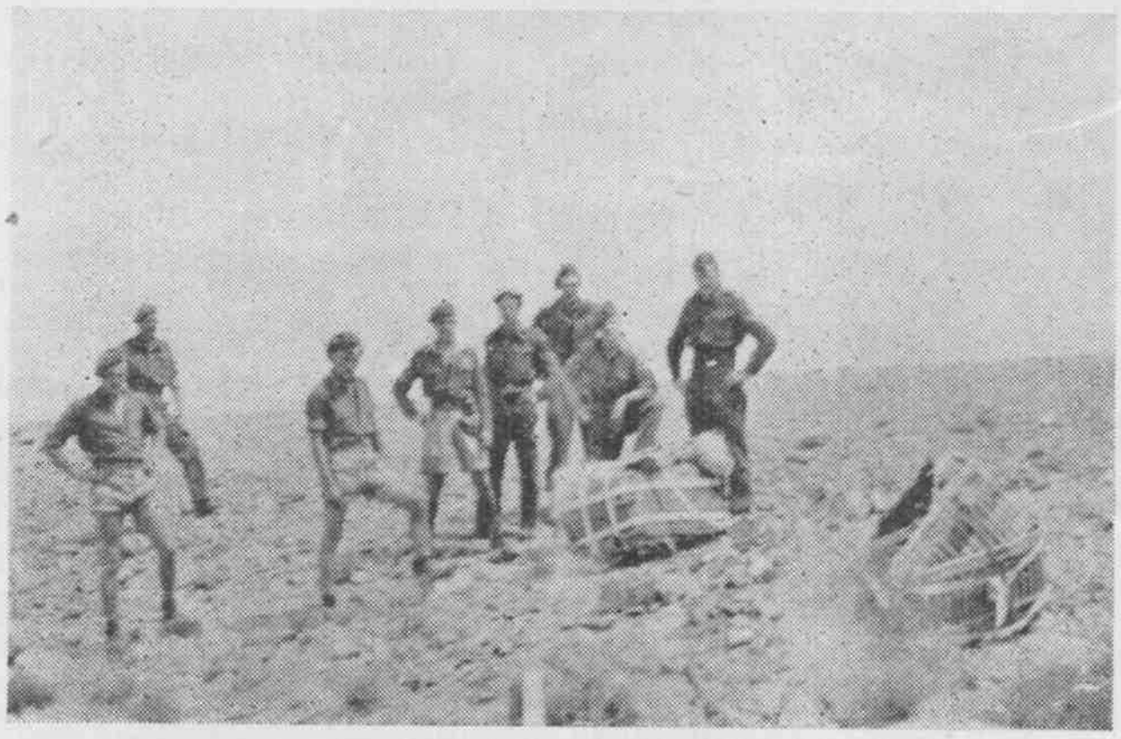
(a) To establish and maintain wireless communication with Fayid.
(b) To make preparations to receive supplies dropped from aircraft.
(c) To locate and enter the Wadi Khafuri, which lies on the northern edge of the North Gulala Plateau.

Before proceeding with an account of the scheme, a short word regarding the above-named wadi. This wadi is reputed to have been discovered in 1822 by one James Burton, after which the next known person to have entered it was an Englishman in 1934, who furnished a very lengthy report on the grandeur and geographical magnificence of the place.

With the above objects and subsidiary historical material, the force set out to " endeavour " to achieve all by Saturday, 26th March.

After travelling south from Suez, the F.A. post of Ber Odeib was reached, where the party struck west along an old track across the desert. A constant and careful check was made of the D.R. position of the force, and by taking compass bearings the estimated position of the wadi was obtained. By 1630 hrs. of the same day the party was well and truly in the desert, so camp was pitched, and whilst meals were being prepared and other necessary arrangements made, the wireless operators were busily engaged in establishing wireless communications back to Fayid. Five minutes after camp was pitched, communications were established and they were maintained throughout the exercise.

Early next morning a small recce party set off on a march across the desert in order to enter the wadi, and this they succeeded in doing the same day. Time was short, however, and without making a full recce of the wadi the recce party set course for the march back to the camp. During the march back a small mishap befell the party when one man fell ill with heat exhaustion and was unable to continue the march, but within a short time a stretcher was improvised, with the use of K.D. shirts and rifles, and the sick man was duly carried back to the encampment.



Air drop—the result of the sickening thud

Dawn on Friday morning saw the O.W.L.s busily sending back signals calling for air supplies whilst the rest of the force busied themselves with the preparation of a dropping zone. At 1030 hrs. all was ready, and at 1100 hrs. a small dot in the eastern sky indicated that the supplies were on the way. After making a couple of trial runs, the doors in the aircraft were seen to open and within seconds the parachutes carrying the precious rations were falling through the air. To those watching the drop from ground level, the supplies appeared to land with a sickening thud, and their fears that the supplies would be damaged were realised when the panniers were collected and brought in to the Force H.Q. Very little of the supplies had escaped damage in some form or other, but fortunately a large percentage of the food supplies were salvaged and used later on the trip.

On the completion of the air supply drop the party moved its position, and by careful navigation the trucks were taken across the desert right up to the wadi itself. Camp was pitched in the entrance of the wadi for Friday evening, and at first light on Saturday morning a full recce party travelled through the wadi for about four miles, when, owing to shortage of time, it was forced to return to the main camp.

After an early tiffin, course was set for Fayid, which was reached at 1800 hrs. on Saturday evening, where the party dispersed, and from all accounts proceeded to " grip " their comrades-in-arms about their experiences over the past four days.

The story would, however, not be complete without a word on the grand sights the party saw during their recce in the wadi on Saturday morning. For pure grandeur and geographic wonder, one would have to travel far to find its equal, and, in the words of one of the party, " a miniature Grand Canyon." Cliffs tower up vertically on either side to heights ranging from 500–700 ft. whilst the width of the gorge fluctuates between 200 and 20 yds. There is a certain amount of vegetation in the wadi, especially fig trees, which suggests the presence of water, whilst there are peculiar specimens of insect life also existing there.

Summing up, all agreed that the scheme was well worth while and 100 per cent. successful, despite the bully beef and biscuits which appeared to constitute such a large percentage of the rations.

Sports and Entertainments. Soccer. Although the season is rapidly drawing to a close, the interest in soccer is still as high as ever. Both the Squadron " A " and " B " teams have done very well during the past month, with the result that the Squadron " A " team now occupies third position in the Canal South District League II.

We have now only three more games to play to complete the season's fixtures and we have high hopes of taking full points in all three games.

The first round of the Regimental Inter-Squadron Soccer Championship is to be played in the very near future, in which 2 Squadron have been drawn at home against 1 Squadron. We consider it to be a match to be seen for good football and healthy rivalry.

Three players from 2 Squadron—Corporal Spooner, our " A " team skipper, Corporal Austin and Signalman Mayfield—were selected to represent the Royal Signals (South) in the Corps trial match *versus* the Royal Signals (North). The match was played at Fayid about the middle of March, and although the Signals South were defeated, our three representatives justified their inclusion in the team.

Athletics. We received an invitation from 3 G.H.Q. Signal Regiment to compete in their athletics meeting, which was held on 10th and 11th March. Here again the Squadron gave a worthy account of itself, taking first places in the 120 yards, 1 mile, 3 miles, discus and javelin, whilst places were secured in most of the other events. Our burly linemen were worthy victors in the tug-o'-war final, in which they beat H.Q. Troop of 3 G.H.Q. Signal Regiment in two straight pulls.

We offer our congratulations to 2 Squadron of 3 G.H.Q. Signal Regiment, who won the coveted shield and give H.Q. Troop of the same Regiment a hearty slap on the back for just beating us to second place by half a point.

Gabel Soubruit Challenge Cup (Pimple Race). On Sunday, 27th March, our cross-country team—better known as "The Pimple Team"—assembled, with many other Unit teams in the Canal Zone, to compete in the cross-country—or rather cross-desert—run, to the top of the "pimple" and back again. Perhaps it would be well if we explain that the "pimple," or to give it its real name, Gebel Soubruit, is a hill some 800 ft. in height, situated about 2½–3 miles into the desert.

The weather conditions were perfect for such a run, and at 1530 hrs. the starter's flag dropped and the runners commenced their gruelling run across the desert. Thirty-one minutes later saw the first runner back at the finishing point, and by about 1630 hrs. the race was completely finished. R.H.A. won the trophy for the first team in, but 2 Squadron did extraordinarily well to take third position, beating other notable and very much larger Units.

Well done the runners, and even better luck next time.

SUEZ DETACHMENT. We are able to make very favourable comment on the first intake from the Mauritian Signal Wing. Twenty-three keen lads from Mauritius are now members of the detachment and settling down to work on the line communications with gusto. It has been reported that they can sing as well as work. "The proof of the pudding . . ."

Past members of the detachment will no doubt be interested to hear of the latest batch of promotions and appointments. Corporal Revill to the Sergeants' Mess, Lance-Corporal Kentish to corporal, and Signalmen Potter, Reid, Williamson, Wood and Leach to lance-corporals.

Leave. Lieutenant Macfarlane has, to date, had a fortnight's leave in hospital. It is believed that he tried to play football! Leave continues.

3 SQUADRON (H.Q., EL BALLAH). *El Ballah Troop.* Despite the fact "Wee Jack" McConnichie is now in the land of the Heather, the soccer team, ably captained by Corporal Anderson, managed to win the Garrison League Cup. The victory was duly celebrated in the N.A.A.F.I. the same evening. Our Troop Sergeant seems to spend most of his "spare" time—no comment, please—house hunting. A hearty welcome is extended to Mrs. Bowser, wife of our Lines Officer, who took advantage of the new "Famair" scheme.

Port Said Troop. The Troop is now training for the Inter-Troop Athletics. The ultimate placings in the Port Said Soccer League found the Troop in a somewhat lowly position, but we hope to give a better account of ourselves in the forthcoming Knock-out Competition.

Births. Congratulations to our O.C., Captain B. A. Beattie, on being presented with a daughter. (Have you claimed the extra five bob yet, sir?)

3 G.H.Q. SIGNAL REGIMENT
Fayid, MELF

March

Since our last WIRE notes we have had several changes of personnel. Major Quinn left us on return to U.K. on medical grounds and Major Alcock has been attracted by the magnet of Nairobi. Major Blaker is joining Egypt Command Signal Regiment this week. We feel their loss, but we hope they will be very happy in their new jobs.

Major Erskine, Lieutenant Myddleton and Captain Walton are the latest new arrivals. We are very glad to see them, and hope their stay will be a very happy one. Last week we welcomed into our midst the first draft of our Mauritians, 25 linemen, who have just completed their training at the Mauritian Signal Wing down the road. They are extremely keen lads and impressed us by their enthusiasm. Further drafts of other trades are expected in the next few months, and if their standard is as high as that of the first quota, both the Regiment and the Corps will be very well served. We hope that very shortly all our budding linguists will be speaking French.

Football and hockey have been going very strong this season, and the Regiment has maintained its position in the first four of both leagues. This is a very good record because the teams have been changed about so much, due to release, Python and postings.

The Regimental Rugby side have had a most successful season. We won the District Knock-out Competition without losing a match, and went to Moascar to face Egypt Command Signal Regiment in the Army Egypt Challenge Cup Final. Egypt Command Signal Regiment were too strong for us, but it was very nice to see an all-Signals final. Captain Willis, whom we regret has just had to come down to lieutenant on account of over-establishment, worked tremendously hard for the Rugby team and 90 per cent. of our success was due to his enthusiasm and hard work.

The Unit Athletics Championships were held very successfully at Olympia recently. The Squadron Shield was won by 2 Squadron, who had a big victory over H.Q. Troop, who came second. 2 Squadron, Egypt Command Signal Regiment, who are our neighbours, very sportingly combined with us and entered a team. Though no records were broken and no startling talent was displayed, everybody tried hard, and a high standard of sportsmanship was displayed by all competitors. Outstanding amongst our entries were Signalman Snaith, H.Q. Troop, who sprinted extremely well, and Driver Cook, also of H.Q. Troop, who won several field events. Lieutenant Hellier, of 2 Squadron, Egypt Command Signal Regiment, won the three-mile race most convincingly, and Signalman Brown, also of 2 Squadron, Egypt Command Signal Regiment, won the mile in a thrilling finish with Signalman Hodson (second) and Lieutenant Hellier (third).

A new sport has come to Fayid, and those of you who know this part of the world will remember the "Pimple" which frowns sullen and alone over the Great Bitter Lake. Quite a lot of people climb these steep sides for fun, and now a race has been organised to the top of the "Pimple," returning to finish at the Riding Stables, just behind our lines. It is hoped to make this an annual event, and a challenge cup for this purpose has been donated by Royal Signals, Egypt. A lot of Units are busy training, and Sunday, 27th March, should see a great crowd out to watch this event.

The cricket, swimming and sailing season will shortly arrive, and much polishing of bats and of boats is anticipated. Our cricketers have been depleted recently, but we hope to win the District Cricket Shield for the third year in succession.

1 L. OF C. SIGNAL REGIMENT, M.E.L.F.
El Ballah

April

We extend a hearty welcome to Lieutenant-Colonel T. A. K. Howe, Royal Signals, who has arrived to take over command of the Regiment.

Major H. G. A. Sexton has handed over and sails for U.K. on the *Empress of Australia.* He is the last of the original members of the Regiment to leave us, having joined us three and a half years ago from 18 Air Formation Signals. He has certainly witnessed many changes. We wish him "Bon voyage" and "good luck."

The hockey team played through the Army Hockey Cup to the semi-final, when we were beaten 3—1 by 5 Base Ordnance Depot. The score at half-time was 1—0 against us, and we still had hopes of winning the match, but, alas!

our team had an off day and missed the goal several times. 5 Base Ordnance Depot acquired two more goals in breakaways, and when the whistle finally blew our team had been well and truly beaten, in spite of a fine goal by R.S.M. Turner towards the end of the game.

The football team, having won the El Ballah Garrison Cup, lost in the final of the Canal North District Cup to 3 Squadron, Egypt Command Signals, after a keenly contested match. After the game, the District Commander, Brigadier H. D. W. Sitwell, C.B., M.C., presented medals to all the players and a cup to each team.

The summer will soon be upon us, and the swimming lidos have already opened. The hardy swimmers are enjoying short swims in the Suez Canal. I say short swims as the water is still very cold and requires the hot sun of the Middle East to warm it up.

The Camera Club has renewed life and has now acquired an enlarger. Now we ought to see some good photography.

Congratulations to Sergeant and Mrs. Kempton on the birth of a daughter—a sister for Eileen.

Captain Haxell is having another spell in hospital, and we wish him a speedy recovery and hope that he will soon be returning to the Regiment and its activities.

POSTS AND TELECOMMS. DEPT., B.M.A., ERITREA

Asmara

March

Some months have elapsed since our last notes appeared. This is entirely our fault, as we have not forwarded any notes to the Editor. These notes must, therefore, cover happenings during the past three months.

Major "Paddy" Dunn, the Chief Engineer, is expecting his local release any day, when he will continue to perform his present duties as "Mr." Dunn.

We have pleasure in reporting that Captain and Mrs. "Les" Hobley were presented with a bouncing boy on 31st December last. We all join in congratulating the happy parents and thank them for the excuse of "wetting the baby's head" on 27th March, when John Millward was christened.

Sergeant Bill Waller left the department on 23rd March on posting to Egypt Command Signal Regiment. Now's the chance to get your knees brown, Bill! Best wishes . . . and don't forget to write.

Corporal Tom Pearce arrived recently to swell the Cipher Section, but we must announce, with regret, the imminent departure to Khartoum of Corporal George Bristow, who is at present in charge of Ciphers.

Corporal Bob Crofts rejoined us on 24th March after a spell at El Ballah, where he attended an N.C.O.s' Leadership Course. Congratulations, Bob, on the second tape, and also to Lance-Corporals Lee and McCormack on their first tapes.

On 5th March we were treated to a fine display when the 1st and 2nd Battalions of the Royal Berkshire Regiment held their Amalgamation Parade at Asmara. Their Colours were trooped on the occasion, at which the Commander-in-Chief M.E.L.F. and many other senior officers and officials were present. A holiday was declared, and many thousands of spectators, British, Italian and Eritrean, took the opportunity of witnessing the historic scene.

We are all awaiting the decision by U.N.O. as to the future of Eritrea, and the problem is on the agenda for the April meeting of U.N.O. at Lake Success.

With the aid of workmen in the Department, we have opened a Unit Rest Room in our camp. It is very popular with the O.R.s as there were previously no separate facilities for Royal Signals personnel in the camp.

Sport. Owing to our lack of numbers—we have only some 20 military personnel—we have found it extremely difficult to keep outdoor sport alive. However, by combining with the local British Military Hospital for soccer and with H.Q., Eritrea District, for an occasional game of cricket, we have managed to keep the flag flying. There are very few soldiers now serving in the Administration here apart from ourselves—almost everyone else being civilians—and organised sports are difficult to arrange.

Sudan Defence Force Signals

Many people think of the Sudan as a vast disease-ridden tropical area peopled by primitive black men and all forms of wild animals. There are others who think of it as a waterless hot desert on which a few wild Dervishes eke out their meagre living. Although both extremes exist (except the wild Dervishes), these are very false ideas of the land, its people and its amenities.

The Sudan is an enormous country almost as large as Europe, less Russia, in which there is desert, bush country, mountains, agricultural areas on the banks of the Blue and White Niles, swamps, jungles, park land, cattle grazing areas; in fact, some of almost everything. The people vary from pure Arab stock in the north to Negroid tribes in the south.

The Army or Sudan Defence Force is a small, fairly well-equipped force which is stationed in five main areas. The H.Q. and the H.Q. of S.D.F. Signals, plus other "Army Troops," is centred on Khartoum and Omdurman. The remainder of the force is divided into four Corps Areas, a Corps being based very approximately on a British Infantry Battalion, and of about the same strength. The three Northern Corps are stationed in the east, the centre, and the west of the Northern Sudan, south of the real desert areas; the remaining Corps is stationed in the south and has widely dispersed detachments.

S.D.F. Signals has the task of providing wireless communications between the various H.Q. and their sub-units, plus the job of retaining a small mobile wireless reserve for special purposes, which have included anti-locust patrols, linking up troops standing by to deal with political demonstrations, and communicating with widely-scattered well-boring teams.

Until recently, the Unit included a British Squadron to deal with the communications of the British Garrison in the Sudan, but this has been extracted and the Unit is now entirely Sudanese except for three British officers and eight B.O.R.s.

The Sudanese, though backward in education, are intelligent, eager to learn and very keen on soldiering, so there is plenty of interesting work to be done. The popular misconception that one rapidly becomes technically rusty in a backward country is quickly dispelled, for the officer at least, as one is asked any and every sort of question about the inside of the technical equipment in use, and one has to know the answer to prevent serious loss of face.

The conditions of living and the pay of the British Staff are good, but the cost of living is high. There is plenty of sport and amusements, and the British Staff all get 80 days' leave per year after their first year's service, with a free air passage to U.K. and back.

Most of the British Staff of S.D.F. Signals live in Khartoum, a modern city with a large European population, but the opportunities for travel all over the country are considerable. Khartoum itself is remarkably healthy, and one practically lives out of doors except in the heat of the day.

There are few places left to the British Army which offer the type of soldiering and living conditions available in the Sudan. A very high proportion of the British establishment of the S.D.F. has been allotted to Royal Signals, and in this we are indeed fortunate. The majority of the vacancies have yet to be filled, and anyone who is interested in an initial contract of two years' duration, with the possibility of extensions, should ask his O.C. for further information or for permission to write to O.C. S.D.F. Signals, Sudan, M.E.L.F. 4, who will supply full details of terms of service.

SIERRA LEONE SIGNAL SQUADRON

Freetown

March

Social.—With the approach of the rainy season the members of the Squadron are taking final advantage of the good weather, working up enough tan to outlast the "winter." Several N.C.O.s have taken available local leave facilities to go " up country " to Daru and have spent most enjoyable leaves shooting, playing tennis and then quenching that inevitable thirst.

As Freetown provides a luxury cinema, the NAAFI, a first class club at Juba, and various messes extend their traditional hospitality, social life progresses in happy style. Recreational transport (perhaps not as plentiful as we naturally greedy types would like) enables full advantage to be taken of our favourite pastimes whether they be Betty Grable, screen thrillers or chasing butterflies at Waterloo—one of the best areas in the world, we believe.

Personal.—Three N.C.O.s are making feverish arrangements to become " family men " again having obtained private accommodation for their wives to join them in Sierra Leone whilst waiting for married quarters to become available. The only other wives on strength at present, Mrs. Duke (now on leave in U.K. prior to second tour) and Mrs. Brown (wife of S.Q.M.S. "Topper" Brown), appear to enjoy life to the full. They are very comfortably housed in married quarters and definitely "approve" of West Africa as a married families station.

" X " (GURKHA) INDEPENDENT INFANTRY RRIGADE SIGNAL SQUADRON

Malaya

We are still without a full title. No doubt talks are going on at high level, and we hope that soon a name will be allotted to us.

Since our last notes, the training of instructors has been in full swing, and is now well advanced. It is hoped in a few months to hold a Trade Board, and we have expectation of high achievements. Assuming the results are up to standard, then we shall proceed to our real job in life, i.e. the teaching of Gurkhas to be O.W.L.s, Lmn., O.S.T.s, D.R.s, etc.

It is now a common thing to hear cadre staff making strange sounds accompanied by much arm-waving. Our instructors, under the able guidance of W.O.I Hood, R.A.E.C., are making steady headway with Gurkhali. They can now converse with the G.O.R.s and, strangely enough, be understood. The Gurkha potential A.I.s are at the same time keeping pace, and can now speak a fair amount of English. We are gradually achieving our object, although it will be some time yet before we can class ourselves as fluent linguists.

It has been suggested that the children of our married instructors should be taught Gurkhali from the cradle up, so that they can step into father's shoes. Pity that they don't take the same size in hats.

The sporting activities of the Squadron are now being organised. We have been given an initial grant from Malaya District Welfare Fund, out of which we are purchasing football kit, ready for the season just commencing. Naturally we must start in a small way, and we have already played several games of soccer with local Units. There is plenty of enthusiasm, and we hope that the supporters will cheer them on to some brilliant performances in the near future.

It is observed that Sergeant Knight walks around these days with a feverish light in his eyes, and is definitely not with us. This is obviously due to the fact that Mrs. Knight arrives at Singapore on 2nd March.

Congratulations to S.S.M. Feakes on achieving one of his ambitions. No, he has not got his ticket, although at times we would gladly give it to him, but has gained the A.M.Inst.E. Good show, S.S.M.; march on to more success.

CEYLON SIGNAL SQUADRON

April

We have no hesitation in presuming that the average reader of THE WIRE turns over its pages with two purposes uppermost in his mind—to assure himself that his present Unit has been adequately represented in glorious Technicolor, both in deeds and sport, and secondly to discover how his previous Unit managed to exist after he was posted. Obviously, therefore, our apologies are due to these readers with past and present associations with this Squadron, who for some time have been eagerly scanning THE WIRE in vain for mention of our doings.

Since our last bulletin there have been several changes, both in the composition and personnel of the Squadron. Lieutenant-Colonel N. de la P. Tate is now Chief Signal Officer. After years of exacting service as Technical Officer Telecommunications, Captain McCulloch has returned to England. His successor is Captain Jobsz, who continues the good work of unravelling the tangled skein of military telegraphic circuits throughout the island.

The high-speed wireless stations at Hora Hena (Rx) and Ekala (Tx) (formerly 3 Troop, Ceylon Signal Squadron) have recently been formed into a Independent Squadron with the title of Army Wireless Chain Squadron, commanded by Major H. L. H. Tayler. Major Tayler arrived in August, 1948, at the conclusion of the Radio Teleprinter Course at the School of Signals. We extend our congratulations on the attainment of his majority, and good wishes to his newly-formed " younger brother " Squadron.

Major Tayler is backed by Captain R. T. R. Cocks, Second-in-Command and Technical Officer. Captain J. W. Joyner is struggling with the administrative changes; his previous appointment as O.C. Tx Detachment at Ekala has been filled by Second-Lieutenant J. Ingledow, who arrived on the island early in December, 1948.

S.S.M. G. E. Fox wields the rod. In his spare time he is reported to be supervising the construction of the " Hora Hena Gardens," which he hopes in time will rival those famous acres at Peradiniya!

Major P. K. Parry remains O.C. Ceylon Signal Squadron, which now consists of 1, 2 and 4 Troops. 1 Troop (O.C., Lieutenant Sri Kanta) is stationed in Colombo and continues to maintain F.S.S., Signal Office, etc., Colombo Area. They recently took part in the Ceylon Independence Day Anniversary Parade on the Galle Face Green.

2 Troop, stationed at Trincomalee, on the east coast of the island, have been invaded recently by Signals personnel on leave from Colombo, Hora Hena and Negombo; as a result, they now combine the duties of a small leave centre with normal F.S.S. maintenance.

4 Troop (O.C., Second-Lieutenant Hallen) are stationed at the R.A.F. Camp, Negombo, where they live off the proverbial " fat of the land." In addition to the recreational facilities afforded by a first-class cinema and a large N.A.A.F.I., almost on their doorstep, they have now incurred the envy of the other Troops by working local R.A.F. hours, 0700 hrs. to 1230 hrs. Mondays to Saturdays, inclusive, and 1400 hrs. to 1630 hrs. on Tuesdays and Thursdays. They are responsible for the maintenance of R.A.F. communications at Negombo, Gangodawila and Koggala.

In January the Squadron gave a smashing cocktail party. Present among the many guests were Brigadier E. P. M. Jones, M.C., Garrison Commander, and Mrs. Jones, Group Captain Wright, R.A.F., and Mrs. Wright, and all the officers of the Squadron. The fact that the Sergeants' Mess had been burnt down over Christmas proved to be a blessing in disguise, as it provided an ideal bandstand for the Band of the Royal Artillery (on tour FARELF), who gave an excellent performance. The weather was in sympathy with the spirit of the occasion, and the combination of starshine, coloured lighting and soft music would have done justice to the most exotic scenes in the " Arabian Nights."

So the World Goes
Round—
Always add Good Food
Well.

Territorial Army

1/20 (SM) ARMY SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.

Birmingham

I arranged for dawn to crack at some ghastly hour on Sunday, 20th March, in order to present myself at the Drill Hall by 0830 hrs. Mr. "Paddy" Weir conveyed me to the Malt Shovel Hotel, near Packington, on the Coventry Road, and there I found a vast concourse of motorists and motor cyclists, many of them in battledress. There were, in fact, 27 teams of motor cyclists from Regular and Territorial Army and civilian clubs. Captain J. E. Denton's Motor Cycle Trial was on at last. Lieutenant R. M. Fulford had his wireless lorries out and S.S.M. N. Jones had put down a lot of cable and telephones. Everything worked. Let us be clear about that before we go on. The Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel D. G. Collins, M.B.E., T.D., was present, so it was a good thing that we preserved our good name for getting through. None of that "through by despatch rider, sir" stuff for us.

Unfortunately (for me), I was banished to Packington Ford as an observer on Nos. 16 and 17 Sections, where I shivered and wondered what was going on around the 15-mile course. Now and again I pulled my boot out of the mud because the sound of it rather fascinated me. Eventually the riders began to arrive and I forgot my discomfort in the excitement and pleasure of watching the competitors conking out in the water. Some managed to get through safely and with considerable skill. I lost interest in them.

This trial was the first of its kind to take place in the Midlands since the war and was organised with the co-operation of our friends in the Pyramid Motor Cycle Club, many of whom are old Signals despatch riders. Officers and men of this Regiment were under instruction as course stewards and observers so that the next meeting may be run by the Territorial Army. We are very grateful to the Pyramid Club for their enthusiastic help. The objects of the trial are to make D.R. training more interesting and to compare the standard of Service riding with that of civilians. This trial was certainly a success and it is hoped that more will follow in the near future. The only casualty was to a member of 495 (M) H.A.A. Regiment, R.A. (T.A.), who sprained an ankle and a wrist. Just one of each.

Corporal "Jock" Curran in the mire

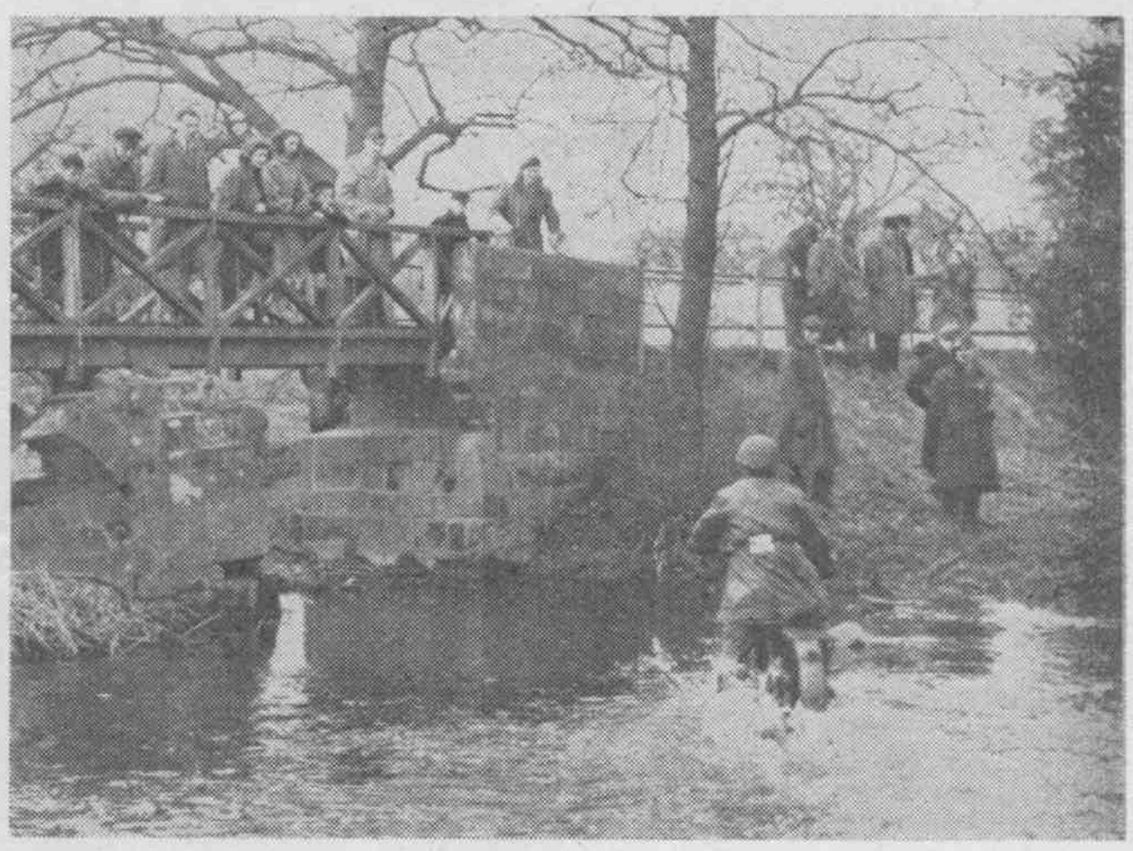


Photo by "Birmingham Gazette"

Packington Ford

Results: 1st, 5 Training Regiment, Royal Signals, "A" Team, 59 points lost; 2nd, same Regiment's "B" Team, 84; 3rd, 1/20 Army Signal Regiment, T.A., 126. Civilian teams: 1st, Pyramid Club "A" Team, 45; 2nd, Birmingham City Transport "A" Team, 86; 3rd, Pyramid Club "B" Team, 89.

A snifter in the beautifully warm lounge of the Malt Shovel rounded off a grand morning. My only regret is that I wasn't able to see the riders on the mud patch. I am told that it was a proper "do."

Our congratulations and good wishes to Sergeant and Mrs. F. C. Williams on the arrival of a son on 2nd April. Sergeant Williams recently left us for the Middle East. I have not yet heard if he managed to get a view of Malta en route. That is where Mrs. Williams wanted to go. After all, everyone likes to go home sometime.

Newcomers to the Regiment trickle in weekly. We keep moving forward at any rate. Two very handsome beam wireless trailers arrived a week or two ago, complete with fearsome list of bits and pieces. The wireless boys should be kept pretty busy any time now. I must find out what they do apart from helping motor cycle trials and cross-country runs. Lieutenant Fulford tells me that they have something laid on for May but have been too busy helping other Units with communications to run a scheme of their own.

All our members are so keen and willing that it is a mystery to me that they haven't brought in a friend or two each to swell the total. I find that the people who advance what they feel to be good reasons for not joining the T.A. are mostly the unintelligent type and therefore unsuitable for Royal Signals. You can play that on your radiogram, too.

Sergeant F. A. H. Carter arrived during March to serve on the Permanent Staff. He is a bachelor, so will the ladies please wait for the starter's pistol.

Saturday, 2nd April, was finals night of the "Discovery" contest. There was a large crowd in the Drill Hall, mostly teenagers, but there is a large crowd every Saturday night anyway. The finalists included pianist Peter Jackson, a blind boy with a remarkable mastery of the instrument; "Nobby" Clark, ex-soldier and an excellent mimic; John Gray, a swoon crooner; and Miss Daphne Boswell, who sang "So Deep is the Night" the way it should be sung. They were all extremely good and judging was no easy matter, even with the applause as a guide. There being no one to argue with us, we decided that Miss Daphne Boswell was the winner. Major (Q.M.) R. Barlow accordingly handed her the prize of £5. Miss Boswell has already clicked for a job with Les Williams' Dance Band.

The last Sunday in March was notable for a very good concert in the Drill Hall. The star turn on this occasion

was Stephen Hall, baritone, with Madame Downes as accompanist. Stephen Hall has a grand voice and a pleasant manner. He will be broadcasting on 21st April. Madame Downes is the pianist for the Arden Singers and regularly plays for the Bournville Opera Company. See what I mean? A real concert, and a very pleasant way to end the week. I was glad to see many old friends of the Signals Association present—Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy James and Mr. and Mrs. Bert Harding and many others. Jimmy James will be remembered by our older readers as the R.Q.M.S., 48th Divisional Signals, at Cateswell House some years before the war.

BARLEUX

60 H.Q. SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.
The Castle, Edinburgh

April

A long time has passed since news from this Regiment appeared in THE WIRE, this being mostly due to changes in the Permanent Staff.

During the past few months we have said farewell to two of the "originals" of the Regiment, Captain D. D. Driscoll (our Adjutant), who has forsaken Army life to start in business in London, and Captain (Q.M.) L. T. Kilford ("Tich"), who has, after long and meritorious service in Signals, decided to sample Civvy Street, and has settled down in Surrey. It is difficult to know how to "send off" such old soldiers who have done so much for this Regiment and its Squadrons since the tricky "baby" days of birth. They leave us with the knowledge that they have laid a sound foundation for the future of the Regiment, and to them both we wish the best of luck in their new ventures and hope they won't forget their many friends in the Army, especially those in Edinburgh.

To replace these notables we are fortunate in having as Adjutant Captain I. C. Gibson (late of Eastern Command Signal Regiment), whom many ex-S.E.A.C. chaps will remember from "S" L. of C. Signals and Burma Command Signals days, and as Quartermaster Captain (Q.M.) A. Dale (ex-Palestine). To them we extend a hand of welcome and hope that their stay in Scotland will be a happy one.

The other change at R.H.Q. is the arrival of S.S.M. Bill Brooks from the now defunct 26 Independent Infantry Brigade Signal Squadron, T.A., at Dundee. S.S.M. Brooks has taken over the reins in the Orderly Room and it says much for his predecessors that his biggest worry is looking for a house. He is thinking about putting in a claim for advertising expenses. Never mind, Bill, cheer up, the week-ends are still very nice.

R.S.M. A. Kerr is still learning how to play darts so that the next time he meets R.S.M. George Thornton, of 15 A.A. (M) Signal Regiment, T.A., he will be able to repay him for all the "lessons" he received when they were both stationed in Burma.

Our Squadron in Edinburgh (155 Independent Infantry Brigade Signal Squadron) has at last got under way, and at the rate recruiting is going it will not be long in breaking all recruiting records.

This Squadron is commanded by Major R. O. M. Williams, M.C. (ex-51 (H) Infantry Divisional Signal Regiment), who has as Second-in-Command Lieutenant T. I. Carmichael (ex-Paratrooper). The P.S.I.s are S.S.M. A. H. Grace and Sergeant R. McCall.

Lance-Corporal Kewley, Signalmen Connelly and Gilroy, of 155 Independent Infantry Brigade Signal Squadron, T.A., took part in a Lowland District Motor Cycle Trial and put up a very creditable performance. We congratulate them on such fine results under trying conditions and without the time to carry out the proper training this sort of test requires.

We also welcome Sergeant C. S. Hunt from 3 Training Regiment, who has taken over the P.S.I.'s job at 20 Engineer Group Signal Troop, T.A., at Paisley. He certainly has got off to a good start, especially on the recruiting side of the job.

In all our Squadrons life goes on as usual with plenty of hard work and training in preparation for Annual Camp, which will soon be here. Nevertheless, the "old hands" are looking after the new recruits who have joined us.

One of the personalities who will be missing from the Annual Camp this year is S.S.M. Stan Harvey, of 30 Independent Armoured Brigade Signal Squadron in Glasgow, who is awaiting posting to Catterick Camp, and by the time these notes appear should have settled down with his new Unit. Good luck, Stan, and all the best from Scotland.

KANDY

ARMY PHANTOM SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.
(The Princess Louise's Kensington Regiment)

April

Very little has happened since writing last.

A most enjoyable social was held on Wednesday, 30th March, and on Monday, 11th April, the Royal Signals Band gave a concert in the Drill Hall. It was the first occasion on which the Regiment has had the pleasure of seeing the Band in action, although many have heard their concerts on the B.B.C., and all ranks are unanimous in their praise.

Easter saw us at Bisley for a week-end of strenuous training in preparation for Annual Camp in July.

Now that the evenings are drawing out, we hope to get out and about on short schemes during our training nights.

We welcome Signalmen Taylor and Perkins to the Unit and hope that their stay with us will be both long and enjoyable.

51 (H) INFANTRY DIVISIONAL SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.
Aberdeen

This month has been uneventful in many respects, yet at the same time a lot of water has passed under the bridge. On the 19th and 20th the C.O., the Adjutant, Majors Reid and Love, Captain McMain and Lieutenants Moonie, Osborne and Lamb attended an Officers' Week-end Exercise run by the C.S.O. It was a most enjoyable "session," and for many of us it was a grand reunion with old friends.

It was with great pleasure that we welcomed our new Army Commander, Lieutenant-General Sir Gordon H. A. Macmillan, K.C.B., D.S.O., M.C., to Fonthill for a brief visit during the month. We hope he will soon find time to pay us a longer visit.

We have now been joined (on the Permanent Staff) by Corporal P. C. Forbes. He has only joined as a civilian employee at the moment, but we have high hopes of his joining the Regular Army before long! Many of you may remember him from the good old days with 78 Divisional Signals in 1940 to 1946.

Many of our friends and neighbours in Aberdeen no doubt bless us for having resurrected the Pipe Band, but most of our difficulties have now been overcome. Enthusiasm runs high and, even at this early stage, their standard of play leaves little to be desired.

Have you ordered your copy of **The Wire?**

Photo by Portman Press Bureau, Sloane St., S.W.1

44th (H.C.) Infantry Divisional Signal Regiment (T.A.) Officers' Annual Ball

44 (H.C.) Infantry Divisional Signal Regiment, T.A.

LONDON, W.6

The Officers' Annual Ball was held at the T.A. Centre, Stamford Brook Lodge, on Saturday, 19th March. Dancing was from 8 p.m. till 1 a.m.

Our best thanks are due to the Committee, who produced a first-class show, and to the Sergeants' Mess, who co-operated most ably in decorating the hall.

Among those present were Major-General W. A. Scott, C.B.E. (Director of Signals), Mrs. and Miss Scott, Group Captain A. S. W. Dore (Chairman, County of Middlesex Territorial Army Association) and Mrs. Dore, Brigadier B. B. Rockham, C.B.E., M.C. (Secretary, County of Middlesex Territorial Army Association), Colonel B. S. Watkins, C.B.E., Mrs. and Miss Watkins, Major H. R. V. Cooke, Royal Signals, Councillor R. P. Sinclair, J.P. (Mayor of Chiswick). Many members and honorary members of the Officers' Mess brought parties, who spent a most enjoyable evening.

The Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess, after a lapse of many years, held their first Post-War Ball on 2nd April at the T.A. Centre, Stamford Brook. This function, held annually over a period of many years until a matter considered of greater importance (occupying the years 1939–45) prevented its continuance, was always considered a "high light" in the social calendar, and thanks to the "gallant few," those seemingly homeless few, led by the Q.M., put in many hours of good work in decorating the Drill Hall in preparation for this function. Their efforts were well rewarded by the many votes of thanks passed during the course of the evening; indeed, the 380 members and guests who accepted our invitation considered it the finest ever. Quite a number of the "Old Boys" were present, and "pow-wows" and "grips" were to be seen everywhere.

Excellent music was provided by Freddy Jones and his band, and the interval pianoforte selections played by the apparently tireless Freddy were very much appreciated. All praise "Management" for a really excellent evening.

Marriage. On 19th February, 1949, at the Church of Our Lady of the Assumption, Warwick Street, London, W.1, Captain E. P. Hughes to Miss M. M. A. Donovan. Our heartiest congratulations and good wishes to them.

The Regiment continues to appeal to all ranks and trades who live in the Home Counties, and who can give of their time and ability, to come forward and join us now. Application should be made to Major E. R. Nanney Wynn, who, as Second-in-Command, is responsible for recruiting and training.

The addresses are as follows:

(1) Stamford Brook Lodge,
Stamford Brook Avenue,
London, W.6.
(RIVerside 7705/6)

(2) The T.A. Centre,
Boundary Road,
Chatham, Kent.
(Chatham 2386)

(3) The T.A. Centre,
High Street,
Hurstpierpoint, Sussex.
(Hurstpierpoint 3266)

(4) Preston Barracks,
Brighton, Sussex.

Inquiries from Brighton should, however, be addressed to Hurstpierpoint, for the time being.

Photo by Portman Press Bureau, Sloane St., S.W.1

Captain and Mrs. E. P. Hughes

SIGNAL TROOP, QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY TRAINING CORPS, T.A.

Belfast

April

Yet another change in our designation! Based on elaborate statistics of former alterations of title, our tame mathematician predicts that another change is due in the near future; this will probably be accompanied by heavy emission of Q-code and fission of the atom, resulting in the formation of another radio-active unit of slightly lower density but with properties generally similar to the one from which it is derived. This prediction was made very late one evening in the canteen at St. Patrick's Barracks, Ballymena (war-time quarters of at least one Divisional Signals), during the week-end which we spent there in the middle of March. Sorry, I don't mean that we spent the whole week-end in the canteen. The weather was unkind, but both cable and wireless work were carried out. By wireless we made contact with friends at Lisburn, Portora (Enniskillen) and at Glasgow University.

From 25th to 27th March we had a party at Ballykelly, Londonderry, operating a No. 12 set and in contact with our H.O. at Belfast and with Units at Lisburn, Portora, Bangor (Co. Down) and Edinburgh University, as well as, for a short time, with a No. 22 set of 107 (Independent) Brigade Squadron on the hills outside Belfast. On two afternoons we sent out a truck from Ballykelly to the Bishop's Road, between 1,100 and 1,200 feet up at the east side of Benevenagh mountain. From that wind-swept and chilly elevation all the other stations, except 107 Brigade, who were not on the air at the time, were worked. On 27th March the boys at Portora, whose 12 set had broken down, did remarkable work in reaching both Belfast (72 miles) and Ballykelly on an 18 set.

Communications on the "Universities Net," Manchester in control, has been rather irregular of late, but on various dates we have worked Bristol, Glasgow and Liverpool as well as Manchester.

The Contingent is having a dance on 5th May, when we hope to see many of our friends from neighbouring Regular and T.A. Units spending the evening with us in the University Drill Hall.

15 A.A. (M) SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.

Leeds

April

Life has been comparatively placid over the last few weeks, with little to disturb its unruffled calm.

Our W.R.A.C. Adviser, Junior Commander Mary Wynn, is now on long leave, during which she will be appearing at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on 23rd April on the most important parade of her life—holy wedlock! She will be rejoining us in the middle of May to continue serving until her husband is released from the Forces. During her absence on leave Subaltern Margaret Cunningham, W.R.A.C./T.A., is "standing in" for her at R.H.Q.

Personnel of R.H.Q. and 37 Squadron are busy rehearsing for a concert which they hope to give in the, as yet, dim future.

Several W.R.A.C./T.A. personnel attended the annual Q.M.A.A.C. and A.T.S. reunion in London, and though they bore no visible scars of combat on their return a marked glassiness in the eyes of one or two was noted several days after the festivities.

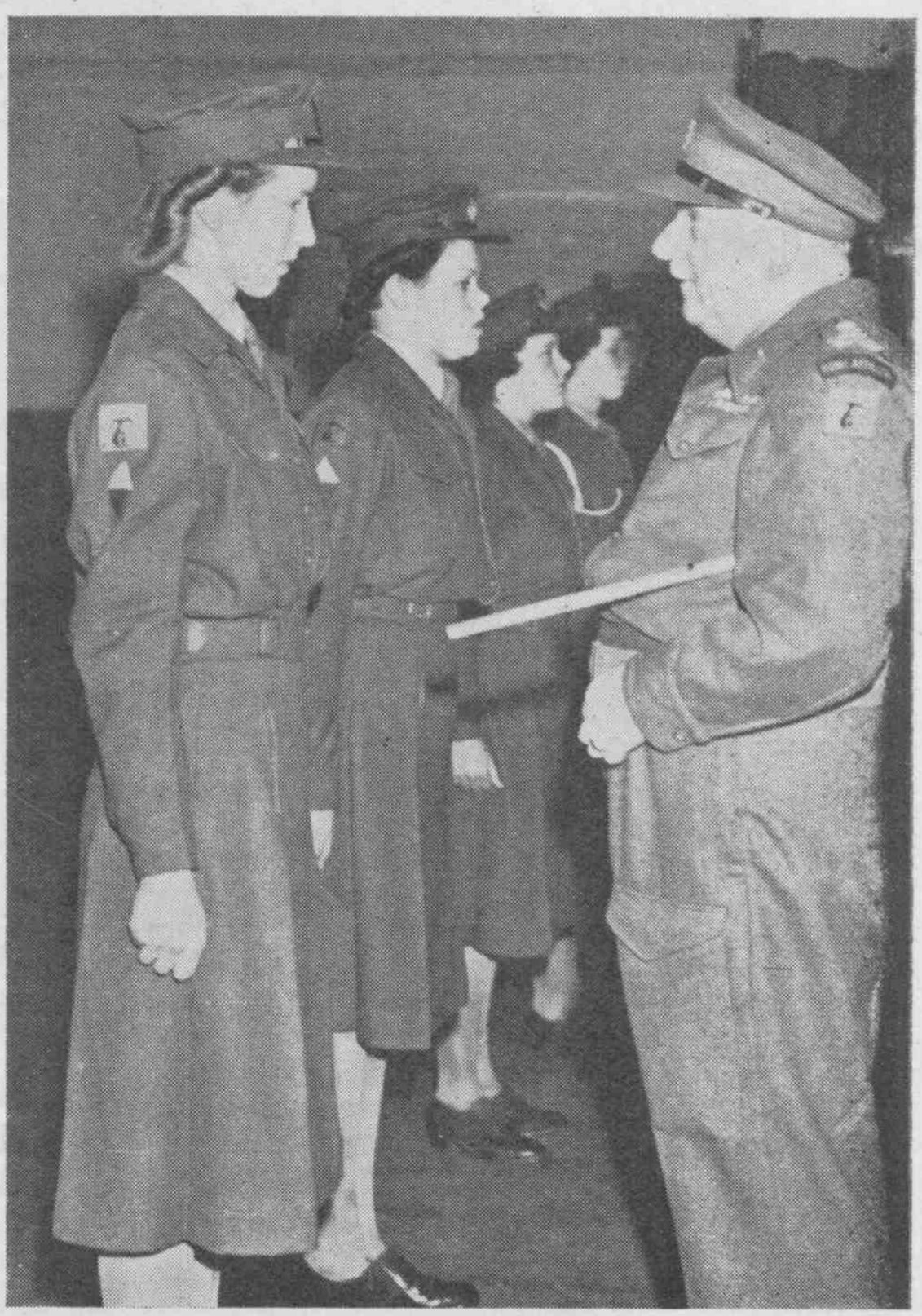


Photo by "Sheffield Telegraph & Star"

Photo by G. F. Bartlett, Nottingham

The Regiment will now be holding its summer camp at Rowlston Camp, Hornsea, from 25th June to 9th July. The Honorary Colonel of the Regiment, the Earl of Scarborough, K.G., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., T.D., D.L., J.P., will be present for a day during the first week.

39 A.A.(M.) SIGNAL SQUADRON, T.A. This Squadron has been taking part in the Nottinghamshire T.A. Recruiting Week, which was opened by the Lord Mayor of Nottingham on the 5th March. Members of the Squadron paraded as part of the composite Guard of Honour at the opening ceremony.

During the week we had a stand of equipment at the Local Chamber of Trade Exhibition which was visited by 12,000 people.

On Sunday, 13th March, there was a church parade followed by a march past of T.A. Units, at which the Squadron was represented.

To round up the Recruiting Week, an "At Home" for the members of the Squadron and their friends was given on the 17th March at the Drill Hall, Beeston. Among the guests we were glad to welcome R.S.M. Thornton from R.H.Q., Leeds.

We are hoping to have a number of recruits as a result

Photo by " Sheffield Telegraph & Star "

of these activities and will welcome old Corps friends and newcomers to join us in our training and social activities.

38 A.A.(M.) SIGNAL SQUADRON. The attached photos were taken by the Sheffield " Star " on the occasion of the inspection of this Squadron by the Commander, 65 A.A. Brigade R.A. (T.A.), Brigadier A. Smith, O.B.E., T.D., A.D.C.

13 A.A. (M) SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.

News from " Auld Reekie " has been very scarce during the past few months, but we hope to be able to send regular contributions in the future, having detailed an official scribe.

We are very pleased to report a good response from our A.T.S. members regarding the new terms of service for the W.R.A.C./T.A. We have only lost about 5 per cent. of our members due to the change-over, which is very encouraging, especially for the Permanent Staff, who put in a great deal of extra work in documentation. They feel that their efforts have been worth while. I have heard that certain officers have been swearing-in girls in their sleep, which is perhaps an indication of the pressure under which they work.

Annual Camp this year is being held at Comrie, in Perthshire, from 16th to 30th July. We are all looking forward to a full two weeks in camp and preparations are going ahead to make it a success.

We offer our congratulations to Signalman Smith and Private Kelso, both of 29 A.A. (M) Signal Squadron, T.A., in Glasgow, on their venture into the field of matrimony, and we wish them all happiness and the very best of luck. We wonder if Major Childs has got any more " doubles " up his sleeve.

On 2nd April we said goodbye to our Adjutant, Captain J. C. S. McDouall, who has left us to take up an appointment at the Army Apprentices' School in Harrogate. We wish him every success in his new job and we see him off knowing full well that the Stuart tartan will soon be a familiar sight in the streets of Harrogate. We are now getting accustomed to seeing the Adjutant wearing trousers when civilian clothes are called for, the kilt having previously been the order of dress.

We welcome as our new Adjutant Captain K. F. Lloyd, who has come to us from C.S.O.'s Branch, British Troops in Austria. We hope that his stay with us will be a long and pleasant one.

Another arrival is R.S.M. " Jock " Kerr, from Germany, who is in the process of taking over from R.S.M. J. Keating, the latter having finished his tour of duty with the T.A.

A very enjoyable evening was held in the Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess on Friday, 8th April, when a farewell party was given on behalf of R.S.M. and Mrs. Keating. The rendering of " Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star " by the Major (Q.M.) was especially noteworthy in a very *full* evening's entertainment.

We offer our heartiest congratulations to Major and Mrs. Brady on the birth of a son on 29th March.

Training in all four Squadrons in Edinburgh and Glasgow is progressing favourably, though recently it has been necessary to devote one or two drill nights to documentation for the W.R.A.C. We have taken part in several exercises, which have proved very valuable and instructive. The officers recently attended a week-end exercise in Perth, arranged by C.S.O., Scottish Command. All who attended spent a very enjoyable week-end.

* * *

SUBSCRIBERS

Subscribers are reminded that *all* correspondence dealing with Corps Publications should be addressed to the Headquarters of the Association at 88 Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1, and all remittances made payable to *The Royal Signals Association.*

The Sleuth

By **F. V. MERCHANT**

IT had been a laborious afternoon—four hours in an overheated bakery without a break—and now, a few hours off, and then on the night relief. As he sat in a café, the only customer at that hour, with his coffee and a cigarette, his thoughts kept adverting to his work. His work—at a base!—and he had wanted to enlist in a cavalry regiment a few years previously for the glamour of soldiering. They had said, at the Recruiting Office, " Use your trade and get working pay, and if you don't like it you can always transfer." What a sell; but he had worked at his trade with his Corps for six years when war broke out, and then he found himself, one of many, working where his trade was of most use to the Army in the field. A base wallah! No going into battle driving a tank, or flying an aeroplane, or even stretcher-bearing with the forward troops. No, as he was expert at his trade he must stick to it. He was doing his job more usefully where he was, and should he fail, the Field Army would suffer. His work was similar to what he did at Aldershot, with the difference that he now had to work in improvised bakeries accommodated in dockside warehouses. His hours were longer, varying around an average of ten daily, Sundays included.

His relief, or shift, had come off duty at 6 p.m. and he was free until 10 p.m., when he and his chums would again go on duty. He had snatched an hour from the billet for a coffee near the docks—not a posh place, nor in the principal part of the town, for he was wearing neither belt nor gaiters, and not dressed for meeting Red Caps; and orders were very strict about dress in town. Besides, it was raining.

Ah well !

His solitude was interrupted by the entrance of two sergeants, who sat themselves a few tables away and ordered coffee. They were very clean sergeants; looked as though they had just come out; properly dressed, and wearing Gunner cap-badges. Yet they didn't seem to fit in, somehow. If they were on leave, why come here? Why not go where the bright lights were? Where even at this early hour something was doing? The two conversed in undertones and something they said caused our friend (let's call him Baker, Doughie Baker) to listen. They were wondering what rank he held, for they were regarding his two good conduct badges. Perhaps a corporal. As it seemed so odd that sergeants of the Royal Artillery did not recognise good conduct badges when they saw them, Doughie was sure that something was wrong—after all, some called this picnic a " phoney " war—and took more interest and decided to get into conversation. But how? He drew out a fresh cigarette and felt for matches. One of the sergeants immediately came over, flicked a lighter, and the deed was done. Doughie was invited to join them at their table. Another curious action, for sergeants did not usually invite private soldiers (or perhaps they thought him a corporal) to wine with them—especially when the private was improperly dressed. However, he transferred himself to their table and joined in the conversation. The N.C.O.s were very inquisitive and asked Baker numerous questions about himself, and he was able to give convincing replies without letting them know how or where he was employed; it is doubtful whether they knew his Corps from his cap-badge if they were unaware of the significance of chevrons on the left forearm. Baker, on his part, asked them questions, and endeavoured to find out where they were from or whither bound, without success. He asked them where they lived in England, and after an almost imperceptible pause one said, " Manchester," but pronounced it in an un-English manner. " Oh!" said Doughie, " which one, that near Southampton? " They admitted it was.

Baker's thoughts began to race. He had put his trick question and they had fallen into the trap. He was certain, now, that they were not English, nor sergeants of the Royal Regiment. But how to make use of his knowledge? How could he get out quickly? He couldn't, for they had asked him to have a drink, which was the last thing he wanted from them. However, he said he'd have a grenadine, and one of the sergeants went to the bar to obtain it, and when paying for it Baker was sure he saw, reflected in one of the mirrors which adorned the walls, a small pellet drop into the drink. Stories of abductions and murders passed through Doughie's mind. He had heard of soldiers being found stripped and dead in the river. Was he to join them? Not if he could help it. But how? His grenadine was brought, and the problem now was how to dispose of it without drinking it. How he wished the Red Caps would come in and take his name !

Well, conversation went on, and although he frequently lifted his glass as though to drink, some question or answer called for a remark, during which the glass was returned to the table, but that could not go on for long. He had it! He brought out his paybook, which was bulging with letters and photographs and the usual intimacies which most soldiers carry, with the apparent idea of showing the sergeants the photographs of his wife and children, but, confound it, they stuck in the cover and came out with a rush—letters and all—and littered the floor. Both sergeants immediately stooped down to retrieve the treasures and, seeing his opportunity, Doughie took his glass and poured the contents down his trouser leg in such a way that they ran into his boot and not on to the floor, and when the sergeants recovered, their hands full of photos and letters, Doughie was just licking his lips and setting his empty glass down.

The photos having been exhibited, Baker now wondered what his reaction to what he was sure was dope should be. After a further five minutes' chat he drew his hand, as though wearily, across his eyes and said he ought to be getting along; and he could see that the sergeants did not want him to go—yet. However, he insisted, and as they couldn't keep him without actually man-handling him, they let him go.

Once in the open air, Doughie made his way to the main street, where he was sure of meeting a Red Cap, and very soon two of them saw him. What a capture! No belt, no gaiters, and in working rig! " Number, name. Come on, where's your paybook? "

Doughie besought them to come on with him at once, and settle formalities afterwards, for he had a couple of spies who ought to be arrested immediately or they'd escape. The Red Caps were sceptical, took his particulars, and then accompanied him, most sedately, to the café, which Baker entered first. Immediately the sergeants saw the Red Caps they sprang up and one drew a revolver, but before he had time to use it the M.P.s had leapt at them, knocked them down, and, with Doughie's assistance, had the handcuffs on them.

Little remains to be told. No charge was brought against Doughie, who was the principal witness at the subsequent trial, after which the sergeants—who really were spies—were executed.

Asked why he was suspicious, Doughie explained that working in the docks, as he did, he often saw neutral vessels come up the river, discharge their cargoes, and allow their crews shore leave. And who was to know if all who came ashore were really genuine crew? And did they all return to the ship? He had also heard of mysterious disappearances of men. And what became of the uniforms and paybooks of those chaps whose naked dead bodies were recovered from the river?

He was commended, and subsequently, his proficiency as a baker notwithstanding, had the doubtful reward of being transferred to the Police, where his duty in future consisted of walking up and down the streets of Rouen checking troops for irregularities in dress.

Branch Notes

Sutton and District

A ramble through Surrey Hills to Boxhill is being arranged for Whit-Monday, 6th June. All Signals welcome. Full details from Hon. Secretary, Mr. W. J. Membry, 148 Lilleshall Road, Morden, Surrey.

Sheffield and District

At our March meeting, held on Wednesday, 23rd, we were honoured by the company of Colonel A. W. Roberts, M.C., the General Secretary of the Association.

The meeting took place, as usual, at the D.E.G.A. Club, Sheffield, and though certain committee members and even the energetic Hon. Secretary professed a certain uneasiness, and we heard phrases like, "Well, I have only to go till about 8.30, then we shall see," there was no doubt whatever about the unanimity with which they were promptly re-elected when we came to this item in the agenda.

The Branch has now been in active existence for rather more than 12 months, and the total membership is now about 90. We were delighted to welcome one or two new members at this our annual general meeting, and we do hope that they will find us, and our doings and activities, in line with their expectations.

An enjoyable dance followed the business part of the meeting, and all credit is due to those who helped with the refreshments, and to those whose donations and assistance in kind all made up an enjoyable evening. It was grand indeed to see the renewal of mutual acquaintanceships and to hear Signals personalities discussed so freely. The present scribe recalls hearing, several times, those words so often heard when "old sweats" gather together: "Old 'Inky'" (or it might be "Dutchy" or "Loggy"), "why, of course! I knew him when . . ." and so on. Nostalgic maybe, to come home after such an evening, and see the old steel helmet rusting away on the garage wall, but years of soldiering together are not to be dismissed lightly.

The Branch will continue to meet at the same spot on the fourth Wednesday of the month, until and including 22nd June, after which there will be a summer recess before resuming meetings in the autumn. JONAH

Exeter and District

BRANCH PRESIDENT TO BE CITY'S NEXT MAYOR

It is officially announced that Major-General William Godwin Michelmore, C.B., D.S.O., M.C., T.D., D.L., LL.B., of St. German's House, Pennsylvania, Exeter, has consented to be nominated as Mayor of the city at the annual meeting of the Council on 25th May next, in succession to Alderman W. T. Slader, J.P.

Major-General W. G. Michelmore has had a distinguished military career, and has also taken active part in the public life of the city and county and in church affairs.

He is the youngest son of Mr. H. W. Michelmore, Mayor of Exeter in 1912–13 and 1931–32, and brother of Mr. Henry T. Michelmore, M.C., Sheriff of the city in 1926–27. They are members of the firm of Michelmores, Solicitors, Cathedral Yard.

LONDON DEGREE

Educated at Rugby and holding the degree of LL.B. (London), Major-General Michelmore joined the Territorial Army in 1913 and was gazetted second-lieutenant to the Wessex Divisional Telegraph Company, R.E. In August, 1914, he was mobilised with that Unit. At the age of 23, after a period of duty on the East Coast, he took overseas 58 Divisional Signal Company and served throughout the war on the Western Front.

In the third battle of Ypres, in November, 1917, he was severely wounded and spent four months in hospital before returning to active service in command of 19 Divisional Signals. In that year he was awarded the M.C. Following the heavy fighting of April, 1918, he was mentioned in dispatches and awarded the D.S.O. After the armistice he served with the Army of Occupation on the Rhine, commanding the Lancashire Divisional Signals at Bonn.

SIGNALS COMMAND

Returning to this country in 1919, he was appointed the first commanding officer of the reconstituted 43 Wessex Divisional Signals, and held the appointment for nine years. He became Deputy Chief Signal Officer, Southern Command, in 1929. In 1933 he was appointed substantive colonel in the Territorial Army, and three years later he assumed command of the 4th Battalion Devonshire Regiment.

During the last war Major-General Michelmore commanded an infantry brigade until 1941, when he was given command of a Division. In that year he was promoted major-general. He is President of Exeter Royal Signals Old Comrades' Association, and Chairman of Devon County Territorial Association.

Major-General Michelmore was A.D.C. to the King from 1942–45, and in 1945 was invested C.B. He holds the Territorial Decoration, and is a Deputy Lieutenant for the county of Devon.

(Reprinted from the *Express and Echo,* Exeter.)

Liverpool

It's a long time since we sent along notes for THE WIRE. The fact is we have had little to talk about, but this time we have something to shout about, particularly to those who may read the notes, and failed to turn up on Reunion Night, 11th March, 1949.

May I say at the beginning we actually had 142 sitting down to a first-class "hot-pot," and each member and guest on arrival received a ticket for a free drink; in addition, two

free bottles per person were placed on the tables as a thirst-quencher during dinner. Before dinner at 8.30 p.m., we held our annual general meeting, and considering the early start (7.30 p.m.) we had a fairly good attendance (64). We were very glad to have the General Secretary, Colonel A. W. Roberts, M.C., with us the whole of the evening, and I am sure I can record this opinion when I say he thoroughly enjoyed himself and was really amazed to think that we could have such a splendid evening. And here is where we have to thank Colonel Ellison once more for being good enough to let us participate in the use of Score Lane Drill Hall. Without its use, Liverpool Branch would die from natural causes.

I am not leaving this subject without thanking the Chairman, Captain F. C. W. Bennett, for his untiring work and liaison between us and the T.A. My personal thanks, Fred, and carry on the good work.

Once more, for the benefit of Merseysiders, we are still requiring thousands more, so come along, give us a visit on Friday evenings, or write and ask me for a form to join. The annual subscription is 2s. only.

Scarborough

Scarborough will soon be in full swing to receive visitors, as befits the " Queen of Watering Places " at Eastertide. No doubt some of the old Staghounds of 5 Divisional Signals will be returning to have a look over the happy hunting grounds and scenes of previous conquests. We shall be delighted to meet any of them who come this way.

It is grand to realise how lucky we are to have our Corps Band opening the Scarborough season at the Spa for Easter Week, terminating their engagement here by playing for us at our dance at the Clifton Hotel on 20th April.

A decision has been made to open a United Services Club in Scarborough, to include all Associations of the Services. The Club will be opened for the benefit of all ex-Service personnel. The project has received the full support of this Branch as it is something which is considered necessary and it will save separate clubroom expenses which have to be met by local branches of the various Associations.

Two photographs of our Annual Dinner and Dance accompany these notes for publication, if possible. Unfortunately, the other prints were not successful.

We were very pleased to welcome Mr. S. Bryant as a new member for this Branch. He will be remembered by old members of 5 Divisional Signals as Colonel Bradley's groom and batman.

Heartiest congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. J. Hart on the welcome addition to their family of a son. (Another member for the Corps.)

We regret to report that " Paddy " Ryan is to be admitted to hospital next week for an operation, and we all wish him a speedy recovery.

Mr. Tandy, ex-5 Divisional Signals butcher, sends greetings to all ex-members. He is now doing his best to make his customers in Sheffield fat on the very small meat ration that is allowed.

Should any of the following be interested in arranging a reunion, would they please write to Fred Figueroa, 27 Second Avenue, Bridlington, who will be only too willing to assist in the arrangements: Signalman Andie Tolmie, ex-1 Holding Battalion; Corporal Stanley Woodley, ex-1 Holding Battalion; Lance-Corporal Derek Fanthorpe, ex-1 Holding Battalion; Sergeant Douglas Cole, ex-H.Q., 1 S.T.C.; Corporal Leslie Hearne, ex-H.Q., 1 S.T.C.; Corporal Walley Barker, ex-1 Holding Battalion; Signalman MacRitchie, ex-1 Holding Battalion; Driver Dick Richardson, ex-49 Divisional Signal Regiment.

Mr. MacDonald sends his salaams to the following: " Dusty " Rhodes, of Sheffield, Boniface, Warburton, Big John, Udell, Bill Shipton and " Tug " Wilson. He wonders if you ever think of those happy times in the old 5 Division.

F. M.

Birmingham

Thursday, 31st March. You couldn't get nearer to the end of the month than that without slipping over the edge, so let no one tell me that he forgot that it was the last Thursday in the month as well as the last day. Pause for breath.

It was a good party, and on this occasion we had the 1914–18 and Overseas Club as guests. Mr. Thom and Captain Shale introduced their members to us and they certainly seemed to have arrived in strength. A concert was arranged and compered by Captain Frank Davis. Mr. Jimmy Cond played the piano in his grand style. Ralph Ironmonger and Bob Barlow performed on drums and saxophone, the latter presenting to the audience, and not asking for it back, an old favourite solo, " Valse Marlyne." This golden-toned saxophonist with the superlative——.

Uncle Ralph: Put a sock in it.

Me: Well, if you don't want to know——.

Uncle Ralph: We heard you.

Miss Vicky Carnall sang several songs and, as usual, had a job to leave the stage. We can't have too much of Vicky's singing. The comedian, whose name I forgot to obtain, being somewhat allergic to comedians, was surprisingly good. He performed the rather unusual feat of being clean as well.

However, I have jumped too far ahead. I should have mentioned that the usual Committee meeting took place before the concert. It is as well for you to know that your Committee really does work and talk business. The monthly meeting is not just beer and gossip. They try to keep the Branch ticking over efficiently. Welfare work goes on all the time, but of course you will appreciate that details of that sort cannot be broadcast.

Miss Hancox joined the Committee on the A.T.S. Section

and keeps Miss Jean Hopkins company. A welcome and regular visitor these days is Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Brown, M.M. Readers who served at Maresfield Park may remember him.

We are hoping that enough members will rally round to complete a coach-load for the run to Catterick on 16th July. This reunion on 16th/17th July is just what you have all been waiting for. I shall join the trip on condition that Captain Jim Adcock puts on a Walt Disney for me. Two days seems a very short time in which to have a word and a pint with all one's friends, supposing, of course, that one has as many friends as one imagines. With which involved observation it would be as well to conclude. But no. Scorning all advice and good counsel, I press on regardless. Of all the niggling controls and frustrations with which we are beset today, don't you think that the shortage of petrol is one of the—well, look at Carl Brown. Not bad looking either. They gave him 12 gallons for six months on his welfare work. What nonsense! He must *go and see* applicants for assistance. How can he deal with all these people if he has to go on the bus? He can't. Someone who may be in dire straits has to be neglected because there are not enough hours in the day and not enough juice in the tank. Ha! you say. Or maybe, Ho! Why doesn't the applicant call at Carl's office? I'm glad you asked that. A welfare officer can make up his mind about a man with far greater confidence if he can see the applicant on his own ground, so to speak.

It will be a great pity if the welfare work of Branches has to be curtailed just for the lack of a few more gallons of petrol. So there you are. You can write to the papers about it, or you might like to play it on your flute. I hope you don't agree with anything I have said, then we can have an argument.

BARLEUX

* * *

ROYAL SIGNALS BENEVOLENT FUND

Subscriptions received during March, 1949

	£	s.	d.
Thames Estuary and East Anglian Coast Troop		15	0
Kent Coast Troop	3	15	6
67 Wing Signal Troop	1	5	0

Donations received during March, 1949

Army Signal School, M.E.L.F.	61	3	4
2 Squadron, 9 Armoured Divisional Signals	74	1	8
Royal Signals Headquarters Officers' Mess	3	15	0
Birmingham Branch	31	0	0
Captain E. F. King	1	1	0
Total receipts	£176	16	6

Expenditure during March, 1949, £715 15s. (includes assistance for: General assistance; rent, rates and insurance; cots and prams; beds and bedding; furniture; clothing; hospital and doctors' fees; funerals; removals; rehabilitation; fares; tools).

Analysis of cases: Families of soldiers serving in U.K., 6; families of soldiers serving in M.E.L.F., 1; widows and dependants of deceased soldiers, 7; released and discharged soldiers, 94; total number of cases, 108.

Royal Signals Old Comrades' Association

Members registered at Association Headquarters during March, 1949:

Life members	18
Annual members	70

SPORTS NOTES

Association Football

The Semi-final of the Northern Command Inter-Unit Soccer Competition, 1 Training Regiment v. *8th Royal Tank Regiment, on the Command Central Ground, Catterick Camp, Wednesday, 16th March*

At the line-up the following were the teams:

1 Training Regiment, Royal Signals.—Sergeant Carter, Signalman Glenfield, Sergeant Dean, Sergeant Leppington, Signalman Hopkins, Signalman Joss, Signalman McCready, Signalman Neilson, Signalman Gardner, Staff-Sergeant Gough (captain), Sergeant Ashford.

8th Royal Tank Regiment.—Trooper Marshall, Trooper Gough (captain), Sergeant Beswich, Trooper Meadows, Trooper Morgan, Corporal Goodlad, Trooper Morris, Trooper Sibley, Corporal Hiscock, Trooper Hewer, Trooper Parry.

8th R.T.R. attacked from the kick-off, but the raid was foiled, and after a short period of midfield play Neilson sent McCready away with a short pass and McCready scrambled the ball into the net. Royal Signals continued to attack and a second goal came in the eighth minute when centre-forward Gardner beat Marshall with a low shot. Royal Signals took most of the play but missed scoring chances from Ashford and Neilson. 8th R.T.R. centre-half, Morgan, was a prominent man in defence, but the fast-moving forward line of Royal Signals proved to be a little too tricky for their opponents' defence. In the twentieth minute Hiscock scored from a penalty for 8th R.T.R. with a beautiful shot which beat Carter from the moment it left his foot. This goal inspired 8th R.T.R., who rallied and gave Royal Signals defence a hectic few minutes, Hopkins and Leppington being prominent in Royal Signals defence. Royal Signals third goal came when Neilson was fouled just outside the penalty area and Gough netted the ball in the top right-hand corner from the free kick.

Royal Signals continued to attack strongly, and in the thirtieth minute Neilson gave them their fourth goal when he scored after a goalmouth scramble in which five shots had been blocked by the defence. From the centre, 8th R.T.R. dominated the play until half-time, but good moves in both wings were lost by the poor finish in front of the goal. Half-time: Royal Signals 4, 8th R.T.R. 1.

On the resumption of play, the first corner of the match was awarded to 8th R.T.R. when Hopkins conceded after a clearance from the goalmouth. They continued to attack but the Royal Signals defence held strong, and in the fifty-second minute Neilson collected a loose ball and sent Gardner on to score after a long run through. Both teams were strong in the centre-half position, but Royal Signals had a faster-moving forward line, especially in the wing positions and the clever ball control of inside man Neilson. In the eighty-second minute a breakaway by 8th R.T.R. resulted in a goal from Parry, who netted when the ball had been deflected back into play from the crossbar. The result at full-time was: Royal Signals 5, 8th Royal Tank Regiment 2. The Signals deserved their win because of the better positional play and the ability to swing the ball about and find the man.

McCready and Neilson were outstanding for Royal Signals, and Morgan, Sibley, and goalkeeper Marshall for 8th Royal Tank Regiment.

* * *

Northern Command Association Football Cup Final, 27th April, 1949

1 Training Regiment, Royal Signals - - - 3

6 Royal Tank Regiment - - - - - - - - 1

1 Training Regiment cross-country team

Winners of the Catterick District League, 1948-49, winners of the Catterick District Inter-Unit Championshtp, 1949, winners of the Northern Command Inter-Unit Championship, 1949

The team shown on the photograph is almost the same as that which won the Army Cross-Country Championship at Old Dalby on 4th March, except for the following members not on the photograph : Lance-Corporal P. Eglin, Signalman W. Beecham, Signalman J. F. Wilkins
Left to right : Corporal L. K. Brewis, Lance-Corporal F. A. Blundell, Signalman R. Howe, Corporal P. B. Milne, Sergeant K. J. Colbert (captain), Signalman R. Tyrell, Lance-Corporal A. N. Godfrey, Signalman D. J. Wheatley, Signalman J. Duncan, Signalman D. H. Scobie

Road Relay Running

North-Eastern Counties Road Relay
North Shields, 19th March

Royal Signals won premier honours in the North-Eastern Counties Road Relay at North Shields on 19th March. For the third year running the Royal Signals Trophy has returned to Catterick.

There was strong competition between the 15 teams, three of which were from Royal Signals. The race was run in a series of six relays. Three youth runners ran the first three legs of $2\frac{3}{4}$ miles each. Three seniors ran the next three legs of $4\frac{1}{2}$, $5\frac{1}{2}$ and $6\frac{5}{8}$ miles respectively. At the end of the first leg, Martin, of Signals " A," was a worthy winner. The " B " team was ninth and the " C " fourteenth. In the second leg Royal Signals teams fell back to fourth, eleventh and fifteenth. In the last youths' leg, Wilkins ran a nicely-judged race to bring the " A " team second, and White placed the " B " team more favourably by being ninth. Bryant was the first senior runner for the " A " team. Though second at the take-over, he gained the lead but fell back to second near the finishing point. Bottomly did well also; he improved the position of the " B " team from ninth to seventh. It was in the hands of Colbert that the " A " team had their best success. He ensured that Royal Signals would be easy winners of the race. Taking over seven seconds behind the Gosforth runner, he finished well in the lead by over 200 yards or, even more astounding, 23 seconds ahead of the second runner. Tobin, of the " B " team, dropped back to ninth, and consequently there was little hope of their being placed. Field ran the $6\frac{5}{8}$-mile lap for the " A " team and had an easy task. He retained the lead and Royal Signals became winners for a second year. Godfrey, of the " B " team, came ninth, and Duncan ran a fine race to move the " C " team from fifteenth to thirteenth position.

Royal Signals were not only the winners of the relay itself but also had the main honours in the various laps for the fastest lap runners. Indeed, in four out of the six laps Royal Signals provided the fastest men. Martin was fastest in the first $2\frac{3}{4}$-mile lap in 14 mins. 27 secs.; Bryant in the $4\frac{1}{2}$-mile lap in 22 mins. 45 secs.; Colbert in the $5\frac{1}{2}$-mile lap in 29 mins. 41 secs.; Field the $6\frac{5}{8}$-mile lap in 34 mins. 59 secs.

Team placings: Royal Signals first over the 25-mile course in 2 hrs. 11 mins. 37 secs. Gosforth were second and Elswick third.

Royal Signals Road Team Get Trophy

Signals had a walkover in the Tees-side road race at Stockton when they won it with surprising ease on 26th March. It is the first time the race has been run, and Signals won the " Evening Gazette " Cup outright.

Nine Teams

There were nine teams present, three of them coming from Signals. The race was over a fairly fast six mile course.

The lead was quickly taken by Field, soon to be followed by Colbert and Bryant. They ran together in a bunch when at the two-mile mark they were joined by Bottomley, also of Signals.

For the next 2½ miles these four retained the lead, though Fail, of Gosforth, tried continually to split their combination. He succeeded when Bottomley dropped back with 1½ miles to go, and then a quarter mile from the finish Bryant fell back too.

Field Wins

Field went on to win in 31 mins. 38 secs., with Colbert second 5 secs. behind. Fail was third and Bryant fourth. Bottomley, the last counting man for the first team, was 8th.

The second team also did very well. They were third with Godfrey, Wilkins, Tobin and Duncan the counting runners.

Team placings:—Signals "A" 1st, 15 points; Gosforth 2nd, 24 points; Signals "B" 3rd, 89 points.

(Contributed by *Catterick Express*)

Football

Royal Signals Football in B.A.O.R.

A Royal Signals Inter-Unit Knock-out Competition was run during February and March, 1949. The first game in the preliminary round between H.Q. B.A.O.R. Signal Regiment and 11 Air Formation Signal Regiment was won by H.Q. B.A.O.R. Signal Regiment by 6—1.

The semi-finals were played between Royal Signals, 7 Armoured Division District, who beat Royal Signals, Hamburg District, by 4—2, and 2 Divisional Signal Regiment, who beat H.Q. B.A.O.R. Signal Regiment by 4—3.

The final was played at Bad Oeynhausen on 23rd March, and was won by Royal Signals, 7 Armoured Division District, by 3—1. The Director of Signals, Major-General W. A. Scott, C.B.E., presented the shield to the winning team and medals to players at the conclusion of the game.

Signalmen Astle and Thorne, both of 1 Wireless Regiment, Royal Signals, played in representative games for B.A.O.R. during the 1948/49 season.

ROYAL SIGNALS SAILING ASSOCIATION (Catterick Branch)

In the furtherance of its policy to encourage sailing among officers in the Corps, the Royal Signals Sailing Association has purchased two Firefly sailing dinghies, primarily for the use of those members of the R.S.S.A. at Catterick.

A Catterick Branch of the R.S.S.A. has been formed to run these boats, whose racing numbers are F.553 and F.554. The Commodore and members of the Royal Windermere Yacht Club have courteously agreed to the Branch being affiliated to them. As a result F.553 and F.554 are able to enter for races held under the flag of the R.W.Y.C., whose racing season begins at Whitsun. Organised races are held on most Saturday afternoons after Whitsun, and it is expected to arrange extempore races on other occasions.

The two boats are now at Sheppard's Yard, Windermere.

The sailing fees for Lake Windermere are 7s. 6d. for a cruising period of about four hours, and 5s. for a racing period. Periods may be booked through the Secretary, Catterick Branch, Captain Nodder, Royal Signals, H.Q School of Signals. Tel. No.: Catterick Camp, Signals 209.

The fee for racing elsewhere than at Windermere is £1 per day, and, in this connection, it is intended to enter F.554 as a Corps entry in races during the Clyde fortnight and elsewhere.

Although the boats are run by the Catterick Branch, they are the property of the R.S.S.A. and any sailing member of the R.S.S.A. may use them. Anyone intending to do so, either at Windermere or by entering for races elsewhere, is asked to communicate with the Secretary, Catterick Branch, who will give him any details required.

Hockey

The Scottish Tour

Royal Signals, Catterick, hockey team made a bold departure from its normal fixture list by introducing a Scottish Tour. This was partly due to two very enjoyable fixtures had with St. Andrew's University and Old Watsonians (Edinburgh) during season 1947-1948. This year's tour contained four fixtures, an account of which appears below.

On summing up it will be seen from the final results that the scores were very much against us, but the tour was a success in so far as the Corps' reputation was upheld and enhanced. Our mark in Scottish hockey has been left behind, so much so, that fixtures for next year have already been arranged.

12th January—v. St. Andrew's University

The opening match of the tour was played under ideal conditions, the weather treating us well, and we were playing this game in the lovely surroundings of the renowned St. Andrew's scenery. The Corps side was not at full strength, five players being absent, participating in the Northern Command v. Southern Command game at Welbeck Abbey. Both sides opened out the game from the start with Royal Signals having slightly the better of the exchanges. At this stage our substitutes were doing all that was asked of them, but knowledge of the ground and prevailing conditions stood the University in good stead and they took the lead with a snap goal. As the game developed Royal Signals piled on pressure but could only pierce their opponents' defence but once. St. Andrew's then came again to make the score 2—1 in their favour, this being the state of affairs at the final whistle.

14th January—v. Edinburgh University

The second match of the tour saw Royal Signals able to produce a much more balanced side, members who participated in the inter-Command match had now arrived. The University are one of the strongest sides in Eastern Scotland and paid us the compliment of turning out their complete 1st XI. In this game Royal Signals more than held their own, although the score of 4 goals to nil against us would otherwise imply. Royal Signals opened in a rather unusual manner, putting on the pressure from the start, but once the University had settled down the game evened out. At this stage good work was being done by "Q" Deegan and "RQ" Roscoe, our forwards were weak in front of goal, and in the second half the University, who had been quick to notice this, exerted pressure and our defence cracked under the strain. Goals against us quickly followed, but after a brief spell of adversity we again took up the running and the final whistle came with Royal Signals pressing hard.

15th January—v. Old Watsonians

This was our third match of the Scottish Tour, and to us, perhaps the most vital as it was the Old Watsonians who really introduced us into Scottish hockey, and from our fixtures with them many useful contacts have been made. After having received defeats from our first two fixtures, the morning of 15th January was rather gloomy for us and much time was spent in selecting and re-arranging our side. Rain fell heavily and we all secretly hoped that the match would be cancelled, but 2.30 p.m. saw the Corps side on the field ready to do battle.

From the bully-off nothing went wrong for Royal Signals. Hockey of the highest order was produced, and Royal Signals were soon in the lead with a goal scored by Signalman Gardner. Royal Signals domineered the game until half-time with hockey worthy of our more palmy days. Half-time score being Royal Signals 1, Old Watsonians 0. Second half was again all Royal Signals, and from one

inspired spell three goals were scored from the sticks of Signalman Gardner, Sergeant Hammond and "Q" Roscoe. Watsonians, who had been fighting back for the whole of the game reduced the score with a fine goal scored by their centre-forward; the final score being Royal Signals 4, Old Watsonians 1.

Mention must now be made of the fine sporting spirit of our opponents, both on and off the field. Nothing was too much for them in their efforts to make our stay in Edinburgh a happy one. Following the match the Corps' team attended the annual dinner of the Old Watsonians Hockey Club, and Captain F. Barton was given the honour of proposing a toast, "The Old Watsonians Hockey Club." Dinner was followed by the usual evening's "merry-go-round," and a good time was had by all.

19th January—v. Eastern District Scotland

Our last match of the tour proved rather disastrous for our team, three leading members having been released to enable them to participate in an Army Cup game; so once again the side was rather crippled. We took the field determined at all costs to cover up our defects. Eastern District turned out a strong side drawn from several local leading clubs. The game started off with a rush, excellent hockey being produced by both sides. Notable performances being given at this stage by Captain Brabham and Major Gregory. Eastern District opened the scoring, but we were quick to follow, and half-time came with score one all. Second half opened in much the same manner as the first, but halfway through the District side went riot to the tune of scoring 4 goals, but again Royal Signals rallied and the score now being much against us did not prevent pressure being exerted on our opponents' goal. Finishing again being our weak point the game concluded with the score 6—1 against us.

Royal Signals v. Leeds University

On Wednesday, 16th February, Royal Signals, Catterick, entertained Leeds University both in 1st XI and 2nd XI matches.

The match between the two 1st XIs was played on the Command Central Ground, and although the ground was heavy after a spell of the well-known Catterick rain the standard of play was not affected. From the bully-off Royal Signals' forwards were very lively and the University did well in defence in preventing any goals being scored. Signalman Gardner made one of his characteristic dribbles through and a hard shot at the Leeds goal gave their goalkeeper no chance. Later in this half Bruce Brabham, from a scrimmage in the goalmouth, scored another goal. Half-time: Royal Signals 2, Leeds University 0.

The second half opened with Leeds University pressing hard and Royal Signals' defence was well taxed in their efforts to keep the student invaders outside the "D." The University centre-forward shortened the odds by scoring their only goal about fifteen minutes from the end of the game, final score being 2—1 in favour of Royal Signals.

Royal Signals 2nd XI v. Leeds University 2nd XI

This match was played on Colburn Ground, and from the start proved lively and full of interest. Both sides pressed in turn but Royal Signals were the first to pierce their opponents' defence. This reverse stung the University to greater efforts and they were soon on equal terms with a good goal scored by the inside-left. Half-time came with Royal Signals leading by 2 goals to 1. Second half opened with play still very even, but Royal Signals again found the weak spot in the Leeds' defence and three quick goals were scored by our inside forwards, and for a while Royal Signals appeared to dominate the game, but the University were not long subdued and came back with true Yorkshire spirit with two rapid goals, one of which was brilliantly scored by their inside-left. Play then became even until the end of the game; final score being Royal Signals 5, Leeds University 3.

Royal Signals v. Royal Engineers

The match took place on the SME ground at Ripon on 26th February. Neither side was at full strength due to last minute withdrawals due to sickness.

The Sappers opened the scoring within the first few minutes, their centre-forward breaking through while Royal Signals' defence was hard pressed. Play then swung round in Royal Signals' favour and a barrage of attacks were made on the R.E.s' goal. Once again the forwards could not get the ball into the net. With any luck Royal Signals should have equalised as they certainly had the better of the first half.

The Sappers opened the second half by piling on pressure for the first 10 minutes. Royal Signals' defence stood up to this hammering without faltering, often sending good passes through to the forwards, who could not break through the Sapper defence. Once again the play swung round in Royal Signals' favour, very good shots at goal by Lieutenant Murray, Sergeant Hammond and Signalman Gardner were unfortunate not to finish in the back of the net. Royal Signals' forwards were good individualists but could not produce the combination to get the ball into the net. A hard, fast and most enjoyable game ended with the Sappers winning by the only goal of the match. Our centre-half, Second-Lieutenant Ashworth, was "demobbed" the day after this match, our thanks and best wishes are extended to him.

Royal Engineer hospitality, both before and after the match, was appreciated by all members of the team, and we look forward to next year's fixture with the greatest enthusiasm.

Royal Signals, Catterick, v. Norton

Royal Signals, Catterick, hockey team played its return fixture with Norton at Stockton on 19th March. Owing to local epidemics Royal Signals have not been able to turn out at full strength, and a rather strange looking Royal Signals' team took the field for the last match of the season. The game opened with Norton taking full advantage of our disunity, piling on the pressure, and found flaws in our defence. During this period Norton scored 3 goals. Lance-Corporal Gardner then came into the picture with a fine solo effort resulting in a terrific shot that gave the goalkeeper no chance. Half-time: Norton 3, Royal Signals 1. From the beginning of the second half Norton was subjected to heavy pressure and our halves and backs completely shut out the Norton forwards. Try as we would no goals were forthcoming, our forwards lacking that finishing punch necessary to score. Final result being Norton 3, Royal Signals 1.

Boxing

We are indebted to the *Catterick Express* for news of Royal Signals in Catterick District Novices' Boxing Competition Semi-finals.

With One Point 4 Training Regiment beat Hussars in Close Fight

One of the semi-finals of the District Novices' Boxing Championships was fought out in the famous old "Blood Tub" last week between the 14th/20th King's Hussars (red) and 4 Training Regiment, Royal Signals (green).

To mention the score—Red 13, Green 14—would be sufficient to show how keen this contest was. The fact that the last three fights were won all in a row will give some idea of the excitement which prevailed.

Starting at 7 p.m., nine fights were over by 8.25 p.m.

Bout No. 1 was a second string lightweight with Trooper Carrol being knocked out by Queen. A forcing pace and a persistent left to the solar plexus brought a k.o. verdict in the second round.

The second fight was a bantamweight contest between Trooper Norris and Signalman Reed. Norris had established

a comfortable lead in the first two rounds with good clean jabs, but round three took an unexpected turn. Reed opened up and pasted Norris with both hands. Norris weathered this barrage and had the verdict on points.

In the featherweight bout between Trooper Riley and Signalman White, the Signalman was technically knocked out in round three.

The second string welterweight fight between Trooper Palmer and Signalman Hamilton was a tough scrap, with the Signalman taking full advantage of his height, and winning a close fight on points.

The fifth bout (middleweight) between Trooper Quick and Signalman Stevens, was won on points by the Hussar (a southpaw), whose style was much more workmanlike.

Trooper Boundary (Red) had all his own way in the light-weight first string, and won every round. He promises well, and with more training and experience will make a useful addition to the Hussars' team.

In the light-heavyweight class, Signalman Ray came out of the Green corner with a definite southpaw stance and full of purpose. He shot two lefts at Trooper Antcliffe, the second finding its mark. A momentary pause proved Antcliffe's "swan song." Ray shot out a right hook to the jaw, which had Antcliffe counted out in the first round.

The heavyweight bout between Trooper Porter and Signal-man Leigh showed the Signalman as the more aggressive. The fight was stopped in the second round.

At this stage the score was even, 12—12, and all depended on the final bout, a welterweight between Trooper Ritchie and Sergeant Morris.

Morris carried a punch in both hands, and was much too good for Ritchie, who was knocked out in the second round.

This brought 4 Training Regiment the winning point.

One Point Win Takes Lancers into Final

One of the best novices' competitions seen at Catterick Camp for years was held on Monday, 28th March, between 12th Royal Lancers and 7 Selection Regiment, Royal Signals. The Lancers gained the decision at this contest by virtue of one point.

Lance-Corporal Green opened the score for Signals with a knock-out victory over Trooper Capeland in the first round. The Lancers drew level when Trooper Brooks out-pointed Lance-Corporal Taylor in an interesting bout. This was followed by another close contest when Trooper Ander-son won on points over Signalman McMillan, to put the Lancers in front.

Then came the fight of the evening, between Trooper Lowther and Signalman Savage, in which the latter won by a slight margin.

This contest was not more than a few seconds old when Lowther delivered a smashing right hook which had Savage down for nine. Full of fight, Savage weathered the round. Round two saw a new Savage step from his corner, gaining points with telling lefts and rights to the face and body.

The two men boxed well, but in the final round Savage delivered further point-getting punches, which gained him the verdict.

In the following bout Trooper Beddy knocked out Signal-man Balam, and in another forceful encounter, with fighting from the first bell, Second-Lieutenant Lawrence was lucky to receive the verdict over Trooper Bell.

With a terrific swinging punch, Signalman Shaddick ended his bout with Trooper Moon; and in the final bout Trooper Melkinson won on points over Signalman Russell. Russell started well with some good straight lefts which connected with force. Russell had the advantage of a longer reach, but Melkinson's ringcraft was a deciding factor.

Finals

The District Novices' Finals proved a real exciting evening's entertainment and one I would not have missed. 4 Training Regiment, in the Red corner, fought the 12th Royal Lancers (Green) in some of the toughest battles seen in Catterick District for years.

In Bout 1, Reed, the Signals bantam, won the fight on points with his cool manner and long left hand, from an aggressive two-handed puncher who tried hard to land a right k.o.

The featherweight bout between Frey and Cary showed the Lancer a more stylish and aggressive boxer. Cary estab-lished a comfortable lead in the first round and twice had Frey in difficulties. In the second round he forced the pace and proved too good for Frey, the fight being stopped by the referee.

Johnstone, in the Red corner, was a tall, rangey first string lightweight who used his straight left, and the ring, to obtain a points decision from Melchinson, who would have been dangerous had he got in close.

Fight No. 4, between Queen and Trooper Brooks, was one of the best of the evening. Neither boxer wasted a moment for any frills, but got busy from the start.

The second round was a thriller, with both men punching hard, each trying to land a right k.o. Queen used his left to some purpose and was the better boxer, but the same terrific pace continued to the end, with the Signalman gaining a very close points decision. Both boxers were congratulated by the referee on a very good fight.

The crowd were then treated to one of the best black and white demonstrations seen in Catterick for years. Those two experienced instructors Richards and Lennox provided the instruction in their own inimitable clowning way, with the referee, Major Baure-Field, compering the "do's" and "don't's."

This performance had the audience in fits of laughter, and whilst bringing out the boxing lessons very clearly, provided 15 minutes of riotous entertainment.

In Fight 5, Hamilton met a southpaw in Trooper Ander-son, and he never got accustomed to the latter's style. Anderson plugged away with his left hand to win a closely-contested fight on points.

The middleweight contest was a one-sided scrap. Bell, in the Green corner, was far too good for Timms, who took a good deal of punishment. Bell forced the fight from the commencement and Timms' left hand was ineffective against an opponent who used both hands to win on points.

In the light-heavyweight contest, Trooper Lowther, in the Green corner, met another southpaw in Signalman Ray. He immediately took the fight to Ray, winning the first round and knocking Ray out in the third.

The heavyweight contest was a complete reversal of the previous fight. Lance-Corporal Leigh, in the Red corner, was too strong for Trooper Moon. The former's aggressive tactics forced his opponent to a neutral corner, where Moon was knocked out in the first round.

This brought the scoring to 12 points each, with the first string welterweight to decide the result, and such a situation had the fight fans all keyed up.

Both went at it right from the bell, each trying to land a knock-out. Trooper Boddy sent in vicious lefts which found their mark and piled up the points in his favour. Morris went after his opponent, always endeavouring to get close enough to land a right hook knock-out, but the Lancer out-boxed him and won a hard-fought fight on points.

Result: 12th Royal Lancers, 14; 4 Training Regiment, Royal Signals, 13.

Note: Both semi-finals and the finals finished with a one-point decider, and from this one can visualise the very close and hard-fought battles which brought to the Lancers the trophy they had so well earned.

THE WIRE

The Corps Magazine
of the
Royal Signals

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THE WIRE

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Volume 3 *New Series* **No. 6**

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PRICE: ONE SHILLING

Editorial

Readers will remember the Editorial of July, 1948, and the Editorial column of December, 1948, which drew attention to the unsatisfactory state of THE WIRE in the matter of circulation.

☆

As forecast, the Committee of the Royal Signals Association discussed the matter at their meeting on 31st May, 1949, and decided that there must be a very drastic cut in expenditure on THE WIRE.

☆

It is not possible on this date, 1st June, as the June issue is being made up, to announce the remedies which are to be adopted. Details will be given in July. It is possible that the character of the magazine may be changed. Certainly we hope to maintain the quality.

☆

Facts are unpleasant. We sell only half the copies of THE WIRE necessary to make it pay.

[*Photo by C.I. Reproduction, War Office*

Director of Signals Conference and Exercise Quicksilver II April, 1949

A GALAXY of the senior officers of Royal Signals assembled in London for the Director's Conference on 21st–22nd April. As the accompanying photograph shows, practically *everyone* was there. It would be improper in THE WIRE to state what was discussed; suffice that the whole field from high policy to minor dress regulations came under review. Wise decisions were made, as is signified by the complete unanimity achieved on all matters. Ripe experience provides good counsel, and a study of the photograph shows how varied that experience was.

On Monday, 25th April, we all journeyed to Catterick, where, joined by a number of younger officers, we undertook three days of consideration of the problems of Royal Signals in operations under Arctic conditions.

Our discussions were of great interest because, despite the combined wisdom acquired by many years of service in practically every part of the world, there was not one of us with first-hand experience of the climatic conditions under which for exercise purposes we were to operate. We would all have given much for the presence of P.M.P. Hobson, even now working with the Royal Canadian Corps of Signals somewhere very far north. Apart from providing first-hand information, his personality would have graced our few moments of leisure.

In the matter of leisure—well earned, for we worked hard—we were well done by. General and Mrs. Scott kept open house on the two evenings in London. At Catterick we were all pleased and proud to see the Headquarters Mess back to pre-war in every way.

Probably not more than once or twice before has the Headquarters Mess held at one time so many very distinguished officers of Royal Signals.

A guest night dinner on the Wednesday gave us, after very many years, the wonderful experience of seeing the two long tables running the great length of the room, with all that is best in Regimental plate displayed for us. It was well worth a quiet hour of inspection, each cup or trophy carrying with it a memory or a new thought of honour won by Royal Signals in sport or of long association commemorated by the donation of some admirable example of the silversmith's art. The long tables shone with the loving care of hundreds of hours of hard work to repolish after war-time neglect; there was dignity and splendour in the scene when we drank our loyal toasts by candlelight.

The next day, Thursday, most departed to M.E.L.F., to FARELF, to all the British world, and a few more prosaically to their offices in Command H.Q. and the War Office.

The writer was privileged to stay on for one more afternoon for a preview of the 1949 Royal Signals Motor Cycle Display, for a sentimental journey to see the great change in Catterick in 15 years, and for a brief tour of inspection in the new and splendid N.A.A.F.I. Club.

The Royal Signals Motor Cycle Display is going to be a good one in 1949. The material is the same, the men and the ideas behind the presentation are different. Old tricks, old feats of skill put on differently, and many with an excellent comedy twist to them.

Time did not permit of any of us really seeing the S.T.C. at work, but the demeanour of the many young soldiers seen moving about their normal avocations was impressive. The years roll on, buildings change, clothing is altered, but the young signalman of 1949 looks much the same as he did in 1939 or 1929. There could be no higher praise.

It was perhaps a pity that another day was not given to an informal visit to each Training Regiment by a quota of the senior officers assembled.

OBITUARY

Major Maxwell Bernard Donaghy

WITH deep regret we announce the death of Major Maxwell Bernard Donaghy, who died suddenly of heart failure in the B.M.H. Fayid on Monday, 20th March, 1949, where he was under treatment for duodenal ulcer. All who knew him will realise what a great loss the Corps has sustained. In his long service he made friends everywhere, and will always be remembered as a fine soldier and a great sportsman who, in complete unselfishness, devoted his life to every interest of the Corps.

He joined R.E. Signals on 12th July, 1915, as a Boy, aged 16, and made for himself a distinguished military career. In the first World War he served in France and later in North Russia. He was one of the first to join the Corps of Signals on its formation. For a few years he served in the Army of the Rhine and left a great reputation as a rifle shot.

From 1924 to 1932 he served in Egypt and assisted the Corps in its heyday, when Egypt Signals won trophies in every form of sport. In 1934 he was C.S.M. of "F" Company at Catterick. What Boy can ever forget his patience and understanding, and the quiet firmness with which he encouraged all their activities in work and sport.

In 1939 he was commissioned as T.M.O. and joined Deccan District Signals, who later became the 5th Indian Divisional Signals; with them he served in the Sudan, Eritrea, Abyssinia and the Western Desert. In 1942 he was appointed Adjutant of the Unit in PAIFORCE, Iraq, where they re-equipped and trained after their African Campaign. No doubt there are a number of old members of the "5th Indian" who will remember his endurance on the march. His lead and example in the march from Fort Capuzzo down "Hellfire Pass" to the Sollum Rendezvous in 1942 will be remembered by those who started and more so by those who finished the long trek. A fine example of Don.

In 1943 the Division left Iraq for Burma, Captain Donaghy leaving the 5th Indian to go to 15 Corps Signals, where he was Adjutant. After a short break from 1945 to 1947 when he was in Whitby with 3 Operators Training Battalion, Royal Signals, he was abroad again. This time he was T.O.M. of 3 G.H.Q. Signal Regiment, and remained with them till his death.

We have lost a great friend and a true sportsman. Many of the Corps teams, both great and small, will remember Don not so much because of outstanding performances, but because he was always there to help, to set an example, and to show what team spirit really meant, both in work and play.

To Mrs. Donaghy and her family we send our deepest and most heartfelt sympathy.

HONOURS AND AWARDS

The Central Chancery of the Orders of Knighthood have asked us to assist in tracing the following former N.C.O.s of the Corps, who have been awarded the British Empire Medal (Military Division):

2339083 Sergeant John Snaith (B.E.M., 24-1-46). Last recorded address: Redworth, Brandsley Grove, Huntington Road, York.

2318016 Sergeant Claude Ernest William Wallis (B.E.M., 25-11-43). Last recorded address: 22, Highcroft Villas, Brighton, Sussex.

If any reader happens to know the present whereabouts of either of these former N.C.O.s, or any more recent address than that given, he is requested to draw his attention to this notice, or to write to the Central Chancery of the Orders of Knighthood, St. James's Palace, London, S.W.1.

Royal Signals—Regular Recruiting

Due in large measure to the cessation of regular recruiting during the war years and to increases in the number required, there is at present a shortage of regular soldiers in the Corps. The shortages are heaviest in the Group "A" trades, Foremen of Signals and the operating trades, all vital to the efficient running of the Corps. The numbers of men enlisting as regulars is slowly increasing, but unfortunately there is not a proportional increase in the above essential trades.

It is possible that some of the released N.C.O.s and men who did such good work for the Corps during the war may not be aware that they can rejoin and the advantages of doing so early. Serving National Service men who are thinking about continuing to serve as regular soldiers also may not know that the earlier they sign on as regulars, the better will be their career prospects.

A.G.II the War Office have asked us, therefore, to publish some information which may be helpful, and below we give a table of the present schemes for enlistment and re-enlistment with conditions.

In addition to the bare facts given, however, there are other points to be borne in mind. One of these is that there are at present excellent opportunities in Royal Signals for the skilled tradesman-soldier who is ambitious to get on. N.C.O.s are scarce and C.O.s are constantly on the look out for suitable men to promote; the trained man who becomes a regular gets off to a good start. The released N.C.O. has even a better chance, for if he returns within 12 months he will be given his previous war substantive rank at once. If he has been out of the service more than a year he has no claim to his previous rank, but on the other hand his skill and experience, coupled with the evidence of previous N.C.O. qualities will ensure that he will not be long without stripes on his arm.

The Corps Substantive Promotion Roster is now in embryo form and the date on which it can be reintroduced may not be far distant. Once an N.C.O. is appointed to that Roster and provided he keeps up to the required standard his future is assured, so the sooner a man enlists or re-enlists as a regular, the better will his chances be. There will be plenty of promotion vacancies in the peacetime corps for some time to come.

There are four different types of quartermaster class officers in Royal Signals, three technical and one non-technical, and all are promoted from the ranks after long service. The numbers in establishment are such that the Corps compares very favourably with all other arms of the Army in its career prospects; many young men will go on to become officers and retire as Majors or Lieutenant-Colonels with retired pay at £450 or £500 a year.

A word about Foremen of Signals. These are found by sending selected Group "A" tradesmen on long courses. After qualifying they are immediately promoted to S.Q.M.S. (S/Sgt.). Thereafter their promotion to W.O.I and W.O.II follows comparatively quickly and they have excellent prospects of commissioning. F. of S. are among the highest skilled technicians in the Army, and because of their knowledge they have little difficulty in finding employment on their return to civil life. Ex-F. of S. "A" and "B" would be welcomed back as regular F. of S., although F. of S. "B" might have to pass another Course to bring them up to full F. of S. standard.

For those who would like to serve with a T.A. unit as instructors for four years, the Short Service Scheme Type "T" is worth considering, but this does not offer the long-term opportunities that the normal regular Army engagement does.

Finally, if any ex-members of the Corps are thinking of rejoining as regulars and are at all doubtful as to their rights or prospects they are advised to write for the information they need to:

OFFICER i/c ROYAL SIGNALS RECORDS,
BALMORE HOUSE,
CAVERSHAM,
READING.

	Normal Engagement	Short Service Scheme—Type "B"	Short Service Scheme—Type "T"
RELEVANT A.C.I.s.. ..	Nos. 551 and 627 of 1948.	No. 631 of 1948.	No. 199 of 1949.
OBJECT	——	To provide for continuance in the Service of certain personnel who would normally be released at the end of the release period.	To provide Permanent Staff Instructors for the Territorial Army.
ELIGIBILITY	Age 17½ to 30 years.	Soldiers serving before 1st January, 1947, and National Servicemen called up during 1947. Note: The Scheme will at a later date probably be extended to include Soldiers completing a regular engagement, with no reserve liability and to N.S.M. called up after 1947.	Ex-Regular, and War-time Non-Regular W.O.s and N.C.O.s (not below Cpl.). Serving *T.A.* W.O.s and N.C.O.s (not below Cpl.). Serving soldiers may apply during last six months of their colour service. Age limits 30 to 45 years.
TERMS OF SERVICE ..	5 years Colours and 7 years Reserve *or* 12 years' Colour Service. (Both extendable to 22 years' Colour Service.)	1 or 2 years. A 1-year term is extendable to 2 years. No Reserve liability.	4 years' Colour Service.
FINANCIAL BENEFITS ..	*Pay.* Typical rates: Recruit .. 4/- per day. 5-star Sigmn. (Gp. B, Cl. 1) 7/6 „ Do. Cpl. 10/- „ Sergeant .. 12/- „ Family Allowance: 42/- to 56/- per week. *Terminal Gratuity.* 10 years' service .. £50 Each extra year .. £25 (Maximum £200) *Pension.* 22 years' service .. 26/4 (minimum) per week. Rising with extra service and rank to Maximum £5 per week. Note: Previous service with active army (including service as N.S. man) may count towards pension.	Civilian outfit or £8 in lieu. £20 for each completed year of service. Service may count for pension in lieu of Bounty.	Civilian outfit or £8 in lieu (if not already issued i.e. on release). Normal pay and allowances. Service may count for pension.
RANK ON RE-ENLISTMENT	Serving soldier .. Re-granted W.S. or Acting rank held. If re-enlisting within 12 months of release. Re-granted W.S. rank held on release. • Subject to existence of vacancy. Re-enlistment is carried out in lowest rank.	As for normal engagement.	Re-enlisted in lowest rank. Promotion to Acting Sergeant from date of re-enlistment. W.S. rank of Sergeant may be granted if: (*a*) Such rank, or higher, was held in Regular Army or T.A. (*b*) If re-enlisting within 12 months and such rank or higher was held on release.
SPECIAL CONDITIONS ..	Endeavours are made to ensure that last 12 months of service are spent in U.K.	Re-enlistment on to a normal engagement may be carried out at any time while serving on S.S. Type "B" engagement.	Service is with T.A. Units in U.K. only, except if T.A. were embodied liability is for General service.
LEAVE	RENLEAVE (Serving Soldiers). Normal leave ranges from 30 to 42 days each year. Three free travel warrants.	RENLEAVE. Leave under normal rules.	Leave under normal rules.

WAR OFFICE CIVILIAN WIRELESS SERVICE

Vacancies exist in the War Office Civilian Wireless Service in the grade of Civilian Radio Operator. The Service is expanding and offers prospects of a steady career to ex-Royal Signals tradesmen, particularly operators. There are a few posts for which men are required who are trained to maintain wireless and line equipment.

Basic qualifications for entry are British birth, general fitness for service at home and overseas, and an ability to receive Morse at 20 words per minute. If you are an operator, the training you have received in the Army will help you to qualify for entry. If you are not an operator, do not let this qualification requirement put you off, as a scheme has now been introduced whereby, if after an interview you appear to be likely to be trainable as an operator, you can receive training to bring you up to the required standard whilst receiving a special trainee rate of pay.

Full details of the conditions of service, pay, accommodation, leave, etc., are given in a pamphlet entitled "War Office Civilian Wireless Service." A revised edition has recently been sent to Chief Signal Officers of Commands at home and overseas for further distribution to Royal Signals Units under their jurisdiction. Serving personnel who are interested should therefore apply to their Unit Orderly Room for a copy of the pamphlet.

Ex-members of the Corps may obtain a copy of the pamphlet on application to the Headquarters, or their own local branch of the Royal Signals Association, to which copies have already been supplied.

AFTER MY OWN FASHION

By **RAIBEART ELDER**

"AFTER My Own Fashion," a novel by Raibeart Elder, which will be published by Messrs. Longmans Green on 2nd May, is one of the few good novels about the recent war by one who was actively engaged in it. The author—in private life Raibeart Elder Scouller—served as a major in the Royal Corps of Signals with the Indian Signal Corps in Arakan, Imphal, North Burma, Meiktila and Mandalay. When peace came, he spent a year on the General Staff in India, where he was largely concerned with plans to cope with the post-war outbreaks of civil disturbance. Returned to Britain during the 1946–47 winter (fuel crisis and Arctic weather specially laid on!), he is now at the Military College of Science in Shrivenham.

The author was educated in Greenock Academy and Hawick High School, but he regards as his real home Colonsay, in the Hebrides, where his mother's ancestors have dwelt for many centuries. Before joining the Army he was a reporter on the staff of George Outram, Glasgow.

"After My Own Fashion" tells the story of two Sikhs of the Indian Army, soldiers by profession and by inclination, captured by the Nips in Malaya. They join the Indian National Army raised by the Japanese to fight against Britain —Gurdial Singh from conviction as a nationalist Indian, Karnail Singh in order to make his way back to India and rejoin his Regiment. The latter—who is the central character—succeeds in surrendering to a British patrol, but is kept in prison with others of the J.I.F., who persecute him. In an attempt to escape he has the misfortune to kill a British military policeman. Court-martialled, he becomes a hero and a symbol to nationalist India, but cannot detach himself from his ancient loyalties nor find himself at home in this new India.

Probably the most outstanding merit of the novel, apart from its masterly prose style, is the complete understanding by the author of men of alien race and alien faiths.

A review appears on page 349.

Another Answer . . .

By **JOHN PERITON**

IN the April issue of THE WIRE, Alan A. Holman concluded his article by hoping that it might stimulate further comment on the problem of WIRE sales. It is as a member of that group who, according to Mr. Holman, "will not be interested at all" that I am now trying to clarify my own ideas on the subject.

There is no doubt that the largest potential reading public for any Service Journal is made up of National Service men—and quite a number of us are interested in THE WIRE. This is partly demonstrated by the fact that in an Intake Squadron in one of the Training Regiments there are about two hundred and seventy men, seventy-two of whom have standing orders for THE WIRE. Of these seventy-two, sixty-six are National Service men.

To begin with I checked up to see who was exerting pressure on the trainees, but found — admittedly to my surprise—that the purchases were entirely voluntary. I then picked out a few buyers at random, and asked them why they considered THE WIRE to be worth 1s. of their recruits' pay. The first said that he like the humorous articles, general articles and cartoons. The second, who had never bought the magazine before, thought that it would tell him something about the life and background of the Corps in which he found himself.

The third man wanted news from the "Royal Signals Stations to which he was likely to be posted," so that he could express a preference when his training was finished. This seems to me to be one of the few really good reasons for the mass of Unit Notes. Although the majority of readers may not care whether "Ginger" knocked up 70 runs against 4 Squadron, or "Buster" scored a brilliant goal against the M.T. Section, the potential member of that Unit will probably be gratified to know that his interest in cricket or soccer (or whatever else it is) will not be ignored, even if he is not good enough to qualify for full Regimental honours.

I then asked them about the articles of Signals interest. The intricacies of wireless telegraphy in the African desert hold little fascination for the "time-serving" National Service man, but the short stories and humorous articles always seem to hold their own.

Mr. Holman suggests that "if the stories are of *general* interest it (THE WIRE) has to fight a losing battle with a vast number of periodicals which already cater for this class of reader." Here again I disagree. It is the *mixture* of general articles with stories, articles and cartoons which have a Signals slant which makes THE WIRE unique, and of personal interest to each and every member of the Corps.

But how is the circulation to be improved? In this matter one reader's ideas may be as good as another's, and I would suggest, first and foremost, more pictorial matter—cartoons, sketches and photographs (why not a photographic competition?) Unit Notes should be restricted to about one and a half columns of print, and the extra available space used for more articles and stories, which latter should sometimes be specially commissioned.

With these slight improvements I should be glad to "try and persuade someone else to buy it," and know that I was doing them a good turn in doing so. I think that all members and ex-members of the Royal Signals may well be proud of a Corps Magazine which, in both content and format, compares favourably with all other Regimental and Corps Magazines I have ever seen, and, indeed, with any other publication of a similar nature.

SIGNALS

THANKS to the great kindness of the Editor, Brigadier-General S. H. Sherrill, Signal Corps, THE WIRE is now privileged to reproduce articles and news from *Signals*, the journal of the Armed Forces Communications Association of the United States of America. Apart from the reproduction of some articles of great interest to Royal Signals, we propose to reproduce from time to time extracts from the sections of the journal entitled "News," especially as it affects senior officers well known to us as good comrades of World War II.

News

The following Signal Corps officers have been appointed brigadier-generals:

HARRY REICHELDERFER, now in command of the Signal Corps Training Centre at Camp Gordon, Georgia. (Was Signal Officer of the Sixth Army in the Pacific during W.W.II.)

KIRK B. LAWTON, now Deputy Chief Signal Officer. (Served on the S.H.A.E.F. Staff in W.W.II.)

WESLEY T. GUEST, now in charge of the Army Communication Service. (Was Director, Plans and Operations, for the Chief Signal Officer in Washington and later in the Pacific Theatre in W.W.II.)

Attaining to the statutory retirement age 29th January, COLONEL GEORGE P. DIXON, A.F.C.A. New York chapter president, has ended nearly 33 years of military service.

Beginning his Signal Corps career with the California National Guard, Colonel Dixon saw active service from Mexican border duty in 1916 through both World Wars overseas.

Colonel Dixon is a vice-president of the International Telephone and Telegraph Company.

COLONEL GRANT A. WILLIAMS has been retired from the Army and has joined the International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation. He will be in charge of company interests in the Middle East, with headquarters at Cairo. A pioneer in the development of communications for tanks and armoured units, he was instrumental in establishing the military specifications for all radio equipment used in American tanks and armoured forces in World War II.

At the end of the Sicilian campaign he returned to England with General Bradley and, on 15th October, 1943, was appointed Signal Officer of the First Army. In this post he planned and later directed the operation of the entire programme of communications for the landing of the First Army in Normandy. He continued with the First Army under General Bradley and, later, under General Courtney Hodges, during the five campaigns in Northern Europe.

COLONEL GEORGE A. BICHER died at Walter Reed General Hospital, at the age of 46, on 6th January, after a long illness. Colonel Bicher graduated from the U.S. Military Academy in 1924 and was director of the Signal Intelligence Division in the European theatre of operations during World War II. For his service during the war he was awarded the Legion of Merit with Oak Leaf Cluster. His last assignment was Deputy Chief of the Army Security Agency in Washington, D.C.

New Portable Teletypewriter

Portable teletypewriter equipment so light that a parachutist can carry it on a jump from an aeroplane has been developed and adopted by the Army, promising a major advancement in military communications.

Weighing but 45 pounds, compared with current field equipment that weighs 225 pounds, the new portable teletypewriter is but one-fourth the size of the old, has 300 fewer parts, is considerably stronger and consequently requires far less maintenance. The new equipment is capable of transmitting and receiving messages 66 per cent. faster than existing types and will operate on both wire and radio circuits. It is waterproof and, should it be used in amphibious operations, could be floated on to a beach.

The development is the fruition of a 20-year-old project that did not get under way in earnest until World War II was nearly over. (In 1937 a portable teletypewriter for ground troops was given a field trial by 51 Signal Battalion in Texas manœuvres.)

Because of its light weight, the new teletypewriter can be used much closer to the front lines than has been the case. During World War II teletyped messages could only go as far forward as a division headquarters. How much farther forward the new equipment can be used will be determined in forthcoming field tests.

The portable teletypewriter was developed by the Signal Corps Engineering Laboratories of Fort Monmouth, through a research and development contract with Kleinschmidt Laboratories, of Highland Park, Ill.

There are three components to a complete field unit: the teletypewriter itself, weighing 45 pounds, a power unit, and a case of accessories. The three together weigh 116 pounds. All units are waterproof, both to permit flotation in amphibious activities and to provide complete protection from weather. One man can carry the teletypewriter itself, while two men carry all three units.

The field teletypewriter in current use weighs more than 225 pounds and—if a vehicle is not available—requires four men to carry it. With power unit and accessories, present field equipment totals more than 400 pounds and requires seven men to carry it.

New Signal Centre at Camp Gordon, Georgia

In order adequately to train and place in the field sufficient Signal Corps personnel to satisfy present commitments, the Department of the Army authorised the activation of a Signal Corps Training Centre, which comprises the South-Eastern Signal School and a Unit Training Group at Camp Gordon, near Augusta, Georgia.

With the establishment of this new training centre at Camp Gordon, two Signal Schools are now in operation within the United States; the other is located at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey. The South-Eastern Signal School is designed to accommodate some 5,000 enlisted students when operating at full capacity.

Colonel Harry Reichelderfer, the Commanding Officer (now Brigadier-General Reichelderfer), arrived at Camp Gordon on 1st October, 1948, and immediately opened his headquarters. Preparations were made to receive the first group of students, and open the school by 1st November, 1948. The initial cadre for the training centre came from Fort Monmouth, and by 14th October enough officers and enlisted men had arrived at the Georgia site to begin the task of opening the Signal School. Initial staff assignments were made. Colonel R. P. Lyman became the Deputy Commander of the Training Centre and Commandant of the South-Eastern Signal School. Colonel Walter J. Rosengren was appointed Commanding Officer of the Unit Training

Group. Lieutenant-Colonel L. S. Gardner was assigned as Assistant Deputy Commander, and Lieutenant-Colonel Philip Rose was named Commanding Officer of the Signal Training Regiment. The new Training Centre has expanded rapidly.

Inasmuch as the radio operator high-speed manual course was scheduled to start on 1st November, 1948, and the radio repairman course was to commence 1st December, 1948, all effort was extended to provide class and code rooms for the students of the radio division of the School. This division of the School started training high-speed radio operators and radio repairmen on schedule.

The common subjects division of the Signal School was ready to operate and opened officially on 1st December, 1948. Instruction in the common subjects division includes principles of electricity, basic shop (soldering, metal working, and use of hand tools), and basic signal communication. These subjects are common to many courses of instruction being taught, hence the title.

The other divisions of the South-Eastern Signal School, such as the communication centre division and wire division, also have starting deadlines to meet. The communication centre division will train students to be teletype operators and message centre clerks; and the wire division will train students to be linemen, cable splicers, and power equipment maintenance men. These courses were all scheduled to start on 1st February, 1949. The excellent co-operation of the post engineers in supplying available material, equipment and personnel enabled these four divisions to meet their building and classroom requirements on schedule. The officers, enlisted men and civilians of the cadre completed the organisation and the installation of the necessary plant, training aids and instructional material in time so that the courses could start on schedule.

Housing for dependents of the cadre of the Signal Corps Training Centre was an immediate problem. Through the efforts of the Commanding General of Camp Gordon, Brigadier-General Truman Thorson, the city of Augusta has set up a military housing programme. The city will attempt to provide, before 1st April, 1949, a thousand units of various types for the military personnel of Camp Gordon, and splendid progress has been made up to date.

In spite of the fact that only limited special service, Army exchange and other facilities existed at Camp Gordon, due to the fact that the camp had been on a caretaker status for some time, the Camp Gordon headquarters staff have now provided, with the assistance of the staff of the Signal Corps Training Centre and others, all necessary services, including an officers' club, service clubs, a non-commissioned officers' club and several camp exchanges.

Wire Quiz — Answers **(see page 342)**

1. (a) Canadian amateur world skating champion; (b) Australian lawn tennis champion who played in their Davis Cup team; (c) a famous Swedish star in British films; (d) the Lord Chamberlain; (e) the American Ambassador to this country.
2. No. Up till the 19th century it was the private residence of the Buckingham family.
3. (a) Thackeray; (b) Bram Stoker; (c) Jane Austen; (d) Victor Kravchenko; (e) Kathleen Winsor.
4. (a) Sir George Aylwen; (b) Pierre de Gaulle; (c) President Peron; (d) Mr. Chifley; (e) Mr. Paul Hoffman.
5. Tchaikovski's 1st Piano Concerto.
6. (a) . . . twice shy; (b) . . . fair lady; (c) . . . is not gold.
7. (a) Rochdale; (b) Liverpool; (c) London; (d) Halifax; (e) Exeter.
8. No—because in its early stages a team called the Wanderers won it three years in succession and returned it only on the condition that it should never be won outright again.
9. Five—dark blue, light blue, green, silver and gold.
10. Red-red/amber–green; green–amber–red.

The Army Benevolent Fund

Although the Army Benevolent Fund is now approaching the fifth anniversary of its creation, there is still a large number of people interested in the Army who are ignorant of the fund's existence or unaware of its objects.

During the last war large sums of money accrued from the surplus N.A.A.F.I. profits and from the gifts of people anxious to express their appreciation of and gratitude to the Army for their splendid achievements in the various theatres of the war.

In order that this money should be equitably distributed, the Army Council created the fund in the summer of 1944, with Field Marshal the Earl of Cavan as its first President, and a Board of distinguished officers and civilians.

Unlike the Royal Naval Benevolent Trust and the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund, the Army Fund does not deal directly with the needs of the individual. With a network of Corps and Regimental Associations scattered all over the British Isles, in addition to the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association and the Forces Help Society, there already existed the necessary machinery for investigating the needs of individuals and of giving the immediate and adequate assistance which each case deserved. The charitable funds of Corps and Regimental Associations, which in pre-war days found it hard to meet the needs of the comparatively small Regular and Territorial Army, were in most cases quite unable to deal with those of an Army which at the height of the war numbered four to five million men and women.

The task which the Army Benevolent Fund set itself, therefore, was to ensure that these funds were given adequate financial help in order that as many cases of hardship as possible should be relieved. The amount of money now being distributed by the Army Benevolent Fund should enable assistance to be given to individuals on a scale which should make it possible for them to make a fresh start. Very many Regiments, if they had to rely entirely on their own resources, could only give such small amounts to individuals as would have no permanent effect on their future.

Nearly one and a half million pounds have already been given by the Army Benevolent Fund to the many charitable organisations which alleviate distress among soldiers and their dependants. It has been decided that priority in making grants shall be given to Corps and Regimental Benevolent Funds, and in consequence it is becoming necessary to reduce the amounts to be given to combined Service associations. It is unfortunately clear that demands to alleviate individual distress are steadily increasing, and, in spite of help from the fund, Corps and Regimental funds may find it difficult to meet all the demands made upon them. It is hoped, therefore, that Regimental funds may be partly replenished from local resources, from members and ex-members of the Regiment, or from friends who have a special interest in contributing to the needs of the less fortunate.

Help is also being given to the many organisations concerned in the training of the disabled and the care of the aged and of orphaned children. Furthermore, by making grants to appropriate organisations, the Army Benevolent Fund is contributing towards the education and technical training of those young people who have either served in the Army or whose parents have done so. Many of these young people, who can ill afford to pay the fees at Universities and Training Colleges, are being helped with money provided by the Army Benevolent Fund to qualify for professional and business careers, and many children orphaned by the war are thus able to obtain the education which their fathers would have provided for them.

The object of this article is to give a short account to all soldiers, ex-soldiers and their friends in order that they should have a greater knowledge of the work being done by the Army Benevolent Fund.

[*Photo: Henri, Belfast*

Pamela Bayliss with Mr. and Mrs. George Formby and the runners-up

Miss Pamela Maureen Bayliss

A.L.C.M., L.L.C.M.

Miss Bayliss is a remarkable young lady. Born in 1929 in the Louise Margaret Hospital, Aldershot, her father was serving in 2 Divisional Signals at the time. She was with her parents in "A" Corps Signals in India, 1933-37. She has lived the rest of her life in Lisburn, Northern Ireland.

She captained her school hockey XI and held the School's All-Round Athletic Championship for two years. Running at the Clontariff Harriers Sports in 1948, she was second in the 100 metres, being beaten by Mrs. Jordan, the British Olympic runner. Running against the Australian Ladies' Olympic team at Belfast she won the 220 yards and was 3rd in the 100 yards.

In a later meeting, also at Belfast, the same year, she ran 2nd in the 100 yards to Cynthia Thompson, described as the "Jamaican Thunderbolt." .Time, 11 seconds.

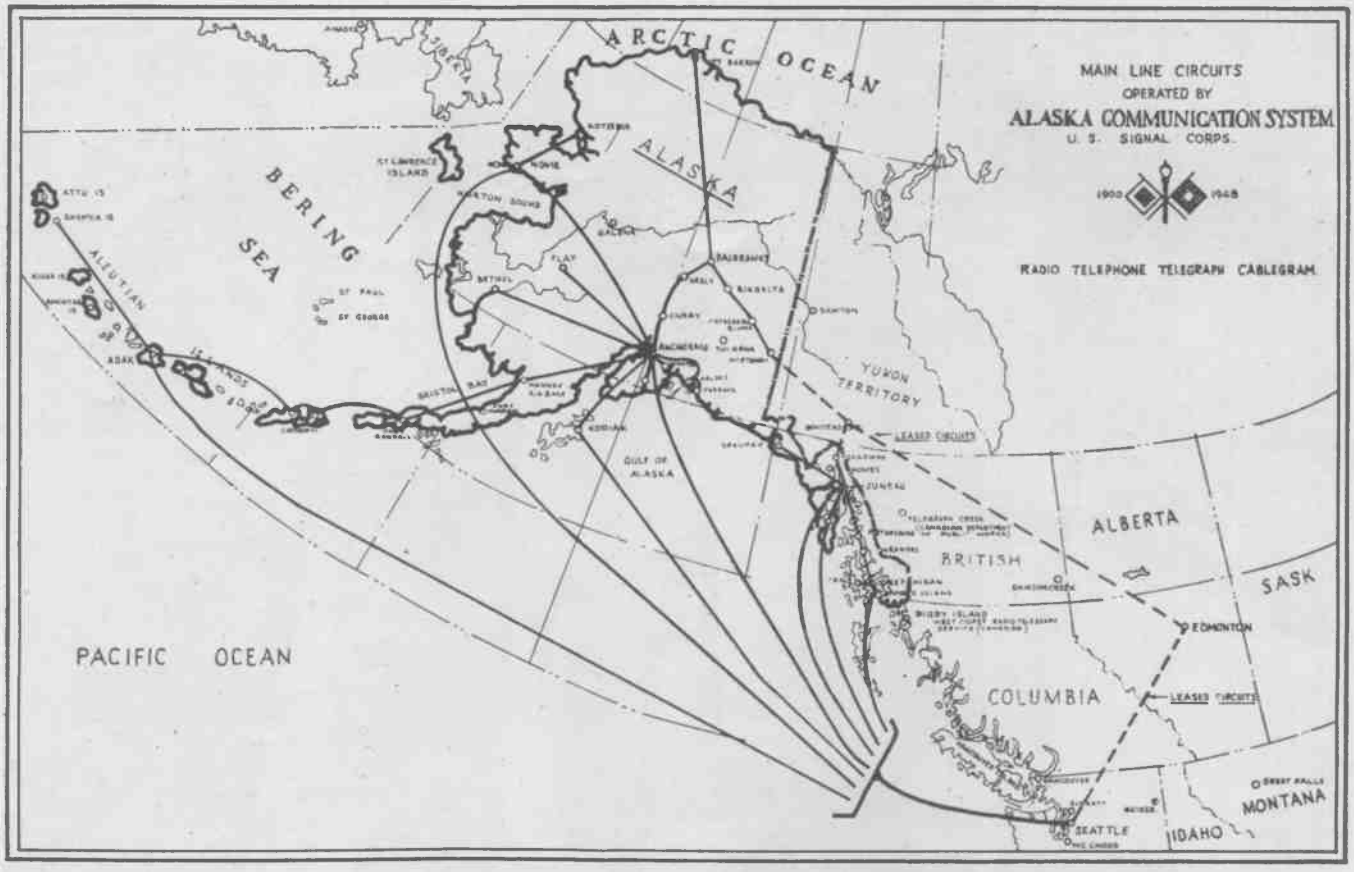
In 1947 she was the winner of an open elocution competition in Belfast and won cups for elocution at Bangor, Portadown, Carrickfergus, Ballymena, Holywood, Portstewart and elsewhere.

She has broadcast poetry for the B.B.C.'s Northern Ireland studio.

She is also a first-class swimmer, although as she herself says, she is better at running. Sending in her photograph "as a joke" for the *Sunday Despatch* Bathing Beauty Competition, 1948, she came into the finals at Morecambe Bay in August last. The judges were Mr. Wilfred Pickles, Mrs. W. Pickles, Miss June Mitchell, the national bathing beauty queen of 1947, and the Editor of the *Sunday Despatch*.

They decided unanimously that Miss Bayliss was the winner.

***Have you ordered your copy of* The Wire?**



"The Wire" is privileged to republish the following article from "Signals," the Journal of The Armed Forces Communications Association of the United States of America

The Story of Alaska Communications

By **Colonel T. J. TULLY**, *Signal Corps, U.S.A.*

The Alaska Communications System—a Signal Corps Agency—celebrated its 48th anniversary on 26th May, 1948. That date also marked the 48th year of communications in Alaska, for the history of the Signal Corps system there is really the history of Alaskan communications

ALASKA has lately assumed a high degree of importance to all Americans. They have suddenly realised that Alaska has become a strategic area of vital importance to the United States. This realisation is evidenced by the time and thought being given to the territory in the Press, on the radio, and in the Congress of the United States as they report upon and discuss plans for the development and strengthening of Alaska.

These plans include, among other things, the improvement and expansion of shipping facilities from the U.S. to Alaska, the improvement of the Alaska Railroad in Central Alaska, steps to ensure the year-round maintenance of the Alcan Highway connecting the U.S. with Alaska via Canada, increase in the number and size of military installations in the Alaskan area, efforts to increase the number of permanent residents in the area, and, very recently, plans for the construction of a railroad from the United States to Alaska.

Obviously, these developments, some of them well beyond the discussion stage, have far-reaching implications in so far as communications are concerned. They pose several questions on Alaskan communications. Most of the questions will be answered if we review briefly the history of the Alaska Communications System and its current operations.

What then is the communications situation in Alaska? Who has been and who is now furnishing the arterial telephone and telegraph communications between the U.S. and Alaska and between the key points within Alaska? Who furnishes the military with communications in Alaska?

Who furnishes the air communications, the civil communications? What type of commercial communication services are available in Alaska? How are the Alaskan long lines facilities integrated with the local communications agencies in Alaska and the long lines facilities in the United States? What are some of the special factors or problems connected with communications in Alaska? The answers to these questions should be of real interest to all communications personnel, Army, Navy, Air and civilians.

WAMCATS Pioneers

After acquiring the great Territory of Alaska from Russia in 1867, the United States did very little with respect to trying to develop the area and practically nothing with respect to the development of communications. Attention was focused on Alaska as a result of the gold strikes in the North in 1898. The large number of people moving into the Territory to seek their fortunes in the goldfields of the Yukon, in the Skagway and in the Nome areas, brought the usual train of associated civic problems, including much lawlessness.

About this time the U.S. established several small military garrisons at widely separated points in the Territory for the purpose of strengthening the law and order processes in the Territory. In these early days it often took as long as a full year to send a message from the interior of Alaska to the United States and get an answer to the message. Congress took cognisance of the situation in 1900 and, as a remedy, passed an Act on 26th May of that year which provided:

> " For the purpose of connecting headquarters, Department of Alaska at St. Michael, by military telegraph and cable lines with other military stations in Alaska, four hundred and fifty thousand five hundred and fifty dollars: *Provided,* that commercial business may be done over these military lines under such conditions as may be deemed, by the Secretary of War, equitable and in the public interests."

In accordance with this Congressional mandate and per the instructions of the Secretary of War, the Chief Signal Officer of the Army set up the " Washington-Alaska Military Cable and Telegraph System " as the agency of the U.S. Signal Corps to operate directly under the Chief Signal Officer and to provide the communications called for by the Congressional mandate. It still operates directly under the Chief Signal Officer. In a short time the organisation became known to the Army and to all Alaskans as the "WAMCATS." It was under the name of WAMCATS that the organisation established a remarkable record in the early pioneering days in Alaska. They became a real part of Alaska and the WAMCATS truly became Alaskans to include the actual holding of civil offices as well as military offices in the outlying districts.

Congress has, over the intervening years, annually provided by means of a special Civil Appropriations Act, for the support, continuation and gradual expansion of this communication system, to provide the main line civil and military communication requirements for the Territory. The system has been well supported by the military in the matter of manpower and equipment.

In return for this support, the Alaska Communication System has provided all U.S. governmental agencies operating in Alaska with free communication service, and has provided to the general public a dependable and efficient communications service at rates which are reasonably comparable to rates for similar service charged by the major commercial communication organisations in the United States. The foresight and wisdom of Congress in setting up this arrangement for communications for the Territory in 1900 has over the years proven to be of great value to the Government by providing communication facilities which certainly would not have otherwise been available to its various agencies over the great distances between localities in Alaska; by providing a splendid vehicle for the training of signalmen in the installation, operation and maintenance of an extensive system carrying " live " traffic; by providing to the general public communication services which they could not otherwise afford because of the high cost of communication operations in Alaska. Since 1912 the system has produced from commercial operations and turned into the U.S. Treasury a total of more than $12,000,000 cash. This income to the U.S. Treasury has offset to a considerable degree the total cost of the operation of the system over a period of years.

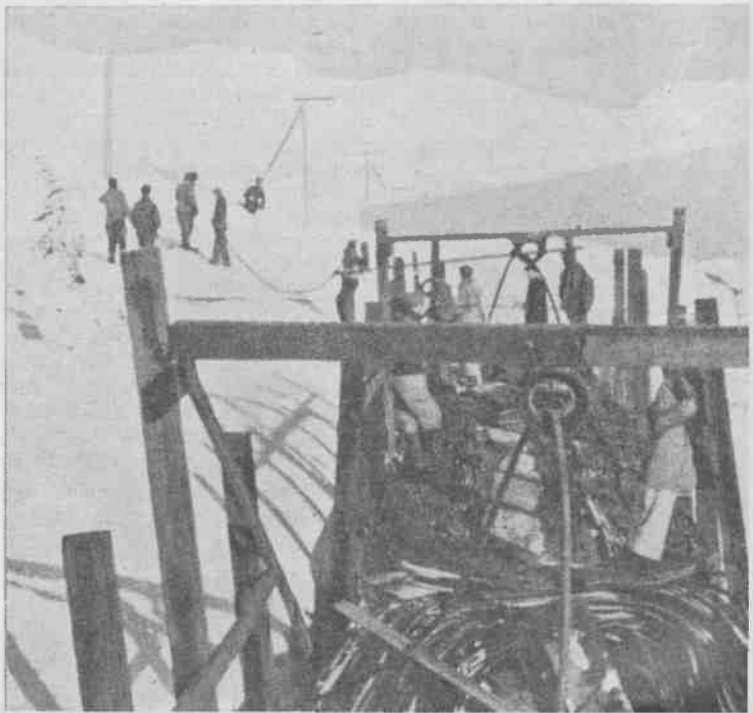
Shortly after the Enabling Act was passed by Congress in 1900, the new Signal Corps agency set to work to establish communications for the several small and widely separated military installations and civil communities in Alaska. A brief review of this early development phase follows.

In August, 1900, a small group of WAMCAT signalmen, assisted by a detachment of doughboys from Fort Davis, near Nome, began the construction of the first telegraph line in Alaska. It ran from Nome to Safety Harbour, a distance of 24 miles, and was completed and put into service on 15th September, 1900.

In 1901 construction was begun on the 559 miles of telegraph line to connect Fort Gibbon at Tenana (just south of where Fairbanks is now located) to Fort Egbert at Eagle City, near the Alaska-Canada border. From Eagle City the line was to connect with a Canadian line to Ashcroft, B.C., which in 1901 was the Western Union " end of the line." It took four exploring parties nearly two years to find a route for this line. General Adolphus W. Greely, Chief Signal Officer of the Army at that time, reported on this particular operation that the supply problem alone was one to test the ingenuity and resourcefulness of the hardiest group of pioneers. Practically all materials had to be sledded into the interior in mid-winter or carried by pack animal over the roughest imaginable trails, or over primitive undeveloped country, in the summer time.

The magnitude of the undertaking may be gathered from the fact that from Fort Egbert alone between November, 1902, and June, 1903, a total of 220 tons (440,000 pounds) of supplies and materials were sledded or packed out on to the line in the interior of Alaska. Additionally, General Greely stated: " It should be appreciated that every telegraph station established along this long line had to be furnished with food and other supplies for approximately one year in advance." Despite these problems, despite swarms of mosquitos and tiny flies which the natives call " no-see-ums," these construction parties made their way through heavy brush, over rugged snowclad mountains, and through the knee-deep muskeg of the valleys to string their wire like a tenuous thread hundreds

Workmen lay submarine cable along right of way as they repair telegraph lines between Skagway and White Horse



Severe storms topple poles in North. Hasty temporary line repair on this fallen pole was accomplished by nailing a cross arm horizontally to the pole and running wires over it

of miles across the heart of Alaska. They had indeed strung an " Arctic line," since they were working just south of the Arctic Circle, an area of 60 and 70 below zero winter temperatures.

The line was finally completed in June of 1903 and Headquarters, Department of Alaska, was brought into telegraphic communication with the U.S. over a circuit of approximately 2,500 miles. All of this was in 1903. About this same time, another detachment was building a line from Fort Liscum at Valdez, northward 420 miles to Fort Egbert. Lieutenant William Mitchell, later to become famous as General " Billy " Mitchell, the airman, was in charge of a detachment working on this line north of Valdez. The reports for that period indicated that there was a total of 37 repair or maintenance stations provided along the various telegraph lines. Each station had two or three men. Many of these stations operated for months on end without fresh meat of any kind except what they were able to obtain by hunting in their particular area. The reports indicated a total of 60 ft. of snow fell during the winter of 1902–03 at Valdez, the end of one leg of the telegraph lines.

First Radio

In 1903 experiments with radio were conducted by the WAMCATS between Fort Safety (near Nome) and Fort St. Michael, 107 miles south across Norton Sound. At 9 a.m. on 7th August, 1903, messages were exchanged satisfactorily between the two locations and commercial service was immediately placed into effect. It is believed that this was the first wireless telegraph system *in the world* operated regularly as a part of a telegraph system handling commercial traffic. Certainly it was the first point-to-point wireless channel put into service on the American continent for commercial traffic.

As these telegraph lines were being installed from point-to-point within Alaska, there still remained the fact that the only way communications could be obtained with the United States was via the telegraph lines through Canada. About this time it was decided to install a submarine cable from Seattle, directly to Sitka, Alaska. Accordingly, in 1903, the Army Cableship *Burnside* was brought from the Philippines, and during the summer of 1903 laid submarine cable from Sitka to Juneau, for a distance of 291 miles. During this operation the ship struck an iceberg near Juneau and was forced to lay up for a time for repairs. In 1904 the *Burnside* laid the cable from Sitka to Seattle, a distance of 1,070 miles, then returned to Sitka and laid a cable across to Valdez for a total of 640 miles, this latter being completed in October, 1904. With the completion of these cable lays, the U.S. at last had established telegraph communications directly between the U.S. and Alaska on an all-American route, and had connected the key military headquarters in Alaska into the system in such a manner that they could all communicate with the U.S.A. The total communication system now consisted of 2,128 miles of submarine cable, 1,497 miles of land lines, and a wireless system covering an over-water gap of 107 miles. If plotted on a map of the United States, the system would have stretched from Wyoming to the Bahamas, the cable would have reached from Newfoundland to Ireland, and the land-lines from Washington to Texas.

In 1936 the name of the system was officially changed to the " Alaska Communication System," under which name it operates today. It is now generally known in Alaska and within the Signal Corps as the " A.C.S."

War Threat Expands A.C.S.

In the summer of 1940, with war clouds forming in all directions, the U.S. hastily began a task it had long postponed—that is, the garrisoning and fortifying of the vital and vulnerable Territory of Alaska. From a comparatively small, commercial, little-known peace-time communications organisation with less than 200 men, the A.C.S. was now to suddenly expand into a combination Army theatre communication service and a major tactical communication service. It was operating over an area as great as any theatre in the war, with great distances between localities and installations and very uncertain and erratic means of transportation between these localities. The new signal installations to support these military expansions involved terrain and climatic difficulties which would have proven very costly in time, lives and money if it had not been for the availability on the ground of this small but thoroughly experienced group of A.C.S. signalmen.

It was at this time that the War Department realised that the A.C.S. was a veritable gold mine with its know-how in radio installation, operation and maintenance in the Arctic, as well as the high experience level of its personnel in the handling of traffic. A.C.S. provided a number of thoroughly experienced and dependable communicators to help in the training of the newly-formed Signal Units in the United States. Additionally it was able, with the mere handful of individuals left with the system, to render invaluable aid to the large number of newcomers to Alaska in the setting up, not only of the Signal installations, but in the over-all development of the military effort. The small force of less than 200 officers and men with A.C.S. in 1940 had by 1944 been expanded to more than 2,000 officers and men.

During the Aleutian campaign against the Japs in 1943, A.C.S. communication teams followed the combat troops ashore at Attu, Kiska, Shemya and Amchitka, and in short order established radio communications from these isolated posts back to the main headquarters at Adak, Kodiak and Anchorage. At the same time other men from A.C.S. were installing post telephone systems and improving the long lines for the interconnecting of the main military establishments in central Alaska. A.C.S. also installed all of the communication facilities for the Army Airways Communication System, and the Aircraft Warning Service in the Alaskan area. The A.C.S. was highly commended for the splendid work done and remarkable results produced in support of the war effort in Alaska.

At the close of World War II the A.C.S. found itself with many new and sizable installations at locations scattered over a total land and water area equivalent to approximately *one-fourth the area of the U.S.* Then, like other military installations, A.C.S. felt the heavy impact of the demobilisation programme. The 2,000 officers and men quickly dwindled to less than 500. Even these 500 contained a high percentage of replacements, completely without experience in operations in the North country. Uncertainty in early 1946 as to the future of military plans for Alaska, as well as a very complete underestimate of the probable post-war civil and commercial activities in the area, led to the inclusion of A.C.S. in the general military retrenchment programme and

also caused the loss of a considerable number of civilian employees. This retrenchment programme was based on the assumption that demands on A.C.S. would decrease approximately to the demands for communication services in Alaska prior to the war. On the contrary, post-war Signal operations in Alaska, measured in terms of number of installations, hours of business at the various stations, circuit requirements, maintenance problems, and rehabilitation of the system, are all running at rates far beyond anything experienced by the system prior to 1941. The general operation, instead of receding, has built up almost to peak war-time levels. A.C.S. has in truth been running at full speed for two years in trying to meet demands well beyond its existing capability. In the face of this situation, it appeared doubtful for a while that A.C.S. would be able to " hold the line " and to keep the key installations in operation. In 1946 special groups of short-term enlistees were sent to A.C.S. to help carry through this critical period. Later the Chief Signal Officer was able to obtain increased authorisations in both military and civilian personnel, as well as increased funds to permit A.C.S. to meet fairly well the many post-war demands in Alaska for modern communications. So much for the period 1900 to 1947, inclusive.

Now, a brief statement of the present mission of A.C.S. in Alaska, the means available to accomplish that mission, the types of service being provided, and some of the special problems affecting day-to-day operations.

Present Programme

The present A.C.S. mission is to provide arterial communications between the United States and Alaska and between key points within Alaska for the military; the U.S. Federal agencies—approximately 40 of these; the Alaskan Territorial agencies, and the general public—this latter including the individual civilian and soldier, all business agencies, the Press, piping of live broadcasts to Alaska, ship-shore service for commercial vessels, fishing fleets, etc.

To perform this mission, A.C.S. presently operates a network consisting of the main A.C.S. station in Seattle and a total of 36 stations at various points in Alaska. These stations vary in size and activity from the very large and active combination military-commercial installation, such as the one located in Anchorage, serving both the city and Fort Richardson, with an average of 120 military and civilian employees, down to the small outlying and remote station such as the A.C.S. two-man station at Point Barrow, within the Arctic Circle. Every A.C.S. station includes a business office and offers telegraph money order service.

The installed plant, equipment and general facilities available to the system to provide the required services are valued at approximately $15,000,000. The facilities include a comprehensive radio network, which provides teletype service, overseas radiophone service and the piping of live broadcasts from the United States to Alaska; the submarine cable, extending essentially from Seattle to Ketchikan to Anchorage to Kodiak, with a leg from Ketchikan to Juneau. This cable provides regular telegraph facilities and teletypewriter service. Additionally, in certain areas and with special equipment developed in the A.C.S. electronic shop in Seattle, long distance telephone service is provided over this cable. Landline facilities are provided over wire lines along the Alcan Highway, by A.C.S. carrier equipment over the wire lines of the Alaska Railroad from Fairbanks to Anchorage, via leased wire lines of the White Pass and Yukon Railroad from Skagway to Whitehorse, and by leased circuit through Canada over the Canadian North-West Communication System facilities to Edmonton. And finally there are V.H.F. facilities between Juneau, Haines and Skagway in South-Eastern Alaska.

All of these various means of long lines communication are integrated with the local telephone companies in Alaska or with the post, camp or station facilities at the various Army, Air and Naval installations. To the south, the landline facilities via the Alcan route are connected into the Canadian and A.T. & T. facilities at Edmonton, thus permitting communication with any city in the United States or Canada. The radiophone facilities terminating in Seattle are connected at that point into the A.T. & T. long lines facilities providing long distance telephone service from Nome, Adak and Ketchikan to any point in Canada or U.S. There is direct transfer of telegraph and telegraph money order service between A.C.S. and Western Union at Seattle.

. Thus, A.C.S. is providing for Alaska an integrated network of telephone and telegraph service which already offers to many localities in Alaska a service similar to a combination of A.T. & T. and Western Union service offered the public in the U.S. This service is presently in the process of expansion to other communities in Alaska while at the same time action is being taken to improve the dependability, quality and capacity of the existing main line circuits.

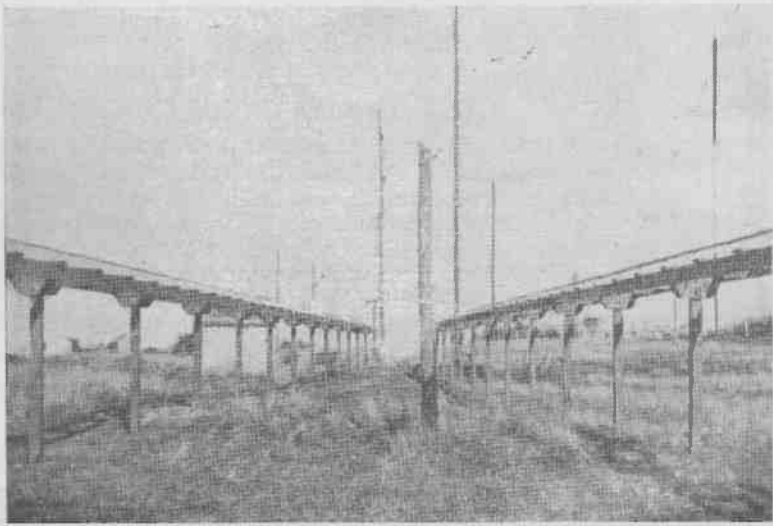
Heavy Federal and Civil Traffic

In dealing with the military, A.C.S. essentially furnishes long lines communication or fixed point-to-point communications to the various headquarters to carry administrative and command traffic. Because of the heavy total demands for service from both the military and non-military as compared to the available facilities, a great deal of this military traffic is carried over the A.C.S. system on common-user channels. The ultimate objective is to gradually produce sufficient point-to-point channels so that individual channels on the long lines system may be allocated on a full-time basis for military requirements, with the terminals of such channels fully under the operational control of the military headquarters concerned. This will give to these headquarters a service similar to that now available to military headquarters in Alaska, connecting them with other headquarters in Alaska and with military installations in the States.

The non-civil communications being furnished by A.C.S. carry the traffic of all the U.S. Federal Agencies operating in Alaska, such as the Department of Justice, Department of the Interior, Veterans Administration, Treasury Department, etc., there being a total of about 40 such agencies; the traffic of the fishing industry—a 60 million dollar per year industry; the traffic of the commercial airlines; traffic incident to shipping operations, both the civil and military in the area; traffic pertaining to all business operations; traffic pertaining to the individual soldier, sailor and civilian, and last, but not least, a considerable amount of traffic generated by visitors to Alaska. Additionally, A.C.S. carries from the United States all of the wire service for the various newspapers in Alaska. Recently, facilities have been set up for the piping of live broadcasts from the United States radio networks to Alaska, and this service is expected to be in full operation shortly.

Other communication agencies operating the point-to-point service in Alaska include the A.A.C.S., providing the strictly airways communications for Air Force operations; the C.A.A. providing the strictly airways communication in connection

The tapered transmission lines are used by the ACS remote transmitter station



ACS line crew laying submarine cable along White Pass and Yukon Route Railway. Depth of snow is indicated by noting that the men are standing on a railway flat car. Laying of cable was necessitated by frequency of line breaks due to severe storms

with civil aviation; and the Navy in provision of certain Naval operational circuits. Although at first glance there may appear that there is duplication of effort in the point-to-point service in Alaska, further examination of the matter indicates that there is in fact no real duplication since these particular agencies are all providing a highly specialised service in connection with a particular type of operation. A.C.S. would not be able to provide this type service from the means presently available. On the other hand, these various agencies do not operate in some of the localities that A.C.S. serves and none of them are set up to handle commercial communications. Experience has indicated that these various agencies from time to time look to A.C.S. to help in the handling of their traffic or in the furnishing of facilities to them in certain locations. Conversely, A.C.S. calls on them for assistance in case of an emergency. Good co-operation obtains in the field operations between these various agencies and it is obvious that there is a worthwhile advantage in having some paralleling of the main lines in case of a major catastrophe or emergency.

To operate this extensive arterial communication system, A.C.S. is manned at the present time by a total of 725 military and 225 civilians. This number includes the 25 civilian crew members of the submarine cable ship.

The main headquarters of the Alaska Communication System is located in Seattle, this being the focal point for all of the communication operations in Alaska. Included in the main headquarters are the following staff sections: the Personnel and Training Division, the Control and Planning Division, which includes the public relations and commercial communication planning, the Plant Engineering and Construction Division, the Commercial Accounts Division, the Fiscal Division, an Operations Division, and a Supply Division, this latter being the equivalent of a small signal depot. A small but very complete electronics shop for the repair and

(continued on page 328)

Royal Signals Display Team 1949

[*Photo by H.Q. School of Signals*
Captain Halliday — Fire Jump

On Wednesday, 11th May, the Press Show for the 1949 Royal Signals Display Team was held on the Central Ground, Catterick Camp. It was a wonderful afternoon both from a point of view of the very excellent weather which prevailed and the first-class performance given by the new team.

[*Photo by courtesy of Leeds Press Agency, Leeds, 1.*
Double "Jimmy"

From the last days of 1948, when new members were being picked from the trainee output of 5 Training Regiment, Royal Signals, at Barnard Castle, where all received a first-class basic training, to their arrival in Catterick Camp in February of this year, where they have been extremely well looked after by 1 Training Regiment, Royal Signals, through the days of constant practice on the wind- and rain-swept bleakness of Gandale, it has been the constant endeavour of the whole team to surpass the high standard and record of 1948.

So it was on this afternoon before a truly record crowd of soldiers, civilians, families, friends and members of the Press, a performance was given that was most certainly up to last year's standard and has been freely voiced to have passed it.

Major-General R. T. O. Cary, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., Commander Catterick District, Brigadier W. C. V. Galwey, O.B.E., M.C., Commander Signal Training Centre, and Brigadier C. Childs, C.B.E., Chief Signal Officer, Northern Command, were present, and we were more than delighted to welcome Lieutenant-Colonel H. N. Crawford, O.B.E., Royal Signals, who came down especially to see the Display from Edinburgh. He was an active member of the Display for several years before the war.

The Display was based mainly on some of the acts we have seen before, but which were cleverly rearranged and presented to give that extra bit of freshness and originality—what new

[*Photo by C. R. Towns*
Backwards vaulting

tricks can be done on these Triumph machines anyway?

The first item on the programme was the Human Arch Jump, taken by Corporal T. Webster, a member of the 1948 team, which gave everyone a grand opening thrill. This was followed with a run round by Corporal R. Brittain doing the Standing Saddle Ride, which was quickly succeeded by the Opening Formation Ride.

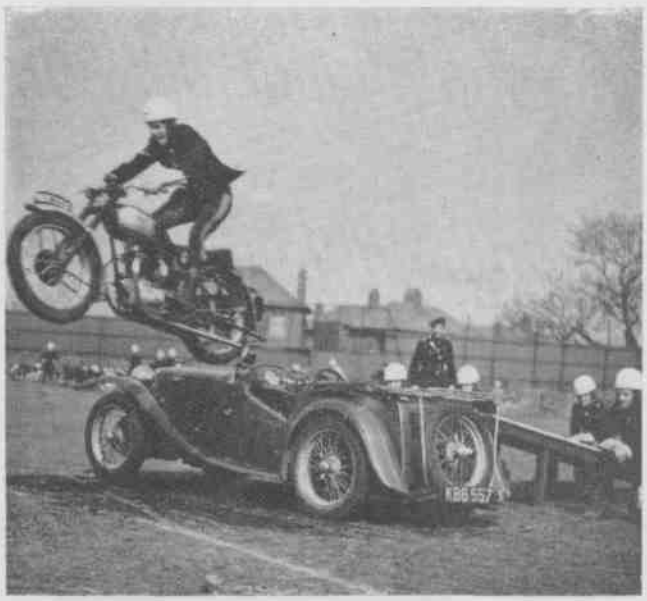
Without doubt it was the Figure-of-Eight Rides which brought the greatest thrills. All 16 riders crossing in the centre at split second intervals had to be seen to be believed. The speed and accuracy which has already been attained at this first Display speaks very well for the final height of efficiency that will be reached before the close of the season.

[*Photo by C. R. Towns*
"A little bit off the top"

We saw the Fire Jump, taken by Captain N. G. R. Halliday, Royal Signals, Team Officer, which carried with it an additional tension caused by an over-inspired Press man getting too close to the jump. Fortunately neither of them was hurt.

Two excellent tableaux were included, which gave a very clear indication of the balance and steadiness which must be attained if calamities are not to occur frequently.

Humour was amply given expression by the Taxi Ride in a new guise, and especially by the combination act entitled "Just a little off the top," a most realistic exhibition of the traditional military barber in action. More amusement followed when both barber and customer had an argument over the payment and fell off to leave the combination free to career round the arena in an alarming manner. It was finally brought under control and led off by a huge horse-shoe magnet. Theorists may now get to work on that one!



[*Photo by courtesy of Leeds Press Agency, Leeds, 1.*
Lance-Corporal Kidd — Car Jump

The amusing antics of the Corgis, one of which had a very attractive sidecar attached, must also not be overlooked, and provided excellent scope for solo turns between the bigger items.

The 1949 team is under the command of Captain J. St. C. W. Robinson, Royal Signals, with Captain N. G. R. Halliday, Royal Signals, as Team Officer. Sergeant P. W. Turner, who was a member of the 1935–36 team, has returned in the capacity of Team Sergeant. The names of the other members are as follows: Corporals T. Webster and R. Brittain, Lance-Corporals D. Bufton, L. Geary and W. J. Kidd (all members of 1948 team), Signalmen A. R. Affolter, D. O. H. Butler-Browne, P. D. J. Cook, R. J. Verlander, E. J. Constable, S. N. Howe, H. Leggate, C. E. Maidment, R. M. McQuarrie, D. Parkin, D. Thompson, P. F. Taylor, A. R. Veal, J. T. H. Watts, W. Stuart and M. Edwards.

It is with regret that Lance-Corporal G. Wood and Signalman P. Tait, also members of last year's team, will not be with the team for a while owing to injuries they have received during training.

The Display again has the honour of appearing at the Royal Tournament, Olympia, which brings the number of appearances to double figures. This will fit in with a very attractive programme which promises visits to all parts of the country.

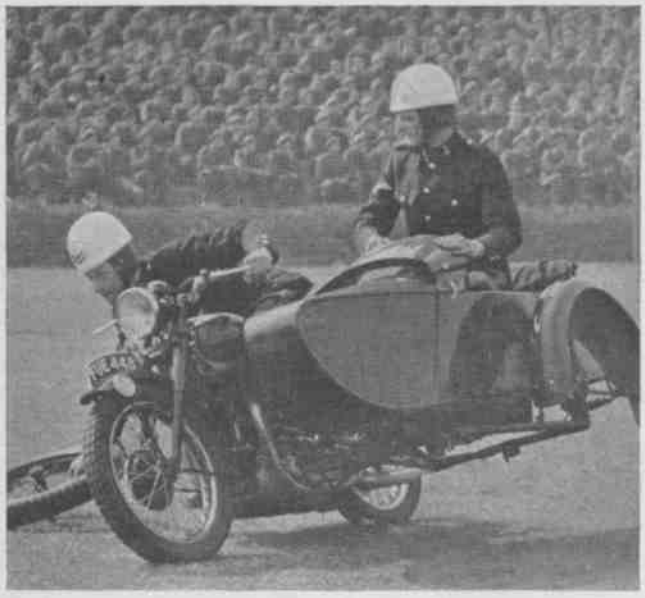
ENGAGEMENTS 1949

MAY		
May 16th	8th Cadet Battalion, D.L.I.	West Hartlepool
,, 19th-21st	Oxford Agricultural Society	Oxford
,, 23rd-30th	Scottish Command	Glasgow & Edinburgh
JUNE		
June 3rd	42 (Lancs.) Infantry Divisional Signal Regt.	Glossop
,, 4th	Renold & Coventry Chain Co., Ltd.	Manchester
,, 6th	Redhill Agricultural Society	Reigate

[Photo by H.Q. School of Signals

The Fan

June 8th-9th	Essex Agricultural Society	Saffron Walden
June 16th to July 2nd	ROYAL TOURNAMENT	OLYMPIA
JULY		
July 6th	Ipswich British Legion Fete	Ipswich
,, 9th	Long Sutton Agricultural Society	Long Sutton
,, 13th	Royal Northern Agricultural Society	Aberdeen
,, 16th	Old Comrades Association	Catterick
,, 20th-21st	Staffordshire Agricultural Society	Stoke-on-Trent
,, 23rd	North Lonsdale Agricultural Society	Ulverston
,, 25th-27th	Morecambe St. John Ambulance Brigade	Morecambe
,, 30th	Border Union Agricultural Society	Kelso
AUGUST		
August 1st	Far Forest & District Horticultural Society	Bewdley
,, 3rd-4th	City of Leicester Show & Festival	Leicester
,, 6th	Howdenshire Agricultural Society	Howden, Yorks
,, 8th	Catterick Fair	Catterick
,, 10th	Barnard Castle	Barnard Castle
,, 11th	Catterick Fair	Catterick
,, 13th	Ruston & Hornsby, Ltd.	Lincoln
,, 16th	Clacton Carnival	Clacton-on-Sea
,, 20th	Murton Miners Sports & Flower Show	Murton



[Photo by C. R. Towns

Combination Capers

SEPTEMBER		
September 3rd	Borough of Harrogate	Harrogate
,, 10th	Borough of Middlesbrough	Middlesbrough
,, 15th-17th	Chester Tattoo	Chester
,, 22nd	Wembley Speedway	London
,, 30th	Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers Regtl. Assn.	Londonderry

Confirmation of additional bookings awaited.

It is regretted that very many requests to engage the team have had to be turned down. However, owing to the cancellation of this year's Liverpool Tattoo, a few dates remain in September, and also in the first half of October. The season is planned to close not later than 20th October.

[Photo by courtesy of Leeds Press Agency, Leeds, 1.

A group showing Signalman Tait and Lance-Corporal Wood, members of the 1948 team, who have, unfortunately, been injured and will not travel with the team for a while

(continued from page 324)

modification of the heavy type signal equipment used on the system operates under the control of the Plant Engineering Division. A small forward echelon of Headquarters is located at Fort Richardson to provide maximum liaison and co-ordination of effort with respect to all problems affecting the mihtary requirements. The Alaskan area is divided into four main sectors for operational control purposes, these being at. Adak, Anchorage, Fairbanks and Juneau.

The story of A.C.S., the story of communications in Alaska, can be summarised briefly by extracts from the remarks of Mr. " Bob " Bartlett, Alaskan Delegate to Congress, when he appeared before the House of Representatives on 31st March, 1948, and said:

" Since 1900 the Signal Corps has been part and parcel of the Alaska scene. First known as the Washington-Alaska Military Cable and Telegraph System, and more familiarly as the WAMCATS, the agency is now designated as the Alaska Communication System. But whatever name it bears, it ranks high in the esteem of Alaskans and has played an important part in the development of the Territory."

* * *

Colonel T. J. Tully, Signal Corps, graduated from the U.S. Military Academy 1920, the Infantry School in 1921, the Signal School in 1935, Command and General Staff School 1940. During World War II he served in turn as Signal Officer, Fourth Division, as Signal Officer II Corps, and as American Chief Signal Officer for the Mediterranean Theatre. He landed with the American Forces on D-Day at Oran in North Africa and later participated as Corps Signal Officer in the Tunisian Campaign with Generals Fredenall, George S. Patton, Jr., and Omar N. Bradley, who each in turn commanded the II Corps during the over-all Tunisian Campaign. Shortly after the Tunisian Campaign, Colonel Tully was designated as Chief Signal Officer for the American Forces in the Mediterranean, under General Eisenhower, and was promoted to Brigadier-General in February, 1944. Upon return to the U.S. late in October, 1944, he served as Chief of the Distribution Division in the Office of the Chief Signal Officer, and later was Commanding General of the Training Centre at Camp Crowder, Missouri. Assigned to command of the Alaska Communication System in April, 1946, he is still on that assignment. Awarded Distinguished Service Medal, Legion of Merit, French Legion of Honour, French Croix de Guerre with Palm, and Commander Order of the British Empire.

Pre-War Bankers' Orders

In December, 1941, it was announced in the columns of THE WIRE that publication would have to cease for the duration of the war. In the same notice, officers were asked to cancel their Bankers' Orders on account of Corps Publications.

It is realised that on account of war conditions a large number of officers did not receive that issue of THE WIRE, and failed to cancel their Bankers' Orders. A number of subscriptions at the pre-war rate are still being received. Officers who subscribed to the Corps Publications prior to the war are asked to check their Bank Statements, and to query subscriptions at the following rates with their Banks:

ROYAL SIGNALS GAZETTE	5/-
ROYAL SIGNALS QUARTERLY JOURNAL	10/-
THE WIRE	7/-

Officers who are still subscribing to the ROYAL SIGNALS GAZETTE at the rate of 7s. 6d. are reminded that the subscription was raised to 15s. from 1st January, 1949. Amended Bankers' Order Forms are available from this office on application.

OFFICIAL CAR BADGE

The badge illustrated above is the only official car badge for Royal Signals, and is obtained from the headquarters of the Association, 88 Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1. Price **£1 : 10 : 0**

We understand an unauthorised copy is on sale at some retail shops at £2 : 10 : 0

Verb Sap !

Home Stations

1 Training Regiment

Catterick

April-May

The annual administrative inspection has taken up a good deal of our time during the past month. Not for a long time have the walls of Vimy, Kemmel and Loos seen so much polishing and pressing. Many prayed for rain on the eve of the great day, but the morning of 3rd May was bright and clear and 0930 hours saw us assembled in full panoply on Loos Square. Brigadier W. C. V. Galwey, O.B.E., M.C., Commandant H.Q., S.T.C., arrived a few minutes later and inspected the Regiment. During the parade he presented L.S. and G.C. Medals to W.O.II Bristow and S.Q.M.S. Holmes (Good show, those men), and in his address to the parade he congratulated them and paid us all some nicely phrased compliments. When told how smart they were, even those who had prayed for rain the night before began to look as if they were thoroughly enjoying it all. But the day was not without its amusement, as the following little story will show:

"THE DISAPPEARING GUARD"

And about the ninth hour of the morning a certain high personage did visit the place of R.A.D. (known to the multitude as "Loose"), and according to a custom he did receive homage from a certain centurion and a small gathering of his men who were drawn up in straight line below the portals of a room called "Gard." And he did inspect them and congratulate them, and having received further homage from the centurion did pass on his way: whereupon the ceremonial guard, by which name the centurion and his men were known, did murmur amongst themselves, and having murmured, they also departed upon their various ways.

But about the twelfth hour of the morning, the high personage again passed the room called "Gard," and remembering the pleasant smile upon the face of the centurion that had greeted him at the ninth hour, he entered the room to seek him out, but lo! he was gone and his men with him. Then was the high personage amazed and turned to his companion, one C.O., and demanded of him the whereabouts of those that he had inspected. But he did not know, and was speechless, so they passed on their way—marvelling at these wonders.

Memories of the pleasant outings enjoyed by the married families in the summer of last year have caused us to view the weather and the funds with a personal interest, and on 5th May, a May Ball was organised to ensure some outings this summer. S.S.M. "Wally" Eley and his many helpers got together and made this one of the big events of the season. Loos Gym was transformed during the afternoon and when the doors were opened at 7.30 p.m. it was unrecognisable for what it really was.

Fairy lights, banners and a huge decorated maypole formed the setting for a really enjoyable evening. The "Gripper," which has become indispensable to the life of the Unit, was sold during the interval. Then the lights failed: when they came on again a photographer would have enjoyed himself, but unfortunately there was not one present. Sergeant Stan Goss presided over the liquid refreshment as usual, and the more solid stuff was ably dispensed by Mrs. Eley and Mrs. Hipperson. And all the time S.Q.M.S. Walker sat in a corner filling up his little black box with the stuff that goes to make bigger and better families' outings for this summer to come (there's not much sign of it yet—it has been freezing every night this week, even if it is May-time).

Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess. We've lost Sergeant "Joe" Dodds. He has gone to savour the joys of Civvy Street—and he takes our best wishes with him. W.O.II Freary has also left us—only to return again, in his own words, as "a sort of civvy F. of S." He is quite happy, and so are we to keep him. W.O.I Edwards has left us temporarily to organise a camp at Gandale.

At the present time we are temporarily entertaining some Warrant Officers and Sergeants of the Infantry and other arms of the Service. We give them a hearty welcome and extend the same to anyone else who is due to visit us in the future.

LAMENT

The O.C.
Said to me
"Seven days C.B.," said he;
For I was still in bed,
When instead
I should have been on parade,
Displayed
In B.D. neatly creased,
At least
With brasses aglow . . .
But no!
For I was still in bed.

Each morn I rise most early
For I have to race
To the place
Where I shall see
All those like me,
Who are sent
To repent
Of their past,
And are cast
Into C.B.
By courtesy
Of the O.C.

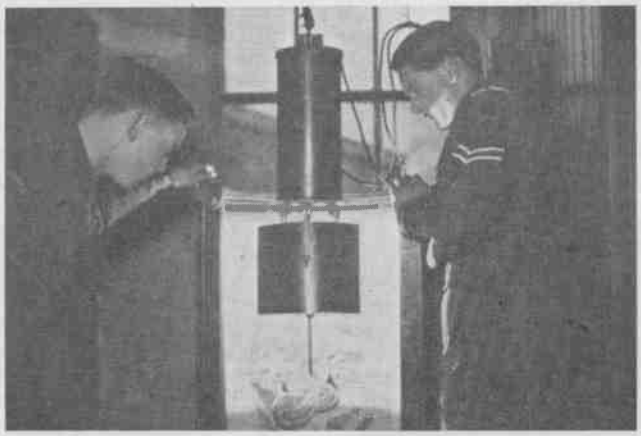
NOTICE TO P.R.I.s

We again appeal to P.R.I.s and others who order their copies of THE WIRE in bulk to let us have any variations of their bulk orders by the 10th of the month—this also applies to new bulk orders. Last month a large number of bulk orders had to be cut down as they arrived after the print-figure had finally been passed, and the required number of extra copies DID NOT EXIST.

* * *

13 CORPS SIGNALS

The Annual Dinner of 13 Corps Signals Association will take place in London on 3rd September. Meetings are also held on the first Monday in each month. If you served at any time with 13 Corps Signals, you are invited to contact Angus G. Scholes, Secretary, "The Gazellians" (13 Corps Signals Association), 25a St. Luke's Road, Westbourne Park, London, W.11, who will welcome all inquiries and willingly supply details.



Electrical Copier

Draughtsman with Pantograph

Clerks, with flat duplicator

2 Training Regiment

Catterick

May

Through the usual channels, news has gradually seeped through about a thing known as an Administrative Inspection. This seems to mean that somebody is going to come and ask you everything about anything—and is most disconcerting. As this thing is still hanging over us in a manner which can only be described as Damoclesian, perhaps it would be politic to say no more about it at the moment.

Many of the trainees, and others, are wondering about their merciful release from their Sergeant-Majors and Senior N.C.O.s. These gentlemen are now rarely on parade but may be seen, at certain hours of the day, approaching or leaving the Unit Education Office with piles of notebooks and worried expressions. Within the academy they all sit side by side, Signalmen and Sergeants, Corporals and Warrant Officers, their petty differences forgotten in the face of a common fear. The Forces Preliminary Examination takes place next week, and we wish all entrants the very best of luck.

The Education Staff are not the only people who will miss Signalmen Nettleton and Brown when they transfer to the R.A.E.C. later in the month. There cannot be many trainees who have not heard Nettleton's illuminating talk on " The Press," and few of our sportsmen will have missed his prowess on the soccer field, the cricket field and in the swimming bath. They have definitely left their mark on the Regiment, and we wish them the best of luck for the rest of their Army careers.

The Drama Group has increased its rehearsals to three per week, and actors' visits to the barber have decreased to one per three weeks. All concerned are now working at high pressure, but as the Catterick Drama Festival does not take place until the end of this month, we are making no rash promises.

A few months ago we mentioned the visit of a publicity team, complete with photographers. We are sending along some of the results in the hope that they may be printable and interesting.

PREWITT

HEADQUARTER SQUADRON. During the last month we have welcomed to the Squadron a new P.R.I. and a new M.T.O. in the persons of Captain R. C. Bird, from School of Signals, and Captain E. G. Holland, from 1 L. of C. Signal Regiment, M.E.L.F. We are very glad to have them with us and hope that they will enjoy a long stay.

We are glad to say that our Chief Instructor, Major G. S. Grey, has returned from hospital and is now looking as fit as ever. The Orderly Room has recently lost Lance-Corporal David Henshall to Darlington Isolation Hospital because he, for no other reason than that all the monthly returns were due, waggishly developed chickenpox. He tells us that he will fill in his time by writing short stories which, after medical and literary fumigation, we will forward to THE WIRE.

The C.O.'s Office has had the decorators in (" decorators " being the new name for an odd combination of defaulters and draughtsmen) and, with the paint that was left over, we have managed to brighten up nearly all the Squadron Barrack Rooms. We've even got glass in most of the windows.

In the last few weeks the sports seasons have been overlapping a bit, and Squadron soccer matches have been taking place side by side with cricket trials and athletic practices. Saturday and Sunday afternoons have nearly always been brightened by Inter-Barrack Room football games, and the gaily-coloured jerseys are now being exchanged for dazzling whites.

A new form of sport is gradually creeping into the Squadron—that of a cycling weekend. Four or five men, equipped with P.R.I. bicycles, set out on Saturday afternoon and return, tired out, on the Sunday evening.

Another symptom of the summer months is the Annual Cadet Camp at Gandale, and we are told that S.S.M. McConnell will be going up there next week with a hand-picked gang of men to make all ready.

PREWITT

1 SQUADRON. The Squadron is taking quite an interest in athletics. Under the supervision and encouragement of Lieutenant Tidey there is now great enthusiasm for

To the 2nd Training Regiment
Royal Signals
Good Luck & best
wishes

all types of sport, from tiddlywinks to a one-mile run. Corporal Markham, once our sprint champion, is now filling in the time until demob training our young recruits to follow in his footsteps. On Wednesday afternoons any man can partake of the sport he fancies most—within reason. Lance-Corporal Black, an enthusiastic angler, suggested taking his bamboo cane and bent pin down to the Swale last Wednesday, but it was decided that "fish for tea" was becoming quite a habit. We have had a consignment of "shinty sticks" from our generous P.R.I., but have not yet received the balls.

It is with regret that we say goodbye to our O.C., Major A. B. Wheeler, who leaves us for an eighteen months' course at School of Signals. We hope that his short stay in the Squadron has been a happy one.

The Squadron Sergeant-Major is thinking of entering the Squadron for the Catterick Gardening Competition. After strenuous work having been put in by many "volunteers," both flowers and weeds are coming along nicely. Anyone wishing to view the gardens is quite welcome, and will be shown around by our head gardener, Sergeant Bradford. The motor mower which we borrowed from the Officers' Mess has become quite a novelty — nearly everyone in the Squadron has had a go. There has been a considerable drop in the sales of tubes of petrol from the Mons N.A.A.F.I., which can, perhaps, be explained by the frequent leakages of the carburetter.

In the Squadron Office they are now commencing filing 1948 correspondence, owing to the forthcoming Administration Inspection. We have even compiled a graph of the Orderly N.C.O.'s temperature.

Anyway, things must be looking up; the Pay Clerk has applied for a 1483 for the S.S.M., and he hasn't got a duty this week.

The office cat evidently gave birth to some kittens, but they cannot be found anywhere. It is feared that they have found their way to the men *via* the cookhouse.

SEETOO

Field linemen at work

Since our last notes the Squadron has commenced practice and training for summer sports, and there are high hopes of 2 Squadron being well to the fore in the forthcoming Inter-Squadron Trials. "No names, no pack drill," but watch out for the results of the 100 and 220 yards and also the three-mile events.

In the cricketing world, Sergeant Leach and Signalman Nettleton are worthy Squadron representatives in the Unit team.

A warm welcome is extended to Major E. C. Collett on his taking over the O.C.'s baton from Major Llewellyn,

who is leaving us to take an extensive course at the School of Signals.

The demand for white ink has increased in leaps and bounds, as, finding a surplus of stripes in his store, the Quartermaster (with Officer i/c Records consent) issued them to various N.C.O.s, too notorious to mention by name. It is wondered whether their consciences, as well as their needles, pricked them as they diligently attached the stripes to their battle dresses.

"Lest we forget" is a well-known phrase to the Senior N.C.O.s (and W.O.IIs) of the Squadrons, as they daily journey to and from an Educational Establishment and mutter incessantly that the recurring value of "X" is somewhere in Australasia, or else the square root of 2 is something in the fuse box. Someone by the name of Carter has been heard to say he'll "flog a crib" for a consideration (educated type, or just plain lucky?).

More news next month.

NICKO

3 SQUADRON. There is a buzz going around the Squadron that the prime escapism for all has now changed from the noble sport of bird-watching to that grand English pastime—gardening. And now all have to put on their thinking caps to decide which is the more amenable—cookhouse or gardening fatigues.

From the office emanate two tales. Sergeant Williams has moved from the S.S.M.'s assistant to the Stores, consequently no longer being called " Markof," but " Chekof." This may be due either to the fact that he has a Russian cousin, or to undue enthusiasm in his new office. " Q " Royall has adapted the one-two-three timing from the parade ground to the office in rather a unique manner. There are now warnings—one, two and three—for his mid-morning tea. If, of course, the runner remembers to collect it.

In the realm of sport we are not behind. We are undisputed champions of soccer in the Unit, having beaten 2 Squadron 2—1, Headquarters Squadron 7—1, and 1 Squadron 8—0. Regards cricket, we have a likely contender for the Corps and Northern Command teams in " young " Pullen. Athletics, too, have taken a turn. The Squadron is having various trials since Captain Higgins issued an order of the day, " The Squadron will . . . ", accounting for the fact that numerous bodies seem to rush around aimlessly on the track, together with one Senior N.C.O. with a rope around his waist in practice for the tug-o'-war team. In the two-miles, Captain Higgins gave some runners a mile start, and still beat them—he, too, got a " 48." S.J.B.

G.O.C. presenting the cup to Corporal Mays

3 Training Regiment

Catterick Camp

April

Far be it from your scribe to indulge in wild and reckless statements, especially where Catterick climate is concerned, but as we write these notes we are unable to resist the temptation of pronouncing once and for all that spring has really hit the camp!

Manifestations of this strange phenomenon are many, perhaps the most noticeable being a sudden chill that descended on the central heating system on the morning of 1st May. More agreeable, however, has been the outburst of colour not only on the part of those hardy trees and flowers that managed to survive the rigours of winter, but also on the heads of our officers who, ever sensitive to change of atmosphere, have all blossomed out blue on top!

Our activities during the past month have been somewhat restricted by reason of the Easter leave period, during which the bulk of the Regiment dispersed to their scattered homes, leaving a small " anti-squatter " party to hold the fort. Fortunately for those who stayed behind, the weather was very kind, and outdoor activities of every kind kept them fully amused, though the local Sappers played a cruel trick on them by cutting off their supply of electricity for a day and a half.

All of this brings us to the close of our winter season and

Winners of the Catterick Challenge Cup, 1948-49

Back row: Sergeant Gourley, A.P.T.C. (trainer), Signalman Cook, Signalman Jones, Sergeant Godbeer, Lance-Corporal Bell, Signalman Willoughby, Signalman Wilson, Lance-Corporal Nock, Corporal Robinson, Captain Wragg. Seated: Lance-Corporal Kilpatrick, Corporal Mays (captain), Lieutenant-Colonel Wise, O.C., 3 Training Regiment, Royal Signals, Signalman Bell, Lance-Corporal O'Shea

to a summing up by the officers in charge of the various sporting activities.

Starting, for a change, with hockey, we are unable to report a highly successful season, though it might well have been a good deal worse. Indeed, up till the New Year we were holding our own. Then the blow fell, and our old stalwarts were scattered over the oceans. Not that there was any lack of promising talent to replace them; it was just that we never really managed to get ourselves properly knitted together into a really aggressive team. We trust that the team that will open the next season will be a fighting unit well fitted to place us again in the forefront of the Army hockey world.

Captain Sullivan, our rugger officer, sums up the XV's season as follows:

From a start when we had the utmost difficulty in raising a team at all, we have now progressed to a state in which we have reluctantly to turn away some of our promising young members, and much credit for this revival of interest must be given to Captain McLaren, who gave weighty support to the organisation of a number of Inter-Squadron games, as a result of which several good youngsters were spotted, including Cook, the Allardyce twins, Ashcroft, Pearce and Bowen.

Speaking of the pack, we shudder to think of what it would be without its leader, Captain Sampson, whose enthusiasm and spirit all the season has been the inspiration of the forwards, sustaining them in constant battles against superior weight.

The G.O.C. congratulates goalkeeper Lance-Corporal Bell on his fine display

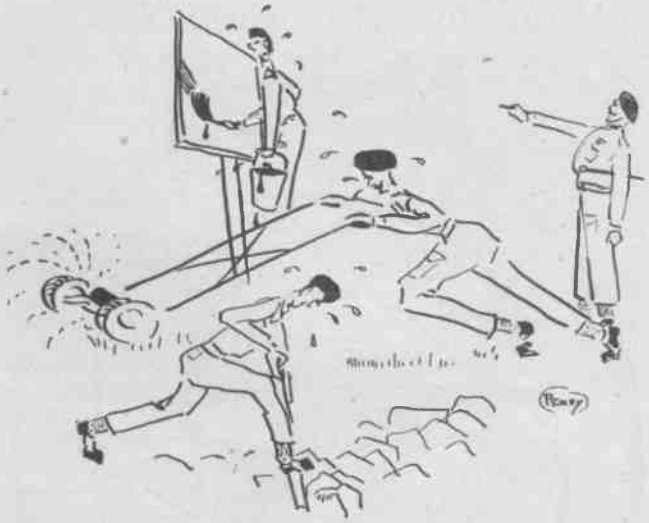
Above all, we congratulate all members of the team for their clean sporting spirit, and we trust that the next season will be very successful.

Last but very far from least in the sporting line comes soccer, and the final weeks of the season have been extremely hectic.

Our Division I team, by beating 8 R.T.R. (3—2) and drawing with our old rivals, 14/20 Hussars (2—2), have ended runners-up in the league, only one point behind 14/20 Hussars, to whom we offer our heartiest congratulations. Even the old Division II team went out with their tails wagging by winning three out of the five games played since we last went to press.

But the crowning event in the soccer line was the final of the Catterick District Knock-out Cup Competition, which took place on the Command Central Ground, Catterick, on Friday, 6th May.

It was played in a strong wind, against 7 Selection Regiment, and was one of the most thrilling games seen there for a long time.



Oh! to be in Catterick now that summer's here!

Our lads had the wind with them for the first 45 minutes and, with 7 Selection Regiment having the misfortune not to score off a penalty, the score at half-time was 3 Training Regiment 3; 7 Selection Regiment 0.

Our opponents took advantage of the wind in the second half to really get down to business. There were many thrills and our defence was hard pressed, so that despite the very gallant efforts of Lance-Corporal Bell, our goalkeeper, the score at full time was 3—3.

Extra time was then played, 15 minutes each way, and, as a result of really good play, our lads scored twice more against the wind, and again in the last 15 minutes, though 7 Selection Regiment fought gamely to the last.

Six goals to three, then, brought us the coveted cup, our scorers being Lance-Corporal Nock (four), Corporal Mays and Signalman Willoughby (one each).

The match, which was witnessed by a huge crowd, was followed by an impressive presentation ceremony, in the course of which the G.O.C., Major-General R. T. O. Cary, presented the Division I Cup to 14/20 Hussars, the Division II Cup to 7 Selection Regiment, and the District Challenge Cup to our own team captain, Corporal Mays, who received a great ovation.

"Why didn't you report sick before?"

THE GRIFFLIN IN HIBERNATION

"There's a spider in your barrel, laddie"

Finally, the two teams were entertained to tea in the new N.A.A.F.I. Club, where they received the congratulations of our C.O., Lieutenat-Colonel J. S. Wise, who paid special tribute to Lance-Corporal Bell for his magnificent performance in goal. Our football officer, Captain Wragg, thanked 7 Selection Regiment for a really fine game and congratulated them on winning the Division II Cup, and Captain Gillette dutifully responded for 7 Selection Regiment. Well done indeed, 3 Training Regiment!

4 Training Regiment

Catterick

May

We regret the absence of our notes last month. Unfortunately, Easter leave took most of the personnel from the Regiment and the wretched scribe spent most of the holiday chasing the few remaining staff in order to get a little information, only to miss the deadline by one day.

The most noteworthy event of the month has been the Annual Inspection by the G.O.C., Catterick District, Major-General R. T. O. Cary, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O. Naturally the preparation for this event called for a major operation. One Squadron Commander made it the subject for a full scale military operation with a full written appreciation and all the trimmings. The result of all the activity is quite gratifying; grass now assumes a "short back and sides" aspect, the paintwork has acquired the "bold look," and certain blank patches on walls have been unveiled as unsuspected windows.

Certain members of the Regiment have lost their "hang-dog" appearance. The explanation, so I am informed, is that Forces' Prelim. is now over. Any Signalman who is thinking of telling certain Warrant-Officers that the pen is mightier than the sword is hereby warned.

Sport. The Squadron athletics trials are completed and the Regimental trials are in progress. So far there has been no Jesse Owens brought to light, but the season is yet young and, with increasing intakes into the Regiment, we expect our fair share of the athletes and cricketers. Cricket practices are well advanced and our cricket teams are being organised by Captain D. Pocock, cricket officer. We played off one match against 3 Training Regiment last week on a hard, bumpy pitch. As was to be expected, the bowlers had an easier time than the unfortunate batsmen, who only managed to raise 135 runs between them. The match had quite a thrilling finale. We needed six runs to win and our last batsmen were putting up a bold front. With a hefty drive, a four was added to the score-board, bringing the scores even closer. Then the bowling changed ends. Endeavouring to cover himself with glory, our last batsman made a tremendous stroke, raising high our hopes of victory, and then catastrophe—he was caught in the deep.

As we are having a spell of fine weather we think, not unnaturally, of swimming. If para. 813, King's Regs., has been scrutinised, we shall soon see many wallowing Regulars trying desperately to prove that a body will float. Lieutenant K. Mogridge, of 5 Squadron, a recent arrival from Greece, has taken over the duties of swimming officer, and being a keen swimmer himself it will not be surprising to see hordes of 4 Training Regiment worthies at the Sandes Home Baths endeavouring to impress sufficiently to get in the Regimental team.

Basketball. The league has long since finished, but practice still continues. We have lost the sterling services of Corporal Squib and Corporal McNeil, our two stars, but we still have the nucleus of a very good team. At the moment we are keeping on our toes with the occasional friendly match, the last one being against N.S.O.T.W., when we won an excellent game by the narrow margin of eight points. Score: 4 Training Regiment, 17 points; N.S.O.T.W., 9 points.

To give a list of all the newcomers to the Regiment's Cadre and all the old faces which have departed would read too much like a Part II Order. However, we do not forget our old Regimental friends and we welcome all the recent arrivals collectively; may your stay in the Regiment be a long, happy one.

With Easter past and Whitsun only a short time hence, it seems that summer and shirt sleeve order are already peeping round the corner. Vistas of sun-swept beaches and a calm sea are prone to distract the mind from the teleprinter and A.R. 88, the parade ground and the topsec cipher—but training does continue. Our numerical strength reaches new "highs" every week, and the problem of accommodation becomes more acute.

5 Training Regiment

5 Training Regiment is at present in the process of changing its training programme, with the aim of giving more people a chance of playing sport.

The playing field position at Barnard Castle is very bad. All persons who have been in the Unit during the past year will remember the piece of ground at the top end of the camp with two blades of grass per square foot that was supposed to be our games field. Work is now in progress, and we hope to have the field ready for autumn, 1950. In the meantime, use has been obtained for the summer of the 7th Queen's Own Hussars playing field.

Barnard Castle weather being worse even than Catterick,

Blue berets will be worn with effect from 3rd May, 1949

we propose to play football all through the summer. To facilitate this, our Wednesday afternoon will be absorbed for normal work, and we shall finish one hour earlier. This will leave enough time for football after tea. We hope to see some very interesting inter-Squadron games during the summer. It is rumoured that both 1 and 2 Squadrons have great plans afoot to stop U.H.Q. Squadron from repeating their winter triumph with regard to football.

On Sunday, 8th May, we ran a trial for Northumbrian District and 50th (Northumbrian) Division, T.A. Captain Stirk and his staff burnt much midnight oil and expended a lot of energy in marking a course which was certainly the hardest most of us had seen.

The weather was poor in one or two places on the hills, but in the main was dry, though cold to start with. In the afternoon the sun came out for a while. The officials and their helpers had a very energetic time helping people who got stuck, but they had a very enjoyable day, and so, we are told, did the riders.

The shooting team had a very enjoyable season, though not conspicuously successful. The shooting improved steadily all the time, and the team are awaiting the start of the Catterick District Small Bore Rifle Club events this summer with eagerness. Our star shots are Captain Mootham, Second-Lieutenant Kerridge, Second-Lieutenant Prewitt, Lance-Corporal Mills and Lance-Corporal Lettres. All have qualified for membership of the club.

The hockey team has completed its winter fixtures and is now watching the work of resurfacing the square with eagle eyes so that they can mark out a pitch on the new surface and get down to some practice.

7 Selection Regiment

Catterick

May

After the celebrations of Easter, 1 and 2 Squadrons embarked on yet another intake of National Service men, bringing with them the usual torrent of declarations, forms, certificates and other necessary impedimenta. By the time these notes are in circulation we hope that many of these trainees will be well on the way to becoming potential Field Marshals! We are indeed fortunate in being able to produce photographs of this particular generation in their various stages of training. [*Sorry, photos unsuitable.*—ED.]

By far the most important event this month has been the arrival of our Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel W. M. Ponsonby, O.B.E., Royal Signals, who has come to us from the Sudan Defence Force, where he was Chief Signal Officer (Sudan and Eritrea) and was also in command of the Sudan Defence Force Signal Regiment. The Colonel, who has previously spent a number of years in Catterick, is well known for his fine horsemanship. We hope that this new encounter will bring to both Colonel and Mrs. Ponsonby much happiness and success.

The Regiment has, on the whole, had a very successful soccer season, though our final result in the Catterick Garrison Cup Final was not as we would have liked it. Congratulations to our opponents, 3 Training Regiment, Royal Signals, who beat us 6—3 after extra time and gave the spectators an afternoon packed with thrills worthy of a First Division game.

For 7 Selection the game started in grand fashion, and clever combined play of Corporal Dunne, Sergeant Riley and Signalman Blakey often placed 3 Training Regiment goal in danger. Splendid goalkeeping by Signalman Bell prevented 7 Selection Regiment from scoring twice in the first ten minutes. The climax was reached when a penalty, taken by Signalman Blakey, was saved in brilliant style.

3 Training Regiment, who had the advantage of the wind, gradually took the offensive, and strong kicking by their backs brought the ball into our half at too frequent intervals. The fine performance of Sergeant MacCurtney and Sergeant Baird prevented 3 Training Regiment from making a heavier score. At half-time the score was 3—0 in favour of 3 Training Regiment.

Kicking-off in the second half, we had the wind in our favour, and in the fiftieth minute Sergeant Riley scored our first goal. Two further contributions from Sergeant Riley made the score level (3—3) at the end of 90 minutes. Towards the end of the second half, 7 Selection Regiment made a desperate bid to obtain the necessary one goal lead, but, due to the fine keeping of 3 Training Regiment goalkeeper, we were kept at bay.

In the first half of extra time we could not press home our advantage, and it was, in fact, 3 Training Regiment who increased their score with two further goals. Again in the second half our opponents were able to add to their score with yet another goal, making the final result 6—3.

However, as a consolation, we have become Second Division champions. The League Cup was presented by the District Commander, Major-General R. T. O. Cary, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., to Corporal Ireland, our captain, on the same afternoon. Our record in the league is as follows:

				Goals		
P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.	Pts.
32	29	–	3	223	37	58

Congratulations to our team for their achievements, and especially to Sergeant Riley, who has set up a new league record by scoring 116 goals during the season.

Photographs of General Cary presenting the cup and medals to the team are published in this edition.

Since our last publication, the members of the Regimental Small Bore Club have led a relatively uneventful life, but we understand from Second-Lieutenant Milliven that they eventually intend to move up from third place to first in the

Top row (left to right): Corporal Dunne, Sergeant MacCartney, S.Q.M.S. Humble, Lance-Corporal Cox, Sergeant Baird, Captain Richardson. Seated: Signalman Bagshaw, Sergeant-Instructor Riley, Corporal Ireland (captain), Signalman Blakey, Signalman Sherwood

Major-General Cary presenting medals to the Regimental team
Left to right: Sergeant-Instructor Riley, Corporal Ireland, Sergeant MacCartney, Corporal Dunne

Catterick District League. The marksman with the highest average this month is Major Bevan with 98.4 per cent.

The hockey team did not bring home the Northern Command Six-a-side Challenge Cup, as was hoped. Although we had a very strong team in the field, we were to some extent outclassed by S.M.E., Ripon, who beat us 2—1 and went on to win the cup.

In the Catterick District League we have maintained our run of successes by winning four of our remaining five games. Results are:

v.	R.A.F., Catterick	Won 5—1
v.	3 Training Regiment	Won 3—1
v.	17/21 Lancers	Won 2—0
v.	1 Training Regiment	Won 4—1
v.	8 Royal Tank Regiment	Lost 4—1

By losing their last game, against 8th Royal Tank Regiment, the team forfeited their chance of becoming league champions. However, we feel they have done extremely well by becoming runners-up to the 8th Royal Tank Regiment. Consistent players during the season have been Sergeant Matthews, R.Q.M.S. Vigours, S.Q.M.S. Deegan, Captain Smith, S.Q.M.S. Black, Corporal Bean, Second-Lieutenant Remington, Corporal Gibbons, Captain Parker, Second-Lieutenant Bolton, Corporal Brown, Sergeant Maddison, Sergeant Idiens, whom we thank for their fine efforts.

Now that the football and hockey seasons have ended, we are centring our attentions on cricket and athletics. Second-Lieutenant Jordan, our Officer i/c Cricket, has not yet noticed any budding W.G.s, but there is time yet! Second-Lieutenant Wood is attending a coaching course, and on his return to the Unit he should be able to produce some " streaks of greased lightning " for the Regimental Athletics Team.

School of Signals

Catterick

April

N.S. Officer Training Wing

We have had two Pass-off Parades during the month, Course 223 on 12th April and Course 224 on 29th April, the salute being taken by Brigadier G. S. O'N. Power, C.B.E., Commandant, School of Signals. The Commanding Officer's canes were awarded to Officer-Cadet Cherrett and Officer-Cadet Chisholm.

Our sporting activities for the winter have now ceased and we are training hard for the summer events. As a finale for the season our greatly depleted Rugger XV had an enjoyable game against York R.F.C., who beat us 21—3, a fixture which proved a great success.

The Hockey XI had a final spate of matches in the District League in an endeavour to fill second place. Although final results are not yet known, we hope to be runners-up this year. The final fixture against 8th Royal Tank Regiment, Command champions and Army finalists, was a very hard-fought game in which we were beaten 2—0.

Our shooting team were beaten by 3 points in the " needle match " of the season by Royal Signals Wing, who have therefore just beaten us for first position in the Garrison League. We offer them our congratulations.

All Arms Wing

The Wing has been very busy for the last couple of weeks moving to our new quarters at Somme Lines. Everything seems to be upside down, but by hard work the place will soon look something like a decent Unit line. Odd jobs which have to be done and which are not too congenial seem to be falling on the " janker wallahs," but of course there is the old saying, " You shouldn't have joined." The lines certainly seem to be a great improvement as far as lecture rooms and training are concerned, but taking the place on the whole it will be some time before everyone is quite content.

Life is going along very steadily, and as the new R.S.I. Course No. 55 has now assembled there is quite a lot to be learned of what is going on in the rest of the world as the students really come from far and wide and all the possible far-flung parts of the globe.

The beginning of the warmer weather seems to be causing many people to start asking about leave these days, so no doubt we shall be missing many familiar figures for weeks at a time whilst they are recovering from the strains of their daily toil.

Royal Signals Wing

Spring, long foretold, has arrived at last. Now there is some warmth in the sun, though an occasional wind from the direction of Siberia reminds us that it is not far from winter.

Commandant Bertaut, of the French Army, who has been attached to the Wing for a month, has returned to France and has been replaced by Commandant Arnold.

Sergeants' Mess. Congratulations to Mrs. Lanson, wife of Sergeant Jack, on the birth of a daughter, Elaine. Also to Mrs. Addington, who presented Sergeant Eric with a baby girl, Carolyn.

In a recent football match, Sergeants *v.* Corporals, a considerable amount of talent showed itself. Our two "Diggers," Gower and Budge, played an enthusiastic, if not remarkable, game as backs, to the dismay of McEvoy in goal. It was a lot of fun and the score, 5—2 for the Corporals—belied the amount of energy shown by the Sergeants.

Football. Despite having to forfeit points for matches we have not been able to fulfil, the team has done quite well to end the season in the middle of the league. The last four games have all been away fixtures, from which we have collected five very useful points.

The first of these was away to 7th Queen's Own Hussars, where, after a very give-and-take match, we lost by 5 goals to 4, the decider being the usual fateful last-minute effort. Then came the away fixture with 4 Training Regiment, who found us rather too strong for them, conceding eight goals, our second biggest win of the season. Then came Easter leave and the consequent cancellation of fixtures.

Our next game was then away to 8th Royal Tank Regiment, who had beaten us at home by 9 goals to 1. Revenge is sweet, as we found out by defeating them by 3 goals to 1 after a well-fought match.

Finally came our last fixture, with 14th/20th Hussars, who on the date of our fixture had already received the league winner laurels. A strong wind spoilt what might well have been a very good game, but none the less passable football was served up. After being one goal down, Signals Wing equalised and then took the lead. With the second half,

however, came sustained Hussars pressure and the equalising goal, the final result being 2—2, a repeat of our first fixture with them. Altogether a fitting close to an interesting season.

Hockey. Three games were played off in the last week before the Winter League finished. Against 17th/21st Lancers we lost 0—3 and against National Service Wing we lost 1—4. Even the most enthusiastic play was unable to cover up the fact that in both games we were without eleven players.

In our final game we drew 1—1 with 5 Training Regiment. We were mostly in our opponents' half but could never score the necessary goal. The last ten minutes provided an exciting finish to the season.

A Summer League amongst the Signal Regiments begins soon, and in this we hope the Unit hockey will have better support than in the league just ended.

Regular Army March and Static Display London, 5th May, 1949

The marching was done by an Infantry Brigade, which was preceded at three miles an hour by a long cavalcade of vehicles headed by a Squadron of the Life Guards with a Field Regiment, R.A., and detachments of other arms. At the head of the marching column was the Infantry Brigade Signal Squadron which, as our photograph shows, met with some opposition during the march. A prolonged search amongst the agencies has failed to produce a photograph taken a few seconds afterwards, so it was not known whether the leading ranks joined their officer in wrestling madly with the ladies or whether, as newspaper accounts indicate, the ubiquitous constabulary arrived in time to spoil the fun. Apart from this, we understand the march was without incident. Certainly as they passed along the Mall on the outward journey the marching of the Signal Squadron was very good.

The static display took place during the whole of the afternoon along the Serpentine Road in Hyde Park. Royal Signals was represented by an Armoured Command Vehicle and two 10 Set trailers from Eastern Command Signal Regiment. The effect of the marching and of the display on recruiting is not known. Certainly spectators along the route appeared interested though apathetic. The most enthusiastic who were observed by your reporter were a couple of "herrenvolk" animatedly identifying with very fair accuracy the various Units, and doubtless thinking of bigger, much noisier marching and bigger, much noisier displays of armed might in the Unter den Linden.

[By courtesy of International News Photos

Southern Command (M) Signal Regiment

Salisbury

June

Headquarters. Another very successful dance was held in the Regimental Institute on 27th April, for which the Entertainment Committee are to be congratulated. The date of the next dance has not yet been fixed, but it is eagerly awaited.

Gardening doesn't appear to be very prominent yet, but I hear of one officer who has radishes as big as egg cups and broad beans touching the ground.

Our football XI will be most disappointed when they learn that football is not to be a summer sport. Our team played a number of matches this season and did very well, under the leadership of S.Q.M.S. Beale (captain). Congratulations from the team to Mrs. Beale and S.Q.M.S. Beale on the birth of a baby girl.

Our hockey team, which has proved most successful right through the winter, has a few months of warm weather ahead of it. At last hockey has been recognised as a summer sport! Unfortunately, we have lost Second-Lieutenant Exell and R.Q.M.S. Softley, two of our demon forwards; we shall have to spend a good time looking for someone to fill their positions. S.S.M. Dickson, a most capable half-back, will help us out on his return from a six weeks' course.

Cricket, I am sure, will be a big event this summer, and we have a most encouraging fixture list. Our team this year is in the best of form and under the guidance of its Captain, Lieutenant Walton, we should be able to produce an excellent XI, although we shall miss Second-Lieutenant M. B. M. Brown and Sergeant Hamilton this season.

Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess. Since our last notes we have said our fond farewells to R.S.M. Webb and Sergeant Foster (W.R.A.C.)—our Eve! The former off on a slow-boat, and the latter sailing into Civvy Street without regret or recrimination, with a well-attended and thoroughly enjoyed "do" in the Mess, at which things went with quite a swing—didn't they, Ben?

New faces have been few, but we have met Sergeants Fred Whitfield and Slater in transit, and Sergeants Driscol, Jerry Blake and Cater (W.R.A.C.) look in from time to time.

An extremely pleasant social evening was held in the Mess on Thursday, 22nd April, mainly to assist in the spending of a small allotment of cash which was placed at the disposal of the Mess toward a "free" evening. Most members brought along their wives or guests, and the Colonel, Second-in-Command and several other officers were present, including one who, in spite of repeated requests, failed to produce his invitation card—still, he was allowed to stay on for the evening—after all, one just can't throw out the leading light of the Regimental Rifle Team!

An exciting game of indoor hockey was arranged and several of the participants found themselves sliding gracefully (?) along the newly polished floor (reference to which was made in last month's issue of these notes). One of the "sliders" appeared to have a permanent list to port (or whisky?) after his fall. Mrs. Prime, wife of the esteemed Sergeant Prime, made a hurried exit from the room to excute a few running repairs after hitting the deck, but in spite of these small and harmless incidents everyone enjoyed the game.

S.S.M. Holt, ably assisted by Corporal "Horace" Wilcox, was tending to the needs of thirsty customers and generally accounting for the "free," and it was noticed that when the end of the allotment came and the bar was temporarily closed with its "Iron Curtain," several of the bar-flies darn near got their fingers neatly amputated in a wild attempt to grab the last "one on the house." Still, everyone (or nearly everyone) went home perpendicular.

It is hoped that a few more social evenings will be arranged for the near future, not necessarily "free," but some sort of evening where all members, including the "live-outs," can join in the fun and generally enhance the Mess with their brilliant chatter and wit.

There are one two points we should like to have cleared up:

Who was the portly figure in blue who led country dancing in the Mess on a recent festive occasion?

And who has decided to save cigarettes by visiting a certain cinema more frequently?

ALDERSHOT DISTRICT SIGNAL TROOP (W.R.A.C.). During the past month we have welcomed many new faces, the majority being straight from Signal School.

Privates Boyd and Cunningham, both switchboard operators, have joined us from Didcot. Reluctantly we bade farewell to Privates Russell and Quenault, who have been posted to Didcot, as teleprinter operators, and to Privates Lane and Talbot, who have been cross-posted to Northern Ireland District. Private Gerrity (T.P.O.) and Private Desmond (storewoman) will shortly be leaving us for "far away places"—B.A.O.R. We wish them all the best of luck.

As usual, this Unit has been the target for many a "cupid's arrow," for no less than four marriages have occurred these past few weeks! Private Dodsworth, one of our Signal cooks, married a sergeant from the Royal Pioneer Corps, here in Aldershot; Privates de Lengerke and Meakin, both safely married to Catterick Instructors, and Private Crompton to a Coldstream Guardsman. Congratulations and best wishes to you all!

We also heartily welcome Second-Subaltern E. A. Moore, who is with us for a few weeks. It will be a sad day when we wish her adieu.

Subaltern Ruston is away "roughing it" on two weeks' leave. Alas, we will be without her for some time to come, as she proceeds on an administration course at Hindhead for a month after that.

Whether spring has had any effect on the girls one cannot say, but Aldershot '380 girls seem to have plunged ahead with their sports activities. A hockey match was played against 7 and 9 Battalion, W.R.A.C., recently and an enjoyable game ensued, regardless of an occasional shower, which could not dampen the girls' spirits.

Last but not least, we congratulate our two pioneers who attested into the W.R.A.C. on 25th April, namely our Telephone Supervisor, Sergeant Sampson, and Private Green (S.B.O.).

War Office Signal Regiment

Kingston-on-Thames

April

Many readers of THE WIRE will be interested to read once again news from War Office Signal Regiment. The Regiment now occupies Richmond Park Camp, which once housed the Olympic teams, having moved from Eaton Square, London, S.W.1. Some reference was made to the location and description of the new site in a previous issue of THE WIRE. As I cannot go into details regarding the camp, suffice it to say that the unanimous opinion is "it's smashing."

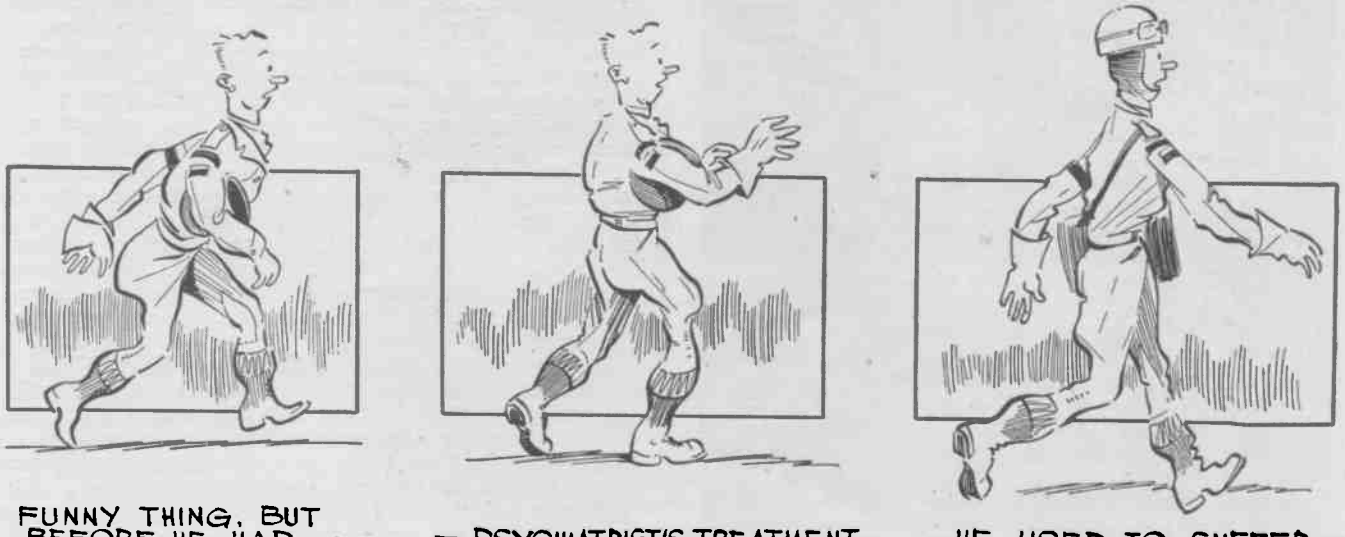
Lieutenant-Colonel L. A. E. Tozer, who commanded the Regiment for the past three years, recently left us on promotion and posting to the Military College of Science. We felt it easier to say "Good-bye" as Commanding Officer to Colonel Tozer knowing he was leaving us on promotion, but we are all very sorry to lose him and will miss his never-failing cheerfulness and hope he will come and see us whenever he can.

Major C. D. Hinds is commanding in the meantime while we await the arrival of our next Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel E. P. Blake, who is expected to join us on 25th April.

Sport. As the cricket season draws near the Regimental team is being picked and we hope they have a very successful season.

Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess. Farewells are extended to R.S.M. Payne, who has left us for Civvy Street, and "Tansy" Lea, who has left for the School of Signals, Catterick.

We extend a hearty welcome to R.S.M. Burton (ex 4 Training Regiment) and trust his stay with us will be a long and happy one. As space is limited I cannot give all the news I would like to on Mess activities. Socials are held every week, which are graced by the many beautiful nurses from Kingston Hospital. On Friday, 1st April, the Mess entertained the members of the Norbiton Gladstone Club in a games tournament which proved a very successful evening, thanks to the Entertainments Committee and S.S.M. "Ginger" Kemp, S.S.M. "Junk" Lumber, S.S.M. Jackson (attached from Western Command), Sergeants "Crooner" Jock Sneddon, Dennis (the Artist) and Jock "Busty" Ross and a few other members of the Mess. Some members were unable to attend due to the exigencies of "Snogging."



28 Independent Infantry Brigade Signal Squadron

Warley, Essex

Allow us to introduce ourselves as the Corps' newest baby. We were born at Wemyss Barracks, Canterbury, in January of this year. The Brigade H.Q. Staff, under the command of Brigadier D. R. Morgan, D.S.O., M.C., formed itself at Bedford during the same month. Major R. G. Baker, our O.C., joined the staff on 18th January and, with the assistance of Second-Lieutenant W. G. A. Cathcart and one Storeman, commenced the organisation of the Signal Squadron.

During our brief existence we have had two moves, with a possible third imminent. However, for the time being, we are now installed at Warley as a complete Unit, having been fortunate in securing all our personnel and stores. All that remains to be done now is our training, which is already under way.

Our sojourn in Bedford was pleasant; the few of us who were there had very little to do since we had no stores. Our time was fairly occupied in helping 61 H.Q. Signals, T.A., to "set up shop," and, of course, the inevitable "square bashing."

Captain E. M. T. Crump is our Second-in-Command and "chaser-in-chief," but we think his bark is worse than his bite (we hope!) S.S.M. Ebbage is our "big" noise, with S.Q.M.S. McDiarmid as the "fiddler." Other notable personalities in the Squadron are Sergeant Mapley, the M.T. king, Corporal Jock Grant, ex School of Signals, Lance-Corporal Essex and Driver Ford, ex Malaya Command Signals, Sergeant Wheldon, Corporal Passmore, and the ace footballer, Corporal Craig, who has on occasion played for our local team, Brentwood. The "Monkey House" (linemen to you) is under the supervision of Corporal Larkin, and a fine time is had by all nipping up and down any pole in sight.

Our C.S.O., Eastern Command, paid us a visit on 6th April and we hope our blue berets made an impression on him.

The Brigade has been selected to do the Army Day Parade in London on 5th May. The Squadron is well represented on this march and the lucky (?) ones who are participating are now busily engaged in training for the event—seven miles of the best with rifle at the slope. Woe is me! (A report on the march, if we survive it, will appear later.)

Before closing we congratulate Corporal Meadows, Corporal Larkin and Lance-Corporal Hamilton on their recent marriages.

S.F.A.

From next month we intend to embellish each group of Unit Notes with a Formation "Flash." At first this will be confined to Commands and Theatres, but Units will no doubt wish their notes to appear under their own Divisional or District Flashes. As blocks are an expensive item, Units who wish to do this are requested to forward a draughtsman's drawing of their flash or badge in black Indian ink on white paper, two inches square, together with the cost of making the block, thirteen shillings.

Northern Command (M) Signal Regiment

York

April

This, no doubt, will come as an awful shock to old members of the Regiment who are scattered all over the world, but we really do intend to appear regularly in THE WIRE from now on.

The Regiment is commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel R. C. B. Stuart, Royal Signals. 1 and 2 Squadrons are under the command of Major J. Dirs, M.B.E., and Major S. Cox, respectively. These officers will be well known to the older readers of these notes.

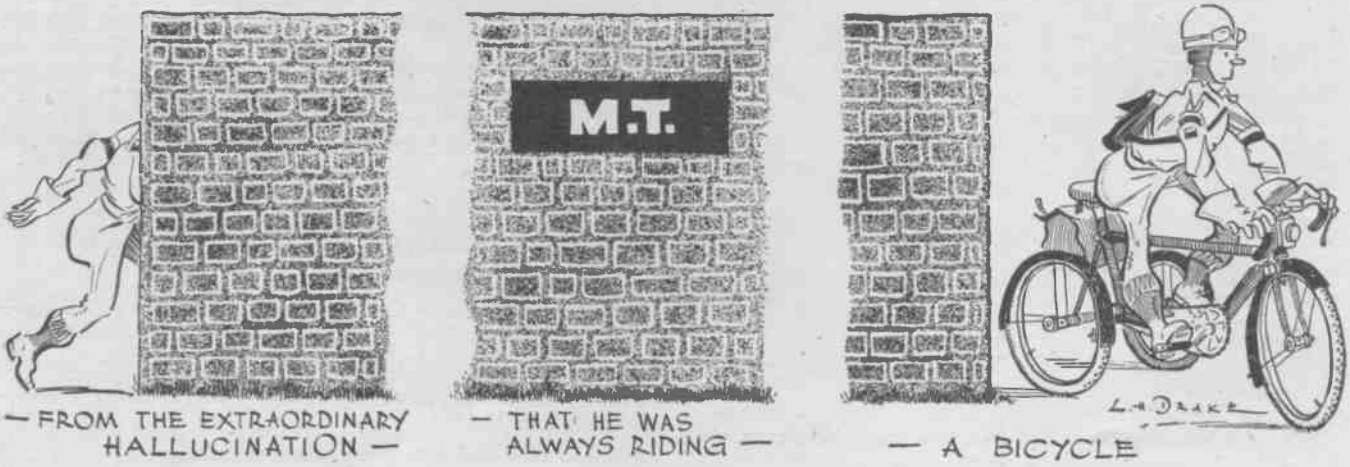
The Unit has only recently moved into Infantry Barracks, York. Before this we were stationed at The Airfield, Elvington, a charming spot about eight miles out of the city. We certainly left that place at the wrong time of the year, as those country walks will be sadly missed by quite a lot.

The move was carried out quickly, quietly and without too many hitches. There was one clerk who, having superintended the loading of the office safe, sent the lorry away to York and carefully kept the safe keys in his pocket in Elvington until the next day. There was also the case of the W.R.A.C. C.S.M. who, thinking she was going into her own office, charged into the O.C.'s office shouting, "Hey, Charlie!"

This Regiment has also detached Troops at York, Darlington, Nottingham and Catterick.

During the floods, 1 Squadron lent line parties to the G.P.O., and the C.S.O. received a letter from the Postal Authorities thanking all concerned for the very able and willing work.

NORCOSIGS



3 A.A. Group Independent (M) Signal Squadron

Currie

April

Since last appearing in print some few months ago this Unit has been extremely busy. "Exercise Forth-Clyde" has come and gone, and most of us are still wondering whether it really happened, or whether it was just a nightmare. How were we to accommodate two hundred people in billets which barely hold a hundred? How were we to feed more than double the usual number of troops? How was our transport to deal with all the extra details, when it is almost invariably inadequate for normal requirements? And most important of all, would our communications stand up to the nine strenuous days? Long before the exercise was due to commence, these problems were surveyed with dismay by all concerned, and few of us dreamed that they could be solved satisfactorily. But solved they were, and although everyone in the Unit helped to make the Signals element a huge success, special mention must be made of Junior Commander Snowden and Sergeant Shilson. These two worked wonders. Junior Commander Snowden contrived to feed everyone that turned up for meals, no matter whether they were fifty or a hundred. Some meals were like a running buffet and lasted for several hours. Sergeant Shilson and his linemen toiled twenty-four hours a day, and it was due to their untiring efforts that the Gunners could never complain of having no communications.

Our sporting activities have been somewhat curtailed owing to the exercise, and the flood of leave which followed it. The football team plays nearly every Wednesday, and it has met with moderate success. The hockey XI has been very unlucky in losing several players on release. Added to this, four of its members regularly turn out for the Group rugger team, so very few hockey matches have been possible.

The fortnightly Unit dance continues to be a great success, and makes Craigiehall the first port of call for many of the boys in blue. "All the nice girls love a sailor," but khaki is less conspicuous, and, on looking round, one sees the Signals doing not so badly.

Left to right: Captain W. R. M. Dunkley, Junior Commander G. J. Thomas, Major D. L. Hyde (C.O.), Brigadier W. H. G. Rogers, C.B.E. (C.S.O., A.A. Command), Junior Commander M. E. Snowden and Lieutenant-Colonel L. W. J. Dryland (C.S.O., 3 Group)

"We here feel it's rather old-fashioned to whistle after the young ladies"

* * *

WIRE QUIZ

(see page 317)

1. For what reason are the following people famous: (a) Barbara Ann Scott; (b) Dinny Pails; (c) Mai Zetterling; (d) the Earl of Clarendon; (e) Mr. Lewis Douglas.
2. Has Buckingham Palace always been the King's London residence? If not, what was it before?
3. Who wrote: (a) "Vanity Fair"; (b) "Dracula"; (c) "Pride and Prejudice"; (d) "I Chose Freedom"; (e) "Forever Amber."
4. Who is: (a) The Lord Mayor of London; (b) the Mayor of Paris; (c) the President of the Argentine; (d) the Prime Minister of Australia; (e) the American head of the Marshall Plan organisation.
5. On what famous composer's work was the Warsaw Concerto based?
6. Complete the following three proverbs: (a) Once bitten . . . ; (b) Faint heart ne'er won . . .; (c) All that glitters . . .
7. Where is the home town of the following people: (a) Gracie Fields; (b) Tommy Handley; (c) Nellie Wallace; (d) Wilfred Pickles; (e) the Western Brothers.
8. Can the present F.A. Cup be won outright?
9. How many colours has the Signals Flag?
10. In what order do traffic lights "come on" and "go off"?

* * *

ROYAL CORPS OF SIGNALS BAND

Programme — June, 1949

1st to 4th June (inclusive).—VICTORIA EMBANKMENT GARDENS (near Charing Cross Station).

5th to 11th June (inclusive).—BATH. Parade Gardens.

12th to 18th June (inclusive).—WORTHING. Bandstand, Sea Front.

31st July.—BATH. Parade Gardens.

Wet Paint

by *

L. H. Drake

*

The author, a prominent member of the Cubist School, promised to develop at an early age; he kept his promise and developed in extraordinary fashion. Under the influence of Bunn, the Chelsea savant ("Chelsea Bunn"), who was incessantly under the influence himself, he grew a beard and travelled extensively abroad, where he established a reputation which keeps on cropping up. His most recent picture (reproduced here) is the striking "Eccleston Square," which was on the line in this year's Academy, together with a couple of shirts, three pairs of pants and a vest. "Modern art," he says, "is simply the expression of the abstract, with some animal, mineral and vegetable attachments." Or would you rather be a fish?

AS the elderly President of the Anti-Alcoholics League remarked when she won a corkscrew at the vicarage garden fete, let's get this thing straight.

Like a breath of purest air wafting through the green veins of a gorgonzola cheese* comes a challenge to the Moderns, the Impressionists, the neo-Whatnots and kindred kidneys in the same body corporate, a slamming down of the gauntlet calculated to shake the little quainter painters to the roots of their nationalised wigs.

The strictures so effectively levelled against their tiny triangular heads echo through the garrets like the clap o' doom, turning the Bright Boys and incredible girls greener than the greenest grass in Texas to which their "art" is (or should be) so appropriately dedicated.

But, fair's fair. Before we lay ourselves open to the temptation of expressing opinions—which we are assiduously avoiding—a viewing of the vast expanses of canvas and huge chunks of carved rock will serve to impress upon us, with the force of a pile-driver, that this scintillating twentieth century has produced a finer vintage crop of sub-standard lunatics and drooling dupes in its spheres of art, sculpture, poetry and music than can be discredited to any other age.

Let us look at our peerless Moderns.

* * *

Scruffy's "Woman with a Fish" is an arresting canvas in which the modern master has achieved almost flawless perfection of detail. The woman can be distinguished in a flash; she is the one wearing a hat.

Filthy's piquant "Little Sebastian" can be described as the living image of the diminutive model, if one is prepared to ignore the minor oddities of the boy's right ear growing out of his elbow and a pair of palpably deformed feet branching from beneath the left shoulder blade, which is itself located just below the hip bone. Thirteen fingers on the left hand (beneath the knee-cap) compensate for a total of nine on the right, and the eyes may be said to rivet attention, not entirely on the score of their vivid expression but, possibly, because one is set in the cleft of the chin and the other looks up rather appealingly from where the navel would be if it wasn't at the back of the neck. Poor little Sebastian!

If one dare discriminate and venture to apply the title of "problem" picture to a particular work of the modern masters (affording endless fun for the family on long, dark evenings) I suggest that Loopi's "Prism in Ambergris" merits the distinction. Here is the concentrated essence of abstract non-reality and three-dimensional thingummy, portrayed with all the disarming simplicity and brilliantly effective colour-construction so essentially the prerogative of our gifted Moderns.

To stand before "Prism in Ambergris" (see also Herrings in Tomato Sauce) is to breathe the rarified atmosphere of the empyrean heights. Nor can one completely ignore the fact that it reeks a bit in hot weather.

As its title suggests, this scintillating masterpiece has decayed teeth as the *force majeure* underlying the general theme. A sapling with purple bark and vivid scarlet leaves grows from an empty coffin supported on the shoulders of an old man with three legs, and the joyful tone permeating the whole work is further enhanced by the inclusion of a green skull with serpents emerging from the eye sockets.

The artist reveals an amazing strength in his brushwork; he obviously favours the one he used when in the employ of the Urban District Council, but he has discarded the shovel.

* * *

Equally exciting and hardly less idiotic is Bilge's mammoth "Onward" which, contrary to whatever its title would have us believe, is so backward that any hopes of its catching up must be ruled out. The creator of this remarkable bit of rockery evidently put everything he had into it, including a mechanical excavator; it is equally evident that the thing got out of hand before the spark of inspiration had dashed itself to smithereens on the rocky peaks, thus happily sparing us further mystification and embarrassment. Bilge is one of our more enterprising Moderns. Progress is his quarry, and quarry is the operative word.

* * *

We have mercifully avoided the bulk of the affair, as the very small man remarked when he eluded the gigantic woman in the Paul Jones.

And, if I may be permitted to close on a note in the idiom of the day, Picasso what?

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* It is not the writer's intention to enter into expression of controversial opinion.

British Army of the Rhine

2 Infantry Divisional Signal Regiment

Hilden

April

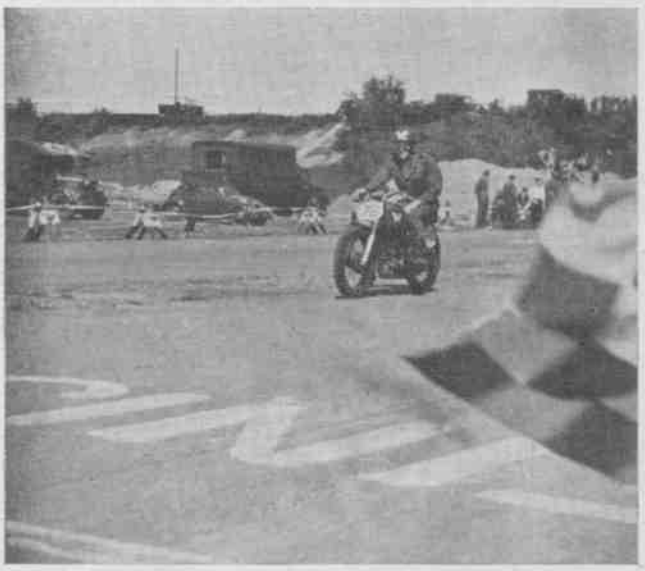
General. Sports and social activities this month have been very scarce. The whole Regiment has been preparing for the future exercise. The majority of us have been working late at nights and during the weekends. Last-minute plans and preparations have occupied our time fully. Only now, two days before the exercises, do we find time to sit back and breathe. Full honours go to the Quarter-master, Captain Parker, who has produced everything we require, plus a little more. The T.O.M. and Foreman of Signals have been working full pressure, and the L.A.D., under A.S.M. King, have worked miracles.

The Easter holiday came as a welcome break, the Rover Crew found time to slip across the border to Holland to attend an Anglo-Dutch Moot. Judging by the rather chubby, happy faces on their return, we imagine that the food in Holland is rather good.

The Motor Cycling Club found time to tune their motor-cycles up for the first race of the season at Leverkusen. In this connection we welcome Lieutenant Wilson, who is attached for three months to this Regiment. Lieutenant Wilson is a crack motor-cyclist and we are very grateful for his advice and assistance.

During Easter, cameras came out and shutters clicked. The Photographic Club came out *en masse* to air their cameras and then to retire quickly to the inky depths of their dark room.

The Territorial Army has invaded us in force during the last four weeks. We have been honoured by having these officers with us, whose one object is to gain as much "gen" as possible. We did not realise before how keen and efficient these Terriers are. Amongst the many that have visited us are Major Evans and Captain Forbes. We do hope that they have benefited from their experiences.



Captain D. A. Barry, Royal Signals, nearing the finishing point at a recent 2 Infantry Division Motor Cycle Club "try-out"

Sergeant Dale, R.E.M.E., at a recent 2 Infantry Division Motor Cycle Club "try-out"

Captain Smith, who was attached for one month to 2 Division Headquarters as a Staff Officer, has returned to 5 Brigade Signal Troop. Lieutenant King, who had taken over from Captain Smith during his absence, has now returned to 1 Squadron.

R.S.M. Barrett, our Athletics Officer, has now finally completed the new jumping pits. As soon as we return from the exercises we will put them into good use.

"J" TROOP. Under the direction of B.E.M.E., a motor-cycle club is being organised for the Troop. Numerous happy and greasy faces indicate the enthusiasm shown for the new sport.

In view of the many forthcoming exercises, training is playing a big part in our daily routine. All the chaps are very busy and there is a constant sound of "de da dit" from the Operators' Training Room. Cable suddenly appears along the roads and lanes in the vicinity, whilst the B.F.N. can be heard coming from the Radio Mechanics' Shop as sets are being tuned.

During the winter period our main activity has been football. We did not do very well in the Regimental Inter-Troop Competition. We have been handicapped by the fact that several of our men play for Brigade Headquarters.

Last month we lost our Second-in-Command, Lieutenant Marshall. Corporal Topliss, Signalman Drew and Signalman Munson have also departed on release. The best of luck to them all. May we take this opportunity of reminding them that we shall always welcome a line from them!

"E" TROOP. The Troop organised two outings during Easter. In the first we went to Baldeney See to make the Yacht Regatta and in the second we travelled down to Cologne to view the Cathedral. Not content with this, we organised a party on Easter Saturday which was held in the Rest Rooms of our Barracks.

During the winter we had a very active football team. During our many matches, we played 19th Field Regiment, R.A., 1013 Casualty Reception Station, and "G" Troop, 2 Infantry Divisional Signal Regiment.

"G" TROOP. From time to time, "G" Troop make contact with the outside world, and their last message came thus.

We are lucky enough to be stationed near Baldeney See, a natural lake of large size. The Troop is at present preparing for forthcoming exercises, but still finds time for sports. Our football team has played over forty games in the last season, and has had much success.

Lieutenant J. R. Larter left us in March on the road to civilian life. S.S.M. Hall, newly arrived from Burma, has taken his place. The best of luck to both of you.

Football. Saturday, 16th April, saw all our hopes of carrying off a trophy this season dashed to the ground, when we met 10th Anti-Tank Regiment, R.A., at Dortmund Stadium, in the semi-final of the 2 Divisional Inter-Unit Competition. Fielding a very weak team, we were hopelessly outclassed by the " Gunners " and were soundly beaten by six goals to one. The less said about this game the better.

In a review of our competition ventures this season we have not fared too badly, as the following results show:

B.A.O.R. Inter Unit Competition

1st Round v. 1st Battalion The Black Watch	Won	3—1
2nd Round v. 1st Battalion The Gordon Highlanders	Won	1—0
3rd Round v. 10th Anti Tank Regiment	Draw	1—1
v. 10th Anti Tank Regiment (replay)	Lost	2—3

Royal Signals (B.A.O.R.) Competition

Preliminary Round	Bye	
Semi-Final v. H.Q. B.A.O.R. Signal Regiment	Won	4—3
Final v. 7th Armoured Divisional Signal Regiment	Lost	1—3

2 Divisional Inter Unit Competition

1st Round v. 1 Medium Workshops, R.E.M.E.	Won	10—1
2nd Round v. 52 C.R.E.	Won	9—1
3rd Round v. 42 Field Regiment, R.A.	Won	1—0
Semi-Final v. 10th Anti Tank Regiment, R.A.	Lost	1—6

With the majority of our " star " players departed, our prospects do not look bright for next season, but anything can happen between now and next September. We shall certainly try again whatever happens.

Before closing our soccer news we must mention that the departure of R.S.M. Griffin to U.K. is a very sad blow to the " soccerites." He was one of our keenest and most valuable supporters, and gave us his wholehearted backing in anything we undertook. His great experience in all classes of sport was invaluable to us, and his timely words of advice were always respected. With him has gone another keen supporter, Mrs. Griffin, who has followed the fortunes of our team with unfailing regularity for the past two seasons. We shall certainly miss her familiar face on the touchline next season.

However, in R.S.M. Barrett, our new " Tara," we are again fortunate in obtaining the services of yet another fine sportsman, who is just as eager to carry on the good work. We are assured of his wholehearted support, and his experience in the field of sport will be invaluable to us.

2 Infantry Divisional Signal Regiment hockey team v. Hamburg District Signal Squadron in the final of the British Army of the Rhine Signals hockey competition

Standing (left to right): Sergeant Warren, Captain E. O. Smith, D.C.M., Sergeant Holland, S.S.M. Boon, R.Q.M.S. Grant, Corporal Pearce. Kneeling: Sergeant Ledger, Sergeant Davies, F. of S. Mahon, Corporal Slavin, Captain D. A. Barry

Cricket. The " King of All Sports " is, as the season progresses, coming to the fore. The Regiment is now well equipped with cricket gear. The P.R.I. has purchased white trousers and shirts from the Sports Shop, and also a new mat for the wicket. We have at last our own cricket ground, which is being rolled and cut industriously. Our first matches will be away games, but as soon as our ground is ready, we will be able to challenge teams on our own territory. Our first match of the season will be against Headquarters, 2 Infantry Division. Rumour says that H.Q. have a good team, so we await the result breathlessly. (We won.)

Hockey. Our Number One match this month is doubtless the second round of the Second Infantry Divisional Spring Hockey Competition. In this match, played at Dortmund, we played the 10th Anti-Tank Regiment, R.A. The final score was 4—0 in favour of the Gunners.

S.Q.M.S. (Foreman of Signals) Mahon was selected to represent Royal Signals, B.A.O.R., in a match at Bad Oeynhausen against Headquarters, British Army of the Rhine. The Foreman unfortunately strained his leg and will not be able to play again this season.

Summarising the season's hockey, we have been unfortunate in not winning any of the three major competitions, but we have at least had the satisfaction of reaching the finals of two. We would like to thank the team and our supporters for their loyalty and enthusiasm in all our activities.

Obituary. It is with deep regret that we announce the death of Signalman M. Creaney, who received fatal injuries in a traffic accident. Our deep and heartfelt sympathies are extended to Mr. and Mrs. Creaney, who have suffered much. Signalman Creaney was a National Service soldier who had been with the Regiment for but a short time. He was buried with full military honours at the British Cemetery at Cologne. The funeral was attended by Captain Smith, and the majority of " K " Troop, Royal Signals.

4 A.G.R.A. Signal Squadron

Luneburg

May

During the past month a large proportion of the Squadron performing the role of " H " Troop of 7th Armoured Brigade have been engaged on wireless type training of a more practical nature than the training usually performed locally. Comparatively large scale wireless exercises with both 4 A.G.R.A. and 7th Armoured Division have kept the Troop on its toes, and at the time of writing we are making final preparations for Unity II, which should prove—we most sincerely hope, and certainly expect—a crowning glory to a lot of really hard work.

Though field exercises are a new experience to the majority of " H " Troop, everybody has worked really hard and I believe thoroughly enjoyed this new aspect—to most—of soldiering.

The weather clerk has been a little unkind to date, alternating periods of glorious sunshine with a spot of rain, usually of two days' duration, but so timing the rain to coincide with our sojourn in the blue. However, Corporal Smith and his never-far-away Primus have always managed to produce the good old brew that has for ever completely changed a situation of misery and gloom to one of wisecracks and mirth. Corporal Smith incidentally has recently joined the Corps, having transferred from the Royal Artillery. A big welcome to you, Smudger, we are certainly happy to have you with us.

The football season has to all intents and purposes drawn

to a close, and yet for some reason known mayhap by Lieutenant Dunn, Royal Signals, our O.C. "H" Troop and Sports Officer, we continue our almost daily engagements with 207 C.R.A.S.C. When shall we know who possesses the better soccer eleven, sir, or is there some secret attraction over C.R.A.S.C. way? You might at least whisper her name! Well, apart from the daily C.R.A.S.C. *v.* Signals and Signals *v.* C.R.A.S.C. games, football has really given way to the time-honoured summer sport of cricket, and according to reports on net practice, we are going to have an even better eleven than the very good team we were able to field last summer.

S.S.M. Nurse still turns a ball very well and we expect to see him in the B.A.O.R. Signals eleven again this year. And now, until next month when we should have a few cricketing results to publish, I'll say cheerio everybody!

11 Air Formation Signal Regiment

Bückeburg

An Account of the Activities of Air Formation Signals at R.A.F. Station, Fassberg, B.A.F.O.

"Plus ca change, plus c'est la meme chose"—but not Fassberg; Fassberg simply changes. Since June, 1948, this Planefare Station has grown from a small, quiet, almost restful spot, into a fully operational airlift terminus, and along with it, 139 Line Troop has changed from a quietly efficient Linemen's School to a hardworking outpost of 11 Air Formation Signal Regiment.

The fun started when the R.A.F. moved in 60 Dakota aircraft, and as a result demanded telephones for Detail Rooms, Control Rooms, Maintenance Offices and Supply Sections. It soon became obvious that a 100-line switchboard was not sufficient, and the capacity was doubled. The game continued as piece by piece the whole Airlift organisation was erected. R.A.S.O. reared its ugly head in Hangar 12 and then spread its members to the whole of the airfield, and then eventually, early one August morning, the station was filled with dust as the U.S.A.F. rolled in along the runway.

This rapid turn of events placed huge demands on the Air Formation Signals at this station. Hardly had the telephone network settled down under the R.A.F. than it was completely upturned by the new arrivals. All available space was converted into offices and the Troop spent its time trying to keep up with the builders.

Fortunately the cable layout of the station could almost meet the demand, and so most of the time was spent on internal wiring. All D.P.s were tested out, the old German wiring was checked and a lot of alterations had to be made. There was endless opportunity for every type of tradesman to exercise his skill and his initiative. There was no distinction between P.L. and Field Lineman; each had to toe the line. Plumbers and jointers had plenty of work to do sorting out the old cable heads. Teleprinter mechanics had their hands full establishing teleprinter equipment in Message Centres and Weather Offices.* Line mechanics spent their days on the Distribution Frame with a jumper in one hand and a soldering iron in the other. Drivers worked hard, keeping their tired trucks roadworthy, and G.D. men fell in wherever the need arose.

Gradually the original cloud of upheaval cleared and a more stable set-up materialised. Something could be seen at last for all the work which had been done. There were now enough phones on the station to keep a Fault Control of six men busy. Where there had once been a jumble of joints, there now appeared D + P frames. Many weeks were spent on replacing indoor field cables in the Hangars with more permanent wiring. Flying Control now contained too many phones to distinguish their rings, so a small switchboard was installed. The hasty wiring of teleprinter equipment was renewed and their installations were made permanent.

Eventually, the 200-line switchboard was bursting its sides with extensions and parallels, and a new 200-line board was installed, over a mile away, demanding more cables for tie lines between the two. At the same time, completely new loading ramps and railway siding had been constructed on the north side of the Airfield, and semi-permanent cabling had to be run out, involving a further distance of over a mile.

And there the picture rests, and at the present time, though we are not quite so busy as formerly, work continues steadily. Much time is spent coping with the many moves of our American friends, and the rate of installations is still fairly high. Every job, of course, is always "Most important" or "Top priority," and the Troop is obliged to fall into line.

Much of our time is spent on maintenance. Temporary cabling is growing old and needs replacing. D.P. boxes get broken, telephones develop faults; cranes occasionally cut our lines or ploughs bare them, and even a fire in a subsidiary frame room has undone weeks of work in a matter of minutes. Ground cables have recently been poled wherever possible, but, due to obvious restriction on Airfields, they are often only at a height of two feet.

The work is not only light construction, for since the New Year, two miles of 50-pair cable, two miles of 54-pair cable and ¼ mile of 20-pair cable has been laid. A complete poled route of five 7/V.I.R. cables, each 1,500 yards in length, has recently been erected, and every pole had to be made from a felled pine tree. Only once has weight beaten us, and that occurred when 300 yards of 30-pair submarine cable arrived, weighing seven tons, and we should have dealt with that if it had been on a drum! Fortunately it was possible to replace it with a smaller cable.

The activities of the Troop, however, are not confined to work. Outdoor sport is the main diversion, and the Troop soccer team has left its mark on the station. We have also played the occasional game of hockey, and though the results have not been outstanding, keen sportsmanship and team spirit have made up the deficiency. Swimming is also popular with the Troop, and it is hoped to establish a record-breaking cricket team in the next few months.

What of the future? Our most immediate plans involve the installation of a 600-line Automatic exchange, scheduled for completion in June, and the laying of 3,000 yards of 30-pair cable from the M.D.F. to the North loading ramp. In both these cases the Deutsche Post will have a lot of the work to do, but that will not absolve the Troop from its share in the proceedings. "What's that I hear? A fault on? Sorry, I must away!" BOARDO

* American for Signal Office and Met. Office.

Innsbruck

A Holiday at Ehrwald

Serving outside the U.K. certainly has its good points, and one of these is the opportunity available to everyone to spend a really cheap and most enjoyable 10 days' local leave at one of the many Army Leave Centres. No. 8 B.A.O.R. (Winter Sports) Leave Centre, Ehrwald, Austria, is one such place. Situated in the Austrian Tyrol, Ehrwald lies in a sort of basin surrounded by the mountains, and so is cut off from most of the icy cold winds one expects at such heights. I was one of the many who took this opportunity of not only seeing a bit of fresh scenery but indulging in a sport that has become very popular with troops stationed in Europe. I refer, of course, to the sport of ski-ing. The enjoyment of such a holiday does not start with your first lesson of ski-ing. Oh, no! it starts with the receipt of your tickets notifying you that your railway and hotel accommodation have been booked and you are all eager to get started. After a very pleasant though lengthy journey in the train you realise that the height above sea level is beginning to increase and the sight of really deep and beautiful snow comes into view; we are climbing the mountains to our destination. Here I would like to add a word of praise for those responsible for the organisation. Everything is done to make your journey most enjoyable. Buses meet you at the station and convey you to the hotel to which you have been allotted. A nice midday meal and the fun begins. You make your way to the sports store in the hope of being able to obtain a pair of skis and sticks. A small fee is requested for the loan of kit and you come away loaded up like a Christmas tree with skis, sticks, boots, socks, trousers, jacket, mittens, and sun-glasses, and, if you feel that way inclined, a toboggan to use when all those old muscles say "What about a rest, chum?"

Lermoos

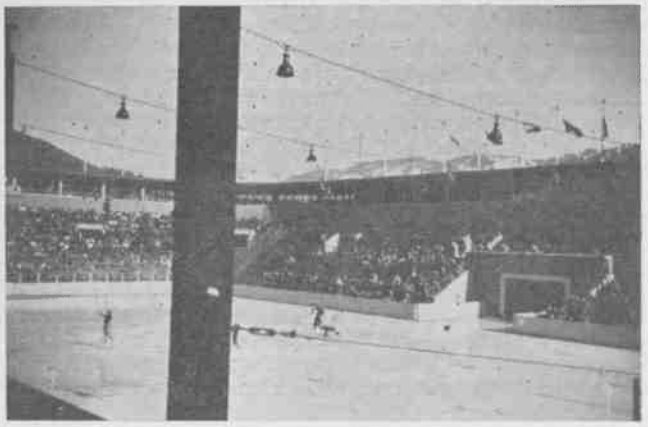
Returning to the hotel and unloading all your gear in the lobby, which now looks more like the sports store than the store itself, you spend the first evening making arrangements about all the many things you wish to do next day and the days that follow. The opportunity for really learning the sport is there for all who wish to avail themselves. Instructors are free and available and parties are grouped according to their standard of proficiency. I was grouped with the learners, as the only time I had had anything to do with skis was when the expert fitted them to my boots before leaving the store. Several days are spent on the nursery slopes and a picture of figures swaying, gliding, falling and very carefully picking their way over the snow, presents itself. Slowly, but not very surely, you climb the rise and prepare for your first run. You stand, hoping the skis will not slip, and listen to all the instructor has to say. He demonstrates the correct position to adopt and the "Snowplough." Now comes the moment for which you have travelled so far afield; you very carefully let yourself go, sliding down over the snow, gathering speed with every yard, or at least that's what it feels like. The fear of falling starts, first the arms swing about, then the body sways backwards and forwards; you try to remember all the instructor said and do a "Snowplough" to stop your rapid descent. The expert calls "Weight forward," "Bend at the knees," but alas, nothing happens and you sail on down to the strains of "Auf Wiedersehen," either to finish up on even ground or entangled in skis and sticks.

The Zugzspitze

Bus runs are organised to distant places of interest, the Brenner Pass, Oberammergau and Garmisch. The ride to the Brenner Pass is most enjoyable and at times most exciting as the climb up the mountain gives you a view of the countryside many hundreds of feet below, the drop being beside the road. International ice hockey games can be seen at the Ice Stadium at Garmisch and also ice carnivals, at which some of the world's experts take part.

Like all good things, the holiday comes to an end and you return feeling better in health, tanned by the sun and well satisfied that it has been money well spent. A very cheap, exciting and really wonderful holiday.

MAC



Ice Stadium, Garmisch

My Dog Rastus (VI)

By **A. J. AUDEN**

"YOU'RE getting fat," said Tubby Wetherall the other day. This from him was a gratuitous insult, seeing that he looks like a sack tied in the middle, and I told him so without mincing matters. However, recently I've been having a period of undiluted office work and have never really had the chance to work off the effects of Christmas, so, taking the hint, that night I looked at myself in the mirror. There had been no cause for Tubby to be so rude about it, but there was no doubt that I was showing a certain amount of fleshiness in places where it shouldn't have been. Rastus, my terrier sort of dog, too, was missing his usual scampers across the moors, and I told him that he was looking like a barrel. He took no notice, but I can hardly believe that in his dubious past he hadn't discovered what a barrel looks like.

The next day I mentioned the matter to Jock Bishop, which was rather foolish of me, as I might have guessed what his answer would be without asking. "You want to take up ridin' again," he said. "That's the thing. Give your liver a good shake up, instead of hogging it in bed every morning. Get up while the morning's fresh" (I know those fresh Catterick mornings) "and go for a hack."

This reminded me of the story of the two girls who went for a tramp in the woods . . . and the tramp died. But as he was trying to be helpful I restrained myself from being facetious. Now I've always regarded a horse as a malign quadruped with two dangerous ends, but something had to be done about my waistline, so I agreed to try his remedy.

In spite of what Jock had said, whatever I may have been a few years ago, I'm not one of those people who stagger out of bed leaving themselves only just enough time to bolt their breakfast and get on parade. I get up at a reasonable time and dress at reasonable leisure. So the following morning I disliked the hurry of dressing more than the early hour at which I had to do it. When I got outside it was certainly nippy. Rastus raced round and round, barking, though I couldn't make out whether it was with pleasure or abuse.

I was glad to see that Jock had managed to get me a horse, which had an apparently friendly eye, though I have sometimes found in the past that the eye and the hind-quarters have not been very well co-ordinated. However, it let me mount without undue fuss.

"Old Belle," said Jock, "is an absolute armchair ride," and with his open hand gave her a slap on the rump, which must have been heard a hundred yards away, and somewhat upset her equilibrium. My equilibrium, too, was not unaffected. As I mounted again Rastus sneered at me as if to say that he could have done better, which I very much doubt. I think that he was really jealous, owing to not having seen before anything nearer a horse than a costermonger's donkey.

We moved off through the camp at a walk, due to the slippery roads, and after a bit I called myself all manner of fools for being there. On the one hand, the horse being fresh and cold, insisted on going at a jog-trot, which was most unsettling to one who had not been in the saddle for some years; on the other hand the movement was not sufficient to keep me warm, so that I huddled in a heap, wishing that I were the proverbial sacks of coals, which any reasonably plain speaking riding instructor would undoubtedly have called me. Rastus didn't improve matters by showing with the exuberance of his barking how much he was enjoying himself, and by doing his best to get run over by every passing baker's van.

But once we got on to the moors and broke first into a trot and then a canter, I began to feel a lot better, the years slipping back to former occasions when . . . but that's another story. Also I could feel the excess tissue being eased from its outposts. I know that I should say that I felt the blood coursing through my veins, but I don't know what it means, and anyway it sounds unpleasant. Whilst we had been walking, Jock, perhaps with the idea of keeping my mind off unpleasant things, had treated me to an enlightening conversation on the subject of bits, horseshoes, double oxers and like atrocities. But now perforce he had to be silent and I could enjoy the beauty of the scene, the birds calling to each other and the thrill of movement. I won't bore you with long descriptions of the larks in the sky or how Rastus nearly caught a rabbit which got up at our feet—it was quite a small one, anyway.

Back in the Mess for breakfast Tubby, looking bloated with the sleep hardly out of his eyes, asked me if I felt better for the ride.

"In parts," I replied, sitting down gingerly.

"Methylated spirit is good for your particular trouble," said someone else.

"Anyway, it's in a good cause," said Tubby, at which I'm afraid that I rather lost my temper and told him what I thought of him.

However, in spite of the rude remarks and discomfort, I persevered with the riding, and went out every morning with Jock. Three days later a rather funny incident occurred, which is what I'm really telling you about.

Rastus seems to like the cold, for every morning he dashes about like a mad thing, jumping up and barking continuously until he has to stop for lack of breath. On this particular day it seemed to be even nippier than usual, and Rastus was even worse than usual. He kept on rushing in and out and generally getting in the horse's way. I could see that the horse didn't like it, and I thought that it was going to lash out, which would have been bad for our mutual co-operation.

"Can't you keep that damned dog quiet," said the horse.

Why not have your monthly copy of **THE WIRE** mailed direct to your address?

After My Own Fashion

By **RAIBEART ELDER**

I very much enjoyed reading this intensely interesting book and I think the very many people who served with the Indian Army, particularly with Sikhs before and during the war, will find in it much food for thought. It is doubtful, however, whether it will have great appeal to the general public. A study in the intricacies of conflicting loyalties of a soldier of another race whose mind does not work as ours does will be perhaps difficult to understand to anyone without knowledge of the man and his country.

The story of the book is of a Sikh soldier bred and born in a community of agriculturists whose members rate the profession of arms very highly. Sikhs, it is true, enter into many other careers; the learned professions, the artisan, the mechanic claim many of its members, but all who know them will agree that, well handled and well led, they make the finest possible soldiers, and rating as they do soldiering so very highly, they are capable of rising to very high levels in that profession.

The Sikh soldier in question, joining a famous Indian Regiment some years before the war, is captured along with others in Malaya and after much tribulation succumbs, for a variety of reasons, to the temptation to join the Indian National Army, training and fighting for the Japanese. His motives in so doing are undoubtedly mixed, and to say that his avowed intention of deserting back to his old allegiance at the earliest possible moment as the strongest of these motives is perhaps an exaggeration. Certainly the motive was there, but ill-health, mental depression, apathy, all mitigate against it when his chance occurs, as it does inevitably when his Company is engaged in battle against and in close proximity to his old comrades. It is unfortunate for Karnail Singh that at no time during the fighting is his Company against an Indian Battalion with a strong Sikh element. Had the fortune of war brought this about, this excellent book could not have been written. Largely it is the fear of the unknown and of his reception that prevents him going over. Again, the fortune of war brings to him in battle, amongst other reinforcements, one of his own race. Again an understanding of India and its peoples is necessary. A Sikh is a member of a closed corporation without affinity or possibility of spiritual comradeship with any of the many other nations from which the Indian Army was recruited. His own Company is composed of men who are to him foreigners, although in many cases he can make himself understood by them. The arrival, therefore, in this ill-assorted band of a fellow-Sikh is an event of very great significance, and the whole book hangs on this particular point. The new comrade, a younger and better educated man, is already fired by Indian Nationalism, which the less well educated, less sophisticated Karnail Singh has heretofore not understood in any way. Again, without knowledge of the man and his people, it is difficult to understand the immense affection which springs up between the two men, and the profound influence of the younger over the older, which changes his whole life and brings him to near tragedy.

To go further would be to re-write the book, which must not be done in a review of it. It is a study of the mind and body of a Sikh of the Punjab. All those who served with Sikhs will find the book of absorbing interest. They will find much in it to question themselves as to how great an influence this and that small incident, this and that minor disciplinary action, carelessly taken, may have had influence out of all proportion on the mind of one of a nation whose mentality is essentially tortuous. The writer, although he has spent many years of great happiness serving with the Indian Army, has in fact never served directly with Sikhs and cannot claim, therefore, to be able to assess the probability of a typical Sikh such as Karnail Singh acting exactly in the way he did in the book, but, as was said at the beginning of this review, all who served with the Indian Army will find food for thought and for discussion.

The problems which attacked Karnail were the same as attacked so many other Indian soldiers who were captured during the debacle in Malaya and in the early days in Burma. Very many, from a variety of motives, took a similar line to Karnail Singh, a vastly greater number remained through incredible privations true to their original loyalties. Of those who failed, some were convicted.

The writer has little knowledge of the proportion who, when arraigned before impartial tribunals, were exonerated. Again, it is extremely difficult for an Englishman to judge what is in the mind of an Indian, and those who know him best will agree with me that it is even more difficult to judge what is in the mind of a Sikh.

The great merit of this book is that it makes us think. Another immense merit is that it reads quickly. It is difficult to put down. It should be read a second time.

Published by Longmans, Green and Co., Ltd. Price 8/6. On sale at bookstalls from mid-May.

Gardens in Barracks

JUNE

At the full of the moon this month and next, gather you herbs to keep dry for the whole year.
Set rosemary and July flowers.
Sow lettuce and radish three or four days after the full of the moon and they will not run to seed.
Take heed of cutting herbs or flowers with a knife, but rather gather them with your fingers.
Distilling of roses and making of sirops and preserves are now in prime.
Clarified whey boiled with cooling herbs is wholesome.
—XVIIth Century Lore

WHITSUN was at the beginning of June, and let us look back to it. Did we have new potatoes, green peas and sweet peas? Writing this in early May, it seems that it will be so. Barring May frosts, which we are all afraid of, there seems this year that robust growth of autumn-sown plants that gives hope. "Fog in March, frost in May" is an old country saying. Certainly we had fog in March, and if the May frosts are severe a lot of hope and hard work, to say nothing of the very abundant fruit blossom, will lead to failure and considerable loss. Gardeners are all watching barometers and listening to the Meteorological forecasts of the B.B.C.

June is a month of reward, the beginning of the harvest of vegetables.

The quotation at the head of this article is more for the country housewife than for the gardener in barracks, but let us glean what wisdom one can. The Wire reaches readers too late to sow "three or four days after the full of the moon," which is on 10th June, but consider this wisdom when doing a July sowing. Certainly nothing is more infuriating than a crop that bolts even as it reaches maturity. We have all had our share of this already; autumn-sown cabbage in particular has run to flower before hearting. The heat wave at Easter and drying winds all the rest of April have been a cause.

Enough of the past, let us look to the future. June is a month of hard back-breaking work planting out winter greens and late summer flowers. Gardeners in barracks, indeed all gardeners, are always short of time but do really make a serious attack on the annual weeds before planting out. Hoe hard, wait a week, hoe again and rake off. Then plant out, and your vegetables and flowers will get such a start over the weeds as will keep them above the weedy growth for the rest of their lives. The essence of the craft is to wait a week between hoeings.

As your plants establish and start to grow, and if you can find the time, use a draw hoe and draw soil up round the stems, as in earthing up potatoes. It stops movement if we have high winds; it helps surface rooting; it handicaps the weeds.

The gardener in barracks has advantage over the householder, he can reap his harvest when each crop is at its prime. The householder whose boast it is that all vegetables and flowers come from his own garden tends to pick too early and to continue picking when the crop is past perfection.

One last word: consider the cost of seed this year; consider also saving 1949 seed for use in 1950. Peas, beans, one-third of your potatoes, many of the flowers can all profitably be sown using your own seed. All the cabbage tribe are best sown from bought seed.

If you are going to save seed, set aside specific plants for this purpose. Take off from them all except the very best specimens and let these grow on undisturbed through their full cycle until the time for gathering the seed. If you allow, say, a row of broad beans to be picked for eating in the normal way and then when this excellent vegetable is replaced by young green peas you let a few poor distorted bean pods go on for seed, you tend to transmit to 1950 all the characteristics of your worst specimens of 1949. So allow a few selected plants to grow on their best, their longest, their most shapely, and from them take your seed. Incidentally, this is why seed from the best nurserymen is so expensive.

The first inoculation

A Question of Degree

By **BRIAN THOMAS**

BRITISH manufacturers do not lack examples of the need for studying the requirements of their overseas markets—beginning with the old tale of the enterprising German who made special egg-cups to fit the Eastern egg—but there is no harm in rubbing it in, by means of the sad tale of Arthur Simpson.

Simpson had never been East before, and like all newcomers to Palestine, he had been told that the climate was excellent, even in summer. It was, therefore, rather a shock to him when he first met a *Khamsin,* blowing hot and strong from across the Sinai Desert; and still more of a jolt when he arrived at his office and found that the thermometer on the verandah outside his door assured the world that the shade temperature was 104 degrees Fahrenheit. The month, be it noted, was April, and the time 8.30 a.m.

Simpson spent a miserable morning. The windows were closed against the heat and dust, and the atmosphere of his office was almost unbearable. If he tried to work without the fan blowing direct on him, he just dripped over everything. If he put the fan on, it blew his papers on to the floor.

It is not surprising that he returned home at lunch-time in a very bad temper, a condition which was not improved by the air of cheerful optimism adopted by his wife.

"Don't fuss," she implored. "I don't believe it's half as hot as you make out."

"Isn't it?" puffed Simpson, rising stickily from his chair. "Ill go and buy a thermometer—that'll prove it to you!"

The town was nine miles away, and Simpson's car a saloon. On his return, his new purchase was of opinion that:

(a) The temperature in the back of the car was 109.

(b) Ditto on the verandah was 114.

After that, Simpson decided that he had been misinformed about the climate, and said so.

"It certainly is pretty foul," agreed his wife, "but it's no good worrying about it. I'm going to Jaffa to bathe."

Simpson hung his new thermometer inside the bungalow—where it dropped to just over 100—and thought he'd try to get a short nap. First he tried his bed, and found himself sticking to the sheet; then he tried a chair, and stuck to that. He tried putting on the fan; that was better, but he was afraid he'd catch a chill if he kept it blowing on him for long, and so did not dare to go to sleep. At last he hit on the idea of sitting upright on a stool, in the minimum of clothing, in the draught between two doors. It was cool, but extremely uncomfortable, and not conducive to either sleep or work.

About four o'clock he thought the wind had shifted a bit, and went to have a look at the thermometer. The instrument still insisted that the temperature was 100, and seemed to take a smug satisfaction in recording it.

About six o'clock Simpson decided that he could do with a drink. He had one, and thought it did him good, so he had two more. The result was so disappointing that he went to see whether the thermometer would give him any comfort.

The thermometer refused to play: it still adhered to its original opinion. What was more, the beastly thing seemed to be laughing at him. Its bilious, yellow face positively leered. Simpson mopped the sweat out of his eyes and looked again; then he saw what the jest was about. The mercury was well up in the top register, and half-way down the scale there was some useful information in nice bold letters. It was to the effect that between 55 and 65 degrees Fahrenheit represented a "healthy indoor temperature."

Mrs. Simpson returned from her bathe in time to see her husband rush out from the bungalow, hatless and only partly clothed. He flung something on the ground and leapt upon it savagely. When she ventured to ask him whether it was a snake, he let out a snarl which sent her scuttling for the doctor, who promptly yanked Simpson off to hospital and put him "under observation."

Now the moral of this story is that if the makers of that thermometer had realised that some of their products would *not* be used by children's nurses in Kensington, or elderly folk with twinges in the back when the east wind blows, and had graded their instruments according to their markets, the wretched Simpson would not have been the victim of a very poor joke.

Travels in Transjordan—Part III

The Oasis of Azrak

TO the uninformed traveller passing along the now metalled road that runs southwards from Mafraq to Amman, it would be difficult to picture a more truly desert vista than that which lies on his left hand and stretches endlessly towards the eastern horizon; and this is particularly so during the summer months when the grim flint-covered hills lie shimmering in a heat haze and " dust-devils " trace their whirling course over the sand-covered plains.

But these same hills and plains become, during the winter months, one of the best camel-rearing districts of northern Arabia, and as we drove eastward over the 50 miles of faint track that separate the Oasis of Azrak from Amman, there was not one moment when we were ever out of sight of signs of human occupation—either in the shape of a string of camels winding its way over the crest of a hill or a huddle of shallow black tents that marked a bedouin encampment.

Our route lay first north-eastwards until we espied on our left the distinctive ruins of an old Byzantine bath; then we turned eastward on to a stretch of magnificent going for some miles over the hard, smooth surface of dried mud-flake. These flats, incidentally, were once reconnoitred by Sir Malcolm Campbell as a possible site for an attempt on the world speed record. All too soon, however, we were bumping along again on the flinty track that led us eventually to our goal.

The first sight of Azrak as one comes over the brow of the last bare hill is certainly striking. In the foreground lies a huddle of Arab buildings, while a mile or so over to the left stands the gaunt black shape of an old Roman castle—the most easterly outpost of that ancient empire; and straight ahead lies the oasis itself, a mass of small pools separated by dense beds of rushes and bordered on the south by a stout old Roman wall and on the north by more mud-flats, from which the local inhabitants may be seen gleaning a harvest of precious salt.

To the students of Lawrence of Arabia's works, Azrak is of particular interest; for it was here, in the spring of 1918, that he collected his Arab forces for their final operations against the Turks around Dera and Damascus.

Our purpose, however, was the more peaceful, if no less exhilarating, sport of wild fowl shooting. For during the winter months the oasis is the haunt of innumerable duck, geese and sand-grouse, whose habit is to lie out on the bare plains all day and then come in to feed and roost in and around the oasis at sundown.

Having established ourselves in the hut built there for the purpose by the Transjordan Frontier Force, we sallied forth towards dusk to take up our positions for the "evening flight."

After plodding sometimes knee or thigh deep through the mud, and forcing our way through the reed beds, we eventually took up our stations and then began a long vigil, disturbed only by the grunting and splashing of some wild pig in the reeds and the distant barking of a village dog—to say nothing of the swarms of flies and mosquitoes.

But at last the great moment arrives and the distant report of a shot-gun announces that the first birds are over one of the flanking positions. Soon the air is filled with the noise of the birds as they call to one another, and the unmistakable " swish, swish " of beating wings as they come over, singly, in pairs or wheeling about in flocks. All sorts there are—teal, widgeon, shovellers and many more; while high overhead and almost invariably out of range, a big grey goose flights its way steadily across the evening sky.

As the birds come into range we crouch low, hoping that their amazingly keen eyes will not have spotted us in time for them to wheel swiftly away before we can hit them, and if our luck and skill hold we will be rewarded by the sight of a bird plummetting down to earth with a thud. Even then there is " many a slip . . . " for all too often one's quarry would fall deep into a thick reed bed or, being only winged, dive quickly for cover.

At last it grows too dark to continue firing, and as the last shots die away we assemble our respective " bags " and set off on the now very tricky journey back to the hut, guided in the darkness by the dim lights and sounds of the Arab village.

Scrubbed and in clean clothes, we settle down to that most excellent of all repasts, a hunter's meal, of roast wild duck washed down with hot tea laced with rum; and long before midnight the last of us has wrapped himself up in his blankets and is fast asleep.

The next morning finds us stirring at half-past three and, after another cup of tea and rum we stagger out into the cold night air and make our way through the darkness to our stations, ready for the dawn flighting.

Again the long wait, and we listen to the increasing activity of the birds and the splashing and beating of wings as invisible wildfowl take off and wing their way out of range. Then, as the sky lightens to the east, we go into action, and the exhilaration of the previous evening grows upon us as our chilled bodies start to warm in the early morning sun.

All too soon, the mass flighting of the duck is over, but there are still sand-grouse and the wily snipe about, against which to pit our wits, and it is nigh on nine o'clock before the exhausted but triumphant band assemble for breakfast in the hut.

Later, with the bag sorted out and packed with our kit aboard our vehicles, we set off on the bumpy journey back to our camp and the routine of Army life; but there is not one of us who will not remember that refreshing interlude or look forward eagerly to the next time he will be able to greet a flight of duck in Azrak.

EL KAFFIR

PUBLICITY LABELS

It has been suggested that the " Jimmy " and Corps-coloured background at present used on the front cover of THE WIRE might be useful for sticking on to dance posters, notices, etc.

IF THERE IS A SUFFICIENT DEMAND, arrangements will be made to supply gummed labels of this design, approx. 3⅜ x 2½ inches, at six shillings per hundred.

Later, if the demand justifies it, the price may be reduced.

Regular or Territorial Units and Branches of the Association who are interested should notify their tentative requirements to the General Secretary, Royal Signals Association, 88 Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1.

NO MONEY SHOULD BE SENT IN THE FIRST INSTANCE.

Vienna Signal Squadron

April

With these notes, Vienna Signal Squadron makes its first contribution to the pages of THE WIRE, our sister Squadron down in Klagenfurt having beaten us to it. Both Units were originally Squadrons of 8 Army Signal Regiment, which dates back to Alamein, and even after the 8th disbanded, retention of the old name was permitted for some time, in recognition of the good work done with that Army during the war. However, a few months ago, the two Squadrons became independent, and took their new titles from the areas which they serve. Vienna Signal Squadron, as its name implies, looks after communications for Main Headquarters, B.T.A., and for the Allied Commission in Austria. Not many of the original 8th Army members survive now. They have nearly all been swallowed up by the insatiable appetites of Python and the release programme. Recent departures of old members include R.S.M. J. Rankin, of the Cipher Troop, S.S.M. W. Hodges and our popular O.C., Major C. Galbraith. We wish them all the best in their new environment. Still surviving from way back are Captain L. Adams, Sergeants Taylor, Middleton and Shannon, and Corporal Welton.

We have recently welcomed two new arrivals in the persons of Major Ian McAnsh, of New Zealand, an ex-8th Army Officer, who joins us from 1 Divisional Signal Regiment in Tripoli, and has taken over as O.C. Squadron from Major Galbraith, and S.S.M. J. W. Webster, the new Squadron Sergeant-Major, who has just left U.K. to commence a new overseas tour.

Vienna is undoubtedly one of the best locations this Unit has ever had. The Schonbrunn Barracks, where it is billeted, must surely be one of the best equipped barracks in Europe, with central heating, good quarters, a big N.A.A.F.I., a well-furnished W.V.S. Club, which offers every possible facility for off-duty relaxation, a swimming pool in summer, sports field, badminton court, and stables, to mention only a few of the amenities. And Vienna itself is, of course, rich in entertainment. The music-lover can visit the homes of some of the great composers, hear fine operas and first-class concerts, given by the world's greatest artistes. Many Signalmen have developed a taste for classical music which they didn't know they possessed, and are not slow to take advantage of the higher exchange rate which is granted for the purchase of theatre and concert tickets. There are literally hundreds of cinemas in Vienna, apart from the American and English ones run by the occupation authorities. There is a fine ice-rink which operates in the winter, and at least one ex-member of the Squadron, Sergeant Don Viveash startled the natives with his skill on the ice, particularly his barrel jumping. It is hardly surprising that he is now giving exhibitions in England. Many members, too, have found themselves fascinated by the sport of ski-ing, and acquitted themselves well at the ski-courses held up in the lovely Austrian mountains at Schmeltz, while in the summer the well-stocked trout streams find Signals dealing with lines of a different kind! Steamer trips along the Danube in the evenings are also much appreciated.

Football being temporarily a thing of the past, the Squadron cricket team is playing a series of matches against local Units, while many Signalmen are practising assiduously at the delightful Gloriette Lido for the B.T.A. swimming championships to be held later in the summer. The leather-pushers, too, were busy during the winter, and several good boxing bouts were staged against the local garrison battalion and also the Americans. Congratulations to Signalman Halsall for collecting the B.T.A. lightweight championship, and to Sergeant Porter for becoming C.M.F. and B.T.A. flyweight champion. A word of praise is due, too, to Sergeant Bob Taylor for his efforts in encouraging and improving the standard of Squadron boxing.

The hockey team did quite well during the winter, and the Sergeants were highly placed in the basketball league. Rumour hath it that the Officers, however, didn't fare quite so well. A number of slight limps, and a certain amount of caution in sitting down, observed in many Signalmen, testifies to the good attendance at the riding lessons instituted by the new O.C.! In short, there is something for almost every taste. We hope other Signal Units are as lucky. In closing, we send greetings to old members, wherever they may be, and to Signal Units everywhere.

May

Any WIRE readers who may have thought that "Vienna in Springtime" has a glamorous sound about it should be here right now. After a spell of warm weather, which had us tentatively looking out our K.D., we have been visited by what the Viennese call the "Ice-Man," which is their way of referring to the short cold spell which invariably precedes the summer proper. This year he brought plenty of rain with him as well, and swimming fans are gnawing their finger nails at the non-opening of the Gloriette Lido in the grounds of Schonbrunn Palace. However, by the time this appears in print our aquabats will be splashing and diving to their hearts' content again.

This month we welcome a new C.S.O., Lieutenant-Colonel M. J. Conway, who has come to take over from Lieutenant-Colonel Bradford. After a considerable stay in Austria, Lieutenant-Colonel Bradford is shortly proceeding to a new War Office appointment, in which we wish him every success.

The Squadron is still active in a variety of spheres. Riding classes continue, and N.A.A.F.I. report a sharp upward trend in the sale of liniment. (That story about a signalman putting in for seven days' embrocation leave is quite untrue, by the way . . .) An upward trend was also taken by the riding instructor on one occasion when his horse turned awkward. Yes, Second-Lieutenant Rance's skyward soaring was scrutinised by several saddle-sore student signalmen. Try that last sentence out sometime when a Mess function has been in full swing for several hours.

A Cycling Club is planned, and a number of cycles have been ordered, but we are wondering whether some special device to beat the Austrian jay-walker can be incorporated on the machine. A drive round town makes it quite obvious where Stevenson got his idea for the "Suicide Club." A

"You know, the things we used to wear in England"

crash frequently leaves the victim speechless, and the bike spokeless!

A Squadron Photographic Club has been formed, and a dark room is being fitted out for use of the members. It isn't finished yet, so we'll have to wait for developments. (Ouch!)

The Sergeants' Mess threw a dance about a couple of weeks ago, to which the Officers were invited, and this scribe has to report that it was one of the best he has attended. The Signals Ballroom had been well decorated, the band (from the Dorsetshire Regiment) was good, and the bar service excellent. Many thanks, Sergeants.

Major Ian McAnsh celebrated his (censored)th birthday on 12th May, and a dance was held in the Officers' Mess to mark the occasion. We think everyone had a good time. We can only vouch for that up to three-thirtyish. After that we must rely on hearsay. A peculiar noise was heard from time to time, which was eventually tracked down to the band microphone, and Captain Len Adams' vocal efforts. On being asked if he honestly thought that was singing, he said he was only trying to be Frank. Hmmm. So far he has not emulated the O.C.'s version of "Now is the Hour" in Maori.

We feel we should pause here to congratulate two of our officers on their promotion. Second-Lieutenant Len Hill is now sporting his second pip, and Captain George Coles, our genial T.O.M., has just attained his majority. Since both these gentlemen are connected with the M.T. Section, various drivers are wondering what's in store for them, in view of the extra brass!

An Inter-Section Games Tournament has just commenced, in which the Officers' and Sergeants' Messes, the Line, Operating, D.R. and Cipher Troops, Squadron H.Q. and M.T. Pool are competing at snooker, billiards, darts, table tennis and shove ha'penny. Line Section are the favourites, but we feel there may be a few surprises before long, as misspent youth begins to pay off. Nevertheless we must say that Signalmen Jenkins and Edwards wield a pretty cue.

A correspondent's reminiscences of 5 Divisional Signals

I was interested to read in last month's WIRE the short history of 5 Divisional Signals. Naturally the history of YE Signals on active service is given most prominence. I never had the pleasure, privilege or bad luck—call it what you will—of serving with the Divisional Signals on active service, but I spent four happy years with the Unit when it was stationed at Burniston Barracks, Scarborough.

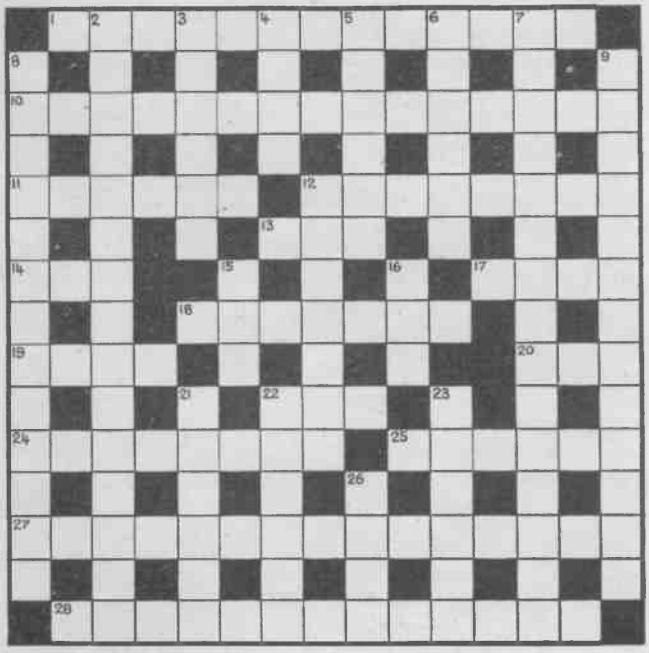
Probably the best description of the Unit in my time was simply to call it a happy Unit. The personnel mostly consisted of a nice mixture of "old sweats" from abroad and a happy harumscarum bunch of youngsters from Catterick. We were fortunate in being commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Bradley, and later by Lieutenant-Colonel Wemyss, later, of course, General Sir H. Colville B. Wemyss.

Perhaps the way the local inhabitants of Scarborough "accepted" the Unit also made a difference—a striking contrast to the civilian populations of places like Aldershot, Bulford, Catterick, etc.

Not that the Unit could be called a "cushy" Unit, far from it; waves of "smartening up" swept over the place, as these waves seasonably do, not forgetting the annual "wind up" when the G.O.C. from Catterick inspected us, and that shattering upheaval during that "barrack to boudoir" changing period when you couldn't move for paint and distemper. When the barrack rooms were duly transformed into boudoirs I was one of the unfortunate N.C.O.s i/c barrack rooms who spent uneasy Friday nights trying to preserve the beautifully polished floors for the Saturday morning inspections.

One striking fact worthy of mention is the fact that during the period 1931–1935 two Adjutants, one of whom succeeded the other, are now Major-Generals, namely, Major-General W. A. Dimoline, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., and Major-General W. A. Scott, C.B.E.

Crossword Puzzle No. 10



ACROSS

1. The quality of being excessively forward in kindness (13).
10. Flanagan and Allen walked . . . (6, 3, 6).
11. Conceal (6).
12. Socks (8).
13. Marked with artful secrecy (3).
14. Has wings, yet cannot fly (3).
17. Surrounded with water (4).
18. Sometimes pulled (7).
19. To gaze at amorously (4).
20. Sometimes an unpleasant thing to stand on (3).
22. If 'tis not I then —? (3).
24. In a fight this is sometimes "Knocked out" of either party (8).
25. Not to be confused with rod and line (6).
27. The responsibility of a Tutor is to (7, 3, 5).
28. The quality of being apparent (13).

DOWN

2. Ending to a letter (10, 5).
3. Within (6).
4. A very small quantity (4).
5. 20 across makes you feel like this (6).
6. The margin between right and wrong is (6).
7. Well said (2, 10, 3).
8. If this were done we would have a dehydrated force (3, 3, 7).
9. A bulldog—British (2, 11).
12. O.K. (7).
15. A true and faithful servant under another name (3).
21. Growing in pairs (6).
22. Very confusing when they are within themselves (6).
23. This person is normally to be relied upon (3, 3).
26. A boss (4).

It has been decided in future to publish the solution to the crossword in the same number as the puzzle.

The solution to Crossword No. 10 will be found at page 368.

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE NO. 9

ACROSS.—6, Enchantment. 9, Monaco. 10, Tenement. 11, Political. 13, Sloop. 15, Very. 16, Lemur. 17, Mime. 18, Lease. 20, Insatiate. 22, Dustcart. 24, Harrow. 25, Proletariat.

DOWN.—1, Uneasily. 2, Chronicle. 3, Knot. 4, Omens. 5, Animal. 7, Homogeneous. 8, Information. 12, Amman. 14, Treachery. 17, Main road. 19, Satire. 21, Fault. 23, Tote.

ROYAL SIGNALS ASSOCIATION

The Annual General Meeting of the Royal Signals Association and also the Old Comrades' Reunion will take place at the S.T.C., Catterick Camp, Yorkshire, on July 16th and 17th, 1949.

Mount Galibier control point. Deep snow in July ! [*By courtesy of "The Motor"*]

Motor Competition

By **Major H. H. RICHARDS,** *Royal Signals*

MY last three leaves have been spent driving motor cars in International Competitions on the Continent, and a short description of each event might be of interest.

The first one I shall describe is the International Alpine Trial, in July, 1948. This trial is probably one of the toughest and most dangerous events on the motoring calendar. Last year it consisted of four stages, making up a total distance of approximately 1,200 miles. The first stage was a night one from Marseilles to Aix les Bains, and the next three were day stages from Aix les Bains to Lugano in Switzerland, from Lugano to Chamonix, and from Chamonix to Nice. Hardly any of this distance was on main roads, but instead the route took one up and down almost every Alpine pass on extremely rough surfaces and winding tracks. In all there were 25 passes to drive over, several of them being over 8,000 feet above sea level; I have discounted anything under the height of Snowdon in adding up the total to 25 passes. We had to maintain an average speed of 35 m.p.h. throughout the French sections, and slightly less in the Swiss sections. This is not so easy as it would at first appear. For one thing the surface was extremely bad. There were copious corners and steep gradients; only an aggregate of about 400 of the 1,200 miles were top gear work—the remainder being mainly second and third gear, and sometimes bottom gear. All one's refuelling, maintenance and repairs had to be done within the time imposed by the average speed; this frequently entailed reaching 70 m.p.h. and more on the short downward straights between the hairpins—and sometimes in the dark—in order to keep to the set average speed. Throughout each stage there were frequent Control Points, at which each car was checked in by means of special official chronometers. Every minute early or late at any of these Control Points resulted in a loss of 10 marks per minute. At the end of each stage one was checked in at a Control Point and the car was locked away until being started off by the timekeepers the next day. There was, therefore, no chance to touch the car except when "under the clock." There were, in addition, three timed hill climbs, two being of some four miles each, and another in the dark up Mt. Ventoux (15 miles). On these, each car was timed to the nearest 1/5th second. The fastest car

[*By courtesy of "The Motor"*

R. Richards cornering in an H.R.G. during the 1948 Alpine trial, which event was completed without loss of marks, thus winning the Coupe des Alpes

up each hill set the standard; 5 per cent. was added to his time, and any car slower than this allowance lost one mark per 1/5th second slower. At the finish at Nice, there was a special accelerating, braking and reversing test, during which cars were again timed to the nearest 1/5th second.

Except for the War years, the Alpine Trial has taken place annually since 1932, and has always seen an entry of some 60 or more cars—mostly French and Italian cars and drivers. Until 1948, no British car or driver had ever completed the trial without loss of any marks, and a total of only six of the non-British entrants had succeeded in doing this during the history of the event.

I drove my own H.R.G. car in this event, and took Captain John Beaumont, of the 14/20 King's Hussars, as navigator. Navigation in this type of event is just as important as driving, since one cannot afford to take a wrong turning or to miscalculate one's timing. I drove and he navigated throughout; we thought this best because once one gets into the swing of each it is a mistake to change over.

We saved a certain amount of time by doing our refuelling on the move by means of syhponing petrol from a 4-gallon Jerrycan. This was quite an exciting operation in the dark. In some ways, however, I preferred driving in the dark since we could not see how many thousand feet we would fall should we slide off the cart track at any of the corners!

We inevitably had one or two unpredicted delays—such as when level crossing gates remained closed for what seemed a decade before some rack railway electric train would trundle leisurely by. Rain on the final 48-mile night stretch from Grenoble to Aix les Bains made the Col de Porte, Col du Cucheron and the Col du Granier very slippery, and my arm muscles ached quite considerably in keeping the car on the road. By far the hardest part of the event, however, was the last stage of 388 miles from Chamonix to Nice; this section included the Col d' Iseran, Col du Galibier, Col d' Allos, Col de Vars and the Col d' Izoard amongst others. The latter, in particular, was an extremely difficult drive. The roads were quite icy at the tops of these passes.

The results were very satisfactory. We had completed the event without loss of any marks and thus won a Coupe des Alpes. In addition we won cash and cups for being the first car in our engine size class, for being a member of the winning team (H.R.G.) and for being fastest in our class in the Nice special test. We felt we deserved a short rest sunbathing in the Nice area, to recover our energy and make up for lack of sleep. It was then that we found that the *Daily Express* had described John Beaumont and myself as "Mr. and Mrs. Robin Richards." On return to England nobody would believe that I had not found a French female navigator!

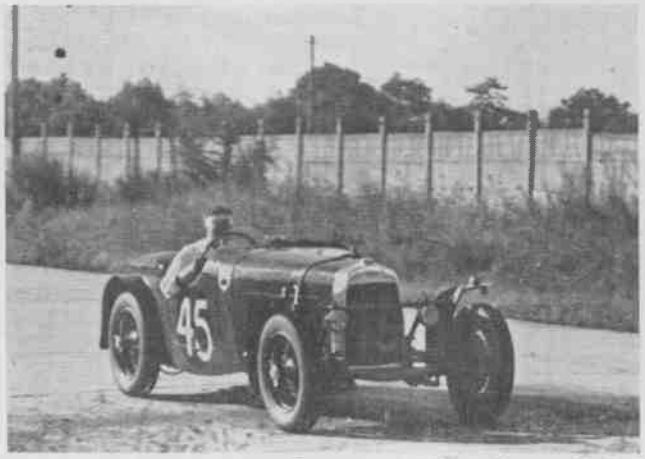
In August I was asked to drive in the British Racing Drivers' Club team of eight cars in a match race against the French, to be incorporated in the International Paris 12-hour Race on the Monthlery road circuit. The race was on Sunday, 12th September, and the whole team, complete with cars, mechanics, lorries and spares, arrived on the preceding Tuesday. The 1,100 c.c. H.R.G. which I was to drive with co-driver Eric Thompson (who by sheer coincidence is a former Royal Signals officer—he commanded 7 Armoured Brigade Signal Squadron in Italy in early 1945) was the smallest engined car in the British team. There was one other 1,100 c.c. H.R.G., but the remaining cars in the team were considerably more powerful. The Healeys for instance were more than twice our engine size.

The new H.R.G. for racing during 1949

We had two days' practising, during which time we got the hang of the twisting 7¾-mile circuit and learnt our cut off and braking points and the correct line for each corner.

Some 70 cars started the race at 6.30 a.m.—just daylight. I drove first and then handed over to Eric Thompson after about 2½ hours (160 miles). This was according to plan, since by then we were due for a petrol refuel; as things turned out we had to change tyres every 2½ hours also, the continuous controlled skid cornering tearing them to ribbons. In all Eric did two sessions of just over 2½ hours each, and I did two similar sessions and the final one of about 1½ hours.

The race was quite hard work for several reasons. For



By courtesy of Louis Kementaski, Ltd.

R. Richards driving an H.R.G. in the Paris twelve hour road race

[*Photo by Detaille, Monte Carlo*

The Allard driven by L. Potter and R. Richards, which was fourth (first British entrant) in 1949 Monte Carlo rally

one thing our car lacked the maximum speed of the French, Italian, Belgian and other British cars, and we thus had to make up the gap by dint of somewhat hectic cornering. Some of the more volatile Frenchmen "ran out of road" in front, beside and behind us at fairly frequent intervals, which sometimes gave us a worrying moment. In addition both Eric and I were far from being physically fit. On the day before the race when returning from practising to our hotel as passengers in another car—we left the racing cars at the course throughout our stay—a vast French lorry collided head on into us; it was driven by a drunkard (who now resides in jail as a result). The car we were in was completely wrecked, and caught fire, and both Eric and I were somewhat concussed and cut about. We thus had to drive in the race the next day with our heads stitched up and bandaged—much to the amusement of the French drivers, who thought that our team manager must have banged our heads together. The crash also tore the muscles in my right wrist, which meant that I was almost entirely dependent on my left hand only during the race the next day—fortunately the gear change on the H.R.G. is on the left.

The car ran perfectly throughout the twelve hours, and the only stops were for fuel, water, oil, tyres and change of drivers. The British team beat the French quite comfortably in the match race, and Eric and I finished second of the British cars, being beaten by a 2 litre Aston Martin. We thus returned to England, Eric to his insurance broking and I to my desk in A.G. 11 (Officers), somewhat battered but thoroughly satisfied.

My next leave was in January this year, and was spent driving in the Monte Carlo Rally. I drove as co-driver to Mr. Leonard Potter—who is connected with the motor trade—in an Allard car lent by the manufacturers.

This event entailed driving non-stop for three nights and two and a half days from Glasgow to Monte Carlo on the following somewhat circuitous route—Glasgow, Scotch Corner, Doncaster, London, Folkestone, Boulogne, Luxemburg, Liege, Venlo, Arnhem, Amsterdam, The Hague, Rotterdam, Antwerp, Brussels, Rheims, Paris, Nevers, Lyons, Valence, Digne, Grasse, Nice, Monte Carlo—a total distance of about 2,000 miles. Unlike the Alpine Trial, almost all this route is on reasonable main roads, and the event is liable to be made difficult only by winter conditions of snow, ice and fog. One had to average between 31½ m.p.h. and 40½ m.p.h. throughout, so instead of having to clock in on the minute as in the Alpine, one could arrive at each Control Point at any time between the limits imposed by these minimum and maximum speeds. Naturally, the longer the distance between the Control Points the wider is the interval during which one can report.

As things turned out the weather was very good, apart from short periods of ice and fog near Doncaster, Amsterdam and Lyons. It was never difficult to keep up to the average, and in almost every case we had to wait outside the Control Points because we were ahead of the maximum 40½ m.p.h. average. A large proportion of the 264 cars starting (including about 60 British entrants) reached Monte Carlo without loss of marks. In difficulty the event bore no comparison to the Alpine, but things might have been different if real winter conditions had prevailed.

The road section of the event thus proved to be mainly a test of staying awake from Monday evening to Thursday afternoon. Even this was not altogether necessary since it

was possible to sleep in the car when not driving. Leonard Potter and I drove in turn, each doing about 250 miles at a time.

One of our stops was at the Scotch Corner Hotel, where we took on some warming whisky, and met several Catterick friends. The H.M.V. Company had given us a very fine car radio before the event, and we were thus able to listen to the popular programmes and also hear how we were doing by means of the B.B.C. news!

Apart from one or two unintentional skids on ice, all of which were fortunately controllable, the 2,000 miles passed by uneventfully, and it was not until we reached Monte Carlo that we had reason to curse ourselves. On arrival at the finish Leonard Potter parked the car in the sealed car park whilst I arranged transport for us to the hotel. The regulations stated that the car had to be out of the car park the next day within five minutes of its crew being allowed into the park. The car was a coupe, and Leonard had locked the doors when he had parked it. On reaching the car next day he found that he had forgotten to transfer the key of the car doors to the other pair of trousers into which he had changed. He ran back to the hotel to get the key, but we had exceeded the allowed five minutes before the car left the park and we lost marks accordingly.

There followed a very complicated and interesting 30-mile special test. So many cars had covered the road section without loss of marks that it was on the results of this test that the final finishing order was to a very large extent determined. There is not space here to describe the test in detail, except to say that it was a test of speed in climbing a twisty hill of six miles as quickly as possible, coupled with a test of consistency in the times of a series of ascents. We came out very well in this test, especially on the consistency side, and so ensured ourselves to be "in the money" in the final results.

We eventually finished fourth, being beaten by two French and one Czech entry. But for the key episode we would have been third, but one can go on "if-ing" for ever. We won the prize for being highest placed British entrant, the cash prize for the fourth place, and were instrumental in winning the team prize for Allards.

Competing in International motoring events entails an enormous amount of detailed preparation—not only of one's car but also in approaching the various component manufactures and in studying the various aspects of the event. The staff work in organising and planning the event is quite a large part of the battle and without it one would have little if any chance of beating the Continental full-time professional. I open up a file for each event which is a very thick and bulky affair by the time the event is over. The Ministry of Fuel, the Bank of England, the Ministry of Food and the Ministry of Transport have so far been most co-operative in these planning stages.

This coming summer I am driving, together with Eric Thompson, in Mr. Peter Clark's official H.R.G. team. The cars are very different from any previous H.R.G. and we have high hopes. We tested out the first prototype in early April on an aerodrome and handed it back to its designers and makers full of enthusiasm. All three cars should be ready in early June.

I hope therefore in autumn this year to submit to the ROYAL SIGNALS QUARTERLY JOURNAL an article on our adventures with these three cars at the Le Mans 24-hour Race, Belgian 24-hour Race, Paris 12-hour Race, R.A.C. Tourist Trophy Race and any other events in which we may run. We are intending to have two-way radio between each car and the pits, using a throat microphone and specially light transmitter/receiver sets (each weigh 15lb. complete), which Pyes of Cambridge are giving us. This should be very useful, as it will make the liaison between the driver and the pit staff and timekeepers far closer, and will replace the visual pit signals which are the usual procedure at motor races.

[By courtesy of "The Motor"

Control point at the top of Mount Galibier. It is July, but owing to the height being over 8,000 feet snow is plentiful

Other Overseas Stations

2nd Guards Brigade Signal Squadron

Kuala Lumpur

The arrival of the greatly enlarged and more magnificent WIRE to us out here in Malaya has caused the members of the Squadron to covet a mention therein. Hence the writer has been bullied into taking up his pen.

The Squadron was first formed in March of last year as an Independent Guards Brigade Signal Squadron. Our present Officer Commanding, Major P. G. Curry, Royal Signals, suffered the birth pangs, assisted by Lieutenant J. A. Massey, Royal Signals, who happily is also with us. Personnel came from all corners of the British Isles to Canterbury, which was our first station.

Early months were spent in training, and then more training, which made the time roll away. No special brief had been given the Squadron, but the usual rumours were passed around as authoritative news. At one time or another we were certain, beyond possible doubt, that our destination was Berlin, Jamaica or the Gold Coast. Journeying to distant Malaya seemed too improbable to be considered until it became our lot. Perhaps the armchair strategist influenced us by declaring that a Guards Brigade had yet to serve East of Suez.

So, despite rumour and counter-rumour, training went on, relieved by the London Dock strike, where we first acted in aid of the Civil Power, and Signal exercises with the Territorial Army.

Then the blow fell. Malaya it was to be. New faces came, old ones disappeared. Stores arrived as if by magic. "Visor I" was the keyword, which worked miracles. Hurried engagements were made for families and the last few evenings spent with the girl friends passed all too quickly. Soon the orders came through for a move to Pirbright Camp by road and rail; now we felt more certain that the Squadron was part of a Guards Brigade.

Just prior to leaving Canterbury a new Second-in-Command arrived, Captain R. M. Bircumshaw, Royal Signals, closely followed by a new Sergeant-Major, S.S.M. Symonds, from the War Office, and a new Quartermaster, S.Q.M.S. Sanger, M.M.

The only other Senior N.C.O.s we have in the Squadron are Sergeants Longworth and Harrington.

It seemed that we had hardly undone the drawstrings on our kitbags at Pirbright before we were setting out for Southampton, to embark with the 2nd Battalion Coldstream Guards, the 2nd Battalion Scots Guards and the rest of Brigade Headquarters. Our designation was definite now—Second Guards Brigade.

Apart from the Officer Commanding and a small detachment with the 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards on the *Staffordshire,* all the Squadron was aboard the ex-German *Empire Trooper.* A royal departure was afforded us on 5th September. The War Minister officially bade us farewell, a Scots Guards Band played us out into the roads, and a large crowd waved until we slipped out of sight.

As troopships go (and this one went very slowly) our vessel was good. Standee accommodation and a cafeteria messing system was a vast improvement on the combined mess and sleeping-deck known to many of us from previous trooping. It was a very busy voyage. Several hours a day spent on training helped to combat boredom, although maybe the educative value was often limited by the nearness of other classes. An R.T. procedure lecture might be given against a background of instruction on the Bren Gun, the Grenade, and Morse; add to this the hum of the ship's engines and the meanderings of the crew through the class, then our difficulties will be realised.

It is a truism to say that the voyage was tedious, for it lasted 31 days, broken by short refreshing trips ashore at Aden and Colombo. To steam down the Malacca Straits and dock in Singapore on 4th October was a blessed relief. Our arrival matched our departure. The G.O.C. welcomed the ship personally, and the band of the Seaforth Highlanders played our ship to the quay. A very efficient disembarkation followed, and with few regrets we struggled down the gang-planks.

Nee Soon camp, in the centre of the island, was our destination. Soon, pathetic down-at-heel rows of tents were inhabited and spruced up by our men. Now followed a period of intense activity before our departure for the mainland. Stores were reclaimed from the hold of the ship, vehicles were collected from the Ordnance Park, and at the same time the Brigade Organisation began to take shape.

After two weeks the Squadron prepared to make the move up the peninsula to Kuala Lumpur.

Detachments were provided for each Guards Battalion (the Grenadier Guards having arrived after us), advance parties moved off and the rest of the Squadron was formed into road and rail parties. Soon the effect of the emergency was felt. Orders for ambush drill by road, and the loading of magazines before entraining at Singapore, made the fact that we were on active service seem more realistic.

What of our camp at Kuala Lumpur, which is the Federation capital? As usual, first impressions, especially after a wakeful night train journey, were poor. Now, as I write, six months later, the camp has vastly improved. Once the tents were erected under attap (a former of palm-leaf thatch), the monsoon drains dug out to divert the almost daily tropical cascade, and a few accommodation stores provided, the outlook brightened.

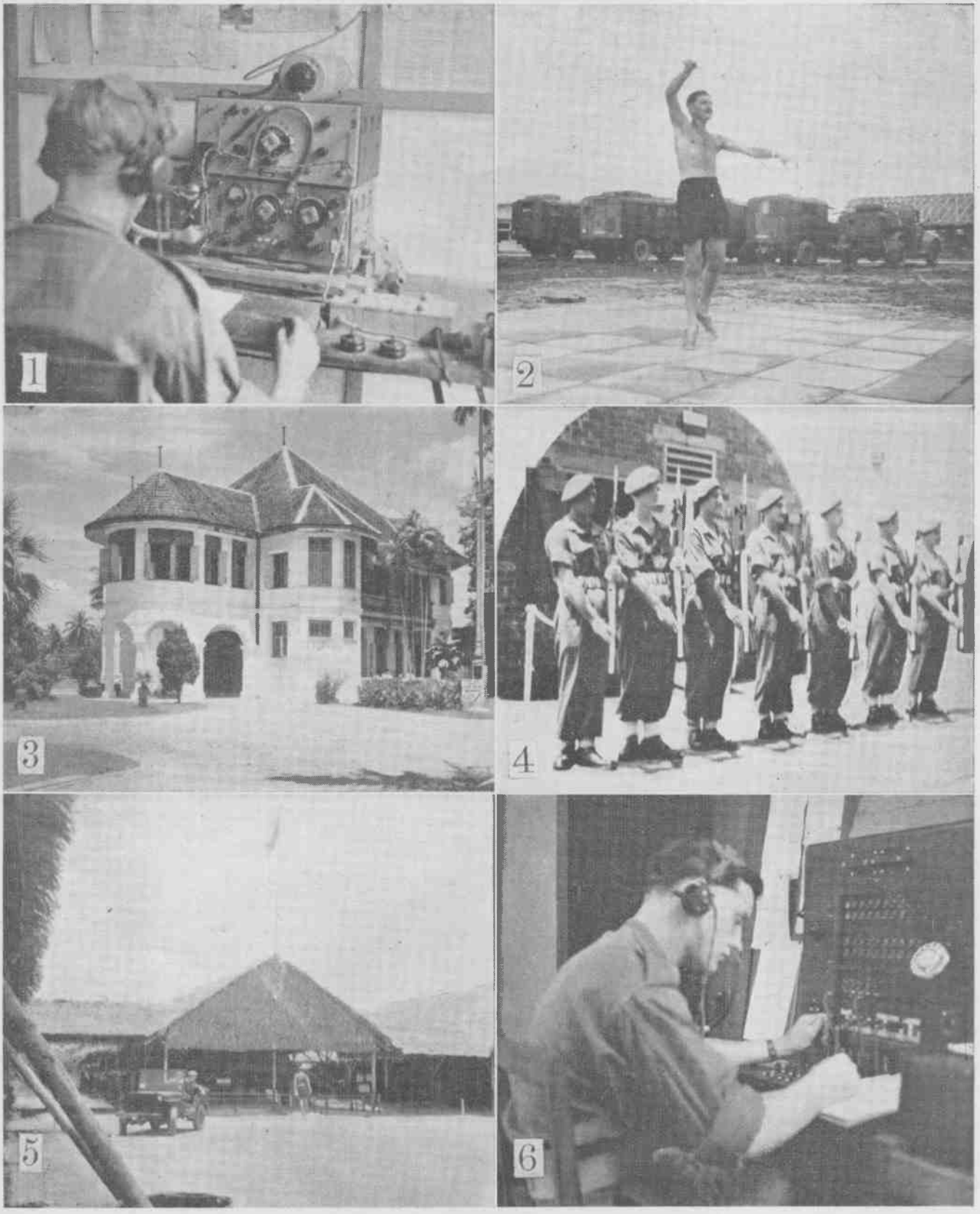
The Squadron is now deployed with the Brigade Group, which consists of three Guards Battalions, the 1st Battalion of the Devons, the 2nd Battalion of the Malay Regiment, and the 2nd Battalion 7th Gurkhas as well. The Brigade area consists of about 70,000 square miles, and our Squadron detachments, which are with all these Units, with the exception of the Gurkhas, are anything up to 200 miles from Brigade Headquarters in the remotest parts of Malaya.

We rely almost exclusively on civil routes for line communications, hence the accent is on the provision of Wireless, D.R., Signal Office and Maintenance facilities.

To date, Brigade-to-Battalion wireless communications have worked extremely well; the difficulty of jungle and climatic conditions has, however, made itself felt with Battalion Signalling.

The bandit war out here is such that one can scarcely assess the effect of operations against them. It is not an exciting fluid war, as many of the Squadron had hoped. The Communists employ tip-and-run tactics with the Jungle as their staunch ally. It is impossible for us to learn whether our vehicles, which travel outside towns in pairs, bristling with Brens, Stens, Rifles and Grenades, have deterred the Communist attack, thus denying us a chance to get to grips with our enemy.

Gradually we are settling down to the routine of soldiering in Malaya. We have become used to seeing the small, cheery Malays, the dark-skinned Tamils and the fiat-chested pyjama-clad women. Many of the Squadron know now what it is to rumba with a taxi-dancer or to eat Mah Mee in a Chinese restaurant. Our first Christmas in Malaya is



(1) 19 H.P. Set used to control a Bandit-Op. (2) S.S.M. in action on Squadron badminton court. (3) Brigade H.Q. building, Kuala Lumpur. (4) Squadron guard of honour for Major-General J. C. O. Marriott. (5) Flag over Squadron office. (6) Brigade H.Q. switchboard

over. It all seems so very wrong. Most of us feel that Christmas must be spent in the bosom of one's family. It must be a cold, snowy Christmas, with good fare and the yuletide log roaring in the hearth—such a Christmas as so well described by Charles Dickens. A tropical Christmas was therefore a shock, as everything seemed against a happy day. Yet the Christmas dinner was excellent, ample free beer was given us and the enthusiastic decoration of the mess hall helped to give a Christmas façade.

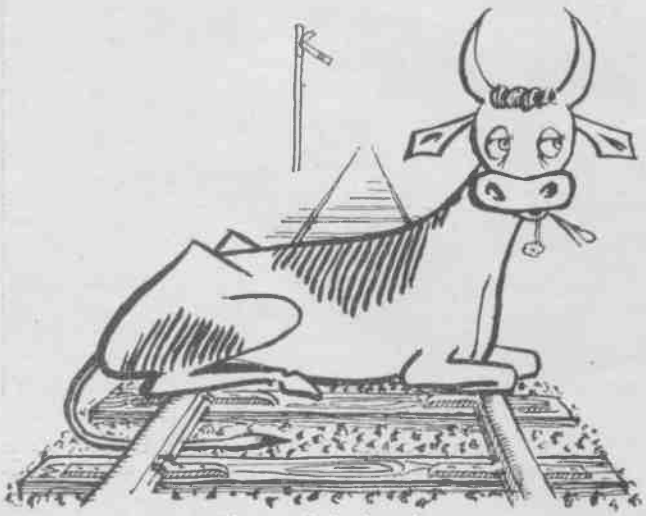
Highlights of our first six months here include an inspection by General Sir Neil M. Richie, K.C.B., K.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., our Commander-in-Chief, and Major-General J. C. O. Marriot, C.B., C.V.O., D.S.O., M.C., G.O.C. Brigade of Guards.

Beside the provision of Brigade communications, many and varied are the activities of the Squadron. The football team goes from strength to strength; recently we have entered the local civilian-cum-military league. Our pride was hurt a little to be put in the bottom division, justifiably so, for the first two matches resulted in two six goals to nil victories. A reporter has written of our left-back, Signalman Senior, that he is probably the best in Kuala Lumpur. Other stalwarts of the side include Corporal Pither, Signalman Darraugh, Signalman Ellis and Corporal Bailey. Unlike the British Isles, the Rugby seasons ends when the soccer and cricket season begins, but in the past few months we have provided representatives regularly for the Malaya District Signals' side and the Garrison XV. Perhaps it savours too much like Noel Coward's "Mad Dogs and Englishmen . . ." to play Rugby in the tropics, but the excuse is "that it's a grand feeling when the game is over." In England we looked down our noses at the mention of such an unmanly game as badminton. Now officers and men alike are converted to an excellent game, which is so popular in this country. Malayan papers will never now allow us to forget the fact that Malaya won the Thomas Cup after defeating the United States. Obviously we are in the right country to learn the game. Cricket is just beginning, but already we can see that Corporal Johns, Signalman Harvey and Signalman Winn should form the nucleus of a sound side.

And so, what of the future? Some of the Squadron will be disappointed about our sojourn in Malaya turning out to be longer than expected. A few of us hope to have our families join us shortly.

Our enjoyment of life is more often than not conditioned by our own efforts. Hence even soldiering in distant Malaya can be fun, if we endeavour to make it so.

STUDENT DOODLES No. 11



A Characteristic Impedance

Malaya District Signal Regiment

Kuala Lumpur

Congratulations to Signalman Denton and Corporal Bloor, who both gained Mentions in Despatches for their work in N.M.S.D. during recent operations.

We have the deepest regret in announcing the tragic death of Signalman Twigg by drowning. All ranks of the Unit extend their sympathy to his family.

R.H.Q. AND 1 SQUADRON. There is every evidence that a form of spring fever has been contracted by this Unit. Malaya District Signals has become of late a hard-working Unit with few slackers. Maybe the three days line leave over the Easter period has had something to do with it; though some say that the advent of this lust for work and the return of our R.S.M. are not purely coincidental.

Most of the familiar faces of the West Yorkshire Regiment (attached) are no longer to be seen. Hówever, we most certainly welcome the numerous new arrivals from the U.K. and it might be added that it would be much appreciated if the powers that be in Catterick would open up their hearts and send us a few tradesmen. Corporal Alexander, ex-airborne, amongst the "freshers" quickly found his way to the first eleven football team.

A newcomer to the Unit would no doubt be amazed to see our belated sports field so recently converted into an air strip for the use of an A.O.P. Flight. We, who have been here somewhat longer, have begun to regard this "encroachment" as a permanent fixture, would like to think of it as our rival to Heathrow. How about flying home?

Leave. Without doubt there will shortly be many more applicants for leave, due to the reopening of the popular resort in the Cameron Highlands. Another attractive holiday centre with excellent prospects of being opened soon is at Port Dickson, where a quaint little bungalow has been procured for Royal Signals personnel. At the moment the only two places for the B.O.R.s' leave are at Singapore and Penang, the latter being a place of renown to most Service men who have been fortunate enough to set foot in Malaya. So far it has been only possible to send men off to these two places at the rate of two a week, but as conditions improve the leave quotas will be filled by greater numbers.

2 SQUADRON, TAIPING. "Operation Holiday," a large scale combined police and military operation on the Siamese border, provided 2 Squadron with valuable training and operational experience, whilst several of the men had their first glimpse of Siam. The operation produced a front page article in the local Sunday newspaper about the work of Signals. [*And only seven lines in* THE WIRE, *the journal of Royal Signals.*—ED.]

Boxing. Signalman Cole won the finals of the feather-weight contest to become Army Champion of Malaya. In the preliminary rounds he scored two K.O. successes and gained a points decision in the semi-final and final. Congratulations on a fine performance. It was unfortunate that he was ill at the time of the FARELF Championships; we feel sure that he would have added more laurels.

Hockey. Our XI never really got into its stride during the season, but we had in Captain Parkinson a representative in the Combined Civilians *versus* Combined Asians match.

Cricket. With football so much in the headlines, it is not surprising that cricket has not received the send-off we had hoped. In spite of this, we scored a resounding victory against H.Q., Malaya District, who, fielding a strong side, batted first and made 85. We started badly, losing two good wickets cheaply, but stalwarts Lance-Corporal Isaacs and

Sergeant Goldring stopped the rot and laid the foundation of our firm victory, the score closing at 110 for 7. Full credit goes to Sergeant Goldring, who skippered the side in the absence of R.S.M. Bevan and batted patiently for an hour and a half to make 28 before retiring when our opponents' score had been passed.

A pleasing feature of this game was the keen fielding of Royal Signals, which brought praise even from our opponents. The following for cricket may be lacking, but the grim determination to win is still there.

Football. By far the most flourishing interest in the Unit is football. At present Wales, Scotland and England are all represented in our little side, which has earned itself a huge reputation out here. (*Nota bene* the recent game *versus* Combined Services, Malaya, when fortune smiled and we won by 5—2. Congratulations to Sergeant Goldring and Corporal "Danny" Faulkes on being selected to play for the Combined Services shortly after this game.) So unlike many teams hereabouts, our team is encouraged by a small group of supporters which, we have found, can cheer out of all proportion to its size. We are pleased with what has been accomplished this season and the keenness plus interest shown by players and spectators alike is as welcome as our proud list of convincing wins. That's the spirit!

Latest Results

v. Guards Brigade Signal Squadron	Lost	1—2
v. 1907 A.O.P. Flight	Won	4—0
v. Guards Brigade Signal Squadron	Lost	1—5
v. 1907 A.O.P. Flight	Won	3—0
v. H.Q. Malaya District	Won	4—2
v. Combined Services XI	Won	5—0

3 SQUADRON (SEREMBAN). There are no losses to announce this month, but some of our people are looking forward to moving in the direction of home in the very near future.

In the realm of sport, our football team has been strengthened by the posting in of Sergeant Hildred, and quite recently we had a win over the Gurkhas, which boosted up the spirits of the team considerably.

We are also improving our badminton, and while we are not yet in the Davis Cup class, we hope to challenge Units in the Sub-District.

19 Air Formation Signal Regiment

Changi, Singapore

May

R.H.Q. The Easter period was enjoyed by all, it being a very welcome break, although the rain arrived and cancelled various sports fixtures and upset the beach lizards and yacht fiends.

A preview of the recruiting film for locally enlisted personnel, which was mentioned last month, with some of our L.E.P. taking part, was seen. It is hoped to obtain some "Stills" to be forwarded with future notes.

Drill parades have commenced on Saturday mornings, causing loss of voice, perspiration, and in some cases "Face," but it reminds us that we are soldiers as well as tradesmen.

Three members of the Regiment took the opportunity of availing themselves of an indulgence passage to Hong Kong on the *Dilwara* and enjoyed a "Cook's Tour" at a very moderate expense. Local leave to the Cameron Highlands has again been opened, and it is hoped that as many as possible will take the opportunity to visit this cool up-country leave centre.

Examinations for "City and Guilds" certificates were held at the beginning of the month, and we wish the various entrants the best of luck in the results.

Heard on a recent Junior N.C.O.s' course:

Instructor, after having given a talk on Military Law: Any questions?

Student: Yes, sir. I know someone who was awarded ——— for doing ———.

Instructor: From what you have said it appears to have been irregular.

Student: Oh no, sir. He was not an "E" regular, he was a conscript.

1 SQUADRON. As a result of a fresh drive for WIRE notes in this Regiment, of which very little has been heard in the last two years, a hasty and rather sketchy contribution was made by the Squadron last month. In an effort to make amends, it is intended to inflict a fuller account of scene of our activities on the gentle reader. Indeed, it might almost do a useful service in helping to satisfy the curiosity of some of the young blades in Catterick, gloomily contemplating a posting to this part of the world.

1 Squadron looks after, tears out, puts in, lengthens, diminishes or diverts, at the whim of the R.A.F., all line communications (almost entirely U.G.) in the Changi area (H.Q., A.C.F.E. and A.H.Q., Malaya).

There is also a 12-position Type "N" Switchboard with a considerable amount of V.F. equipment and teleprinters to be looked after. They do this extremely well, despite primitive tools and an unceasing flood of N.A. chits from Ordnance sources.

Changi, where we live and operate, is the eastern tip of Singapore Island, a pleasant and salubrious area, with more telephones and high-ranking R.A.F. Officers to the square foot than any other part of the British Empire. There are a cinema, sports grounds, ample swimming facilities and the usual amenities of a large station. Changi village has a Post Office and a good array of shops where you can purchase almost anything.

The countryside is green and attractive and we are 14 miles from Singapore itself, to which there is a regular bus service.

Some of the chaps, in the best traditions of the British Army, tick gently off and on about this b——— place, but generally they are as well off and as healthy as any other troops in the East. Those who strike up a platonic friendship with some attractive and understanding W.A.A.F. type, undergo a miraculous change of attitude, and have even been known to view repatriation with reluctance.

Linemen now appear in the full glory of jungle hats, as protection from the sun, which give them a certain rakish air. They are at present engaged on the preliminaries for moving Flying Control to the other side of the air-strip, but more of that later.

2 SQUADRON. This month has witnessed the return of one of our detachments, who for the past four or five weeks have been stationed at Labuan, N. Borneo.

Many weird and wonderful tales of the wild and woolly men of Borneo can be heard in the canteen, the chief orator being Lance-Corporal Mervyn Flashman, a husky handsome brute of some 74 inches.

On his return to Seletar, frantic inquiries from his numerous W.A.A.F. friends were overwhelming; his fan mail is reputed to be equal to that of Frank Sinatra at the peak of his popularity.

Most sport has been hampered by bad weather during the past month, but during the fine spells our cricket and hockey teams have met with every success. The Squadron is well represented in all the Regimental teams, and of recent date have provided two players, our O.C., Major Chapman, and the Squadron Sergeant-Major, S.S.M. Sladdin, for the Corps cricket team. Signalman Gillespie has also played for the Corps football team. It is rumoured that the S.S.M. may be given a trial for an Army cricket eleven which is being formed on the island.

Egypt Command Signal Regiment

Moascar

April

All topical news is overshadowed by the imminent departure of the C.O., Lieutenant-Colonel Hardy, who leaves us to take up an appointment in the Air Ministry. This involves promotion. Heartiest congratulations, sir, and the very best of luck in your new job. Lieutenant-Colonel Hardy has been with the Regiment since August, 1946, and it would be difficult to find a more helpful and sympathetic C.O.

His place is being taken by Lieutenant-Colonel G. U. Finney, who has joined us from a T.A. appointment at home.

1 SQUADRON (H.Q. MOASCAR). The main internal topic of the month has been the forming of a Corporals' Mess. At a meeting of all junior N.C.O.s on 22nd April it was decided to form a Corporals' Mess, and the following were elected as the Committee: President, R.S.M. Irvin; P.M.C., Corporal Aldwinkle; Treasurer, Lance-Corporal Mercer; Entertainments Committee, Corporals Howell and Burns and Lance-Corporal Rodwell.

Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess. On Saturday, 23rd April, we had a gala evening, with a Darts Match and Social Evening. A Darts Match played for the Carman Cup was won by Sergeant Payne, A.C.C., the runner-up being W.O.II Rider ("Pop"). The Carman Cup was presented to the Mess by Staff-Sergeant Carman, A.P.T.C. (the Army (Egypt) goalkeeper), to be played for every six months. The R.S.M. has held it to date, but was knocked out this time in the earlier rounds.

After the cup had been won, Mrs. Irvin kindly presented it to the winner, also a pewter pot to the winner and runner-up. This was followed by an impromptu dance, with music provided by the radiogram, and to round off a very successful and enjoyable evening there was a short floor show and sing-song.

Sport. The main Squadron sporting event of the month has been the Inter-Troop Football Cup, which was won by the Line Troop after a tough struggle. The cup and medals were presented to our team by Mrs. W. W. Webb, the wife of Captain Bill Webb, who, aptly enough, had recently taken over command of the Line Troop. Second-Lieutenant Luker generously filled the cup with sherry, and the winning team and its supporters enjoyed a social evening in the Jimmy Club to celebrate the occasion.

2 SQUADRON (H.Q. FAYID). The hot weather being upon us once again, there is a long stream of individuals heading for the Great Bitter Lake, there to cool their heated bodies and brains and to acquire that famous Canal sun tan.

A lot come away living in a false thought that "all slightly sunburnt men are handsome." Still, it is good fun and exercise.

Soccer. Although yet another soccer season is rapidly drawing to a close, soccer has still drawn a great deal of our attention during the past month.

We won our first two league matches of the month, the most notable being the defeat of 42 Field Survey, R.E., by 3—1 on the Engineers' home ground. Unfortunately, we lost our last match of the season 0—2 to the R.P.C.D. at Kabrit after a keen, fast game. However, our position in the league is now well secure, and we are congratulating ourselves on finishing third, despite the fact that we were competing against major Units in the Fayid-Fanara area.

The Squadron's "B" team also did well during the month and did well to defeat the 16th/5th Lancers Signal Troop on successive occasions by 6—0 and 5—1.

Cross-Country. The cross-country running team had a very notable success on 20th April, when they easily won the Inter-Squadron Cross-Country Race of 3 G.H.Q. Signal Regiment, in which they were invited to participate. Of the first seven runners home, six were ours, and of a possible 21 points we got 23 points.

On 1st May the cross-country team will be seen in the line-up for the District Cross-Country Run, at which they are expected to give yet another good account of themselves.

Cricket. Towards the close of the month the cricket season was started with a friendly inter-Squadron match. In the very near future we hope to start our inter-Troop games, whilst on 7th May we have our first league match *v.* 668 Company, R.A.S.C.

This season we have the services of that very excellent cricketer S.S.M. Loates, so we can look ahead into the season with a certain amount of self-confidence. Still, time will tell!

Tennis. We are experimenting in trying to raise a Squadron tennis team, with which we hope to play friendly matches with other Units in the area. Naturally, our first few practice matches have been scenes of wild hitting and much verbal abuse at one's own inability to get the ball over the net, but we feel that if we persevere, we might produce a Jack Kramer of our own.

Entertainment. On 8th May a party from the Squadron is taking a trip to Cairo, where we hope to visit the Sphinx, Pyramids, museums and mosques, and here and now we should like to amend Squadron Daily Orders of 27th April by deleting the word "morgue" and inserting "mosque"!

3 SQUADRON (H.Q. EL BALLAH). Lance-Corporal Abson, who has taken over the duties of Chief Clerk, gave us quite a surprise by getting into the finals of the Javelin in the District Athletics and winning first prize for this event in the Garrison Athletics. Captain Beattie, our O.C., walked away with five medals—three firsts and two seconds. The Squadron also added another cup to its collection by winning the 4 x 110 Yards Relay.

El Ballah Troop. We missed Corporal Anderson in the final of the Inter-Squadron Soccer League, but despite this great handicap we managed to win by 3—2. The goals were scored by Sergeant Morrison, Lance-Corporal Pearson and Driver Gormley. The cup was presented by Mrs. Hardy, wife of the Commanding Officer, and a fine cup it is, too.

The Inter-Troop Athletics were a great success, despite the very bad weather, Signalman Richards putting up a very good show indeed in the 100 yards, 220 yards and javelin.

Port Said Troop. Our Mauritian Line Section has been organised into various line parties under the watchful eye of Corporal Hartley, and is progressing very satisfactorily.

Competition was keen during the Inter-Troop Athletics, and this Troop, combined with S.H.Q., emerged winners of the Beattie Trophy, which was presented by Mrs. Beattie to Captain Barlow, our O.C., and, incidentally, winner of the Old Soldiers' Race.

In the Garrison Athletics this Squadron's representatives carried off one cup and 11 medals.

3 G.H.Q. Signal Regiment

Fayid

Our activities have been mostly in the sporting line. Lieutenant Willis and his team collected the United Services Seven-a-Side Cup for the Regiment. This was a fine sequel to being runners-up to Egypt Command Signal Regiment in the Army Inter-Unit Championship. It was due to a fine team spirit, as we have no one sufficiently outstanding to play for the Army.

Gebel Shabruit Race. We had two teams in the Gebel Shabruit race, to the top of the "Pimple" and down, and were pleasantly surprised to see Signalman Hodson coming in second. It was his first try at running, and we can look forward confidently to see him win some good races soon.

Athletics and Cross-Country. We saw our athletes much to the fore in the District Championships, with results as follows:

100 yards.—1st, Signalman Snaith.
440 yards.—1st, Signalman Snaith.
1 mile.—1st, Signalman Hodson.
3 miles.—3rd, Signalman Hodson.
2 miles walk.—1st, Signalman Crampton.
Shot.—2nd, S.Q.M.S. Wride.
Javelin.—4th, Signalman Potts.

Signalman Snaith wisely refrained from running in the 220 yards as he had a very big programme, including some relay races. Signalman Hodson put up two fine performances. His 3rd in the 3 miles took place less than half an hour after his heat for the mile. He did not realise the two races were on the same day!

Finally, we must congratulate Private Scott, of 2 Signal Squadron, W.R.A.C. In effortless style she won all but one of the women's Services races (100 yards, 220 yards, long jump and high jump) and was second to Private Swan (also of 2 Signal Squadron, W.R.A.C.) in throwing the cricket ball. A very fine achievement by a polished performer. In the District Cross-Country Championships, Signalman Hodson was second to Lieutenant Hellier, of 2 Squadron, Egypt Command Signal Regiment. Signalman Defoy (from Mauritius) came in 10th, just in front of Sergeant Beale. We are expecting great things from our Mauritians.

Boxing. In the District Boxing Championships, Corporal Knight was just beaten on points in the final of the lightweights. Signalman Davies did very well to beat a very difficult Mauritian light heavyweight, but then met a very experienced boxer, the eventual champion, in the next round.

Sergeant Reid met our own P.T.I., S.I. Pease, in the "middles" in one of the hardest fights of the tournament. Reid lost on points and Pease retired to hospital, and so neither was able to go into the final.

Aden Air Formation Signal Troop

Having changed our designation from Aden Command Signal Troop on 1st February, 1949, we have decided it is about time we were put "on the map" as far as THE WIRE is concerned.

For the benefit of those who have only heard of Aden as "The Barren Rock," or, as Kipling puts it:

"Old Aden, like a barrick stove
What no one's lit for years and years,"

we would hasten to disillusion them, for the place is nowhere as black as it is painted.

Geographically, Aden is approximately 100 miles east of the Straits of Bab-el-Mandib, where the waters of the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean meet. It is a peninsula about five miles long from east to west and two and a half miles broad from north to south, and is joined to the mainland by an isthmus on which stands Khormaksar, the R.A.F. and B.O.A.C. landing ground.

Practically all ships to and from the Far East call at Aden, and as our Unit H.Q. is approximately four hundred yards from the pier, Royal Signals personnel passing through will find no difficulty in locating it and would be made very welcome if they called.

The strength is one officer and thirty-two men, but in spite of our size we still boast the best Sergeants' Mess in the Colony, and have been told by many visiting inspecting officers that the cleanliness of our cookhouse and dining-room leave nothing to be desired.

Sport abounds here and ranges from football and netball to yachting and fishing—concerning the last-named see our Sergeants' Mess notes and photograph. We manage to turn out an eleven for football and, although we can't shout the results from the rooftops, our lads certainly keep at it. We are at the bottom of the league table, but don't let that worry us at all. Indoor sports are also popular, particularly table tennis, one league fixture being very popular—that against the W.R.A.F.

We have quite a few Regulars in this Unit, including S.Q.M.S. "George" Hidson, Sergeants "Bill" Hodgekins (ex 44(I) Para.) and "Ronnie" Kay, who have all probably been seen here or there during their service.

We will attempt to write notes for the next month and give people a general idea of our commitments, but if anyone is sufficiently interested, apply for a posting and come to Aden, the Land of Sun.

Note: Sergeant Kay has been selected to play for the Command football team. JOCK

Sergeants' Mess Notes. At the present time we are rather short of members, but are hoping that some time in the near future we may be better off. We are honoured by having the best Mess in Aden, and now and again we are able to hold a few dances. The last one we held was a great success, but are sorry to say that it will probably be the last one for this season, as the Aden sun is beginning to take effect once again. The Mess has commenced having Social Evenings, and, although we started rather late, they have been progressing very well under the management of Sergeant McGrath, R.A.O.C. The Tombola attracts the majority of people, and, even if the snowball is only four weeks old, it is still surviving.

We represent the Unit in nearly all the sport which is played, and at the present time two members are in training for a boat race in the Regatta, which is being held on 17th of this month. Soccer takes up a few of the afternoons, and in this sport we again have two "bodies" playing. It has been noted in the last two games that a very prominent part was played by the Sergeants. In the former match (ex-R.S.M. Aubrey Harrison please note!) Sergeant Hodgekins scored the only goal for Signals from the half-way line. In the latter match two penalties were awarded to us and both these were netted by Sergeant Kay. Table tennis has become a favourite way of spending the evenings, and of the two Unit teams four Mess members are included.

The President of the Mess, S.Q.M.S. Hidson, is at the present time having great difficulty with his car, and has a full time job trying to get replacements for it. He is, by the way, anxious to get in touch with "Topper" Brown, ex 36 L.C., D.R. Section Abbyssinia, believed now to be living in the Southampton area.

Finally, to end up, we have a fishy story. Sergeant Galley, the Unit Caterer, was out on his usual evening beat, fishing, when to his surprise he felt a bite. He proceeded to draw in his line with great difficulty, and finally, after what seemed hours, he managed to pull to the edge a certain species of shark. Luckily for the fisherman he had take a gaff hook with him and with the aid of it managed to get the fish ashore. Not being able to carry it, he doubled all the way to the Unit to get help.

Iraq Air Formation Signal Troop

April

This, it is thought, is the first contribution made by this Troop to THE WIRE, so the first move is to explain what and who we are, and what we do.

The Troop H.Q. is at R.A.F. Station, Habbaniya, with detachments at Amman in Transjordan and Shaibah, and Sharjah on the Persian Gulf. Our job is to provide local land-line facilities for the R.A.F. in their stations. The few trunk routes in use are maintained by the Iraqui and Transjordan Posts and Telegraphs in their respective countries.

Habbaniya is undoubtedly the "Super Station." What other troops sleep in billets which have central heating for the winter and fans for the summer? What other station has its own racecourse complete with Tote, its own private internal taxi-service, and its own swimming pool? Where else within the camp perimeter is to be found such an abundance and variation of sport? Who else has their own private Boat Club on their own private lake? (No, this is not within the camp perimeter, but about four miles outside it.) Of course, there are absolutely no outside attractions, Baghdad being about sixty miles away over a very rough road. And the climate is rather severe. Summer temperatures are around the 120° F. in the shade mark for several months, and zero temperatures are not unknown in the winter. Then this area has its own particular type of dust storm. Not the ordinary sandstorm met in other parts of the Middle East, but clouds of the finest dust which no combination of doors, windows, blankets or anything else can keep out. It gets everywhere, and one just has to put up with it. As the detachments are so widely scattered most of the transportation of stores and personnel is done by air, and as we are so far from normal supply bases, a considerable amount of improvisation has to be practised. However, we feel that we do well.

Mauritius Signal Troop

May

First of all, on behalf of all ranks, Royal Signals, in Mauritius, I'd like to congratulate 1 Training Regiment on their recent fine success in winning the Army Rugby Cup by such a substantial margin—another feather in the cap for the Regiment and the Corps. This is what we all like to see.

Our work out here is continuing well and our lines N.C.O. and radio mechanic, Lance-Corporals Walker and Wade, respectively, are being kept very busy. The former is in the process of re-wiring quite a number of routes around the Vacoas area which, owing to lack of stores in the past, have not had a lot of maintenance done on them. He has now eight Mauritian O.R. linemen on the job and they are all kept busy and on their toes. Actually we're quite lucky out here in Mauritius for most of the lines have been laid underground and don't give a lot of trouble.

Lance-Corporal Wade is at present tearing around in small circles looking for bearings and trying to find flaws in our present aerial layout. After getting the bearing of 315 degrees from Mauritius to Nairobi (which, by the way, is our sole W/T link), he was out with the compass lining up the dipoles only to find that the present system is perfectly dead on. Now he's contenting himself with the erection of a new dipole for the R107.

In between time he's always flitting to and fro between the transmitter room and the King's African Rifles Signal Platoon improving the sets, 22's, 18's and 38's, and is looking forward again to Tuesday for the usual cyclone or I.S. scheme. This week he intends to try out some new locations to see if it will improve the communication state, which is not too good in the island, due to the mountainous state of the country.

The worst disaster that befell the Garrison in general during the month of February was the non-arrival, for three weeks, of the air service. There is a once-weekly service run between Nairobi and Mauritius, making Tuesday a special day here. However, owing to engine trouble, there was no take-off for three weeks and hearts were broken. When the plane finally did arrive the Signal Office really had its hands full for two or three days and we were all glad when the plane took off again for Nairobi with a full load from S.D.O. We also act as A.P.O., in the absence of such, and during the lull it put a bit of a strain on our resources, but *Certa Cito* won through again.

Sport during the last few weeks received a severe setback because of very heavy rains, but everything is now back to normal. Yesterday, in the final of the Charity Cup, the Garrison were beaten by the Mauritius Fire Brigade by 5—3 in an exciting match. Four of the goals were from penalties, two on each side, and at close intervals the field was invaded by hundreds of spectators who, as one spectator said, had too keen a sense of justice and wanted to rectify the referee's mistakes on the instant. However, the match, which started at a quarter past four, finally ended at a quarter to seven. The Garrison was unlucky in having our O.C., who plays centre-forward, injured in the first minute and he was a passenger throughout; the goalkeeper also had to leave the field with a badly bruised hand in the second half. It really was a tussle for supremacy and there's some talk of a return game at our home ground.

Posts & Telecommunications Department

Asmara, Eritrea

April

On 1st April the responsibility for Eritrea passed from the War Office to the Foreign Office, and we are therefore now under the latter department. You will notice that the word "Military" has been dropped from the designation of this Administration. So far, the change-over has not affected us to any extent.

It appears that no decision on the future of Eritrea will be reached at the present meeting of U.N.O., and that we shall have to wait at least until September before the question of Eritrea is settled. The period of waiting is proving rather trying and the "political temperature" has been running rather high. The Chief Administrator imposed a curfew in the City of Asmara on 12th April between 9 p.m. and 5 a.m., but it was found possible to raise the curfew after a few days.

Corporal George Bristow left the Department on posting to Khartoum on 12th April, and is now, no doubt, inflicting his collection of "Shaggy Dog" stories upon his colleagues in the Sudan

Sport and Entertainment. We have not done very well in our football and cricket matches during the month, but can at least try to excuse ourselves by our shortage of numbers. Of seven soccer matches played, we won only one and lost the remainder. Our solitary cricket match was also lost, but we were not disgraced. The match was against a strong B.O.A.C. eleven, supplemented by other good players, on Sunday, 24th April, and we lost by 45 runs. The scores were: Royal Signals 159; B.O.A.C. 204. Captain Les Hobley captained the team and our best bats were Dingwall (27), Ratcliff (25) and Pearce (14).

On the evening of 2nd April the local Hospital invited our Royal Signals other ranks to a social evening at the Hospital, where we managed to win both a table tennis and a darts tournament. Individual table tennis champion for the evening was Signalman "Jock" Dingwall.

East Africa Command Signal Squadron

Nairobi

The Unit has been honoured during the last few months with visits from the Commander-in-Chief, M.E.L.F., General Sir John T. Crocker, G.C.B., K.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., A.D.C., and by our own G.O.C., Lieutenant-General Sir Arthur A. B. Dowler, K.B.E., C.B. A good show was put up by the mixed members of our humble abode; in fact, the camp was so spick and span that it was positively dangerous to stand still for any length of time for fear of being painted in various shades of blue and white. "Q" Branch have since been busy issuing larger headgear to the various B.O.R.s who were responsible for the good results.

All ranks of the Unit extend to our new C.S.O., Colonel J. L. Henderson, O.B.E., many "jambos," and sincerely hope that he and his wife are due for a long and happy stay with us.

Our Commanding Officer, Major A. E. Hollingshead, still despairs of some of the old "lags" who decorate the camp, but nevertheless he is bearing up under the strain and breathes a sigh of relief every time a new release group leaves.

Lieutenant (Q.M.) R. Hodgson, our Q.M., has returned to us after a flying visit to the old country and is ably supported by his three partners in crime, R.Q.M.S. G. Ansell, S.Q.M.S. Dodsworth and Sergeant Steadman. R.Q.M.S. Ansell (of bar crouch fame) is due to leave us shortly on local release. Recently S.Q.M.S. Dodsworth spent three days looking for his teeth and found them in his mouth.

O.C. Line Troop, Captain Atkin, has now acquired a dachshund and can be seen at all times followed, at the trot, by this low animal. . We hear that he has tried to strap a brushes, scrubbing, underneath its chassis to assist in the floor washing of his quarter.

Is it necessary to mention names when we state that the only person in the British Army to erect "corkscrew" aerial masts is still with us? He is still looking for the witty soul who tied his car to a hitching post. Don't leave it there again, Lieutenant Andrews.

S.S.M. Thomas is still with us. He has now made a hobby of studying "Pay and the Army," much to the chagrin of our hard-pressed Adjutant, Captain Armstrong Whitworth, who still sits surrounded by cheques, bills and, of course, the inevitable cups of tea. (Sorry, sir—here go my credits for a long time.)

The local Transit Camp has recently closed down and the result is that all Signals personnel passing through Nairobi are sent to us for onward transmission. Signalman Morrison (shades of the rough 1948) is taking full advantage to grip these transitees good and solid. Signalman Morrison is still employed as Unit Armourer and has now worn the rifles, Mk. 4, down to pistols, due to his zeal in cleaning.

Old timers to the camp would find it hard to recognise the place. The D.C.R.E. and his staff have put in some good work and built us a new "hash joint," also fresh paint lying around gives birth to hopes of further improvements to come in the near future.

Our hopes in the sporting world are at present centred on the boxing clan. Signalman Woods is to be seen walking around the camp wearing boxing gloves and looking for noses of all sizes on which to rest them. Go to it, Woods, we wish you all the best of luck.

Those of you who remember our ex-Adjutant, Major Savage (he was in the Service when numbers were not issued and everyone knew each other by their Christian names), will be pleased to know that he has been elected Chairman of the Old Comrades' Association of Kenya at the meeting held during last month.

DODDIE

Nigeria Signal Squadron

Lagos

May

As predicted in our March notes, our African team has made a name for itself in the Nigeria District League and now proudly holds the top position, having played 8, won 6, drawn 1, and lost 1. Good going, lads. Keep it up!

The C.S.O. West Africa Command, Colonel C. H. Lyddon, paid us a visit for 10 days in March and was very pleased with everything he saw. To quote his own words, "This is the third time I have visited Nigeria Signal Squadron, and every time it gets better and better." To those "in the know" they are mighty fine words! At present he is in the U.K. doing some conferring, and then having a spot of leave before coming back to have a bash at a second tour. Major Bond, our O.C., has been away on temporary duty in the Gold Coast since 26th March, but we expect him back in a week or so's time for a short stay before he also boards the boat for leave in England. He, too, is coming back for a second tour! I wonder what there is in this durned place that makes 'em want to come back? Can it be that "lady in red" of whom we wrote in our December notes? H-m-m! I wonder!

Our S.Q.M.S., "Tich" Metcalf, has now been back about six weeks and has re-opened the "ham" station ZD 2 RGY, and keeps us awake with his CQ10, CQ10 and all the palaver that goes with "hamming." However, he will be pleased to get any calls on the 10-metre band R/T or C.W. on the 14-metre band. So to all you "hams," wherever you are, "Come in, old man; come in."

Signal Office Troop have been busy erecting new aerial arrays; so many holes have been dug in the locality that the immediate area resembles a piece of gruyere cheese. Still, it's a good job done before the rains start.

Brigade Signal Troop, combined with Trades Training, is doing a good job under the guidance of Lieutenant "Ginger" Liddel and Sergeant "Tommy" Allison. The O.W.L.s' and Radio Mechanics' courses are now nearly over and, naturally, when the written papers come up for scrutiny, we get the usual crop of "howlers," such as:

Map Reading.—The way to find north is to find a Jewish cemetery and the heads always point to the east!

Definition of conductors.—The human body, a bucket of wet sand, or a *fresh* stick!

Timbre.—The material builders are short of!

Wavelength.—Distance between the set and the heavy side layer!

Pitch (of voice).—The black stuff on a cell!

Rhythm.—Dance music!

Velocity.—A type of motor bike!

Frequency.—The number of times the aerial passes a point in one second!

Despite the "howlers," though, these Africans soon reach a very high standard and are as keen as mustard. We get deluged with applications for enlistment. One aspirant applied saying his greatest ambition was to serve his King and "could I be a Nigeria Regiment—if not, I want to be an *apprentice telephone* under your worship." Still, we manage to reply to all of them in usual jargon, "Reference your so-and-so dated so-and-so. You are requested to re-submit your application to Officer-in-Charge Records." I bet that bloke has a busy time, and some good laughs! Well, chaps and "chapesses," this is all for this month. So, cheerio until the next time!

Obituary. It is with the deepest regret that we have to record the death of Sergeant Edmond Ogunade, who died in 68 (Lagos) W.A. Military Hospital on 25th April after a short illness. His death was a sad blow to his many friends in the Squadron and he will be missed for his sporting activities.

Gold Coast Signal Squadron

Accra

March

We apologise for our belated appearance in 1949, but nevertheless we extend all our very best wishes for this New Year.

At the moment morale is extremely high throughout West Africa, mainly due to the grant of inducement pay, which has resulted in soaring bar profits and the flooding of Squadron Office with numerous applications for second tours. This extra pay varies from 3/- per day for Corporals to the magnificent sum of 11/- for Lieutenant-Colonels, so it will be seen that service in West Africa does hold a decided inducement (although it has to be earned well and truly, as the standard required of British N.C.O.s is very high).

On Sunday, 23rd January, the Squadron took part in a very impressive drumhead service on 1 Gold Coast Regiment parade ground to commemorate Myohaung Day, the anniversary of the only battle fought during the Burma campaign in which both the West African Divisions, the 81st and 82nd, took part together. The service was attended by His Excellency the Governor, Sir Gerald Creasy, and the G.O.C.-in-Chief, Lieutenant-General Nicholson, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C.

We are sorry to lose S.S.M. Bond, who has left us for Nigeria Signal Squadron: what a sense of humour that man has, as inexhaustible as the club lager from the Accra Brewery. In his place we are glad to welcome S.S.M. Crouch, who has moved lock, stock and family from Freetown.

Our latest arrivals from the U.K. include Captain Beatt, Captain Norton and Lieutenant Prescot. Captain Beatt has left us for Nigeria Signal Squadron, while the other two Officers remained here and have become totally enmeshed in the cogs of Gold Coast Signal Squadron.

The order of the day now appears to be schemes, schemes and still more schemes, resulting in the premature ageing of our M.T.O., Lieutenant Prescot. We have had the Signal Platoons of both the 1st and 2nd Gold Coast Regiment temporarily attached to Trades Training Troop to delve into the mysteries of Signals, and judging by the results of several schemes, they have profited quite considerably.

JONAH

Sport. Association Football. The European season came to a close on 16th November, 1948, with the playing of the final of the Gold Coast District Knock-out Competition, the contestants being the Signal Squadron and District Pay Office. After a well-fought match before a large gathering, the Squadron emerged winners by two goals to nil, and Sergeant Stewart—who had played a real captain's part—not only in the final but throughout the competition—received the trophy from the District Commander, Brigadier G. B. S. Hindley, O.B.E.

A recent innovation has been the commencement of an Inter-Troop League of mixed European and A.O.R. teams. This has proved very popular and three matches a week are being fought out on the "Dust Bowl"—well remembered by ex-Squadron footballers, no doubt.

Hockey. The District League is well under way and the Squadron has collected 11 points from the six matches played to date. The highlight was the 3—0 defeat inflicted by the Squadron on West African School of Infantry and Education—the first defeat the School has suffered for three years. The return game against these doubting star-studded opponents may well decide the resting place of the trophy for the next 12 months. The Squadron side is skippered by Captain R. O. Edwards—Corps player for the past three years.

Territorial Army

Glasgow's New Lord Provost

Lieutenant-Colonel V. D. WARREN. M.R.E., T.D., Royal Signals. T.A.

Mr. Victor D. Warren, who was recently elected Lord Provost of Glasgow, is assistant regional manager for Scotland and Northern Ireland of Imperial Chemical Industries. Aged 45, he is one of the youngest men to hold the office of Lord Provost in Scotland.

He has represented the Park Ward in the Corporation since 1931, and was a magistrate from 1935 to 1938. For a period he was sub-convener of the Transport Committee.

With the Corporation he has followed a family tradition of social service, and is a former Deacon of the Incorporation of Gardeners and a former preses of the Weavers' Society of Anderston. Three years ago he unsuccessfully contested the Bridgeton Division of Glasgow in the Parliamentary by-election caused by the death of Mr. James Maxton.

Lord Provost Warren, who was educated at Kelvinside Academy, Warriston, and Rossall, has had a long association with the Territorial Army. He was awarded the M.B.E. (Military Division) in 1939, and he holds the Territorial Decoration. During the Second World War he commanded 15 Scottish Divisional Signals, and later 82 West African Divisional Signals, serving in West Africa, French Equatorial Africa and the Belgian Congo.

He was elected vice-chairman of the Progressive Party in 1935, and became chairman in 1946.

(Article and photograph by courtesy of the *Glasgow Herald*.)

Army Phantom Signal Regiment

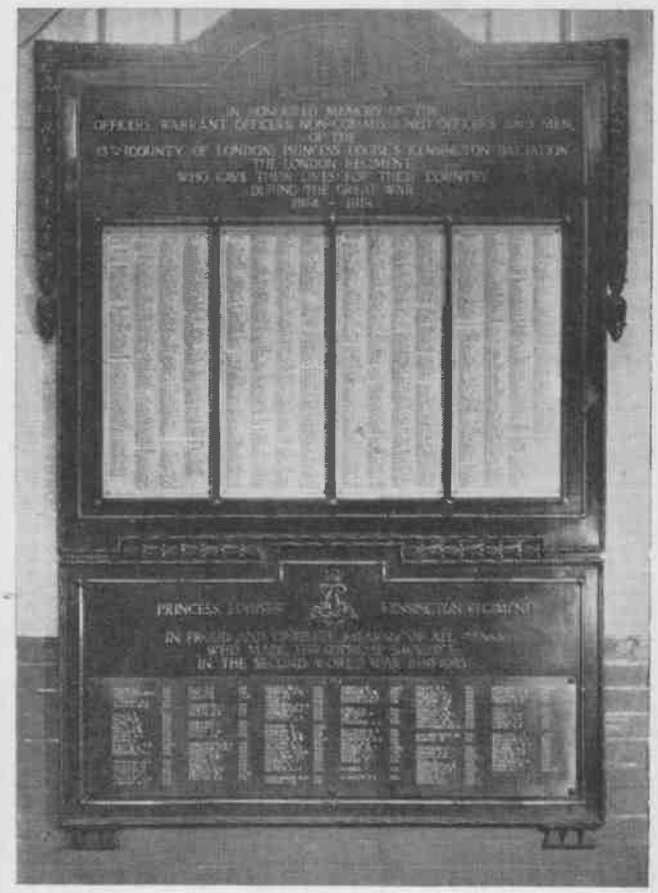
(The Princess Louise's Kensington Regiment)

We welcome to the Unit S.S.M. K. Hardwick, S.Q.M.S. W. E. Kendrick and Sergeant J. E. Williams, all Permanent Staff. S.S.M. W. C. M. Lloyd, who has been Superintendent Clerk for over two years, has departed for 4 Training Regiment. We wish him the best of luck in his new appointment.

The great event of the month was the visit of H.R.H. The Princess Royal, C.I., G.C.V.O., G.B.E., on Sunday, 8th May, at 3.30 p.m., to unveil the new War Memorial, 1939–1945, in the Drill Hall. The service was conducted by the Rev. G. A. B. Lee, R.A.Ch.D. The Band of the Irish Guards played throughout under their Director of Music, Lieutenant C. H. Jaeger, L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M.

Among those present were the Hon. Colonel, General Sir H. Colville Wemyss, K.C.B., K.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., and Lady Wemyss; the Colonel Commandant, Major-General C. W. Fladgate, C.B.E., and Mrs. Fladgate; the Director of Signals, Major-General W. A. Scott, C.B.E., and Mrs. Scott; Brigadier-General F. G. Lewis, C.B., C.M.G., T.D., D.L., and Mrs. Lewis; Brigadier R. H. R. Steward, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., A.D.C., and Mrs. Steward; the Mayor of Hammersmith, Alderman R. J. Buckingham, J.P., and the Mayoress; the Mayor of Kensington, Councillor J. H. Huxley, D.F.C., J.P., and the Mayoress; Colonel W. H. Godfrey, M.B.E., M.M., D.L., and Mrs. Godfrey; and Colonel M. Browne, M.C., D.L., Honorary Colonel The Middlesex Regiment.

Her Royal Highness, attended by Miss Gwennydd Lloyd and escorted by Major-General Fladgate, arrived at H.Q. at 3.25 p.m. and was met by the Mayor of Hammersmith and the Hon. Colonel. General Sir H. Colville Wemyss introduced her to the C.O., Lieutenant-Colonel R. Wasey, M.B.E., who escorted her to the Guard of Honour drawn up in the courtyard next to the Drill Hall. The Guard was mounted with the Colours and was commanded by Captain A. E. B. Foxwell.



The ceremony commenced at 3.30 p.m. It was attended by some of the relatives of the fallen, the Old Comrades' Association, and past and serving members of the Regiment. The lesson was read by the Commanding Officer, after which H.R.H. The Princess Royal dedicated and unveiled the memorial and placed a wreath at the foot of it.

An inspiring address was given by the Chaplain to the congregation, numbering about 550.

After the ceremony H.R.H. visited the Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess, where the relatives of the fallen were being entertained. H.R.H. insisted on speaking to all the relatives, a gracious act which was much appreciated by them. H.R.H. then visited the Officers' Mess and talked to a large number of those present.

51 (H) Infantry Divisional Signal Regiment, T.A.

Aberdeen

April

At the end of the month we carried our Officers' Training a little further with another weekend exercise. This time we based ourselves on the Panmure Arms Hotel, Edzell, and a very pleasant base it was, too. On the Saturday we performed the inevitable T.E.W.T., which involved the Division in an attack upon Edzell from the north, and on Sunday morning we carried out a wireless exercise. The latter was a little slow to start owing to alleged technical difficulties. However, the object of the exercise was duly carried out when two "sleuthful" spies in the form of Captain Ian Wotherspoon and R.S.M. Bennett were eventually hounded down outside Fettercairn just before lunch. It is perhaps unnecessary for me to report that there was a considerable amount of jollification in "the base" on Saturday evening. However, I feel bound to mention the poor wretched "Hoover," which did a considerable amount of overtime in the hands of an inexperienced "operator" during the early hours of the morning. The gentleman in question should be thankful that the matter is being taken no further than the pages of THE WIRE!

11 A.A. (M) Signal Regiment

London, S.W.3

30th April was a big day for us. During the afternoon we had the honour of being inspected by our Colonel-in-Chief, Her Royal Highness the Princess Royal. Her Royal Highness began by inspecting a representative Guard of Honour under the command of Major W. A. Guest, and then visited 23 Squadron at their technical training. The latter took the shape of a scheme with an A.A. Group Signal Office, and two A.A. Brigade Signal Offices working to one another. A W/T link was established with 44 (H.C.) Infantry Divisional Signal Regiment, T.A. Before leaving, Her Royal Highness took tea in the Officers' Mess. Other distinguished visitors included the G.O.C.-in-C. A.A. Command, Lieutenant-General Sir G. Ivor Thomas, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., M.C., the Representative Colonel Commandant, Major-General C. W. Fladgate, C.B.E., the G.O.C. 1 A.A. Group, Major-General G. W. E. Heath, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., the C.S.O., A.A. Command, Brigadier W. H. G. Rogers, C.B.E., the D.D., W.R.A.C., A.A. Command, Controller M. F. Coulshed, O.B.E., and our Honorary Colonel, Sir John Dalton.

The most excellent after dinner speeches

Brigadier W. H. G. Rogers, C.B.E., Colonel Sir John Dalton, Lieutenant-Colonel G. H. T. Shrimpton, T.D., and Brigadier G. C. Wickens, C.B., C.B.E., T.D., D.L.

We were delighted that so many from our out-stations at Chatham, Brentford and Norwich were able to be represented.

During the evening we held our Annual Dinner, which also served as the occasion for the presentation of Regimental trophies. We enjoyed listening to the most excellent after-dinner speeches by Brigadier W. H. G. Rogers, C.B.E., Colonel Sir John Dalton, Lieutenant-Colonel G. J. Morley Peel, M.B.E., T.D., and the Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel G. H. T. Shrimpton, T.D.

The 30th was marked by yet one other event — the announcement of Sergeant E. M. Colombo's engagement to Sergeant W. G. Rumsey. We wish them both the greatest happiness.

Lieutenant M. H. Seys Phillips was active throughout the day with his cine camera and we are looking forward to seeing his production on the screen at Camp.

TWO-O-SIX

13 A.A. (M) Signal Regiment, T.A.

Our notes open this month with a very enjoyable week spent at Catterick by our W.R.A.C./T.A. Officers, who attended 1 W.R.A.C. (T.A.) Officers' Refresher Course. They came back full of learning and bumps of knowledge almost visible through their latest hair styles. They were full of praise for the Officers' Mess, who filled them daily with "home-grown" eggs.

We have just said good-bye to our A.T.S. Adviser, Junior Commander I. D. Caris Carter, who has taken the plunge into civilian life, leaving to join her husband, Lieutenant Caris Carter, R.N., who is stationed in Ceylon. We were very sorry to see her go, and wish her every success. Junior Commander M. Milne has arrived to take over where Junior Commander Caris Carter left off; the Regiment extends her a warm welcome and trusts that her stay with us will be a happy one.

Training is gradually gaining momentum, and both the Glasgow and Edinburgh Squadrons are carrying out intensive training to prepare candidates for Trade Boards which will be held in June.

It seems the present "Order of the Day" for the Adjutant is brief case and conferences, due no doubt to the forthcoming Annual Camp, which is now a matter of the near future; draft training programmes, sports and social events being worked out by all and sundry.

15 A.A. (M) Signal Regiment, T.A.

Leeds *May*

This month we welcome back to the fold Junior Commander Mary Scott-Moreton (nee Wynn) after a somewhat lengthy honeymoon.

Other leave news is that the C.O., Lieutenant-Colonel H. L. B. Kealy, Royal Signals, has been touring the Dutch bulb fields. He arrived back in Leeds looking very fit, and we are now awaiting a "blitz" on the Unit gardens.

We are glad to report that the change-over to W.R.A.C., T.A., has been completed with a very small loss of personnel, which has already been made up by the new recruits which are still coming in steadily.

36 A.A. (M) Signal Squadron, T.A.

Newcastle-on-Tyne

The "WRACS." The highlight of recent happenings was the first public appearance of our "WRACs."

To Subalterns Audrey Laing, "Andy" Anderson and "Denny" Rochester, together with our P.S.I.s (Sergeants Askew and Ray) must be given much credit for producing such a well-trained body of girls for a first public appearance in the route march through the crowded streets of the city.

For weeks beforehand, and often at much personal inconvenience, they and the girls turned out on Sunday mornings for rehearsal and training. And the result? Not only the congratulations of high ranking officers, but the lassies themselves have accomplished more than all the "Come and join us" posters put together, and each drill night a number of recruits.

An exhibition of T.A. equipment followed the recruiting march, and here again our girls were to the fore in demonstrating the working equipment. (That the R.A.F. Regiment Band showed interest in teleprinters had nothing to do with it, had it, girls?)

It is with much regret that we say farewell to a few of the old stalwarts who for personal and domestic reasons felt unable to accept the new terms applicable to the W.R.A.C. To them we offer thanks for all their good work. *Au revoir* and good luck. We shall always be glad to see you again, girls.

The Males. Although the girls have captured the limelight, our boys have been around and about, too. If one may use an Irisher, who are more to the fore in the background than S.Q.M.S. Walker, Sergeants Phillips, McLennan, McEvoy, Corporals Robson, Smoult and Flinn in giving their wide experience in fitting up the Signal Office and A.A.O.R., not forgetting the wireless hut.

Camp is the topic of the moment. Strangely enough, Langham is still spoken of with nostalgia. Well, well! But just in case (and other Squadrons please note) we hope to arrange some organised entertainment. Now is the time for all you singers, jugglers, three-card tricksters, Pavlovas and strong men to have your acts ready for Sergeant McEvoy. You know what he is. It will be easier to submit voluntarily, for he will not take "No."

SOLUTION CROSSWORD PUZZLE NO. 10

ACROSS.—1, Officiousness. 10, Amidst the arches. 11, To hide. 12, Astounds. 13, Sly. 14, Emu. 17, Isle. 18, Strings. 19, Ogle. 20, Mat. 22, Who. 24, Daylight. 25, Anglia. 27, Educate one pupil. 28, Ostensibility.

DOWN.—2, Faithfully yours. 3, Inside. 4, Iota. 5, Uneasy. 6, Narrow. 7, So handsomely put. 8, Can the soldier. 9, Is essentially. 12, Alright. 15, A.T.S. 21, Binate. 22, Wheels. 23, Any pal. 26, Knob.

[*Press Photos, Taunton*

43 (Wessex) Infantry Divisional Signal Regiment, T.A.

Taunton

May

R.H.Q. April has been a very gay month. On 10th April we had the Annual Officers' Dinner at Taunton. No mention will be made of the menu, as restrictions are still in force (we are informed). The guests included Major-General C. F. C. Coleman, C.B.E., D.S.O., G.O.C. 43 (Wessex) Infantry Division, T.A.; Brigadier B. B. Kennett, C.B.E., C.S.O. Southern Command; Colonel A. W. Roberts, General Secretary, Royal Signals Association (and one time T.A. Adjutant of this Unit); Colonel C. E. L. Lewin-Harris, Secretary, Somerset Territorial and Auxiliary Forces Association; Lieutenant-Colonel M. Trethowan, C.R. Signals of the Unit during the war; Lieutenant-Colonel D. Goldsmith, O.C. 63 H.Q. L. of C. Signal Regiment, T.A.; Major B. Hayles, G.II, C.S.O.'s Branch; Major P. Burke, S.O. Signals, South-Western District. Unit officers attending included Lieutenant-Colonel W. F. B. Nott, C.R. Signals; Major L. E. O. Evans, T.D., O.C. 3 Squadron; Major G. S. Dalton, O.C. 1 Squadron; Major F. Bastin, O.C. 2 Squadron; Major F. F. West, M.M., T.D., Quartermaster; Captain F. Turton, O.C. H.Q. Squadron; Captain J. C. Clinch, Adjutant; Captain J. N. Carleton-Stiff, 3 Squadron; Captain W. J. Grimes, 3 Squadron; Captain H. G. Golding, 3 Squadron; Lieutenant J. C. Stewart, 1 Squadron; Lieutenant D. F. C. Ede, 1 Squadron; and many others.

The evening went normally until after midnight, when a game of rugger developed—the cushion did not last long and soon officers were seen in white patrols gasping for breath in an almost solid atmosphere.

The following day we all attended a T.E.W.T. organised by the C.S.O. and his staff. A cup of coffee was available before the T.E.W.T. began and very soon the aftermath of the previous evening had gone.

The T.E.W.T. was of the greatest value to us all—the final problem caused many differences of opinion to be aired—even amongst syndicates!

On Friday, 22nd April, we had our great Annual Officers' Ball. This ball is now firmly fixed as the best party held in Somerset—and with hunt balls that is no mean reputation. We were lucky to have General Sir John Harding, G.O.C.-in-Chief, Southern Command, as our guest of honour. Our photograph includes Major-General R. Evans, C.B., M.C., Chairman, Somerset Territorial and Auxiliary Forces Association; Major-General C. F. C. Coleman, G.O.C. 43 (Wessex) Infantry Division, T.A.; Brigadier Hawkins, Commanding 130 Brigade; Air Vice-Marshal Capel, and Mr. Victor Collins, M.P.

George Crow and his Blue Mariners, together with the Band of the Somerset Light Infantry, provided the music for the evening.

1 SQUADRON, EXETER, DEVON. It has been some little while since this Squadron has given you any news of its activities; we are now going to try to amend this lapse.

The vogue with this Squadron now is Exercises, after "Pronto" (of which you should have read about in April issue of THE WIRE), came "Snafu." This was purely a Wireless Exercise and approximately 20 of the Squadron's personnel turned out for this canter across the moors. This exercise gave us an opportunity of working for the first time closely with our new Wireless Officer, Lieutenant D. J. Harland. The morning started off grim, but after lunch and a few drinks (?) the show turned out quite well, and by evening all sets were working normally and at top speed.

The following weekend came the Exercise "Dodo"; for this we combined with 3 Squadron. Sunny Devon lived up to its name during the show, raining every minute until the exercise finished. Our linemen are getting used to working under adverse conditions, and again they did very good work in laying cable in good time. The Signal Office on this scheme proved normal—all N.B.G.—and our D.R.s, all one of them worked quite well. The main feature of this exercise was the excellent work of our Q.M., Major F. F. West. No faults were found here—"Nap" was right when he said: "An army marches on its tummy"—or something. Our two "hogs," Sergeant Pauley and Corporal Stevens, had to confess they ate too much.

While I am writing these notes members of the Squadron are working preparing for our latest Exercise, " Night Cap." This is being carried out under the worse conditions—lack of transport—and a blow to this Squadron is the loss of the T.E.V. Still, a good turn-out is expected, and I will let you know next month how we managed to win the war!

Sport. We feel very pleased here at Exeter at the moment; of the two cups put up for competition (running and football), this Squadron holds both. The former was won at Camp last year and the latter was won on 24th April, 1949. In the Football Cup we started by playing No. 3 Squadron here at Exeter. This match proved a very exciting game; both sides were below strength owing to the game taking place on a Saturday and league matches taking some of the players. Torquay won the toss and Exeter kicked-off. Play was fairly even until Torquay, with a breakaway, scored the first goal. We replied shortly after, and then each side scored once more before half-time. The second half started with a rush, our centre-forward getting the ball from the kick-off. A quick pass to the inside-right, who passed to the right-half, and from there back to the centre-forward, who had the ball in the net. This goal seemed to upset Torquay, who fell to pieces, the final score being: Exeter 8, Torquay 2.

The cup final, Exeter v. Bridgwater, was played at Sherford Camp, Taunton. We were in gay spirits on leaving Exeter, our wagon decorated with the Squadron's colours and each supporter with either an handbell or rattle. By the time we reached the Camp most of us were feeling the strain. This match proved a very hard struggle and, although we scored the first goal, we were never on top of the game. Half-time score: 1—0. Early in the second half Bridgwater scored, and towards the end of the game it looked like a drawn match. Then came the real blow for Bridgwater—a penalty in the last five minutes. Our P.S.I., S.S.M. Taylor, made no mistake, and so the cup came to Exeter. Hard luck, Bridgwater, but we will give you a chance at Camp and then, we hope, show you our real team in action. On the way home our O.C. filled the cup with plenty of beer, and so ended a good day's trip.

MAC

2 SQUADRON, BRIDGWATER, SOMERSET. A hearty welcome is extended to Lieutenant S. J. Drew, Signalmen C. Jackett, L. A. James and R. Tout, who have recently been finally approved and have joined our Squadron.

The T.A. Centre has had a badly needed painting, and now looks quite smart. Other minor improvements have also been done, which helps considerably to the smooth running of the Squadron.

The annual Trade Board is due to take place at Exeter next month and we are hoping to have some upgradings.

In the preliminary shoot for the China Cup Competition we were represented by Signalmen Luke, Wookey, Parker and Slater. They put up a creditable performance against strong Infantry opposition and, although not qualifying, the Bren Gun Team were warmly congratulated by the C.S.O. on their accurate shooting.

The final round of the Inter-Unit Cup Football Competition was played at Taunton. We met 1 Squadron, who defeated us 2—1. It was a good game and we hope to get our revenge next season.

The R.E.M.E. Inspectorate team have just completed our Annual M.T. Inspection, and although we have not yet reached perfection, at least we feel confident that the hard work and perseverance of the Drivers and N.C.O.s will be reflected in our report.

50 (N) Infantry Divisional Signal Regiment, T.A.

Darlington

This past month has provided two more examples of outstanding co-operation from our regular brethren. On 20th March, 1949, Colonel Gardiner and the Instructors of the N.S.O.T.W. at Catterick devoted their Sunday morning to showing our officers what goes on and what standard of training may be expected of the junior officers who will join us in due course under the National Service Scheme. Other T.A. Units will be interested to know that this was a most heartening experience and a good augury for the future. The pleasant nature of the visit and the accompanying hospitality go almost without saying, but were greatly appreciated.

On 8th April, 1949, the present and past officers of the Unit launched out on a Regimental Ball at Darlington, and the success of the evening was largely contributed to by the Dance Section of the Corps Band, who were really first-class. Both their playing and their turn out were subjects of exceedingly favourable comment from the 200 guests present. An old Drill Hall (pardon me, a T.A. Centre) is not the ideal location for a ball, but the transformation wrought by Major Lee and his helpers (in which the Permanent Staff played a leading part) had to be seen to be believed. The guests, who included the G.O.C. Northumbrian District and 50 (N) Division, Major-General C. F. Loewen, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., and Mrs. Loewen, were received by the C.O., Lieutenant-Colonel R. M. Percival, T.D., and Mrs. Percival, and by the Honorary Colonel, Brigadier T. T. J. Sheffield, O.B.E., T.D., A.D.C., and Mrs. Sheffield, and a feature of the occasion was the attendance of all C.O.s from 1926 onwards, except for a period of 18 months during the war. Dinner followed cocktails, and dancing followed thereafter, so that it will be seen that we really did go to town.

Since our last notes we have changed Adjutants, and we welcome Captain F. F. Ellis, M.B.E., from B.A.O.R., who has the good fortune to possess some T.A. experience which will save him from much of the shock of our insular habits and outlook. We try to make our Adjuants happy, and the prospect looks favourable in this case. All the same it is with real regret that we have said goodbye to Captain T. B. McVicker, who joined us as a Y.O. almost directly from the Shop in the early part of the war, and remained with us until he became a guest of Rommel. It was a matter for congratulation that an ex member of the Unit should be selected as its first post war Adjutant, and he has done a grand job in rebuilding the foundations. All ranks wish him the best of luck wherever it may be that he gets to in the Middle East.

At Gateshead on 2nd April, 1949, Sergeant Stan Hardy

took the plunge, after holding the "Bibis" at bay all these years. (He'll miss his beer now.) It is reported that "Hari Ram" and "Maun Singh" are broken hearted at receipt of the news. (Ex-Wazirdistites please note.) We wish him every happiness and hope all his troubles will be little ones. The Squadron are running a very successful concert party consisting of members and wives. Stage manager, director and producer is P.S.I. "Badgy" Hicks. The party have already given a number of successful shows to clubs, hospitals, etc., and hope to provide entertainment to the locals at Otley, near Harrogate, during the forthcoming Annual Camp. Perhaps on this occasion we will see "Badgy's" finale to "The Sergeant-Major's Goodnight to the N.A.A.F.I. Girl."

At Middlesbrough, 2 Squadron held their last recruiting week of the present campaign by a parade and march past of troops and vehicles. After being inspected by Brigadier R. M. Villiers, D.S.O., Deputy Commander 50 (N) Infantry Division, T.A., the parade of tanks, armoured vehicles, L.C.V.s, motor cyclists, etc., moved off from its assembly area outside the Cleveland Speedway Track to the Town Hall, where the salute was taken by his Worship the Mayor of Middlesbrough. 2 Squadron's detachment was commanded by Major G. R. Thompson, Royal Signals.

The "Three Musketeers," Lance-Corporal Phillips, Signalman Brown and D. Millington, and representatives from 1 Squadron, took part in the 50 (N) Infantry Division and Northumbrian District Motor Cycle Rellability Trials on 8th May, 1949, but returned with B.S.A.s and wet feet—but without the coveted trophy. Better luck next time.

KHASSADAR

1/20 (South Midland) Army Signal Regiment, T.A.

Birmingham

If I were sensitive I might be rather scared of writing to you this month. It seemed pretty clear at the Branch Secretaries' meeting in London that many of the real readers of THE WIRE are not interested in the adventures of obscure members of Units. They don't care if "Ginger" put the soot in the Sergeant-Major's tea. Some of these readers are serious types. Quiet, serious, studious blokes from Glasgow and Aberdeen. They want real articles, some technical and others written so that you and I can understand them. Just for pig-iron, I disagree with them. Life would be very dull if everybody agreed with everyone else. There are many people, including wives, who are intensely interested for example in the news that Mrs. Whatsname has been blessed with yet another one. Such news only takes up a small space. If it only interests a few people, what the heck.

Do you want to know anything about 1/20 Army Signal Regiment, T.A.? You don't? Well, I'm going to tell you. See? In the first place, I never really believed that we should go to Marske-on-Sea for our annual camp. If there was anything in the second place I've forgotten what it was. So now we shall go to Blacon Camp, Chester, from 23rd July to 6th August. An excellent idea. I know the place very well. Now. The Adjutant and I went to have a look at it last week. Six people in Chester directed us, and all assured us that we couldn't miss it. Little did they realise that they were talking to people who can do almost anything. Missing Blacon Camp was child's play to us. In just under an hour we covered the three or four miles to Camp in the SS Jaguar. This journey, I may say, included the surrounding country north, south, east, and probably west. There was no sun. We met a very technical officer in the Mess who turned out to be Major G. R. Bishop. He took one look at us, said a few words in Hindustani, and ordered two more pints. Keeping him company was Mr. Victor Luck, an old friend of Bulford days. Vic is connected in some way with a brewery, though in what capacity became increasingly obscure as time went on. To be continued if not forcibly restrained.

Very soon after you have the great good fortune to be reading these notes, this Regiment will be holding its Annual Church Parade. Sunday, 26th May, is the date, and the Drill Hall, Cateswell House, Hall Green, the rendezvous. If you haven't already advised us that you are coming you will still be welcome. You can take a chance on the tea. Oh, sure, there is a tea party as well. This being the last Sunday in the month, the usual concert will be held in the Drill Hall later in the evening.

Recruits to the Regiment are still coming in. Very good types, too. The two Beam Wireless Trailers A.10 are creating a great deal of interest. Personally I am more at home with a No. 1 Set or a Telephone D.III. I can only stare at these awesome A.10 things and feel great admiration for the people who appear to know what they are doing with them. I feel the same way about people who give up smoking—click—just like that.

I've got it worked out that if I had given up smoking right after the war I should now be able to buy a car. Though not the one I saw advertised in the *Birmingham Mail* a couple of weeks ago. Hillman Minx, late 1947, excellent. cond., etc., £7,000. I don't believe in throwing money about like that.

Well, I am glad I've been able to tell you about 1/20 Army Signal Regiment, T.A., but let me say right here—and just over there as well for that matter—I really haven't the time for this sort of thing.

I would much rather write you a very technical article, illustrated with diagrams, graphs and little howdedos. As Pope so foolishly said: "Amusement is the happiness of those who cannot think." That amuses me. I can't think why.

BARLEUX

22 Corps Signal Regiment, T.A.

Liverpool

We are hanging our heads in shame at allowing ourselves to be beaten by our affiliated Cadet Unit in having photographs of our T.A. Centre published in THE WIRE, but as we are proud of our hall, and would like to "show it off," perhaps we may be permitted to have one or two more photographs of it published in a later issue. Many thanks to the Cadets for helping us to show what fine quarters we are fortunate enough to possess.

May we take this opportunity of greeting our new Adjutant, Captain H. A. Leece, whom we all hope will have a pleasant and enjoyable time whilst he is with us. Captain Leece came to us from War Office A.G.11; prior to that he served in Italy and Austria.

Our former Adjutant, Captain L. J. Brunnen, should by this time have arrived in West Africa, and we hope is comfortably settled down in his new Unit.

Thank you very much for your gift to the Mess of a tankard. It has already been christened, and will no doubt be in considerable use in the future.

2 Squadron, commanded by Captain K. D. Patterson, is trying very hard to become known as the best Squadron in the Unit. Captain Patterson is quite an old member of this Unit, old not in age but old in so far as he joined this Unit early in 1939, when it was known as 55 Divisional Signals, T.A. During the war he served in the Western Desert Force Signals, in Greece and Iraq, and in India and Burma with 33 Corps Signals.

Contributing not a little to the efforts of 2 Squadron are the two members of the Permanent Staff. They are Sergeants

Turvey and Hiscott. 2 Squadron has some good signalmen, both operators and D.R.s, men who are keen and turn out regularly on Sunday schemes, which are held every fortnight.

We are holding our annual Trade Board at the end of the month, and are hoping to see some good results as the successful conclusion to the winter training that has now been completed.

Annual Camp this year is being held at Kinmel Park during the last fortnight in June. A preliminary recce has already been carried out, and provided the weather holds good, our fortnight under canvas should be of great benefit to everyone.

61 H.Q. Army Signal Regiment. T.A.

Bedford

Inspection by the Honorary Colonel. 3rd May saw a very pleasant ceremony at Bedford when the Honorary Colonel of the Regiment, Colonel R. P. A. Helps, O.B.E., M.C., inspected a parade comprising R.H.Q., 1 Squadron, 3 Squadron, 162 Independent Infantry Brigade Signal Squadron and a contingent of 54 Signal Squadron, W.R.A.C. After the inspection, Colonel Helps addressed the parade and said that although we lacked quantity we certainly did not lack quality, and stressed the need for first-class instructors for the intake of National Service men, the first of which was due next year.

After the ceremony the parade, together with a gallery full of spectators, adjourned to the Social Club for a "get together." The ladies of the Regiment had certainly "gone to town" by supplying an abundance of tempting cakes and tasty sandwiches, and Signalman George Deverick supplying a steady stream of liquid refreshment.

Women "Terriers" Sworn In. In view of the change in title of the A.T.S. to W.R.A.C., seven women Territorials paraded at the T.A. Centre on Tuesday, 19th April, and officially took the oath and signed on for a period of four years. Lieutenant-Colonel F. M. Greaves, who conducted the ceremony, said it was an historic occasion, being the first time the swearing in of members of the Women's Royal Army Corps had taken place in Bedford. He reminded them that as members of the W.R.A.C. they were on exactly the same basis as any serving soldiers in any branch of the British Army. Colonel Greaves was accompanied by Junior Commander E. B. M. Smith. The seven members were Privates E. E. R. Jefferies, M. J. Hazelton, S. M. Hazelton, H. M. Izzard, J. E. H. Hartop, E. M. Cook and C. M. Smith.

Regimental Weekend. A Regimental weekend Camp was held at Waterbeach Aerodrome on 6th/7th May. This proved highly successful from a training point of view and highly amusing from a social aspect. The best story of initiative, I feel, is the following:

One of our D.R.s of the name Cowpar (Signalman), having nothing in particular to do after parades on Saturday evening, wended his way from Waterbeach Aerodrome to Cambridge, complete with crash helmet, arm bands and goggles. Later in the evening, when good men are wont to retire, Signalman Cowpar caught a bus back to the Aerodrome, but, alas, the bus went to Oakington Aerodrome. He wandered round Oakington Aerodrome looking for his billet and eventually decided that he was in the wrong district, and on inquiry was told that the last train for Waterbeach left Oakington in an hour's time, and so he wearily wended his way to the station. At the station, however, he saw two tight "Blue Jobs" also going to Waterbeach, so he talked them into taking a taxi and, of course, went with them. Well done, "C"!

In the Barrack Room the usual apple pie bed larks took place, but one incident caused some speculation. A D.R., on awakening on Sunday morning, withdrew from his bed a large plank full of nails which someone had placed there the night before. Asked why he didn't remove them the previous night, he replied: "Oh, I thought it was all part of the hard training." We feel sure that he will make a good fakir.

The officers were well entertained in the R.A.F. Mess. One interesting phenomenon seen was the C.O. drinking from a large silver bowl. It appears if one orders a Guinness in that Mess one gets a very large one in the aforementioned silver bowl.

2/20 Army Signal Regiment. T.A.

Wanstead

May

We are now busily preparing ourselves for camp, the venue for which has been changed from Walton-on-Naze to Landguard, near Felixstowe.

Recruits are coming in slowly—too slowly, of course—but still the right type, and good fellows.

We have had one or two staff changes—P.S.I. Sergeant Heal left us last month (we understand for FARELF) and we have been joined by Sergeant R. Kennedy (ex West Africa) and Sergeant R. J. Nicholas (ex M.E.L.F.). We are pleased to have them with us.

On 21st April we held a full parade in support of attestation of our ex A.T.S. into the W.R.A.C. Fourteen members of 54 Signal Squadron, W.R.A.C., were sworn in by Lieutenant-Colonel J. L. Lilley, T.D., attended by the Company Commander, Junior Commander E. M. B. Smith, and by Subaltern Olive Saward. We all felt privileged to be with them at this time.

Our sports section hopes to increase its activities, and will be pleased to accept challenges at any known sport—indoor or outdoor. We had hoped to run a boxing team a few weeks ago, but most of our opponents defaulted. We still can't decide who were the luckier. We are not very strong, really, but we are most anxious to make contacts and would welcome any "gauntlet throwing."

[*Photo by Express & Independent Newspapers, Ltd., Leytonstone*

Private Myatt, 434 Tele. Op. Troop, 54 Signal Squadron, W.R.A.C. (T.A.), signing attestation papers

Branch Notes

Birmingham

It was a pleasant treat for me to accompany Captain Ralph Ironmonger to the Branch Secretaries' meeting at the Duke of York's Headquarters on Friday, 29th April. We travelled down—I beg your pardon—we travelled up to town with Mr. Les Robson, who was on affairs of his own. Long before we came to the end of our gossip and scandal the train slid into Paddington. Any other time we should have been complaining about the tardiness of modern railways.

The meeting started promptly at 11 a.m. and I was at once depressed to learn that it was the third meeting since the war. The things I miss. Major-General G. G. Rawson, C.B., O.B.E., M.C., presided. How often we saw that familiar signature on War Office paper in the old days. I am no shorthand typist, so I do not propose to give you a report on the business. I observed a very efficient young lady handling that work, but whether for publication or not I can't say. Major-General C. W. Fladgate, C.B.E., Major-General R. F. B. Naylor, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., and Major-General W. A. Scott, C.B.E., were present, which shows that this was no ordinary parade. Your old friend Colonel A. W. Roberts, M.C., was there in his capacity as General Secretary. Most of us were able to bring ourselves very much up to date with news of friends all over the country.

Various odd items emerged from the talks, such as the number of branches now in existence. There are forty-five. Did you know?

Lieut.-Colonel R. J. Moberley, O.B.E., 1 Training Regiment, Catterick, tells us that there will probably be no objection to a limited number of A.T.S. (ex Signals) accompanying parties to the Reunion at Catterick on 16th/17th July. Don't turn up without advance warning though, girls.

It may not be hot news to you, but it is becoming clear that unless THE WIRE sells a lot more copies—and I mean a lot more—publication of this magazine will come to an end. There is no point in lamenting the sorry state of affairs here, because if you are reading this—and somehow I think you must be—you are a supporter. But YOU can get at the people who don't read THE WIRE.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Royal has graciously consented to unveil the Memorial Stone at Mercury House, Bournemouth, on 18th July. If you live in that part of the world you may like to make a note of the date. Brigadier W. C. V. Galwey, O.B.E., M.C., would have been with us at the meeting but has had to spend a few days in hospital. Happily nothing to cause alarm. The Assistant Secretary (Welfare) is Miss Measures. I knew she was going to tell us about the welfare work at Headquarters, and had been waiting for this moment. Miss Measures need not have worried about addressing a gathering of old soldiers. She acquitted herself nobly and had us all interested. I was sorry when she stopped. I like listening to Miss Measures for two reasons. One is that she knows what she is talking about. I liked looking at her, too. Uncle Ralph: What about the other reason? Me: Let's get on to the part where we all go into lunch. Eh? An excellent lunch it was, too, and much appreciated by us country cousins. The afternoon session ended at about 4 p.m. Captain E. A. Brooks (Uncle Alf) met us at Paddington for a quick one before we caught our Birmingham train.

After all I have said in these notes about the monthly meeting of the Birmingham Branch being held on the last Thursday in the month, someone ups and tells his friends that it is the third Thursday. Let me out of here! The Crown Hotel, Broad Street, on the LAST Thursday in the month. Do try to remember. As for the meeting on April 28th, if I just say that it was not too well attended perhaps that will do. After all, there are only 945 members of this Branch.

Now if you wanted me to tell you some more about Assistant Secretaries (Welfare), why then I—

Uncles Ralph and Alf (in unison): Nark it!

Me: What a ghastly expression.

BARLEUX

Bournemouth

My apologies for last month's lapse—just couldn't be helped, fellers.

We are delighted to know that H.R.H. The Princess Royal is visiting Bournemouth in July to open Mercury House officially. This news was one of the highlights of our Annual Dinner and it set the seal on a very successful evening.

As usual with such affairs, a minor hitch developed. Two distinguished guests had to move their cars to an authorised parking place before we could settle down, and then we nearly had a barrel of "draught" on our hands. This latter may sound a bit odd but, you see, last year there were a number of moans over the price of bottled beer so, with a bit of coaxing, we arranged for draught to be available and, believe it or not, halfway through the evening it had hardly been touched! All committeemen and secretaries will recognise in this the inevitable headache which is an occupational disease with their kind.

On the pleasant side of the evening, we were very pleased to have with us our Mayor, Alderman J. W. Moore, J.P., and his charming Mayoress. We, in common with the other Ex-Service Associations of the Borough, greatly appreciate the active interest they have always shown in our welfare. Their support has never been lacking. In responding to the toast of "The County Borough of Bournemouth," the Mayor said that the Bournemouth War Memorial Homes scheme was well under way, and that many of the 50 houses promised were already occupied. Funds had reached £64,000 and were still coming in.

Brigadier B. B. Kennett, C.B.E., C.S.O. Southern Command, told us of the position of the Corps in the present Army set-up and delighted us with first-hand news of the many sporting successes that have come Jimmy's way recently. Responding to the toast of "The Association," Colonel Roberts gave us a very moving account of the struggles they have at H.Q. He was somewhat off the rails when he said that he had not met any of us previously, for it was brought to his notice by Mr. Hollis, in proposing "Our Guests," that on the last occasion on which Colonel Roberts had met our Secretary he had given him seven of the best!

Maisie Pennefather was taken out of her stride by finding herself eulogised by Speedy and then being asked to accept a small going-away gift from the Branch members as some small token of our affection. By this time she is knee deep in nylons, so cross her phone number off your list, lads.

Major F. V. Merchant came over from his island fastness to be with us, and he was so busy selling raffie tickets that we had no time to grip him about his boy-service.

The junior Worsfolds supplied background music to the nattering and "I remembers," and stayed the course very well indeed, stoutly denying that they needed a rest. Thanks a lot, youngsters.

The summer is rolling on and once again we say to all intending visitors to Mercury House, do come along and join us in our meetings. We need all the darts practice we can get, as next winter we shall be members of the newly-formed Ex-Service Associations Darts League. Our form has improved somewhat, as our old friends from Lulworth

failed to beat us in straight legs the other week. They blamed the crisps with which we filled them, but we didn't think it necessary to tell them to open the bags first—I mean to say . . .

KELB

Bath

In this, our first contribution to THE WIRE, we must, we are afraid, be brief. In reaching this decision we are, of course, conscious that the unostentatious entry is often the most impressive, but we are, it must be admitted, even more strongly compelled by the absence, so far, of any local gossip of more than local interest.

The Branch has sprung from informal monthly meetings of members of the Bristol Branch who lived in Bath and found it impossible to get across to Bristol for meetings at the " Old Duke." Finding that the idea of a local Branch received considerable support, both in Bath and from the Bristol Branch (who have been most helpful and sympathetic throughout), approval was sought and obtained for its formation. We are now 40 strong in this the third month of our existence.

Our Chairman is Major E. F. Hedger (formerly of Air Formation Signals and, until recently, Vice-Chairman of the Bristol Branch) and the Vice-Chairman is Mr. A. T. Roberts, who was well known in Army hockey circles before the war and who is now a member of the Civil Service team. Major D. G. Foot (of 56 Hansford Square, Bath) was recently elected Hon. Secretary at an extraordinary general meeting, *vice* Mr. F. Russell, who had to resign suddenly, and Mr. S. D. L. Shore, a man of committees, a member of the T.A. and of the Bath Operatic and Dramatic Society, somehow manages to find time also to act as Branch Treasurer.

The Committee is completed by Major T. J. Gray, who, it is understood, is still to be encountered, in a purely private capacity, on the 10 metre band, Mr. E. S. Cleverley (lately of 11 L. of C. Signals and 1st Army Signals), and Mr. W. E. G. Evans, who witnessed the formation of the Corps from the vantage point of the R.E. Signals.

We meet on the second Wednesday in each month at 7.30 p.m. in the British Legion Club, 15 Queen Square, Bath, and extend a cordial welcome to visitors from other branches and to any former or serving members of the Corps or former members of the R.E. Signals living in and near Bath.

25 INDIAN DIVISIONAL SIGNALS REUNION

THE first annual reunion of the officers of 25 Indian Divisional Signals took the form of a cocktail party at the Hyde Park Hotel on Saturday evening, 30th April.

25 Indian Divisional Signals was raised, with its parent Division, at Salem, in Southern India, in 1942, and was composed completely of war-time soldiers with the exception of the C.O. and about half a dozen other ranks (British and Indian).

The Division trained, in the Salem–Madras area, with 19th Indian Infantry Division until February, 1944, when it moved into Maungdaw area in the Arakan to take over positions previously held by 36th British, 7th and 26th Indian Divisions, all of whom were withdrawn from that area.

After the 1944 monsoon had spent itself the " push " southwards began, and Akyab, Myebon, Ru-y-Wa and Tamandu fell in quick succession.

With Tamandu cleared, the role of the Division in the Arakan was finished. Further operations were in the hands of 82nd (W.A.) Division, and 25th Indian Division was withdrawn to India at the end of March, 1945, to train and re-equip for the large scale operations in Malaya later in the year. At that time, of course, no indication of the future role was forthcoming, but it was known that the Division would be required for operations at a later date.

The year spent in the Arakan provided a host of Signal problems. Improvisation was an essential part of training, and when the Division was withdrawn to India a team had been built up which was the equal of any other Divisional Signals. In particular, the spirit of comradeship between British and Indian ranks was most marked, and this spirit did much towards producing the homogeneous team that was finally built up.

Finally the 25th Indian Division was detailed to lead the way into Malaya, an order which was never put into practical operation because, as everyone knows, the Jap did not wait to greet the " Ace of Spades," and everyone settled down for a bit to the quiet task of occupation and military government. Finally the Divisional Signals, the last Unit to do so, disbanded in 1946.

All these and many other memories passed through the minds of the officers, serving and otherwise, who gathered together on that Saturday night to revive the Divisional Signals spirit and to keep it alive in years to come. Many had not seen one another since the " good old Arakan days," many had never met before, but all felt that the spirit which enabled 25 Indian Divisional Signals to remain " through " even in the hardest of times still lived and would continue to do so.

Towards the end of the evening the toasts of " 25 Indian Divisional Signals coupled with the name of Major-General H. L. Davies, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C." (their first Divisional Commander) and " The C.O." were drunk to by all.

Lieutenant-Colonel J. N. Barker, O.B.E., Royal Signals, second of two C.O.s to command the Unit, was unavoidably absent.

Those present were Major-General H. L. Davies, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., Lieutenant-Colonel A. M. W. Whistler, Captains W. D. S. Renton, J. C. L. Reid, D. A. Bond, Royal Signals, and Messrs. G. F. Hirst, L. Hanson, K. H. Renton, G. R. Nicholls, R. Findlay, R. Toomey, D. Hall, A. Stych, D. Williams, R. Cavill, D. Lewis, L. Howarth, B. Turner, D. Schofield.

Royal Signals Regain Lambert Trophy

Royal Signals (Catterick) won the Lambert Trophy on Saturday, 14th May, in the triangular athletic contest held at the Catterick Stadium.

The contest was inaugurated in 1927 when Sir Arthur Lambert presented the trophy to Durham University to be competed for at a triangular meeting between the Durham University A.C., Northumberland and Durham A.C., and Royal Signals A.C. The first and only time prior to 1949 that a Corps Representative Team won this contest was in 1939.

The final results on 14th May, 1949, were:

Royal Signals (Catterick)	... ...	54 points
Durham University A.C.	... ...	52 „
Northumberland and Durham A.C.		48 „

The trophy was presented to the winners by Brigadier W. C. V. Galwey, O.B.E., M.C.

Have you notified your latest address for Corps Publications to the General Secretary, Royal Signals Association, 88 Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1 ?

SPORTS NOTES

1 TRAINING REGIMENT WINS CUP

A crowd of 1,500, which included Major-General R. T. O. Cary, G.O.C. Catterick District, saw 1 Training Regiment beat 6th Royal Tank Regiment in the final of the Northern Command Football Association Soccer Cup Competition at Catterick on 27th April by 3—1.

A fairly strong breeze gave a slight advantage to 1 Training Regiment in the first half, but through the resolute tackling of 6th R.T.R., little or no benefit could be obtained from it. Neilson was soon conspicuous with clever passing, sending McCready away on the wing. Through one of his passes McCready, in trying to get the ball across, forced a corner, from which Gardner scored with a magnificent header into the corner of the net. This was after 25 minutes of rather scrappy football.

Royal Signals' second goal came a few minutes before the interval. Inter-changing by McCready and Gardner opened up the backs to such an extent that, with his superior speed, McCready slipped through and scored with a right-footed drive which had the opposing goalkeeper beaten all the way.

After the interval, against an increasingly stronger wind, it was all Royal Signals defence could do to keep the ball out of the penalty area. For the first five minutes Duddridge was stopping shots from all angles, but the pressure exerted by the opposing forwards was too great even for the gallant Duddridge, and after six minutes 6th R.T.R. centre-forward crashed home a goal to reduce the arrears. For a spell 6th R.T.R. were completely dominant, all their forwards taking turns to send in hard drives, the majority of which sailed over the Royal Signals crossbar. After getting 6th R.T.R. forwards subdued, the game was taken into their half by more precise play and Neilson got scope enough to manœuvre the defence out of position.

From one of his astute passes, Gardner collected the ball, beat the oncoming full-back, and slammed home an unstoppable shot after 85 minutes to make the score 3—1. Royal Signals were now clearly the masters, but their opponents kept the game alive with some pretty dribbling moves.

In the closing stages of the game Glanfield, Hopkins and Dean stood firm under attack and also found time to give their own forwards valuable assistance.

Staff-Sergeant Gough led the victors to the front of the stand for the award of the cup, which was presented by Major-General R. T. O. Cary, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., Commanding Catterick District.

Staff-Sergeant Gough receiving the cup from the District Commander, Major-General R. T. O. Cary

1 Training Regiment's Soccer team, which won the Northern Command football knock-out competition for 1949

Front row (left to right): Signalman McCready, Signalman Neilson, Lance-Corporal Gardner, Staff-Sergeant Gough, A.C.C., Sergeant Ashford, A.C.C. Back row: S.Q.M.S. Walker (trainer), Lance-Corporal Sutcliffe (reserve), Sergeant Leppington, Signalman Glanfield, Signalman Duddridge, Signalman Hopkins, Signalman Joss, Sergeant Dean, Signalman Shotton (reserve)

THE ARMY GOLF MEETING, MAY, 1949

This was held on the Royal Lytham and St. Annes Golf Club, near Blackpool. The course was in perfect condition, but very difficult and full of bunkers.

The first two days of the meeting (2nd and 3rd May) were devoted to the individual events. The best gross score returned by anyone connected with Royal Signals was 83 from Lieutenant-Colonel H. S. Lewis Barclay, but Colonel T. L. Longfield touched the money (10s. to be exact) in the sweepstake on the second day when he shared third place with two other people.

On 4th May the first two rounds of the Inter-Regimental Challenge Cup were played. Only one Signals team was playing this year, as the team drawn from Catterick had to scratch as four players were not forthcoming.

The team drawn from Units outside Catterick consisted of Colonel T. L. Longfield, Lieutenant-Colonel C. P. S. Denham Young, Major G. D. T. Harris and Major R. T. Harris. The first round match was against the Queen's Bays, and it was expected to be easy. Major G. S. K. Maydon, who had been competing in the individual events, volunteered to act as walkie-talkie to keep the players informed of progress, and he soon made it clear that the match was by no means a foregone conclusion. Longfield, playing No. 1, was two down after four holes; R. T. Harris, playing No. 2, was four down after four holes; G. D. T. "Blocks" Harris, playing No. 3, was up on his opponent at this point, as was Denholm Young.

The matches went as they had started, the final results being:

Longfield	— 3
R. T. Harris	— 5
G. D. T. Harris	+ 5
Denholm Young	+12

Result:—Royal Signals +17—8=9 up.

So the team passed into the second round (after a hurried lunch) thanks largely to the inexorable quality of No. 4.

The opponents of the afternoon were the Grenadiers, with a combined handicap of 18 against our team's aggregate of 34; mathematically it looked a foregone conclusion, but buoyed up by the Captain's assurances of confidence and helped by a little loose play by the opponents on the opening holes, which calmed our nerves considerably, the team settled down to a grim struggle. Longfield fought back from three down to one down, R. T. Harris from two down to one down, G. D. T. Harris having never been down all round, lost the last hole to finish one down, and with the news that Denholm Young had been all square on the 16th tee,

the match rested on the slender hope that he could win the last three holes. We could see from the club house that Denholm Young had the honour on the 18th tee, and several people walked to meet the players thinking to put them out of their misery, only to find that Denholm Young was two up.

The Grenadiers' player had hooked his drive into the rough, Denholm Young was on the fairway. The Grenadier played first and put a good shot into one of the many bunkers around the green. Denholm Young addressed his ball deliberately and with great care, but hooked the shot well wide of the green and the bunkers. The opposition fluffed his bunker shot. Denholm Young fluffed his approach, but then played a beauty right up to the pin, and this shot won him the hole and made the match a tie. So clubs had to be got out again and everyone foregathered on the first tee to play the nineteenth, and here the match play experience of the Grenadiers told all too heavily. Longfield and R. T. Harris both lost, and G. D. T. Harris was a little unlucky to do no better than halve the hole, thus our team was defeated and Denholm Young saved from further effort. A great match and a great day for Denholm Young.

RUGBY NOTES FROM CATTERICK

A very successful Rugby season was formally declared closed at an " un-training " party at the Rugby club house on 5th May, which was made the occasion of bidding farewell and good luck to many rugger players who will be leaving before next season. Those include Captain T. G. H. Jackson (posted to London), the brothers Hall, Ian Gloag, Tony Marshall, R. T. Shenton, R. F. Johnson, H. Tranter and others, to all of whom we wish good fortune.

On Easter Monday, 18th April, Royal Signals commenced their tour in South Wales with a match against Pontypridd. We were glad to meet Glyn Davies again, but unfortunately he had been injured in the first match of the Barbarians tour and couldn't play against us. A large crowd enjoyed a fast, open game, which Pontypridd won by a very lucky try in the last minute. Play was very even throughout the game and the Pontypridd officials were enthusiastic over the bright sporting Rugby played by the Signals team. Nim Hall was in excellent form and his long kicking to touch was a feature. Mason was in good form at the base of the scrum and the Signals backs had many delightful passing movements. It was only determined tackling by Pontypridd which kept them out on numerous occasions.

In the first half Pontypridd scored an unconverted try from a forward dribble. After Lance-Corporal Tranter had cut through, Cross picked up a loose ball and scored ten yards from the posts. The kick at goal failed. Second-Lieutenant I. S. Gloag was brought down several times when a score seemed likely, and the teams changed over three points all.

In the second half a long kick to the corner flag by the Pontypridd centre, followed by some loose marking at the line-out, resulted in a Pontypridd forward diving over the line to score. Signals replied with a good try by Second-Lieutenant Marshall after N. M. Hall had cut through brilliantly, but the kick again failed.

A few minutes from the end the Pontypridd stand-off attempted a drop at goal. The drop went underneath the bar and was touched down for a try by a Pontypridd player who was standing well offside. The ball had apparently touched one of our players in its flight and the try was allowed. It was a disappointing end to a capital game and a draw would have been a more equitable result as Signals certainly had as much of the play as Pontypridd.

On the following day some of the party went over to Newport to watch the " Baa-baas " while others disappeared, presumably sightseeing! On 20th April Ebbw Vale were met. Signals had to rearrange their team owing to injuries.

Second-Lieutenant J. W. Hall (the hooker), Signalman Mason (scrum-half) and Signalman Bidgood (full-back) stood down. Second-Lieutenant Reeve, who had been playing for the Barbarians, came in as centre, Second-Lieutenant Couch came in as scrum-half, while Nim Hall played full-back and Signalman Morphy moved to stand-off. Unfortunately, Morphy was badly injured early in the game and had to be carried off.

Nim Hall resumed at stand-off and D. R. Hall was pulled out of the scrum as full-back. Later D. R. Hall was injured and Signals finished with 13 men. It was not surprising, after this chapter of accidents, that Ebbw Vale won by 16 points to 8. Signalman Cross scored twice for Signals and Nim Hall converted one of the tries.

On the following day Signals returned to London, where two " sevens " were entered for the preliminary rounds of the Middlesex County Seven-a-side Tournament of 23rd April.

The " B " Seven, who were playing at Pinner, lost to Harlequins II in the second round, but the " A " Seven qualified to appear at Twickenham on 30th April by winning their section at the Metropolitan Police ground, Colindale. The teams they defeated in succession were Hendon, Old Redingensians, Stonyhurst Wanderers, Old Elizabethans and Woodford.

Here we quote from the *Evening Standard* of 29th April under the heading:

Rugby-minded Signals may reach the Sevens Final

" Although Heriots F.P. will start favourites for tomorrow's Rugby seven-a-sides at Twickenham (1.40) because of their experience of the abbreviated game, the two best outsiders seem to be Royal Signals (Catterick) and Middlesex Hospital.

" They are in opposite halves of the draw, so a final between them is possible. However, Signals have to take on Heriots at their first appearance on the international pitch, which is a pity, for one of these sides must then drop out early in the day, when one would have liked to see more of both.

" Royal Signals are the most rugger-minded Unit in the British Army today, and their seven includes Nim Hall and his brother, the Army hooker this season.

" They also have R. W. Mason, so highly thought of as a scrum-half during England trials, I. S. Gloag and Peter Reeve, the young centre who toured with Barbarians and who will almost certainly receive a trial next season.

" Nim Hall knows sevens well and has won with St. Mary's Hospital often."

A crowd of 20,000 had assembled at Twickenham, and the lower stands, ringside and terraces were packed with enthusiastic rugger supporters anxious to see the last of Rugby for 1948-49. The game between Heriots and Signals was as close as it could be, with Signals pressing all the time and Heriots scoring a runaway try from their own 25. Heriots went on to win the sevens, defeating in turn London Welsh, Wasps and London Scottish, and scoring 53 points, only 5 of which were scored against Signals.

They were obviously very fit and knew the sevens game perfectly, and it was bad luck coming up against them for our first match on the international pitch. Three times Ian Gloag was tackled beautifully when he seemed likely to score; R. F. Johnson also came within inches of scoring when he put a foot into touch at the corner flag, and on another occasion, after a 30-yard burst, he just failed to reach the line. The absence of Captain T. G. H. Jackson, who had recently undergone a cartilege operation, certainly affected our chances of success, but all the same the Signals seven gave a very good account of themselves and might well have made history by winning the premier seven-a-side tournament on their first appearance at Twickenham.

Our seven was: Second-Lieutenant I. S. Gloag and Second-Lieutenant Reeve (N.S.O.T.W.), Second-Lieutenant N. M. Hall, Signalman R. W. Mason, Second-Lieutenant T. R. Marshall, Second-Lieutenant J. N. Hall and Signalman R. F. Johnson (1 Training Regiment).

Some compensation, however, was the victory of our "B" seven in the Huddersfield Invitation Seven-a-side Competition on the same day. As there were 16 well-known clubs participating, this was a grand performance.

Signals "B" drew a bye in the first round, and in the second round beat Hull and East Riding (who had beaten Halifax) by 11 points to 0.

In the semi-finals Huddersfield, the previous winners, were beaten 11—3, and in the final Bradford were beaten by 21—3. Everyone was struck by the fitness of the Signals team, who gave a fine exhibition of sevens play, forwards and backs throwing the ball about more than any other side in the competition. The tournament was a personal triumph for Signalman Cross, the Army player, who scored eight tries. Lance-Corporal Tranter also was in capital form and kicked very well.

The Signals "B" team was: Lance-Corporal Blundell, Lance - Corporal Tranter, Lance - Corporal Turnpenny, Second - Lieutenant Couch (captain), Signalman Cross (1 Training Regiment), Officer-Cadet Thomas (N.S.O.T.W.), Signalman Smith (1 Training Regiment).

Rugger at Catterick ended with the Garrison and Northern Command Seven-a-sides, in both of which competitions 1 Training Regiment had entered an "A" and "B" seven. Both competitions were won by the "A" seven, 1 Training Regiment, and in the Northern Command Final the "A" Sevens defeated the "B" Sevens 11—0.

The final score card for Corps and Royal Signals (Catterick) R.F.C. matches for 1948-49 reads:

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Pts. for	Pts. against
21	14	1	6	397	131

Next season it is hoped to field a Signals 1st XV and Signals 2nd XV and to arrange for both teams a number of fixtures with civilian clubs. There are now so many first-class players attracted to the Corps that a strong 2nd XV could hold its own with most clubs. As an instance of this, on 5th March, in the quarter-final of the Yorkshire Cup *v.* Harrogate (who won the competition), although six players were engaged in the Army and Navy game and the whole of 1 Training Regiment were away in connection with the Army Cup Final, a reserve XV lost to Harrogate only by 2 penalty goals to 0.

Our excursions in the Yorkshire Cup have not been happy ones. Spoiling and obstructive Rugby are characteristic of these cup games, and in the case of the above match *v.* Harrogate the Yorkshire R.U. had tried their best, without success, to get Harrogate to agree to a change of date in view of our other commitments. Then, as it turned out that day, the conditions (two inches of snow and a blizzard, with no lines visible) were so bad that the game should have been cancelled, as occurred on the nearby Garrison ground, where Catterick Services were playing an ordinary club fixture *v.* Sandal.

It is unlikely that we shall enter for the Yorkshire Cup again as the type of Rugby played is not beneficial to the promising young Rugby player.

* * *

The Final of the Northern Command Inter-Unit Rugby Challenge Cup, played at Harrogate on Wednesday, 9th March, 1949

National Service Officers' Training Wing v The Duke of Wellington's Regiment

The final of the Northern Command Cup was played at Harrogate on Wednesday, 9th March, 1949, before an enthusiastic crowd.

Patches of snow lay on the ground and in consequence handling was very difficult with a slippery ball.

Our opponents' scrum soon established itself as heavier and better balanced, and using this advantage to the full, our line was crossed twice before half-time.

Far from being discouraged, our XV made spirited attempts to reduce the lead in the second half and came near to scoring.

In the closing stages, as snow began to fall, the "Dukes" increased the lead with a try.

We congratulate the Duke of Wellington's on winning a good hard-fought game by 9 points to nil.

The following members of this Unit have been playing Rugby regularly for the Army: Second-Lieutenant T. R. Marshall, Officer-Cadet P. Reeve.

In addition, Second-Lieutenant I. S. Gloag has recently been selected to play and has had a trial for Scotland.

MINIATURE RIFLE SHOOTING

A Royal Signals (Catterick) Small Bore Rifle Club has been formed and is providing a source of interest to a number of keen shots.

The objects of the Club are:

(a) To encourage a high standard of shooting amongst Royal Signals personnel at Catterick.

(b) To enable good shots to enter for individual competitions run by the National Small Bore Rifle Association.

(c) To produce representative teams to take part in N.S.R.A. team events and to fire matches against local clubs.

The Club is run by a committee consisting of: President, Colonel D. W. R. Burridge; Secretary, Major H. J. Thompson; members, Officers i/c Shooting of each Regiment and Wing of the Royal Signals (Catterick) Organisation.

The duties of range custodian are ably performed by Lance-Corporal Minton.

To keep the standard high, prospective members are required to qualify for membership by producing four targets, scoring 90 or over, using Mossberg rifles. Membership is by quarterly subscription (*pro rata* to rank). Membership is open to all personnel on the posted strength of or attached to Royal Signals Units at Catterick.

The Club opened on 18th January in the School of Signals Miniature Range, which has kindly been made available by O.C. Royal Signals Wing. B.S.A. match rifles have been provided by 1 Training Regiment and Royal Signals Wing.

The Club runs a monthly competition for members, the conditions of which vary from month to month. The winners of the February competition are:

		(H.P., 100)
1st.	S.Q.M.S. Holdsworth (No. 7 Selection Regiment)	99.9
2nd.	L/Cpl. Minton (H.Q., School of Signals)	99.6
3rd.	2/Lt. Devenish (N.S. Officers Training Wing)	99.4

Each received prizes.

The Club fired its first match on 15th March against R.A.F., Catterick, and won by a narrow margin. The conditions of the match were two N.S.R.A. 5-bull targets per firer, "gun score" to count on the first target, each firer being handicapped to 15 points on the second target.

ROYAL SIGNALS (CATTEHICK) OFFICERS' SQUASH RACKETS CHALLENGE CUP—1949

Major G. S. Maydon (N.S.O.T.W.) was a comfortable winner and did not lose a game throughout his four rounds. After an early challenge by Major J. H. St. G. Hammersley (N.S.O.T.W.), who was the other finalist, his steady and accurate play brought him victory, 9—4, 9—2, 9—2.

In the semi-finals, Major G. S. Maydon beat Lieutenant-Colonel D. W. R. Burridge (H.Q. School of Signals) 9—2, 9—2, 9—6, and Major J. H. St. G. Hammersley beat Captain N. R. G. Halliday (attached 1 Training Regiment) 9—1, 9—5, 10—9.

The two keenest games were seen in the third round. Captain G. D. M. Pocock (4 Training Regiment) drew level with Major J. H. St. G. Hammersley at two games

(concluded on next page)

THE WIRE

The Corps Magazine
of the
Royal Signals

VOL. 3 (*New Series*) NO. 7 • JULY 1949

THE WIRE

The Corps Magazine of the
ROYAL SIGNALS

The Official Organ of the
SIGNALS ASSOCIATION

All correspondence and matter for publication for "The Wire" should be addressed to The Editor, "The Wire," 88 Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1. Matter for publication must be received by the 15th of the month preceding publication.

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JULY • 1919

Volume 3 *New Series* **No. 7**

☆

PRICE: ONE SHILLING

Editorial

AS forecast in the June number, it has been decided that THE WIRE is to continue but that the gap between income and expenditure must be closed. We seem to have read about "the closing of the gap" in the National newspapers. As is known by all who read the editorial page, THE WIRE for some time now has been costing approximately half-a-crown per copy to print and, as you know, it sells for a shilling or less. This policy was undertaken quite deliberately to try and get the magazine to sell in sufficient quantities. Circulation figures have risen very considerably in the last twelve months, but not enough.

For instance, the May WIRE cost £400 to produce and sold for £165. We have now been instructed by the Committee of the Association to cut the costs. This can only be done by reducing the size of each monthly issue. To retain most of the best features, the short stories and the general interest articles, notes from Units must be drastically reduced in length. Will WIRE contributors, and we of the editorial staff know that you are doing a difficult job very well, please make a real effort to prune your contributions before sending them to us. A thousand words should be the absolute maximum and, unless you have really important and interesting news, do not send in as much as this. Contributors will find that the Editor has had to cut out a great deal of what they sent in for the July number. While he has done his best, this method of cuts by an editor, who does not know local conditions, is obviously less effective than if it were done on the spot by the Unit contributor. Some Regiments send in very long notes from R.H.Q. from each of their Squadrons, from individual Troops, and from the Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess. This causes the same item of news to be repeated albeit in a different version three or four times, obviously unnecessary. So will everyone please do what they can to help. We still need short stories and general interest articles. We shall do our utmost to see that THE WIRE, while it continues to reach you monthly, retains its quality although the number of pages will be fewer.

Will those responsible for sending in contributions from Regiments and Squadrons please read THE WIRE month by month and try to make their contribution fit in with the general pattern of the magazine. If, even despite your best endeavours, the Editor has to cut, please remember that he is doing it under duress.

The Central Committee of the Association has appointed a sub-committee to go into details, and amongst other matters they are going to recommend a standard figure for bulk purchase by Units, so as to give C.S.O.s and C.O.s a yardstick on which to work. Without this standard, it is obviously very difficult to assess the amount that may be spent on each issue.

MR. J. RILEY

Crossword enthusiasts will regret that Mr. J. Riley has reluctantly been compelled to cease production of his admirable crossword puzzles. We all hope that pressure of business will ease in time and allow himto continue them.

Quicksilver

Our Cover Illustration

THE decision to build "Quicksilver" came from Lieutenant-General Sir Montagu Stopford, G.C.B., K.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., A.D.C., as part of his plan to improve Regular recruiting in Northern Command. This mobile exhibition was evolved under the direction of Brigadier W. C. V. Galwey, O.B.E., M.C., Commander S.T.C., who decided that the skeleton vehicle should be issued to 1 Training Regiment. Meanwhile No. 1 Command Workshops, R.E.M.E., under Lieutenant-Colonel D. M. Aston, M.B.E., was asked to give the construction of a suitable body the highest priority, and anybody who sees Quicksilver will agree that R.E.M.E. have done a magnificent job.

I use the word "evolved" because only the broad outline of the scheme had been agreed upon when construction began so that all details had to be arranged, and problems settled, as the work progressed. This necessitated the closest co-operation between Royal Signals and R.E.M.E. as well as daily contact with the C.R.E., who had undertaken to provide and install lighting and power circuits.

It fell to the lot of 1 Training Regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel R. J. Moberly, O.B.E., Royal Signals, to provide a co-ordinating officer, to design the interior layout and to install the equipment, and Major G. H. R. Flynn, M.B.E., Royal Signals, was selected.

The first consideration was to provide an attractive vehicle which would encourage visitors and which would be, if possible, a little out of the ordinary. The second consideration was to produce in that vehicle an exhibition which would have something of general interest to all ages and to both sexes.

Gradually the body took shape, towering above everything in the vast R.E.M.E. Tank Shop, an object of pride to those engaged in its construction and of interest to everyone.

Lieutenant-General Sir Montagu Stopford, G.C.B., K.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., A.D.C., visited Quicksilver once and Major-General W. A. Scott, C.B.E., the Director of Signals, twice during the progress of the work, and were pleased to express their satisfaction.

The finished product is a silver mechanical horse with a silver trailer measuring 35 ft. by 13 ft. high by 9 ft. 6 ins. wide, with the Corps badge in five-ply on either side. These dimensions give an interior exhibition space of 34 ft. by 8 ft. high by 9 ft. wide. A two-way stairway and double doors lead to the interior, the floor of which is about 5 ft. above ground level. The interior is painted cream with brown fittings, is lighted by six fluorescent tubes, ventilated by extractor fans and warmed (when necessary) by convection heaters. Along each side and at the far end are benches, under which are cupboards. The floor and benches are covered with polished brown linoleum.

The general theme along the off side is a representation of the Army Chain Radio Teleprinter communications and consists of two teleprinters at opposite ends of a bench and separated by models of the transmitter sites at Droitwich and Colombo. These models were designed and produced by the Training Aids Development Section of the School of Signals, under Captain J. M. W. Badcock, Royal Signals.

On the wall above the first teleprinter is an illustrated map of Great Britain, cut out of three-ply and indicating that the teleprinter is sited in London, while a similar map of Ceylon is fixed on the wall above the other teleprinter.

In between these two is a 6 ft. by 4 ft. illustrated panoramic map painted on three-ply and indicating the "Great Circle" route of the radio signal between England and Ceylon. These maps were designed and painted by Mrs. Flynn.

The upper portion of the large map shows by a flashing light how the signal is projected upwards to the heaviside layer, reflected therefrom, and after further reflection from the ground and layer reaches its objective. This has so far proved to be a most popular demonstration.

The near side of the trailer is given over to an exhibition of field communication equipment—wireless sets, receivers, telephones, etc., and a wire recorder. This display is supported by two panels, one showing the main dates and events in our Corps history, and the other our main sporting achievements, together with a large number of photographs of members of the Corps at work and at play.

A radio mechanic and a telegraph mechanic can be seen at work at the bench at the end of the trailer, and these two tradesmen are also available to answer any technical questions.

A generating set No. PE 95, on its own trailer, supplies power for all purposes.

Outside the vehicle are two operators equipped with W/T Sets No. 88. They roam about the vicinity advertising Quicksilver and inviting bystanders to speak on the R/T. Both sets work to the vehicle, where a third set, coupled to PA equipment, is established. There is also a wire recorder for public use outside the vehicle—a novel feature to many people.

Quicksilver's tour of the Northern Command was inaugurated at York on 29th April by G.O.C.-in-C., Lieutenant-General P. M. Balfour, C.B., C.B.E., M.C. After a full inspection of the vehicle and the team, the G.O.C. congratulated all those concerned with the production of the exhibition, and wished the team a successful tour.

Prior to this, Quicksilver had been on view for two days in Catterick, on the second of which it was inspected by Major-General W. A. Scott, C.B.E., the Director of Signals, Major-General C. M. F. White, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., C.S.O. M.E.L.F., together with all other Chief Signal Officers met here for a Director's Exercise. It was a notable occasion.

After a week in York, Quicksilver moved on to Hull, thence to Lincoln and Leicester. At each of these places it has had an official visit from the Lord Mayor or Mayor, who has each most kindly recorded a message of congratulation and good wishes. We are also indebted to the various local Press for the interest they have shown and for their invaluable help. The tour continues *via* Northampton (8th–15th June); Derby (16th–23rd June); Nottingham Civic Celebrations (25th June–2nd July); Newark Town Charter Celebrations (4th–9th July); Leeds (12th–14th July); Catterick, Royal Signals Old Comrades' Reunion (16th–17th July); Leeds (18th–19th July); Bradford (20th–27th July); C.C.F. Camp, Catterick (28th July–3rd August); Carlisle (5th–13th August); Newcastle (15th – 22nd August); Middlesbrough (23rd – 30th August); Darlington (31st August–8th September); Sheffield (10th–19th September); Huddersfield (20th–27th September).

All Royal Signals T.A. Units in the vicinity of the tour have already been notified of the itinerary, and visits by members of these or any other Royal Signals Units will be welcomed.

KING'S BIRTHDAY HONOURS

All members of the Corps, past and present, will wish to congratulate the following on their well-deserved awards in the King's Birthday Honours:

O.B.E.—Lieutenant-Colonel S. C. McGregor, Major G. F. Bayliss, M.B.E., M.C.

M.B.E.—Captain J. L. Judd, MUS. BAC., L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M.

B.E.M.—19156189 Corporal Kenneth Leonard Chilton, 5566010 Acting-Sergeant Jack Cropp, Royal Signals (T.A.), 2332309 Sergeant Joseph Frederick Dickinson, 2606183 Sergeant James Kirby, Royal Signals (T.A.), 899384 Sergeant Aubrey Harry Pooley, 2363437 Sergeant Edward Alfred White.

OBITUARY

The following telegram was received from 7 Armoured Divisional Signal Regiment as THE WIRE *went to press:*

Captain (Q.M.) R. H. P. Thomas. *Royal Signals*

"It is with the greatest regret that we announce the sudden death from heart failure of Captain R. H. P. Thomas on Wednesday, 8th June, 1949, at the British Military Hospital, Hannover. Dick Thomas was a well-known figure throughout the Corps. Born in July, 1904, he enlisted as a boy in January, 1920, and passed through all the successive ranks to W.O.II. He was commissioned in December, 1939, and served for a short period with Aldershot Command Signal Company. Early in 1940 he joined 38 Divisional Signals. In June of that year he joined 1 Divisional Signals as a captain and whilst there was promoted major. In January, 1945, he joined the Military Mission, Italian Army, and served there until April of that year, when he was transferred to the British Military Mission (Greece). He relinquished his rank of major on being granted a Regular commission in the Corps as quartermaster, and joined 7 Armoured Divisional Signal Regiment, B.A.O.R., on 13th May, 1949. Although his stay with us was so tragically short, his personality was felt throughout the Regiment."

His many friends will wish THE WIRE *to express our great sympathy with his family.*

The Corps Flag

A cursory glance at many specimens of the Corps flag and of association branch standards reveals an astonishing lack of unanimity of opinion as to the direction in which "Jimmy" should face.

In some cases he faces inwards, and in some outwards, while in the case of one branch standard, the members evidently believe in backing their fancy both ways, for on the one side he faces the "hoist" and on the other the "fly."

To any person with the most elementary knowledge of heraldry, such a situation is staggering.

In the Corps badge, "Jimmy" faces the left, or in heraldic terms, "the Dexter" side. In heraldry, when any heraldic device is transferred to a standard or flag, the "Dexter" side is always that nearest the staff, known as the "hoist."

I think it is the general practice in regiments which have an animal device as their cap badge, where the animal faces the left as viewed from the front, for the animal to face the staff or hoist on *both* sides of the flag. (I am not now referring to the Colours, where conventional badges of honour are embroidered separately on to both sides of the Colour, but only to flags made of one thickness of bunting or silk.)

Surely the criterion should be based upon the usage with the Royal Standard. In the Royal Arms, the Lions Passant of England and the Lion Rampant of Scotland face the left or "Dexter" side, and on the Royal Standard they face the staff.

Can the Corps Committee not give a firm ruling in this matter or, failing that, could it not be referred to the College of Heralds?

L.N.L.

LEN WINTERS, 5 CAEDMON ROAD, LONDON, N.7 WRITES TO THE EDITOR

On reading through the April issue of THE WIRE I read the following passages from the notes of your Tripoli correspondent: "This, for Tripolins, was a noteworthy event as snow has never fallen here before in living memory, and some say even within the last 100 years, and the majority of the population have never seen snow or hail before." Then he goes on to tell an amusing story of two butchers' assistants who downed tools and ran out of the shop as they had never seen hail before and they weren't going to miss it.

I was with the Eighth Army in Tripoli, and during late 1944 or early 1945 we had a terrific hail and snow storm—yes, hailstones as big as mothballs—and to substantiate my statement I enclose a photograph taken at the time

Now that I have burst into print, I would like to give my salaams to past and present members of the Corps who knew me during the old Maresfield and Crowborough days in the roaring '20s. It brings back very pleasant memories to read about old names—famous names of the Corps, men like Jimmy Emblem, Bert Trapmore, Tommy Hewett (come on, you crabs, prepare to mount!), Joe Cotterell and—well, I could go on for quite a time, but how pleasant to read "Barleux" again just as in the days of yore, and the humorous drawings of Drake. Could we have some more of Drake's full page cartoons republished, there must be plenty in the back numbers of the bound copies of THE WIRE? Incidentally, members of the Birmingham Branch S.R. might be interested to know that I have been resident in London for the past two years and am employed by the London office of the printers of THE WIRE. I should like to hear from

any old chums of Hong Kong and Singapore or M.E. days. Incidentally, I have just located Bill Gough and George Spedding, who were with the Hong Kong Signal Section, 1926–30. Bill Gough had a spell in East Africa during the war. You can be sure that after a lapse of 19 years it was great fun going over old times. Surprising how the pints disappear during one's travels over yester-year. Finally, my regards to any of the old Tripolitania Signals who may read these notes. I'll be only too pleased to buy anybody who looks me up—a pint.

The Other "Jimmy"

THE "Jimmy" that figures in the Corps badge is modelled upon the universally known statue of Mercury by Giovanni da Bologna. This famous sculptor of the Renaissance lived from 1524 to 1608, and flourished at the court of Lorenzo the Magnificent at Florence. Although he is generally known under the Italian form of his name, he was actually a Fleming, Jean Boulogne.

Many of his works are to be seen in the Florentine museums, the original of our "Jimmy" being in the Museo Nazionale. The statue is extremely popular, many copies and replicas of it appearing in museums all over the world; in fact, it can fairly be said that this universal popularity has made it the most widely known conception of Mercury.

The Hermes of Praxiteles

The artists of the Italian Renaissance drew their inspiration largely from the Roman conceptions of art, where Mercurius had been adopted from the Greeks as a god of good fortune, fertility and fecundity. In addition to the "Petasus" of the Traveller and the "Cadeuceus" of Peace, the Romans also used to portray him with a scrip or purse.

All these Roman conceptions of Mercury or Hermes as he was originally called, were derived from the most famous, although not so universally reproduced, statue of this Olympian deity, the Hermes of Praxiteles.

In the earliest times, before the development of sculpture, in view of the conception of Hermes as a god of fertility, he was represented by the phallic emblem and later in the form of a shepherd. However, in the 4th century B.C., Praxiteles determined that he should be represented in the nude athletic form in which he is generally known today when he carved the beautiful marble statue of Hermes carrying the infant Dionysus, and it was in this form that Mercurius came to Rome and was destined to be the inspiration of Giovanni da Bologna, whose statue of Mercury in bronze, poised lightly on a zephyr, is known to so many, although his name is certainly not so well known as that of Praxiteles.

The Hermes of Praxiteles, probably the most famous piece of sculpture in the world and, incidentally, the only undisputed work of this great artist, stands today in the museum at Olympia in Greece.

L.N.L.

We are indebted to Colonel W. R. Smijth-Windham for supplying us with the illustration.

* * *

Lieutenant-Colonel T. Stibbs, M.B.E., writes to the Editor on the subject of "Jimmy." Further correspondence on this subject will be welcomed.

"This morning I was listening to the B.B.C. broadcast of 'Music of the Services,' during which the music of the Royal Signals was played. The announcer mentioned that the Corps badge, Mercury, was for some obscure reason, known in the Corps as 'Jimmy.' It would be interesting to know what other members, or ex-members, of the Corps, have to say on the origin of 'Jimmy,' but I would like the opportunity of stating my theory.

"All the old members of the Corps will remember that very popular and lovable character, Jimmy Emblem, who, in the early years of the Corps, did so much to put the Corps boxing team to the fore. Jimmy was loved by officers and other ranks alike, so what could be more natural than that the new Corps badge, the 'emblem' of the Corps, would quickly be dubbed 'Jimmy.'"

BIRTH

EVANS.—On 7th June, 1949, to Hilda (ex Junior Commander H. Brown, A.T.S.), wife of Major J. N. Evans, Royal Signals, 2 North Cliff House, Tenby, Pembs.—a son (David Huw).

Twisted Music

IT was Saint Andrew's Night, and the local Scots were holding high revel after their fashion. Lest you should wonder what I, a Londoner of Welsh descent, was doing at such a distinctly Caledonian gathering, I should explain that as T.M.O. I had been instructed to install the P.A. equipment at the club for the occasion, and had been invited to the revels as the guest of the club.

The club's stock of genuine Scotch whisky had been unearthed from the cellar, and their famous recipe for "Athol Brose" produced from the safe.

Although the Pipers of the Punjab Police had been co-opted to provide the incidental music before the dinner and to pipe in the haggis, their technique and tempo were not considered suitable for the Highland dancing, so a recently-joined Subaltern of the Unit, who had previously been Pipe-Major of the 15th (Scottish) Divisional Signals, was invited to oblige. On his arrival, the C.S.O. had been on tour, so that he had not had the customary interview.

After a very enjoyable and hectic evening, Mac had concluded the proceedings by playing "Auld Lang Syne," when the C.S.O. and his partner, who had arrived late, came across, and the lady asked him to play a foxtrot. Mac replied that the party was over and that he was going home, whereupon the lady dared him to play. He still declined, and the C.S.O. chipped in with "Don't you realise that you are being dared?" Mac's reply was still a somewhat brusque negative, but after much persuasion he unlimbered the pipes again. Another lady approached and asked what he intended to play, and he replied, "In the Mood." "What! 'In the Mood'? I think it will sound awful!" As a matter of fact, it sounded quite good.

The following morning, the C.O., having heard some rumours, sent for Mac and asked him why he had committed the sacrilege of playing "In the Mood" on such a barbarous instrument. Mac replied, "Well, sir, I was dared!" "Who dared you?" "Some stray Brigadier that I didn't know from Adam!"

Some months later, at a wedding reception, after Mac had piped away the happy couple, some of the other Officers were kidding him to play the well-known bazaar ballad, "Hamara Gulli Ana—Achcha Ji," when the C.S.O. overheard them. He remarked, "After what you said to me on St. Andrew's Night, I'm not going to ask you to play!"

VACANCIES IN SCOTLAND

British Insulated Callender's Construction Co., Ltd., are urgently in need of men to train as linesmen for work on overhead power transmission lines in Scotland. The work is permanent, interesting and healthy, covering practically the whole of Scotland, and offers excellent prospects of advancement to the grade of foreman and higher rates of pay.

Trainees start at the rate of 2s. 3d. per hour, advancing by 1d. when they can use climbers, with further increases as they gain proficiency. The average week is about 50 hours. The training period would be spent in the Dumfries area.

Any persons interested should apply to Major J. L. Campbell, Royal Signals, 34 Great King Street, Dumfries. (Telephone Dumfries 399.)

The Royal Signals Association has during the last few years supplied a number of employees to this firm to the satisfaction of both sides.

Sognal Singsters No. 7

(With apologies to the *Tatler*)

An ingenuous but wild species seldom seen in captivity

The Shaggy Line Looper or Crosstalk Corncrake
(Peeveecee—Minsnuthintoomee)

Adult male: Mandibles blue or black and covered in short bristles; beak blunt and underslung. The eyes are hostile and countersunk and change colour every 15 seconds. Undercovers dowdy, outercovers very shaggy. Wings long and muscular but clumsy in use; a variety seen in the West Riding is believed to have two left wings. Legs looped, earthed or short-circuited. Feet, spatulate; claws ingrowing.

Habits: Loves to spend hours digging and scratching at the bottom of small square holes or swaying giddily from the tops of very tall telegraph poles. Flocks of these birds, when so engaged, are a constant source of worry to the G.P.O. as they have been known to destroy whole P.L. routes in a matter of minutes.

Habitats: Although the Line Looper is never found on the nest, thanks to its efficient warning system, traces of its occupation have been found in disused test frames, junction boxes and jointing pits. On the few occasions when it has been cornered it has either beaten its brains out with a 12 lb. hammer or lost itself in the guts of a 1+4.

Royal Signals Annual Dinner

HYDE PARK HOTEL, 30th MAY, 1949

THERE was a meeting of the Corps Committee on the afternoon of 30th May, at which amongst the many subjects discussed, new rules for the Dinner Club were agreed to.

One hundred and eighty-five officers, Royal Signals, attended the dinner.

General Sir Bernard Paget, G.C.B., D.S.O., M.C., A.D.C., who was C.-in-C. Home Forces during the greater part of the war, Dr. G. W. Sutton, of the Signals Research and Development Establishment, and Major Glen S. Waterman, Signal Corps, United States Army, were the guests of the Club.

Before commencing his speech as Representative Colonel Commandant, Major-General C. W. Fladgate, C.B.E., read the following telegrams:

To HIS MAJESTY THE KING

"The Colonels Commandant and Officers, Royal Signals, assembled at their Annual Dinner at Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbridge, on Monday, 30th May, 1949, present their loyal and humble greetings to Your Majesty.

Chairman, Royal Signals Dinner Club."

"The King sincerely thanks the Colonels Commandant and the Officers, Royal Corps of Signals, dining together this evening, for their kind message of loyal greetings, which His Majesty greatly appreciates.

Private Secretary."

To H.R.H. THE COLONEL-IN-CHIEF

"The Colonels Commandant and Officers of your Corps assembled at their Annual Dinner at Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbridge, on Monday, 30th May, 1949, send their loyal and humble greetings to Your Royal Highness.

Chairman, Royal Signals Dinner Club."

"My warmest thanks for your message and loyal greetings. I hope that all Officers present at the Annual Dinner of my Royal Corps of Signals will have a most enjoyable evening and I have very great pleasure in sending them my best wishes.

Mary, Colonel-in-Chief."

"To Major-General Scott and Officers, Royal Signals, from Colonel Molloy and Officers, Royal Australian Signals. On the occasion of your Annual Corps Dinner we send you good wishes and greetings. Since the last similar occasion the close and long-standing affiliation of our two Corps has been further cemented by the grant of the title Royal by His Majesty The King. We take great pride in this honour, all it implies, and the milestone it represents in the history of our Corps. We assure you of our endeavour to live up to the traditions and high standards set by the Royal Corps of Signals and earnestly hope that our active association may long continue.

Army, Melbourne."

"To Colonel Molloy and Officers, Royal Australian Signals, from Major-General Scott and Officers, Royal Signals. Many thanks for your greetings and good wishes, which are cordially reciprocated. We are delighted at the honour conferred on you by the King, which forges another link between our two Corps. All success to Royal Australian Signals.

Troopers."

"General White and all Royal Signals Officers in M.E.L.F. send their best wishes to you all for the 1949 Corps Dinner. Regret we cannot be with you and sin-

cerely hope you will have an enjoyable evening. Our thoughts will be with you. Our congratulations to all who have achieved successes for our Corps during the past year. Corps successes in M.E.L.F. include following: Egypt Command Signal Regiment won Army Egypt Rugby Cup, defeating 3 G.H.Q. Signal Regiment in final; 3 G.H.Q. Signal Regiment defeated an R.A.F. team in final of Seven-a-side Rugger Tournament; Corps Rugger Team, Egypt, played 9, won 6, lost 3; Corps Tennis Team, Egypt, played 1, won 1; your Corps representatives in Army Egypt Athletic Team, who won two firsts.

C.S.O., M.E.L.F."

"Royal Signals Officers dining in London send cordial greetings to their brother officers in M.E.L.F. and thank them for their good wishes. Congratulations on your contribution to the successes of a wonderful year.

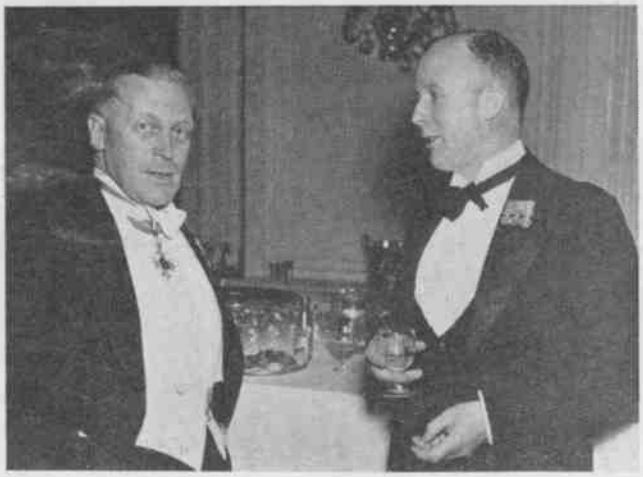
Troopers."

He then announced the sad news, known already to many present, that Major-General W. A. Scott, C.B.E., the Director of Signals, had most unfortunately been admitted to hospital the previous day, and so was not present at the dinner.

He, General Fladgate, had in consequence to make the main speech of the evening instead of General Scott. Although he (General Fladgate) had retired some years previously, the absence of General Scott made it necessary for him to speak of the current doings of Royal Signals. The occasion was noteworthy because all four ex-Colonels Commandant were sitting at the table with him.

Speaking of Mercury House, which was started in March, 1948, he was glad to say that the financial statement presented to the Corps Committee that afternoon had shown the first 14 months of trading had come out more or less at par. A second memorial hotel was planned, and thanks to the efforts of C.S.O., Western Command, apparently suitable premises had been found near Colwyn Bay.

The Colonel-in-Chief, he said, was to visit the Headquarters of the Signals Association on 8th June and was to unveil a memorial tablet at Mercury House in Bournemouth on 18th July.



We have all been very proud of the Band, he said, and this year they had their inspection by the staff of Kneller Hall. A most excellent report was received. Captain Judd, the Director of Music, had been awarded a high degree by Durham University.

There were very few active Units of Royal Signals serving at home. The majority were overseas. The cold war and the release programme had stretched our resources as much as at any time during the war. He was glad to report an opinion that we had now turned the corner. Recruiting for the Regular Army was improving, but at present, as far as Royal Signals was concerned, in quantity rather than quality.

He spoke of the high quality of our men, and especially of the ordinary signalmen, particularising the linemen in the isolated linemen's post.

He was very pleased to announce that the Director had successfully negotiated with the War Office a new system of training of our young officers. Now from the Royal Military Academy they go to the School at Catterick for only a short course. The young officer then spends two or more years with a Regiment of the active Army, usually overseas, before returning to Catterick for a long course. We all hoped, he said, for an improved intake from the Royal Military Academy in consequence of this.

He was aware of the troubles of the older officers, mainly financial, but it was our duty to impress on officers that the Army really offered a good career. He, General Fladgate, firmly believed this.

Reviewing the success in sport, he congratulated firstly

1 Training Regiment on its wonderful year of success in Rugby, in cross-country running and in Association football.

This Regiment provided six players in the Army Rugger XV, a record for any Corps or Regiment.

In cricket in 1948 Royal Signals had not lost a match.

The secondary reason for his speech was to bring to our minds absent friends. A majority of the Corps was serving overseas, and at home there was really only the Signal Training Centre, from which came our main representation. They, the Signal Training Centre, had worthily upheld our reputation during the past year.

Major-General Sir Leslie G. Phillips, K.B.E., C.B., M.C., deputising at short notice, said, " Some are born great, some have greatness thrust upon them." General Fladgate had plenty of time to write his own speech and had the benefit of the Director of Signals' brief for the remainder of it. He, General Phillips, had nothing except his very great pleasure in proposing the toast of Our Guests, because General Paget was one of the greatest friends that Royal Signals had ever had. He recalled to our minds that when General Paget assumed command of Home Forces we in Royal Signals had little or nothing with which to assist him. Once, however, S.R.D.E. was given permission by the Treasury, equipment was produced which was second in quality to none.

While he, General Phillips, was Signal Officer-in-Chief, Home Forces, he was showing a wireless set which had been developed for use by the Infantry to the Director of Infantry, and in his sales talk mentioned, *inter alia*, that the case was waterproof. The Director promply hurled the wireless set into a neighbouring pond and exclaimed gleefully, " It bubbles."

He was delighted to see Major Glen Waterman as a guest representing the Signal Corps, and in view of the great friendship in which we hold the Signal Corps, he felt it was a pity that we did not see more of Signal Corps officers visiting this country.

General Sir Bernard Paget said that it was a " Signal " honour to respond to the toast of Our Guests and to drink the health of Royal Signals. Had Dr. Sutton been standing in his place he would have spoken with eloquence of science; he, General Paget, would speak of philosophy. The good progress made by Royal Signals was not necessarily due to lines and linemen but perhaps to speed by S.R.D.E. in the development of wireless. He, with long experience as a Regimental officer and as a Commander, ventured to pass judgment on Royal Signals. He had never known the Corps to fail, not only on great occasions but in the doing of the day-to-day task. World War II placed very great demands

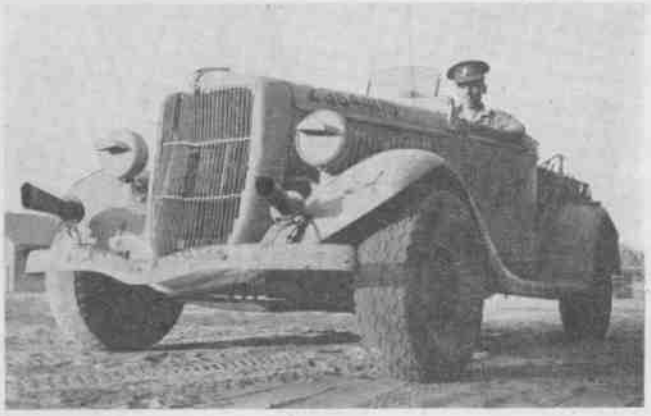
on Royal Signals and a Commander's plan depended to an ever-increasing extent on the work of Royal Signals.

It was important, in his view, to educate public opinion by putting all men into the picture, as was done with such success in the 8th Army and in 21st Army Group. It was indeed a simple matter of going back to the precepts of Sir John Moore. There had been a period between the time of Sir John Moore and the present time when he himself had joined the Army, and the education of the opinion of the soldier in those days was typified by the phrase "Right or wrong, stand still." He had been talking the other day to an eminent industrialist who had introduced the principle of frank and of full joint consultation between employer and employee, and thereby achieved greatly increased production.

In the wider field of citizenship, in the struggle between Democracy and Marxism, the winner will be the side which is backed by a well-educated public opinion. "This," said he, quoting Disraeli, "is the surest safeguard against the forces of disruption which are out to destroy the world." It was essential, he said, to ensure that everyone realised the importance of "understanding" in public opinion. Our way of life, with its liberty and understanding of facts, had a greater appeal than Marxism. Winston Churchill had said recently that it was necessary that we did not fall below the standard of 1940, our greatest occasion. As then, so now, we were called upon to save the world by our principle of Fair Dealing, Free Speaking and Understanding. If we are true to ourselves and to our comrades who died, we shall win through to an era of prosperity. That great statesman and soldier Field Marshal Smuts, far from being depressed at the state of the world today, had stated that we were lucky to be alive in this age of opportunity.

"It is," said General Paget, "to a Corps such as Royal Signals that we look for a lead."

An unexpected pleasure to very many was the presence at the end of the dinner of Brigadier R. H. Rayner, M.B.E., M.P. Because of his duty at the House of Commons, he was unable to attend the dinner. Freed at an unexpectedly early hour, he hastened to join us.



MISS JALLOPY OF MOASCAR—A Memory

She had a number, it was Z354409, but that was only used on the works ticket and in returns. To all that knew her she was "The Jallopy," the lady of "M" Troop of 6 L. of C. Signals in Egypt, and she was an individual lady as there was not another like her in the whole of the Command. She was a wide-tyred, V8, sand 8 cwt. of pre-war vintage and had been a Western Desert patrol vehicle with a Hussar regiment. Then she was warlike and carried a Lewis gun on her bonnet in front of the passenger portion of her bench seat. How she got to 6 L. of C. Signals I don't know, but she was the pride of the Troop.

No one thought of painting her or of fixing the twin horns which flapped about while clinging to the bumper by semi-stripped bolts. Her front wheels leant slightly in at the top and out at the bottom and her habit of breaking a half shaft every 500 miles only helped to prove her individuality. On one occasion, I remember, a fitter put the rear axle back the wrong way round, and for a brief span she had one forward gear and three reverse! Of brakes she had next to none, and repeated adjustment failed to help. Because of this and the fact that the steering had a foot of play in it, one had to "drive" her. She could be revved to a prodigious height and rapid gear shifting was the normal way to stop. In an emergency one either switched off the engine in bottom gear and made it like a pilot pulling out of a dive on the hand brake or ran off into the desert! I did this one day when giving a lift to an R.A.F. type when he promptly got out without a word and stood beside the road waiting for another lift.

Being a V8 with little weight she could move when required to, and it was a delight to take her along the canal road to Port Said, but woe betide the driver if his thoughts wandered, for old "J" would wait for a deep session of day dreams to take hold and then lash back with her full foot of steering play—a hectic few seconds was the result.

For the whole of the time that I knew her she never hit anything (most wondrous) and never caused any bodily harm. She even carried the whole of the Troop to meals without complaint.

One fateful day she was driven rather fast across the front of an R.F. parade with her horns at full blast. A complaint was lodged and away went the jallopy to a vehicle dump. They didn't even let us drive her there and the Troop stood around in silence and near mourning to see her go.

She was a motor with a character of her own. The feeling held for her by the Troop was as near to love as the feelings of a lot of old soldiers can get. Although she could never be replaced the memory of her stays with us.

J. R. E. Cross

Doghouse Days

By **" JONAH "**

Introduction

LET me first draw the picture. I am seated at my typewriter near the window, whilst my wife, sitting on a low stool in front of the fire, fixes me with a steady, electric glare, which follows my every movement. Apart from the exception which I will mention in a moment, she keeps a stern silence. For (as some readers may have guessed) I am in the doghouse.

On the table also is my tabby cat, Thomas. He is lying in his favourite spot, with both front paws tucked under, and he wears a dejected look. From time to time, he will listlessly uncoil one paw, and make a pretence of tapping the eraser, which hangs from a string from the end of the carriage, and with which, normally, he carries on a brisk and lively game. But not this evening, for, dare I breathe it—he, too, is in the doghouse. So, a pair of green eyes gaze fixedly into a pair of blue ones, and, from time to time (this is the exception) my wife will wonder, audibly, which is the worse, a husband or a cat, or what a peculiar master the cat has, or some similar cutting remark.

Thomas's crime was a heinous one—A.W.O.L. for three days (what time I happen to know he was pursuing an unsuccessful love affair with the cream cat around the corner, who will have none of him and prefers the black Tom from over the way) and evidence of uncaught mice. So he will have no specially boiled fish, and his supper will (officially) consist of skim milk. But since he and I are in this together, he knows that he and I will, later on, share a simple repast of kippers and tea, which I shall cook and enjoy later in the evening. (He inspects all parcels coming in, like a Customs Officer, and knows about kippers.)

My crimes were also heinous—two T.A. drill evenings, sober and industrious, with an Old Comrades' meeting in between (neither sober nor industrious), followed by a T.A. Week-end Camp (Officers' Training)—highly industrious, but by no means teetotal—and an engineers' technical committee meeting on the following Monday, whilst Tuesday again brings me around to T.A. drill night. (Tonight, by the way, is Wednesday.)

So, these things having been accomplished, it occurred to me at this point that a brief guide to the doghouse might be timely and opportune, besides being of service to those husbands who are new to the doghouse and, therefore, are rather apt to let it get them down.

Now, I do not hold with all American colloquialisms, but that one, " to be in the doghouse," is most expressive, and conveys in those few words the fact that a husband has passed beyond the pale in the estimation of his wife, and is lower even than the beasts that perish, on account of some grievous sin of omission or of commission, real or imagined.

Neither Thomas nor I know for how long we shall be so placed; so, to occupy some of the time, let us look at the subject from rather a broader angle.

Admission to the Doghouse

Many young, inexperienced newly-married husbands know nothing of doghouse days. They may have read of the subject; they may have heard their older and more experienced friends discussing it. But they believe, God help them, that *their* marriage is so different and perfect that it cannot possibly happen to them.

Before this does happen, though, they ask, curiously, from friends who happen to be " in " at the moment, exactly how they got in that predicament.

There is little logic about most women, and when they are told that a husband is put in the doghouse because some milk boiled over, or some matter of that kind, they marvel at the triviality of it all, and go their ways, thanking Goodness that *their* domestic life is never like that. Well, the observer fills his pipe, sits back, and waits.

Sooner or later the husband will enter the local with a hang-dog, dejected air, and order drinks with reckless abandon. He will not take much prodding to tell you that, because he got home a few minutes late, his wife slammed down a small carbonised chop, with a few greasy chips, in front of him, with the fervent hope that it would choke him, and thereafter refused to utter another word, in spite of agonised and (later) bitter queries as to what was wrong.

To her girl friend (or maybe to her mother), at the same moment, the young and disillusioned wife is pouring out her heart.

Her story is the sad one of a forgotten birthday—or, worse still, wedding anniversary; of an extra-special supper spoiled; of a broken promise to be home early with tickets for a show; and of neither flowers nor present. Nothing can ever be the same again. She knows now that he doesn't love her, and never did.

However, the male chorus in the local don't hear all the story. They grin sympathetically, listen to his tale of woe, and see that his glass is kept full. They, too, have been there.

There is no general rule that will banish you to the doghouse, for no two women are alike. It may be a serious matter, or it may be some quite light affair. It may well, indeed, be the last, and most trifling, happening in a series of such minor faults, which causes the pot to boil over.

Moreover, no two women have similar standards of behaviour for their husbands. Thus, there is one type of wife who, when her spouse arrives home late after a highly convivial evening, will remove his boots, get him to bed, and produce such remedies as will lessen the effects for the coming morrow; whilst another will simply lock him in the coal place to sleep it off as best he may, and sentence him to several days' doghouse.

Again, one wife will accept with equanimity the fact that her husband lunches from time to time with a female companion (who is a buyer to whom he hopes to sell large consignments of goods), whilst another, on hearing of such an occurrence, would impose a lengthy doghouse sentence without listening to any explanation whatever.

It is, therefore, quite impossible to give general advice to young husbands as to means of avoiding a doghouse sentence. However, some examples of offences almost certain to carry such a sentence are these: —

Speaking lightly of her mother.

Refusal to purchase some article of household or dress (whilst continuing to spend money on cigarettes, beer, or the car).

Refusal to accept her choice of holiday resort, no matter how impracticable from money or petrol points of view.

Arriving home too late.

Arriving home too early. (A curious one, this—if one is late, one has been with low friends drinking in some low tavern. But if too early, there must of necessity be something wrong. Is it the sack, is he trying to catch her out?)

Refusal to account for disposal of pocket money.

Forgetfulness of some errand, something required, a telephone call to be made, an appointment to be booked.

Bad language (first few occasions, at any rate).

And many others too numerous to mention.

Now, when we come to discuss this section of the present essay, we do stand upon rather more common ground. The chief weapon is silence, in so far as replies to remarks or questions are concerned. The injured wife will, however, talk *at* her husband in some way or other; perhaps to the cat (as in the introduction) or to one of the children—" Well, you've got a funny father; I don't know why he wants to carry on like that, and God knows why I married him . . ."—or maybe to a friend, on the telephone—" No, he's quite well in himself, but, you know, he's got one of his funny moods on just at present . . . ."

Other weapons which may be applied in greater or lesser degree according to the severity of the alleged offence deal with food and privileges of various kinds.

It is rarely that a husband in the doghouse will be deprived of food altogether. He will certainly find that his favourite dishes will disappear entirely from the menu, and he may even find that those which he dislikes will appear with monotonous regularity. He can, of course, lessen the severity of this blow by acquiring some rudimentary cooking knowledge of his own; or, if preferred, fortify himself with a meal before coming home. It would not be wise, however, to try to deduct the cost of such meals from the housekeeping money, for that would, in some very mysterious manner, be construed as "Making the children suffer" and would lead to an increased sentence.

He will certainly find himself barred from the connubial couch, where other arrangements can be made at all. It may be that the injured wife will withdraw to the spare room; if there is no spare room, the bedroom may be locked against him, and his shaving tackle and night apparel will be piled on the settee, together with a quite inadequate supply of blankets and pillows. For the experienced wife knows that a doghouse sentence is very difficult to pursue in a double bed when her husband is still permitted to share it, and she may, quite unconsciously, find that in such circumstances he has slipped into her arms, and so out of the doghouse, by morning. The problem is easier where twin beds are used; for she can utter streams of what she calls " home truths " from her bed, secure with the thought that some *will* get home. (One husband of my acquaintance congratulates himself that he had one deaf ear; he has, therefore, only to wedge his good ear firmly into the pillow to be able to sleep in peace.)

The sentence continues according to the severity of the alleged offence, of course. It may be anything from one to ten days, but rarely more.

I am often asked for hints as to behaviour whilst under sentence. Here, again, no general rule can be laid down. All depends on how badly the husband takes it. As with other sentences, exemplary behaviour results in some lessening of the severity of the sentence, and often in earlier release.

He should, as far as possible, try to carry on his normal life. He should not, for example, speak more sharply than usual to the children, or to cut off their pocket money; for that would also be " Making the children suffer." Nor, on the other hand, should he try to be kinder to them, or to increase their pocket money; for that would be described as " Getting round me through the children " and would be classed as unfair fighting.

He should not neglect his usual household chores, such as mowing the lawn or getting in the coal. Should he do so, he may see his spouse pitifully attempting to move the mower a few inches (the time being carefully selected when he is looking in that direction), though he knows full well that she can mow the lawn as well as he can, and normally does so for exercise. Should he look out of the back window, she may be seen feebly dragging the smallest scuttle with a few lumps in it from the coal place to the kitchen. Should he unwisely attempt to relieve her from either of these tasks at the time, he will be amazed at her strength and repartee, and will return to the house with tail well between his legs.

Unless hardened to the doghouse, he should not increase, too greatly, the number and length of his visits to the local. (It will, however, be a rod for his own back at a later stage should he cut them out entirely.) Nor should he acquire any new habits at this stage, or form any new acquaintanceship. If he is accustomed to a weekly theatre or cinema visit with his wife, however, he should not ask her whether she will be going " as usual," for that will give her an opening of which she will certainly take advantage. Rather should he go alone, and be sure to leave the retained half ticket where she can see it on the following day.

At home, he should be careful to keep out of her way as much as possible. There is always, in any household, that job which has been put off: and now is a favourable time to do it. It may be dealing with masses of accumulated correspondence; re-wiring a table lamp; making, or improving, a rabbit hutch; clearing rubbish from the loft; sorting out unwanted books, and so on.

These hints are based on the understanding that he *does* wish for a speedy end to his sentence, of course.

Getting Out

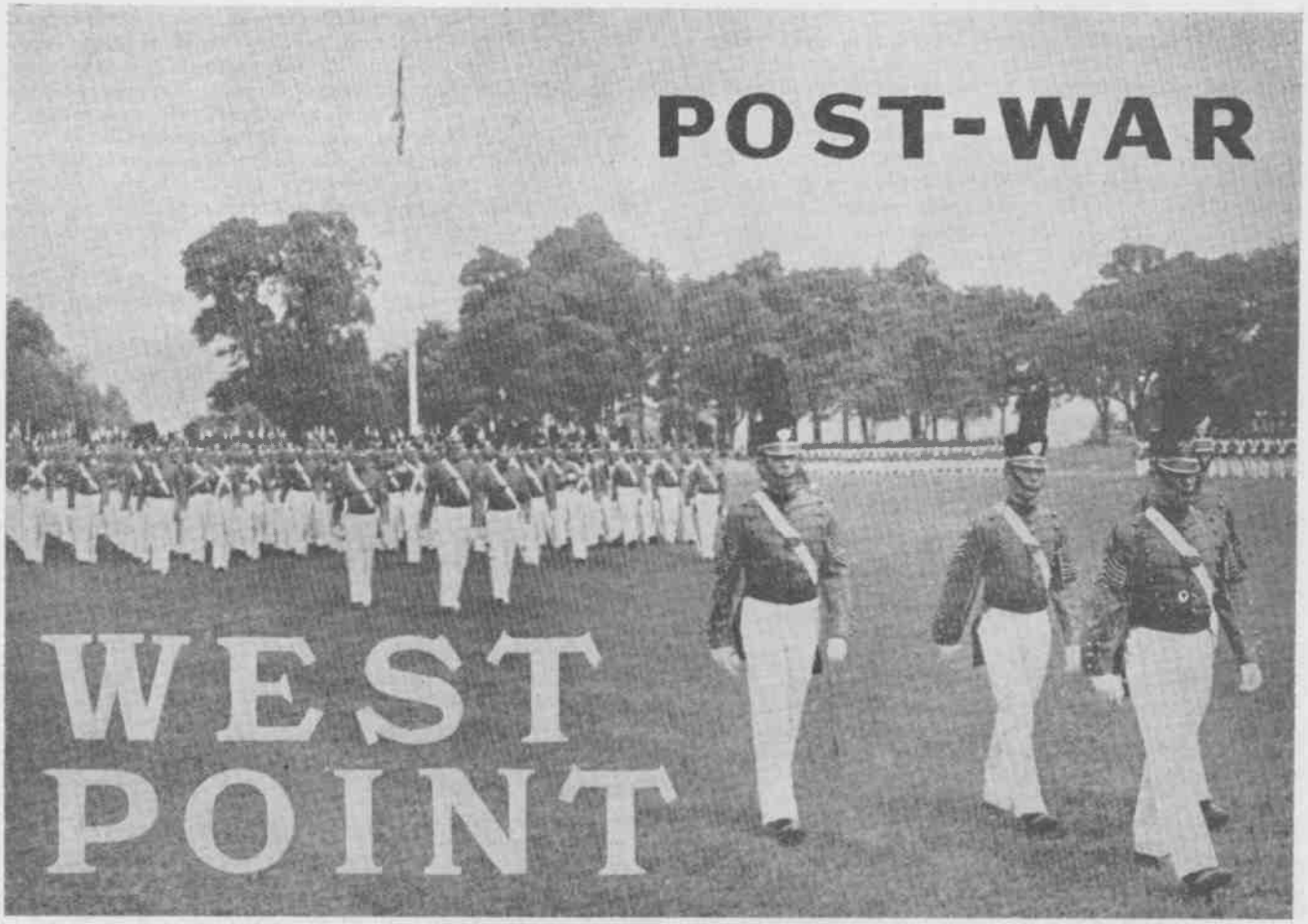
Again, many young husbands enquire, somewhat anxiously, as to how to get out of the doghouse, once inside. There is, of course, no golden rule. In most cases, when he has purged his offence, he will be let out at the right time, and there will be no mistake as to when he is released, for, providing the marriage is only a few years old, there will be an affectionate reconciliation, a few tears, his favourite dish for supper, and early to his own bed again with full restoration of privileges.

The process may be hastened slightly (when signs of some softening are seen) on occasion, by a few flowers, and, if available, some chocolates; but only in a similar manner to that in which the healing of a boil may be slightly hastened by a little gentle treatment, once it has come to a head; not until.

In my own case, being a long-married man, being in the doghouse no longer bothers me. Once having burned my boats, I can come and go as I please without question; I can read in bed, cook kippers, have radio programmes of classical music at full volume (and with bass boost well up); smoke a pipe in the house; and, generally, do those things which, normally, I refrain from doing because my wife prefers that I don't. Also, I find it cheaper; for I am no longer asked for the loan of the odd few shillings till a visit can be paid to the bank (and which are never returned), I only need one cinema ticket and one supper afterwards. But then, that is a very material view; and since my wife has found out that I enjoy myself more when in the doghouse than out, she rather hesitates to impose the sentence. This is worthwhile bringing to the notice of wives.

Getting out of the doghouse for the first time is easy. All that is needed is a humble and abject apology (even if you are in the right) and you will be released at once, having given a solemn promise never to offend again. But the second and subsequent occasions will be found progressively difficult to overcome, for by then she will have found out (and I quote) ". . . just how much your promises are worth," and (assuming you do want to get out at all) the only way is to let the thing run its course (just like a boil) and produce the flowers and chocolates at the proper moment.

At this moment, Thomas bristles, gives a final, vindictive jab to the eraser, and with one bound disappears under the sideboard. There is a scuffle and a squeaking, and after a moment or two he emerges with a large mouse, which he carefully lays at the feet of my wife, who remarks that after all cats seem to have more sense than men, and it's time to get the supper. So she goes to the kitchen, followed by the triumphal Thomas, tail erect like a poker. As he goes out, he looks back at me with a " well-I-fixed-that " expression over his shoulder, whilst an almost meek voice asks, " Shall I cook your kippers, dear? " I am out of the doghouse again.



"The Wire" is privileged to republish the following article from "Signals," the Journal of the Armed Forces Communications Association of the United States of America

UPON returning to West Point, the pre-World War II graduate of the U.S. Military Academy finds that some rather profound changes have occurred at his Alma Mater. The underlying principles, embodied in the motto "Duty, Honour, Country," remain firm; but the lessons of World War II have had a smashing impact upon both academic and military instruction. Perhaps the most sweeping changes have been in summer tactical training, where instruction has been broadened to include Air Force, Navy and combined operations.

In academics, the cadet is today better equipped and better instructed than ever before. Taking electricity as a sample course, the new electronics laboratory, completed in 1945, provides an excellent proving ground for the theories of the classroom. During the second class, or junior year, cadets at the United States Military Academy receive a year's course in electricity. This instruction is strengthened and increased by the practical military training received during the summer months, since electricity and electronics today play such a large part in any practical military operation.

Upon entering the Military Academy on the first weekday of July, the new cadets receive two months of intensive military training. This corresponds roughly to basic training in the Army and will be discussed at greater length later in this article.

The second summer is devoted to tactical training of the now third classmen (sophomores). Instead of being conducted near the cadet barracks, as in the years before the war, the training now takes place at a summer camp. Located seven miles west of West Point, it is named in honour of Lieutenant-General Simon Bolivar Buckner, former commandant, killed in action on Okinawa in 1945. This area is near the western boundary of the Military Academy reservation, in the midst of the heavily wooded, beautiful and historically famous central Hudson Highlands wherein much of the action of the early stages of the American Revolution occurred. Camp Buckner is constructed on the eastern shore of Lake Popolopen, near the Forest of Dean, site of some of America's earliest iron mines. The camp, composed of typical Army barracks capable of housing a thousand men, a mess hall and the other administrative, supply and recreation buildings characteristic of Army posts, spreads along the lake shore for two-thirds of a mile with all buildings within two hundred yards of the water. Located about the camp are numerous training areas and ranges designed to aid in the third class summer training programme which is conducted each summer at Camp Buckner.

Training at Buckner

Early in July of each year the camp is opened with the return of the third classmen, usually between six and eight hundred cadets, from June leave; and during July and August the third class lives at Camp Buckner undergoing an integrated training schedule that has been devised to fulfil the primary purpose of the camp: to give the new third classmen, after the initial year at the Academy, a broad view of

the functions and operations of the various combat and service branches. But the camp has two other missions: to allow the new third classmen to gain experience in command and troop leading and to allow the first classmen to gain experience in military instructing and in discharge of the duties of a junior officer. These three missions dictate the training to be given, the organisation of the camp, and the method of instruction to be used.

The actual training is composed of armoured force, artillery, command post, motor transportation, practical military engineering, quartermaster operations and signal communications exercises. Problems in platoon in the attack and use of weapons are supervised by the first classmen. Physical education, military courtesy and discipline, leadership, interior guard duty, orientation lectures and administrative details round out the training schedule.

The armoured training consists of familiarisation with characteristics of armoured vehicles, tank driving, fundamentals of tank gunnery, introduction to tank communications, principles of employment of mechanised cavalry on reconnaissance and security and attack missions (platoon level).

The field artillery course deals with organisation and operation of 105 mm. howitzer battalion, duties of liaison and forward observation sections, introduction to gunnery, range bracketing, firing demonstration to include: adjustment and fire for effect, prearranged fires, time on target technique, and firing of 4.5 in. rocket. The anti-aircraft artillery course includes nomenclature and fundamentals of operation of 40 mm. gun, M5A1 director and M55 quadruple mounted machine gun, nomenclature and fundamentals of operation of 90 mm. gun, orientation on Radar 584, searchlight and control station, and Army-Navy transportable lights instruction.

In the Field

Field exercises involving the rifle squad in attack, in defence and on security missions to include receipt and issuance of orders, troop leading and actions by squad leader under various conditions are included in the training, as is a platoon-in-attack problem consisting of organisation of rifle platoon, demonstration of platoon in attack to include orders, reconnaissance, approach march, troop leading in the attack and consolidation on objective.

Service Forces training includes practical military engineering wherein the third classmen gain a knowledge of mines, operation of engineer mechanical equipment, road construction, footbridge, M-2 and M-4 bridges, Bailey bridge and assault river crossings.

Quartermaster operations include organisation, equipment and operation of Quartermaster units to include: bakery company, refrigeration units, fumigation and bath company, mobile laundry, gasoline supply company and salvage and repair company.

The signal communications training includes a command post demonstration of typical command posts of elements comprising a " type combat team " as well as introduction to signal communications, basic radio and wire communication, message centre operation and procedure, message writing and field cryptography.

The weapons course consists of instruction in the rifle, cal. .30 M1 (preliminary rifle marksmanship, instruction practice and firing course B for qualification), mortars (demonstration firing of 60 and 81 mm. mortars), technique of fire (range estimation, target designation, fire order, application of fire and landscape target firing) and preliminary marksmanship and familiarisation firing of the carbine, pistol, auto rifle cal. 30 and light machine gun.

All of this instruction is given by a group of first classmen, tactical officers from West Point, officers from the academic departments and officers and men from the various detachments of the 1802nd Special Regiment, school troops at U.S.M.A. In order to give the first class detail experience in instructing military subjects and in acting as junior officers, each first classman is attached to one of the detachments charged with a portion of the training at Camp Buckner. The first classmen spend part of their duty time preparing and presenting lessons to the third classmen, and during the rest of their duty time they function as junior officers within the detachment to which they are attached, gaining experience as mess officers, transportation officers, and in other positions commonly assigned to junior officers. In this manner, each year about one hundred first classmen gain valuable training in the very fields in which they will be working after being commissioned.

Furthermore, the third classmen are organised into eight Companies, each of which is commanded and administered by third classmen with one commissioned officer from the Tactical Department supervising the Company. The cadets themselves are responsible for the conduct of the Companies, and, since the eight Companies are organised into a Battalion which has a cadet staff, the third classmen gain valuable experience functioning as part of a Battalion. The first classmen are organised into a ninth Company, but since Camp Buckner is primarily a third class camp, the first class Company is not part of the Battalion and is in no way connected to the third class chain of command.

In this way, through the training programme, the organisation of the Provisional Battalion which is controlled by the third classmen, and the use of first classmen as instructors, the three missions of the camp are fulfilled. The third class gains a broad background in the functions of the various branches of the Army and receives experience in troop leading, while the first classmen act as instructors and junior officers.

Air Force Tour

The greater part of the third summer as a cadet is spent away from the Military Academy. The nine weeks of training is divided between an orientation tour of Air Force bases and Operation CAMID, the joint West Point–Annapolis training in amphibious warfare.

The purpose of the Air Force trip is to acquaint the cadets with the capabilities and limitations of the various divisions of the Air Force so that they may be more cognisant of the role the Air Force plays in modern war.

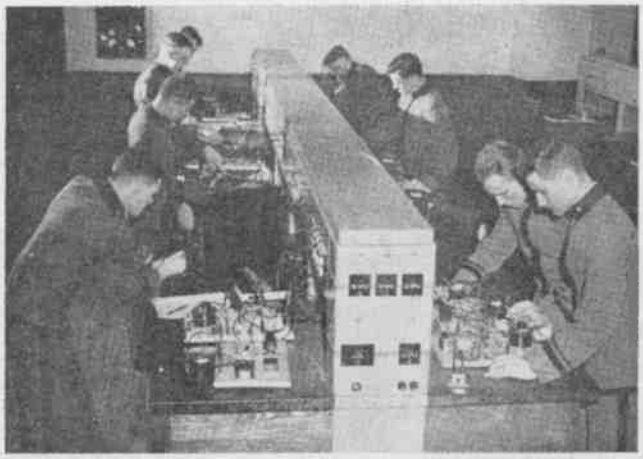
Demonstrations, lectures and practical instruction are given on the capabilities, limitations, and tactics and technique of reconnaissance aviation, the tactical air control group in air-ground operations, bombing and strafing by fighter and fighter-bomber type planes, tactics and technique of pursuit aviation. Indoctrination in the organisation and tactics and technique of strategic air power and demonstrative air support for ground forces by A-26 and F-80 planes are also presented.

The various planes of the Air Force, from the light liaison planes to the mammoth B-29s, are put through their paces for the cadets. To enable the men to become familiar with actual flying conditions, the cadets are flown between the various Air Force bases visited.

Electronics in A.F.

In no part of the Armed Forces does electronics play a larger role than in the Air Force. Therefore, since a large proportion of each class graduates into the Air Force, much time is devoted to the various applications of electricity. From the photographic reconnaissance planes seen at Langley Air Force Base, Virginia, to the B-29s at MacDill Air Force Base, Florida, electrical devices are all important. Many of the plane's control systems are electrically operated, and of course the electronics principles are found to be constantly applied in the many radios a modern plane carries.

As only one officer accompanies the cadet group on the Air Force trip, the cadet officers are charged with the maintenance of proper discipline. Thus, many of the men gain good leadership experience. Living at the various bases in



Electricity laboratory

areas occupied by the regular personnel, the cadets are able to see at first hand the day-to-day functioning of the Air Force under peace-time training programmes.

Airborne Training

The last part of the Air Force trip is spent at Fort Bragg, N.C., undergoing very intensive airborne training. The regular paratroop course is condensed to six days, in which the cadets receive all of the various types of training a regular paratrooper receives. The only exception to this is that no jumps are made from planes by cadets, although they do jump from all the towers.

Of the whole second class summer the training at Fort Bragg is perhaps the most rigorous. Instruction in all phases of airborne training, such as loading planes with cargo and personnel, parachute packing, use of pathfinder equipment, and acting as jump masters in real paratroop flights, is supplemented by lectures and a demonstration Battalion airborne drop. Furthermore, all cadets are taken for glider rides to demonstrate the possibilities of that craft.

Following the Air Force trip, the second classmen undergo preliminary training at West Point for Operation Camid. Although the primary purpose of Camid (Cadet - Midshipmen) is to instruct future officers in the problems and conduct of amphibious manœuvres, Camid also emphasises co-operation between the Services. Since the cadets and midshipmen live together aboard ship, a closer understanding of the problems of the sister Service is made possible.

The whole second class travels by ship to the Amphibious Training Base at Little Creek, Va. There, together with the midshipmen in the corresponding class at the Naval Academy, they receive the "shore phase" of their training. This entails practical work on nets, embarking and debarking on landing craft and other phases of training essential to a good landing operation. Lectures and training films supplement the practical instruction. Having completed this week-long "shore phase," the camids embark on Navy attack transports for more practical work. Aboard ship they witness demonstrations of landing operations and return to shore to observe a Marine Battalion execute a landing.

The camids then practice landing operations preparatory to the full scale one which concludes Operation Camid. The entire Cadet Battalion spearheads this landing, secures a beachhead, and establishes positions inland. The midshipmen, composing a Reserve Battalion, follow the cadets to the beachhead, where both Battalions spend the night in a tactical situation. At dawn the following day, the cadets launch an attack to enlarge the beach positions and press inland. A critique of the entire operation concludes this phase of the cadets' training.

The second classmen then divide into two groups, one going to Camp Kilmer, N.J., the other to the Brooklyn Army Base, both of which are part of the New York Port of Embarkation. There, by interchanging groups, the cadets learn of the work of the Transportation Corps and problems incident to the operation of a Port of Embarkation.

Following this trip, the cadets return to West Point to begin academics. The curriculum during this junior year includes a full course in electricity. This course comprises basic electricity, power generation, distribution and utilisation, and electronics and communications circuits with time approximately equally divided among the phases. The purpose of the electronics course at the Military Academy is to give each cadet a basic working knowledge of the fundamentals of electronics so that later, as an officer, he will have a firmer understanding of electricity and be better able to use it in the military profession.

Electronics Lab One of Best

Before discussing the actual subjects covered in the electronics sub-course, it would be well first to describe the electronics laboratory at the Military Academy. There are two reasons for this. First, in any study of electronics the laboratory work is the key to the success of the instruction. Second, at the Military Academy just a little less than half of the time given over to the study of electronics is devoted to laboratory work.

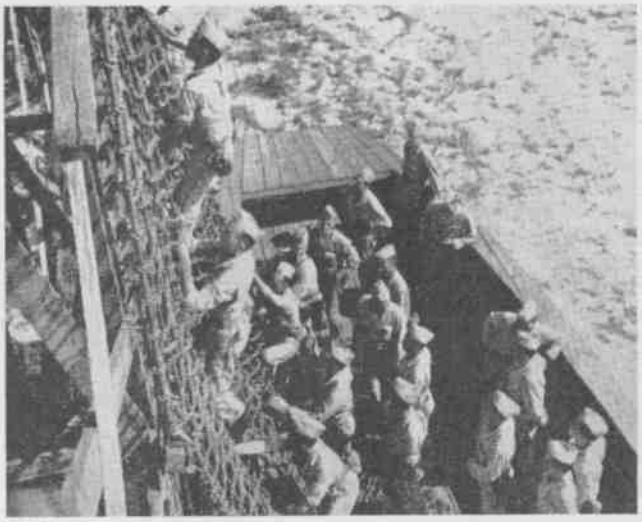
The laboratory for basic electronics at the Military Academy, completed in 1945, is recognised as one of the nation's best. The laboratory itself is 64 x 72 ft. and contains a main switchboard, a five-channel radio frequency oscillator, and 12 laboratory benches with superstructures. Radio frequency is distributed to the 140 student stations by balanced lines.

The problems of supply and distribution of electrical power, of minimising the amount of auxiliary power apparatus, and of providing audio and radio frequency signal sources and distribution systems have been solved by compromising flexibility, space and economics into a common set of busses, switchboard bench groups and control pedestals, all allowing simultaneous performance of different experiments and supervisory and overload protection to the entire system.

The switchboard contains five bays. In the fixed voltage bay there are the following source voltages: 115 v., A.C., 60 cps., single phase, 225 amp.; 208 v., A.C., 60 cps., single phase, 150 amp.; and 240 v., D.C., 150 amp. The adjustable voltage bay contains two 120 v., 200 amp., storage battery banks tapped every four volts, and two 0–115 v., 60 cps., single phase variable transformers. The third bay is a simple transfer bay, followed by the fourth and fifth bays which are audio frequency and radio frequency bays, respectively.

The laboratory is equipped with a five-channel R.F. oscillator. This oscillator has a main rectifier power supply and a dual modulator. It has four high frequency oscillator

Field exercises include training in flame throwers



Simulated shipside in amphibious warfare training

power channels, capable of 100 per cent. modulation at a carrier level of 300 watts each with a carrier frequency of 2 to 18 megs./sec. Also there is a 600 watt channel for carrier frequencies between 150-500 kilocyc./sec. and capable of 100 per cent. modulation. Electrical master oscillators or quartz crystals supply the control and an oscillator housing provides complete shielding.

The electronics laboratory contains a coaxial cable system for the uniform distribution of high frequency power. To secure maximum power and to permit transfer without frequency discrimination, the load impedance is matched to the surge impedance of the coaxial cable. Audio frequency power distribution employs loads of the high impedance bridging type.

Electronics Study

The text studied in electronics at the Military Academy is *Fundamentals of Radio* by Everitt. The Electricity Department added to this text by furnishing each cadet with an outline pamphlet of the course and a supplementary pamphlet which covers certain electronics subjects not discussed in Everitt. The course begins with a brief review of the mathematics involved in the D.C. and A.C. courses just completed, including the use of complex numbers. The electronics course proper begins with a study of the theory of electronic emission. Then follows a study of the standard electron tubes, from diode to pentode, along with an intense study of the tube characteristic curves. Applications of this theory are observed in the photo cell, the electron gun, and the cathode ray oscilloscope.

After a few assignments on impedance matching and tank circuits, the radio is next considered. Cadets study the components of receivers, R.F. and superheterodyne, the components of transmitters, antenna theory and the theory of the propagation of radio waves. Special attention is given to the theories of detection, amplification, rectification and oscillation and their relation to one another in the radio circuit. The course is arranged so that cadets obtain first in the classroom and then in the laboratory a cumulative working knowledge of each component of the transmitter and receiver. The climax of the radio phase of the electronics course is the laboratory period, during which groups of cadets build a complete superheterodyne receiver to receive a broadcast from a transmitter built in the laboratory by the instructors.

Radar and Television

The brief amount of time remaining of the course is devoted to a rapid survey of radar and television. The radar survey covers the generation of special wave forms, such as the square wave and the saw-tooth wave, and a discussion of the basic theory of radar. The practical applications are demonstrated to the cadets. The demonstrations include some of the Army and Air Force's latest radar developments as well as the present standard equipment. The television orientation consists of a lecture which rapidly covers the history, developments and present trends in commercial and military television.

The electricity course is conducted in the same manner as are all the subjects at the Military Academy with a ratio of about 16 cadets to each instructor. Each cadet recites and receives a grade at each attendance in electricity. This method of necessary self-study plus the individual instruction possible in class combine to ensure the adequate presentation and the above-average absorption of the electrical subjects taught.

In the laboratory the same 16-man sections are maintained, thus allowing for closer instruction. Furthermore, the students' experiments are supplemented with demonstrations by the instructors to bring out features of the course not covered in class or by the cadets' experiments. At present about 80 per cent. of the instructors in electricity have had graduate work in that subject. Throughout the entire electrical course military application of all theoretical material is made clear so that the cadets realise the importance of electronics in the Armed Forces today.

The final summer training programme at West Point is in effect a summing up of the broad military education and constant instruction in leadership given to the cadets during their three previous years at the Academy.

In line with this summarising objective is the first event on the calendar, the " Combined Arms " trip, taken by the entire first or senior class.

Electronics Tour of Interest

It is interesting to note that perhaps the most constant phase of instruction connected with these tours was that concerning electronic research, development and equipment. At Wright Air Force Base electronic research is largely concentrated on about 130 navigation projects, concerned with allowing aircraft to fly regardless of weather. An interesting accomplishment of this type of experimentation is automatic flight, as tested by the Air Force's All-Weather Airline in a large C-54 aeroplane, making push-button flying and preselected destinations a reality. Work is being done on radio ground control approach systems for blind landings and radar of all kinds. At Fort Bliss the latest developments in gun-laying radar are shown to the cadets, illustrating nearly non-human control of larger calibre anti-aircraft artillery. Special radar equipment for tracking the rockets fired at

Artillery range, Camp Buckner

White Sands is demonstrated to the class, as well as the electronic control systems in the missiles themselves. The Armoured School at Fort Knox stresses the importance of radio equipment, training and research, since radio nets of varying frequencies comprise the chief means of communication between tanks.

Highlights of the trip are the impressive low-flying demonstrations of late-model aircraft being tested at Wright Field, including the new XB-46 four-jet bomber capable of speeds close to 600 miles per hour; a display of amazingly accurate firing on radio-controlled target planes by anti-aircraft artillery units at Fort Bliss; actual firing of a test rocket at White Sands; a live parachute jump by trainees of the Airborne Section of the Infantry School, Fort Benning; and a night firing demonstration by tanks from the Armoured School at Fort Knox.

The " Combined Services " trip, involving first a tour of the New York Port of Embarkation, showing the complex organisation, services and planning required to embark troops and equipment on to naval transports, takes place later in the summer. Then the cadets visit the Signal Corps Engineering Laboratories at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, and witness the latest developments in radio, radar and other means of communication. The third and last stop is the Philadelphia Quartermaster Depot, where the cadets are shown the methods of uniform manufacture and the research and development sections. This tour rounds out a military training programme devoted to the objective of giving the cadets a broad professional background and practical experience in leadership and command.

Such a well-integrated programme as this is typical of the carefully designed curriculum at the United States Military Academy, devoted to the single purpose of turning out the best possible officer material to serve the nation in the Regular Army and Air Force.

* * *

On the final night of " Spartan," a Canadian Signal Unit halted just outside my Unit's lines, and a number of its members, after a hectic session at the local, turned up at our Unit dance. One of the D.R.s insisted on dancing in full regalia, including crash helmet. My C.O., who was wearing blue patrols, went across to protest. Glimpsing the vast expanse of blue through bleary eyes, he blinked and said, " Shay Admiral, ain't it about time you got back on your (blue-pencilled) battleship? "

Pre-War Bankers' Orders

In December, 1941, it was announced in the columns of THE WIRE that publication would have to cease for the duration of the war. In the same notice, officers were asked to cancel their Bankers' Orders on account of Corps Publications.

It is realised that on account of war conditions a large number of officers did not receive that issue of THE WIRE, and failed to cancel their Bankers' Orders. A number of subscriptions at the pre-war rate are still being received. Officers who subscribed to the Corps Publications prior to the war are asked to check their Bank Statements, and to query subscriptions at the following rates with their Banks:

ROYAL SIGNALS GAZETTE	5/-
ROYAL SIGNALS QUARTERLY JOURNAL	10/-
THE WIRE	7/-

Officers who are still subscribing to the ROYAL SIGNALS GAZETTE at the rate of 7s. 6d. are reminded that the subscription was raised to 15s. from 1st January, 1949. Amended Bankers' Order Forms are available from this office on application.

The Cage

By **D. BILLANY** *and* **B. DOWIE**

BEING a prisoner of war in World War II was, it is fair to say, rather different to the lot of similar unfortunates in the first German war. For one thing the fluid nature of the warfare, the early catastrophe in Flanders, the mass surrender in Malaya, and the rapid advances and withdrawals in North Africa made this business of becoming a P.O.W. less unusual. In World War I there was undoubtedly a certain stigma; subsequent to the recent war many ex-P.O.W.'s have risen to high rank.

The writer numbers among his friends five officers who were captured by the enemy. Four are outwardly unscathed by their experiences. The fifth, a perfectly normal cheerful average officer, has now left the Service. By no means subject to introspection, he appeared the least likely to be affected by such an experience, but he emerged soured, with an inferiority complex, and a sense of grievance amounting to persecution mania.

" The Wooden Horse," a best seller, publicised by the B.B.C., tells of the normal in the life of the prisoner and of amazing heroism and physical endurance in a successful escape.

" The Cage," the subject of this review, is of a different calibre. It is a strange book, beautifully written in a style mature for the age of the authors.

It is an acute psychological study of the effect of captivity on one who, old beyond his years, suffers acutely from lack of normal human experience before capture begins his personal tragedy.

The very careful accurate study which might well become almost a text book for the psychiatrist, alternates in the book with chapters of purely schoolboy humour. The undefeatable subaltern who must rag somebody and to whom the Italian guards provide an irresistible butt.

The reader is carried to a high level of careful, thoughtful study of the almost tragic theme in the personal relations between two of the men and immediately cast down by some immensely comic description as of the bogus tunnelling party.

All the lights and shades of prison life are put in carefully and truly. How boredom leads to unnatural affection; how it is conquered by hard mental work, the study of new languages and new subjects.

Certainly " The Cage " is a most unusual book, its theme a most unsual subject.

In conclusion, will any reader of this review who knows anything of Dan Billany or David Dowie, prisoners of war in Italy, please communicate with the publishers, Longmans, Green and Co., Ltd., 6 and 7, Clifford Street, London, W.1.

(continued from next page)

means of the latest improved type of film scanners, will be seen on every type of receiver in special communal viewing halls, and individual manufacturers will also have television demonstration rooms for invited guests.

The elaborate system of " pipe-lining " the various programmes to the demonstration rooms and on to the public address system in the halls will be an exhibit in itself, and the control, with announcers, engineers, amplifying equipment, record turn-tables and so on, will be housed behind glass walls in the gallery in full public view.

Many visitors are expected from overseas this year, especially as the exhibition coincides with the Motor Show at the neighbouring hall, Earls Court, and special arrangements are being made by the Radio Industry Council to receive them in rooms in the main gangway in the Grand Hall, Olympia. There will be small token exhibits there to impress upon them that Britain has led and still leads in most branches of radio, radar and television.

Radiolympia, 1949

By **ANDREW REID**, *Press Officer, Radio Industry Council (formerly Captain, Royal Signals)*

EXHIBITS of the Royal Navy, the Army, and the Royal Air Force will add extra interest to the 16th National Radio Exhibition—"Radiolympia" as it is generally known—to be held in London on 28th September to 8th October next. The Services did not exhibit on the last occasion, in 1947. Details of their exhibits are not yet announced, but the organisers interpret the secrecy so far maintained as a sign of healthy rivalry between the sailors, soldiers and airmen, and as a promise of some striking ways of demonstrating the warlike purposes of radio and radar.

There are several other Government-sponsored exhibits, including those of four establishments of the Ministry of Supply. The Radar Research and Development Establishment will have a supersonic experimental tank to show how radar works and a high velocity measurement device. The Telecommunications Research Establishment will show the "Sonde" radio-controlled balloon, which rises to 39,000 feet, measures wind velocity, temperature and humidity, and radios the results to its base. Another exhibit, simple but important in the radio industry and in the Services, is a soldering iron of a new type, and there will also be radio components and examples of packaging as tested at the Tropical Testing Establishment, Nigeria. The Signals Research and Development Establishment, Christchurch, is also to exhibit, and the Royal Aircraft Establishment, Farnborough, will show radio transmitters and receivers for aircraft.

The Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, exhibiting at Radiolympia for the first time, will demonstrate the influence of the ionosphere on radio communications and broadcasting, and show how the height and density of ionisation is measured and recorded for the purpose of forecasting the most favourable frequencies to use. Of greater public interest probably will be an exhibit to show the location of storms by radio. Readings from four stations in Cornwall, Northern Ireland, Scotland and Dunstable will be received at Olympia and plotted there in public view.

The Ministry of Civil Aviation will show a working model, 10 ft. x 4 ft., of the "instrument runway" at London Airport, Heathrow—that is the runway equipped with all the navigational aids. The runway will be lit by the new "line and bar" approach lighting system which is used in heavy weather as the final guide on to the runway, and the taxiways and aircraft will also be illuminated. The model aircraft takes off in semi-darkness, makes a wide circuit of the airfield, is located by GCA (ground control approach) radar at a scale distance of about four miles, and its position with range and height is shown to the public on a control console with position indicators arranged for direct viewing. At the same time a "talk-down" by the GCA controller speaking to the pilot is reproduced by loudspeaker, and the public hear this and see the "blips" on the radar screens as the aircraft comes in and lands.

Among the commercial exhibitors of communications and broadcasting equipment, navigational aids and electronics, are all the well-known names in radio—firms which today are exporting transmitters for communications and broadcasting to all parts of the world and hope soon to be exporting television transmitters and receivers; firms making television cameras and studio equipment; firms making communications equipment for the fighting forces and what is known as "business radio" for mobile use by police and fire services, ambulances, fleets of lorries, doctors, breakdown gangs, and all kinds of public utility services.

Although frequency modulation is used for non-military purposes in this country only for police communications and in experimental work by the B.B.C., there will probably be examples of FM transmitters and receivers.

Radar and other navigational aids will be demonstrated, including the British 3-centimeter ship radar made to the Ministry of Transport's strict specification and claimed to be the most efficient in the world. Test gear of all kinds will be shown by several leading firms and among the exhibits will be the new servicing instruments designed to take in the television frequencies and instruments for laboratory work on supersonics.

Along with the communications and other heavy equipment will be seen the latest electronic industrial processes—of growing importance when productivity is the first aim of industry.

Further progress towards miniaturisation will be seen in valves and components. Valves include miniatures and subminiatures for wave lengths down to well below 3 cm., magnetrons of new design, klystrons, travelling wave tubes, cathode ray tubes for all kinds of special purposes, and valves in which the circuit becomes an integral part of the valve itself.

Radio and television receivers will form the bulk of the commercial exhibits, of course, and will nearly fill the Grand Hall. Here again there is some secrecy at the time of going to press for competition is keen and manufacturers like to spring surprises on the public—and upon one another—when the show opens. The industry's wish is to see a radio set in every room of a house and so the small bedside sets will be much in evidence, and also the personal or handbag portables. The industry is also concerned to make people more particular about the quality of the reception, and for the first time this year it will be possible at Radiolympia to demonstrate high-fidelity sound because soundproof rooms are being provided by the organisers for individual firms and a special high-quality programme is to be piped into these rooms. Car radio for the short as well as the medium waves will be featured on several stands, and one manufacturer will devote a whole stand to car radio.

With television extending (soon after Radiolympia) to the Midlands, putting it within reach of another 6,500,000 people, television receivers suitable for both the London and Birmingham stations will be seen on numerous stands. Prices, even with purchase tax, are likely to range from not much over £40 to £140, with more, of course, for television sets combined with radio receivers or radiograms. The aerial specialists will be there with different types of television aerials classified approximately according to their suitability at various ranges and including indoor aerials costing only fifty shillings. There will be exhibits of all kinds of interference suppressors, ranging from the 1s. 6d. resistor for suppressing interference from motor vehicle ignition, and some demonstrations of the effects of interference.

Highlight of Radiolympia, 1949, is likely to be the B.B.C. television studio, where both sound and television programmes will be watched and heard by the public from the gallery around it. This studio will be far superior to the existing studios at Alexandra Palace and is likely to be the best-designed and best-equipped studio ever seen on either side of the Atlantic. Visitors will be able to watch not only all that goes on on the studio floor, including the operation of the cameras, but the control arrangements and the selection of the picture which goes out on the air.

The television programmes, including films televised by

(continued at foot of previous page)

SIGNAL TRAINING CENTRE

CATTERICK CAMP

2 Training Regiment

This month's congratulations go to Major G. S. Grey, who has been awarded the Haile Selassie I Military Medal with one Palm by His Majesty the Emperor of Ethiopia.

Having been shattered by an Annual Administrative Inspection and recreated by an extended Whitsun leave, we are now busily preparing for our first post-war Regimental Weekend. As far as a comparatively young soldier can gather, this institution is a sort of hybrid product obtained by crossing an Olympic Festival with a Summer Half-Term and Speech Day. Of this, and of the Regimental Sports on 16th June, we will write at greater length next month.

Drama Group. Rather disappointed by the cancellation of the Catterick Drama Festival, the members of 2 Training Regiment Drama Group were not to be outdone. Their production of Eugene O'Neill's one-act play, "In the Zone," was presented in Mons N.A.A.F.I. on 24th May.

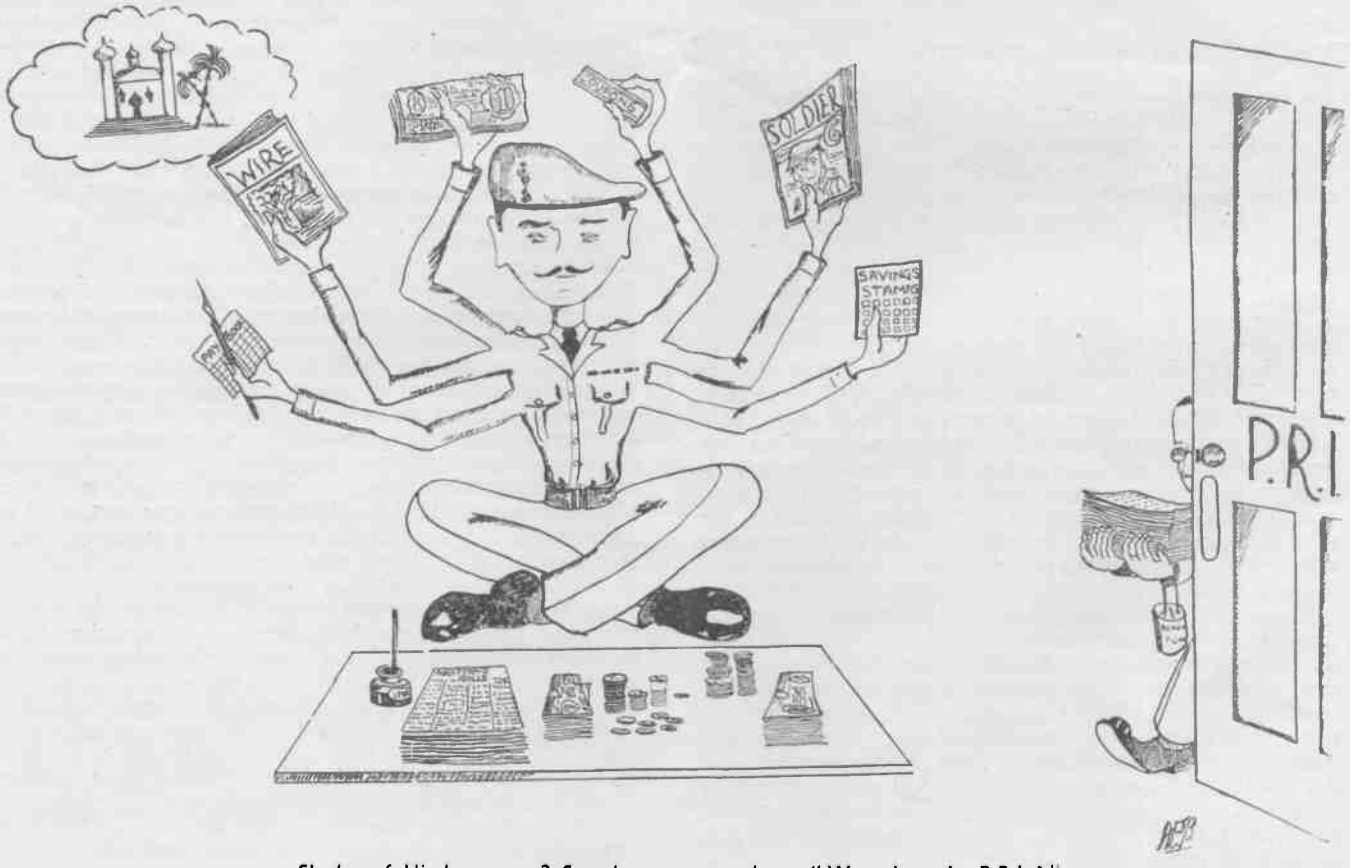
We are grateful to the Drama Group for a grand evening's entertainment and we are glad to hear that another production is planned for the near future.

HEADQUARTER SQUADRON. With the preparations for the Annual J.T.C. Camp at Gandale in full swing, several members of the Squadron have been taken to lend a hand. Among them, the venerable S.S.M. McConnell, whose stentorian *basso profundo* will ensure that tent-pegs are banged well home, and guy ropes tight enough to trip. Lance-Corporal Clapham, also at Gandale, is said to have cleaned his boots for the journey.

The Squadron Office faced the recent Documentation Check with their usual confidence, even though a file of A.F.s B 120/121 appeared to be missing. The Orderly suggests that the cold spell in February, when the office was temporarily out of Part II and Regimental Orders for fire-lighting purposes, might account for this discrepancy.

Rumour has it that Lance-Corporal Periton is thinking of taking a wife. Whose, we don't know.

1 SQUADRON. We welcome Major J. J. Thorley, just returned from West Africa, as our new Squadron Commander. Let us hope that his stay with us will be a happy one, and that he will be able to acclimatise himself to the change



Shades of Hindustan at 2 Squadron pay parade or "Wot about it, P.R.I.?"

from " Africa's Coral Shores " to " Catterick's Icy Mountains " without catching pneumonia.

Squadron athletes are still in training, but we are thinking of stopping this as the food supplies are running dangerously low.

The gardens have been renovated and, thanks to a generous P.R.I., who supplied the most exotic plants, and the combined labours of cadre and trainees, are now showing the fruits of their labours.

2 SQUADRON. God moves in a mysterious way, but he has nothing on our Sergeant-Major in this respect. His artistic soul, inspired by the prospect of an Admin. Inspection, has blossomed forth into fruitfulness, as the tropical splendour of our barrack rooms will testify. The draughtsmen, not to be outdone, have erected a signboard so weird, so devilishly cunning, that it is believed to be the work of Old Nick himself.

New head-dress is the order of the day, and we are astonished alternately by the sight of Mr. Galbraith surmounted by a peaked cap and of Johnny Saville submerged in a blue beret. What next? We even have a busby in the Stores!

3 SQUADRON. The air around 3 Squadron is freer now —the Annual Inspection has passed by, and the sigh of relief could be heard for miles. After five days' pause for Whitsun, the Squadron continued its labours and provided a keen squad of men to represent the Unit in the King's Birthday Parade.

In the District Athletic Championships, the Squadron had two winners, Second-Lieutenant Denyer in the 440 yards and Lance-Corporal Bryant in the mile.

3 Training Regiment

As age is replaced by youth and the experienced pass on to a " lean, slippered pantaloon," so I, your humble scribe, pick up chisel and hammer, and batter on regardless where Captain J. E. P. Sampson, the former chiseller, has left off.

After orders had been passed round to " salute everything that moves, and blanco everything that doesn't," the Annual Administrative Inspection took place.

The great day arrived with a leaden sky, which fortunately cleared, and the Commandant, Brigadier W. C. V. Galwey, O.B.E., M.C., took the salute and inspected the Regiment. With the band of the 8th Royal Tank Regiment playing the March Past, the ceremonial parade came to an end and, through the voice of one of the spectators, seated with the families in the front of the Bourlon Sandhurst Block, it looked pretty good! The Commandant then carried out his inspection of the lines.

With the summer season showing a leg, we hit off with a report slipped in by our Cricket Officer, Captain (Q.M.) H. Napper:

The cricket season has opened in this Regiment, and although results are a little disappointing, the team spirit is alive and it is hoped to win more matches in the future. There are no players of note in the Regiment, but combined with zest and zeal, might and main, and a few cross-bat shots, the team has not disgraced itself, and indeed a little more luck could have easily turned our defeats into victories. The following are the usual members of the team: Major G. Mellor, Captain H. Napper, Second-Lieutenant G. Hunt, S.Q.M.S. Pinder, Corporal Mays, Lance-Corporals Pitcher, J. Allardyce, C. Allardyce, Hopkins, Signalmen Shaw, Pearce and Race.

Our first match was against 8th Royal Tank Regiment and resulted in a win for them. Scores: 8th Royal Tank Regiment 107 (Hopkins 3 for 34); 3 Training Regiment 89 (Pinder 22, Pearce 13). We then played 4 Training Regiment and won by the narrow margin of one run! Winning the toss, we elected to bat first. The wicket was hard and dry, and it was soon apparent that the extreme dryness of the pitch was going to cause trouble. Our wickets fell quickly, and except for a spirited stand by Captain (Q.M.) Napper and Signalman Hopkins, no batsmen stayed. The innings closed for 68 runs. After tea 4 Training Regiment opened their innings, and the first three wickets produced 30 runs, 25 scored by Gingall. Wickets fell at the other end rapidly, and when the last man came in eight runs separated the scores. Amid tense excitement the next three overs were bowled, during which a hefty drive by Mosedale past mid-off produced four runs. In the next over Corporal Mays caught and bowled Walker, leaving us the victors.

Four more matches have been played, with the following results:

v. Colburn Village—3 Training Regiment 74 (Hopkins 25), Colburn 123 (Major Mellor 3 for 22, Corporal Mays 4 for 35).

v. 17/21 Lancers—3 Training Regiment 51 (Shaw 12), 17/21 Lancers 62 (Corporal Mays 2 for 21, Major Mellor 2 for 3, Shaw 3 for 7).

v. 1 Training Regiment in the Northern Command Knockout Cup—3 Training Regiment 67 (Captain (Q.M.) Napper 22), 1 Training Regiment 74 (Corporal Mays 7 for 27).

v. 14/20 Hussars—3 Training Regiment 49 (Signalman Race 14, Major Mellor 13), 14/20 Hussars 110 for 7 (declared).

Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess. Corrections, Editorial. In his notes re the front cover of the May WIRE the Editor said the picture was that of the " First " Signals Display Team. Surely he must have forgotten that Motor Cycle Display Team from Cavalry Divisional Signals that electrified audiences at Tidworth and Aldershot Tattoos in 1928, 1929 and 1930.

THE GRIFFLIN AT PLAY No. 7

" Gee, I must be bottled ! "

Contributions from Individuals

1. *Cartoons.* With drawing boards buckling under the strain and buckets replacing inkwells, cartoons come falling as autumn leaves. Enclosed are masterpieces from 2 and 4 Squadrons, and John Donne is becoming a mere ink spatter with another " Grifflin."

(The Editor regrets he can only print two cartoons.)

2. *L'Armee Française.* National Service men please note! O.C. 1 Squadron has just completed a period of attachment to the 8th Regiment de Transmissions, the first Signal Regiment of the French Army; he noted the following points of interest concerning National Service men there:

The French National Service man is called up at the age of 20/21 for one year's service. Six months are spent under instruction, both military and technical, the second six months on field work.

Pay is seven francs per day—less than 2d. Cigarettes, very strong black tobacco, specially prepared for the troops, cost 14 francs for 20; and good French cigarettes cost 75 francs for 20.

Leave is 14 days for their year of service. No free railway warrants, but they may travel on the railways, during their military service, at one-quarter the normal rate. French railway fares are in any case cheaper than ours.

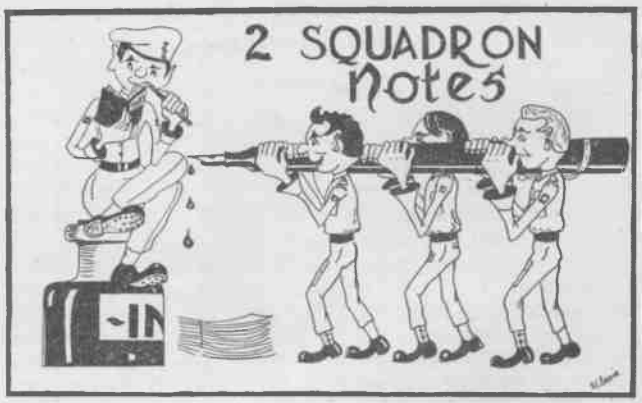
Promotion is by examination. A man must qualify as a soldier and as a technician to become soldier second or first class; i.e. caporal or caporal chef. Further examinations bring the rank of sergeant, which is the first N.C.O. rank. Most of their work for promotion is done in their own time in the evenings.

Morale is very good, and most men appear to enjoy their brief period of military service. Many of them are only too glad to be called up in order that they may learn a new trade.

France has had National Service for a long time and it is taken for granted that the year of military training is part of their obligation to their country.

1 SQUADRON. For the past two weeks there has been much activity in and around the Squadron Lines. This " extra " hard work by all concerned was due to the Annual Admin. Inspection. The gardens around the Squadron Lines played a very active part in the inspection; by " active " we mean that most of our evenings were spent in digging, hoeing, raking, mowing and generally improving the gardens. However, after all the hard work and loss of evenings " out," we now look upon our lawns as something sacred, which must be kept above standard. S.S.M. Douthwaite has assured us of that!

Once again we are looking forward to an exciting August. " Catterick Fair " preparations are being made throughout the Regiment, and of course our Squadron will be contributing to the many varieties of entertainment. After the fun of the Mammoth Slide in 1948, we are appearing with selections less excitable, but which offer just as much fun. We are also making our appearance in the Carnival; our ideas are quite original and we're sure there's a lot of gaiety in store.



2 SQUADRON. *Entertainment.* The 3 Training Regiment revue, " Nig-Nog Naughties," is now nearing its first presentation. Production is going well and the date fixed for its first performance is Wednesday, 22nd June. A few difficulties regarding scenery and props have arisen, but we hope to overcome these in due course. Judging from rehearsals, we are in for plenty of fun, good singing, dancing and colourful presentation. With these qualities combined and a fair share of good luck, 22nd June should bring a couple of hours of first-class high-speed entertainment.

Walking-out Dress. Blue berets have now been issued for walking-out dress. Permission may soon be granted for the wearing of plain blue lanyards.

Herbaceous Borders. The general atmosphere of the Unit has been somewhat brightened by the planting of flowers in the surrounding gardens. All lawns have been given a " Regimental cut."

4 SQUADRON. One of the highlights of life in 4 Squadron recently was a ceremonial parade on 12th May, on Peronne Sports Field, in honour of the anniversary of the Coronation of their Majesties. The Squadron provided a guard of honour of three officers and 100 other ranks; 45 L.A.A. Regiment, R.A., provided a saluting troop, and 8th Royal Tank Regiment the band. The salute and the march past were taken by the G.O.C. Catterick District.

The G.O.C. arrived at 1030 hrs. and after the General Salute inspected the parade; he chatted for quite some time with the Guard of Honour and then paid a high tribute to their turn-out and bearing. Then followed a Royal Salute, the Union Jack was broken and trumpeters of the band sounded a fanfare, " The Royal Salute." The Saluting Troop then fired a salute of 21 guns, followed by a Royal Salute, during which the band played the National Anthem. To conclude a most impressive parade, the Guard of Honour then marched past the G.O.C.

4 Training Regiment

The Ranges have been in use during the latter part of the month, and the Annual Range Classification—Cadre—is virtually completed. The weather has been very kind to us, and many a ruddy face will bear testimony to the radiance of sun. The results of the firing show no outstanding brilliance by any individuals, but the overall average is quite satisfactory.

A ripple of expectancy is permeating the Regiment, for news of the impending Regimental week-ends is rapidly circulating by the usual " Bush Telegraph." Our first one is to be held on the third week-end in June, and quite an intricate organisation has been formed. Our agenda includes, provisionally, an elaborate potted sports which has an organising staff of no less than a major and four subalterns! a trip to a seaside resort; visits to places of historical and general interest; a cricket match; inter-Squadron basketball, which is to be held on Gaza Parade Ground; cross-country rambling; and finally, to round off the day, the Entertainments Officer is organising a dance which will be held in Hipswell Gymnasium—the scene of so many other enjoyable dances. Although deep interest in the Regimental weekend is possibly lacking at the moment, it is hoped that this agenda will prove a real stimulus in future.

The Corporals' Mess has just recently woken up and taken an interest in itself. It now has a President, Corporal Crowle-Groves, and a Mess Secretary, Corporal Schofield; already this month they have had three social evenings which were quite fair successes. Flushed with this achievement they have aimed even higher, and have organised a Corporals' Mess Dance, which will take place in Hipswell Gymnasium on Friday, 17th June. The remainder of the Regiment wishes the Corporals every success in their future enterprises.

The Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess is naturally as well and truly established as the Regiment itself, though it does not allow the proverbial grass to grow under its feet. Very regularly social evenings are held in the Mess, and these are liberally supplemented by grander and more highly organised social functions, such as dances and games nights, at which the officers are frequently present in force.

A large party was held at the Mess at which the officers entertained the Warrant Officers and Sergeants and their wives. There cannot be the slightest doubt that the evening was a great success. Our very warm thanks are due to those officers' wives who produced a truly memorable effect with what must have been the most glorious galaxy of floral decoration ever seen in the Mess.

Entertainment in the Regiment is under the direct control of Second-Lieutenant Moffat, who, to quote his own words, " is continuing his policy of fewer but better dances." He has further increased the popularity of the dances by inviting lady partners from neighbouring towns and villages, thus bringing the balance far nearer a true one.

A matter which is being treated with the first priority is the formation of a Unit Dance Band. Major N. D. Shaw, one of the foremost musicians in the Regiment, is constantly scanning the faces of all new intakes in the hope of finding a suitable saxophonist, which, I am told, is quite a scarce type of bird these days!

Preparations for the Catterick Fair are also well in hand. We are having three stalls, and are also supplying a demonstration team of mast erectors.

Sport. Cricket. The team has quickly settled down to the season's sport, which we hope will prove at least as successful, if not even more so, than last year's.

Captain D. Pocock (semi-detached for the cricket season!) has surrendered the reins to Second-Lieutenant M. Stannard, a comparatively recent arrival from the N.S.O.T.W., who appears to have matters well under control. So far we have played one cup match and three friendly matches.

Results

4 Training Regiment v. 3 Training Regiment (home).—4 Training Regiment 67 (Lance-Corporal Gingall 25); 3 Training Regiment 68 (Lieutenant K. Mogridge 3 for 13, Signalman Wallar 3 for 3).

4 Training Regiment v. Royal Signals Wing, School of Signals (home).—4 Training Regiment 108 (Captain Turner not out 47; Royal Signals Wing 54 (Lance-Corporal Henley 5 for 11, Lance-Corporal Bloxom 3 for 12).

1st Round District Cup

4 Training Regiment v. 12 Royal Lancers (away).—4 Training Regiment, 34 for 2; 12 Royal Lancers 33 (Captain Pocock 7 for 13).

4 Training Regiment v. All Arms Wing, School of Signals (home).—4 Training Regiment 33, All Arms Wing 39 for 7 (Lance-Corporal Mosedale 4 for 17).

Athletics. At the Catterick District Individual Championships S.Q.M.S. (F. of S.) Marsh came third in the putting the shot event with a heave of 33 feet 10 inches. Corporal Teall, who came fourth in the 100 yards final, was unluckily beaten by a narrow margin for third place, returning the time of 10.7 seconds. Signalman Jenkins came third in the hop, step and jump with 35 feet 6 inches.

"Now when I came in, back in '48"

7 Selection Regiment

As part of Officers training during the month, two extremely interesting visits were made to No. 1 Command Workshops R.E.M.E., Catterick, and the School of Military Engineering at Ripon. R.E.M.E. showed us vehicles, tanks and wireless sets being overhauled, and the latter was of special interest to those of us who attempt to repair our sets. At S.M.E. Ripon we were cordially invited to tea, after spending the best part of the afternoon getting inside information on Bridge building and demolitions. It is proposed that a future outing should take us down a coal mine, but we hope this visit will not prompt any post-release ideas of becoming Bevin Boys.

Congratulations to Captain and Mrs. Bill Smith on their first addition of a baby daughter. We hope that there will be many more little Smithies.

Although the heavy rain on the 3rd June interfered with the pass off parade of recruits from 3 and 4 Squadrons, Brigadier W. C. V. Galwey, O.B.E., M.C., was able to make the usual presentations of certificates and drill sticks to qualifying recruits and N.C.O.s.

We hear on good authority that our Adjutant, Captain Peter Parker, will be leaving us shortly for the War Office. This will deal a severe blow to the Regimental cricket, rugger and hockey teams.

The Regimental cricket team, after a disastrous start by losing in the first round of the Catterick Garrison Cup to 14/20 Hussars, were able to redeem themselves with a win against 2 Training Regiment, Royal Signals. In this struggle, notable performances by Corporal Bean (23), Corporal Brown (36), and S.Q.M.S. Humble (55), and among the bowlers, Second-Lieutenant Jordan (5 for 10) and Lieutenant Wilson-Wilcox (3 for 11) were mainly responsible for our win. For 2 Training Regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel Vulliamy and Signalman Harris, with 13 runs each, were the top scorers of the side.

Results:

v. 2 Training Regiment, won, 136 for 4 to 53.

v. 14/20 Hussars, lost, 48 to 55 for no wicket.

Very creditable performances in the Catterick Garrison Individual Championships have been achieved by Corporal Bottomley, Royal Signals, who came first in the half mile, and Sergeant Martin, who gained second place in the discus with a distance of 110 feet. Sergeant Lockwood gained fifth place in the latter event. Sergeants Martin and Lockwood and Corporal Bottomley have all been accepted as entries in the forthcoming Northern Command Individual Championships. We congratulate them and wish them success.

"R" INDEPENDENT SQUADRON, ROYAL SIGNALS

Richmond

During the week after Easter a mixed assortment of bodies descended upon 7 Selection Regiment, Royal Signals. There were Royal Signals officers from Germany, Egypt, Singapore, West Africa—in fact from the four corners of the world (including Pocklington!). Warrant officers, N.C.O.s and men of almost every Regiment imaginable of R.A.C., R.A. and Infantry contributed to a chaos of cap badges and accents.

"What are we here for?" was the unending query, and back would come the mystifying answer, "For 6 Selection Regiment, of course!" So, for nearly four weeks, indecision reigned. A recce was made to Beverley, where the new Regiment was to start up on 21st May, and the recce party returned with glowing tales of the possibilities of Beverley, only to find the whole project under reconsideration.

Men arrived, went on leave and returned, to find still no change in the situation. Rumour was rife and fantastic suggestions went the rounds.

At last, from the welter of rumours, one—more persistent than the others—materialised into reality. No new Regiment would now be formed, but, instead, an Independent Squadron would be established at Richmond to receive all regular recruits and re-enlistments for the Corps, and to arrange personnel selection and basic primary training for a period of six weeks before sending them on to Training Regiments.

Thus "R" Squadron was born.

A provisional establishment was provided and the task of selecting instructors and other permanent staff from among those originally destined for the proposed Selection Regiment was commenced.

No sooner had this been completed than a fresh instruction ruled out the use of infantry personnel—we started again!

On 18th May the advance party moved into The Barracks, Richmond, home of the Regimental Depot of The Green Howards, with whom we now share the accommodation. On 24th May the remainder of the Squadron moved from Catterick and commenced the task of brushing up both the barracks and the knowledge of the instructors, prior to receiving our first recruits.

Training of our first Troop commenced on 9th June and training of two further Troops will begin on 23rd June.

Of course, we are not yet legalised—not having been formally approved or raised. But we have some transport, a typewriter and our stores are arriving so rapidly that we hope soon to be able to equip our recruits with a little more than just underclothing and knives, forks and spoons. Also there are whispers that we shall be able to boast a telephone of our own in the near future.

Such is the story of a new Unit—the first all-Regular Trainee Unit of the post-war Corps—coming into existence. Although at the time of going to press we are penniless, Brigadier W. C. V. Galwey, O.B.E., M.C., Commander S.T.C., visited us on 10th June and has promised £50 to start the P.R.I. We intend that you shall hear more of us and from us in future.

Why not have your monthly copy of **THE WIRE** mailed direct to your address?

School of Signals

N.S. Officer Training Wing

We have had two Pass-off Parades during the month. Course 225 passed-off on 13th May, the salute being taken by Brigadier G. S. O'N. Power, C.B.E., Commandant, School of Signals. The Commanding Officer's cane was awarded to Officer-Cadet Gibson.

Lieutenant-Colonel W. M. Ponsonby, O.B.E., Commanding 7 Selection Regiment, Royal Signals, took the salute when Courses 226 and 227 passed-off together on 27th May. The Commanding Officer's cane was awarded to Officer-Cadets Hall and Kenward, respectively, on this occasion.

Our best wishes go to Major R. C. Yule, O.B.E., this month on his departure to command 4 A.A. Group (M) Signal Regiment; his place as Second-in-Command and O.C. Headquarter Squadron being taken by Major G. S. K. Maydon, who has moved over from the Technical Training Squadron. We welcome S.S.M. Morrison to the M.T. Squadron to replace S.S.M. Arnold, who has gone for a tour with the T.A., and Sergeant Matthews, who has joined us from the Depot Regiment.

Our congratulations this month are extended to Captain and Mrs. P. S. Westmacott on the birth of a daughter, to Sergeant and Mrs. Stonehouse on the birth of a daughter, and to Sergeants Hannam and Blampied on the occasion of their marriages.

On 22nd May the Warrant Officers and Sergeants Mess entertained the Warrant Officers and Sergeants of 1 Training Regiment to a cricket match. Although the match was drawn, due to failing light, the tea provided in the pavilion was a huge success, and possibly was the main reason for the game never being played to a finish.

We held another of our popular Inter-O.C.T.U. Sports Meetings on 21st May, when we entertained the R.E. O.C.T.U. (S.M.E., Ripon), at home. We managed to claim honours this time, having beaten the Sappers in cricket, hockey, fencing, shooting, basketball and tennis, against their wins in athletics and boxing. Since all events were very closely contested, these results do not entirely show a true picture of our relative skills, but this should be remedied when we meet again later in the season. The day was rounded off by a visit to the Signals Theatre, where we saw "The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse," and finally an excellently spirited buffet and party in the Officers' Mess.

The shooting team has had only one main event this month, when they fired off their entry for the Army Small Bore Rifle Competition. We would like to offer our best wishes to Second-Lieutenant Stevenson when he represents the Corps at Bisley this summer, for which event he is putting in plenty of practice.

All Arms Wing

The Lines are now looking quite smart and ready for the Annual Administrative Inspection, which will be carried out by the Commandant. Many hours have been spent in attempts to smarten up the Lines, which were in a very bad condition, the place having been unoccupied for a considerable time.

We are sorry to have to say farewell to Major R. H. Ripley, M.B.E., who has been posted away after a long stay with the Unit as Chief Instructor, but as everyone has to leave some time we can only say "The best of luck, sir, and hope to hear from you in the near future." It is at least a pleasure to welcome in the place of Major Ripley, Major R. B. Brown, Royal Signals, who has taken up the duties of G.S.O.II, and trust his stay with the Wing will be a happy one.

The Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess in the new quarters is a very great improvement on the previous Mess and is making itself known around the camp as a very comfortable spot from which to receive an invitation.

Sport. Cricket has now got a good start in the Wing and we hope to be able to give good accounts of the team in future issues.

We are holding a Corps Weekend in the near future and trust the innovation will be a success.

User Trials Squadron

The move to our new H.Q., high on the hill of Vimy Lines, is more or less complete, although the grass tries to grow faster than we can cut it.

Half the Squadron still work on the South Coast. Most of the detachment there have become well settled down after their long stay, and it is to be feared that Captain Breeds will have a formidable task when he has to lead Sergeant Crich, Corporal Whelan and the rest back to the bleak airs of Catterick.

We understand that Captain Holifield's working hours with the French Army are 0800 hrs. to 1800 hrs. with occasional schemes starting at 0500 hrs. His hoped-for rest cure does not seem to have materialised.

S.A.A.A.

TUCKED away near one of the termini of what used to be the Great Western Railway is a wind-swept camp where the intricacies of anti-aircraft artillery are taught. At any moment of the day or night radar sets may be seen in action and anti-aircraft guns blast their way into the sky. The situation of the camp is probably one of the most beautiful in the country. The rugged coast of South Pembrokeshire, relieved at intervals by small sandy beaches, is well known for its beauty and historical interest. Tenby and Pembroke, the nearest towns to the School of Anti-Aircraft Artillery, are typical of the small towns of this Little England beyond Wales. Tenby is a very popular holiday resort, which makes accommodation difficult and expensive in the summer, but is fortunate in having a very mild climate all the year round.

Until August, 1948, the School was without Royal Signals representation, but on 16th August the recently authorised and vacant appointment of G.S.O.II Signals was filled by Major J. N. Evans, Royal Signals.

One of the first things that became apparent was that a much more useful job of work could be done if more Royal Signals assistance was available. It was difficult for one officer to maintain all the Signals equipment, instruct and be at both ends of a wireless link at the same time! Although officially the G.S.O.II Signals appointment was in an advisory capacity, it was obvious that a small attachment was really necessary, and eventually Sergeant A. Nibbs and Signalman (later Lance-Corporal) D. J. Davies arrived. The senior and the junior members of the detachment were Welshmen and were glad to be serving at home, whilst the middle member was a "Cockney," but was prepared to put up with Wild Wales until demob day arrived.

No charter had been written for these three, and so everything that faintly resembled Signals was thrown at them. They took wireless sets out in launches and were sick while the gunners fired at targets towed behind; they ran the publicity campaign for the Gunners' "At Home," for which they received the congratulations of the Commandant; they established a demonstration room of Signal equipment; they instructed Gunner officers and N.C.O.s; they produced public

address equipment at displays and carried out dozens of smaller interesting jobs.

The publicity campaign for the "At Home" was a very interesting task and entailed two tours of South Pembrokeshire, one bill-posting and one broadcasting, and an afternoon on top of a three-ton office lorry in a howling wind trying to talk into a microphone. All was well, however, and a large majority of the three thousand visitors heard what was going on.

The demonstration room had grown up from very small beginnings, one wireless set No. 22 and one multiphone, into a reasonable display. The idea has been to produce one piece of each type of Signal equipment that the A.A. gunner is likely to meet. This is a most necessary "want" as it would surprise most, if not all, readers to know that there are still people who do not know the difference between a 22 and a 53 set! Then, of course, there must be numerous readers who do not know the difference between a F.C. and a T.C. radar!

A large amount of the work of the Corps detachment at the School takes place in the open air, and although on paper it is a War Office School, A.A. Command like to keep us in the picture by giving us odd trials to carry out and by inviting us to conferences. This actually is an excellent thing, as without it we should begin to think that we were indeed far beyond the circle of Corps influence. A very strong spirit of co-operation exists between the detachment and their foster-fathers at A.A. Command.

Although life at Manorbier is varied and interesting, it is by no means the sinecure that the preceding paragraphs might suggest. Routine tasks have still to be performed, and line testing, lecturing, answering questions, allocation of telephones, and amendments to telephone directories all play their part in our daily life. Sometimes even these have their humorous sides; for example, the Gunner officer who wanted to know "if an optical path is necessary between wireless sets who do not use a lamp?"

The Master of a certain Hunt, who was not too popular with his members, was remarking to one of them on the extent of the damage done to the fences in the Hunt country. The only comment was, "I don't see what you have to complain about—you might be able to see hounds occasionally now!"

* * *

An Army Chaplain met a drunken soldier and, much to the latter's surprise, shook him heartily by the hand. "I'm so glad you have turned over a new leaf," beamed the Padre. "Me?" asked the old soak, completely mystified. "Yes, I was so glad to see you at the prayer meeting last night." "Oh!" remarked the soldier, "so that's where I got to!"

* * *

First Soldier: "It's funny, Bill, we've marched for miles and miles, and haven't passed a milestone yet."

Second Soldier: "Yes, that's right; we haven't, have we?"

Several hours later they pass a cemetery.

First Soldier: "There they are, Bill, all in a blooming heap!"

* * *

The big wartime exercises, such as "Bumper" and "Spartan," were the occasion for many amusing incidents.

For the purposes of the exercise a bridge was alleged to have been blown, and a neutral sentry posted upon it to deny its use to traffic. A girl, driving a car, approached, and was halted by the sentry, who explained that the bridge had been blown. She was sceptical and turned to a Sergeant standing beside the barrier for confirmation. He replied, "I wouldn't know, miss, I've been dead for three days!"

"Q.R.M."

ARMY WING, COMBINED SIGNAL SCHOOL

Fremington, Barnstaple

Tucked away in the rather obscure North Devon village of Fremington are the members of the Corps who form the Army Wing of the Combined Signal School.

As this is our first contribution to THE WIRE, it would be as well to explain very briefly the set-up at Fremington.

Working with our opposite numbers in the Royal Navy, Royal Marines and Royal Air Force, we instruct officers and O.R.s of all three Services in the theory and practice of combined operations communications.

Major A. S. P. Salter, O.C. Army Wing, Captain M. J. MacLennan, O.C. of the affiliated 3 Ship Signal Troop, and Captain W. A. Sykes, training officer, make up the officer strength of the Unit.

Sergeant R. F. Brooks, whose saturnine countenance watches over the hive of industry in the Orderly Room; Sergeant P. Evans, kept busy filling up numerous A.B. 108's at the Wireless Store; F. of S. W. Holton, eternally repairing "dis" sets; S.Q.M.S. Field and Sergeant P. Young are the Senior N.C.O.s.

Recently—and much to the discomfort of those easily prone to sea sickness—a diversion from routine work was provided by three weeks' training in an L.C.H. (landing craft headquarters). All members of 3 Ship Signal Troop took part in the scheme, which was in the charge of Captain MacLennan.

We quickly learnt that a shallow-draft, flat-bottomed boat does not take kindly to rough seas. The scene in the wireless room, where the insidious fumes of diesel oil seeped up through a sump was at times grim. Even Sergeant Young (though he still denies it with characteristic Glaswegian toughness) fell to the wily turbulence of Father Neptune.

Nevertheless, despite these tribulations, everyone agreed that the trips to Lundy Island and South Wales had been enjoyable. Knowledge and food was consumed by mind and stomach in good proportions.

It is rumoured that we shall be taking to the high seas again this summer. Meanwhile, everyone is earnestly praying for the 100 per cent. efficient sea-sick preventative tablet!

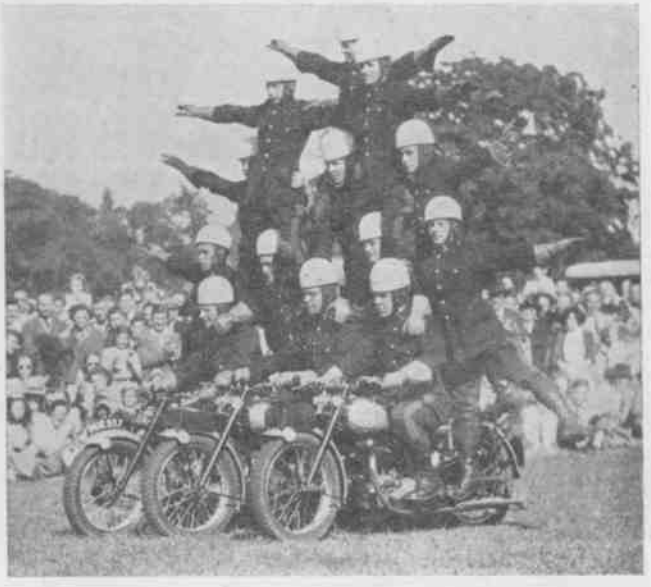
Royal Signals Motor Cycle Display

REDHILL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY SHOW

GATTON PARK, REIGATE, 6th JUNE, 1949

THE Redhill Show was in full swing when your reporter arrived, but he had no difficulty in locating Captain N. G. R. Halliday, who was observing the ladies' jumping from a central point in the committee tent. All, in effect, was very good except, as always, that the grass of the arena was a little too short: the arena itself was a little too small and made smaller by the encroachments of the inevitable children and dogs, and a freshly-laid water pipe had made a deep and treacherous depression running the length of it. Later, just before the display was given, the team, assisted by some members of the Agricultural Society, cleared the arena of the majority of the show jumps, leaving "the wall" in the centre, where it made an effective refuge for the photographers, but a difficult baulk for the performers. The display in these highly adverse conditions was brilliant, the figure riding by the whole team being particularly effective. Such individual feats as the ladder ride were almost impossible of achievement, but one stalwart successfully accomplished the hitherto unseen feat of performing the ladder ride facing backwards. It did not appear possible under the conditions prevailing, but he accomplished it. Old tricks were put on differently. The motor bicycle and sidecar was embellished by a barber's pole and the act given an admirable comic twist by being transformed into an erratically mobile barber's shop. When at last the barber and his victim were decanted, the motor bicycle and sidecar, pursuing its normal unattended course, was even better operated than usual. Even the elect were deceived by the fiction of radio control. As has been said, a feature of this year's display is the backwards riding, which has reached hitherto unassailed heights.

The Sutton Branch of the Association attended the show in some strength, with a view to seeing the motor cycle display, and amongst those stalwarts who attended were: W. J. Membry, hon. secretary; H. G. H. King, Mitcham Area organiser; Miss Goddard, social secretary; Mr. Townsend, committee member.



Western Command Signal Regiment, Chester

The outstanding event in April was a visit by the Corps band, who were in residence at the Officer Cadet School, Eaton Hall. We were given two excellent concerts, which were very much appreciated by all ranks, and we say "thank you" again to Captain John Judd and the Band.

May saw the departure of our C.S.O., Brigadier W. O. Bowen, C.B., C.B.E. We wish him good luck and success in his new task as C.S.O., M.E.L.F. We also take this opportunity of greeting the new C.S.O., Western Command, Brigadier E. V. McCormack, C.B.E.

At the end of May, Long Service and Good Conduct Medals were presented to R.Q.M.S. R. Parry and Sergeant W. Pemberton. The occasion was marked by a ceremonial parade, at which the medals were presented by the Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel T. W. Boileau, O.B.E., Royal Signals.

Our sporting activities are very much curtailed, as our sports ground will be unusable for some time to come. The grounds are being drained and re-turfed, and will be first-class when we can use them again.

However, the newly-formed cycling club is going well and has a band of real enthusiasts. Badminton is quite popular, and judging by the number of black eyes collected by certain individuals, the encounters must be very spirited!

R.Q.M.S. R. Parry and Sgt. W. Pemberton

Eastern Command Signal Regiment, Canterbury

With a welcome spell of superb weather, preparations are well in hand for the summer season. Some good work by Signalman Pomroy, the groundsman, has given us a cricket pitch with a billiard table appearance. The Sports Officer, Second-Lieutenant R. C. Watson, has arranged some good fixtures with local clubs, and we are looking forward to a successful season.

On 29th April the Regimental dance took place in the Cavalry Theatre, Canterbury. The Corps Dance Orchestra supplied music in the usual polished fashion. The general organisation was by O.C., 2 Squadron (Major H. R. V. Cooke), assisted by Captain D. J. McKenna, Captain R. D. Smith, S.Q.M.S. Foster and several other willing helpers.

Of quite a valuable collection of prizes, not the least were a bottle of whisky and a chicken, both won by lads of the Regiment, Lance-Corporal Bayliss won the "Scotch" and Driver Guyton the chicken.

It was encouraging to see the support given by the local civilian population. Credit for this must be given to S.Q.M.S. Jack Foster, who did a "Raymond Glendenning" act with the P.A. truck in and around Canterbury.

Within the Regiment, we welcome the newly-formed Independent R.A. Signal Troop, which is under the command of Lieutenant W. J. Clapp. Also in the Troop Office are Sergeant D. L. James and Corporal D. Wood. Sergeant James will be known to the types at 3 G.H.Q., Fayid.

Getting away to a flying start, the Troop are off to Aldershot early in May to take part in a Gunners' exercise. Doubtless there will be more of this later on.

Taking advantage of an offer from a local colliery, a party from Canterbury went down to Chislet recently to tour the workings, both above and below the surface.

Although not a very large pit, Chislet is one of the most up-to-date in the country (it even has fluorescent lighting at the coal face). The writer, who was with the party, remembers with great clarity the extremely rapid descent down the 1,500ft. shaft.

THROWING A LITTLE LIGHT ON MOTOR CYCLE TRIALS

The Duties of the Marshal

Sitting snugly ensconced before a nice fire the other evening, with pipe drawing well and perfect peace around, I fell to musing on the varied aspects of Signals activities.

Perhaps due to the popping of the two-stroke that passed my window about that time, my mind was drawn to reminiscing on D.R.s and their work and the experience that befell me when in a moment of misguided enthusiasm I was foolish enough to volunteer to act as a "marshal" in one of the inter-Unit trials.

We had several D.R. Sections in the formation and a large number of motor cycles. Most of the D.R.s were old hands and we had some first-class riders. The C.O. and Second-in-Command were enthusiasts and rivalry for the shield which the C.O. had presented for these trials was always very keen.

To you rather benighted individuals who, hearing talk of motor cycle trials, conjure up visions of the English T.T. races or think immediately of racing smoothly over the tar-

macadam roads or of a cool breeze blowing swiftly through the hair or of jumping idly astride a throbbing monster and suitably garbed in crash helmet, overalls, boots and stockings, and opening the throttle and roaring speedily into the distance——

To *you* is this episode recommended, in the hope that should you ever be unfortunate enough to find yourself in this very self-same position, your wisdom by virtue of my experience will prevail. May you with suitable expressions of regret and apology gently decline the honour that they will be so eager to confer upon you.

To those of you who know more, to the hardened idle spectator and hangers-on, to those lovers of cracking bones and an insatiable thirst for blood, and to you, too, riders and participants, I recommend this short epistle as worthy of attention.

There is little doubt that the spectator's role is the best. He, no doubt, will ride in a truck to the start-point. He will amble pleasantly from hazard to hazard, for him the pleasing thrill of the observed section and the indolent posture, between the heats. But what—I ask you, what!—of that unfortunate and dim-witted individual, the " marshal "?

Pool soul; in his naive and simple way he is fair game for the trials promoter. In his abysmal ignorance and with an appalling lack of foresight, he allows himself to be ensnared by soft words and a false sense of duty into a role, at once, both ignominious and unproductive.

For him the trial starts some days before the day of the race. Not for him the joys of the Saturday afternoon " charpoy bash " or the cool, clean dip in the briny; not for him the lazy game of cricket or the quiet read. No, not he, God rest his soul; he must spend his afternoon under blazing sun armed with a shovel, digging out hazard here, filling in hazard there, marking off this section and that section, plotting the course, tramping endless miles over rugged and bare countryside. Up hill, down dale and through thick virgin wood until darkness falls. Then, and only then, may he call a halt and drag his weary frame and mutilated feet back to a mess, where the final straw is loaded by the guffaws of the assembled company, who jeer at his crass ignorance and dishevelled appearance.

Not even then is he allowed to relax, for he is beset on all sides of his billet with revving and roaring of engines, the constant clang of the dropped spanner and the half-veiled oath of the would-be mechanics as they endeavour to tune their machines for a maximum effort. Each rider has vied with the remainder to produce as earsplitting a din as he can, and to this end silencers have been removed and baffle plates sawn off, and the motor cycle bays sound like a shipyard full of riveters. The next morning the day is not yet young when, bleary-eyed, the marshal disentangles himself from the folds of his mosquito-net and with sharp yelps of agony puts his blistered and tortured feed (somehow still lightly attached to creaking and shaky ankles) to the floor.

If he has not been a marshal before, he has peace of mind—for in his childish simplicity and ignorance he feels that nothing can be worse than the previous day's exertions. Poor fool, he little knows!

Arriving at his allotted hazard, he removes his shirt, gets out scoring paper and pencil, and prepares for what he thinks will be a quiet day. Eventually, after all machines have been made roadworthy and safe to ride, and all riders briefed, the first competitor is clocked away. He arrives at the hazard and the marshal, lying on his back, chewing a piece of grass, notes the number and points out the direction to be taken. Perhaps the rider has already come some distance and is looking rather hot and bothered, so our marshal smiles and thinks to himself, " I had my share yesterday." How little he knows!

With a roar from the exhaust, the rider enters the observed section—it is, of course, a " water-splash "—there is a shower of spray, a flurry of mud and backfire from the machine, and then—silence!

Getting wearily to his feet, the marshal contemplates the stationary machine, by now rapidly sinking in some particularly thick glutinous and smelly mud; for a moment he hesitates. However, being new to the job, he eventually enters the morass; the rider restarts his engine, and with much heaving and straining the machine is pushed out of the water and up on to the opposite bank. Unfortunately, it is at this juncture that the competitor decides to let in his clutch, and with the misguided marshal still retaining a firm grip on the pillion, the back wheel starts to revolve at a colossal speed, throwing up a shower of this same glutinous black slime. In his present position our marshal can but be on the receiving end of this somewhat doubtful gift; as the machine shoots forward he emerges, plastered thickly from head to foot in this tenacious black mud. Its limpet-like qualities are by no means the finest of its attributes, for it possesses also a particularly pungent and nauseating odour, which is infinitely more clinging and whose potential for ensuring the speedy departure of friend and foe alike from the immediate vicinity has not yet been fully appreciated even by the Department of Chemical Warfare.

However, despite his discomfort, our marshal manages a wry grin and awaits the next arrival. This turns out to be number 125, who, charging the hazard with reckless abandon and complete disregard for the exhausted marshal, stops dead in the middle and falls flat on his back with his machine doing its best to submerge him for ever. There remains nothing for it but that the marshal should flounder out into mid-stream and raise the machine in order to allow the unfortunate body beneath to be saved from an untimely end with water on the lungs. Having lifted the motor cycle by brute force, and with the last remaining vestige of his strength assisted the rather wet, black-looking figure of its owner to regain his seat, he is met by a stream of abusive language from that irate individual, who wants to know in no uncertain terms, " Why the so-and-so hell he wasn't told that hole was there." So the story unfolds, until the twenty-fifth rider and his cycle have been more or less carried across the stream by sheer strength, by which time, too, this same marshal is sobbing loudly from sheer exhaustion, dying from thirst, soaked to the skin, and feeling gingerly the reddened and roasted skin of his shoulders, which have been steadily baked by the hot sun. After lying exhausted for some time alongside the now well-stirred and stinking water-splash, he rises and, weakly picking up his shirt, moves laboriously to the starting-point. Here his bad luck will continue to hold and the vehicle will have left by the time he arrives. There remains but the journey home and the marshal's immediate collapse on to the bed, worn out physically and mentally exhausted, his boots in tatters and his feet and hands in ribbons; his eyes close and sleep sweeps gently over him.

Ten seconds later there is a roaring of engines as the competitors sweep back into camp. The marshal falls off the bed, a nervous and gibbering wreck.

J. R.

Mercury House

Have YOU visited

The Corps Memorial Club

Mercury House, 14 Florence Road

Boscombe, Bournemouth?

For details see page 440

Northern Ireland (M) Signal Squadron

Lisburn

This month we have said a regretful farewell to our Commanding Officer and Chief Signal Officer, Northern Ireland District, Lieutenant-Colonel M. J. Conway, who has left the Emerald Isle for the trials and tribulations of C.S.O., B.T.A. We wish the Colonel and Mrs. Conway a long and happy stay in their new Unit.

A Supper Dance was held in the Gymnasium as a farewell to Colonel Conway, which was well attended by the Staff of this H.Q., Signals personnel performing the duties of " host " in excellent fashion. Thanks to the officers of the Unit, arrangements, supper and necessary decorations were of the first degree, and according to reports since received, the evening was well enjoyed and appreciated by all.

Preparations are well under way in readiness for the Royal visit to Balmoral Agricultural Show on 27th May. Signals will be out in force, represented both by military and W.R.A.C. The weather will be the deciding factor; it is hoped it will be kind, which will give the Royal Party an opportunity of seeing the very beautiful countryside in its natural state.

Sport is well to the fore at present. All one sees are characters in spiv shorts wending their way to the sports ground for training in long jump, 100 yards, etc., in preparation for the forthcoming N.I.D. Sports. This Unit is well represented, great hopes being placed on one Signalman Rush for the 880.

War Office Signal Regiment

Kingston-on-Thames

Firstly, we welcome Lieutenant-Colonel E. P. Blake, Royal Signals, as our new Commanding Officer, and hope his stay with the Regiment will be a long and happy one. This also goes for our new Q.M., Captain Shaw, Royal Signals, who, we trust, will be more liberal with the clothing, and Captain Lynch, Cyphers (ex-M.E.L.F.), who, we hope, will be with us long enough to shake the " sand " from his shoes.

The Corps Band entertained the Regiment, which was appreciated no end, only to return a few days later to help the Regiment out when we badly needed a dance band for the Unit dance, and we all join in thanking them for two good evenings' entertainment.

Sport. Cricket. The Regimental team, consisting of Captain D. J. Strong, Lieutenant J. Pougher, Second-Lieutenant J. Axon, Sergeant W. M. Coats, Sergeant K. Hughes, Corporal E. J. Bell, Lance-Corporal G. W. Laming, Lance-Corporal A. Miles, Lance-Corporal P. V. Dixon, Lance-Corporal R. Moverly and Signalman D. M. Harvey, has had quite a successful season up to date, as the following fixtures will show:

Played	Won	Lost
6	5	1

Averages—Best batting: 1, Lieutenant J. Pougher, 52.25 runs; 2, Sergeant-Instructor A. Fletcher, 24.83 runs. Best bowling: 1, Lance-Corporal K. Miles, 3.72; 2, Sergeant-Instructor A. Fletcher, 7.0.

Anti Aircraft Command

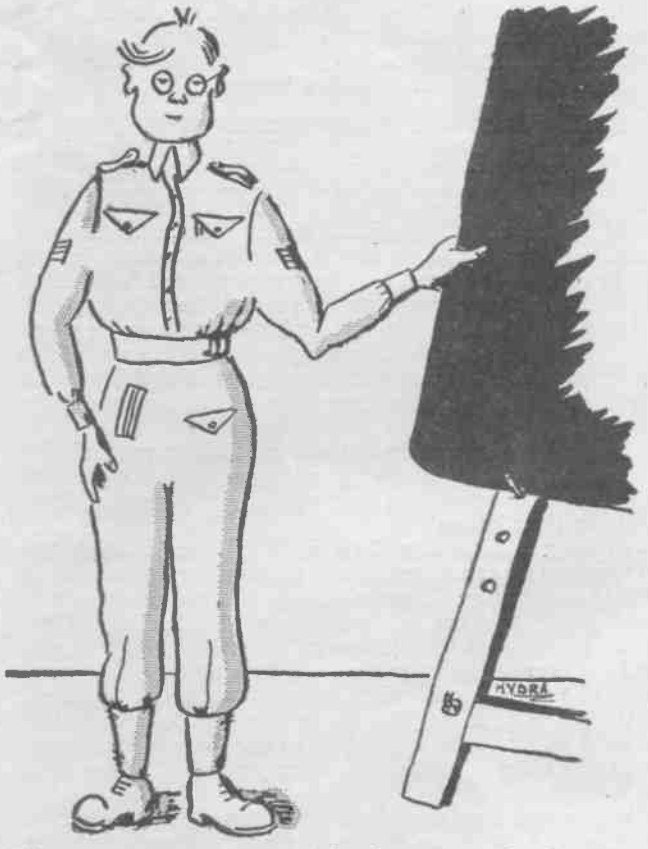
I A.A. GROUP (M) SIGNAL REGIMENT

Whetstone

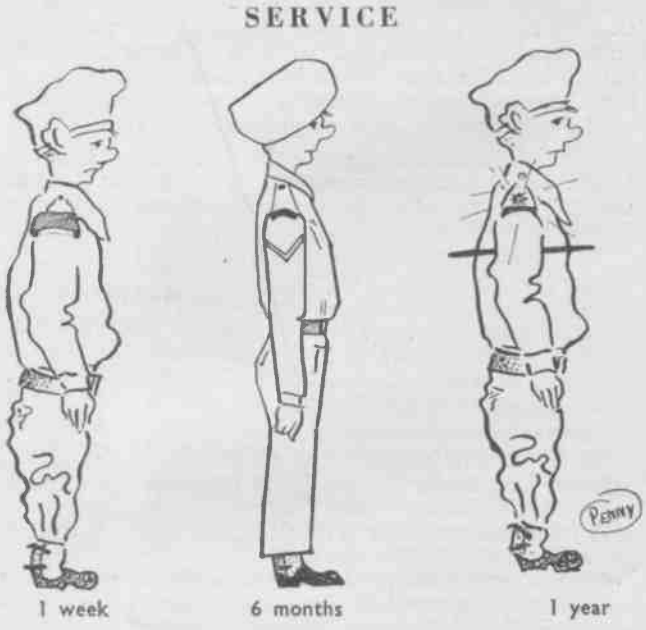
Prominent among recent changes here in North London has been the appointment of Lieutenant-Colonel R. B. Gray to command the Regiment. Lieutenant-Colonel Gray, whom many WIRE readers will no doubt remember as C.S.O. in the good old days at Calcutta, succeeded Lieutenant-Colonel W. D. Horniman in December last, who is by now well settled in Hamburg.

Operational commitments have kept us very busy in recent months; in fact, line parties seldom have breakfast later than 0530 hrs. and sometimes return so late that they barely have time to tidy and change before closing time. As A.A. Signals, we naturally work very closely with G.P.O. engineers, many of whom are ex-members of the Corps, and relations are most cordial.

Sergeant Grundy, Corporal Murphy, Signalman Keane and other members of our first and second football teams have all gone into temporary retirement until the soccer season restarts later this year. We hope to do rather better next time.



" I'm not so green as you think. Any more noise from you and you'll be on an 1157 "



The fitter members of our community have forsaken beer and cigarettes while in training for the Group Sports, an event which is looked forward to with much interest. At a recent Unit sports meeting, Second-Lieutenant D. Taylor, our tame M.T.O., walked away with all events. Members of his M.T. staff say he keeps in trim by pacing his recently acquired fast sports car. The accelerator certainly looks well worn! Captain A. E. ("Dusty") Douch managed to find time to leave his cash ledgers to act as official starter.

Our recreational facilities are excellent. We have first-class rugger and hockey pitches, and nearby a well-bunkered 18-hole golf course and open-air swimming pool.

2 A.A. GROUP (M) SIGNAL REGIMENT

Aldershot

It is some time since we last appeared in print. This has been due chiefly to changes in location and in personnel. We have recently taken under our wing 26 (M) Signal Squadron, T.A., about whom we hope to tell you more next month.

Visit of C.S.O., A.A. Command. The C.S.O., A.A. Command, Brigadier W. H. G. Rogers, C.B.E., paid us a visit on the morning of 10th June and was conducted on a tour of the Barracks by the C.O.

W.R.A.C./A.T.S. On 24th May we were visited by Chief Commander Berry, A.D.W.R.A.C., 2 A.A. Group, and her Staff Captain, Junior Commander Crawford. It was quite an occasion as the first nine members of the A.T.S. of this Unit to become W.R.A.C. were attested by the Chief Commander. The parade, though small, was most impressive. Since that date another five girls have transferred to the W.R.A.C. and we are quite proud of such a high percentage in a small Unit.

Also in May we saw the 2 Group table tennis match to choose a team to play in the game A.A. Command *v.* W.A.A.F. Fighter Command. We were very proud that the first and third amongst the winners were our own Corporal Hillhouse and Staff-Sergeant Moule. Corporal Hillhouse went on to play in the final game and, needless to say, A.A. Command won!

The 2 Group sports took place in June, but the weather on the final day was very wet and made the ground very heavy going. Lance-Corporal Crawford won the high jump, but unfortunately in so doing strained a leg muscle and was not able, therefore, to take part in the A.A. Command Sports Meeting.

Sport. Soccer. The football season is over for a couple of months. On the whole we haven't done too badly. Started off rather badly at Bulford with three heavy defeats, but that was soon remedied once training started, and a creditable reputation was gained by the time we left Sling Fields. We lost the semi-finals of the Salisbury and District Small Units League, overcoming five hurdles on the way, to the Royal Engineers, who met a weakened team because of advance parties to Aldershot.

Ten games have been played in Aldershot, of which 6 have been won and 4 lost, against the Paratroops, Glider Pilots, Pioneers and R.E. 4 Training Regiment. The scribe thinks that on occasion the Unit W.R.A.C. vociferous support had something to do with those four defeats.

Hockey. A number of games have been played, but as the team is 50 per cent. footballers it is odds on having a game every week. The W.R.A.C. have given good support and a few mixed games have been enjoyed, apart from the daisy-cutting, bumping, pushing and tackling all ways by the young enthusiasts. A team has been entered for the Summer Hockey League, so we hope to give a good account of ourselves, but more in the next issue.

3 A.A. GROUP INDEPENDENT (M) SIGNAL SQUADRON

Currie

The R.A.F. Forth/Clyde Air Defence Exercise, in which 3 A.A. Group played a prominent part, came and went. Sergeant Shilson and the Line Troop worked at all hours to meet the endless needs of the Exercise, and thanks to their efforts, communications never broke down. Junior Commander Snowden and her cooks worked wonders in feeding sometimes more than double our usual numbers, without ever knowing how many people would turn up to the next meal. Brigadier W. H. G. Rogers, C.B.E., C.S.O., A.A. Command, paid us an informal visit during the Exercise and took part in a Unit dance. The Exercise received great publicity in the Press, and it was shown that the reincarnated communications to the R.A.F. C. and R. System, which had been left idle since the war, worked 100 per cent.

The next event of importance was the Group athletic meeting. In the trials we acquitted ourselves well, especially in the track events. In the finals, Lance-Corporal Moody came second in the 100 yards and 220 yards. Staff-Sergeant Briscoe won the W.R.A.C. hurdles, and Private Carruthers the W.R.A.C. 220 yards. We congratulate the three of them. Except for Staff-Sergeant Briscoe, who is unfortunately in hospital, they will compete in the A.A. Command sports at Aldershot, where Lieutenant-Colonel L. W. J. Dryland, C.S.O., 3 A.A. Group, will record their times.

The first of our Regimental week-ends took place last month. A ceremonial parade and inspection occupied the Saturday morning, and informal sports the afternoon. The "greasy pole" caused great amusement, especially when Private Morton, W.R.A.C., downed three men in succession! Tea was provided for all in the N.A.A.F.I., and our dance band and spontaneous variety turns rose far above everyone's expectations at the dance. On Sunday morning a service was held in the Troops' dining hall. The programme ended on an uproarious note with a soccer match. Military dressed as W.R.A.C. versus W.R.A.C. dressed as military. We leave the result to your imagination.

All eyes were on our three-tonner, which made an historic journey down to Towyn, a firing camp for A.A.

Command, in North Wales, in one day. Knowing the eccentricity of our three-tonner, we were relieved when it arrived at its destination. It carried training stores for the assistance of 35 A.A. (U) Independent (M) Signal Squadron, T.A., who are at camp there and who arrived at the second attempt after being held up by the dock strike at Liverpool.

The soccer season ended with the score about even between us and H.M.S. Bramble, our chief rival. Hockey still continues with moderate success, and evening games, refereed by Major Hyde, are becoming the fashion. We congratulate Second-Lieutenant Thomson on winning a prize in the recent Group Golf Competition. We only await the repair of our tennis courts to launch out in that sphere, too.

4 A.A. GROUP INDEPENDENT (M) SIGNAL SQUADRON

Peninsula Barracks, Warrington, Lancs

As you see by the title, the old 4 A.A. Group Independent (M) Signal Squadron, like so many of the old familiar Unit titles, is now just a memory. It was a happy and well-respected little Unit, and we trust that the new Regiment will command even more respect and fame for service with a smile.

It was with regret that we said goodbye to Lieutenant-Colonel H. C. B. Rogers, O.B.E., Royal Signals, our C.S.O. since the formation of this Group in late 1946, on his posting to Northern Ireland as C.S.O., N.I.D.

We welcome our new C.S.O., Lieutenant-Colonel J. D. L. Morris, O.B.E., Royal Signals. May his stay be as pleasant and long.

We also welcome our new Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel R. C. Yule, O.B.E., Royal Signals. May he be as proud of commanding this Regiment as we of the Regiment are of serving under him.

The annual sports meeting of 4 A.A. Group was held on Friday, 13th May, 1949. In spite of the date, the weather was kind and a grand afternoon was had by all. Prizes were distributed by Mrs. Calvert Jones, wife of the G.O.C., 4 A.A. Group, Major-General P. G. Calvert Jones, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C.

Training is going on very much as usual and the linemen are out daily enjoying the countryside of Cheshire and Lancashire.

5 A.A. GROUP (M) SIGNAL REGIMENT

Scarborough

Since last we appeared in THE WIRE many things have happened. The Barracks have been painted inside and out, the outside in cream and green, the inside cream and eau-de-nil, and the Barracks do look really good. The gardens throughout the Barracks are also looking very nice, and the display of flowers and shrubs so far are good.

After their Easter engagement in Scarborough, the Corps Band, under the direction of Captain J. L. Judd, gave us a splendid concert, which was also enjoyed by all the families, members and students of the Northern Command P.T. School and some members of the Royal Signals Association.

The Royal Signals Association continue to hold their monthly meetings in Burniston Barracks. The Association held their Annual Dance at the Clifton Hotel, at which the Dance Band Section of the Corps Band played. A very good time was had which was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Two Troops were formed at Scarborough during the month of May, 1949, under the command of Lieutenant P. A. Baldwin and proceeded to Hong Kong on H.M.T. *Dilwara* on 1st June, 1949. We wish them all the best of luck in their new station. The song " Slow Boat to China " proved to be very popular during this time.

The G.O.C.-in-C. A.A. Command, Lieutenant-General Sir G. Ivor Thomas, inspected them and gave them a short talk on the reason for reinforcing the Hong Kong garrison. The G.O.C.-in-C. also spent a considerable time seeing the Training Course undergoing training and was particularly interested in the Assault Course programme.

Sport. The Regiment sent a team of men and girls to 5 A.A. Group Athletic Meeting, which was held at Chilwell, and they did very well. Results are as follows:

Royal Signals

1st, 880 yards Lance-Corporal Morgan.
2nd, 220 yards Signalman Carmichael.
3rd, 100 yards Signalman Weetman.

W.R.A.C.

1st 100 yards Junior Commander N. G. Dallas.
1st, 100 yards Relay Junior Commander N. G. Dallas.
Private B. Mitchell.
Private J. Norris.
Private K. Westall.
2nd, Long Jump Lance-Corporal K. Crowder.
2nd, High Jump Private M. Semmence.

Congratulations to you all on a very good show.

Junior Commander N. G. Dallas represented the Group at the A.A. Command Sports Meeting held at Aldershot on 10th June, and succeeded in obtaining third place in the 100 yards final.

Lance-Corporal Habgood and Private Cherry represented 5 A.A. Group in the A.A. Command Table Tennis Championships, Lance-Corporal Habgood winning the Singles competition.

Lance-Corporal Habgood was then selected as a member of the A.A. Command team to play the W.R.A.F. team, the A.A. Command team winning.

832349

As an ex-member of the Corps, and especially of W/T Signals, I find it most discouraging that little or no news is published of Special Wireless Units. Month after month we read of the same Units, giving almost the same news. It is interesting news to a point. But if the number of Units writing to THE WIRE is any basis for the number of Units in existence, then the Corps must indeed be in a sorry state. What *is* the matter? Maybe it's because all new teleprinters, typewriters, etc., used by Signals, and other aids, tend to make the modern Signalmen less anxious to write about their comrades' " doings " and sayings. Once this type of reporting gave interest to the magazine. What's happened to the old " Agony Column."? Also, the old and so very friendly rivalry that existed between Units has disappeared. Even that old faithful Barleux seems lacking in fire and spirit. What has happened to the old-timers who used to write on Wana, Razmak, Bannu, Pindi, Pesh, Quetta, Trim, Kohdist, etc.? Why was it that the news from those places was so interesting?

Now I am sure the same spirit exists today amongst the young soldiers, though it is up to the old-timers to bring out that same spirit, that spirit which existed no matter what " station " you were posted to. As I am mainly interested in " Y " Signals, maybe " Nat " Gould, " Polly " Purse, " Gunner " Loosemore, " Ginger " Pratt, to mention but a few, would like to know that the O.C.A. exists, and what about a line through THE WIRE to O.C.s?

Also the Old Palestinians who were run out of Palestine to join us in Abbottabad, so that we could teach them operating. Many of you, I know, are living in different portions of the country, but *you could* write then—why not now? Let us know how you are getting on! What about some " grips " about the old days? Before I end my letter I would like to ask W/Sergeant E. Booth, of Shenley " Y," if an ex-Shenleyites' gathering appeals. If so, drop me a line and we could maybe get some of them together again.

K. Brookes, 58 Burges Road, East Ham, E.6. Tel.: GRAngewood 4555.

Rhine Army takes the Air

By **Sergeant H. COGDELL,** *Military Observer in Germany*

IN a quiet corner of Rhine Army is the transmission site of the High-Speed Wireless Group, B.A.O.R. Signal Regiment, whereby " The Powers That Be " in Rhine Army are kept in continuous touch with the Allies and all major formations of the British Occupation Zone of Germany.

Manned by one sergeant and four radio mechanics, who effect all their own repairs, the equipment of the site includes 33 and 53 sets.

The " 33 " is a general purpose, medium power transmitter with an RF output of 250 watts on CW and 65 watts on R/T and MCW. It is normally used in conjunction with an R 107 receiver. It can be modulated by any VF system (including teleprinter) from a remote point over a 600 ohm line. Any single phase AC supply of 110–250 volts at 40–60 cycles, capable of giving 1.5 kw, may be used to energise the sender, which is composed of two parts, the RF Unit and the PSU. The four RF stages are MO, Buffer Ampl. and Freq. Multiplier, plus Driver and Power Amplifier. The oscillator valve may be self-excited or Xtal controlled.

When self-excited, the cct is a series-fed Hartley, but, when Xtal controlled, the Xtal is introduced between the grid and earth. The buffer acts as an amplifier and a Freq. doubler. The sender is keyed to the suppressor grid cct, which acts purely as an amplifier. To load the sender correctly for working into loads of 100–600 ohms, a tapped inductance is included in the output cct. The valves and their associated components are contained in the RF Unit, along with an Au 1 rectifier and two AW 3s to stabilise the supply to the MO, thus ensuring unvarying frequency.

The PSU supplies 2,000 volts DC to the anodes of the PAs, and AC to the RF unit. To eliminate accidents from the high voltage employed, all doors giving access to the interior have a switch which opens the power contactor cct, thereby cutting off automatically all current in the set.

The " 53 " Set, a long-range transmitter, is really the " big brother " of the " 33," and produces 250 watts for CW, R/T and MCW facilities. It is driven by a 230 volt, 50–500 c/s AC and a 12 volt, 4 amp., DC supply. The set comprises four units, i.e. PSU, Modulation Unit, Sender Unit (comprising the RF Ampl. and the MO), and the Ae Coupling Unit.

All equipment mentioned so far is used for static work, although it can be mounted in vehicles if necessary. In case of emergency the High-Speed Wireless Group can be made mobile.

Standing by, in a state of constant readiness, are several " Golden Arrow " receiver and transmitter vans mounting the powerful short-wave telegraph transmitters, which can be either valve or Xtal controlled. Wave changing can be done by " plug-in " coils in the HA stages and adjustable coils which can be preset in the PA stages.

The following assemblies comprise the transmitter: MO, Harmonic Amplifiers, 1st and 2nd PAs, output cct, relay and keying cct, monitoring cct, and rectifier and control unit.

The MO is a Franklin Master Oscillator cct, using two ML 6s, and has automatic compensation for frequency drift, due to temperature variations. Oscillation over the range is brought about by a tapped inductance, controlled by a switch and a variable condenser. The four HA stages use valves and " plug-in " coils. These are utilised as frequency multipliers and amplifiers, except in the fourth stage, where they only amplify.

The 1st PA is an air-cooled valve in a balanced bridge cct driven by the output of the HA, the anode input being 350–550 watts at 3,500–2,000 volts.

The 2nd PA employs two ACT 9s in a similar cct and has an anode input of 5 kw at 5,500 volts.

The output cct enables the TX to be coupled to either a 600 ohm twin-wire feeder or an 80 ohm concentric tube feeder, the cct being tuned by a variable condenser and a switched coupling coil.

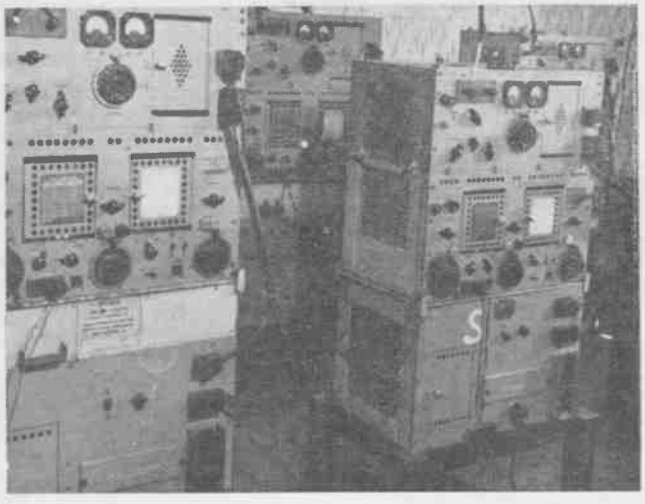
The TX is keyed by suppressing the drive on space. The keying valves are controlled by connecting the grid to a Creed relay.

By using a diode coupled through a variable condenser to the feeder cct, the outgoing transmission can be monitored. The Frequency Modulation Unit consists of a note oscillator and a diode control unit, which varies the carrier frequency slightly to reduce selective fading at the receiving end of the cct.

The rectifiers and transformers, etc., necessary for the operation of the transmitter are housed in the rectifier and control unit. This uses a 400 volt, 3 phase, 50 c/s AC supply. DC supplies, which are smoother in the normal manner, come from valve rectifiers. Relays bring in the HT supply; and a delay operated relay together with a safety cct which operates throughout the set, is also fitted. The power is regulated by tapping the primary side of the HT transformer. The valves are cooled by an electric air-blower.

These Marconi-built sets are capable of world-wide transmission and during the campaigns in North Africa and North-West Europe were used for direct working to War Office and Corps and Divisional H.Q.s and for Press relays to the United Kingdom. One was also operating at Nuremberg while the War Crimes Trials were in progress.

It is interesting to note that this group, who wired the site themselves, includes three National Service men, who have only been trained as radio-mechanics since they joined the Army.



B A O R

2 Infantry Divisional Signal Regiment, Hilden

We have returned more or less in one piece from Exercises " Unity " and " Jordan." We felt about as tired as we had previously supposed to be possible, but the G.O.C. sent his congratulations to all ranks and we felt a good deal better.

Back in barracks we felt like relaxing; we leaned back and, like the Israelites, exclaimed, " Trials ended, Jordan past!" We are now doing Individual Training and are wishing we weren't. As far as can be seen, the Corps is rapidly qualifying to replace the R.A.F. as claimants to the title " The Few," and we give you to understand that we work—oh yes we do, even the Second-in-Command!

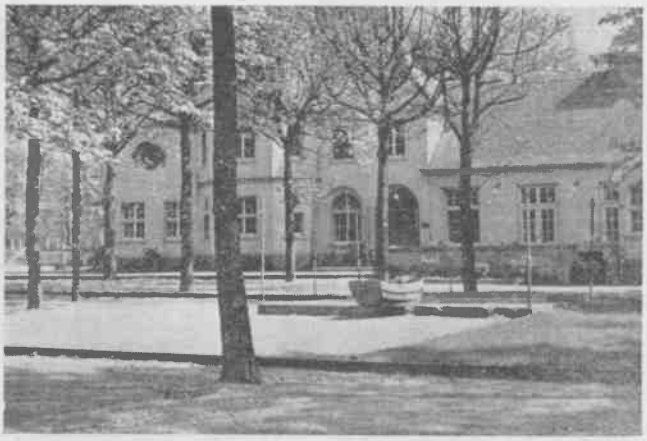
Motor Cycle Racing. We not only signal but we are versatile as well. Captain Desmond Barry carried the congratulations of all when he won the open race for ex-W.D. machines at the B.A.O.R. meeting at Belsen on 15th May, breaking the lap record as he did so. Lieutenant Wilson and Lance-Corporal Lyne nobly supported him. At Opladen a fortnight later Captain Barry did equally well until his petrol pipe came adrift; he finished the last two laps with one hand and a worried expression. Lieutenant Wilson won the open 500 c.c. race for W.D. machines, however, so we still " show."

Cricket. Cricket is now the main sporting activity of the Unit. Each Wednesday and Saturday afternoon sees either a match against a team from another Unit of 2 Division or intensive net practice on the hockey pitch.

Members of the Regiment are very enthusiastic about the sport, as many as 75 having turned out for practice on one afternoon. Our first match of the season, against H.Q., 2 Division, resulted in a win for our team. A good start was had by all.

Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess. The Mess, under the leadership of R.S.M. Barrett, continues on its merry way. In addition to the usual fortnightly dances, regular mid-week functions have been held.

The Easter period brought what all agreed was a well-earned rest, of which the highlight was a typical Mess Dance on Easter Monday, when such an atmosphere of gaiety and laughter was aroused that the thoughts for the morrow's work were ruthlessly cast aside and humour rather than trial prevailed. A Games Tournament followed a few days later. The Ladies opposed the Gentlemen, and we battled our way through competitions ranging from billiards to snakes and ladders. The Ladies won, of course, but the Gentlemen, heavily handicapped throughout, agreed that the penalty of " drinks all round " was not unusual, and surrendered quietly. Recently a mid-week dance was held, and the invitations extended to officers and their families. This met with great success, even though many of the dances were interrupted by the peculiar antics of a certain camera enthusiast. Despite the repeated flash of magnesium, the mixed variety of graceful waltzes and novelty dances was enjoyed by all. We warmly congratulate all whose efforts made this event such a success.



Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess

Left to right: Major A. G. Paris, Second-in-Command, Mrs. Paris, Mrs. Bailey, Major P. C. McDonald, S.Q.M.S. K. B. Bailey

Left to right: Mrs. Sharp, Mrs. Bell, Captain L. J. Sharp, Second-in-Command, 1 Squadron

11 Air Formation Signal Regiment, Bückeburg

67 WING SIGNAL TROOP ON OPERATION PLAINFARE

Stationed at R.A.F. Schleswigland, and responsible for a large surrounding area, this Troop is unlike any other Troop on operation PLAINFARE, in that it is responsible for two of the airfields operating at the western end of the Berlin Air Lift.

67 Wing was not concerned in the Berlin Air Lift at all at first; it was not until the middle of August, '48, when R.A.F. Lubeck opened up on the Air Lift, that we became involved. The initial line work was tremendous, and included not only the provision of more extensions on the airfield exchange, but the laying of control lines for landing aids on the airfield.

The main spate of work at Lubeck was hardly completed when the news that Schleswigland was to open up was received. At Schleswigland a new Flying Control Tower had just been built, and before any flying could take place three U.G. cables had to be run out to this, which is one mile out on the airfield; moreover, the tower itself had to be wired internally as well. A complete reorganisation of U.G. cables on the airfield was necessary to accommodate the new Flying Control building.

An immense number of additional telephones were installed at both these PLAINFARE airfields, moreover the continued changing about of offices and operations rooms involved much installation work. The Teleprinters also came in for reorganisation, and had to handle greatly increased traffic.

The actual maintenance of these communications called for a good deal of work. The worst breakdowns were caused by drain-constructors and power cable layers cutting U.G. lines with ploughs and trenchers. On such occasions we received reparations from the R.A.F. works services in the form of the loan of their power-cable plough complete with D8 tractor whenever required.

The distance between Schleswigland and Lubeck is 80 miles; another airfield—Sylt—which is also a 67 Wing Troop commitment, although not a PLAINFARE one, is 80 miles in the other direction: this gives some idea of the distances involved, and the difficulties therefore encountered. On the whole, however, things have run remarkably smoothly and efficiently.

112 T.E. TROOP. This season, by means of much sweat and blood, 112 Terminal Equipment Troop has managed to win the Inter-Troop Hockey League in the 11th Air Formation Signal Regiment Knockout Competition

The final team was as follows: Signalman Holmes; Signalman Wray, Lance-Corporal Overington; Signalman Mahoney, Sergeant Richardson (captain), Signalman Carter; Signalmen Maidment, Timms, Silvey, Davies, Jeffries.

By this time four of the original team, all keen hockey players, were unable to play due to the fact that they were away on leave. These were Lance-Corporal Davies, Brookfield, Hudson, Proctor, who were replaced with new men, who, although unused to the game, nevertheless possessed sufficient keenness to make up for inexperience.

The first match was against 1 Squadron H.Q., which after equalising in the first game, was won by 112 2—0.

The second match was with R.H.Q. team, which after a hard fight was won 3—0. Then the team travelled to Sundern to play 115 T.E. Troop. Here the team managed to win 1—0 and enjoyed a very refreshing tea afterwards. The final was held at Bückeburg Barracks, where 112 met 59 Wing Signal Troop from Celle on 7th May. From the bully-off it was apparent that this was no ordinary match, a large crowd gathered to watch the match, and the excitement was great when 112 scored the only goal. After the match the team was presented with the Hockey Shield by the C.O., Lieutenant-Colonel A. T. Sladen, who congratulated them on their fine performance.

Considering that most of the team before this season were only moderately interested in hockey, the standard of play, as the results show, was very high.

2 SQUADRON. The football season has come to a close with 2 Squadron H.Q. and 53 Con Troop victorious in the Inter-Troop Football Competition.

Having had the misfortune of being drawn away in all the rounds, including the final, after travelling by road and rail anything up to 180 miles, we in this Squadron consider it no mean feat.

The first round saw us drawn away to 67 W.S.T., but after a hard game we finished up winning 3—1; next we were drawn against 59 Wing at Celle, and we managed to pull through after extra time, winning 2—1.

This brought us into the final against 73 Wing S.T., which was played at Bückeburg and meant a journey of 180 miles. This was certainly a great game, full of thrills; ten minutes from full time 73 Wing scored through a penalty, making the score 4—3 to 73 Wing. From the kick-off the Squadron swept down and just scrambled the ball into the net, making it 4—4, and that meant extra time. The Squadron scored in the first half of extra time, and from then on packed the goal and managed to hold on to a 5—4 lead and the trophy, which was handed to the captain of the winning team by Lieutenant-Colonel A. T. Sladen.

It was a great game, very clean with plenty of hard knocks and honours shared very evenly all round. The winning team was Squadron H.Q. and 53 Con Troop.

C.A.F.S.O. Branch, H.Q. B.A.F.O.

This month we intend to put ourselves on the map, so to speak, in our Corps Magazine. The original covers now being featured make us keen to obtain our little corner behind another Corps feature which we feel sure the Editor is going to unearth from somewhere—our guess is H.M. The King's Birthday—but no one is prepared to lose any money to the writer of these notes over it.

Pinpointing ourselves on the map, we are the Army Signals side of H.Q., British Air Forces of Occupation in Germany, with a Chief Air Formation Signal Officer, five Staff Officers, two of whom are attached with R.A.F. Groups, and an other rank staff of 20. We have recently big goodbye to Colonel R. W. Morgan, O.B.E., who left for "Bonnie Scotland" to take up the appointment of Chief Signal Officer, Scottish Command.

We welcome Colonel L. de M. Thuillier, O.B.E., from "The War House" as our new Chief Air Formation Signal Officer.

Tucked away in the branch we have our very definite cricket potential, enthusiastically led by Captain F. D. H. Atkinson, Royal Signals. Despite the run-down of staff and the short stay of some members, the branch still manage to field an eleven with the help of the R.A.F. Signal Section.

The branch finished half-way up the H.Q., B.A.F.O., League last season—no mean feat considering the talent available in the R.A.F.

Participation in the last sports brought us good mention; a first in the javelin, a second in the discus, 1,500 metres, 4 x 400 metres relay, and a third in the 800 metres; in fact, places in five out of six events, and so it seems that a large effort by so few can obtain good results.

Oddities crop up. Can we ask Barleux what did eventually happen to Inspector Faceache and Hermione, or was it Her-mine? His guess is as good as mine who asks, except that he will admit to being a prefect in the form of a lance-corporal in a hut in Bulford who regularly saw it all scrubbed white each Friday night with the successful help of the butcher.

Berlin Signal Squadron

There are two events of particular interest for this month's edition: (1) The lifting of the Berlin Blockade; (2) H.M. The King's Birthday Parade.

On 12th May, at 0001 hrs., the barriers at the check points of both Helmstedt and Berlin were lifted, and so once again, after a siege of 10 months, Berlin was open to the West. There were literally thousands of people, the majority of whom were German civilians, to witness this great event, and at the Berlin end, where the Squadron had established a W/T link with Helmstedt, we were able to hear a running commentary on what was happening at the other end in addition to the local excitement. The previous day had seen crowds drifting down to the barriers at the check point hoping to get a first-class view of the ceremony which at one minute past midnight would give Western Berliners once again a free contact with the outside world.

News reporters and cameramen were everywhere, and the B.B.C. were present with their contingent too, but unfortunately, through some technical fault beyond their control, they were unable to broadcast.

The scene at 0001 hrs. reminded one of VE-Day at home, and there was one maddening rush as the barriers were lifted, every single individual of the thousands who were there hoping to claim the distinction of being the first one through. We were pleased indeed to be sitting comfortably in our C.V. watching the whole proceedings instead of being crushed underfoot in the excitement of it all.

Overhead the navigation lights of the Skymasters and Yorks could be clearly seen as they continued unceasingly on their way to Templehof and Gatow, unaware of the intense excitement that was going on beneath them, and determined to continue with Operation "Planefare" until the Berlin dispute has been finally settled.

And with the cessation of the Blockade of Berlin less than one month old, we realise only too well the many obstacles we have to overcome before Templehof and Gatow can settle down to a hard-earned vacation.

With the limited quantity of supplies that have been permitted to enter Western Berlin, the change has appeared enormous, and some of the commodities that can be seen in the shops today would be a very welcome sight at home. It is with much greater appetites that we sit down to our meals, knowing that dehydrated vegetables, "Pom" and the like are a thing of the past (or is that wishful thinking?), and in its place real fresh vegetables, tomatoes, strawberries—aye, and with cream to go with them too. (Who wouldn't care to be stationed in Berlin?)

Which reminds me of all the Python chaps who have had their deferments refused and will be leaving us shortly to take up residence at "The Airfield," Pocklington. Mr. Records doesn't intend that these chaps should have too much of a good thing.

During the past six weeks the training programme has been a heavy one, in addition to our normal operational duties. Weapon training, daily drill and P.T. parades, physical efficiency tests, etc., have all had their fair share, but most attention was given to rehearsing for H.M. The King's Birthday Parade on 9th June.

With the O.C. away on U.K. leave until 1st June, we were hard at it practising march pasts and arms drill during his absence, and with only eight days under his careful guidance we were justly rewarded with a first-class show on the actual parade. The film of the parade is already showing in the cinemas here, and it is enough to say that the Squadron is a credit to the Corps. To compete with such famous Regiments at The Queen's Royal Regiment, The Gordon Highlanders and The Royal Welch Fusiliers, and to be acclaimed as being on a par with the best on parade, is surely something to be really proud of, and a congratulatory message from the G.O.C. British Troops Berlin at the conclusion of the ceremony was indeed a grand finale. Lieutenant M. Greenwood must be given special praise for devising, installing and operating the public address system. With a series of special sensitive buried microphones, and with various loudspeakers installed along the parade ground, the words of command were clearly heard by the many thousand troops who were lined up on parade, whilst the G.O.C. British Troops Berlin and the Commander Area Troops were not conscious of actually speaking into a microphone. Well done, sir.

Hamburg District Signal Squadron

Obituary. It is with deep regret that we announce the death of No. 22031264 Signalman Raymond Marks, of 77 D.R. Troop. He succumbed to injuries sustained in a traffic accident on 3rd June. Our deepest sympathy goes to his parents in their great loss. Signalman Marks rests in the Garrison Cemetery at Ohlsdorf, Hamburg.

Now that the Iron Curtain has been lifted, there is great competition amongst the D.R.s as to who is detailed to take the first "Special" we have for Berlin. The argument rotates round "motor bicycles *v.* 15 cwts." But to the Troop Officer and the Troop Sergeant it is a foregone conclusion as to who will go.

We are entering some riders for the B.A.O.R. Reliability Trials and between schemes and ordinary duties we are putting in some training. We only have B.S.A.s, and look with longing eyes to the nine brand new Matchless's which are the property of another Troop. Here's hoping that at the end of the summer we shall be able to report some successes.

There have been several full-dress exercises, and we are at last contriving to make order out of the chaos which prevailed on the first one. Our greatest asset in this has been a palatial pent-house built on the side of a CV and an office vehicle placed back to back. This brainchild of the C.O. returned from R.E.M.E. a virgin white—it instantly earned the name of the "Big Top." This has given us ample room to work in comfort and we have mains lighting throughout. Bitter experience has taught us that we must remember to take some bulbs with us next time.

Wedding. We congratulate Sergeant Fred Edge, who was married to Fraulein Elsbeth Fedders at the Garrison Church, Hohenzollernring, on 21st May.

Sport. Since the end of the soccer season the only sport that has been played on a Unit basis has been cricket. This year we are in Hamburg Sub-Area "B" League and have not done too well, mostly owing to bad weather. Fairweather is captain of the team and has played a very steady game, being both an excellent bat and bowler. Starling has shown

powers as a bowler of very good length. Townsend, as wicket-keeper, earned praise from an ex-Army player as being a "fearless lad." Other members of the team, Martin, McCann, Pendlebury and Co., have all shown us that with more opportunity for practice we could become a team worthy of Signals' high standard.

We have three or four players in the Hamburg District hockey team for the Summer League, of which all games played except one have been won.

Stop Press. The King's Birthday Parade was held in Hamburg on 9th June and the Squadron was represented. We hope to include some photographs and further details with our next issue of WIRE notes.

4 A.G.R.A. Signal Squadron

Luneburg

The month began with reasonably large-scale exercises, culminating in Unity II, held mid-month, in which, together with a few thousand more troops, our own Wireless Troop participated.

On 30th May, after a couple of weeks of secret and somewhat restricted individual training—Sergeant Truscott will appreciate the restriction—and a lot of really good hard work and preparation by Lieutenant Dunn, Royal Signals, the Unit Sports Officer, a very successful Unit Athletics Meeting was held on the Soltau Strasse Stadium.

The weather was perfect, competition exceptionally keen, and the standard well on the credit side of average.

Sergeant Truscott putting the shot

Lieutenant Dunn winning the long jump in grand style

Lieutenant Dunn gained the highest individual number of points, a total of 14, followed by Lance-Corporal ("Big Gordie") Oughton with a total of 10.

Wireless Troop won a very impressive cup, the team challenge trophy, which was collected by Lieutenant Dunn, the team captain.

Individual results of the meeting were as follows:

100 metres—Lance-Corporal Oughton, 12.8 secs.
200 metres—Signalman Whitehouse, 27.4 secs.
400 metres—Signalman Jenkins, 60.5 secs.
800 metres—Signalman Westlake, 2 mins. 29.2 secs.
1,500 metres—Signalman Dent, 4 mins. 57.8 secs.
5,000 metres—Signalman Dent, 18 mins. 31.4 secs.
Putting the shot—Signalman Duncan, 34ft. 5ins.
Discus—Lieutenant Dunn, 65ft. 9½ins.
Long jump—Lieutenant Dunn, 17ft. 6ins.
High jump—Signalman Jenkins, 4ft. 8ins.
Javelin—Signalman Brandon, 112ft. 9½ins.
Hop, step and jump—Lieutenant Dunn, 36ft. ½in.
Team results:—Wireless Troop, 55 points; Line Troop, 40 points; H.Q. Troop, 17 points; M.T. Troop, 16 points.

An Eighth Army Cartoon

"... and precisely what do you mean by improperly dressed?"

My Dog Rastus (VII)

By **A. J. AUDEN**

I'VE never been very fond of Catterick and recently I've found another excuse for getting away from it. One evening recently I was leaning against the bar at the King's Head with Rastus, my terrier sort of dog—the bar's too high for him!—when a bloke walked in. He also was alone, so we got talking and had some drinks together. It passed the time, but I can't say that I took to him very much for he seemed to have too much money, which he thought could buy anything or anybody. But he appeared to take to me all right as, before we parted, he insisted that I must " drop in at our place any evening."

I wasn't thrilled with the invitation, but some evenings later I was feeling rather bored and that I must get away somewhere, so I decided to take him at his word, for as I told myself, I needn't stay long if I didn't like it. So I put on the appropriate gent's natty suiting and, calling Rastus, got out the car.

About half an hour later I turned into the lodge gates. I might have known the house from the man, for money stank in all directions, so that I can't describe its bad taste. There was a swimming pool worthy of an Olympic Stadium and cars costing more than a year's pay casually littered the place, making my poor old tin can look like a tramp at the Ritz.

A footman led me in and there seemed to be quite a party on for, besides one or two people draped about the room, I could hear the noise of dancing from somewhere beyond. It took some little time for my acquaintance to be disentangled from the throng, and when at last he was found he greeted me as casually as he had issued the invitation. He introduced me to his mother, whose bosom seemed better designed for the display of jewellery than a Bond Street shop window, and then left me alone with her. She gushed, and her voice was so affected that I had difficulty in understanding her. Conversation was becoming strained when a husky purring voice at my elbow said: " I'm Doreen. Come and tell me all about yourself."

I looked round and saw one of the most beautiful girls that I had ever seen in my life. Although she was dark, tawny is the word that described her, for a glow seemed to come from under her skin and her gaze was slumbrous like a resting tiger. She was dressed in the newest of New Looks, but the look in her eyes was old. I was enchained and led away, and before I knew where I was I had almost told her the story of when I was six and . . . but I didn't tell her, and I'm not going to tell you.

We danced and we walked in the garden. Sometimes I thought of Joan, but quickly brought myself back to the matter in hand. She told me that she was the daughter of the house—no names, no pack drill—but little else, giving the impression that only by degrees of patient cultivation would one get to know her better. It was only when Rastus began to make an ass of himself in the shrubbery that I realised how late it was and that I must be going.

" Why don't you come and stay the weekend " said Doreen, silkily. " We could have great fun."

I didn't know what to think on my way home, for my mind either went round and round in circles or broke away on tangents up to the stars and down to the depths. I'd accepted the invitation, but could easily invent a duty to prevent its fulfilment. Fulfilment—there my mind went off again—and what was the end.

On Saturday, at two o'clock, I was packing my suitcase and Rastus was already dancing back and forth between me and the car.

The afternoon was rather a disappointment. They had already started tennis by the time that I got there, and Doreen was playing with a brilliant but lazy indifference. In spite of protestations I was made to play in the next set, so it was not till after tea that we played together, and even then one can't put such a lot of meaning into " Well played, partner," though I must admit that a number of secret smiles passed between us.

It was not until after dinner that I managed to get Doreen to myself for a few minutes, and that did not last long, for one of the men came up and said " Do you play poker? " Rather half-heartedly I admitted that I did, thinking to myself that I had something much more interesting to do. But Doreen took up my reply straight away. " Oh good," she said. " It always thrills me. You play, and I'll sit by you and hold your hand."

We found several other men already seated and the game about to begin. I was given a stack of counters of various colours, and though I ought to have known better, I didn't inquire very carefully what their values were. But can I really be blamed with an atom bomb of delicious womanhood sitting a little closer to me than the size of the table demanded!

This isn't a tale of spectacular winnings or losings. Soon after the game started I began to wonder what the counters were worth, but I should have looked a fool if I had inquired them. I hoped that they were pennies, but feared that they were shillings, and so played correspondingly carefully. I soon won a little and went on from there sometimes winning and sometimes losing, but with my pile always gradually growing. Just at the end I did have one big hand when, one by one, all the others dropped out, leaving only me and an oldish man with a bald head. I was beginning to get windy when he eventually saw me, but I just pipped him and he handed over the best part of a hundred counters. The fates were on my side that night all right.

When we stopped, imagine my consternation when I was handed the best part of £500. We'd been playing in pounds without my knowing it.

I looked round for Doreen but, in my excitement, I hadn't noticed that she had slipped away. Vaguely I sought for her, but I was really too stunned to know what I was doing. Once my door was shut my knees suddenly felt wobbly and I leaned against the wall.

" Five hundred pounds," I said out loud. " I feel ill to think that I might have lost it, and God knows where I could have found it to pay."

" Chicken feed," said Rastus.

All good wishes to the Malaya District Regiment from
Evelyn Knight

Time Was . . .

A Reminiscence of Middle East

By **Lieutenant-Colonel ALEX MONTIETH,** *M.B.E.*

MEMORIES are funny things. I don't know if yours works the way mine does at times, but every now and then I read something in a newspaper or a magazine, and before I know what is happening some way-back episode is running through my mind with every detail as fresh and vivid as though it had happened only yesterday. The other day I read quite a bit about a loan to the Greeks and then . . . .

It was a dull, cold dawn. The night had been unpleasant, with a chill wind driving a penetrating spray of fine rain into every crack of the truck tarpaulin. The patrol, including its radio truck, was *en route* into Yugoslavia with instructions to penetrate as far as possible and stay there as long as it was healthy. The back room boys wanted to know first hand what was going on behind the scenes on the other side.

The forward infantry, who were holding the road to the north, had been warned of the party but that hadn't in the slightest deterred a very zealous young subaltern, resplendent in all the glory of his first command, from blowing the only bridge sky-high during the night. That meant a slightly unnerving journey across the minefield stretched across their front, piloted by the self-same young gentleman who had made it necessary. He was feeling sorry he had not waited a few hours before lighting the match.

There was a 25-pounder, and a couple of anti-tank guns, covering this main approach, and the Signals Officer stopped his truck and went across to the crews; it was possible he might have to come back in a bit of a hurry, and he was taking no chances.

Once through the minefield, the patrol were in open country, out of the friendly cover of the Greek hills and into the open plain of Monastir.

The road was atrocious, so after bumping about for some five miles the Signals Officer called a halt, and scrambled up a nearby rise with binoculars in one hand and a rifle in the other. He checked his maps and smoked a cigarette whilst trying out his Greek on a peasant who passed by on his business of minding his flock. Curiously, it did not seem to be the same kind of Greek.

Suddenly three armoured cars appeared on the road, followed by a truck which was very obviously British. As they drew level the Signals Officer found out he knew the officer in charge of the cars, and suitable courtesies were exchanged with as much as was left in the bottle. The Armoured gent. said he was on his way to blow up the bridge just north of the Greek-Yugo Slav border; by this time the Signals Officer was quite tired of this business of bridges being blown up when he wanted to cross over them, and so it was agreed that the armoured cars should follow behind the radio truck and have their little fireworks party after the patrol had gone on their way.

The border post came in sight; it was deserted, so the column continued until it reached the objective, a small concrete bridge over a deep, fast-flowing stream. The road leading to it had an embankment on each side, but to the westward there was flat country as far as one could see, while on the east the hills rose only a few short miles away. Any enemy observer with half an eye could have seen at once what was going on.

The A.F.V.s were dispersed, and the luckless Sappers who had been brought along to light the squibs managed to get across a waterlogged field and wade upstream to the bridge and do whatever Sappers do do when they want to blow up bridges. Soon they came back and there was a lovely bang and then no more bridge.

The Signals Officer decided he would go forward with his scout car and managed to ford the stream a bit lower down; he was going to work back to the leading armoured car whilst his radio truck kept in touch with Headquarters, and it was in this way that the Signals Officer first came into contact with Albert. Albert was the radio operator of the leading armoured car.

When all was ready for the departure, the Signals Officer opened the flap of the leading armoured car. "Who is the operator?" he asked. "'Ere I am, Sir," answered a voice from the bowels of the car, and a long thin man uncoiled himself out of the depths. "What's your name?" said the Signals Officer. "Winterbottom, Sir," said the long thin man. "Winterbottom my foot," said the Signals Officer: "I am going to use R Toc and Winterbottom is a damn sight too long. Haven't you got any other names?"

"Yes, Sir. Harchibald 'Arold Albert, but most of me mates call me Bert."

"Then Bert it is," said the Signals Officer. "You can call me George. We will work on 5,000 kay cees and net in at close range." This was all in accordance with the old-world courtesies and practices in use at that time, but Bert didn't like the look of it at all. It was a different frequency altogether from the one he had been using and meant re-tuning. A horrible glassy look of acute displeasure came over Albert's face as he fingered his dials with the sort of expression he might have worn if he expected a jack-in-the-box to appear.

The Signals Officer agreed on three other signals—"Alert" meant look out for trouble, "Alarm" was for pack up at once and go home quick, and "O.K." was meant for wake up the Sappers and come ahead to blow up the next bridge. The Signals Officer then climbed back into his scout car and left Albert looking as though he had forgotten the difference between a kilocycle, a megacycle and a motor-cycle, but was ready to do his best.

Hardly had the Signals Officer got into his scout car when Albert came through full bore with a triumphant tone in his voice, saying he was getting us "Strength niner" from 400 yards away—a miracle of tuning!

The Signals Officer polished off what was left in the bottle, and gave praise to whatever gods he worshipped; all was now ready for the adventure. But just as he was about to move, Albert came through again. There were no preliminaries now—procedure, codes, camouflage, went to the wind; excitement was in the air, and Albert's voice was electrified. "Sir, six men runnin' like 'ell across the road and a lot of vee-hicles 'alted a few 'unerd yards ahead of me. What shall I do?"

The Signals Officer glanced up quickly. Boche, without any doubt. "Open fire with the whole bag of tricks and keep in contact with me," he snapped, and with that a mortar shell hissed overhead and burst just short of the Sappers, who had gone to sleep again. A rude awakening.

Another followed, more accurate this time. Then everything seemed to happen at once; stuff began whizzing about, and some clumsy Hun landed a shell within six feet of the Sappers and their load of explosives; that bogged the Sappers' truck, and the Signals Officer began to get very bored with the whole proceedings. The enemy were now plainly in view, so he emptied his M.G. at the mortar, which was now visible on the roadside; it had a pronounced sobering effect, and the leading armoured car plugged away with its Bren.

By this time the Sapper truck was on the road again, so the Signals Officer told Albert to withdraw to the ford and cover his retreat: by this time the light Boche A.F.V.s were

only 800 yards ahead, and if they had known the heaviest weapons against them were Brens they might have taken a different view of the party.

The Signals Officer decided that he really ought to leave. He had to make his report, and as he had finished both bottles it was essential to get to a NAAFI before they shut, and replenish.

Three miles down the road the Signals Officer came across a bridge. It was a lovely, beautiful bridge, across a stream flowing so fast that every thought of fishing it sped from the Signals Officer's mind; here, indeed, was a bridge worth destruction to hold up the Hun for many hours.

The Signals Officer called Albert. " Halt and wait," he said. " Bert, old boy, hang on where you are for five minutes: I want to pass you my report."

" Yessir," came back.

The Signals Officer climbed out of his scout car and took a can off the rack. He walked swiftly towards the wooden bridge and carefully emptied the gasoline over the main timbers of the centre arch, and his driver did the same.

Slowly the officer lit his cigarette and that of his driver; as he turned and walked off the bridge he flung the match into the centre of the structure.

Two miles south of the blazing mass, the Signals Officer stopped his car and under the cover of a small belt of trees. " Albert," he said, " take this down and relay it . . . ."

That night the weight of the German massed infantry was thrown against the British positions. It cost them heavily.

Albert had done his stuff.

National Hero

IN " After My Own Fashion " (Longmans Green and Co., Ltd., 8s. 6d.), Raibeart Elder tells of a Sikh regular soldier who is captured in Malaya and joins the Japanese sponsored Indian National Army with a view to escaping to rejoin the British Indian Army and in order to satisfy the cravings of homesickness.

We see him in action near Imphal, see the impression created on an old soldier by the current weakness of the Government and the lack of ability of its newly recruited Sepoys. We get a vivid picture of the dirt, disease and squalor common to the I.N.A. and Jap forward troops and the discomfort common to both sides in the jungle.

With remarkable insight into the Sikh character, the author analyses for us the mind of Karnail Singh in his various vicissitudes; shows us the bond which immediately unites Sikh to Sikh, a bond which is so frequently mistaken by those who do not know the Khalsa. We are also shown the effect of the Jap propaganda course on the young educated Sepoy.

Karnail Singh is in a semi-concussed state when he achieves the position of national hero, a position to which unfortunately all I.N.A. men subjected to trial were raised, and those of us who were in India at the time of the trials can work ourselves up again over the advisability or otherwise of what took place. True, Karnail Singh was tried for an unusual collection of offences, but the Congress undertook his defence.

However, we will all like Karnail's final journey home. The long, dusty walk across country, the old familiar well-loved landmarks lit up by the moon, and the final arrival of Karnail, no longer a national hero, but a simple homesick yeoman soldier returning to his mother. Once again I am left with the feeling that the Khalsa is better understood by some British officers than by his fellow Indians.

A book which every man or woman who has loved the Indian Army or who has argued about the J.I.F.S. must read.

PECKHAM

Gardens in Barracks

Get your wormwood and gall to strew your floors to destroy fleas.

At the full of the moon cover flowers and seeds.

Dry flowers rather in the shade than in the sun, which too much exhaleth their virtue,

But to avoid corruption let the sun's heat a little visit them.

XVIITH CENTURY LORE

IN those idyllic days one had apparently nothing to do except gather flowers to make pot-pourri and distil therefrom various essences, and also—and in these days more importantly—to harvest your seeds for the succeeding year. In the seventeenth cntury, of course, the ordinary person lived under pretty insanitary conditions. Imperial Chemical Industries and its satellites did not exist, and the housewife and gardener of those days were concerned to a great extent with producing from their gardens a means of counteracting the very smelly atmosphere in which they lived and also distilling the various age-old potions which provided the medicines of that period. The insistence so constantly in these extracts from a seventeenth century book on gardening, on doing things " at the full of the moon," is of interest and in the writer's opinion worthy of attention.

Returning to the more mundane necessities of the twentieth century, let us see, in fact, what really goes on in a well-organised garden of today. Weeds, like the new poor, are always with us, but, unlike the new poor, are most obtrusive. The other day I tackled a large patch which was growing a good crop and also a forest of weeds. I used the hoe and then I was caught, like a naughty schoolboy, using the rake. My mentor asked me what I was going to do with all the weeds I had raked up, and I said I was going to put them on the compost heap. " Ha!" said he, " and what then? I suppose tomorrow you will wheel two or three barrow-loads of old compost to cover the exposed soil." " No," I said, " I might do that next week-end, but I shan't be working in the garden again until then." At that moment Nemesis really descended on me. I was given a long lecture about nature's way and the fact that in nature's way the soil was never exposed to the summer sun. If you can remove the weeds and can replace them with a one-inch layer of compost, so much the better. If you cannot, leave them on the ground. They may look unsightly but they will do good.

June and July are great months for grass-cutting. They are also the months of barrack gardening competitions and administrative inspections. Once these are over, put your grass mowings back on your garden. Despite the above, remember the needs of the compost heap and try to draw the true balance between the needs of exposed soil which can be cured by mulching, and the needs for manure for next year, which can be dealt with by the compost heap. July is a month of reward in the garden. It is also a month of labour. Once the crop has finished, clear it as quickly as you can and prepare the ground for something else. You have, I hope, enjoyed several rows of dwarf beans and are now enjoying peas. If you have any seed, sow a few rows of dwarf beans at the end of July. They will come in nicely when there is little else to eat in September.

FARELF

G.H.Q. Signal Regiment

Singapore

We would like to start off these notes by welcoming Lieutenant-Colonel Bower, our new C.O., who is actually arriving in camp as we write them. Lieutenant-Colonel Bower replaces Lieutenant-Colonel Hammond, M.B.E., who departed for the U.K. in March. Good luck to you, sir, wherever you may be.

H.Q. AND 1 SQUADRON. April has been an uneventful month for this combined Squadron, nevertheless much valuable maintenance has been done on lines and installations in the G.H.Q. area, and the additional commitments of the teleprinter room have increased our already large foothold in the Signal Office area. The brunt of the inevitable "chores" of administering any large unit have been faithfully discharged by us, and the drivers and linemen have worked many long hours to achieve this end. In our play we have been unfortunately rather unspectacular this month, but we feel sure that we should climb to the front of the Unit on the 5th June, when the Unit athletic meeting takes place.

2 SQUADRON. Before we start our notes we feel we should explain that these are the jottings of the old 3 Squadron, owing to the fact that the old 2 Squadron has at last broken away and call themselves A.W.C. Squadron.

A.W.C. SQUADRON. One event has happened very recently to give us a welcome boost; on 1st April we celebrated our own private independence day. On that date we ceased to be 2 Squadron, G.H.Q. Signal Regiment, and were renamed Army Wireless Chain Signal Squadron, Singapore. The change is, in fact something more than superficial, for we are now, in all matters relating to the A.W.C., perfectly independent and can think of ourselves as a self-contained Unit, which gives cause for considerable satisfaction to all members of the Squadron.

Thus much for our work. Our play has been restricted because we are in the process of undergoing the transitional period from the soccer season to the cricket season. We are, however, proud to have in Lance-Corporal Inglis the one member of the Regiment selected to go on tour to Hongkong with the Army football XI. With him go our very best wishes and not a few envious glances. We are all perfectly confident of his success with the team, especially after his excellent effort in scoring the only goal in the Army v. Navy match recently.

No set of notes from this Squadron would be complete without reference to the Ham Club. This continues to do well and to collect an impressive list of contacts. Work was recently finished on a new operating room, complete with remote control panel and a myriad of little coloured lights, whose function is faintly nebular to the lay eye, but whose impressiveness is unquestionable.

It is with more than usual zeal that your scribe has set about tackling these notes, for, all being well, he should have a Mr. instead of a number before his name by the time they appear in print. He therefore lays down with a gratified sigh his weary pen, which he now passes on to his unfortunate successor.

Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess. Our Mess has now been redecorated and our "housewarmer" took the form of a dance on Friday, 29th April. We were pleased to see Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Goodeve-Docker attending.

We were pleased to see the arrival of the wives of Sergeants Snaith, Lovell, Horne and Clarke.

The darts team has started again and the Mess won the first match against 223 B.O.D., Bill Homewood scoring treble 18's.

Malaya District Signal Regiment

Kuala Lumpur

In spite of heavy drecreases in manpower, the Unit seems to be bearing the strain admirably. Yet another drain on our strength has been caused by the recent emigration of some of our key men to "X" Brigade; however, this development is of no great consequence, because they are not permanently posted.

By far the most popular topic amongst the B.O.R.s is the leave programme, which has been stepped up to enable more men to get some well-earned rest. In addition to the luxurious holiday resorts at Penang and Singapore, the famous Leave Centre in the Cameron Highlands has been reopened. At each of these resorts there is an extremely wide range of entertainment. At Penang most of one's time is spent on the golden sands, swimming and boating, whilst the Highlands is notable for its beautiful walks, riding, and, of course, the cool climate.

In the realm of sport we are pleased to announce that the Unit team is continuing its long run of successes. Royal Signals have built up a little side which will battle hard with all comers for the ultimate league leadership. Unlike the majority of clubs in the district, we are encouraged by a small band of enthusiastic supporters. On the whole, we can be pleased with what has been accomplished this season, and the keenness, plus interest, displayed by all players, is more welcome than any list of convincing victories. That's the spirit! Indeed, the most thrilling match was against the Police Training Wing, with whom we drew 3—3. The surprising feature was that the Signals' team held a lead of 3—1 at half-time. Great upheaval in the Sergeants' Mess, for a team put out by the Corporals whacked them by 8 goals to nil. How will they ever live that down? The following week the Sergeants fielded a vastly improved side and trounced the District XI, who have virtually the pick of Malaya, 3—0, which makes one think of the headaches the pool punters would have if there was such a system in this country.

In the near future the annual command sports meeting will be held on the excellent playing field in the Garrison. It is hoped that this Unit will be well represented.

Swimming at the Selangor Club baths is a special attraction enjoyed by the men of this Unit. Each Wednesday afternoon the enthusiasts go in ever-increasing numbers. (A word of advice: Watch out for Captain Broadley; he is the transport man around here.) However, this concession given to us by the European civilians is greatly appreciated.

Every endeavour is being made to open a Corporals' Club, thus bringing things back to pre-war status. This move is largely caused by the fact that most of our Corporals are regulars.

SINGAPORE DISTRICT SIGNAL REGIMENT

We extend a hearty welcome to Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. P. G. Goodeve-Docker and family on their arrival to the Unit and hope their stay with us will be a very happy one.

Best wishes are sent to Lieutenant-Colonel J. D. L. Morris, O.B.E., and Mrs. Morris on their return to the U.K. on Python.

W.O.I Thompson, recently arrived ex U.K., is now settling down to the arduous duties of R.S.M. and is at present taking the Senior N.C.O.s' Spring Drill Course. (In preparation for this, so it is rumoured, he is doing a spot of P.T. on the quiet, with medicine ball and chest expanders.)

The Unit is now split up considerably, with R.H.Q., H.Q. Squadron, "A" Squadron, and "C" (L.E.P.) Training Squadron at Yio Chu Kang. "B" Squadron is situated much nearer Singapore, at Tyersall Camp, and "D" Squadron at Johore Bahru.

At the moment most of the Unit is under canvas, but work has already commenced on a permanent barracks, which will be completed in 195(?).

"A" SQUADRON. At the time of writing, the Squadron, composed of 4 and 5 (F.S.S.) Troops and 6 (Con.) Troop, are in a tented camp ten miles from Singapore. At the mention of "tented camp" readers will probably conjure up ideas of nothing but tents in a field of mud; this isn't so. Offices, stores, messes, dining rooms and canteen are all permanent or semi-permanent buildings, so that on the whole life is quite comfortable.

In addition to the personnel living with the Unit, the Squadron has detachments at H.Q., Singapore District, and Gillman Barracks, to facilitate the clearing of faults, etc. The detachment at Fort Canning are responsible for the Headquarters in addition to their duties in Fault Control. This one is the Senior Fault Control for the island, and as such work in close co-operation with the other controls, namely G.H.Q., Air Command, Alexandra, and in addition numerous manned test points.

The role of the Squadron is the installation and maintenance of Fixed Signal Services on the island, and for operational purposes the island is split in half, 4 (F.S.S.) Troop taking one and 5 (F.S.S.) the other. 6 (Con.) Troop have a roving commission, mostly concerned with temporary installations. The extensive cable network that covers the island has given very little trouble since January of this year, but previous to then subversive elements on the island caused a few headaches by the frequent cutting of cables. As a result of this, a system of cable alarms was installed over the main ones, and within seconds of a cable being cut, and an approximate localisation being made, the civil police go into action. This system has proved so successful that very little trouble is experienced now from cable cuts.

With the steady release of B.O.R.s, and as replacements from U.K. become less and less, so their places are being taken by locally enlisted Malays and Chinese. These are trained by "C" Squadron of this Unit, and after a month or so with the Squadron, gaining practical experience, they invariably turn out to be quite good tradesmen. As time goes by, so these L.E.P.s will be absorbed into the Squadron until it will be practically manned by them with the exception of a small number of B.O.R.s.

"D" SQUADRON. The Squadron was, until October, 1948, under Malaya District and known as 4 Squadron, M.D.S.R. In that month we were transferred to Singapore District Signal Regiment—swopping the Kris for the Tiger label.

We have our H.Q. with Johore Sub-District at Majeedi Barracks, some three miles out of Johore Bahru, with a small detachment at Kluang.

Originally a static Unit covering the signal communications of Johore State, the Malayan emergency has transformed us into a Brigade Troop—"plus." It should be added that the "plus" did not include personnel. However, after a hectic start, in June last year, we have settled down, have the equipment, and almost enough bodies for the job.

The "job" briefly is the provision and maintenance of a communications network covering the whole State—some 4,000 square miles in area. The early days saw many one-man detachments, out for anything from a month to three months at a time. There were few failures once we had W.S.19 issued, and later the W.S.62. The maintenance problem produced many headaches, but this was overcome and most of the customers are now satisfied.

The work done in the first six months is reflected in the recent news of the award of five "Mentions in Despatches" to personnel of the Squadron for services in the period June–December, 1948. The Squadron also lays claim to having the first "Services" man to kill a bandit. The honour belongs, we believe, to Signalman F. Wheatley, in the Kluang area in August, 1948. He has since left on release for more peaceful pursuits.

Singapore District Boxing Championships. The following entered from this Unit: Lance-Corporal Reavill (Reserve), Driver Wigzell (Light), Sergeant Lim Kim Seng (Welter), Lance-Corporal Koh Peck Seah (Feather), Lance-Corporal Heng Goh Gee (Flyweight), Signalman Galestin (Bantam), Signalman Hassan (Reserve).

The following detached members of this Regiment also entered: Lance-Corporal Laing, "D" Squadron (Light); Lance-Corporal Blyth, attached L.E.P.T.C. (Fly).

Unfortunately, Sergeant Lim Kim Seng lost in the first fight by a narrow margin. As he was giving away both height and weight, it was a grand performance.

The remainder all reached the semi-finals. Here we seemed to be dogged by bad luck. This is especially true of Lance-Corporal Koh Peck Seah, who was handing out the mother and father of a pasting to his opponent when he was dragged down and had to receive the attentions of the M.O.

Finally, Lance-Corporal Laing and Lance-Corporal Blyth qualified for the finals. Both put up first-class performances and Lance-Corporal Blyth became flyweight champion and Lance-Corporal Laing became lightweight runner-up.

Lance-Corporals Blyth and Koh Peck Seah were chosen for the Inter-Service Championships.

Lance-Corporal Blyth lost a grand final by a very narrow margin. Lance-Corporal Koh Peck Seah was again unlucky and was marked unfit by the M.O. just before he was to fight in the final.

He now has the distinction of beating twice in one week (in eliminations) the man who holds both championships.

SIGNAL TROOP, 23rd FIELD REGIMENT, R.A.
Tilshead

We would thank ex-Corporal Lucas for his notes in our last column, and we stand corrected.

Our original notes should have stated that the Troop was re-formed as Signal Troop, 23rd Field Regiment, R.A., being brought out of suspended animation and resuscitated during August, 1948.

The old Troop was placed in suspended animation sometime in May, presumably shortly after ex-Corporal Lucas left.

The only remaining relics of the old Troop were several outstanding bills, and a very annoyed Staff Wallah wanting to know what the ——— happened to his radiogram on signature to the Troop.

And so, for the last time from the mystic depths of Salisbury Plain, comes the Troop's monthly bleat.

By this time next month we shall be well on our way to Hong Kong, the big move taking place on 10th June.

After much packing (and unpacking) we are ready for the big move; boxes containing our equipment are stacked

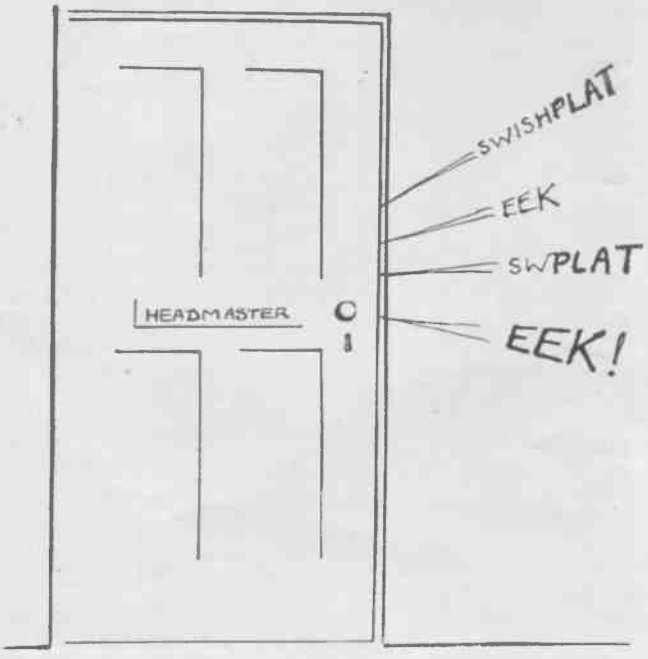
Signal Troop, 23 Field Regiment, R.A., en route for Hong Kong

roof high in our Troop Store, and a very frustrated "Barney" is trying to sort out his accounts.

One minute all is calm and everyone is at peace with the world, and the next minute our little corner of the camp closely resembles a beehive (due to someone in authority wanting an article which, trust our luck, is in a box right at the bottom of the pile).

Enclosed is a photo of the new Troop, and we hope that our friends, now spread over the world, will recognise some of us and drop us a line.

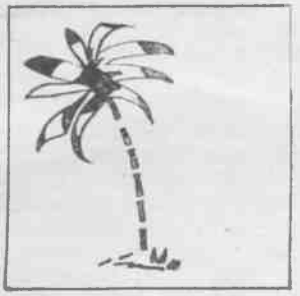
STUDENT DOODLES No. 12



Contact Noise

Nigeria Signal Squadron

Lagos



Activities this month have been the winding up of our trainee O.W.L.s' and Radio Mechanics' Courses and the resultant Trade Testing Boards. Very good results were obtained from both courses, consequently we have been able to make up our strength in both trades complete to our W.E.

Another big job, almost completed now, has been the preparation for Brigade Signal Troop to move to Kaduna, which is situated in the North-Eastern District of the Colony, roughly 560 miles up-country from Lagos. The "gin palaces" have all been loaded and we are now awaiting the word from the R.T.O. to load them and their personnel on the "Military Special" for their eight days' journey by rail.

Our O.C., Major D. J. Bond, left for the U.K. on 23rd May for recuperative leave, and during his absence Captain D. Beatt is "in the chair."

Sport. Our African footballers continue to go from strength to strength, having not yet lost a game since the opening of the season two months ago, results for the last month being:

v.	H.Q. Nigeria District	Win 3—0
v.	W.A.A.O.C.	Win 4—1
v.	W.A.E.M.E.	Win 1—0
v.	C.W.A.M.P.	Draw 2—2
v.	68 Military Hospital	Win 5—0

Hockey. A combined H.Q. Nigeria District and Royal Signals team which has been entered in the league have, to date, lost only one match out of seven played. Our representatives in the team, S.Q.M.S. ("Tich") Metcalf, at inside-right, and Corporal Edwards, at outside-left, have played themselves into the team and, without any "lamp-swinging" on our part, they have been the highlights, scoring more goals between them than the rest of the team, which only proves once again that no matter what the job, you cannot do without Signals! (Other magazines please copy!)

Mauritius

—an Appreciation

Every traveller is urged on by two powerful and primitive motives, hunger and anticipation, and both are well satisfied in a visit to Mauritius.

Mauritius lies in the Indian Ocean, latitude 20° South and about 450 miles east of Madagascar. It has other romantic names, such as "Ile de France" and "Rainbow Island," both very worthy and appropriate, for the natives are French speaking, and rainbows, huge double and treble multi-coloured arcs, are a feature of everyday life in the island.

The real history of the island is only 350 years old, but it has had its casual visitors before that time in wandering Arab dhows, and it is said that even the Phoenicians called here from time to time, while it is generally admitted that the Mascarene group of islands figured on very ancient Arab charts. In the early 16th century they were included, not very accurately admittedly, in charts used by Portuguese navigators. This was principally due to Vasco da Gama's epoch-making trip which marked the end of Arab control of the Indian Ocean and started the expansion of Portugal in the East.

The actual date and circumstances of the discovery of the Mascarene Archipelago by the Portuguese were for long a subject of speculation, but the following theory is now substantiated by recently-published Portuguese maps: that the island was discovered by one of Tristan da Cunha's lieutenants in charge of the *Cirne,* which was part of a Portuguese Squadron cruising in these waters. He reached Reunion on 9th February, 1507, and reached this island three days later. It was named "Cirne," after his ship.

Therefore, the approximate date of discovery is 12th February, 1507. The Portuguese did not settle on the island but used it merely as a stopping place to take on fresh water and vegetables.

In the meantime, other European nations were interesting themselves in the East, and Holland was one of the foremost of these.

In August, 1598, Admiral Van Warwick rounded the Cape of Good Hope with eight ships and landed in Mauritius on 20th September. He found the island uninhabited and formally took possession after naming the new-found island "Mauritius," after Maurice of Nassau.

However, a disaster, whereby Pieter Both, a governor of Batavia, lost his life in a cyclone, a common occurrence in this part of the world, effected a cooling off in Dutch enthusiasm, and their visits became less frequent.

The Dutch East India Company did try to form a permanent colony on the island, and this was started in 1638. The island was rich in natural resources and many forests covered the island, while ambergris was reputed to have covered the shores.

The little Garrison struggled to keep things going in the face of many troubles and under various commanders. Their efforts were dogged by bad luck and the price of ebony began to fall, while rats ate everything they planted or tried to cultivate. In July, 1658, the island was abandoned, and although they came back again in 1664, it was finally given up in 1710. Hurricanes, plagues, droughts and the appearance of pirates made the island more of a liability than an asset.

The Dutch, while they were here, found tortoises so large that "four men could stand on it without stopping it from walking." These, by the way, can still be seen in the Botanical Garden at Pamplemousses. Also found here was the "Dodo," which they described as "about the size of swans with a furry sort of skull cap on their strange bald heads. Instead of wings they have three or four black feathers, and instead of tails, four or five curly little feathers, greyish in colour—they have round behinds."

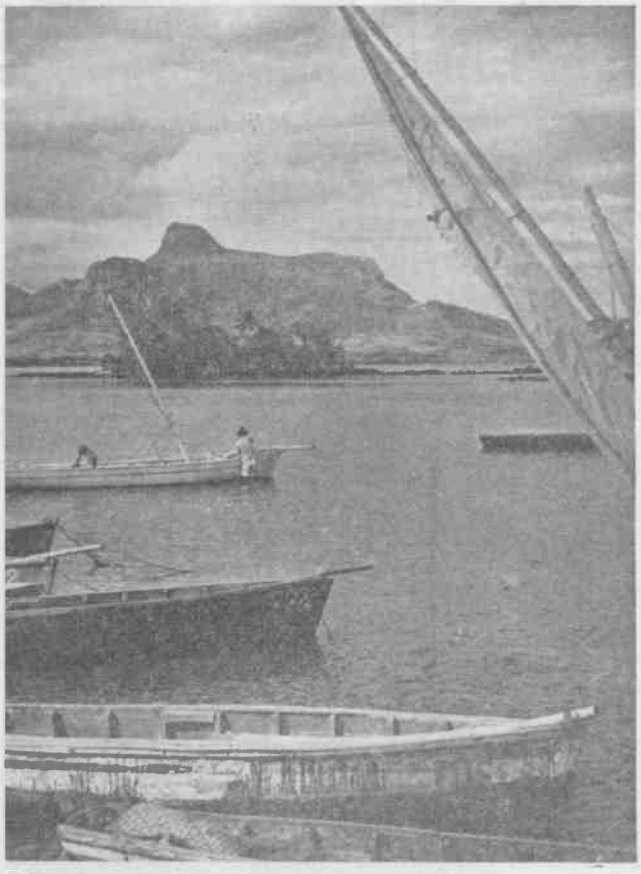
As the Dodo couldn't fly, it was easily clubbed and became extinct just 80 years after the arrival of the Dutch.

The depredations of the pirates of Mauritius alarmed the neighbouring colony of Bourbon, and, as the Dutch sea power was then on the decline, the French sent Captain Dufresne in command of the *Chasseur,* to take over the island in the name of Louis XIV. He landed in 1715 and called the island "Ile de France." In 1721 the first French colonists arrived, and they encouraged agriculture, opening up the first sugar factory, thus commencing the trade upon which the island is now so dependent.

On 3rd December, 1810, the island was occupied by the British, who were then at war with Napoleon. This ended 90 years of French occupation, and the island, with its 75,000 inhabitants, passed to the British Crown.

Let's have a look at what the island is like at the present day. The population has now increased to 450,000, the biggest majority of these being Indian, roughly 60 per cent.

The capital of the island is Port Louis, and its population is 53,000. It is also the island's main seaport and is busy all the year round.



Fishing boats in Grand Port, where the British won a decisive naval battle against the French in 1810

Other towns include Curepipe, the residential centre for most of the Franco-Mauritian population; Rose Hill and there are only 700 miles of roadway, there are 3,500 mixed vehicles of all kinds, not including bicycles. The railways boast 106 miles.

The large Indian population also shows itself evident in the religious status of the island, which is 50 per cent. Hindu, 14 per cent. Mohammedan and approximately 36 per cent. Christian.

Slightly over 70 per cent. of the area of 460,000 acres consists of land which has been assessed as suitable for mixed farming and agriculture. This, of course, includes waterways and some very rocky soil, and the arable land is about 210,000 acres. The main agricultural pursuit of the island is sugar cane cultivation, which occupies the best of the available agricultural lands. Last year 150,000 acres were under cultivation. Other minor industrial crops include aloe fibre, tea and tobacco. Sugar constitutes 96 per cent. of the total value of exports from Mauritius.

Forest lands, including scrub and grass lands, occupy nearly 200,000 acres.

The facilities for fishing on the island are good, both inside and outside the reefs. Six-pounders are not uncommon in the shallow water, although the average sizes range from ½lb. to 2lb.

The coast line is 150 miles long and about 600 different species of fish have been found to exist around the coast. During the year 1947, 1,408 sharks were caught, and although most of the fishing is done by basket traps, lines, nets and cast nets, outside the reef line fishing is extensively carried out. Fishing as an industry is also carried out by a private firm at the Cargados Carajos banks (St. Brandon Island).

Sugar can be clearly seen on both sides of the road, while a chimney stack from a nearby sugar factory is also quite clear in the centre of the photograph

It is surprising to see so many motor cars, motor cycles and other transport in such a small island, and although there are only 700 miles of roadway, there are 3,500 mixed vehicles of all kinds, not including bicycles. The railways boast 106 miles.

Malaria is fairly prevalent below the 600ft. line, but in the Garrison area, situated at Vacoas, at 1,400ft., it is virtually non-existent. During the year 1947 malaria and other parasitic diseases accounted for 25 per cent. of the total deaths on the island.

A three-year plan is at present being carried out to wipe out malaria from the island altogether, and it has met with great success in its early stages.

The island also boasts of a local radio station, which broadcasts for six hours daily, and world news is also received and distributed by means of Globe Reuter news sheet, which turns out about 7,000 words per day, working on a 24-hour basis.

Posts & Telecommmnications Department

Asmara, Eritrea

As was anticipated, the future of Eritrea was not settled at the recent meeting of the U.N. General Assembly at Lake Success, and we must therefore wait at least until the next meeting of the General Assembly in September of this year.

During the month we have lost quite a number of our few remaining military personnel.

Sport and Entertainment. The Signals Canteen which we recently established in the Camp has proved a great success, and the majority of the men prefer the canteen, which is known as the " Rodney Arms," to the " night-life " of Asmara.

A team was chosen during the month for Eritrea District Small Bore Rifle Competition, and it was disappointing that the competition had to be postponed at the last moment, especially as the team had put in much practice.

Cricket has been suspended temporarily due to the arrival of the rainy season.

Our soccer team has played a number of matches during May, with, we regret, little success. Our failure to progress past the preliminary round of the "Player's Cup " was an unexpected blow.

We congratulate Signalman Dunn on his inclusion in the Eritrea District Eleven, which is competing against local Italian teams in a series of soccer matches to raise funds for the dependants of the players of the Turin F.C., who, you will remember, were recently all killed in an air crash in Italy. Dunn was the outstanding player in the first match of the series.

Publications Received

We acknowledge with thanks receipt of the following:

THE WISH STREAM, March.
THE TANK, May and June.
ST. GEORGE'S GAZETTE, April and May.
R.E.M.E., June and July.
THE BRITISH LEGION JOURNAL, June.
THE QUEEN'S OWN GAZETTE, May and June.
THE THISTLE, April.
THE JOURNAL OF THE ROYAL ARMY SERVICE CORPS, May and June.
THE CLARION, June.
THE SIGNALMAN (Indian Signal Corps), April.
SAMBAND (Royal Norwegian S.T.C.), No. 1, 1949.
THE CATTERICK EXPRESS, 6th and 20th May, 3rd and 17th June.

MELF

3 G.H.Q. Signal Regiment

Fayid

The Gebel Shabruit Challenge Cup was presented by all ranks of the Royal Signals in the Middle East in 1949, and will be competed for each year by Units in this theatre.

The race is in the form of a team cross-country run, over a course of approximately 4½ miles. Starting from sea level, the race is run across a stretch of desert, up a hill, which is approximately 700 ft. high, and back down to sea level again.

The first race for this Challenge Cup took place on Sunday, 27th March, 1949. Fifteen teams, all from Units in the Canal Zone, competed. It was an ideal day, little sun and a cool breeze blowing.

1 R.H.A. were worthy winners with 77 points; 71 H.A.A. were second, only 12 points behind. Third and fourth places were gained by North Staffs and 2 Squadron Egypt Command Signal Regiment with 122 and 177 points respectively.

The individual winner was Second-Lieutenant Smith, of 1 R.H.A., who completed the course in 31 mins. 25 secs. Signalman Hodson, 3 G.H.Q. Signal Regiment, was second, followed closely by B.S.M. Rush, of 80 L.A.A., and Lieutenant Hillier, 2 Squadron, Egypt Command Signal Regiment, third and fourth respectively. All competitors completed the course.

At the end of the race Mrs. Chadwick, wife of Brigadier Chadwick, C.S.O., B.T.E. and Mediterranean Command, presented the Challenge Cup and prizes.

Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess. In a recent match against the Officers, the Mess emerged victorious with a comfortable margin. The outstanding player of the match was R.Q.M.S. Willoughby, who made a considerable contribution to our score.

Our pugilistic member, " Jock " Reid, is in the news again. At the moment he is training with the Army team at Timsah Leave Camp. We wish him " good hunting " and hope to hear more of him in the coming Inter-Services Championships.

The garden is fast becoming more than a desert, thanks to the enterprise of a few energetic if not expert gardeners and several lorry-loads of Nile mud and crazy paving.

W.R.A.C. NOTES. There are 46 W.R.A.C. serving with 3 G.H.Q. Signal Regiment in Fayid, of whom 30 are switchboard operators and 16 teleprinter operators. They work pretty hard but manage to have lots of fun when off duty. Swimming in the Great Bitter Lake is one of the most popular pastimes; here the water is so buoyant that even the poorest swimmers find that they cannot sink. Most of the girls enjoy dancing, and there are parties nearly every evening with plenty of willing partners waiting to take the floor. Some of the operators have joined the Signals Yacht Club and have become very proficient helmswomen, bring their boats alongside the jetties with the confidence of old salts. There are tennis courts in the W.R.A.C. Camp, which also has its own " Femina " Cinema, with a change of programme every other night. The Mercury Theatre Club is always looking for new female talent and has put on several excellent productions.

Gebel Shabruit

1 L. of C. Signal Regiment

El Ballah

Introducing R.H.Q. and 2 Squadron, 1 L. of C. Signal Regiment, and all its satellites. We are still on the Salt Lake Bed at Airfield Camp, El Ballah.

We welcome our new Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel T. A. K. Howe, Royal Signals.

Congratulations to R.S.M. Turner and S.S.M. Hopkins in keeping the flag flying in the Egypt All Ranks Tournament. Although they did not get very far, they nevertheless kept up our reputation for having a crack at any sport.

Life is occasionally enlivened by our Air Force neighbours, who swoop down across the camp. Their latest exploit was to give us a good sprinkling of D.D.T.

5 WIRELESS CARRIER TROOP. In their WIRE notes not so long ago " X " Branch, B.T.E., made some remarks, kind and otherwise, about wireless sets No. 10 and their oddities. The slaves of the magnetrons feel that those remarks should be amplified perhaps a little more kindly.

5 Wireless Carrier Troop is justly proud of the fact that it has been continuously employed in operational roles since it was formed as a Multi-Channel Wireless Section in the dim days of '43. Some of the sets seem to be veterans too!

The Section assisted in the invasion with cross-Channel communications; passing shipping was believed to have caused fading of signals, according to legend, and having crossed the Channel the Section worked its way across the continent until it finished in Germany. As readers of THE SOLDIER may remember, the Section earned the praise of the Commander-in-Chief for the work it had done.

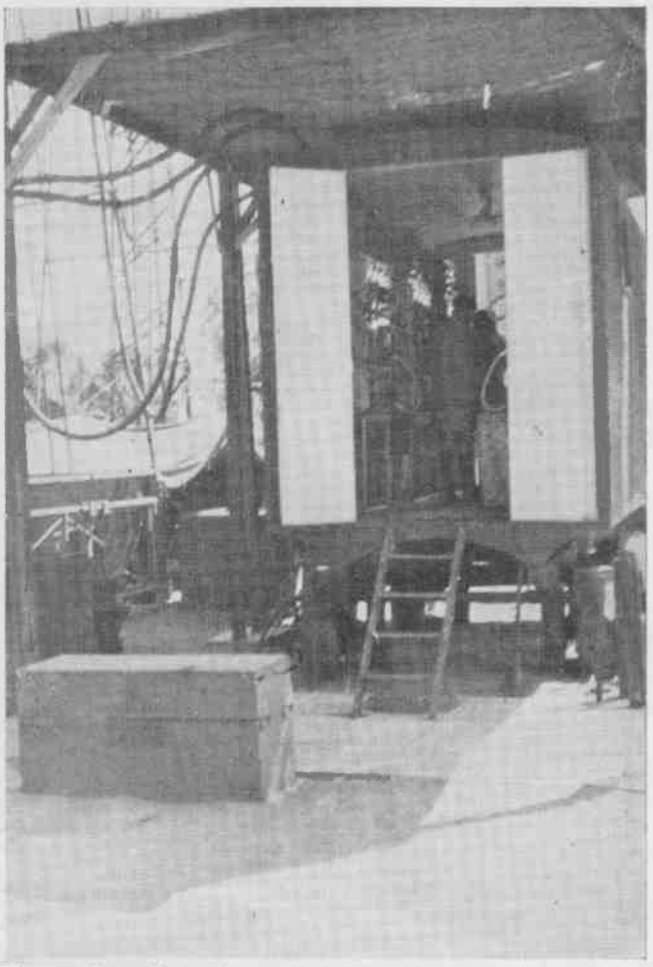
Returning to the U.K. in 1946, it was rechristened with its present name, and after a stay at Dalton long enough for leave and refitting, was sent off to join 7 H.Q. Signal Regiment (now 1 L. of C. Signal Regiment) at Maadi. 7 H.Q. Signal Regiment, recovering rapidly from the shock, found a job by way of producing a link from Abbassia to Fayid *via* Moascar and two other relay stations. One of these relay stations was established near the site of ancient Bubastis, but no excavations other than those required by hygiene were carried out. During this period the weather was reasonably cool and the sets worked quite well.

While this link was still in use, two sets were removed from the Fayid end of the link and sent to Palestine for tests with a view to establishing a link there when the Delta evacuation was completed. Possible sites were tested and the trailers appeared on top of all the best mountains in Palestine. Amongst many things discovered was the unpleasant fact that the Bedford QL, staunch wagon that it

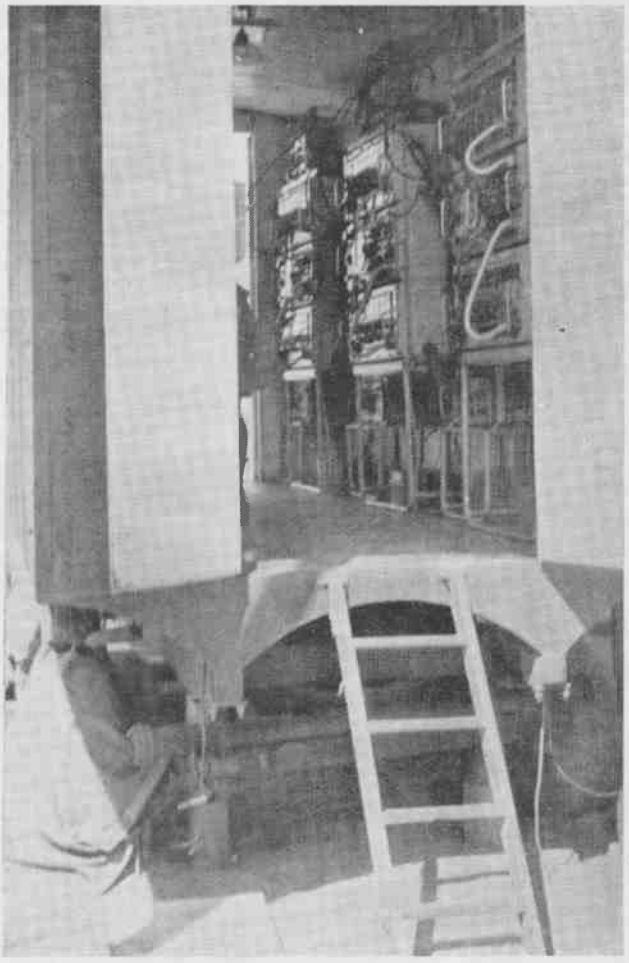
was, could hardly cope with a load consisting of a 3½ ton tower and a trailer of similar weight plus five bodies and their kit. Palestine Command Signals lent us a 5 ton GMC, and with this we towed or winched trailers up more mountains than Moses had dreamed of. Strangely enough, we found that the mountains of Biblical fame usually produced good sites; we sacrificed many magnetrons in the process. As a result of these tests, a link was set up between Jerusalem, Ramle and Haifa with relay stations at a point about nine miles west of Jerusalem, near Abu Ghosh, and Mount Gerizim, near Nablus. Originally tests had been carried out directly between Abu Ghosh or Kilo 20, as we named the site, and Mount Carmel, Haifa.

This appeared to be satisfactory, but when the temperature changed rapidly so did our signals, and as a consequence the additional relay at Nablus had to be installed. After the usual teething troubles, the link settled down and eventually became one of the most vital channels of communication in the Command. In due course the site on Mount Carmel attracted the attention of the Jews, and one night they made an attack on the detachment, with a result that the trailer went sky high. Fortunately there were no serious casualties and the affair was concluded with a new set and a satisfactory "write-off." THE PALESTINE POST published a long story about a radar station having been blown up.

Kilo 20 Site, which was the Troop Headquarters, occupied a highly strategic position where one had a front seat view of all the local battles. The Jews, after a short abortive attack on a nearby Arab village, were foolish enough to make an attempt on the place. They were driven off with a loss, to them, of 17 dead. Large-sized tin hats were not available for immediate issue. Even Jimmy on the detachment flag wanted a new one as there were quite a few bullet holes through it. Will the demobee concerned please return this flag. A running commentary was passed over the link to Palestine Command Signals. They turned out the Riot Squad, but the affair was finished by the time they arrived. When they came to leave this site both the Arabs and the Jews were more or less sitting on the doorstep and another fight broke out before the Troop finally got away. Nablus was left without incident apart from some excitement caused by finding that the only possible way to get trailers down the numerous hairpin turns was by backing them.



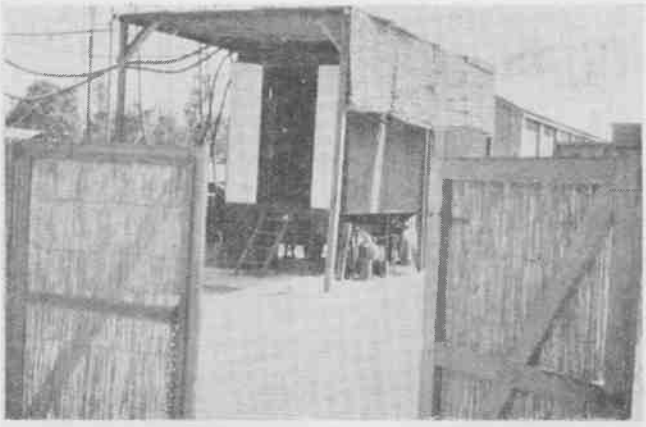
The special trailer under its sunshade. Note the waveguides on left leading to the three 60ft. towers



Three 10 sets in line

Much could be written of the life in Palestine, about the intense winter cold on the mountain tops, the R.A.S.C. water truck driver who daily went down Bab El Wad for precious water; the vehicle mechanic who, returning from Egypt, drove up Bab El Wad in the dark, at the height of the ambush season, with his headlamps lighting the countryside. There's the story of the corporal who nipped out of the bombed trailer at Haifa just in time to get to his tent before the rest of the equipment. Doubtless many ex-members of the Troop have done all the gripping that is necessary.

After the evacuation of Palestine, the Troop looked forward to a rest in Egypt, but there was another job lined up. The "locals" had found the commercial value of cable was well worth the effort of digging up, so the 10 Sets were called in to give stand-by links. Two sets worked to terminals from Moascar to Fayid. This gave 14 channels; another set from



The trailer in its compound

Fayid to Geneifa, and a third link worked from Moascar to El Ballah. The two sets working in parallel to Fayid did not interfere with one another and it was found possible, with additional staying, to use one tower at Fayid for holding three sets of mirrors. This tower was known as "Meiklejohn's Pride."

The man-power problem had now become more acute than usual, so the three sets at Moascar were removed from their trailers and installed in a large trailer borrowed from the R.A.F. This arrangement was very satisfactory; not only did it cut down duty crew but it also helped to keep the sets cooler. Heat is a very serious problem; during the summer the blowers are not a lot of use as the outside air is almost as hot as that in the sets. Wax and bitumen runs out of various components, with a consequent breakdown of insulation. Magnetrons become unstable in high temperatures, the set temperature reaches 130° F. at times, and they require constant attention. Another annoying thing was the presence of early morning mists which completely stopped signals. Although we had mists in Palestine, they very rarely caused fading; this may be due to the greater degree of humidity, but our hair isn't long enough to give a firm answer.

At the time of writing the Fayid and Geneifa links have been closed and a link set up between Tel El Kebir, with relays at Quassasin and Moascar and a further link between Moascar and a point on the opposite side of Ismailia. The section between Quassasin and Tek is not optical; keen-eyed people report having seen the beam creeping over the ridge by Arabi Pasha's trenches, but as we habitually wear rose-coloured glasses we have not observed this remarkable phenomenon. The Ismailia link is also non-optical, due to a large bank of trees; the signal level, however, is very good and in our opinion provides communication as good as land line.

The Troop's biggest headache is, of course, lack of trained personnel. Fortunately, our scanty reinforcements are all keen and anxious to learn, but at times one wonders about the sets at Catterick which are rumoured to be used for training, or are they just for show?

1 Infantry Divisional Signal Regiment

Tripoli

The collective training season has now come to an end, and finished up with a 48-hour Staff and Signal Exercise. Although we were unlucky with the weather, we were lucky with our communications, and the exercise was adjudged a success by the General and his staff.

Our arrangements to complete our musketry and start individual training have been interrupted by the internal security problem which has arisen on account of the political tension caused by the proposed future of Tripolitania now before the United Nations Assembly.

The Arab population have been very much disturbed, and there have been large demonstrations, much speech making, and a certain amount of hooliganism. 1 Squadron have been placed under the command of 1 Guards Brigade, and have been employed in an infantry role, guarding valuable points and patrolling an area of Tripoli, a job which they carried out with zeal and efficiency, showing once again that the Royal Corps can turn its hand to most things.

However, it has NOT all been all work and no play, and we have had our social and sporting activities. At the end of April H.M.S. *Vanguard* paid a short visit to Tripoli. Everyone was most interested to see this magnificent ship, and those who were lucky enough to go aboard her must have been impressed by her spick and span appearance and the general atmosphere of efficiency which existed everywhere. Many of her company were entertained, and a most enjoyable evening was spent in the Sergeants' Mess when 15 Petty Officers came ashore to spend the evening with us. This formal introduction to the Mess led to many very happy and informal visits during the time the *Vanguard* was in Tripoli, and we were sorry to lose their company when the time of departure came. The P.O.s of the *Vanguard* presented a very nice plaque to the Sergeants' Mess to commemorate their stay here.

Another naval visitor has been H.M.S. *Dalrymple,* a survey ship, which brought a party to re-survey Tripoli harbour. From this party we have 10 Ratings living with us in Marina Barracks.

Although our football team had a very lean season, the hockey team did its best to make amends, and finished second in the League.

In the Hockey Knockout Tournament, Division Signals combined with Tripoli Signal Squadron, and having scored victories over Aeronautica 3—0 and 1 Guards Brigade 3—1, met H.Q. 1 Infantry Division and 4/7 Royal Dragoon Guards combined team in the final. This was an exciting and hard-fought match. After being 3 down in the first half, Signals attacked throughout the second half to score 2 goals, and were pressing hard for the equaliser when the final whistle blew. The team was weakened by the absence of Sergeant Cantle, of Tripolitania Signals, and Sergeant Moore, two of our best players. With them we might well have won.

Speedway racing is an innovation which has been organised by Signals. Apart from our own team, the

The Meteors' team

"METEORS," there are two other teams in Tripoli, the "Hellcats," from the 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards, and a civilian team of Italians. The track is made of sand, and although no Wembley there is great enthusiasm by those taking part, and some good performances are put up. Our team is led by Sergeant K. Allen, of the Royal Signals Display team, 1947, and is well supported by F of S Pattison, Corporal Ball, Signalman Bonner, Lance-Corporal Thomas, Sergeant Foster, Signalman Morrison and Sergeant Burgess.

The track record is at present held by Sergeant Allen.

The provision of machines and spares is a bit of a headache, but it says a lot for the keenness and ingenuity of all those concerned when one considers how well they have overcome all difficulties.

The cricket season is now starting, and a lot of our players from last season have now left us. However, under the management of R.S.M. Gay, who is always on the search for new talent, the team is taking shape, and we hope to have a good season.

Married Quarters in Tripoli are at last becoming a little easier as new construction and renovations of old buildings become finished. The Regiment now has 11 families in Government Quarters, and 7 in private accommodation.

I GUARDS BRIGADE SIGNAL TROOP

May we introduce ourselves through the medium of THE WIRE to other Signal units who may be interested to read what work and pleasure is like in Tripoli, North Africa. We also hope, through your pages, to attract volunteers to the shores of Africa and one of the best Troops in the Middle East—J. Troop.

We cannot complain that A.G.11B at the War Office have treated us unfairly. Our numbers have been kept fairly high for reasons at which we are all allowed to guess. We appear at present to do a little better than some other Troops in the Regiment, for which we are truly thankful and not a little proud. This means we are in a position to carry out communications required of us by the Staff within the Brigade. We also try to match the impeccable marching, arms drill and turnout of the Guards, not at times we feel without some measure of success. To the Guards, however, we shall never be known as anything else than the "Gnomes," for we are afraid obvious reasons—or is it because we have to work in the cramped conditions of a Command vehicle for long hours.

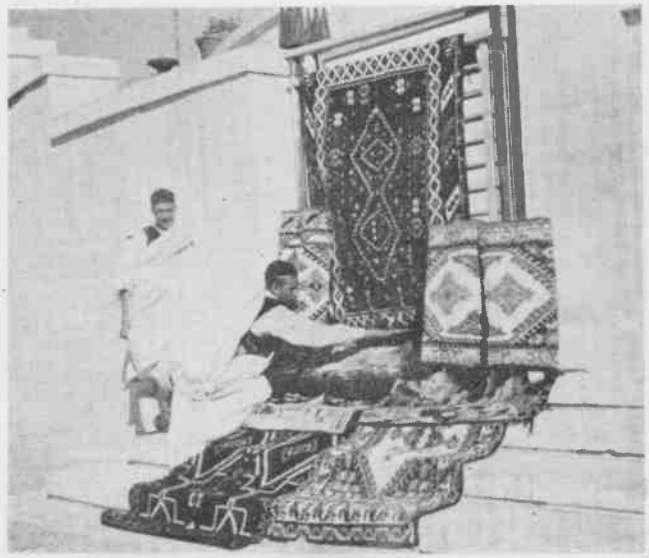
After a very strenuous six months of collective Brigade training between October, 1948, and March of this year,

G Command vehicle and instrument truck in position on field exercises near Jeffroy, April, 1949

Arab demonstration against the return of Italians to Tripolitania outside Municipal Building in main square

we have now slowed up the tempo of our operational activities and although doing individual training during the mornings, relax during the hottest time of the day between 2 and 5 o'clock. Exercises too come less frequently than they did during the winter training period. It has been estimated that most of the Signal Troop went on full-scale exercises twice in every three weeks with many more signal, umpire and practice exercises thrown in. However, we survived, but it may be realised from this that the Troop seldom have a chance to sit back and do nothing. Everyone in fact is very busy, and we like it that way in these days of argument as to how the Army should and should not be run, with or without Trade Union hours, bedside lamps and so on. Our only disappointment is that the team, for a Brigade Signal Troop must function as a team, quickly disintegrates. Six months sees almost a complete "change of faces"—six months hard work by everyone is shattered in a matter of two or three weeks by the Release System. Everyone has to start all over again. Some of the older ones among us wonder from this low level whether conscription is really the answer to post-war Army and National Defence problems. (It is regretted that letters on this problem cannot be accepted from readers.)

We have found no one who can say honestly that he likes exercises as such, but we all realise that during the winter months we saw a great deal of the Tripolitanian countryside, which otherwise would have been denied us. We also got a very considerable amount of it in our ears, noses and eyes and down our throats, but it was worthwhile seeing what immense strides the Italians had made to put the desert sands and unfertile rocky land under cultivation. We saw this especially around the small towns of Tarhuna, Garian and Homs. They had undoubtedly done an amazingly fine job of work in a comparatively short space of time. Whole areas have been brought under the plough, countless trees planted to bring and hold moisture. One can see acre upon acre of barley, oats, vines, olive trees, orange and lemon trees, every variety of flower and market garden produce. The main exports now are olives and esparto grass, which is used for processing paper. The whole place gives one the impression that with the aid of modern methods, Tripolitania could be made to yield considerable quantities of food for Europe. We are not, however, advocating the return of the Italians to their former show colony for two very good reasons, as far as the Troop is concerned. Firstly, it would mean that military occupation would cease, and there are many worse stations in the Middle East to which the Brigade might be sent. In fact very recently we came within a "Haiti" breath of being moved at the United Nations Assembly debate on the future of Tripolitania and the former Italian Colonies.



Very cheep, very naice!

Secondly, any further suggestions of the Italians returning would provoke the Arabs into another series of demonstrations, but this time they would not be so orderly as in those we have just experienced. In fact, open violence is threatened. We know what this would mean, for even during the recent disturbances all troops were confined to their barracks for eight days. The Troop was armed to the teeth and was fully committed on internal security communications. This, needless to say, caused many a sleepless night for both wireless and switchboard operators. We, therefore, would not care to forecast the future of Tripolitania, but we think we know exactly what would happen if there were any further proposals for the return of the Italians. You have been warned!

The King's Birthday is being celebrated on 9th June with the Brigade Trooping the Colour. Mr. T. R. Blackley, O.B.E., the Chief Administrator in Tripolitania, will take the salute. The Signal Troop has not been asked to provide any communications for once, and so will be there in force to see how the Guards do it on this very colourful ceremony. The massed bands of the 1st Battalions of the Grenadiers, Coldstream and Cameron Highlanders will be performing.

We are looking forward to taking part in a series of Summer Camps this year, when parties of us will be able to draw rations, tents and transport and proceed out of Tripoli along the attractive coast road to some suitable camping and bathing site. There we shall be able to remain for two or three days in absolute freedom with perfect Mediterranean bathing and sunbathing just outside the tent flap. Others, we know, have ideas about spending two or three days on board a Tunney fishing barque. We are told that it is an interesting and exciting experience. Local Arab and Greek fishermen will accept visitors on their Tunney fishing expeditions for a small payment, only visitors must be prepared to live rough.

CERTA CITO CUM TRIA JUNCTA IN UNO

Tripoli, 31st May, 1949.

CORPS TIES

A limited supply is now available at the Headquarters of the Association, artificial silk at 7s. 6d., and a *very* small number of the uncrushable quality at 10s. 6d.

Gibraltar Signal Squadron

With the advent of the warm weather and light evenings, our thoughts and actions have turned to summer sports and pastimes. Enthusiasts in the fields of cricket, tennis, basketball and swimming are daily to be heard ventilating the merits of their particular game, in the seclusion of bunks and barrack-rooms, or amidst the turmoil of Tanner's Canteen.

Aficionados del Toreo (bull-fight fans) can once again be seen in the Spanish border towns, armed with bottles of muscatel, gigantic sombreros and paper cushions. It may be of interest to readers to hear that last week there appeared in the bull-ring at La Linea, for the first time in the history of bull-fighting, an English matador from London, by name Vincent Charles Hitchcock, known in the bull-fighting world as Vincent Charles (because of the difficulty the Spanish experience in pronouncing Hitchcock). The English matador put up an extremely good show, and although he has yet to learn the finer and more artistic points of bull-fighting, he endeared himself to the spectators by his display of undaunted spirit and pluck.

Cricket. The cricket season in Gibraltar commenced early in May. Owing to the shortage of pitches and the large number of teams on the Rock, it has been found necessary to curtail matches to a maximum of 25 overs for each team, the team with the highest score, irrespective of the number of wickets fallen, being the winner. This decision has produced rather unorthodox cricket and has not favoured the type of batsman who likes to take his time playing himself in.

Happily for us and not so happily for our opponents, we still have in this year's cricket team our star performer, Lance-Corporal Wensley. In our four matches this season he has been of inestimable value; his batting and bowling averages speak for themselves. All four matches have been won with comfortable margins.

Below are the detailed results:

Royal Signals v. H.Q.A.A. Royal Signals won by 140 runs and 5 wickets.
Batting. Wensley 32 not out, McKinstray 33.
Bowling. Price 7 for 18.

Royal Signals v. H.Q.R.E. Royal Signals won by 6 runs and 4 wickets.
Batting. Wensley 35, McKinstray 34.
Bowling. Wensley 5 for 50.

Royal Signals v. 1 Squadron R.E. Royal Signals won by 4 runs 1 wicket.
Batting. Wensley 31.
Bowling. Wensley 7 for 21.

Royal Signals v. 32 Squadron "B," R.E. Royal Signals won by 10 runs 1 wicket.
Batting. Wensley 79.

Basketball. In the field of basketball, Gibraltar Signals were represented by 20 Wireless Troop, under the guidance and tuition of Captain Evanson. A great deal of hard work was put in by this team on practice nights, the gratifying returns of which can be seen in the detailed results below.

We were successful both in the League and Knock-out Cup, being undefeated in any game and registering an accumulative total of 825 points against our opponents' 318 points. Well done, 20 Wireless Troop.

League

Royal Signals 77 pts. v. G.E.C. 21 pts.
Royal Signals 40 pts. v. R.A.O.C. 28 pts.
Royal Signals 77 pts. v. R.A.S.C. 6 pts.
Royal Signals 48 pts. v. R.A.M.C. 41 pts.
Royal Signals 56 pts. v. R.E.M.E. 26 pts.
Royal Signals 95 pts. v. R.A.S.C. 16 pts.
Royal Signals 67 pts. v. R.E.M.E. 43 pts.
Royal Signals 99 pts. v. R.A.O.C. 19 pts.
Royal Signals 68 pts. v. G.E.C. 11 pts.
Royal Signals 48 pts. v. R.A.M.C. 45 pts.

Knock-out Cup Semi-Final

Royal Signals 69 pts. v. R.E.M.E. 22 pts.

Knock-out Final

Royal Signals 80 pts. v. G.E.C. 40 pts.

The Pakistan Signal Corps

Since we submitted our last WIRE notes, the big event here has been the holding of our first Signals Week, from 15th to 19th March, in Rawalpindi, which was the occasion of a large gathering of past and present members of the Corps from all over Pakistan. During the week we played the finals of the Inter-Unit Games Competitions, and held the first annual Corps Athletic Meeting, and interspersed during the week were various social functions. On Friday, 18th March, the Boys' Regiment received its flag from the Commander-in-Chief, General Sir Douglas Gracey, who is also our Colonel Commandant.

The Games Competitions were won as follows: Football by the Technical Training Regiment; hockey by the School of Signals; volleyball by 10 Divisional Signal Regiment; basketball by G.H.Q. (P) Signal Regiment.

The football and hockey tournaments were particularly exciting because G.H.Q. (P) Signal Regiment and 9 Divisional Signal Regiment, who were in the semi-finals of each, tied in both games after playing extra time, and had to replay their matches. The finals of all games were very closely contested.

The athletic meeting, held on Saturday, 19th March, was won by G.H.Q. (P) Signal Regiment, closely followed by 10 Divisional Signal Regiment. G.H.Q. (P) Signal Regiment is to be congratulated on a good win, for which they fought hard right through the meeting. Captain Sultan Khan, of G.H.Q. (P) Signal Regiment, beat the all-Pakistan record for the 120 yards hurdles with a time of 16 seconds.

On Friday, 18th March, General Sir Douglas Gracey presented a flag to the Boys' Regiment on a ceremonial parade, attended by a large number of senior officers of the Army. The parade was commanded by Boy Regimental Commander Mohd Afzal, who put up a flawless performance, which earned him the congratulations of the Commander-in-Chief. The smartness and steadiness of the boys on parade was the subject of universal comment, and would have been a credit to Army Regiments.

On the social side, on Tuesday, 15th March, the Band beat Retreat in the grounds of the Central Officers' Mess, and this was followed by a cocktail party attended by about 150 guests. On Wednesday a Corps Guest Night was held in the Mess, attended by the Commander-in-Chief and other senior officers from G.H.Q. (P). His Excellency the Governor of the West Punjab, Sir Francis Mudie, who was to have attended, was unfortunately unable to come at the last minute.

On Friday a tea party was held in the Officers' Mess for the Old Comrades, which was attended by serving J.C.O.s as well. We were glad to hear that the Old Comrades, all ex-V.C.O.s, were able to tell us that in their opinion our new Corps was well up to the standard which they would have expected in the old days. The oldest Old Comrade present was ex-Jemadar Mohsin Raza, who enlisted in 1906.

The week wound up with a dinner in the Rawalpindi Club, attended by 54 officers and their wives, and followed by a dance, in the course of which Highland reels were played by the Corps Pipe Major and two pipers of the Band.

Thus ended our first Signals Week in Pakistan, and we only hope that our guests enjoyed it as much as we did.

The S.T.C. D.R.s' display team performing at the Corps athletic meeting

The Boys' Regiment receives its flag from the Commander-in-Chief

1/20 (South Midland) Army Signal Regiment, T.A.

Birmingham

Chester Song at Twilight. Situation re Annual Camp unchanged. We are going to Blacon Camp on 23rd July and we hope that our July WIRES will follow us quickly. Our friends in the Western Command Signal Regiment want us to provide a couple of cooks. They can cope with most everything else. We should be glad to have some cooks in the Regiment. Butchers would be an asset, too. One of these days, when we start getting beef carcases at annual camp, we shall be glad of people like Corporals "Chippy" Woods and Cordwell, who helped us to start the late war. They knew the drill. Kidneys to the Quartermaster and nuts to you. But cooks we *must* have, even if it means pampering them, like providing ash trays on the flour mixing boards. One of our best cooks in the old 48th was a serious type, always striving for the ultimate in culinary affairs. He was promoted to the Officers' Mess and on almost the first day was found browsing through a dictionary trying to find the French for *hors d'œuvres*. He eventually obtained a commission and used to go round P.O.W. camps condemning cooking ranges. I don't know why I mention it.

Bless All the Sergeants. Congratulations to Sergeants A. W. Palmer and A. Campkin on their elevation to S.Q.M.S. Also to Sergeant A. S. Moore on arriving at that rank with the minimum of delay. One more cheer for another good type, Corporal H. King to sergeant—one of our original members. Extensive improvements to the interior of the Sergeants' Mess are taking place. They tell me that it will look a bit like Ye Olde Tavern when the job is done. You must come and have a look sometime, but first make sure that you are invited. The place is becoming exclusive. Which is as it should be.

—And W.O.s I. R.S.M. V. C. Brassfield has left us at last, having been with 1/20 Army Signal Regiment, T.A., since its birth. He is now at Shrewsbury. R.S.M. H. Griffin arrived from B.A.O.R. to fill this important vacancy. He is very welcome and we hope that he will be happy with the Territorials.

Kaye for Queues. No Entry. No Cigarettes. No Sweets. No Waiting. No Dogs. No Children. No Thank You. No Sir. November.

So heigh ho, the Land of the Free.
If your stomach feels empty just pad it,
Then stick in the queue till you get to the top,
And you'll probably find that you've "had it."

Which reminds me that some people I know queued for 17 hours to buy tickets for the Danny Kaye show in Birmingham. They were lucky because the booking office staff worked so hard they cleared the queue an hour before the office was due to close. Everyone had tickets that evening. A sergeant, on his way home from a T.A. drill night, arrived just at this moment. He walked in and bought four 7s. 6d. seats. Just like that. We had two of them to give away at our Saturday night dance in the Drill Hall. Both tickets were won by young girls, one of whom sold hers for £2. There is no moral to this unless you can think of one. I thought you would like to know.

Buttons and Bows. As forecast in this column recently, the Cap, S.D., returns to favour as officers' natty headgear for wear with battledress. If soldiers continue to wear their berets rolled up under their shoulder straps or in their trousers pockets I confidently prophesy that they will be required to adopt Helmets, Steel, as part of the correct walking-out dress. I spoke to a corporal of the 9th Smethwick Yeomanry about walking in New Street in battledress minus titfer. He said, "What the —— ——," and before I could reply followed it up with "—— ——." His next of kin have been informed.

There are still one or two small points on the subject of dress that need clarifying. It surprises me to hear people ask if it is correct to wear collar badges with blue patrols when in almost every issue of THE WIRE they will find the answer in the advertisements. Evening dress shirts, by the way, are now worn inside the trousers both with No. 1 dress and tails. As to whether miniature medals are correctly worn with blue patrols at evening functions, you can search me. Some people say one thing and some say another. I don't believe them. Bulow for Crash Helmets. (Advt.)

Formation of a Party. We thought it was very kind of Lieutenant-Colonel C. E. Calveley, O.B.E., and his officers to invite us over to Wolverhampton for their reception and dance at Headquarters, 50 Air Formation Signal Regiment, T.A., in May. Our C.O., Lieutenant-Colonel D. G. Collins, M.B.E., T.D., was unable to attend as he was away at the time, but Captain J. E. Denton and yours truly arrived complete with wives. We were met at the door by Captain "Bob" Seabrook, the Adjutant, who promptly issued us with snifters. The Q.M., Captain H. J. L. Archbold, M.B.E., who is probably a major again by now, was busy looking after guests, but we found time to say "What ho!" later. One of the first personalities we spotted was Colonel A. W. Roberts, M.C., comfortably installed by the——

Uncle Ralph: Never mind, get on with it.

Me: I was only going to say, with his elbow——

Uncle Ralph: Shut up!

Well, this was one of the nicest parties we've been to for a long time. A three-piece band dealt with dance music in the dining room of Danescourt, the Regiment's H.Q. A charming little place, too. I offered them £40,000 for it, but they said it wasn't theirs to sell. 50 Air Formation Signal Regiment, T.A., should get itself into the pages of THE WIRE occasionally. I feel they might have a lot of interesting things to say.

The Slow Boat. The news from the Far East these days

A "break" during the Malvern exercise

encourages some of our old soldiers to recount their adventures in Burma and similar far away places. Few have more interesting tales to tell than the late "Deputy Assistant Governor of Australia," who, strangely enough, is now a P.S.I. with 1/20 Army Signal Regiment, T.A., whose notes I am supposed to be writing. He knows one of the very few men who recovered from a fatal accident, though "accident" is hardly the right word. The man was executed by the Japs. With a sword. A quaint custom they had, I'm told. His head was severed—well, all but a little bit. Just enough left to keep the current flowing, so to speak. No, don't go away. We had to listen to this, so why not you? The guy crept away and hid while his neck healed up. What a neck! You can see the scars to this day, or tomorrow for that matter, because he lives in Birmingham. Our informant, who was also at one time (he says) Military Adviser to the Burmese Government at Hoo Flung Hi, also revealed the secret of the poison gas never actually used by the Japs. This was designed to penetrate the A.B.64 and destroy the next-of-kin. Eh? They should use it on me? Oh well.

Exercise "Malvern." All Squadrons of this Regiment have been issued with Tacks, Brass, and everyone is busy getting down to them. An exercise was held with the object of providing training on a long-distance link for the Beam Wireless Detachment. One station under Lieutenant Reid-Jones at Malvern, and the other Lieutenant Fulford at Clent. High in the hills. Communication was opened at 0930 hrs. on Sunday, 29th May, and after alignments of beams and sundry adjustments, the A.10s were working R.5 all channels in a short time. Personnel accommodated themselves in the vehicles, but food for the Malvern detachment was obtained at the Hornyold Arms Hotel. No kidding. The Clent party found a "local" called, with commendable brevity, The Vine. The Medium Wireless Troop was also out with 53 Sets to provide an engineering link.

Hard luck that one of the L.C.V.s towing a Trailer A.10 had trouble. The loss of a differential seems fair enough if people will haul A.10 Trailers up steep hills with a 3-tonner already carrying a heavy load. Try using a lorry, 3-ton, 4 x 4, G.S. A successful exercise all the same, and some useful experience gained by all concerned. If the Editor has managed to reproduce the photographs I am sending you will see what a Beam Wireless A.10 looks like. Most of them are issued without a man standing on the roof. This man has to be provided by the Unit.

Through. At the Bath and West Show on Saturday, 4th June, the Lord Mayor of Bristol accepted the invitation of the T.A. to send a message over the Royal Signals network. He sent greetings to the Lord Mayor of Birmingham. The message ticked through on the teleprinter at Hall Green and S.S.M. "Bill" Hade got his D.R.s organised to deliver it with all speed. Now where does one find Lord Mayors on a Saturday afternoon? The Sergeant-Major tried the Police, Telephone Exchange, Birmingham Council House and *Sunday Mercury.* No dice. Finally, quite late at night, the deflated despatch rider pushed the message through the letter-box at the Lord Mayor's residence. Even D.R.s have to knock off sometime. Cue for snappy comment somewhere, but not from me. BARLEUX

2/20 Army Signal Regiment, T.A.

Wanstead

There is little scope this month for a "newsy" report—our activities have mainly been concerned with preparations for our Annual Camp.

We have had our location changed several times, and we are finally going to Roman Way, Colchester.

As our previous site had been Felixstowe we are naturally somewhat disappointed, but we feel sure that we shall be able to have a good time as well as getting in the maximum amount of training.

On Saturday, 6th June, we sent a 53 Set vehicle to take part in the Shoeburyness Garrison "At home." Major Weaire, S.S.M. Stickells and their crew are to be congratulated on a first-class turn-out—a compliment which was endorsed in a letter from Brigadier R. B. T. Daniell, D.S.O., to our Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel J. L. Lilley, T.D.

We have completed our firing at Purfleet Ranges with satisfactory results.

Army Phantom Signal Regiment

(The Princess Louise's Kensington Regiment)

After our feverish activity in the early part of May the Unit settled down to Squadron Training. Two week-end exercises were held, one on 28th and 29th May, when R.H.Q. operated from Aldershot and Phantom patrols from Colchester, and another exercise run on 11th and 12th June in conjunction with The Inns of Court Regiment—an Armoured Car Regiment—in which R.H.Q. operated from Bisley, and our patrols rushed off to spend the night in odd Chalk Pits dotted about the Sussex Downs, finally battling their way back to Hammersmith via Windsor on the Sunday.

Both these exercises proved invaluable in the way of training and enjoyable to the participants.

We are extremely sorry to have to bid farewell to Captain D. E. Hurles, Royal Signals, who leaves us for the "depths of darkest Africa" in a few weeks. Captain Hurles has been with the Unit since its reconstitution in May, 1947, and he will be missed by all ranks. We wish him the very best of good luck in his new venture.

Unbeknown to most members of the Regiment, Captain (Q.M.) T. Williamson executed a brilliant piece of Staff work (Signals Directorate, late G.H.Q. India, please note) on the 2nd June, when he married Miss E. Edwards, and we take the opportunity of giving the happy couple every good wish for the future.

Drawing Instruments Reqnired

A former member of the Corps, at present training as a student teacher, wishes to purchase a secondhand set of drawing instruments. Will any reader who has a set for disposal kindly write, giving full particulars of contents and price asked to Mr. L. A. Anderson, 115 Kingsbury Road, London, N.W.9.

43 (Wessex) Infantry Divisional Signal Regiment, T.A.

Taunton

R.H.Q. The month of May has seen the beginning of preparations for annual camp. We are going to the Combined Signal School, Fremington, again this year. We all had such a good time last year that our expectations are very high, and we can hardly wait for 2nd July.

Most of the Unit have been out on the range this month for their annual classification, and shooting has been good.

NO. 3 SQUADRON (Torquay, Devon). June time is carnival time in Torquay, and an ideal time for No. 3 Squadron to increase its numbers before the annual camp in July. In order to do this, the Squadron is entering one vehicle in the Torquay Carnival, which is to be " Signalling through the Ages." In this Squadron we have a P.S.I. who has a name throughout the Corps for his ability to make the best of what would otherwise be just another entry, so we are confident that as a means of recruiting we shall be successful.

We also have applied for entry into the South Devon Football League, this being another attempt to aid the recruiting drive. There are a number of lads in the town who are keen on football, but without a club, so that when we enter the league we can give them the chance of a game and also increase the strength of the Squadron.

Any Unit thinking of making a trip to Torquay during the summer will be made welcome at this headquarters, and no doubt our O.C. will have no objection to a tea or other meal being laid on at the Drill Hall, with the idea in mind of fostering friendship between T.A. Units, and to enable us to get to know each other and perhaps arrange a return trip from here.

This suggestion has not received official sanction, but I am sure it can be sorted out before the next issue, so watch this column for further details.

44 (H.C.) Infantry Divisional Signal Regiment, T.A.

Stamford Brook Lodge, London, W.6

Formation of 1 Squadron in Brighton. 1 Squadron was formed in Brighton during May. The Commander is Major G. P. Shepherd, M.B.E., and all intending recruits should contact him at Preston Barracks. Telephone No.: Brighton 7081, extension 18.

This Unit has a long association with Brighton, having been originally formed there in 1908 as 1st (H.C.) Infantry Signal Company, R.E. (T.F.).

Weekend Exercise, 14th and 15th May. A very successful weekend wireless exercise was held in conjunction with 47th Infantry Brigade, T.A. (who also ran a T.E.W.T. for officers), at 44th Infantry Divisional Training Centre, Montreal Park, Sevenoaks, on the above dates.

We were able to put some of our new wireless sets through their paces. Our thanks are due to all who co-operated to make this weekend a success.

In summing-up, the Commander, 47th Infantry Brigade, Brigadier W. L. Steele, D.S.O., emphasised the importance of first-class communications to a Commander, and said that without them a Commander is helpless.

Recruiting. Among recently-joined members of the Regiment we are glad to welcome Mr. W. M. Cotterell, that famous runner, known throughout the Corps as " Joe," whose achievements in the athletic field need no mention in these notes.

The Commanding Officer with O.C., No. 2 Squadron

Sergeant Cotterell, as he now is once again, looks forward to producing his usual quota of sportsmen and athletes at Annual Camp this year.

Annual Camp. Annual Camp this year is from 3rd to 17th July at St. Martin's Plain, Shorncliffe. We shall be on our own for the first week, but the second week we are sharing the camp with 47th Infantry Brigade, T.A., which contains the London Irish Rifles, the London Scottish, and the Middlesex Regiment, so no one need worry about the non-observance of national customs!

51 (R) Infantry Divisional Signal Regiment, T.A.

Aberdeen

The Commanding Officer and the Adjutant went to Gleneagles on 6th May for the Highland District Spring Exercise, appropriately named " Upset II." It was a most enjoyable weekend, in particular the few hours spent on the Queen's Course, when our new G.O.C. (Major-General R. K. Arbuthnott, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C.) competed with the C.O.

The rest of the month has been spent in rather hectic preparation for Camp. This year we are going entirely under our own " steam " to Montrose Aerodrome from 16th–30th July. We should like to extend a welcome to any of you who happen to be passing that way at that time, in particular for the sports, which are on the second Thursday in Camp.

3 SQUADRON. With the advent of the summer (?) weather, such as it has proved, the Squadron has been able to hold weekend Camps in reasonable and seasonable comfort. These have proved very beneficial and the old sweats and young alike have become acclimatised.

Keen interest is shown in both motor cycle riding and vehicle driving, from which it would appear that there will be no shortage of Seagraves and Malcolm Campbells of the future.

The O.C. spent a very enjoyable and enlightening fortnight in May on attachment in B.A.O.R., and wishes to take this opportunity to thank all ranks with whom he came in contact for the many courtesies and considerations granted him.

13 A.A. (M) Signal Regiment, T.A.

Glasgow **Edinburgh**

This month we have been honoured by a visit by our Honorary Colonel, Colonel Sir Harold Paton Mitchell, BART., J.P., D.L., who is in Scotland for a short visit from Bermuda. Sir Harold and Lady Mitchell came to see us during training in the Drill Hall on their first evening in Edinburgh, and expressed their delight with everything they saw. On Friday, the 10th, Sir Harold gave a party for all the P.S.I.'s in the Sergeants' Mess, and it was greatly appreciated by all concerned, entertainment was provided on the normal Sergeants' Mess scale, and was enhanced by contributions from the Honorary Colonel, the C.O., and the adjutant, whilst the R.S.M. pushed his barrow with great vigour during a soulful rendering of " The Barrow Boy."

On Saturday, the 11th, Sir Harold and Lady Mitchell invited all the officers and their wives to a Cocktail Party at the Caledonian Hotel, Edinburgh, where all spent a very enjoyable evening.

Another highlight of the month was the visit of the Corps Display Team to both Glasgow and Edinburgh. A large number of the " lads and lassies " went along to see the display at the White City Speedway in Glasgow on 25th May, when we took the opportunity of distributing a certain amount of literature in the hope of attracting a few more recruits, D.R.s or otherwise. The team gave their Edinburgh performance at Meadowbank Speedway, which was also attended by members of the Edinburgh Squadrons. One of our P.S.I.s, who is an ex-member of the pre-war display, was heard to remark that the lads were " quite good " and fully maintained the high standard set by the pre-war teams. That is praise indeed.

On the evening of the 13th June, the Secretary of State for War visited 30 Squadron in their Drill Hall in West Princes Street, Glasgow. Reports of the visit are not yet to hand, but a great deal of preparation was made to ensure that Mr. Shinwell went away with a good impression of A.A. Signals in Scotland.

Camp is now looming very near, and we shall be well settled in at Comrie in Perthshire by the time these notes are in print. We are all looking forward to a full 15 days in Camp, and we hope to work hard and play hard, and go back home at the end of it feeling fitter than ever before and feeling that we have learned something and done something worthwhile. All ranks are now busy putting in as many extra drills as possible so as to qualify for the maximum bounty.

The Edinburgh Squadrons spent a very enjoyable and useful week-end Camp on the 11th-12th June at Craigie Hall, South Queensferry, the home of 3 A.A. Group Indep (M) Signal Squadron, our Regular colleagues. The Honorary Colonel and C.O. visited the troops in Camp on Sunday, and were impressed by the keenness shown by all concerned in the exercise. The afternoon was concluded by a game of rounders, in which the officers joined in with the men and girls until the match was " abandoned owing to rain." We would like here to express our deep appreciation of all that Major Hyde and the Regular Squadron did for us during the week-end as regards accommodation, messing, etc.

15 A.A. (M) Signal Regiment, T.A.

Leeds

All energies in the Regiment are concentrated at present on preparations for camp, to be held at Hornsea from 25th June to 9th July. We hope to be sending full details of our activities in time for the next issue. All the " old hands " of Langham, including the writer, are fervently praying that the weather will be a little kinder this time. As a form of insurance, however, the Q.M. has laid in a large stock of " boots, rubber, knee " and " capes, anti-gas," so that we should have a fortnight of brilliant sunshine.

An Officers' Conference and Party was held at R.H.Q., Leeds, on the weekend 21st/22nd May.

Sergeant and Mrs. P. Houghton

Wedding on 23rd April, 1949, at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Junior Commander Winifred Mary Wynn to Lieutenant John Scott Morton, Royal Signals (formerly Royal Warwicks)

Two elder bridesmaids also A.T.S. Signals officers—Junior Commander Nancy Dallas, now W.R.A.C. Company Commander with S A.A. Group (M) Signal Regiment, Scarborough, and Junior Commander Marian Humfrey, now released. All four have served together in Germany

10 AIR SUPPORT SIGNAL UNIT, T.A.

Southampton

The six months or so which have elapsed since our last notes appeared, have been a period of steady progress in many directions.

The most important event was undoubtedly the move of the Unit, after many false alarms, from the former "Dance Hall and two cloakrooms" at Eastleigh, to Blighmont Lodge, Southampton. We moved in bits over a period of several months, but are now completely settled with excellent lecture and demonstration rooms, charging shop, garage and offices, as well as good messes and a canteen, which we share with "Q" Battery 295 (Hants. Carabiniers Yeomanry) Heavy A.A. Regiment (T.A.).

Training has continued, with interruptions due to the move, and all our operators with previous experience have now reached a good standard in operating and ASSU procedure and codes.

A number of successful exercises have been held, culminating in that held on Sunday, 8th May, when the limiting factor became the ability of our "air staff" to deal with the number of demands sent in, and not our operators' ability to pass the traffic. There will shortly be few targets in Hampshire which will not have felt the weight of attacks by our imaginary supporting air force group, and the graphic reports brought back by our imaginary pilots, and sent out on the Tac R broadcast under the well-known call of MONA, lend further realism to the proceedings.

Mention must also be made of exercise "PRONTO," organised by 43 (Wessex) Infantry Division, in which we took part. It cannot be said that the Brigade staffs were very air minded, if judged by the number of demands originated; but in view of the appalling weather conditions on the first day, "Weather prevents" would have been the only reply our "air staff" could give. It was, nevertheless, a most valuable exercise, not least for our tentacle drivers, who covered nearly 300 miles in their armoured cars under most difficult conditions, including snow, sleet, thick fog and, in the exercise area, on very narrow and hilly lanes. It was our first experience of working with other units, and we look forward to future occasions of this kind.

On the recruiting side we have been concerned with several efforts, the principal of which was the second South Hants. Searchlight Tattoo held on the County Cricket Ground at Southampton, in conjunction with 14 (5th Royal Hampshire) Parachute Battalion early in October. It was directed by Major Finney, and the programme included the Royal Signals Motor Cycle Display Team, Helicopter flights, flights by a model jet aircraft, country dancing by the A.T.S., and a realistic mock attack on a radar station by the 14 Parachute Battalion.

On the score of attendance and financially it was very successful, but from a recruiting angle disappointing, especially when compared with the more satisfactory results produced by the T.A. stand at the Southampton Industries Exhibition shortly afterwards. We are at present engaged in preparing items for a stand in another exhibition, which is being held outside the Royal Pier from 21st May-4th June.

Amongst other items in brief must be mentioned the attendance of a party of six from the unit under the command of Lieutenant R. E. Barber at the Royal Review of the T.A. in Hyde Park; the formation of a unit Amateur Radio Club with its own station, G3ERZ; and a successful visit, after much negotiation, to an RSD, when much useful training equipment was obtained.

Preparations are now in full swing for Annual Camp, which is being held, together with other Squadrons of 63 H.Q. L of C Signal Regiment, at Haxland in the New Forest, from 9th July to 23rd.

MONA

Headquarters Notes

Events at Eccleston Square have been very active during the last couple of months. We held our Annual Meeting of Honorary Secretaries at the Duke of York's Headquarters on 29th April. The Annual Meeting of the Central Committee of the Association was held at the Headquarters on 31st May, and on 8th June we were honoured by a visit from our Colonel-in-Chief, H.R.H. The Princess Royal. I will describe each of these events very briefly. Full details are being circulated to Branches.

Hon. Secretaries' Meeting. Representatives of the following Branches attended: Aberdeen, Bath, Bedford, Birmingham, Bournemouth, Aldershot, Bristol, Catterick, Chester, Edinburgh, Exeter, Fife County, Glasgow, Leeds, Leicester, London, Maidstone (potential Branch), Medway Towns, Norwich, Nottingham, Oldham, Plymouth, Portsmouth, Prescot, Scarborough, Sheffield, Salisbury, Sutton.

The chair was taken by Major-General G. G. Rawson, C.B., O.B.E., M.C., and the following members of the Central Committee also attended: Major-General C. W. Fladgate, C.B.E., Representative Colonel Commandant; Major-General W. A. Scott, C.B.E., Director of Signals, War Office; Major-General R. F. B. Naylor, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O.; Brigadier G. C. Wickens, C.B., C.B.E, T.D., D.L.; Lieutenant-Colonel R. J. Moberly, O.B.E., representing Commandant, S.T.C., Catterick.

Lieutenant-Colonel H. R. Firth, the Editor of THE WIRE, was also present.

After welcoming the visitors, the Chairman outlined the objects of the meeting and emphasised that the Committee considered it essential that the Hon. Secretaries should have an opportunity of meeting and comparing notes. He dealt at length with the activities of the Association since the last meeting, and paid tribute to the Committees and Hon. Secretaries of Branches for their excellent and arduous task.

General Fladgate, as Representative Colonel Commandant, gave an account of the activities of the Corps, and drew attention to the shortage of recruits. He further outlined the policy of the Corps Committee on the Royal Signals War Memorial—Mercury House, Bournemouth.

Lieutenant-Colonel R. J. Moberly, representing the Commandant, S.T.C., Catterick, then gave details of the proposals for the organisation and running of the Old Comrades' Reunion in Catterick on 16th/17th July.

Miss Measures, our Assistant Secretary (Welfare), also gave us a very comprehensive report on the working of the Welfare side of the Association.

An excellent lunch was enjoyed by all, and everyone took advantage of the opportunity of swopping ideas over the customary pint.

On resumption, THE WIRE was discussed at some length, and Colonel Firth, the Editor, answered many questions regarding its publication and sale.

In closing, the Chairman thanked all present for their support, and hoped that we should all meet again next year.

Hon. Secretaries have been supplied with a full report of the meeting, and they in turn will pass on details to their Branch members.

Central Committee Meeting. This took place at 88 Eccleston Square on 31st May, and was attended by all members of the Royal Signals Central Committee. The whole position of the Association was examined in all its aspects, the balance sheets submitted and passed for the approval of the Annual General Meeting, which is being held at Catterick on 16th/17th July. The Chairman (Major-General Rawson)

reported on the working over the past year. The complete minutes will be passed to all Branches in due course.

Visit of H.R.H. The Princess Royal. We were honoured with a visit by our Colonel-in-Chief, H.R.H. The Princess Royal, at 88 Eccleston Square on 8th June. H.R.H. was very interested in all our activities, visited each section in turn, and displayed great interest in the work of the Association.

Annual General Meeting and Old Comrades' Reunion. This is taking place at Catterick on 16th/17th July, and it is hoped for as big an attendance as possible. Hon. Secretaries have been notified of the details. The Corps Band and Display Team will be in attendance. A Church Parade, Cricket Match and a visit to the Signals Museum are also being arranged.

Branch Notes

Birmingham

It was heartening to see such a cheery crowd at the meeting on 26th May. Someone even played the piano. Not all the 964 members came, but there were enough to give us fresh hope for the future of the Branch. Mr. Carl Brown tells us that he has managed to get some petrol for his welfare work after all. This, I understand, is mostly due to efforts by the Warwickshire T.A. and A.F. Association—more power to their numerous elbows.

When we talk of the older members of the Corps we usually mean those who were at Chatham, Aldershot and, later on, Maresfield Park. This time I will tell you about an old gentleman who retired from the Royal Engineers to pension in January, 1910—No. 10152 ex-Sergeant-Instructor R. J. ("Billy") Barlow, who was engaged on Signals work before the Royal Signals was thought of. He used to play football for the R.E. Depot Battalion when they really had a team. Many of today's old soldiers who passed through the Electrical School at the School of Military Engineering, Chatham, will remember him, as will old readers of *The Sapper*. Like all old soldiers, he has faded away. Dad died on 27th May in Selly Oak Hospital after a serious operation. At nearly 78 years it was just a bit too much for him. As he said himself, he enjoyed life and had a good innings.

More and more members of this Branch are turning up at Cateswell House Drill Hall on the last Sunday in the month for what is now considered to be a really first-class evening's entertainment. Incidentally, you had better note that there will be no show on the last Sunday in July owing to the absence at Camp of 1/20 Army Signal Regiment, T.A.

Mr. Cliff Hale, a member of the Branch, turned up with his guitar at the May concert and entertained us in the role of singing cowboy. The star of the evening was Miss Vicky Carnall, in private life Mrs. Shirlaw Brown, whose superb singing delighted the large crowd. The scratch band, consisting of Geoff, from Les Williams' Band, Ralph Ironmonger on drums, Val de Lacey (accordion), and the Barlow brothers on saxophone and fiddle, surprised the dance fans with their individual excellence and teamwork. Their interpretation of 12th Street Rag was a riot, so they have put their fee up to 5s. *and* refreshments. Which is ruinous. And that reminds me of the happy days at Bulford, where the Sergeants' Mess expected the semi-pro band of soldiers to play for nothing. They declined to believe that a saxophone cost £30 or more even in those days, or that a cheap trumpet was £15.

"Look you, man," said Taffy Thomas, "if you bought a motor bike you wouldn't be wanting us to pay for it whateffer?"

"No," said I. "Neither would I be letting you ride it."

So it went on.

I am anxious to hear the present edition of the Royal Signals Band. It is understandable that Unit correspondents who mention the Band in their notes will refrain from criticising. But then, of course, they may not be qualified to criticise. Now I, on the other hand, or both hands if you are not smoking, being well versed in matters musical, would have no such restraining influence. I could play "Annie Laurie" on a tin whistle before I was 25. It took me that long to master the instrument because my military colleagues, mostly very common boys, seemed to delight in passing the whistles through a mangle or jumping on them from considerable heights. So I learned the hard way.

There are, I understand, many new members in the Royal Signals Band. They have a reputation to live up to. The Band, as I remember it a year or two ago, was really good, so when we Birmingham fans listen at Catterick on 16th/17th July let there be much confidence and co-operation among the clarinets.

Tips for learner musicians: Accidentals—notes played by beginners. Foot notes—these are played on a shoe-horn.

Found—One black and white cat. Answers to name of Alice, Sally, Sam, Bill, Whisky, Tiddles, Moosie or the sound of a knife being sharpened on a stone. Will cats please note that there are no more unoccupied armchairs at Bulow Castle.

BARLEUX

Aldershot

Greetings to all members of the Corps and the Association. This branch held its inaugural meeting on 9th April at the Alexandra Hotel, Aldershot.

With Major-General C. W. Fladgate, C.B.E., presiding, the following officers and committee were elected: President, Major-General C. W. Fladgate, C.B.E.; Chairman, Mr. W. J. Abbott; Secretary, Mr. A. H. Green; Treasurer, Mr. E. A. Smith; members serving on the Committee, Mr. T. A. Hurley, Mr. C. Murphy, Mr. J. Cadwell, D.C.M.; Branch Padre, Rev. J. P. Burrough, M.B.E.

Approximately 80 members attended, the room was packed, the overflow being conveniently catered for in the bar. Monthly meetings were fixed for the first Wednesday in each month, commencing at 7.30 p.m.

All members and ex-members wishing to join but unable to attend the meetings should communicate with Mr. A. H. Green (Branch Hon. Secretary), Brodrick Villa, 64 Lysons Road, Aldershot, Hants.

Among the notables present at this meeting were such well-known sportsmen as Joe Cotterell, Jimmy Emblem and "Dolly" Grey, the former Indian middleweight champion. These names alone bring back memories of Signals triumphs in the past.

As remarks such as "Do you remember ——?" and "What about old ——?" were to be heard, we thought it time to close the meeting and continue the debate with bent elbows.

Wednesday, 9th June, 1949. The Branch has held two more meetings since its inaugural meeting of 9th April, the first on 4th May, the second on 1st June.

At our second we were honoured by the presence of Colonel A. W. Roberts, M.C., the General Secretary of the Association. He spoke for some 30 minutes on the Association Headquarters and its administration, on the conclusion of which he was warmly thanked by our President, Major-General Fladgate.

The Branch now has 80 members. All these have joined within the last two months, and we welcome all new members since our reopening.

At this point in my notes I would like to draw the attention of all serving members of the Corps now stationed in and around Aldershot to this Branch. Our meetings are held on the first Wednesday in each month, at 7.30 p.m., in the Alexandra Hotel, Aldershot. All will be welcome.

Our next meeting will be on 6th July, at which we shall discuss the forthcoming trip to Catterick for the O.C.A. Reunion on 16th and 17th July. The cost, which will be £1 18s. per head, includes free beer. We hope as many members as possible will attend. Any members not attending the meeting but wishing to go on this trip should write to the Hon. Secretary, Mr. Green.

Taunton

A branch is being formed, and all interested should contact Mr. K. A. Wills, 135 Greenway Road, Taunton, Somerset.

Bournemouth

This is rather a quiet time of the year for social activities, but we hope to arrange a coach trip one of these Sundays and to visit some of our friends in local camps before the winter is on us again. Our monthly meetings have been attended by the Regulars, with one or two additions popping in to say "Hullo" from time to time, but on a recent parade of Ex-Service Associations even the Regulars decided it was too hot, or too far, or maybe they're just too shy.

It's probably true to say that few of us like parades, but it seems to me that they do advertise the Association and are far more useful in that respect than any other form of plugging. Frankly, but this is only my own view, I consider the rare occasions on which my support is asked for in this respect is but a very small request for some of my own time in exchange for the very real benefits which membership of the Association has given me. And, as there is nothing very much to say of our activities this month, perhaps you won't mind if I say that, at meetings, we could do with more talk and discussion on the floor. There's plenty of it to be heard before and after the meeting, but during the meeting itself, were it not for a few members who try to stir up interest and action, you would be able to hear the bubbles bursting in the Chairman's lemonade.

Funny isn't it? However short these notes are there's always something to moan about. Life gets teedjus, don't it?

KELB

Middle East Special Wireless Association

President: F. C. G. Greening
Hon. Auditor: A. F. L. Beeston
Hon. Secretary and Treasurer: D. J. Oswald, 26 Princes Road, Weybridge, Surrey
Committee: R. A. Dean, G. A. Gard, E. I. Smedley-Aston, H. J. Stratton

The Fourth Reunion Dinner is being held in London on 3rd September, 1949, at The Victory Club, W.2.

The Association also runs informal gatherings for its members in the following areas:

London—Annually. March, June, September and December.

And starting this year:

Birmingham—Friday, 22nd July. Queen's Hotel, New Street.

Nottingham—Saturday, 23rd July. Black Boy, Long Row.

Leeds—Friday, 23rd December. Queen's Hotel, City Square.

Liverpool—Saturday, 31st December. Adelphi Hotel.

The Secretary would be glad to hear from anyone in or connected with the M.E.S.W. organisation, during the war years or before, who might be interested. There is, at present, no subscription, entrance fee or other formalities in becoming a member. All that is needed is name and forwarding address of eligible people together with a rough idea of the place(s) and period(s) of service in the Middle East.

Membership now stands round the 300 mark and it is hoped that this notice will be a means of getting in touch with many more.

Seating accommodation at the Reunion Dinner this year is unfortunately limited to 120, and so inquiries should be sent to the Secretary before the end of July, if possible.

ROYAL SIGNALS BENEVOLENT FUND

Subscriptions received during April, 1949

	£	s.	d.
Combined Units, Catterick	145	0	0

Donations received during April, 1949

Ex-Signalman J. E. Fordham	8	0	
Total receipts	£145	8	0

Expenditure during April, 1949, £352 18s. 6d. (includes assistance for: General assistance; rent, rates and insurance; cots and prams; beds and bedding; furniture; clothing; hospital and doctors' fees; removals; fares; tools).

Analysis of cases: Families of soldiers serving in U.K., 8; families of soldiers serving in M.E.L.F., 1; families of soldiers serving in FARELF, 1; widows of deceased soldiers, 2; released and discharged soldiers, 55; total cases assisted, 67.

Subscriptions received during May, 1949

	£	s.	d.
Royal Signals Corps Fund (subs. Q/E 31-3-49)	140	0	5
3 Air Support Signal Unit	6	0	0
Shoeburyness Troop	1	5	4
Thames Estuary and East Anglian Coast Troop		10	0
35 (U) A.A. Independent (M) Signal Squadron, T.A.	7	6	5

Donations received during May, 1949

Ex-Corporal L. J. Jennings	8	0	
Total receipts	£155	10	2

Expenditure during May, 1949, £507 4s. 6d. (includes assistance for: General assistance; rent, rates and insurance; cots and prams; beds and bedding; furniture; clothing; hospital and doctors' fees; funerals; removals; fares, tools).

Analysis of cases: Families of soldiers serving in U.K., 16; families of soldiers serving in B.A.O.R., 1; families of soldiers serving in M.E.L.F., 1; families of soldiers serving in FARELF, 1; widows of deceased soldiers, 3; released and discharged soldiers, 67; total cases assisted, 89.

Royal Signals Old Comrades' Association

Members registered at Association Headquarters during April, 1949:

Annual members	40
Life members	12

Members registered at Association Headquarters during May, 1949:

Life members	9
Annual members	65

Have you notified your latest address for Corps Publications to the General Secretary, Royal Signals Association, 88 Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1 ?

SPORTS NOTES

NORCO SOCCER FINAL

A crowd of 1,500, which included Major-General R. T. O. Cary, G.O.C. Catterick District, saw 1 Training Regiment, Royal Signals, beat 6th Royal Tank Regiment in the final of the Northern Command Association Football Match Competition at Catterick on 27th April by 3—1.

A fairly strong breeze gave a slight advantage to 1 Training Regiment in the first half. 6th Royal Tank Regiment were such resolute tacklers that little or no advantage could be taken of it.

Neilson was soon conspicuous with some clever passing which sent away McCready on the wing. It was from one of these passes that McCready, in trying to get a ball across, forced a corner from which Gardiner scored with a magnificent header into the corner of the net. This was after 25 minutes of rather scrappy football. Royal Signals' second goal came a few minutes before the interval. Gardiner and McCready executed an interchanging movement, opened up the backs to such an extent that Gardiner, with his superior speed, slipped through their defence and scored with a left-footed drive which gave the goalkeeper no chance, and so Royal Signals led at half-time by 2—0. After the interval the wind became much stronger and it was all that 1 Training Regiment backs could do to keep the ball clear of the penalty area.

During the first five minutes of the second half Dudderidge was called upon to save shots from all angles, but the pressure exerted by 6th Royal Tank Regiment was too great for even the gallant Dudderidge, and after six minutes' play their centre-forward got home their first goal. For a spell they were dominant, all their forwards getting passes to send in hard drives, which more often than not went over the cross-bar. Royal Signals were never more precise in their passing and again passed into the opposing half. 1 Training Regiment defence had now got 6th Royal Tank Regiment forwards subdued. This gave Neilson more scope to manœuvre the defence out of position, and it was from one of his low ground passes that Gardiner collected the ball, beat the back and crashed home an unbeatable shot to make the score 3—1 in Royal Signals' favour after 85 minutes' play.

1 Training Regiment were now clearly the masters, but 6th Royal Tank Regiment kept the game alive with some pretty dribbling moves. Blangfield, Hopkins and Dean stood firm when attacked and found time to give their own forwards assistance in the closing stages of the game.

Staff-Sergeant Gough led the victors to the front of the stand for the award of the Cup, which was presented by Major-General R. T. O. Cary, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., Commander of Catterick District.

TEAM.—Signalmen Dudderidge, Blangfield, Sergeant Dean, Signalmen Joss, Hopkins, Sergeant Leppington, Signalmen McCready, Neilson, Lance-Corporal Gardiner, Staff Sergeant Gough, Sergeant Ashford.

ROYAL SIGNALS GOLF SOCIETY

The spring meeting was held at Starbeck golf course, Harrogate, on 23rd and 24th April, 1949.

Results were:—

36 holes scratch prize: Lieutenant-Colonel C. P. S. Denham-Young, O.B.E.

36 holes medal prize: Major M. Shardlow, M.B.E.

18 holes bogey handicap prize: Captain F. F. Ellis, M.B.E.

18 holes bogey foursomes prize: Lieutenant-Colonel J. F. Longfield and Colonel E. S. Cole.

The autumn meeting will be held at Sandy Lodge Golf Club, near Moor Park, Herts., on Thursday and Friday, 1st and 2nd September, 1949.

17th/21st LANCERS HUNTER TRIALS AT BROUGH HALL

The Corps was represented in the Singles event by Major G. S. K. Maydon on Fairblaze, Captain J. C. L. Reid on Valetta, Captain W. G. Neilson on Fairstreak, and R.S.M. Hopwood on Fairlady.

In the Doubles event Major Maydon and Captain Reid, riding Fairstreak and Valetta, were placed fifth out of some 30 pairs.

Valetta, a bay mare belonging to Major G. A. B. Sutherland, M.H. of Royal Signals Wing, has since been ridden by Captain Reid at the Zetland Hunt Point-to-Point Races, where, although she lamed herself over the first jump, she completed the course to finish fourth.

Our photograph shows Major G. S. K. Maydon.

UNITED SERVICES SEVEN-A-SIDE COMPETITION (EGYPT)

Royal Signals gained the honours in the United Services' inter-Services seven-a-side rugby competition. This time it was 3 G.H.Q. Signal Regiment who were the champions.

The last eight teams in the competition played off for the championship at Moascar on Saturday, 19th March, 1949.

3 G.H.Q. Signal Regiment was the only Royal Signals Unit represented in the last eight. After two hard games they met R.A.F., Shallufa, in the final, and won by six points to three.

In the quarter final, 3 G.H.Q. Signal Regiment defeated G.H.Q. 2nd Echelon, M.E.L.F., by ten points to nil. Cox scored both tries and Steele kicked the goals. In the semi-final, after a very hard game, 3 G.H.Q. Signal Regiment gained a three-point victory over R.A.F., Ismailia. Cox again scored the only try.

Before giving a short account of the final, it will be of interest to members of the Corps to know that playing for R.A.F., Shallufa, was "Kelly" Sadler, an old member of our Corps, and English Rugby International Sadler is now serving with the R.A.F. Regiment in Egypt.

The game opened with the R.A.F. taking the kick. At once they attacked and kept play in 3 G.H.Q. half. After six minutes' play the R.A.F. got a clean heel from a set scrum, and their backs moved well. Sadler, with a burst of speed, came out on to the wing and took a pass and went over for a try near the corner flag. The kick failed.

R.A.F. had a 3-point lead at half-time.

Play resumed and, after two minutes, a good run by Cox put Steele over for a try. The kick failed.

Three points all, five minutes to go, and both sides playing grand football. Anything could happen, and it did. R.A.F. were pressing 3 G.H.Q. line, a loose maul inside 3 G.H.Q. 25, Willis got away with the ball and, still well inside his own half, passed to Jones, who made a most brilliant run and touched down between the posts. The kick failed.

All 3 G.H.Q. Signal Regiment team played well, and need a mention in this report. O'Brian for his determined line-out play against the experience and skill of Sadler; Bonner's good hooking in set scrums; Willis, for his boring tactics in the loose, a game little forward; Jones, for his quick passing and nippy moves around the scrum; Cox, Steele and Jones, the backs, with their hard running and keen tackling.

ATHLETICS

Royal Signals (Catterick) A.C. swamped the opposition in the first meeting of the North Yorks and South Durham League at West Hartlepool on 26th May, 1949. From a total of 13 events, eight victories went to Royal Signals.

In the junior mile team race, Signalman Martin did well to win in 4mins. 48secs. The two-mile team race was never in doubt, with Lance-Corporal Bryant and Sergeant Colbert setting the pace, all but few of the opposition were in the first batch of runners at the mile stage, but nothing was certain until the last lap, when Bryant went away to win from Colbert, with Balls, the British Railways champion, a good third. Lance-Corporal Godfrey ran well to gain fifth place and Signalman Hammond seventh. The final medley was a fine race to watch: Lance-Corporal Tipping led at the end of the first 220 yards, and Signalman Stanyon followed suit to give Second-Lieutenant Denyer a handy lead for his 440. Corporal Reed, in the final 880, was never challenged, and so Royal Signals won the last race of the day by a good 20 yards.

Event 1	440 yds. Relay 4 x 110	1 Royal Signals
Event 2	4 Lap Team Race (Junior)	1 Royal Signals
Event 3	4 Lap Relay 2 x 880	1 Royal Signals
Event 4	2 Lap Relay (Boys)	No Entry
Event 5	High Jump 2 to count	3 Royal Signals
Event 6	2 Lap Relay 2 x 440	1 Royal Signals
Event 7	Putting the Shot	1 Royal Signals
Event 8	Junior Medlay	1 Royal Signals
Event 9	1 Mile Team Walk	No Entry
Event 10	2 Lap Relay 4 x 220	2 Royal Signals
Event 11	Long Jump	4 Royal Signals
Event 12	8 Lap Team Race	1 Royal Signals
Event 13	4 Laps Melay	1 Royal Signals

Final placings were:—Royal Signals 1st, 38 points; Synthonia 2nd, 30 points; Darlington 3rd, 18 points; Middlesbrough 4th, 15 points; Hartlepool 5th, 12 points; Stockton 6th, 10 points; Ferryhill 7th, 7 points.

Report of Signals' Athletics at the I.C.I. Sports 28th May, 1949

A small party of Signals runners showed up well in the Imperial Chemical Industries Sports at Billingham on 28th May. Bird managed to gain the long jump senior championship of Northumberland and Durham with an excellent leap of 21 ft. 8¼ ins. In the open scratch half-mile Martin showed much promise by coming second against senior competition. He would do rather better by producing a sprint at the finish. Birrell was unfortunate to be back marker off 6 yards in the 100 yards handicap, and he had no chance to open out. In the mile handicap Signals managed to get first and second placings; Bryant (off 115 yards) and Reed (off 150 yards) led the remainder of the field over the last lap. In the 2 mile team race Signals did well indeed to gain second place to Leeds Harehills, only just losing by 1 point, whereas Gosforth were 10 points further behind.

Dial Tim

WE had recently installed a new PMBXIa as the Command Exchange, and it was the apple of the C.S.O.'s eye.

He somehow got the impression that subscribers were not getting the service they deserved, so he issued instructions that a British Officer should be on duty on a 24-hour roster, and to ensure that this was complied with, he formed a habit of calling the Duty Officer at all hours of the night and asking the time.

About this time, Colonel X, who had previously commanded the Unit, came back to get married. He stayed with the C.O., Colonel Y, who was to be his best man, and on the night before the wedding they were joined by Colonel Z, who had commanded the Unit between their tours in command.

During the evening the whisky had flowed rather copiously, and some time after midnight, Colonel Y remarked upon the C.S.O.'s playful little habit. Colonel Z said, "Oh! he does, does he, the old so-and-so?" And picking up the telephone, he asked for the C.S.O.'s private number, asking, on getting through, "Whassa time? Whassat? You don't know? You darn well ought to," and rang off. A few minutes later he was instructed over the same instrument by an irate C.S.O. to report to Command Headquarters the following morning.

After the interview, he accompanied the C.S.O. to the wedding. While they were standing outside the church, awaiting the arrival of the bride, the Padre approached them, with his eye on his watch, and asked, "Has either of you gentlemen the correct time; we must get this thing properly synchronised!" They both had the grace to blush!

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3 MINUTES FROM SEA

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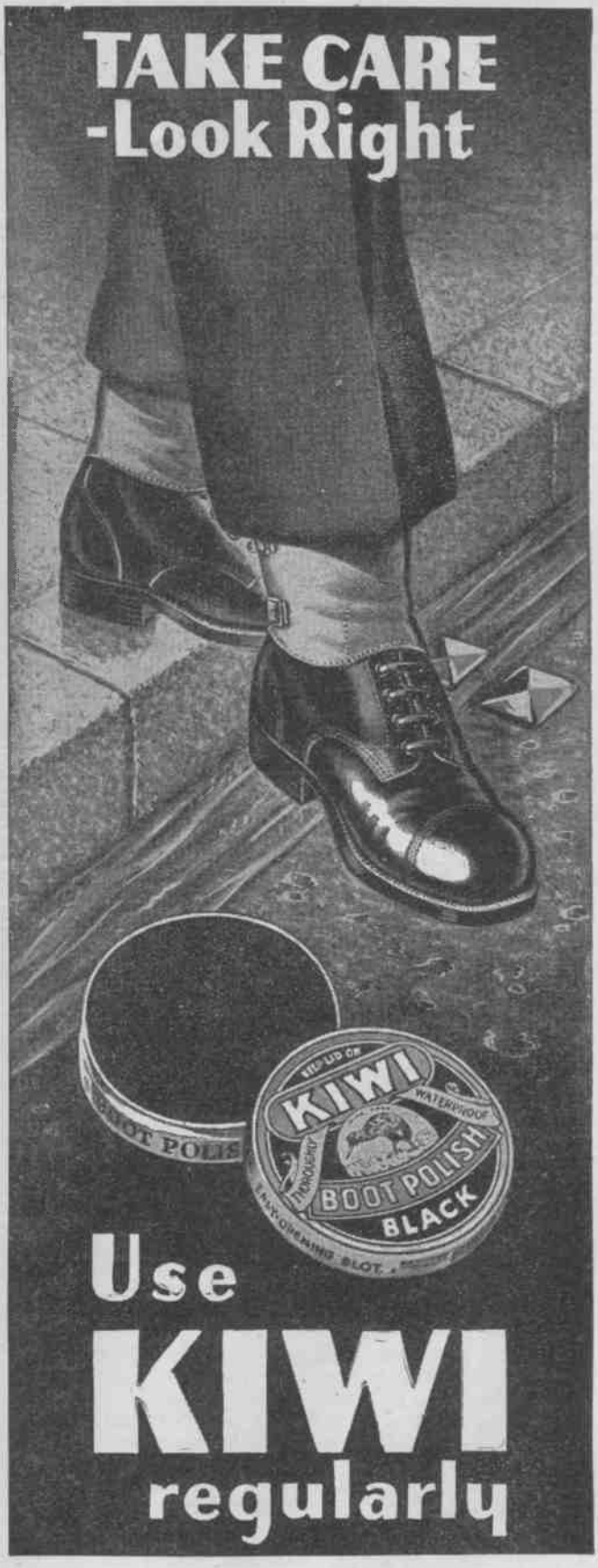

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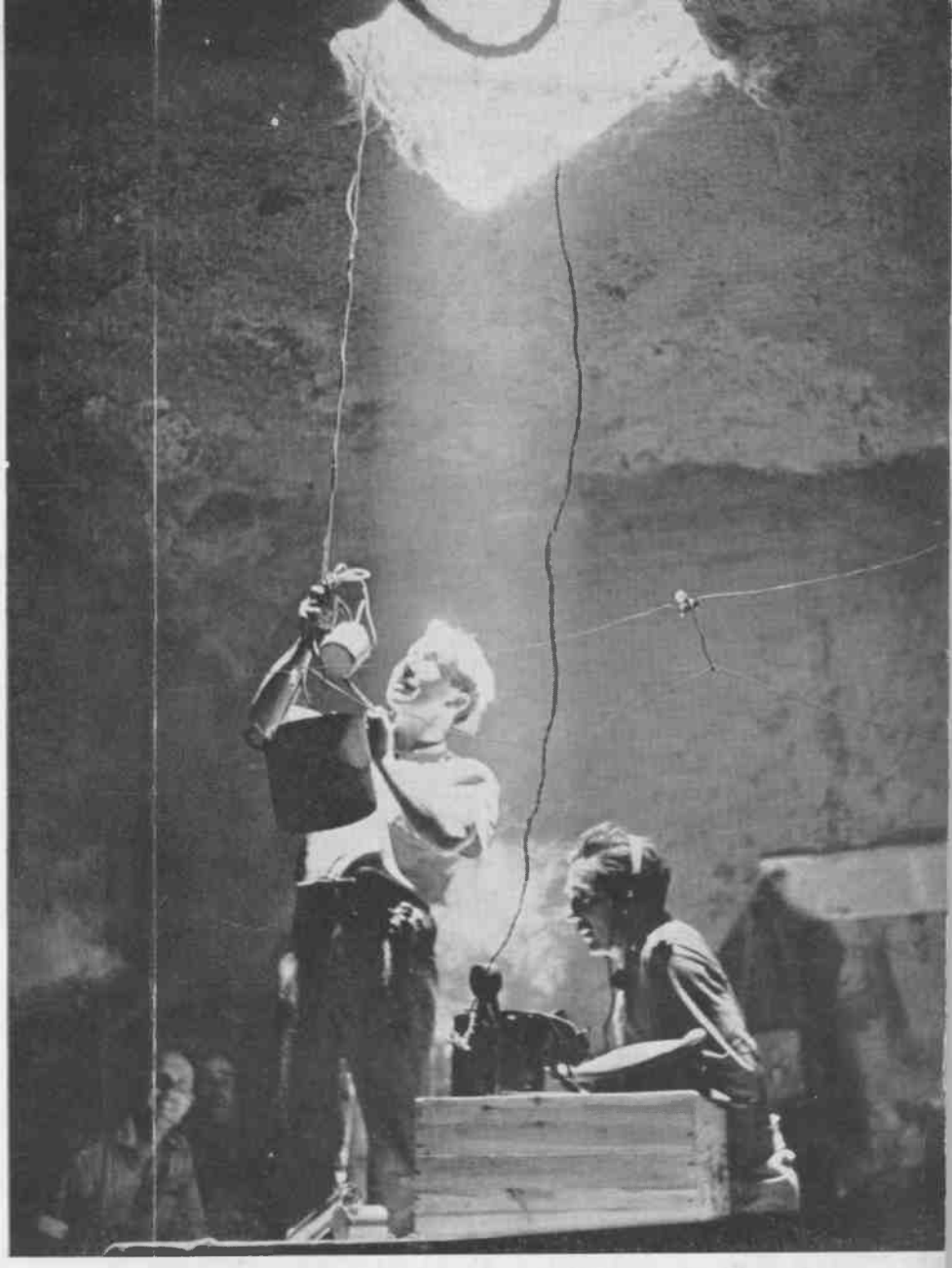


Signal Office down an old Roman well in Western Desert

THE WIRE

VOL. 3 (*New Series*) NO. 8 • AUGUST 1949

THE WIRE

The Corps Magazine of the
ROYAL SIGNALS

The Official Organ of the
SIGNALS ASSOCIATION

All correspondence and matter for publication for "The Wire" should be addressed to The Editor, "The Wire" 88 Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1. Matter for publication must be received by the 15th of the month preceding publication.

Remittances should be made payable to: Royal Signals Association. Subscription rates (post free, except air mail): Twelve months, 10s.; single month, 1s.

☆

AUGUST • 1949

Volume 3 *New Series* **No. 8**

☆

PRICE: ONE SHILLING

Editorial

AS forecast in the July WIRE, this is the first austerity number and, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer so often says, things will be worse before they are better. The recent issues of THE WIRE have been 64 pages. This one is only 48 pages. We have been directed to cut down to an expenditure of £300 a month, which on present circulation figures means only 32 pages.

Hard-working contributors of Unit Notes will find their efforts have been ruthlessly slashed, and still we are 16 pages over the allotted maximum.

Mind you, there is a remedy. If every Signal Regiment sold 100 copies of THE WIRE (and some do this already) we would be back to 64 pages in no time.

But if you can't sell any more copies than you do now we shall have to go on giving you the best value we can in half the space.

☆

Remember, Friday, 14th October, buffet supper and reunion for all officers, Hyde Park Hotel, 7 p.m. to 11 p.m. Price 10/-. Tickets from Room 97, Horse Guards, Whitehall, S.W.1.

☆

TERRITORIAL ARMY

A Tea Party is being arranged at the Hyde Park Hotel on Monday, 31st October, to give Her Royal Highness The Princess Royal, Colonel-in-Chief, an opportunity to meet the Senior Officers and Retired Officers of the Territorial Army and their wives. Details are being sent out by the Representative Colonel Commandant.

☆

For the first time for more than a year this, the August number, will be late in reaching subscribers. The cause is largely beyond our control. There was for the editorial staff a certain preoccupation with matters military. The staff of our printer have been having a well earned August holiday. Their work for us is so good, so ungrudging in time and trouble, that we hope subscribers will fully appreciate the difficulties.

Dedication and Unveiling

OF THE CORPS WAR MEMORIAL

FROM the day of opening of Mercury House, it had been the wish of the Corps Committee that our Colonel-in-Chief should see it, and in some way set her seal on the house as part of the Corps War Memorial.

It was thought advisable, however, to postpone the occasion until such time as the house was in good running order and had proved to be, as a guest house, a sound financial proposition with a reasonable prospect of permanency.

This fortunate position, after examination of the accounts of the first year's working, was deemed by the Corps Committee, at its meeting last April, to have been reached.

Her Royal Highness The Princess Royal was therefore approached by the Representative Colonel Commandant, Major-General C. W. Fladgate, and asked to visit the house, also to unveil a memorial stone. This she kindly consented to do on 18th July, 1949. The date was so arranged that she would be able to visit 63 H.Q. Signal Regiment (T.A.) in their annual camp at Haxland, near Beaulieu, on the morning of the same day.

Mercury House is small, and the space within the house and on the lawn of the front garden is very limited; there was always the possibility of a rainy day, and the unveiling was to take place at a time when the house was full to capacity. In consequence, a very difficult problem was set the organising committee as to who should be invited, and, even more difficult, who could be omitted. It was ruled by the Corps Committee that, apart from those closely concerned with Mercury House, and local dignitaries whose position demanded that they should be present on the occasion of a Royal visit, only the Colonels Commandant and their wives should be invited, representing the officers of the Corps as a whole. The other ranks of the Corps were represented by a Guard of Honour from Southern Command (M) Signal Regiment, and by a small party of W.R.A.C. Signals from the same Unit, who also provided very welcome assistance at the subsequent tea party. Old Comrades were represented by four selected members of the Bournemouth Branch with their standard, and the 20 resident guests with their wives and families provided a very comprehensive cross-section of the Corps, present, past and (possibly) future. Finally, two trumpeters from the Corps Band were lent by the Commandant, S.T.C., at very considerable inconvenience to the Band, which was fully engaged with the Old Comrades' Reunion at Catterick. The sacrifice was greatly appreciated, as the presence of our own trumpeters obviated the necessity of borrowing their services from another Corps, and made the ceremony what it should have been, a purely Royal Signals affair.

* * *

Fears for a rainy day were happily groundless, and Monday, 18th July, at Boscombe was dull but fine. In the morning a brief rehearsal took place and a canopy was erected along the pathway for use should the weather fail. Surprisingly large crowds of holiday-makers gathered to greet the Princess Royal, and the necessary space in front of the house was isolated by a rope barrier and a police cordon.

At about 3 p.m. the guests began to arrive and were shown by members of the House Committee to their seats on the lawn; by 3.30 they had all arrived, the guard of honour had paraded, the officiating clergy took their places at the gate, and all was ready.

* * *

Very shortly afterwards Her Royal Highness The Princess Royal arrived from Haxland, in the Royal car, escorted by four despatch riders of 63 H.Q. Signal Regiment (T.A.), and accompanied by her Lady-in-Waiting, Major-General C. W. Fladgate, Representative Colonel Commandant, and Brigadier B. B. Kennett, C.S.O. Southern Command. She was first met by Lieutenant-Colonel H. Worrall, Royal Signals, whose Unit provided the Guard of Honour. After inspecting the guard, commanded by Captain S. C. Walton, Royal Signals, which was exemplary both in turnout and steadiness, Her Royal Highness was met at the gateway of Mercury House by the Rev. D. Ainsley Jones, Assistant Chaplain-General, Southern Command, and the Rev. R. F. Woodd, Vicar of Boscombe; they were presented to her and preceded her to her seat below the Memorial Stone.

A very simple but impressive dedication service, written by

[Photo by Stanford's of Bournemouth

H.R.H. unveiling the plaque on Mercury House

[*Photo by Bournemouth Times*

Princess Royal inspects the guard of honour on arrival at Mercury House

the Assistant Chaplain-General, then took place. A short preliminary address was immediately followed by the unveiling. As the Union Jack fell away from the Memorial Stone, the Princess Royal said, "To the Glory of God and to the everlasting honour of those men who laid down their lives for King and Country in the recent war, I unveil this memorial." This was followed by a Prayer of Dedication by the A.C.G., and other short prayers for remembrance of the fallen and for the King's Majesty. Then the Last Post, immediately followed by Reveille, both played strongly and truly, by the trumpeters. Finally the service ended with the Blessing.

Immediately after the service, Her Royal Highness entered the house and was first shown the lounge, where the invited guests had quickly assembled. Here she unlocked a glass showcase, especially made for the occasion by the Corps of Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, containing a copy of the Roll of Honour, in which is inscribed on vellum the names of all those in the Royal Corps of Signals who fell in the 1939-1945 War.

* * *

She then signed the Visitors Book; this was followed by the presentation by Major-General Fladgate and Brigadier Kennett of the following guests:

The Mayor and Mayoress of Bournemouth, Major-General Sir Leslie Phillips, Major-General and Lady Mary Naylor, Major-General and Mrs. Dimoline, Mrs. Fladgate, Mrs. Kennett, Mrs. Woodd, Lieutenant-Colonel A. J. Hannah, Lieutenant-Colonel Ridley Martin, Mrs. Worrall, Captain and Mrs. Harvey, and finally Major and Mrs. Dunningham, the manager and manageress of Mercury House.

Brigadier Kennett and Major Dunningham then showed Her Royal Highness over the two lower floors of Mercury House. She visited the kitchen, where she spoke to the staff and the W.R.A.C. assistants, and the lower bedrooms, showing the greatest interest in the catering arrangements, the sleeping accommodation and other facilities.

* * *

All guests were then entertained to an excellent tea in the dining room, lounge, with an overflow in the manager's sitting room. The Princess Royal, who was clearly enjoying the visit, discussed with Mrs. Dunningham the running of Mercury House, and also conversed with the Mayoress and with the Assistant Chaplain-General, who had arranged the Dedication Service. She then had a second and very informal visit to the lounge and spoke with some of the resident guests and their families.

At 4.30 p.m. this short visit ended and the Princess Royal departed for London, accompanied by Major-General Fladgate. The Royal car was escorted as far as Christchurch by the four Royal Signals outriders, and departed amid spontaneous cheering from the very large crowd, who were obviously most appreciative of the honour being done to them and their city.

The visit was an undoubted success, and the success was due to very hard work on the part of a number of people. Three names, however, must be recorded of individuals who worked untiringly during the whole of the day and for many days before. They are Major and Mrs. Dunningham, in whose hands were the internal arrangements, and Captain R. J. Harvey, of Southern Command Signals, who had the onerous and difficult task of co-ordinating all external arrangements.

B.B.K.

NOTE: This account is hastily written for the August WIRE, printing of which is being held up to receive it. A full account of the Colonel-in-Chief's visit to Haxland Camp on the morning of 18th July, with photographs, will be included in the September issue.

OBITUARY

Mr. J. R. Brown, M.B.E., late C.S.M., Royal Signals, writes:—

It is with deep regret that I am sending news of the death of 2306101 C.Q.M.S. W. Smith, at the age of 66.

He completed 21 years in the Royal Engineers and Royal Signals, served in France, 1914-18, and on his return in May, 1919, went with Tregan's Brigade to North Russia.

During the last World War he took an active part in the Home Guard from its inception until the "Stand Down" was ordered.

ATHLETICS

Royal Signals, Catterick, scored an outstanding victory in the North Yorks and South Durham Athletic Meeting on 9th June:

1.	Royal Signals	43 points
2.	Billingham	28 „
3.	Darlington	23 „

In the aggregate total to 1st July of these athletic meetings, Royal Signals with 81 points have a clear lead over Billingham 58 and Darlington 41 points.

Catterick Express, 1st July.

SIGNAL TRAINING CENTRE

CATTERICK CAMP

We are indebted to the "Catterick Express" of 1st July for permission to republish the following:

A demonstration of the high speed technique now involved by Royal Signals in preparing overhead communications was given to a party of newspapermen last week when a Press visit was arranged by Signal Training Centre.

The tour had been carefully arranged and the journalists saw most aspects of the Corps' work.

With the aid of a mechanical driller, a squad of twenty men, controlled by a sergeant, on an eight weeks' course at 2 Training Regiment, "planted" five telegraph poles, completely wired—at 45-yard intervals—in the seeing-to-be-believed time of sixteen minutes.

Conducted by Lieutenant-Colonel Ponsonby, S.T.C., the party first saw the methods by which new arrivals from civilian life are transformed into soldiers at 7 Selection Regiment.

Proceeding to 1 Training Regiment, the newspaper men met the Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Moberly, who outlined the work of the Regiment. "We have the cream off the milk in our Regiment," he declared proudly.

At 3 Training Regiment the party were shown the processes involved in training operators—wireless and line—in addition to seeing a particularly smart demonstration of drill by W.R.A.C. operator trainees.

4 Training Regiment showed their prowess as the personnel who operate the equipment which is installed and maintained by the signal mechanics trained by 1 Training Regiment.

On a visit for the occasion from Barnard Castle were members of 5 Training Regiment—the Regiment which is responsible for the trade training of all drivers and Despatch Riders of the Royal Signals.

This Regiment takes the credit for training the famous Royal Signals Motor Cycle Display Team, of Olympia fame, being the team which will appear at Catterick Fair this year.

The Catterick Fair took its traditional course this year for eight days from 6th August. This is the third in the series run by the G.O.C., Major-General R. T. O. Cary, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., A.D.C. In addition to more than seventy sideshows in traditional fair ground style run by Units in Catterick, there were displays in the grand manner by 12 Royal Lancers (lance drill), the Royal Engineers' display of Bailey Bridging, and the Royal Signals Motor Cycle Display, both as given at the Royal Tournament, the Army Physical Training Corps Display, and the Catterick Garrison Fire Brigade. There were also, baby, flower and dog shows. The Catterick Theatre Club staged two variety shows and an old time melodrama each evening.

OFFICERS' REUNION
FRIDAY, 14th October

1 TRAINING REGIMENT

This has been a busy month—particularly for the Cadre. The second weekend of the month brought us our first "Regimental Weekend." Perfect weather gave the setting for a programme of sport and entertainment in which everybody had a chance to do something. Inter-Troop Sports on the Saturday afternoon were extremely well organised, and as your correspondent writes he is listening to satisfying reminiscences on the subject of the catering arrangements from two of the office runners. A dance in the evening was well attended and enjoyed; and on Sunday there was a good muster at Church Parade followed by family sports in the afternoon. Amusing events included the "Old Soldiers' Race," won by Major Shardlow, closely followed by S.Q.M.S. "Pip" Powner, of 3 Squadron. The ladies' event showed up some of the disadvantages of high heels used for track running. The whole weekend was enjoyed, and we look forward now to the next one.

The following weekend brought the Families' Outing to Saltburn; the cold weather rather spoilt things, but as good as possible a time was had under the cirumstances.

2 SQUADRON. *We* think that this is THE Squadron in 1 Training Regiment, and our strength is approximately 450 N.C.O.s and men under the able command of Major F. P. Stewart. The Second-in-Command is Major G. H. R. Flynn, M.B.E., who is our Chief Technical Training Officer. Most of the work in the Squadron is spent on technical training for Regulars and National Service men on radio. The ambition of the Squadron is: "To make them first-class radio mechanics and soldiers."

Our chief worry at the moment is the replacement of instructors, as 90 per cent. of our N.C.O.s are National Service men. However, I think we may "Cross the Bridge" when we come to it. On the technical side we cover Wireless Theory in the first ten weeks, and in the last ten weeks cover Theory and Practice on such sets as "53," "R107," "22," "19" and "62." We are trying to get the

'And you say you sometimes feel light-headed——"

course extended to somewhere near the original length and *then,* perhaps, we will make them soldiers *and* radio mechanics.

3 SQUADRON. The man of the month is Signalman "Joe" Birrell, who now holds the Army Individual Championship for the 120 yards hurdles. He is a new member of the Squadron and with this momentous start we wish him luck with us and expect big things of him in the future. Athletics generally have been interesting us lately, but you will be reading of our prowess elsewhere, so we will not dwell on it. In other fields we must mention that Second-Lieutenant J. W. Hall was selected to enter for the Henry Whitehead Roberts Cup at Bisley.

The work of the Squadron in turning out Line Mechs. and Tele. Mechs. proceeds as usual. Old soldiers will be interested to hear that the instructors are 95 per cent. National Service men, and they must be starting to like the Army because some of them are signing on—only for short Service engagements at present, but even that is a start. When it is decided that a man will probably make an instructor, he goes into a machine called a "Method of Instruction Course." Apart from their usual drill, duties and M. of I., there are initiative schemes, obstacle courses and moor bashes during the three weeks' moulding process, and these provide plenty of light relief for a background of really hard work. After all, what do you wish for better than to have climbed a 15-foot wall, and then watched a second party attempting it, with the extra hazard of the denim lower sections falling to the ground as they do so; or have you ever searched the moors, hours at a time, complete with food, stretchers, etc., for a lost lance-corporal on a map reading scheme, but only to find that he had missed the truck at Leyburn and caught a bus back to camp?

Home posting ?

2 Training Regiment

On 16th June, athletes and spectators crowding the field at Colburn announced the arrival of another Regimental sports day. Both track and field events were of a very high standard. Lance-Corporal Tipping won the 100 yards and 220 yards flat and 100 yards and 440 yards hurdle racing. Mr. Denyer, Corporal Moynan and Lance-Corporal Bryant each had wins and places to their credit. Corporal "Alf" North was in winning form with the discus but contrary to all expectations proved movable in the tug-o'-war.

Headquarter Squadron and 3 Squadron fought hard for the lead throughout the afternoon with 2 Squadron a short way behind. With only the finals of the tug-o'-war to go, 3 Squadron led Headquarter Squadron by one point. 2 Squadron, however, won the tug-o'-war with Headquarter Squadron second. Final points honours were shared by Headquarter Squadron and 2 Squadron.

Before Mrs. Vulliamy presented the prizes the Commanding Officer spoke a few words on the high standard of sportsmanship and spirit with which all had tackled the day's activities. He praised the organisation, under Captain Higgins, which had made the afternoon such a success and ended by expressing his pleasure at seeing so many married families and friends present and reminding them of the coming Regimental Week-end.

Our first post-war Regimental Week-end, held on 19th and 20th June, started on the Saturday with Inter-Squadron sports. Chewing gum, torn shirts and bruised legs were ample proof that the baseball, basketball and shinty had been a huge success. At the same time "Potted Sports" were held on Colburn Field complete with "egg and spoon race," "jousting," etc. In the evening when plans for a dance unfortunately fell through, an indoor games tournament was held in the Y.M.C.A. and a whist drive in the Gymnasium.

On Sunday morning personnel were encouraged to attend church, and St. Martin's Church had a very pleasing attendance. The Commanding Officer read the lesson and the sermon was given by Captain McKinley, Padre to the Regiment.

Highspot of Sunday's activities perhaps was the Officers v. Warrant Officers and Sergeants cricket match. The teams arrived for the game dressed in a absolute galaxy of costumes in many and weird colours. M.C.C. rules were strictly adhered to but it was generally felt among the spectators that an umpire with two chairs and a pint of beer was really not quite the thing.

Viewed at first by many with some trepidation, the week-end turned out to be a well organised and enjoyable one. We all now look forward to other and even better Regimental Week-ends.

The Drama Group is going ahead with its production of R. C. Sherriff's "Journey's End," which we hope to see in September. The Group has a very keen following but needs more members.

In the Northern Command athletic championships, Mr. Denyer won the 440 yards in 55.6 seconds, and Lance-Corporal Bryant the mile in 4 minutes 37 seconds. Mile champion last year, Lance-Corporal Bryant obtained only 5th place this year in the Army championships.

On Sunday, 3rd July, Le Cateau Corporals' Mess held their first outing of the season. Accompanied by a small (but competent) party of W.R.A.C. they set sail for Redcar. Once there swimming and sunbathing was the order of the day. Tired of this, a friendly game of "beach rugger" was organised, something however appeared to go wrong and the game became, to say the least, "a little hectic" and had a mine been washed up, the beach couldn't have cleared more quickly. Once back to normal, speedboats and sea trips came into their own. Of course no outing is complete without a drop of that brown, wet stuff that makes spirits rise like billy-ho, this and the small (but

Lance-Corporal Tipping winning Sutton Harriers 220 yards

competent) party of W.R.A.C., served to make the return trip very agreeable indeed.

No doubt at all as to the success of the trip, the Mess are clamouring for another. However, all insist that on such occasion they are again accompanied by the small (but competent) party of W.R.A.C.

3 SQUADRON. "Back to Mother Nature" has become the slogan of the modern Army. The boiling sun of Catterick —strange as it may seem, has seen many discard their shirts for sun-bathing. But that is not the full truth. "All hands to the gardens." These are being well watered and tilled ready for the District Gardening Competition

The work in the gardens still left people with energy enough for the latest "blood doning" visit.

Unlike the rest of the Unit, who stayed "in lines" for the Regimental Week-end, 3 Squadron, under Captain Higgins marched out 18 miles to Reeth, where we encamped for the week-end, carrying out operations of a somewhat dubious nature. However, all enjoyed themselves.

Towards the end of June, gentlemen of the Press visited 3 Squadron on their tour of Catterick, getting "gen" about the Signals. Highlight of the afternoon was the "High Speed Erection of Overhead Wires." Nineteen normal trainees under Sergeant Parks, put up four telegraph poles and slung over 200 yards of wire, not in half a day but in 16 minutes. With the latest mechanical drill a telegraph pole can be erected in a matter of seconds.

3 Training Regiment

Listless in the sweltering heat,
Begone the Catterick cold and sneeze;
Leaves rustle in the gentle breeze,
Your humble scribe assumes his seat.

Blazing June has made cricket very enjoyable, and although as far as victories have been concerned the Unit has not excelled itself, the matches played have been pleasing in the extreme. We still require batsmen of note, as our scores will show.

The final results for June were:

R.A.F. Regiment 145 for 6 declared—3 Training Regiment 50 (Pinder 23).
Depot Regiment, Ripon, 63 (Gott 4 for 6)—3 Training Regiment 51 (Allardyce 21 not out).
7 Hussars 66 (Napper 5 for 11)—3 Training Regiment 33.
Colburn C.C. 116 (Allardyce 3 for 3)—3 Training Regiment 89 (Hopkins 31).
4 Training Regiment 82 for 4—3 Training Regiment 131 for 6 declared (Pitcher 50, Mays 33).
Army Apprentices' School 29 (Gott 6 for 8, Mays 4 for 10)—3 Training Regiment 68 (Rose 16).

Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess. Our usual monthly dance, which took place on Saturday, 25th June, was again highly successful. It was very pleasing to see such a representative group from the School of Signals, and we hope they will continue to visit us.

During the dance, a presentation was made to R.S.M. Clarke, who is shortly to leave us on pension after a total of 25 years' service.

Pig and Poultry. All ex-members of the Mess will be pleased to hear that there have been additions to the family. The learned discussions as to the rearing of day-old chicks dominate all conversations. Believe it or not, one of S.S.M. Haydon's fowls successfully produced a small brood from eggs purchased from the N.A.A.F.I.

Outing. The wives of 3 Training Regiment held their monthly tea party, organised by Mrs. Wise, at Bourlon N.A.A.F.I. on Wednesday, 29th June.

It was a very pleasant affair and the main topic was the summer outing, which is fixed for Thursday, 7th July. The families are going, by private coach, to Redcar.

1 SQUADRON. It has been extremely pleasant to go shooting on the range in this fine weather. This weather has had the effect of making the affair almost in the nature of a "day out" for both the trainees and the permanent staff. One feature of this rifle practice is the visit with "char" and "wads" of Mrs. Burkett. She is the wife of the Chief Range Warden and she is famed throughout the district for her kindness and generosity to all who use the range. Her *piece de resistance* is her apple tart, which is absolutely first class.

Two officers of the French Army Signal Corps, Commandants Revill and Vendeuil, visited us last week. The thing which impressed them most was the large amount of equipment possessed by this Squadron for training. Apparently the French Army are not so well off in this respect. Earlier in the month we had a visit from another French Signal Officer, Commandant Arnold.

There has been plenty of activity in the field of sport. In a cricket match between B72 and A73 Sections, the senior Section, B72, ably captained by Second-Lieutenant J. W. Roberts, defeated A73 Section, under Second-Lieutenant Hunt, by the margin of one run. Certain of our more athletic personnel have been selected to take part in our Regimental Athletic Trials to select a Regimental team. In the boxing which took place on the Regimental Weekend we had two representatives. Lance-Corporal McCallum, our heavy-weight, won his bout in fine style; and in the best fight of the evening, at 9 stone, Signalman Lowbridge was defeated, after a good display, by Signalman Johnston, of 2 Squadron.

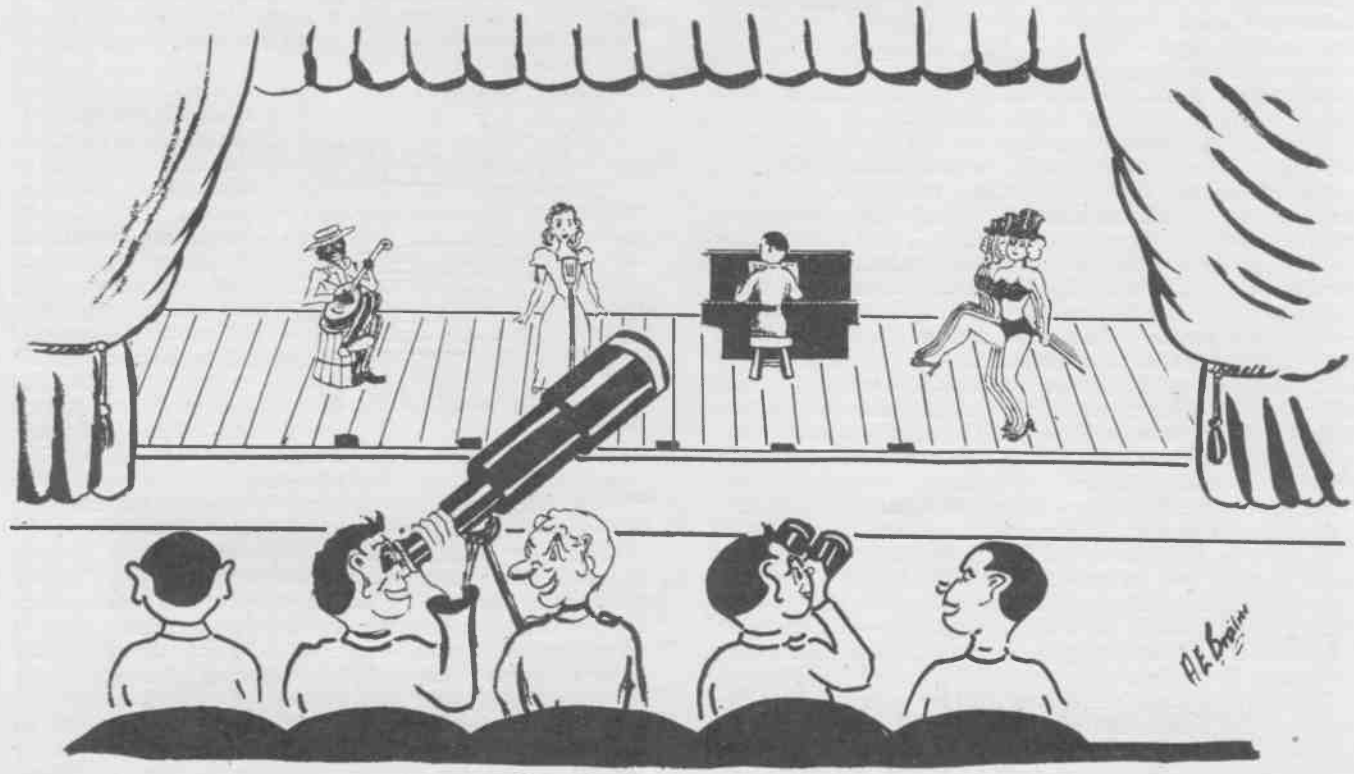
2 Squadron's part in the very successful Regimental revue, "Nig Nog Naughties," must take pride of place in this month's Squadron news. The show—produced and written by Lance-Corporal Verrant Holden—brought to light no end of hidden talent, and to single out any particular party for mention in no way detracts from the energy and skill shown by the whole cast.

2 Squadron at the Regimental week-end "Tragedy in the Glade" or Another inch and it would have happened

But for all that, we can't resist reference to the one performance which all but cost our P.R.I. a new N.A.A.F.I. roof—the impersonations of Signalmen Frank Gillett and "Taffy" Sheppard. Mention, too, of Lance-Corporal Peter Tobias's compering and Lance-Corporal Ken Tooth's piano playing—the latter at a half-hour's notice—plus the acknowledgment of sterling stage work by Lance-Corporal Vick Purkiss and team, briefly covers the first presentation of "Nig Nog Naughties."

4 SQUADRON. This Squadron, on Thursday, 9th June, provided three officers and 100 other ranks as the Regimental contingent for the King's Birthday Parade. The G.O.C.-in-C. Northern Command, Lieutenant-General P. M. Balfour, C.B., O.B.E., M.C., accompanied by Major-General R. T. O. Cary, C.B., O.B.E., D.S.O., G.O.C. Catterick District, took the salute, and the Squadron acquitted itself well in a parade in which 1,400 troops took part.

The Squadron athletics team is now training hard for the Regimental Sports, which will be held shortly, and we hope to retain the championship which we won last year.



2 Squadron's own concert party

The First Regimental Week-end

HERE we are at 3 Training Regiment, Bourlon Lines, and it's a simply glorious day, a perfectly clear blue sky overhead and a very faint breeze wafting occasionally across the ground. This afternoon I shall be making a tour of the lines and will describe to you some of the fun of the fair.

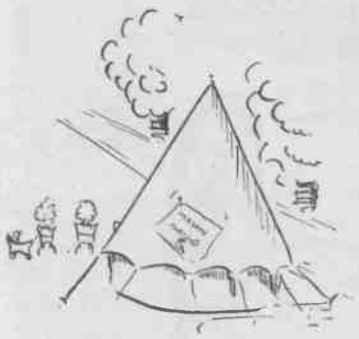
As I pass through the main entrance past the Adjutant's office, I can see a commotion on the far side of the square. Ah! That's better—hurtling bodies are now resolving themselves into members of the Regiment dressed in P.T. kit and wearing brightly coloured crash helmets and riding—can you imagine it—yes, stripped down P.R.I. bicycles. I am on the starting line now, outside the Bourlon Sandhurst block and Second-Lieutenant Roberts is flourishing a blank starting gun, while Sergeant Jobbins is lining up the competitors. There is a flash of gun, now Second-Lieutenant Roberts is on the ground (oh, no; it is one of the would-be competitors flat out) and four bicycles bearing numbers are away to do four laps round the square; number 3 is out now with a flat tyre—oh!—and number 2 has just avoided some of the married families who are ill-advisedly sitting watching from one corner of the square; this is a simply tremendous race, the three competitors are just coming into the straight now for the finish of the first lap, and with pounding hearts and pumping legs—those P.R.I. bicycles are standing up to a tremendous strain—they flash past. Number 1's crash helmet is dangling from his left ear now—oh!—it's straightened out now as he takes the corner; all the competitors are slowing down now to 40 miles an hour as they meet the slight breeze by the garages and round into the straight, and number 2 wins. With bandy legs he staggers up to claim his prize from the judge, and collapses.

Now let us wander on between the motley coloured throng — I think khaki might be described as the predominant colour; there is a rattling, shaking noise coming from the Bourlon Dining Room. What's this I see—more people throwing themselves around? The Corporal now is inviting me to take part in roller skating. I think I'll decline, but nevertheless let us watch the antics through the windows. A very fine spiv-style is gliding towards me —oh! very nice, sir!—he has just done a neat backward turn and started to roller skate backwards—oh! the marshal has just pointed out the notice to him: "This way round only!" So we leave the dive. We're passing by the huts near the Gym now and, despite the music from the fair ground, I can hear the click of cards and the occasional muffled undertone "after I led with a club, too!" From this I gather the whist drive is in full swing.

Talking of swings, as we round the end of the Gymnasium, past the bronzed bodies of the P.T. staff as usual hard at work, we see the children's swings on the assault course, and a smiling lance-corporal has a magnificent timing on that swing, push and swing, push—and, oh! he's taken the end of the swing in his stomach, but still smiling he pushes the little dears.

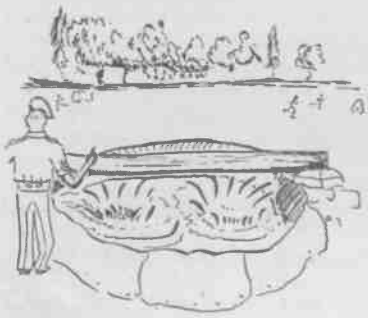
Two W.R.A.C.s I see on my left are gagging the more noisy of the babies, and are carrying out a noble work in the infants' department.

Now through the gate and into the fair ground; I feel it's best to go round the ground and finish off with tea: here goes. In the nearest tents, cicular, single, I see a haggard, worn creature who professes to tell fortunes; on investigation I'm informed he is just "Holden the Fort!" and I notice a small queue of maidens sitting on the chairs outside Madame Fortune Teller's Tent — whether they are sitting for fortunes or just because they are tired they refuse to say.



We are now approaching the shooting gallery. Here, old soldiers taking aim with careful precision, try to knock off cats with toy pistols; this is obviously a money-making concern and the charming attendant smiles sweetly as she picks up our pistol and hands it to the next sucker. Passing the soft drinks stall—which incidentally seems to be doing a continual business—we pass on to the toxophilites. This, to the unitiated, is "Free shots a penny wiv a bow an' 'arrer." It seems extremely hard to hit the bull (or "gold," as it's called) and a two shilling and sixpence prize is offered—oh! and given—I see a "gold" has just been scored. So we leave Second-Lieutenant Watson with his archers. The next, a quaint stall in charge of Lance-Corporal Lyons, W.R.A.C., is a bicycle pump firing ping-pong balls into the gaping mouths of clowns; having spent sixpence I'll leave it to see Captain McLaren's Top Hat Alley, where feeble attempts with tennis balls are made to knock-off a cast-iron top hat which (we are told) has been screwed on to the head of volunteer who parades up and down behind a screen. Passing the skittle alley, we see the Padre kicking a football at a number of tethered balloons in a vain hope of bursting them. Past the goal kick stall and on to the greasy pole.

Here I should say it is still a simply glorious day, and there is a magnificent crowd here. In the centre of the milling throng there is—yes, a beautiful hole, full of water—and across it a greasy pole. A small man with a hairy chest (one of the spectators tells me it is "Q" Glover) is shouting the odds — oh! he has a sucker now who has changed into denims, and I should tell you that these two contestants are approaching each other from either end of the greasy pole with a bolster. A hit, yes, no, another hit, and oh; nearly; yes! they are both off into the water. Gosh! it's deeper than I thought and "Q" Glover has gone — not for good, though — and amid a scurry the Provost Sergeant is asking for volunteers to combat over the water—I'm off.



So on we drag ourselves to where another charming W.R.A.C. offers three wooden balls for a penny, threepence refunded if you can get one to stay in the buckets which are lodged some distance away. I understand from a bystander that Second-Lieutenant Oliver had been asked to go away from this stall after bouncing in several on the sly.

Next, above the blare of fair ground music from the radio van, I hear a chirping of many grasshoppers or crickets. Pushing my way through the legs of several brawny O.W.L. BIIIs, I find it is Lieutenant Symons who

emits these intermittent noises, and he assures me he has contacted Australia from the "Ham Radio Station" he is operating from the field (believe it or not!), he has in fact established contact with the radio van, which causes a tuning call to be put out on the amplifier after "Put your shoes on, Lucy."

So past pinning cards with darts, we get a cuppa N.A.A.F.I. char and watch what goes on in the centre of the field. S.S.M. Douthwaite has been getting competitors for the slow cycle race; this, I might say, consists of putting one's foot on the front tyre and back foot in the spokes in a hopeless attempt to stop a bicycle without brakes. (S.S.M. Douthwaite was seen with a pair of pliers removing brakes on the previous night by the Regiment Flying Picquet, so an off-the-record guard report states.)

Children's races arranged by Sergeant Bogle are in full swing, and smiling faces leave the course with a bag of sweets.

Finally, after tea we sit out on the main square and watch the boxing—and there are some pretty good fights. Lieutenant-Colonel J. S. Wise, Royal Signals, has just climbed into the ring now to present the prizes and congratulate the boxers on a fine show.

So we leave the boxing and go across to the N.A.A.F.I. Annexe, where the film show is just due to commence. Not being a film critic, your humble scribe merely states "And so to bed" after a very enjoyable afternoon and evening.

Sunday morning and still fine; we leave the lines for church, and a record gathering in all the churches.

At St. Oswald's, a service shared with 4 Training Regiment. The Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel J. S. Wise, reads the lesson and the singing certainly lifts the roof; back to lunch, and an afternoon sitting in the sun.

4 Training Regiment

For some strange reason we have failed to publicise, through the medium of THE WIRE, the fact that we now have six squadrons in the Regiment. The addition is No. 5 Squadron (Cypher), late No. 3 Intelligence School, Harrogate, which joined the Regiment in February. Major Martinson and his colleagues now well settled in, behind bars, of course, and although one still hears long dissertations on the glories and beauties of Harrogate, they are really almost reconciled to the move. Not content with producing operators, keyboard and cypher, 5 Squadron proudly claims to produce operators, keyboard and cricketer, operators, keyboard and cross-country runner, and one very new trade, operator, keyboard and speedway rider—this latter trade being one of the qualifications claimed by Sergeant Peck on "Buzz-Bomb," his motor-cycle. 5 Squadron also rear some very useful hockey players.

3 Squadron, which produces O.K.L.s, is now easily the largest Squadron in the Regiment. Many of the old cadre will be pleased to know that 3 Squadron are still the sponsors of the week-end coach trips which still have enthusiastic support from the Regiment.

Cricket. We have suffered rather a severe blow, for the 7th Hussars put an abrupt end to our Army Cup aspirations by defeating us on our own ground in the third round. We had, in the previous games secured notable victories, the match against 1 Training Regiment being an example.

Sandes Home Baths is a favourite haunt for the swimmers in the Regiment on sports afternoons, especially at the moment when the sun is putting up such a shining performance.

The corporals dance in June went off with a grand swing in the usual style of 4 T.R. dances. "The Streamliners" rendered their usual sterling performance.

This first Regimental Week-end was quite a success in all its aspects. The elaborate programme went quite smoothly and without a serious hitch. Fortunately, we were blessed with glorious weather which made things extremely pleasant.

The trip to Redcar was very popular and the demand for seats on the coaches far exceeded our expectations and therefore the supply. However, the fortunate ones who went had a very good time.

The sports were not quite as well supported as they might have been, especially at the beginning when we began to have some doubts about its success. The numbers increased after the start, however, as the married soldiers and their families and the younger soldiers made their way on to the field. By teatime the officials were wondering what events they should cut so that the day should finish early enough to allow competitors and spectators to get themselves ready for the dance in the evening.

The dance in the evening was the highlight of the day's events. "The Lyrians" dance orchestra, which is one of the foremost in this part of the North, were great favourites.

The preparations for Catterick Fair are well under way and the items which will be included are virtually settled. We are taking quite a "lion's share" this year.

The Regimental shooting team is keeping up to a good standard by practising both on the 30 yards range and on the open ranges. We should acquit ourselves well in the summer competitions.

We offer congratulations to Major and Mrs. N. D. Shaw on the recent birth of a daughter, Shirley. Congratulations also, to Major and Mrs. McConnell-Wood on the very recent birth of a daughter.

5 Training Regiment

The highlight of events in the Unit during the past month has been the Regimental Week-end which was held on 9th and 10th July. This being our first attempt in this type of entertainment it caused a great deal of hard work to be put in by all those concerned in the organisation of the affair, especially by Major J. G. Oliver, O.B.E., who was chief organiser.

We "kicked off" by holding a ceremonial parade on Saturday morning, the salute being taken by the C.O., Lieutenant-Colonel I. F. Mieklejohn, which also served a dual purpose of providing an excellent opportunity of introducing the newcomers to the Royal Signals to the Corps Band, who were fortunately in the district at the time. The afternoon was devoted entirely to field events on the sports ground at Stainton Camp, our own sports field still being in the process of being remade. This necessitated the transportation of the whole Regiment by Unit transport a distance of several miles and the laying on of coaches for the married families. However, this was completed in record time under the arrangements of 1 Squadron with the assistance of D.R.s from 2 Squadron who manned traffic control points en route. This provided both drivers and D.R.s with practice in convoy discipline.

Between events, the Corps Band entertained the large crowd of military and civilian personnel and for those which music alone did not fully entertain side-shows under the direction of Captain J. Anderson proved a great attraction.

There were the normal flat races and relay races but the more amusing type of athletics had their fair share of time.

Much fun was enjoyed by all who watched the novelty races, especially the obstacle race. By far the greatest difficulty experienced by those taking part was endeavouring to eat a stale bun that had been dipped in syrup and hung

by a string from a crossbar while keeping their hands behind their back. Those who possessed large mouths certainly had an advantage other the others. This also proved such when the obstacle was reached whereby each man had to retrieve an orange floating in a bath of water by the use of his mouth only.

The "Old Soldiers" race consisted of men with over 18 years' service and was won easily by Bandsman Mason with a lead of approximately 15 yards. Bandsman Mason is now in his 29th year of service.

There was much fun for all those who witnessed the "married families" three-legged race for which there were numerous entries. Sergeant and Mrs. Douce took the lead shortly after the starting gun was fired and held their position until almost reaching the finishing line when, with a terrific burst of energy, Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. I. F. Mieklejohn caught up and shared the honour of breaking the tape with them.

Two 50 yards "children's races" were run, one for the nine years olds and the other for the under nine year olds. Much fun was experienced in getting the latter started and in many cases the parents' assistance was obtained in order to hold their offsprings facing the right way. Maurice Crabtree won the race for those under nine years old, followed by Ian Lennox and John West. For those over nine years old, Pat Jones reached the tape first, closely followed by Daphne Russell and Sybil Harper.

All the events, except for the novelty races, were run on an inter-squadron basis, the squadron obtaining the highest number of points winning the Unit sports shield. This was presented by the C.O.'s wife, Mrs. I. F. Meiklejohn, amidst loud applause to Major E. Barrett, O.C. U.H.Q. Squadron. Mrs. Meiklejohn also kindly consented to present the prizes to the winners of each event. Finally, Mrs. Meiklejohn was presented with a bouquet of roses by the R.S.M.'s daughter, Daphne Russell, and the band played the National Anthem, thus bringing to an end a very pleasant and successful afternoon.

At night a grand carnival dance was held in the Unit cinema. Dancing continued until midnight to the music of 5 Training Regiment dance orchestra. Excellent parties were also held in the Officers' and Sergeants' Messes, which carried on to a very much later hour.

The following morning a military service was held in the local village church of Startforth, which was kindly loaned to the Regiment by the Vicar.

Captain Milliner, the Regiment Padre, took the service, the lesson being read by the C.O., Lieutenant-Colonel Meiklejohn. The number of men who wished to attend the service was greater than anticipated, consequently the church which normally accommodates 160 people was filled to overflowing. Judging by the lusty way in which the hymns were sung, I doubt if anyone did not appreciate the service.

For the remainder of the morning the whole of the Regiment again moved to Stainton sports field either to play or watch the inter-squadron semi-finals of football and basketball.

P.D.M.

Mrs. Meiklejohn presenting prizes and Major J. G. Oliver, O.B.E., who organised the regimental sports

All photography by Sergeant P. White

Children's race

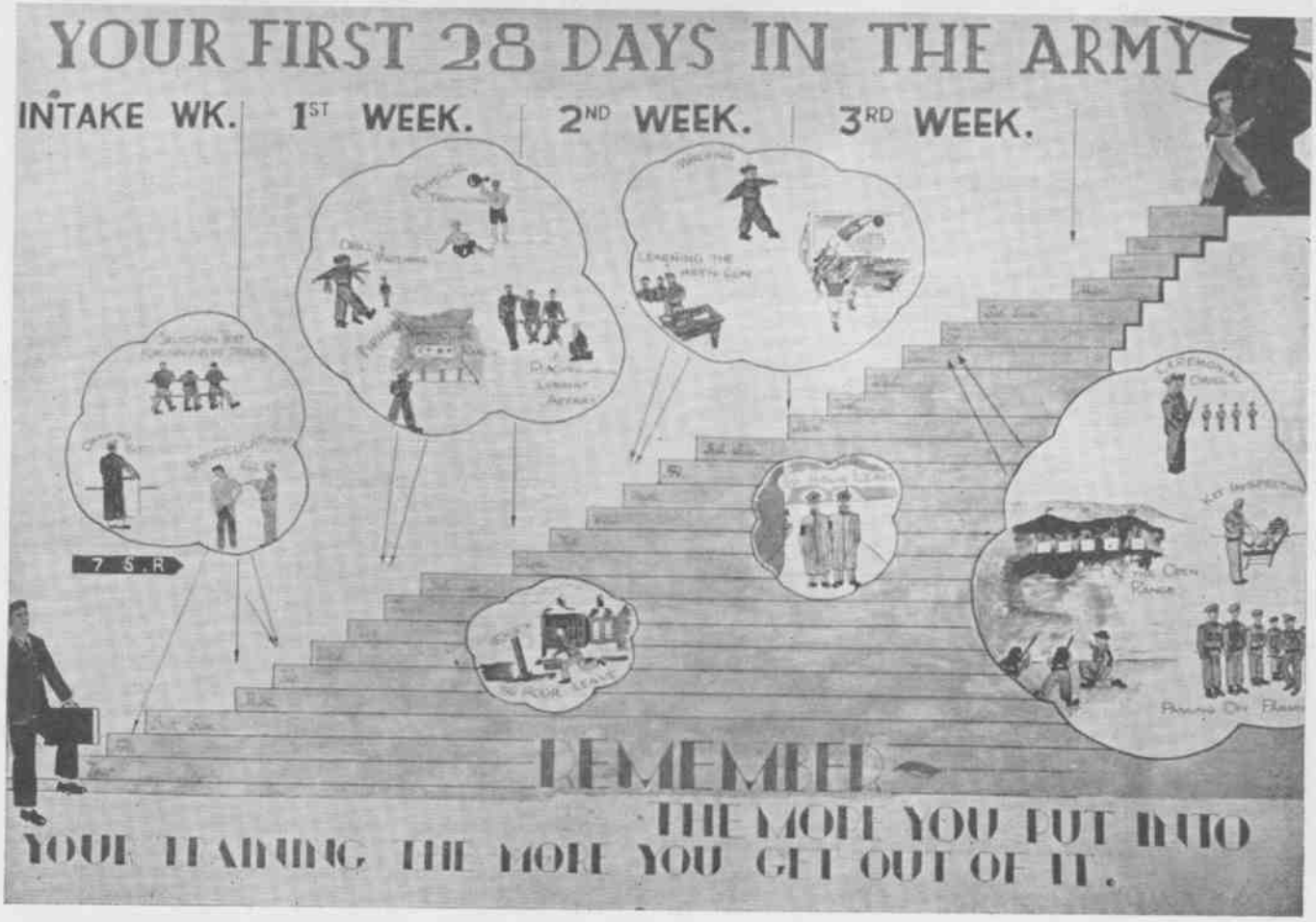
7 Selection Regiment

Early in the month we were very pleased to have a visit paid by representatives of the British Press, who saw with interest the various stages of training that a National Serviceman undergoes during his stay with us. For those among our readers who are "Old Stagers," and who would like to be reminded of their past, we are fortunate in being able to reproduce a diagramatic photograph of their first steps into the service. During their short stay the Pressmen spoke to a number of new arrivals, and were so able to get first-hand information on the average recruit's impression of the Army. The following day, descriptive accounts appeared in all the Northern papers, which were bought up rapidly—almost exhausting the supplies.

Congratulations to Second-Lieutenant Jenkins and Corporal Gilliam for their excellent achievements at Bisley. Second-Lieutenant Jenkins was awarded the Henry Whitehead Challenge Cup for the champion young officer shot of the Army, and Corporal Gilliam the Manchester Cup, the latter has been chosen too, as a member of the Army Eight.

A slap up dance organised by the Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess, was held in Baghdad Gymnasium during the month, and our thanks are largely due to the P.M.C., S.S.M. Brant, for a very enjoyable evening. The well stocked bar had an added value as almost tropical weather conditions prevailed, and an excellent service helped quench many thirsts. Thanks to 8 R.T.R. for supplying the dance music.

A party of 30 representatives from Messrs. Newton Chamber of Sheffield visited us towards the end of the month. The party consisted mainly of employees who are shortly due to be called forward for National Service, and it was with this in mind that they came to see the conditions under which they will do their initial training in the near future.


YOUR FIRST 28 DAYS IN THE ARMY
INTAKE WK.
1ST WEEK.
2ND WEEK.
3RD WEEK.
7 S.R.
REMEMBER -
THE MORE YOU PUT INTO
YOUR TRAINING, THE MORE YOU GET OUT OF IT.

The party, after spending a very interesting morning, lunched with the other trainees in Vimy dining hall, and from their remarks it is gathered that they are eagerly looking forward to joining the service! A photographer in the party has sent us copies of some of the photographs which he took during his visit.

The monthly social of married families was held on 8th June in the Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess, and as this was in the nature of a welcome to Mrs. Ponsonby, our C.O.'s wife, a much larger gathering than usual attended. From all accounts the party was a very successful one.

All who knew Lance-Corporal A. Harrigan intimately will have been greatly shocked by his sudden and tragic death. Our sympathies go to Mr. and Mrs. Harrigan on their sad bereavement.

Although at this time of the year football is not a much discussed topic, we feel our readers will appreciate a photograph of our last season's football team who gained for us considerable prestige in the football world.

Their final achievements last season were champions of Division II Catterick District League, and were runners-up in the final with No. 3 Training Regiment, Royal Signals, in the Catterick Garrison Cup. Captain Bill Gillett is now preparing an invincible team for the coming football season.

The Regimental cricket team under the captaincy of Lieutenant Wilson-Wilcox have achieved satisfactory results so far. The following results are reported to date:

7 Selection Regiment (49) v. N.S.O.T.W. (123 for 6).
7 Selection Regiment (25 for 1) v. 2 Training Regiment, Royal Signals (23).
7 Selection Regiment (118 for 9) v. 17/21 Lancers (121 for 5).
7 Selection Regiment (185) v. 3 Training Regiment, Royal Signals (33).

Excellent performances with bat and ball have been made by many of the team. However, worthy of praise is the fine performance of Second-Lieutenant Jordan against 2 T.R. when he took 7 wickets for 6 runs, and S.Q.M.S. Humble with 5 wickets for 10 runs again 3 T.R. Corporals Brown and Bean and C.S.M. Gray are continuing to produce sufficient runs to make a win more than a possibility.

1 INDEPENDENT SELECTION SQUADRON

Richmond

We are at present in the throes of preparing for our first passing-out parade, which will be held on Tuesday, 19th July. Brigaider W. C. V. Galwey, O.B.E., M.C., will be present and will inspect the troops and take the salute. The Corps Band will also be in attendance to give our first output of regular recruits a good send-off.

Neighbouring Regiments (particularly 7 Selection Regiment) will undoubtedly be relieved to hear that the Squadron may shortly be legalised, which means of course that in the near future we shall be able to return all the 1,001 things we have had to borrow.

This month's Regimental Week-end is almost on top of us and the Corps Band is paying us a visit on Saturday, 16th July, 1949. An all ranks dance is being held in the evening of the same day, and if the recruits have been as energetic in their off-duty hours as they are when under the supervision of our P.T. staff (in particular S.S.I. Timothy) then a good attendance of dancing partners is assured.

Captain P. J. C. Lloyd, when not engaged in attending weddings, finds time amongst other things to give a celebrated lecture on "Pay and Allowances." As these lectures always seem to be in progress during visits by senior officers, we are now in a position to forecast accurately the dates of their visits.

We are hoping that in the not too distant future the pigeon and heliograph service between the Squadron and Headquarters S.T.C. will be suspended and telephones will be installed.

The Depot Regiment

Pocklington

Since the days before the war, when the Depot Battalion was located in Catterick Camp, this Unit has changed its role several times, its address oftener still, and its shape so often as to be quite unrecognisable today to anyone who knew it in the old days of the Catterick Depot.

The end of the recent war found the Depot commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel H. A. Spencer, O.B.E., M.C., with a H.Q. in Thirsk, which controlled a total of nine companies scattered about the surrounding countryside. In those days it was not uncommon for the Depot to have more than 10,000 individuals "on its books."

This organisation proved too unwieldy, and the Unit reorganised early in 1946: Depot H.Q., Thirsk; 1 Depot Battalion, Duncombe Park, Helmsley; 2 Depot Battalion, Hutton Gate Camp, Guisborough.

In June of 1946, 1 and 2 Depot Battalions amalgamated, closed in on Hutton Gate Camp and became 1 Depot Regiment. At the same time a fresh 2 Depot Regiment was formed at Dalton Airfield, near Thirsk, out of the Cadre of the disbanded 3 Holding Battalion, at Huddersfield.

Later in 1946 the H.Q. moved from Thirsk to the Airfield at Pocklington, about 14 miles south-east of York, on the Hull road.

The wheel turned full cycle when 2 Depot Regiment moved from Dalton Airfield to Urebank Camp, Ripon, in the summer of 1942 to take over that camp on the disbanding of the P.O.W. camp, whilst almost immediately afterwards on 1st October, 1948, the Depot H.Q. was dissolved along with 2 Depot Regiment, which shrank to a Squadron of 1 Depot Regiment, on which fell the mantle of the disappearing Depot H.Q.

This, then, is the set-up as it is today:

POCKLINGTON—H.Q. the Depot Regiment.

RIPON—1 Squadron (Drafting).

You will see from this that Pocklington is the place where men are handled who are destined for U.K. postings, whereas the Ripon Squadron deals entirely with drafts for overseas.

The chief function of the Regiment is to pass both officers and other ranks through as quickly as possible. A few examples of our work are:—

(a) Dealing with each individual's personal problems, which involves checking up on his kit, pay, welfare, leave, trade, medical category, innoculations and arranging for his most suitable employment in the U.K.
(b) In many cases, transitees are seen by the Personnel Selection Officer from Catterick.
(c) Administering an average daily strength of 120 officers of the Corps who are in transit, unemployed, on courses and who have no Unit for any of many reasons.
(d) Accepting all re-enlistments into the Corps.
(e) Courtmartialling all long-term deserters.
(f) Publishing many sheets daily of Part II Orders.
(g) Forming up and despatching all drafts out of the U.K., other than to B.A.O.R.

The Regiment is not really a "Depot Regiment" in the pre-war meaning of the words. This work is, of course, now done by 7 Selection Regiment. The Depot Regiment would be far more appropriately named the "Royal Signals Holding Regiment," a change which may eventually come about.

There have been many rumours that the Depot was about to leave Pocklington, but we are now told that there will be no move before June, 1950.

Pocklington isn't at all a bad spot. True, the washplaces are not under the same roofs as the living huts—and these are of wood—but we have good kitchens, good recreation rooms and grounds, reasonably comfortable barrack rooms, a gymnasium and a theatre. Furthermore, we

have 13 sub-standard married quarters, which we have converted for ourselves, and the prospect of at least six more in the next few weeks.

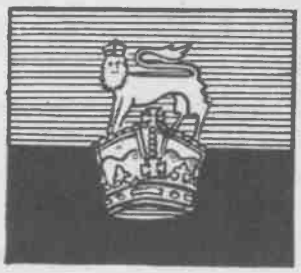
On the work side, the Regiment handles over 100,000 letters and documents a year (2,500 per week!) and some 7,500 individuals in transit.

It is a nuisance having the Drafting Squadron 42 miles away at Ripon, but even this has its advantages, as Ripon is on a main railway line and much nearer in time to Catterick than is Pocklington.

We have just had our first Regimental Week-end, which included games, concerts, film shows and cricket matches. It was a great success, and we are looking forward to attracting still more visitors to our next function, which is due on 6th/7th August.

I had almost forgotten to say that we run a small farm of some 22 acres, and call it our Unit Agricultural Scheme; whilst in our spare time we keep ourselves amused with diversions such as Officers' training days, education, Padre's hours, musketry, drill parades, B.W.P., A.B.C.A., P.T., multitudes of visits and inspections by V.I.P.s, agricultural assistance to farmers, T.A. camps, Civil Defence exercises, and even the odd spot of leave now and then!

You can say what you like, life at the Depot isn't so bad, and, by gosh! it sure ain't dull!



School of Signals

Officer Training Wing

We have had one Pass-out Parade since the last notes were written, Course 228 passing-off on 1st July. The salute was taken by Brigadier H. T. de B. Lipscombe, A.D.C., Commanding R.A.C. Training Brigade, and the Commanding Officer's cane was awarded to Officer-Cadet Vincent.

Our cricket team has been somewhat depleted owing to the calls made upon several players by the athletics team, but nevertheless several good games have been enjoyed. Both 1 Training Regiment and 7 Selection Regiment have been beaten, but we lost our matches with 17th/21st Lancers and 4 Training Regiment. The scoring against 4 Training Regiment was very low, 33 runs against 30 runs, this being due to the sun-baked state of the wicket.

Our athletics team is in training for the Northern Command Inter-Unit Championships, which take place on 19th/20th July. We hope to do well this year and will include an account of the results next month. Our main event this month has been a triangular meeting against the other two Wings of the School of Signals, which took place on 18th June, and in which we secured a comfortable victory.

Last month we mentioned that Second-Lieutenant D. E. Stevenson was shooting in the Corps team at Bisley this year, and now we wish to congratulate him on the good show which he put up. In the Army Hundred Cup he tied with five others for the 98th place out of 422 entries with a total score of 253 out of 350 possible, but just failed to be included in the final 100 competitors. Shooting for the Corps in the Methuen Cup, he scored 148 out of 200 possible and was placed fourth in the Corps eight. For his first appearance at Bisley this is a good show.

Captain E. J. Beale successfully survived the preliminary rounds of the Royal Tournament Dismounted Combats Competition in Foil and Sabre and was selected for the Army team in both weapons to compete in the Inter-Services Competition at Olympia.

Captain Beale did well in the Foil to be placed fifth in the Final Pool, the only Army representative to reach the final in the Foil. Well done!

Royal Signals Wing

The Unit was inspected by Brigadier G. S. O'N. Power, C.B.E., on 16th June. First there was a short ceremonial parade, followed by a thorough inspection of barrack rooms, lecture rooms and laboratories.

The Inter-Wing Sports were held on 18th June. Officer Training Wing won with 136 points, Royal Signals Wing were second with 88 points, and All Arms Wing third with 70 points.

The weekend 2nd/3rd July was observed as a Regimental Weekend. A Potted Sports was held on the Saturday afternoon, in which teams from Groups competed against each other. The team from Wireless Equipment Group won. The final event was the obstacle race, which was enjoyed almost as much by the spectators as by the competitors. The spectators had their chance to show what they could do in the Children's Races and the Old Soldiers' Race.

After supper there was an open-air concert, given by the Catterick District Concert Party, which gave an excellent show. The intervals were filled in with side-shows. If the "barkers" had not been so easily recognised, they could have been easily mistaken for professionals.

Sunday morning attendance at church (voluntary) was almost too good to believe. On Sunday afternoon the Officers took on the Other Ranks at cricket. The Officers batted first and were all out for 98. The Other Ranks lost their first 4 wickets for 20 runs, but they made a great effort and finally managed to pull themselves level with a boundary. The next ball beat the batsman all the way and the last wicket fell leaving the result as a tie! Both sides vow that there will be no mistake next time.

ROYAL SIGNALS CLUB
(Edinburgh and District)

The Committee of the above Club have great pleasure in announcing the purchase of attractive premises at 7 Torphichen Street, Edinburgh, 3, with a seven-day licence for its members.

Founded in May, 1946, it was granted the use of a room in Forrest Road Drill Hall, and many an enjoyable evening was spent there with the N.C.O.s and men of Scottish Command Signal Regiment from Fairmilehead Camp. Whist drives and dances were also held there.

With the reconstitution of the Territorial Army, we had to leave Forrest Road, and were kindly granted the use of a room belonging to 13 A.A. (M) Signal Regiment, T.A., in Brandon Terrace Drill Hall, but since 31st October, 1948, we have been without a home.

The Committee have been meeting once a fortnight in a room granted alternately by the Cameron Highlanders and Royal Scots Fusiliers Clubs. The darts team also maintained their fixtures in the Regimental Clubs League by playing all home fixtures in the Royal Scots Fusiliers Club. Now that the search for a permanent home is ended, the members are looking forward to promoting a varied programme of activities and enjoying that comradeship and social life that has not hitherto been possible.

New members are welcomed any evening at the above address.

Southern Command (M) Signal Regiment

Salisbury

The month of June found us very busy with two main events to tax the skill and ingenuity of us all. The first was the Bath and West Agricultural Show at Bristol on 1st–4th June. Southern Command decided to make a big splash in the recruiting drive and all arms had to devise a display. We were given the job, and a very creditable display was produced from Unit resources, as will be seen from the picture.

During the four days of the show, some 15,000 people visited the display to record their voices or " play with the 'printers." What positive result was achieved cannot be assessed, but all took a very intelligent interest in the exhibit.

The weather during the preparation for and the actual show was all against us—continual rain and mud to the eyebrows. However, ten days in those conditions under canvas at Ashton Court didn't damp the spirits of the working party. In addition to the display team, six operators were provided to assist the Bristol Royal Signals Units (T.A.) in an ambitious wireless network over which the Lord Mayors of Birmingham, Bristol, Southampton and Plymouth passed civic greetings.

The picture, by kind permission of W. H. Baston and Sons, of Hereford, shows Captain R. J. Harvey, Royal Signals, Sergeant Alderman, W.R.A.C., and Lance-Corporal Webster, Royal Signals.

The next event was the Salisbury Plain District Rifle Meeting at Bulford Ranges on 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th June. The Regiment entered a team for the Class " C " Challenge Cup. The team was trained by Second-Lieutenant G. A. S. Exell, Royal Signals, S.S.M. Dickson, Royal Signals, with expert advice from Sergeant Ingles, Royal Marines, and the success of their training showed in the results. We won the National Servicemen's Cup and were placed third for the Challenge Cup—a very satisfactory performance. The arrangements for the meeting were faultless and communications provided by our Troop at Bulford worked without a hitch. The team which represented the Regiment was as follows: Second-Lieutenant G. A. S. Exell, Second-Lieutenant E. L. Rogers, S.S.M. Dickson, Sgt. Stiles, Sgt. Yard, Cpl. Milchem, Lance-Corporal Rennie, Signalman Osbourne, Signalman Bladon, Signalman Tidmarsh, Driver Bloomfield, Driver Tipping, Signalman Pennell, Signalman Hewitt.

HEADQUARTER COMMAND TROOP. We should like to take this opportunity of congratulating Subaltern Swaby on gaining a place in the Southern Command tennis team. More power to her elbow. The D.R.s have been busy in the motor cycle trials held recently. One team, in a trial held at Larkhill, managed to gain the first place, and so far the results of the trial held at Plymouth are not to hand. In the netball match against R.H.Q. something went wrong. We lost! Thanks are due to the R.H.Q. team for an enjoyable afternoon's sport.

" In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." So wrote some poet many years ago; it has come true here. Rather belatedly we wish good luck to Lance-Corporal Hudson and Lance-Corporal "Jock" Nisbet on their engagement, which was announced (and duly cele-

brated) on 21st April. Also our congratulations to Private Galbraith, now in B.A.O.R., and Lance-Corporal Dwyer on their engagement, which was announced after Margaret had left.

Shirt-sleeve order came into force recently, and of course the weather immediately turned so cold that everybody wanted to wear their greatcoats. Oh, this fickle English weather! It seems to be brightening up now (touch wood).

The 10th and 12th May proved rather exciting to five of our switchboard operators; they were involved in "Exercise Odiham," which was a mock battle held at the Staff College, Camberley. They were there altogether for five days, working field type switchboards 24 hours a day, having good food and generally enjoying themselves. One of the amusing things on the exercise was the presence in an adjoining room of the "Noises Off" Department. Here were the gramophones relaying the noises heard in a battle to the officers taking part. Needless to say, these were fully audible in the exchange room, which added glamour to the proceedings.

Eastern Command Signal Regiment, Canterbury

Exercise "Whitecliffs." When 44 (Home Counties) Division, T.A., went to France recently, Eastern Command Signal Regiment supplied a detachment to cover various signal jobs both in France and in England A wireless link was opened from Shorncliffe to Ouistreham, and a detachment operated P.A. equipment over there, for the use of directing officers, etc.

Originally, the wireless link was to have been a 53 set link, but on its way from Cherbourg to Ouistreham, the L.C.V. met with a slight accident, putting the 53 set out of action. A W.S. 19 was used and worked very well for the remainder of the exercise.

In spite of a 24 hour watch, most operators managed to take advantage of the fine weather, and returned to Canterbury looking and feeling very fit. The P.A. operators were not quite so lucky, and were kept on the go most of the time. Many evenings were spent on battery charging sessions, so there was not a great deal of time to spare. Nevertheless, most of the detachment did manage to get into Caen at least once, and sampled the famous French cooking.

One incident, recalled many times since, is the occasion when two signalmen decided that they wanted a haircut, and went to the local barber's shop. Seated in the chair, with no knowledge of the language, they were given "the works"—haircut, shave, shampoo, manicure and what-have-you. They did not mind in the least, but when they arrived back and took their hats off in the confined space of an L.C.V.—!

On 20th June, the Regiment held its annual Sports Day and "At Home." The weather was ideal, and the sports field looked gay with coloured bunting and gay colours of ladies' dresses.

Entries were not large in number, but everyone was keen, and eventually H.Q. Squadron came out on top with a total of 47 points, followed by 2 Squadron (22 points) and 1 Squadron (18 points). Winner of the "Victor Ludorum" trophy was Lance-Corporal Bayliss (H.Q.). The prizes and trophies were presented by the C.O.'s wife, Mrs. Barker.

During the tea interval the Demonstration Column was on show, and many interested spectators went along to see the varied equipment that was displayed.

In the evening an all-ranks dance was held in the Gymnasium, and for that we had the Corps Band once again.

Congratulations are due to Captain and Mrs. W. B. Edwards on the birth of a son, Jeremy Phillip, on 20th June.

All ranks of the Regiment will join in congratulating Lieutenant-Colonel (T.O.T.) S. C. McGregor, O.C. Kent Coast Troop, whose decoration with the O.B.E. was announced in the Birthday Honours List on 9th June.

Early in July, the District Inter-Unit Athletics Championship took place at Shorncliffe. The Regiment was able to gain 5th place behind strong opposition from such teams as 1st Royal West Kents, Intelligence Corps Centre and 36 Army Group Engineers. It was a very good effort put up by a much smaller Unit.

PETER MATTHEWS

OPERATION THAMES
or the 1949 June and July Dock Strike

WE of London District, a small C.S.O.'s staff and a small Mixed Signal Squadron of some 25 Royal Signals and 25 W.R.A.C.s (A.T.S.), are hard at it.

Mind you, the bulk of the installation work is done by the G.P.O. Engineering Staff, but we have much of the operating. The Conference Room and the C.S.O.'s offices are now one large Operations Room which extends to other rooms down the passage. The antique six-position switchboard creaks and groans under the increased pressure of traffic but our switchboard operators even in the accompanying heat wave still produce the velvet voice, the personal charm that makes telephoning a pleasure. All leave stopped has made no difference. The Signal Office, usually reduced to one signalman by 5.30 p.m., now carries on until the last operation order has been cleared, usually very late at night.

Our only reinforcements to date, four despatch riders from A.A. Command, are learning London rapidly, the hard way.

Six thousand troops working all over the Dock Area, and more expected, means five "Area" H.Q. opened in the Docks with the necessary telecommunications and in addition a large increase in telecommunications to their camps of accommodation.

The Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force are established with their telecommunications in their own particular corner of the Operations Rooms.

It is indeed for Royal Signals a major operation, but thanks to the incomparable work of our good friends of the G.P.O., things are going very smoothly.

SIGNALS RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT ESTABLISHMENT
Christchurch, Hants

As in many similar cases, it is quite possible that this small Unit has been unknown to many in the Corps, but then perhaps that has been our fault. To remedy this, therefore, we wish to place ourselves upon the record, and these notes, short though they may be, introduce to you "The Signals Research and Development Establishment." Rather a mouthful at first I agree, but it comes easy after a while. This small section (total strength 72) is commanded by Major L. A. Conway, Royal Signals, and is a Regular Signals Unit augmented by R.E.M.E., R.E., R.A.C., R.P.C. and A.C.C. seconded for duty under the Ministry of Supply. Captain J. L. Waller is O.C. the Signals element known as the Military Experimental Section.

This Unit is chiefly engaged on Service operational trials

of prototype telecommunications equipment. Our chief function is to act as "guinea pigs" in the early stages of development and if at times you, as operators, linemen or mechanics, feel overburdened when erecting a heavy piece of equipment or trying to operate something which won't, remember us who had to cope with similar problems whilst it was in the "Heath Robinson" stages!

Though for some this type of work is interesting, there are, of course, those amongst us who have to do normal administrative work, and miss most of the fun. However, we have the great advantage of being no more than a quarter of a mile from the sea, so during off duty periods there is a good swim or a laze in the sun to look forward to. During the summer months there are also a number of fair damsels down here, either with or without mothers, and it is rather difficult to know whether the boys are really such keen swimmers after all!

We are accommodated in an old house known as "Bure Homage," which has quite a legendary history, though the local "old-timers" seem to have some more lurid details to add to those written in the books on the local country lore. Suffice it to say that it was built in the time of the Bourbon Princes, owned by Sir Charles Stuart, whose son had a love affair with "Sophy," a local winkle-picker. He went to sea and was killed, she was taken in hand by Lady Stuart, educated in England and later went to France, where she became the notorious Baroness de Feucheres. She later returned here, but it is not known whether she died in this house or not. However, there are more lurid tales of underground passages connecting this house to the seashore, along which smugglers staggered under heavy kegs of contraband brandy. Rumour hath it that some of this is still to be had (at a price!) in the Sergeants' Mess. 'Tis also said that murder was committed here!

But more later on these things, and a word or two on the world of sport. Under the able direction of Sergeant "Jock" Anderson (since departed to the Bays Signal Troop, Chester), we had a good run in the S.R.D.E. Six-a-side Tournament, reaching the finals, but unfortunately losing in the end. Some other games with a full team of eleven were had with local teams, but as these were chiefly of a friendly nature we cannot, unfortunately, tell you that we nearly won the local cup. We are anxiously awaiting our first game of cricket, but as we have, unfortunately, got no grounds of our own, we have to rely upon the S.R.D.E., whose ground has only just been laid down.

That's all for now, but as the issues roll by you'll be hearing more of us, and we hope to be able to publish some photographs of our lads at work very soon.

Northern Ireland (M) Signal Squadron

Lisburn

The main event of the month was an "At Home," at which the personnel of H.Q., N.I.D., entertained the public of Northern Ireland in Thiepval Barracks, Lisburn.

The programme, which was prepared by Lieutenant-Colonel H. C. B. Rogers, O.B.E., Royal Signals, C.S.O., N.I.D., and Commanding Officer of the Squadron, was designed to give the people of Northern Ireland an insight into the life of the present-day soldier, to show his work, the tools he works with, the conditions under which he lives in times of peace, and the amenities which are provided for him in his leisure hours. The public took full advantage of the occasion by giving their full support, questions were asked the quality of which proved the interest that is taken in the soldier of the present day.

The programme began with a march past, the salute being taken by Lieutenant-General O. L. Roberts, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., General Officer Commanding Northern Ireland District.

The parade was followed with a film show, "Theirs is the Glory," a film depicting the sequence of events of the Arnhem operation. A motor cycle display followed, given by 60 H.A.A. Regiment (R.A.) Display Team, which received a lot of attention from the public; the machines used were the standard issue type. The display comprised the usual motor cycle acrobatics which proved the exceptional degree of riding efficiency attained by the average D.R. The display ended with each rider jumping through a ring of fire.

Signals had various items of equipment on show, the teleprinter room and telephone exchange being thrown open for inspection. There were various other displays and demonstrations on show, practically every branch of the Service being represented in one way or another.

The music was provided by the Band of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.

The weather was exceptionally kind, which added to the success of the day. The programme closed with a dance in the Gymnasium which was well attended, both by civilian and Service personnel alike, who enjoyed themselves immensely.

One weekend of the month was spent in Barracks by the personnel of the Squadron, various sports being organised, with dancing for Saturday night and Church Parade Sunday; as a "get together" operation it proved a great success, all ranks entering into the spirit of the thing with enthusiasm.

Netball is still the favourite game of the W.R.A.C. element of the Squadron and has proved a game at which they show considerable skill.

Hockey is still another game which has become popular of late due, no doubt, to the exceptional weather we are experiencing at the present time. We cannot claim any great victories but practice and time will tell.

And so, for the present, Good stations, everybody.

J.D.

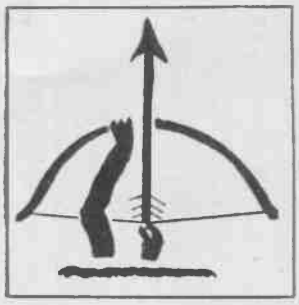
Signals Association Badges (see cut at head of Association Notes) are available, price 3s., in either buttonhole or brooch pattern.

Corps Ties, price 7s. 6d. We regret that the "Uncrushable" quality are temporarily out of stock.

Official Royal Signals Car Badges, 30s.

All obtainable from the General Secretary, Royal Signals Association, 88 Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1.

Why not have your monthly copy of **THE WIRE** mailed direct to your address?



Anti Aircraft Command

1 A.A. GROUP (M) SIGNAL REGIMENT

Whetstone

Having submitted all the required reports (we hope) on Exercise Foil in which this Regiment played a very active part, we are now able to contribute further notes which we hope will be of interest.

C.S.O. 1 A.A. Group, Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Ellis, inspected the Unit on 12th July and passed on to us congratulatory messages from the G.O.C. and from C.S.O. A.A. Command concerning the hard work and zealous effort which was made by all ranks. Many of the men and women taking part had only recently joined; in fact it is not untrue to say that most people involved had never been engaged in A.A. exercises before.

Through the medium of this journal we would like to express our grateful thanks to other A.A. Signal Regiments who helped us out by providing tradesmen and tradeswomen for the various commitments.

Right now the order of the day is the completing of the renovation of the camp, P.T., N.C.O.s drill and duty course and soon, we hope, trade training.

We should like to congratulate our new Unit gardener, Signalman Rowles, who has made a grand flower show of the lines. The last time we saw him he was proudly displaying a dahlia of which he said: "It came orf in me 'and, sir."

Amongst the unusual games and sports which have taken place, one worthy of mention must be The Fire.

We know it appears suspicious, we know that it sounds most unusual, but nevertheless, we inform readers in all seriousness that the only fire this Unit has ever had was a few days ago in "the water tank"—honest it was! Signalman Keane in a desperate effort to quell the flames was unfortunate enough to receive the first, sweet, cooling jet of water that has been seen round these parts for many a day.

Our Padre and Education Instructor have been most helpful in the last few weeks in arranging organised visits to the *Daily Express* "Round the World by Cable" Exhibition, the *Evening Standard* offices, Ford motor works at Dagenham, the East and West Africa Exhibition and the Colonial Exhibition at Marble Arch. These visits have been most interesting and we hope there will be many more.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

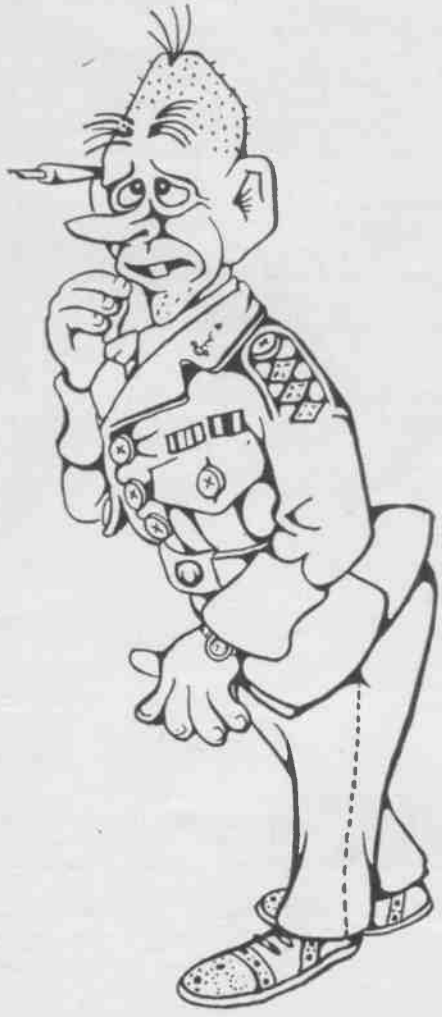
We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following:—

CATTERICK GAZETTE, 1st and 15th July.
BORDERERS' CHRONICLE, June.
TANK, July.
JOURNAL OF THE ROYAL ARMY SERVICE CORPS, July.
QUEEN'S OWN GAZETTE, July.
ROYAL PIONEER, June.
R.E.M.E., August.
ST. GEORGE'S GAZETTE, June.
CADET JOURNAL, August.
THISTLE, July.
QASID (PAKISTAN SIGNAL CORPS), No. 5

Sognal Singsters No. 8

(With apologies to the *Tatler*)

A hammer-headed songster with ingrowing eyes



The Linex Linnet or Credulous Cryptographer
(Ifyewnuwotino-Wotududo)

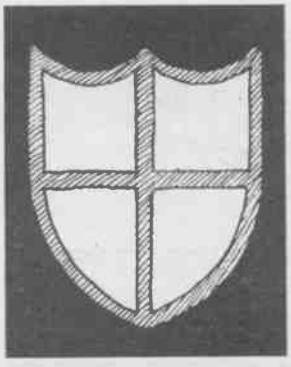
Adult male: General appearance stringy and unkempt; a very pale male. Undercovers green and downy, uppercovers white and uppy. Wings weak but willing—very ink-stained. Eyes watery-blue and helpless—focused from six feet to infinity. A typical non-starter.

Habits: The Linex Linnet thrives in captivity and likes to be behind bars. Feeds on CHADless tape and five figger groups. Its mournful cry, "Carntstartit, carntstartit," is heard at all hours of the day or night; poaches other birds' eggs and scrambles them.

· Habitats: Contrary to popular belief, the Linex Linnet does not creep into crypts, corrupt them, and creep out again. Nests in baskets, waste, cipher, Top Furtive lined with leaves from the one-time pad.

Sic Transit Gloria Mundi

By **Lieutenant-Colonel ALEX MONTEITH,** *M.B.E.*



Propped up against the bar of the In and Out was a fellow I hadn't seen for years. Six years, to be exact, and it had been in the Middle East; he summoned the barman.

"Well," he said, "I see they've ditched 8th Army Signals."

"Tell me more," I said.

"Some bunch in Klagenfurt have taken over; read it in THE WIRE. Seems all wrong to me."

I wonder; but there are times, too, when I wonder how we, as a nation, ever manage to preserve a shadow of greatness when we insist on throwing away immortal heritages as if they were something the cat had brought in. To me, the feeling and the courage and the intent which went into the building up of 8th Army Signals should be something to be treasured and preserved in words of silk on the tapestries of tomorrow. Of that great Army, of which this Signal Unit was a part, Winston Churchill said in Tripoli on 3rd February, 1943: "You are entitled to dwell with the satisfaction that all men, in all modesty, feel when a great work has been finally done. The achievements of the 8th Army will gleam and glow in the annals of history."

As we grow older I suppose we get sentimental, but whatever the cause I got a feeling of nostalgia as I thought about the names and the faces and the deeds which went to make up what surely must be one of the most remarkable Signal formations of all time. We fell, my friend and I, to talking about the circumstances and the men which had produced what has now become the Klagenfurt Signal Squadron.

The 8th Army itself was a spawn of the desert. It was born there, and there it grew to its final triumphant maturity. For a cradle it had that sandy waste which separates Egypt from the tiny fringe of cultivation which is Cyrenaica and Lybia. It had not just one, but three midwives—the sand, the sun, and Archibald Wavell. They saw to it that their child grew up to be the synonym of efficiency, determination and steadfastness.

But the Signal side of that Army was born far from the Western desert. It started life early in 1939 as a duplicate Territorial unit in an old house near Liverpool; even it's beginnings were unimpressive — as were most duplicated Territorial formations—but at least the name chosen for it was of lofty proportions—"Duplicate 55 (West Lancashire) Motor Divisional Signals." The early history followed the usual pattern of most other Signal Units as a result of doubling up the Territorials in the years 1938-39. The enlistment of keen, young men, who had seen in the Munich agreement merely a staving off of the time when they would be wanted; one peace time camp, and then the war itself, when suddenly the twice-a-week companions in the Drill Hall became full-time comrades in arms. So it was with those who were to become 8th Army Signals.

But the pretentious name did not last long; early in 1940 it was switched to 59 Motor Divisional Signals, and later that year to 4th Army Signals. No sooner had they got used to that than it was changed again to 4 L. of C.

One of the Tobruk Exchanges

Signals; I suppose they had to find something to justify the rent of Hobart House. However, training then became the order of the day; schemes, lectures, demonstrations followed one another as night follows day, until in that autumn 4 L. of C. Signals embarked for the Middle East, little dreaming they were to become part and parcel of one of the greatest military formations in British history.

Once out in the Middle East, re-shufflings and reorganisations took place almost hourly, but finally 4 L. of C. were ready for their baptism of the desert, and made their first acquaintance with the country which was to be their home, and their battleground, for so many weary months. From Alexandria to Sidi Barrani men of 4 L. of C. appeared, manning Signal offices at Amyria, Daba, Bagush and Matruh.

Then came Wavell's advance; the Unit expanded and crossed over the frontier. They were the first to man and provide line communication in Tobruk—a far cry from that old house in Liverpool! The Army rolled on, and with it went the Unit to a headquarters in Barce a company to Tobruk, another in Benghasi; famous associations. Then came Rommel and the Afrika Korps; the gallant little 8th, which had done so much with so little, fell back under sheer weight of numbers and metal. Then came another period of intense training, and radical changes were made in the light of experience. Sections were loaned to South African Signals, the railway was extended and the famous railway route was built; teleprinters appeared in the desert for the first time, and I remember a Post Office major and some mobile repeater stations. Soon teleprinter circuits were out to such places as the Siwa Oasis and back to the Army headquarters; innovation piled upon innovation, awaiting the day the tide would turn.

At last all was ready and the 8th struck. Rommel, caught with his main forces on the coast, split his armour into marauding columns; there followed that bloody clash at Sidi Rezegh, the terrible bleakness of El Adema, Christmas on salty water, canned Willy and hard work.

History now repeated itself, and the 8th fell back once more to the Alamein line, by way of Bir Hacheim, Knightsbridge, Tobruk and Daba. Many Signals were lost on the way; in Tobruk, on the permanent routes, with the guns, but on the credit side the Officer-in-Charge of the Siwa Oasis detachment got his men back to Mena without ever touching a road, such as the roads were.

It was at this point they changed the name of the Signals Unit again; it became 8th Army Signals.

The South African Signals, with whom the Unit, and British Signals generally, had had such happy associations, were relieved, and went back to a well earned refit and rest. But things were getting grim on the Alamein front, and everybody knew it; they knew, from the reinforcement private to the General, that this time it was all or nothing, and that even Tobruk was a long way away. It would be a rough and a tough job.

Twenty-third October, 1942, saw the third and final westward sweep. After a rather noisy and boisterous night familiar ground was crossed, and 8th Army Signals again made contact with Matruh, Daba and Tobruk. This time again, too, it was Christmas in the desert, but now with everything N.A.A.F.I. could provide—plum pudding, beer and turkey; it was no wonder the old cry "On to Tripoli" became "On to Tunis," until finally the Mareth line broke and the Army rolled into Tunisia.

Signals were soon on the spot. A Signal centre blossomed

This was Cappuzo

All that was left of the town of Sollum. The ridge in the background is the escarpment leading into Lybia behind Hell Fire Pass, and is the scene of the initial advance of the Italian Army in 1940

in Sfax a matter of hours after the fighting troops arrived there, and Babes and Sousse followed; with amazing suddeness the whole thing was over.

The Hun was out of Africa.

Realise just what it had meant for Signals; not only were they encompassed on all sides by new innovations, but they had had to contend every yard of the way with contradictory theories about how to do established things, rivalries between Army needs and the R.A.F., the claims of line and radio, the armour and the gunners, and they had had to cover over 5,000 miles and maintain some sort of communication over the most barren and unsympathetic country in which a British Army has ever had to fight. 8th Army Signals had borne the brunt of it, had been pioneers of desert war, with all its hardships and its difficulties, and had conquered almost insurmountable troubles; but above all it had kept its stout heart to the end.

Thus it was that 55 (W.L.) Motor Divisional Signals came to manhood; to end the tale, those who follow in Klagenfurt—and if the Unit record runs true to form they will be called something else by the time these words appear —might like to read an eye-witness account of two of their precursors at Alamein:

> "They came slowly, their eyes cast down, over a piece of ground like the stage setting of a lunar landscape with a backcloth of shell bursts. Now and then they would stoop, fiddle with something on the ground, rise and plod on again.
>
> When they came abreast I called out to find just who and what they were. 'We're linemen, sir,'. they said. Their eyes were red-rimmed, dust was thick upon them, caked over their faces, leaving their lips unnaturally red; we shared a tin of bully.
>
> I never ate with finer men."

It should be a matter of regret to us all that the story of our Corps has never been told; we work mainly in secret and our deeds are mostly unknown. Without us, nothing could function, and in our jobs we seek battle with the spearhead of the attack, just as much as we ensure the word is passed from the highest to the lowest of every unit and Command in the British Army. G. K. Chesterton summed it up when he wrote:

> Smile at us, pay us, but do not quite forget,
> For we are people of England that never have spoken yet.
> There is many a fat French farmer that drinks more cheerfully,
> There is many a free French peasant who is richer and sadder than we,
> There are no folk in the whole world so helpless and so wise.
> There is hunger in our bellies; there is laughter in our eyes.
> You laugh at us and you love us, both mugs and eyes are wet
> Only—you do not know us. For we have not spoken yet.

Eighth Army Signals have not spoken yet; I doubt now if they ever will. Yet their epitaph—and I can think of none finer—is contained in those words of Winston Churchill:

"Their achievements . . . will glow in the annals of history."

There, Klagenfurt, is your heritage. Treasure it, and may your stewardship be attended and graced by men of the calibre of your precursors.

(Our cover picture illustrates a palatial (?) Signal Office during the Desert fighting.)

Institution of Electrical Engineers

Information has now been received from the Secretary of the Institution of Electrical Engineers that students who successfully complete the Officers' Long Telecommunications Course shall be considered for exemption from the Special Subject of Section B of the Associate Membership Examination, provided that before applying for such exemption they have passed or otherwise satisfied the educational requirements in the remaining subjects of the examination.

KEEP THIS DATE FREE!

Friday, 13 October, 1949

ROYAL SIGNALS

OFFICERS' REUNION

and BUFFET SUPPER

Hyde Park Hotel, 7 p.m.

Luck's Labour's Lost

By **JOHN PERITON**

EVEN the rather chubby cherubs supporting the base of the ornamental fountain in the garden had been overcome with modesty, and were now firmly clothed in green lichen. The fountain itself didn't even trickle, let alone fount. This was, as a matter of fact, the first thing that Keith Potter noticed as they stopped the car outside "Parade Mount," one of the three hotels in Buxton which the A.A. Guide classed as Three Star. John Snodgrass, his companion, turned off the ignition and surveyed the pillared portal, the stuccoed walls, the sash windows and the intolerably tall chimneys with evident distaste.

In the entrance hall they were confronted by a huge ornamental mirror symmetrically framed between an almost empty letter-rack and a large notice board bearing placards admonishing guests to turn off all lights, attend meals at the correct times, not to take alcoholic liquor into the bedrooms, sign the Visitors' Book, and use the ash-trays provided. Below the mirror were two bath-chairs, four pairs of crutches, three walking sticks, and a parasol.

"How long have we booked for?" asked Jack, in a tone of mingled agony and despair.

Keith's voice was quiet with horror and shame, "Ten days."

Jack's retort was, perhaps mercifully, cut short by the advent of a person who was, all too obviously, the *maitresse d'hotel*. An ample but small woman whose long, thin face seemed oddly contrasted with her full bosom, she was shrouded in a heavy black dress which matched exactly her small, cruel eyes.

"Mr. Potter and Mr. Snodgrass, I suppose." She reminded Jack of a disapproving vulture as she advanced upon them, her hand held high.

* * *

It was only when the rest of the guests began to make their way into dinner that Keith realised why he and Jack were the only people billeted on the top floor. They were obviously the only members of the company whose legs would carry them up three flights of stairs.

In the short pause between the soup and fish, the two young men took stock of their companions. With one exception, they could all easily have been Jack's grandparents and Keith's great-grandparents. The exception was an urgent but somewhat anæmic looking curate who did not look capable of being anybody's grandparent.

At the table nearest to theirs, they could observe Mr., Mrs. and Miss Lindsay-Arbuthnot. The Lindsay-Arbuthnots, whose average age must have been seventy-nine (Miss L.-A. being the sister and not the daughter of Mr.), had apparently known palmier days. They could never quite reconcile themselves to their slightly reduced circumstances. Furthermore, Mr. and Mrs. were both deaf—very deaf.

"Look how this lemonade bubbles," shouted Mrs. Lindsay-Arbuthnot, "just like the champagne we used to have down at the big house."

Then, as her husband had not heard a word of it, she repeated when he had adjusted his wires and turned his microphone in her direction. The old gentleman nodded faintly, fixed his pince-nez and peered at the bubbles, chuckling like a delighted child.

Keith and Jack suffered the meal in silence, and were the last of the troop which wended its way to the lounge and the coffee. This reticence proved to be a bad move, as all the chairs were in the process of being occupied before they had even a fair chance. The process of occupation took quite some time. When, at last, Miss Cynthia Wutherspoon had discarded her plush-covered crutches, lowered himself, gingerly but voluptuously, into the mass of cushions and flowered cretonne which was her favourite chair, and hoisted a decrepit Cairn into her large lap, Jack and Keith found themselves left with two hard, high stools by the fireplace.

In this position they were terribly exposed, and most of the guests really noticed them for the first time. An able-bodied man, in full possession of the majority of his faculties, was a rare thing indeed. It was as if all the fossilised exhibits in the local Natural History Museum had suddenly become aware of the quick and lively visitors who wandered around their sanctum, disturbing the dust and invading the peace.

As a representative of active masculinity, Colonel Dellarby-Andrews was the first to speak to the newcomers. Dellarby-Andrews was not a large man, but a healthy outdoor life on the Officers' Mess lawn had tanned his thin face and bleached his thin hair to a snowy white. The most outstanding thing about him was his walk. Forty years ago, when he had been a subaltern at the time of the Kashbee Rising, he had remained in the saddle for forty-six hours, and his knees had never quite recovered from it.

The Colonel ambled over to Keith and dealt him a resounding blow round the shoulders. "Well, young fellow-me-lad, don't s'pose you're here for the waters, eh?"

"No, sir."

"We are making a general study of the late Eighteenth Century Watering Places," lied Jack. "We've already done Bath and Cheltenham, and from here we go to Matlock and Harrogate."

The room was now mute with attention. Many heads, on their long, scraggy and velvet-chokered necks, craned forward.

"As a matter of fact," said Keith, "we usually put in about half an hour's hard book work after dinner. I wonder if you'd excuse us?"

He pulled Jack to his feet.

"Certainly, me dear fella," bellowed the Colonel. "I'm sure we wouldn't wanta keep you from your studies."

Up in their room, Keith and Jack collapsed.

"You did say ten days, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Pity."

For a few minutes they sat in thought. Jack was the first to speak: "If we leave now, they're sure to charge us for the other nine days."

"Not if they throw us out!" Keith almost shouted.

"Ye gods, this place is turning you loopy already. They wouldn't throw us out; they all love us dearly."

Keith gave an evil laugh and raised his left eyebrow. "We could soon alter that."

* * *

It was nearly nine o'clock, and the Lindsay-Arbuthnots were just finishing their third rubber of contract bridge with the Curate. Cynthia Wutherspoon had rung the hand-bell

and summoned the maid to take her animal for its nocturnal constitutional, and the Colonel was reading the fifth chapter of one of Henty's earlier novels.

This sacred silence was suddenly shattered by cries of "stop, help, fire brigade! my candlesticks," the sound of breaking glass and diabolic laughter. The drawing-room door was thrown unceremoniously open and Jack staggered in with Keith lying limply across his shoulders. Jack rushed across the floor, laid the body on the hearth-rug, and demanded air.

The room was pandemonium. Mr. Lindsay-Arbuthnot was asking the Curate what had happened, while the latter tried to calm his petrified relations. The Wutherspoon animal, having sneaked in through the open door, was barking with terrified ferocity, and the Colonel was asking if those damned tribesmen were at work again.

"Tomato sauce, half a grapefruit, two chrysanthemums and some ice," ordered Jack. "Quickly!" The Curate left his elderly charges and scuttled towards the dining room.

While Jack was undoing Keith's collar and tie, the reverend gentleman returned with, rather surprisingly, all he had been asked for. Jack scooped out the grapefruit, filled the skin with tomato sauce, added some ice and floated a chrysanthemum blossom on the top. He placed this mixture on the mantelpiece and stuck the remaining bloom through his hair.

Keith then got up, bowed, and helped Jack climb on to his shoulders.

"'Massacre by Moonlight,'" ogled Keith.

"Don't miss it," added Jack.

"At the Palladium on Thursday, Friday and Saturday."

"It's amazing."

"Terrific."

"Passionate."

"Ghastly."

Then, with Jack still mounted, they left the room.

Before you could say "smelling salts," Keith was back, armed with the Visitors' Book. He strode over to Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay-Arbuthnot and swung open the book at the appropriate page.

"Excuse me," he said, addressing Mr. L.-A.'s microphone, "but I have come to the conclusion that this lady and yourself are not, in actual fact, joined in wedlock, but are merely enjoying a somewhat extended dirty week-end. While you," he continued, swinging round upon the sister, "are the intended chaperon who has been handsomely bribed to keep her mouth shut."

Colonel Dellarby-Andrews was about to intervene when Jack pushed in front of him with a serving trolley which was heavily loaded with newspaper packets of fish and chips and half-pint bottles of pale ale.

"One supper, one bottle," said Jack to the Colonel. "And take the ones nearest you."

"No," cried the gallant gentleman. "Feed the females first."

"Right!" And Jack trundled the trolley towards the Lindsay-Arbuthnots, crying, "Buy me and stop one—or else."

Keith left his former victims and pressed food and drink upon Miss Wutherspoon. "Love me, love my dog," he cooed, dropping a chip in front of the decrepit canine.

As Jack passed, he took Keith by the elbow and complained, very loudly, that he thought that "people with smelly dogs ought to be made to pay extra."

Keith broke away and asked Dellarby-Andrews if he had heard the one about the Hunchback of Notre Dame and the girl from the Folies Bergeres. The Colonel had, but insisted on hearing it all over again.

While this was going on, Jack trotted over to Miss Lindsay-Arbuthnot. With a wonderful flourish, he presented her with a bound volume of the last fifteen works of Paul Renin, fell down on one knee, and sang "Mammy."

Keith joined in the last chorus and applauded loudly. They then took off their coats, performed the first five movements of the "Hokey Cokey," and walked out.

* * *

The next morning the old folk attended breakfast alone. Keith and Jack rose moderately early and packed their bags. They then smoked innumerable cigarettes, waiting for the inevitable knock at the door.

It came at about 9.30, when a trim little housemaid said that the manageress would like to speak to them, and would they be good enough to step into her office. The two young gentlemen signified their assent and quietly carried their cases down to the hall. After straightening their ties in the ornamental mirror, they stepped up to a door marked "Private," and knocked.

The manageress was working at the accounts, enveloped in a flowered house-coat of rather forced cheerfulness. She laid down her pen and wished them a good morning.

"I have been talking over last night's festivities with some of my older guests," she began, "and they insisted that I speak to you. The whole business is most unusual; nothing of the sort has ever happened here before. My guests enjoyed it all immensely, haven't felt so well for ages, and asked me to express their heartfelt gratitude."

Gardens in Barracks

Now with thankfulness reap your desired harvest.
Sow winter herbs in the full of the moon.
Esteem fair weather as precious and mis-spend it not.
Gather garden seeds near the full.
Use moderate diet; forbear to sleep presently after meat.
Take heed of sudden cold after heat.

XVIIth Century Lore

As wise advice as ever was given. This article has often drawn attention to the advantage of doing most gardening operations connected with sowing or gathering of seed at full moon. It is traditional holiday time in England, but for the gardener there will be much to do.

The drought in June will have put back many crops or made them less plentiful. Potatoes, for instance (today, 5th July), appear in fine order, but the haulm is dying fast on the earlies and there are signs that the main crop may have to be dug early again this year. Carrots died during the June drought and had to be re-sown, which means again a light crop.

First of all, what shall we be eating? In barracks, runner beans are an expensive luxury, but we should have sowed dwarf French beans for succession and still be enjoying them. Peas are nearly over. There are plenty of salads and not much else. P.R.I. will bless you if at or near the full moon he sees you handing in tins of seed of flowers and if the trays of early potato seed are safely stacked away.

The drought made digging impossible in June. If and when we get rain in July we shall not have finished clearing all the ground we need. As soon as the land is ready, winter greens should be put out in their permanent quarters. It is late, but not too late.

If you go in for flowers, sow lupin seed any time in August, and they will give sturdy plants of all colours to flower in late June or July the next year and thereafter be a joyous medley of colour in May and June.

(Continued on next page)

My Dog Rastus (VIII)

By **A. J. AUDEN**

KING'S Birthday Parade. What visions do those three words conjure up. To many people they imply the pageantry of the Trooping of the Colour on the Horse Guards Parade with His Majesty The King taking the salute and the Guards in their glory of scarlet and gold, their heads held high under their heavy bearskins. To many others who are not so fortunate as to be in London for the occasion, they imply the ceremony of the biggest parade that can be arranged by the local troops assisted by the Boy Scouts.

To us who have to take part, King's Birthday Parade means the weeks of practice beforehand, the fear of doing the wrong thing and disgracing ourselves and our Regiments, the fly that settles on our noses when we are standing rigidly to attention, and the boots which perversely refuse to take the necessary shine.

Rastus, my terrier sort of dog, also has found it very trying. Usually he comes everywhere with me, but I just couldn't have him trotting about the practice parades, so I had to shut him up in my room, to which he strongly and noisily objected.

Another fact about these parades which is not generally known is that as soon as they are suggested it suddenly comes to light that one's Company Commander will be away on a course, is due for leave, or has a mysterious injury to his leg which precludes his wearing boots, so that Joe Soap has to do all the practices and "carry the can." To be brief, Major Snodgrass developed rheumatism and I was detailed as O.C. 1 Company.

Looking at the Company on the first practice parade, I thought that never in my life had I seen such a shabby, knock-kneed, round-shouldered, left-footed, semi-illiterate menagerie of scarecrows, and when I got back to the Mess I sank into a chair in disconsolate desperation. Just then Tubby came in.

"What a shower your crowd looked today," he said.

"Shower be damned," I replied. "They're a bit out of practice, and were wearing any old dress today, but they'll beat 3 Company into a cocked hat any day of the week." It was all very well calling them names myself, but I wasn't going to have a bloke like Tubby being rude about them.

The next day things went a little better, at least I thought that they did, though the difference might not have been noticeable to anyone who had been watching. They'd made a bit better effort on their boots, and one could sometimes see a section of threes in line. So day after day we practised, and in due course when the Battalion parades started I wasn't too ashamed of them, at any rate I thought that I'd manage "to get away with it." There's no harm in hoping, but, of course, "I didn't "get away with it." A fly got into my eye just as I was about to give "Quick march," so that I gave it on the wrong foot, and after the dismiss the Adjutant made certain uncomplimentary remarks to me, just hinting that the C.O. wouldn't be altogether pleased if the Company didn't put up a better show next time. The only comfort was the sight of Tubby in the Orderly Room looking up the Regulations on how to transfer to another Regiment.

However, there's no need to labour the point, as I'm sure that all my readers know the heartbreaking ups and downs which always have and always will precede such parades, when one day the Company really does look rather fine and the next it looks like a mob of donkey engine drivers leaving a football match. We finished with Battalion parades and wound up with the last few Garrison practices.

The day itself, as the best newspaper reporters say, dawned bright and warm, and ardour was not unduly damped by the thin drizzle which started as I was inspecting, nor by the sharp wind coming off the moors. I checked a few minor irregularities in dress, but I was really pleased to see what a big final effort everyone had made, and as we moved off in style on to the Battalion Parade I could feel my chest getting a couple of extra inches expansion. The Band was playing by that time and I began to wonder why people make such a lot of fuss about the Guards.

The C.O. took a quick look round, and then once again with No. 1 Company following the Band we were swinging down the road to join the main parade. We marched on to the parade ground with precision and stood easy in line waiting for the General to arrive. We were just about the centre of the line, so I had a good view of the road down which the General would come, and also of the spectators massed on either side. I noticed a number of smart little . . . but I digress.

In case of some hitch, the normal procedure is that plenty of time is allowed, so I began to get bored. I took out my handkerchief and brushed a minute speck of dust from off my boot. Then I looked up to see if there were any sign of a car. There wasn't, but I did see a small speck on the road in the distance.

When I looked up again the speck was larger. I gasped. Surely I couldn't be mistaken in that jaunty devil-may-care trot. The car appeared, and as it drew up I had the horrid certainty of the identity of that one ear up and the other down.

We came to the shun. "Parade slope - - arms," came the voice of the Commander. Just as the General walked to the flagstaff Rastus trotted on to parade.

"No salute for me, please," said Rastus.

(Continued from previous page)

In the South, at any rate, sweet peas sown at the end of August will give you a blaze of colour for the end of May until the end of June, when the sweet peas sown in March are flowering well.

Spinach is no crop for the cookhouse; it is too difficult to prepare; but for the private garden a sort called Reliance is good for sowing in August as it will not go to seed as easily as others.

One last word: look at your compost heaps. If they are not full to overflowing, find something to fill them with. You will need every barrowful you can get in October and November.

If you are contemplating moving any young trees later in the year, do remember when replanting "at the full of the moon" to see they are carefully put in with the same side facing north. Don't sleep too heavily after meat. You feel awful when you wake up and even more disinclined to go and work in the garden.

BAOR

11 Air Formation Signal Regiment

Buckeburg

KING'S BIRTHDAY PARADE

A composite Squadron from the Regiment took part in the King's Birthday Parade at H.Q., B.A.F.O. The salute was taken by Air Marshal T. M. Williams, C.B., O.B.E., M.C., D.F.C., A.O.C.-in-C. B.A.F.O. Photograph shows the A.O.C.-in-C. inspecting 11 Air Formation Signal Regiment.

THE RETURN OF THE JEEP

by D. E. Loveday

I arrived in the Regiment just in time to see the last Jeeps leave. Since that time, transport has consisted mainly of three-tonners. Most of the Troops on airfields must certainly have thought back occasionally to the time when such a vehicle was on the Troop establishment physically as well as theoretically and was a source of envy to the R.A.F., who possess no Jeeps.

Imagine our surprise when, half-way through June, the news spread quickly that the Jeep was returning to circulation. Although treated with reserve, the rumour proved to be correct and was soon followed by a letter from the C.O. detailing the list of drivers, and particulars for the handing in of 29 15-cwts. at Ahlhorn and the subsequent collection of 45 Jeeps down at München-Gladbach, in the Ruhr. Captain MacDowall was appointed O.C. of the convoy and myself Second-in-Command.

☆

The convoy started early on Monday morning. The weather was sunny and the way straightforward, and we arrived at Ahlhorn with most of the afternoon still before us, but we needed it all, for two large convoys had beaten us to it. Considering the vast amount of trouble one goes to in maintaining and looking after a vehicle during its service, it certainly seemed a very inglorious ending when each vehicle was vouchered over and disappeared into the vast legions that dominated the horizon round the depot.

The following day the O.C. and two D.R.s left on their way down to München-Gladbach, travelling on motor bikes, leaving the main body to the mercy of the German State Railways. However, in spite of duff gen on train timings, we managed to get away at midday and found ourselves organised to the extent of having two complete coaches provided for ourselves. A N.A.A.F.I. wagon into the bargain would have been an improvement, for a pile of very tired and hungry types detrained at Munchen-Gladbach that night after completing a long journey on very short rations.

All the drivers were out in the park Wednesday morning very early and, surprisingly enough, the Jeeps were ready there as well. Headlights and engines tested, tools checked, vouchers signed, and we were almost ready, but hopes of getting back to Bückeburg early in the evening quickly receded when it was learnt that one Jeep had been bundled into workshops for the morning. Still, with dinner behind us, everyone was in good spirits and, we hoped, the Jeeps as well. Anyhow, they stretched back into the depths of the park in a very imposing line. A blast on the whistle, Captain MacDowall and Sergeant Kealy straddled their bikes in a satisfied sort of way, the first Jeeps in lines detached themselves, and the column began to follow slowly to a low, steady drone intermingled with the odd snorts of engines that were very hesitantly trying to run on water and petrol, and the not so hesitant curses of the lads who were driving them. I looked back after I had covered 500 yards and Jeeps were still pouring out of the gate.

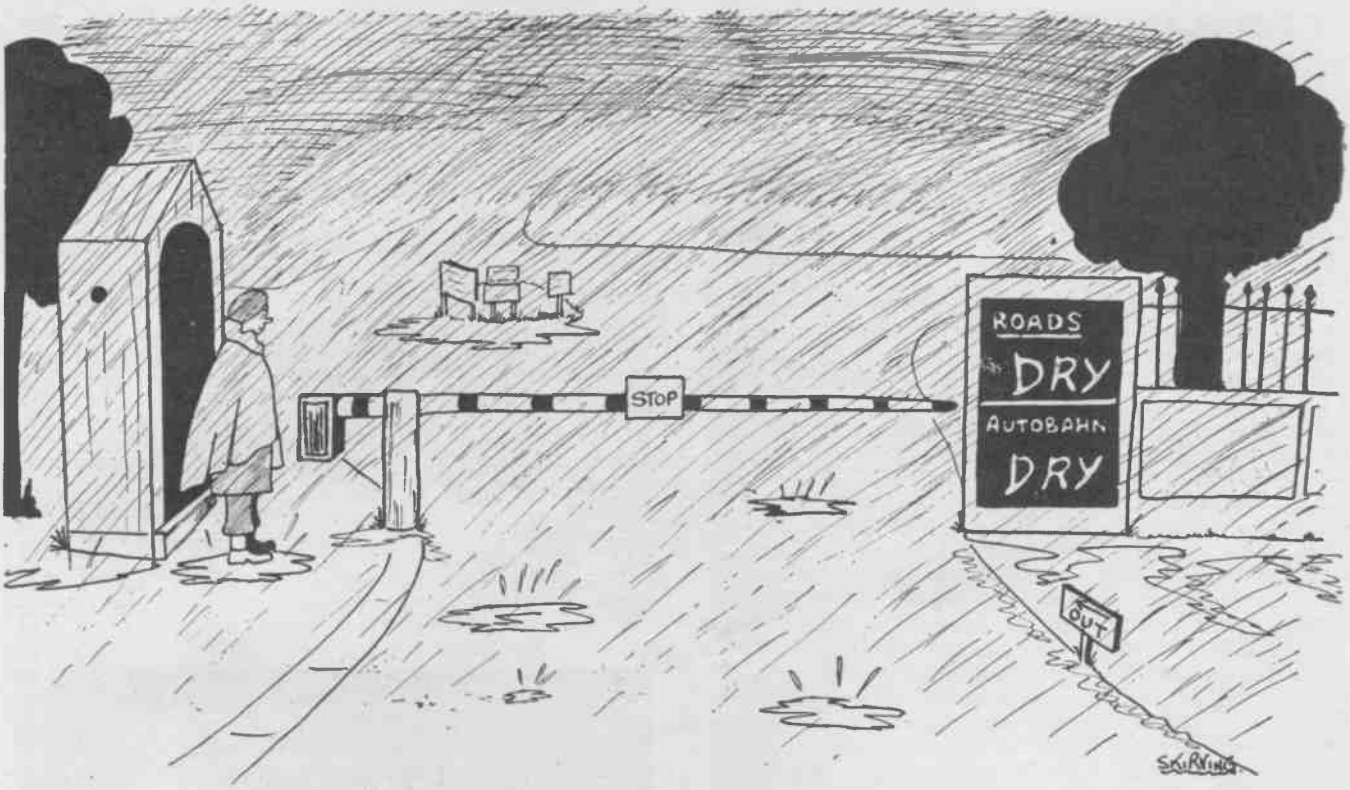
☆

München-Gladbach was the first serious obstacle in our path, for with 40 odd Jeeps behind one, there was no time to make mistakes, but we emerged from the town at length. In spite of more strategic planning, I think we were even less successful in our advance on Düsseldorf. A quarter-inch map was no instrument with which to navigate such a town at first acquaintance. What should have been an orderly detour evolved into a head-on charge straight through the town, spaced with brief glimpses of three overworked D.R.s trying to annihilate odd police who insisted on splitting the already trisected convoy into even smaller fragments. We finally crossed a bridge over the Rhine and with a sigh of relief that seemed to rise visibly from the column, we swung on to the autobahn and increased speed from what had been an infuriating crawl to a clear 25 m.p.h. The miles began to tick away, our spirits rose, and an hour passed in what was now a monotonous swing along the wide open road before the next interruption occurred in the shape of the very welcome arrival of a three-tonner with tea and sandwiches from Bückeburg. It would have been enough to have stretched in the sun and watched other drivers sail by, but another 200 kilometres had yet to be covered to reach our destination.

Essen, Dortmund, Hamm had passed by as smoky huddles of chimney stacks on the horizon, and the sun had sunk below the trees before the next break arrived in the form of a very good cup of coffee at the Windmill Café at Beccum. We left here, with lights on and windscreens down to keep ourselves awake, which in spite of the views on the cold night air, proved very effective. As the stars came out I stood up, out of curiosity, and had a look round at our own private galaxy winding slowly over the hill at 30-yard intervals. Certainly a very colourful sight, for all the world like Southend Pier on wheels.

At 2 a.m. next morning a very tired and dirty company rolled into the deserted streets of Bückeburg. They were in no mood to be stopped by the R.A.F. corporal on the gate, who insisted on seeing the nominal roll. In fact, I don't think they did. Bed was indicated.

With all Best Wishes,
Carol Marsh.



H.Q., B.A.O.R., Signal Regiment

Herford

Have we told you that our Commanding Officer is now Lieutenant-Colonel J. E. S. Sanders? He carried his bat from S.X. Branch, Bad Oeyenhausen, and has settled down to a steady innings with the Regiment. He brought his family too, and Mrs. Sanders is now very busily rallying the married families. Colonel and Mrs. Sanders know how heartily we welcome them and we trust that they stay with the Regiment will be a long and happy one. There have been many other arrivals to the Regiment and these we also greet with a welcoming smile. There have been many departures too, unfortunately too numerous to mention. We wish them all God speed.

Of the many events during June, pride of place must go to the King's Birthday Parade. For this the Regiment was divided. No. 2 Squadron provided the main contingent for Guard of Honour to Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Keightley, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., and was a very fine parade it was. The excellent turn-out reflects great credit on all those who took part and indicates the keen interest they took whilst training for the parade under their instructor, Lieutenant "Aubrey" Harrison. We in Herford are proud of our brother in Bad Oeyenhausen.

The Herford Garrison parade consisted of a detachment of Royal Engineers from the Zonal Postal Depot and Nos. 1 and 3 Squadrons of the Regiment. Major-General J. C. Hayden, C.B., D.S.O., O.B.E., carried out the inspection and took the salute at the march past. Once again we showed a large crowd of spectators that Signals can do it. Special mention should be made of the excellent music which came to us from the cans of S.Q.M.S. (F. of S.) Pritchard and his boys and the skilful way in which he started each of his records on the left foot. After the parade spectators, who were mainly officials of the Control Commission, were invited to inspect various items of Signal equipment which were on display round the square. We were flattered by the keen interest shown by our guests and it more than compensated for the additional hard work required to make a successful show.

Our weather has been playing tricks lately and twice the order has gone forth for shirtsleeve order only to be countermanded because of the Arctic blasts which followed. In spite of this we have managed to keep our end up in sport. Our cricket team goes from strength to strength and up-to-date the only game we have lost was a friendly one. We still head the local Z.E.C.O. League. In the game with 2 Divisional Signal Regiment which was intended to be a two-day match on 11th and 12th June, owing to bad weather it was only possible to play on the 11th. The result was very satisfying for us, the score being H.Q. B.A.O.R. Signal Regiment 207 (Major Carpenter 55, S.Q.M.S. Harding 56) and 2 Divisional Signal Regiment 93.

In swimming and water polo too we are well up to last year's form. It is a little early yet to give an accurate forecast but we started well by winning the 7 Armoured Brigade Shield on 2nd July.

We sent a fully representative team to the Brigade rifle meeting but opposition from the Rifle Brigade was too much for us. However, we shall try again next year.

Saturday, 11th June, was a great day for our Lieutenant K. M. Banks when he took the plunge and was married to Miss Myfanwy Roberts at the Garrison Church of St. George, Bielfeld. We all join in wishing them every happiness in the future.

It is with very deep regret that we have to announce the death, following a bathing accident at the Bad Oeyenhausen swimming pool on 29th May, of S.Q.M.S. (F. of S.) N. T. V. O'C. St. John-Beale. S.Q.M.S. St. John-Beale recently joined the Regiment from 11 Air Formation Signal Regiment, but he had quickly become an enthusiastic member of 2 Squadron where he was very well liked and greatly respected by all ranks. He was a very keen "ham" and his call sign D2DN will be well-known to "hams" all over the world.

We are sure that all those in the Corps who knew him will join us in extending our deepest sympathy to his mother and family.

2 Infantry Divisional Signal Regiment, Hilden

This month we have said farewell to Captain D. A. Barry. This is indeed a great loss to the Unit, and especially to "A" Troop, the Motor Cycle Club, and the Camera Club, all of which benefited under his guiding influence. We welcome three new officers, Captain H. D. Miller, Royal Ulster Rifles, who is helping out the Adjutant, Captain (T.O.M.) L. de B. Wilmott to "M" Troop, and Second Lieutenant F. Halford to "A" Troop.

During the past month we have been very busy running courses for junior and senior N.C.O.s, Radio Mechanics, Operators, Linemen, Despatch Riders and Drivers. We hope that our labours will bear fruit when the trade boards are held in a few weeks' time.

Thursday, 30th June, saw the opening of the new Signals Social Centre, the "Ding Dong Club." This new venture is the outcome of much hard work by Mrs. G. B. Bell, the wife of our Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel G. B. Bell, C.B.E., and the members of the Ladies' Committee. As Mrs. Bell so aptly put it, "It is a place where all ranks and their families may get to know each other." Prompt at 7.30 p.m. the proceedings started with a few well-chosen words by the Secretary of the Club, Mrs. Lacey. Then followed a few words from our Commanding Officer and an opening address by Mrs. Bell. Then off we went to a spirited sing song. The tea buffet was very well patronised (it was free) and afterwards a lively "housey-housey" competition was eagerly contested. We ended this very enjoyable evening with our theme song, "Auf Wiedersehen," and the Corps March. A varied programme of competitions and entertainments has been arranged for the coming meetings, and we would like to thank Mrs. Bell and the Ladies' Committee for all the enterprise and hard work they have put into the Club. We hope this venture will be a great success.

The Unit Motor Cycle Racing Club continues to do well at the B.A.O.R. meetings. In the 2nd Division Championship we gained third place in the team race. The outstanding feature of the afternoon's riding was the excellent performance by our team captain, Lieutenant E. B. Wilson (The Worcestershire Regiment), who won all the three events for which he entered. Enthusiasm is keen, but unfortunately the number of riding members is limited by the shortage of machines and spare parts. The programme for July is already full, and we have entered for both the B.A.O.R. T.T. Races and the 2nd Division Open Meeting. We would like to thank Captain D. A. Barry, the founder of the Club, for all the hard work he put into it, and hope that he will continue to "spread the gospel" in his new Unit.

Lieutenant M. F. U. N. Seddon is at present in hospital, and we hope that he will have a complete and speedy recovery. He lost an argument with a milestone while riding his motor cycle.

Sport. Cricket. With the season now well under way, the Regimental cricket team have been honoured by having several members chosen to represent 2nd Division, B.A.O.R. Signals, and B.A.O.R. Command. Major Warren, Lance-Corporal Maloney, Lance-Corporal Burton and Signalman Crinson have all been selected to play for B.A.O.R. Signals, while Major Warren and Lance-Corporal Maloney have also played for the Division and B.A.O.R. Command. We have so far played five matches, four of which we have lost. In the first round of the Divisional Tournament we lost by three runs to 19th Field Regiment, R.A. We made 110 in reply to our opponents' score of 113. The batting honours were shared by S.S.M. Vaughan and Lance-Corporal Burton, both of whom scored 27, while the bowling honours went to Major Warren, who took 7 wickets for 46 runs. On 11th June we visited Herford to play what was intended to be a two-day match against the H.Q., B.A.O.R. Signal Regiment. Unfortunately, rain prevented any play on the first day, and the match had to be decided on the first innings only. This resulted in a win for our opponents by 112 runs. The main feature of the day's play was the magnificent bowling of Signalman Lockwood, who took all 10 wickets for 34 runs. We offer our congratulations to Signalman Lockwood, who is to be presented with the ball, suitably inscribed, with which he did this.

Results:

Opponents	Result
19 Field Regiment, R.A.	Lost by 3 runs.
Headquarters 2 Infantry Division	Lost by 28 runs.
Black Watch	Lost by 25 runs.
H.Q., B.A.O.R. Signal Regiment	Lost by 112 runs.
Headquarters 2 Infantry Division	Won by 3 runs.

Our fixture list is now complete for the season. We have been fortunate enough to acquire a field which is being rapidly transformed into our home ground. We hope it will be ready for use next month.

Swimming. On Wednesday, 29th June, we held the Unit Swimming Competition. Men from both home and outstations gathered to fight out the team and individual competitions. "J" Troop won the Championship Shield for the second year in succession, with 2 Squadron in second place and "K" Troop third.

Individuals who distinguished themselves were Lance-Corporal Morrison ("M" Troop), who won the 3 metre

Sergeant D. G. Pearce and Miss Gertrud Eisen at their wedding on 15th June, 1949

diving; Sergeant Bateman ("K" Troop), who won the 1 metre diving, while Major Rowntree, Captain Hoerder and Captain Staerck shared second place. In the relay races the gallant efforts of Major Rowntree, Lance-Corporal Brown and Signalman Gray are all worthy of special mention. H.Q. Squadron, who only had five competitors, put up a great fight and finished fifth.

Mrs. G. B. Bell kindly presented prizes to the winning teams.

Athletics. Due to the exercises and heavy training programme, we were unable to prepare a team to enter for the 4th Brigade and 2nd Infantry Division Inter-Unit Championships, but after "scraping the barrel" we managed to send ten enthusiastic youngsters along to Dusseldorf Stadium to compete in the 2nd Division Individual Championships. Although these lads tried very hard, they were no match for the cream of the Division. Signalman McCarvel, of "O" Troop, however, did exceptionally well to reach the finals of the 100 and 200 metres sprints. He won his heat and was second in the semi-finals, but unfortunately could not win a place in the final. Considering that this youngster had only been training one week, we think his performance deserves commendation.

Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess. At a cocktail party held on the evening of Tuesday, 21st June, we were honoured by the presence of Major-General and Mrs. Callander, Miss Callander, and Senior Officers of the Divisional Headquarters Staff. Everyone agreed that this get together was a pronounced success, and that "a good time was had by all."

On Whit Monday the Mess decided to hold an "at home" in the grounds adjoining the lake. A strenuous morning was spent in constructing and erecting various swings, see-saws, golf courses, etc., for the entertainment of the children. An equally strenuous afternoon was spent in restraining the excited youngsters who determined to capture the apparently enormous stocks of chocolate. In the evening a dance was held, during which the magic of the swings occasionally charmed away the dancers.

We must congratulate Sergeant Denis Pearce on his marriage to Miss Gertrud Eisen on 15th June. We join with all his many friends in wishing him good luck in joining what the Regimental Sergeant-Major has called "the League of Harassed Husbands."

1 WIRELESS REGIMENT

Glückstadt

The highlight of the past month was the Annual Unit Athletic Meeting. There was a large number of entrants for each and every event, and as the track and sports field were in tip-top condition, all that was required was the co-operation of the Weather Clerk to make the day a truly gala affair. At the unearthly hour of 0830 hrs, personnel of all ranks, in various stages of deshabille, could be seen limbering up, zipping up the 100 metres stretch, and peering anxiously for Old Man Sol. Their pleadings must have been heard and the rest of the day was spent in ideal conditions.

In the track events there were some exciting finishes, none more so than the 800 metres, in which Signalman Shaw came forward with a carefully judged burst to pip Lance-Corporal O'Connor on the post. The Unit crack athlete, Signalman Tulett, gave us a great exhibition of pace judgment in winning the 3 miles with ease in 16 mins. 27 secs., which time he could considerably have reduced had be been really taxed. This same competitor simply walked away with the 1 mile event. We expect Signalman Tulett to add to his laurels in the coming events at Hamburg.

Both the 100 metres and 200 metres were won by Signalman Treneman, whilst Lance-Corporal O'Connor made up

Signalman Futcher and Signalman Chambers, first

for his narrow defeat in the 800 metres by winning the 400 metres in good time. The relay race was won by Registry after a very close finish, and in the field events Sergeant Lee won the shot, Signalman Clark the javelin, Corporal Willmett the discus and the hammer. The high jump went to Signalman Clark and the long jump was won by Signalman Littlefield. The tug-of-war provided much excitement, and, after much honest sweat, M.T. carried the day.

The egg and spoon race was won in exhilarating fashion by that tenacious "gripper," S.Q.M.S. Miller, and wife, although it was hinted that glue was the secret of his success. The children's race was toddled to success by one of the large handicap entrants.

The obstacle race, concocted by S.S.I. Thompson, gave the competitors some excruciating moments before Corporal Amos wriggled and jumped his way to victory. Tilting the bucket provided unexpected douchings for the participants and lots of laughs for the spectators.

All personnel and visitors were admirably catered for as regards refreshments by Sergeant Webster and staff, and the marquees did an incessant trade in ice cream and lemonade with the youngsters, whose capacity for them finally outlasted supplies.

With the presentation of prizes by Mrs. S. F. P. Wolferstan, wife of the Commanding Officer, a very enjoyable and satisfying day ended, leaving plenty of scope for Barrack Room critics and letter writers to have a wholesome evening.

The Unit did very well in the B.F.N. Quiz Competition until meeting a N.A.A.F.I. team which included the Hamburg quiz king, Mr. Hutchinson, when they were narrowly defeated, succumbing to the intricacies of Greek mythology and unheard of literary characters. Our Unit golf team waltzed through the first round of the Inter-Unit Golf

Championship by not losing a single match, and we hope to see further "Open" standards reached when winning the next round. At present there are nightly rehearsals for a Unit Concert Party Revue which, all being well, will be presented on Bank Holiday Monday.

General Unit Notes end on well wishing. Sergeant Ward, who left for Gibraltar, and Sergeant Hutton, for 10 Wireless Squadron, leave behind a host of friends in the Unit, and our best wishes go with them, as we extend a warm welcome to Sergeant "Aussie" Lane on his return to the Unit after an absence of some 15 months.

7 ARMOURED DIVISIONAL SIGNAL REGIMENT

Hannover District (the predecessor of 7 Armoured Division), formed from the break up of 5 Division and the original 7 Armoured Division, was served by Signals in the form of three Independent Squadrons coming under the Staff direction of the D.C.S.O. and his henchmen. It looked as though this state of affairs might continue indefinitely when out of the blue 7 Armoured Division reformed.

Overnight the D.C.S.O. became C.R. Signals and the Squadrons lost their independence to become part of the Regiment. As far as 7 Brigade and 31 Brigade were concerned, this meant little more than a new name, but for Hannover District Signal Squadron it meant a complete change over from a static Unit to a most mobile one.

Such a change brought the inevitable string of new faces and departure of old, amongst whom was one of the stalwarts of Hannover District. Lieutenant-Colonel M. G. A. ("Monty") Hepper (who will long be remembered for his collection of 970 gramophone records of everything from Palestrina to Hindemith), our first C.R. Signals, returned to U.K., but not before he had seen the Regiment through its teething troubles, including a grim wisdom in the form of ex "Unity Two." His successor is Lieutenant-Colonel Gambier, who has lost no time in introducing all and sundry to his impressive personality and eagle eye, not to mention his moustache.

On Unity Two. From right to left: Lieut.-Colonel P. B. Gambier, Lieut.-Colonel M. G. A. Hepper, Second-Lieutenant M. C. d'E. Miller

1 SQUADRON. For the first few weeks everyone was madly busy trying to forget everything they knew about line repeaters and finding out how to work a 53 set. The Tele. Op. Troops were disbanded and the old familiar "A," "C," "D" and "O" were painfully but effectively dusted back into life.

How far this was a success was tested on exercise "Unity Two." This operation was remarkable for two things. One was the treacherousness of the weather, for in the Signal exercise of our own which immediately preceded "Unity" (and during "Unity" itself) we experienced the full range of scale of thermometer, barometer and hydrometer—which would have been washed away if we hadn't anchored it to an A.C.V.—and this for a total of nine days. Then weather conditions extended from blazing sunshine, through mist and drizzle, full-scale thunderstorms and hail, to sleet and even snow. Happily, the weather became better as the exercise progressed.

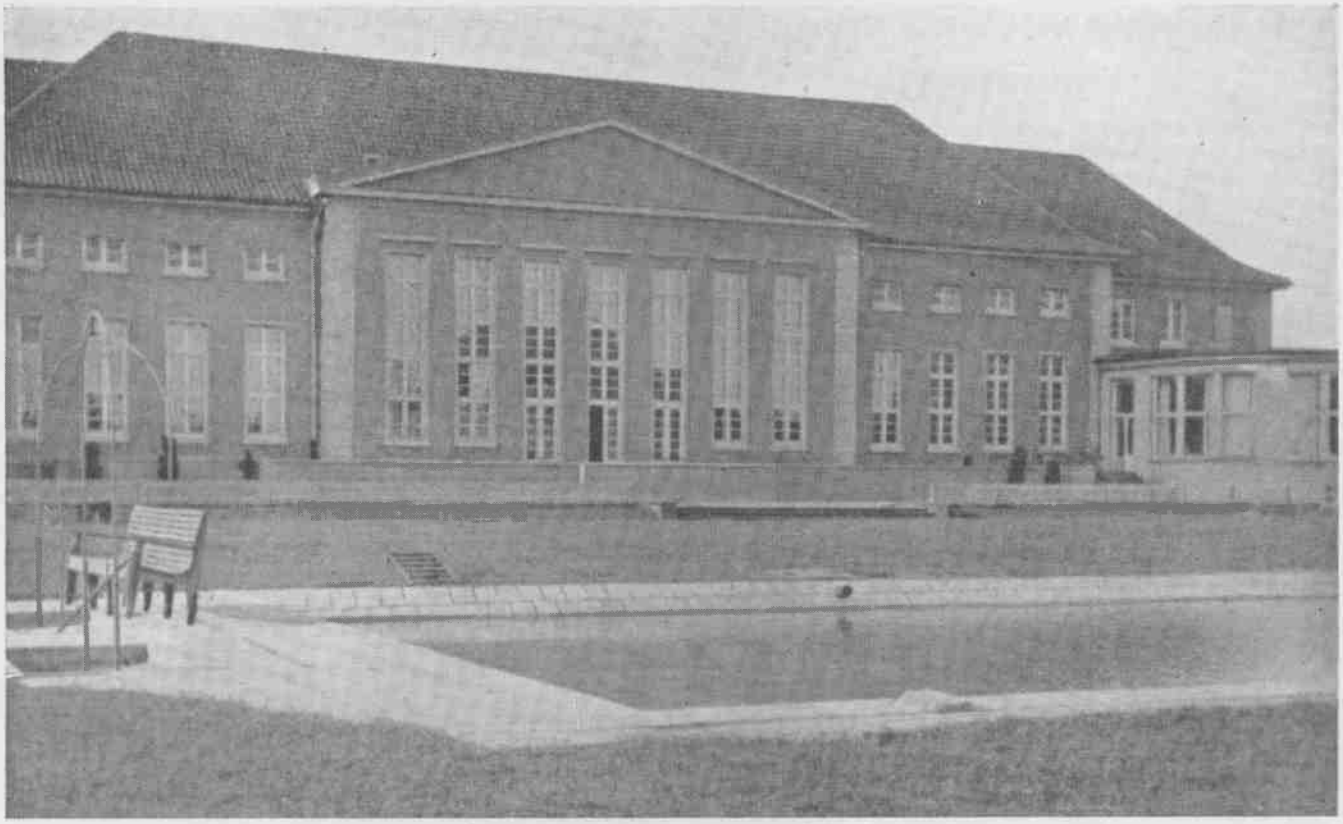
The other remarkable thing about "Unity" was the tenacity and keenness of the operators. Often in the face of terrific odds—at least three Staff officers and an intermittently faulty set against one operator—they bashed on and got through. Only on one occasion did an operator's equanimity get ruffled; unfortunately the O.C. happened to be outside at the time, and the silence which followed the O.C.'s slight interjection was even more awful than the raw curses which had preceded it.

3 SQUADRON. May opened with the usual May Day celebrations, but the Harz district, like many other localities, has its own interpretation of these festivities and "Walpurgis Night," as it is called, rather took us by surprise. It is understandable that in the Harz district, where the winter is so severe, the coming of spring should call for a celebration, but we were rather amazed that absolutely everyone—and his neighbour—seemed to be taking part. The winter is symbolised by devils and witches who make public speeches against the May Queen and dance round huge fires on the hillsides until midnight, when the entrance of the May Queen puts them to flight. The rest of the night is then given over to carnivals and dances, etc. Most of the Squadron seem to have been mixed with one bonfire or another and thoroughly enjoyed the purging of the devils, but it was not until next morning that they realised that the purge had not been carried out with the usual German thoroughness—the Senior N.C.O.s still breathed.

The civil population were rather disappointed, too, when they discovered that the gaily coloured vehicle seen in the Signals M.T. Park was not in fact the May Queen and her attendants but merely the B.M. and a much bemedalled S.Q.M.S. inspecting the newly-painted (or should we say decorated?) half-track tac vehicle. Also the little khaki-clad figures making funny noises and dancing round a pole were not the traditional English maypole dancers but merely the L.C.V. crew trying to sort out the guy ropes.

4 SQUADRON. Many may remember this Squadron as 7 Independent Armoured Brigade Squadron, which we became on the disbandment of the original 7 Armoured Division in 1948. This independent status we lost on the reforming of 7 Armoured Division, when we again became 4 Squadron.

We have also changed our location since you last heard



Officers' Mess, H.Q., 7th Armoured Division

from us, and we are now at Bad Lippspringe, that well-known Westphalian health resort.

Brigade H.Q. is situated in a very pleasant setting surrounding a green and sacred sward, in which appear many signs such as "Keep off the grass," "Do not pick the flowers," and other homely welcoming injunctions.

The H.Q. is also the mainstay (one might even say main brace) of a large Officers' Club, which is a very popular working hour candle to our officer moths.

The second half of the month was devoted to upgrading our "failed B.A." operators to the exalted rank of BIII, and to preparations for the King's Birthday Parade. As we are billed to appear on parade with the Dragoon Guards and the Grenadier Guards, spitting, swearing, polishing have become the order of the day and haircutting the order of the night. We are relieved that no attempt has been made so far to chop us into uniform six-foot lengths.

Berlin Signal Squadron

On Monday, 13th June, we held the Unit athletic meeting. It was a very enjoyable meeting and revealed a lot of talent, afterwards used to good advantage in the B.T.B. sports. The jumps inevitably resolved themselves into a struggle between Sergeant Crampton and Signalman Briggs with honours about even at the end of the meeting. In the long distance racing Signalman Fraser gave two particularly good performances in winning the 5,000 metres and 1,500 metres, whilst Second-Lieutenant Tait dominated the middle distance running with victories in the 800, 400 and 200 metres events. Sergeant Richardson showed versatility in winning the "shot" and 100 metres.

Various members of the Unit entered for the individual B.T.B. sports, and acquitted themselves creditably. Notable performances being those of Second-Lieutenant Tait in the 800 metres (2nd) and the medley relay team (2nd).

The Squadron entered a team for the B.T.B. sports and received universal praise for the way in which they held their own against the Gordons, the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, and other units with many times over the number of personnel to call upon. It is worth mentioning two of the events in which we were well to the fore. By common consent the 800 metres relay race was the best event of the afternoon. From the first lap it was a struggle between the Gordons and the Signals, and the lead changed hands many times before the Gordons finally just gained the verdict. The high jump team was a major success. First string Signalman Briggs jumping 5ft. 5ins. to supplement Sergeant Crampton's 5ft. 3½ins.

The extent of the Squadron's sporting ability has been shown on the cricket field too, where in the B.T.B. "B" league we hold second position—and have a number of games in hand over teams above and below us. Of the few league games played to date, three have been won, and one lost. In friendly games we have only one blemish on our record. Much of the reason for these successes lies in the fine spirit of the team—exemplified in their keen fielding. There have also been some exceptionally fine individual performances. Signalman Forster and S.Q.M.S. Page as opening batsmen usually lay the foundation of a good score, and Sergeant Richardson on "his day" is irresistable. There is a keen attack too in which Sergeant Crampton, Sergeant Richardson, Signalman Forster and Driver Reade ring the changes. We are concerned that two of our number, S.Q.M.S. Page and Sergeant Band have gone on "Python." We wish them luck, and envy the cricket teams that gain their services.

We have as yet had little opportunity to judge the standard of our swimmers, but we can be sure that they will put up a good show. Every evening large numbers of the Squadron are to be found at the swimming baths in the sports centre, and it is not unknown for them to be there before parade in the morning.

Hamburg District Signal Squadron

If we don't tell you, you might never notice our change of name. On 1st March, 1949, we became H.Q. Hamburg District Signal Squadron instead of Hamburg District Independent Signal Squadron. The loss of that "Independent" is something we still haven't made up our minds about.

At the end of the month we are to be visited by the Representative Colonel Commandant of the Corps, Major-General C. W. Fladgate, C.B.E. More of this next month.

Last month saw many of the chaps busily preparing for the King's Birthday Parade on which the Unit was represented by about 70 N.C.O.s and men. The parade was a great success and all ranks were complimented on their turn-out and bearing. Thanks are due to those who carried on the good work in the Signal Office, whilst we others were preparing for the parade. Although at times the Signal Office was badly understaffed, the Royal Signals motto "Certa Cito" was certainly well upheld.

During the last month the D.R.s have changed over to jeeps for the S.D.S. runs and to many of the older lads this brings back happy memories. We are fervently hoping that no complaints will be received from the M.P.s about the somewhat superior speed of these vehicles.

On 3rd June the Squadron received a great blow with the death of Signalman "Rae" Marks, who was killed in an accident whilst on an S.D.S. run. It was a great shock to all the D.R.s—many of whom had done their training with him. Our deepest sympathy is extended to his father, Mr. Marks, in his sad bereavement.

132 Con. Troop report that they are in the middle of sporting activities. This seems very nice until one hears that they are so busy laying lines for loudspeakers, reeling them in again and relaying them somewhere else that they haven't had time to take part in any of the events. I don't expect it is as bad as they make out.

3 AIR SUPPORT SIGNAL UNIT

Minden

With a clang and a clatter which would shame the Housewives' League and provoke indignation in the Painters' Union, 3 A.S.S.U. has "sprung" to a little spring cleaning.

Everyone in the whole Unit has taken part in this one massive offensive, which will in all last a fortnight, by which time we should have returned to normal standards.

This spring cleaning epidemic has taken its toll of the P.R.I., causing them to buy the cricket team a complete set of glistening white boots with, in the bargain, a promise of flannels and shirts to come.

Apparently the use of boots for the game of cricket is absolutely essential, as it affects the score considerably, or at least so it seems with A.S.S.U., for shortly after this purchase we convincingly beat both a Company of 1st Battalion The Rifle Brigade and 904 L. of C. Tels. Workshop, R.E.M.E.

Numerous activities are coming to light within our walls, as amateur radio enthusiasts have firmly established themselves in their venture. That they are soundly established is in evidence, for caterwauling and the familiar sound of "high-powered" chore horses at work shatter the hitherto serene stillness of the evening.

It is also now a familiar sight to see industrious figures roving around the barracks, sporting oversized green eyeshades and numerous pens, pencils and notebooks, for the Unit Magazine has made its debut, and such are the staff that our humorists have named it "Stand Easy" or "A S S U Were."

The relieved members of a Trieste detachment have returned to Minden. With them came tales of the glorious weather conditions enjoyed by them for five months. Suntanned bodies are proof enough of this.

For months ahead of us we have several schemes to look forward to, which will no doubt enable us to explore a little more of the Continent, which we will have great pleasure in reporting to you in the near future.

4 A.G.R.A. Signal Squadron

Luneburg

Hard on the heels of the previous month's individual and team athletics within the Squadron, a representative team from H.Q. and Signal Squadron participated in the 4 A.G.R.A. athletics meeting held on 5th and 6th June. From our own point of view the results were a little disappointing, the team failing to secure any of the team trophies. We did win a couple of individual events, Captain Waters, of H.Q., winning the shot and discus, and Private Morley, of the A.C.C., the mile. But when one considers the magnitude of the opposition, 94 Observation Regiment, R.A., 15 Med. Regiment, R.A., and the Royal Scots Greys, the feeling of disappointment at failure is somewhat lessened.

Cricket. Two or three games are played each week and the strength of the team is certainly out of all proportion to the size of the Squadron. All games to date have been wins, and the majority of them by comfortable margins. The combined H.Q. and Signals team comfortably eliminated 207 Company, R.A.S.C. in the 4 A.G.R.A. knock-out competition, and are due to play 94 Observation Regiment, R.A., in the final in the very near future. Having already beaten 94 in a friendly game we may comfortably expect at the very least a close game.

S.S.M. (Bill) Nurse has yet again carried his bat to further cricketing successes by again playing successively for Royal Signals, B.A.O.R., plus some very fine displays locally, one innings of which included a brilliant hundred not out. Among the new and young talent discovered in the Squadron this season, we have Signalman ("Snowy") Whitehouse, a National Serviceman, who now opens regularly. He has only played in six matches but those six have been sufficient to show outstanding promise. His best performance to date being a very well deserved and well played 58 not out. Corporal G. N. Clarke heads the bowling averages so far with 46 wickets for 148 runs in 85 overs, which includes 24 maidens, an average of 3.2.

WESTERN EUROPE SIGNAL TROOP

Fontainebleau

To start—sport. The football season finished with a Cup Knock-out Competition. The team in which our troop participates, "Uniter," were the losers in the first round to the R.A.F. team. The Navy eventually won the competition and, incidentally, the league, our team in the latter finishing second. The Combined Services team finished their season on 6th June when they played Sens, a town approximately 35 kilometres away. The Royal Signals representatives in this match were Corporal Sharman (goal) and Driver Lawrence (outside-left), who gave good account of themselves both in the match and afterwards when the champagne was fizzing everywhere. The cricket season started with a trial Combined Services team playing the English Standard Club at Versailles. Royal Signals in this game were Signalman Harris, Lance-Corporal Davies and Signalman Wright. A grand day was had admidst our English hosts and, although we lost, high hopes are held for our future teams.

Leave seems a topical point, and every few weeks a few more faces disappear suddenly to reappear three weeks later with tales of rough Channel crossings, the lights of Piccadilly, and sundry other bits of "old England."

FARELF

SINGAPORE DISTRICT SIGNAL REGIMENT

Motor Cycle Trials. Whit Monday saw a large percentage of Royal Signals personnel attending the "feature of the year," namely, the Motor Cycle Reliability Trials, held at Pasir Ris. A total of 36 entrants participated, with all Royal Signals Units in Singapore being well represented.

The course consisted of twelve observed sections—these had to be completed twice—and was followed by a Flexibility Test.

The Shield (donated by 19 Air Formation Signal Regiment) and prizes were presented by Mrs. Gray, wife of Brigadier F. P. L. Gray, D.S.O., O.B.E., C.S.O., Farelf.

Colonel H. D. Mountford, C.S.O., Singapore District, made a speech in which he congratulated the contestants for the grand way in which they took part in the trials, with an extra "pat on the back" for the Locally Enlisted Personnel Contingent, who, though only in their fifth week of training as despatch riders, gave some of the older hands a few tips about motor cycle riding.

Results:

Team Entries. Winning team, S.Q.M.S. Buddery, Sergeant Plant, Lance-Corporal Wakeling (Singapore District Signal Regiment); runners-up, Sergeant Licence, Lance-Corporal Gibbs, Signalman Baker (G.H.Q., Farelf, Signal Regiment).

Best L.A.P. Team. Signalman Abdul Bin Aziz, Signalman Mohammad Bin Azaz (Singapore District Signal Regiment).

Individual Entries. Best B.O.R., Lance-Corporal Wakeling (Singapore District Signal Regiment); runner-up, Signalman Ellis (Singapore District Signal Regiment); best L.E.P., Signalman Abdul B. Aziz (Singapore District Signal Regiment); runner-up, Signalman M. Jais B. Surat (Singapore District Signal Regiment).

Cricket. Captain (Q.M.) Bosher, Sergeant Allison and Corporal Tripp were chosen to play for the Corps Cricket Team (Farelf) *versus* R.A.O.C. on 22nd May.

Result: R.A.O.C. 93 for 7 wickets; Royal Signals 91 all out. Captain Bosher took 1 wicket and Corporal Tripp 2 wickets.

"D" SQUADRON (JOHORE BAHRU). This Squadron is still kept busy, as are all other troops in the area, ensuring that bandit activity, which at present appears to be lessening somewhat, is eventually brought to a complete end.

This, no doubt, will take some considerable time and effort, and there is no slackening on the part of Security Forces, both civil and military, to bring this about.

Our first L.E.P. Detachment, under Sergeant Mohammed Sidiq, is still in the "Ulu," and from reports received are, by their creditable performance, ably assisting the forces for whom they provide communications.

The detachment consists of a sergeant, three O.W.L.s and a tele-mech., and we believe that this is the first ever L.E.P. W/T Detachment to go out in Malaya.

The new Camp Cinema (The Globe) has now been opened for about three weeks, and is providing good entertainment in the form of four British or American films each week.

Sport. Football. The Johore Sub-District Minor League is still going strong, and this Squadron has managed, by sheer hard work on the part of all players, to gain the position, to date, of runners-up.

Cricket. Cricket seems to have fallen off somewhat, but a few stout enthusiasts are keeping the fixture list ticking over.

Hockey. As for cricket above. A match now and again helps to remind us that there is such a game. The most interesting game recently was when the Johore Sub-District Sergeants' Mess, which included Squadron O.C. and senior N.C.O.s, beat the Regiment's Sergeants' Mess 8—1. Were their faces red?

Awards. It is with pride that we are able to announce the award of Certificates for Good Service, from the Commander-in-Chief Far East Land Forces, to Sergeant Goldring and Signalman McFadden, for their excellent work during the period they were with this Squadron.

We take this opportunity to offer them our congratulations.

Sergeants' Mess. A Social and Dance was held in the Mess on Saturday, 4th June, the first for some considerable time. This proved to be an enormous success. Nearly every Mess on the island was represented, including W.R.A.C., W.A.A.F. and W.V.S.

On 16th June the Mess entertained some of the members of the crew of the troopship H.T. *Lancashire,* which has been adopted by this Regiment. Due to their short stay in harbour, the social activities were confined to a substantial lunch (good show, Jock) and an hour of "elbow raising."

Sport. The Mess played the first of what we hope will be many hockey fixtures on 18th June, *versus* Johore Sub-District H.Q., with the following result: Warrant Officers and Sergeants, Singapore District Signal Regiment, 1; Warrant Officers and Sergeants, Johore Sub-District H.Q., 8. As a result of this match, the hockey team are now having daily practice to improve the team, so that no repetition of a score such as the above will occur.

After the match we were entertained to a really grand dinner, social and dance, which we were loath to leave when the time came for us to return to camp. We hope to be able to reciprocate in the near future.

OFFICERS
REUNION
FRIDAY
14th October

The first six months are the worst

By **BEE WICKERSON**

THAT was what I was told when I first began asking questions about Singapore. To a large extent I found it to be true.

Mosquitoes dive-bombed me from all angles as soon as I arrived, and no quarter was given on either side. In spite of liberal and repeated applications of a patent insect repellant, my skin assumed the texture and appearance of an embossed wallpaper. As I tanned and became acclimatised, however, these unwarranted attentions desisted somewhat, and I am now remarkably free from lumps and bumps and things that go buzz in the night.

Having weathered these first six months, my impressions have settled down a bit and I have glimmerings of a familiarity with my surroundings. Getting around presents no problems if you have money for taxis or own a car. If you have neither you rely on Singapore Traction Transport. One afternoon I relied on it too well. I had a nightmare hour or so boarding and dismounting from buses on my primary attempt at public transportation. Now I know better and have absorbed a working knowledge of the various routes. But the ubiquitous inspectorate of bus tickets still astounds me. The inspectors are continually tearing the tickets and it has been known for two of these persons to be aboard the same bus at one and the same time. Yet the racket in bus tickets still continues.

Buying the few odd sticks for our partly-furnished accommodation means a tour of Victoria Street. Inquiries regarding the price are made at all the shops in the row, following which a mean average is calculated. Then a determined onslaught is made upon the store offering the best article at the lowest price. Next supercharged bartering takes place. It usually works if you are sufficiently strong-minded to walk away often enough. Sooner or later the shopkeeper calls you back for the last time and you clinch the bargain.

Prices seem scandalous after those of subsidised Britain. Food bills are soul-destroying sights at each month end; rents decimate one's income and accommodation is very difficult to come by. Clothes are only reasonable if you make your own.

And the majority of women do make their own. I took time off from nothing to do in the house to apply myself to a dressmaking course. If you have a sewing machine and intend travelling East in the future, place it at the top of your list of " musts " for packing.

The amahs, female servants, can be good, bad or indifferent, as everything else. If you achieve a good one, she will do everything for you. The Cantonese, who affect a " uniform " of black trousers and white tops, have long black hair which they wear in huge buns. It was only recently that I discovered that many of these buns are false, but I can vouch for my own amah's authentic pigtail. Another aid to beauty which I found amusing was the method they employ for the plucking of their eyebrows. They use twisted lengths of cotton, and very painful a process it looks. Nevertheless it is a successful one.

The surfeit of dental surgeries astonished me. Apparently there is one at every street corner and midway between the corners too. Gold teeth are extremely popular, and it is nothing to be confronted with a road sweeper displaying a complete, gleaming mouthful of them as he offers you a morning greeting.

I've learned to cope with chopsticks and can survive a Chinese dinner of twelve courses with no untoward results. The food served is delicious. My gourmand-like preferences are for sucking pig (slaughtered at two weeks old), bird's nest soup, bamboo shoots, mushroom and chestnuts, and the excellent grilled pomfret. I tried shark's fin soup but found it too rich for my taste. It seemed strange to end this wonderful repast with a common or garden jelly.

As I write, an appetising odour is wafting through my window. At all hours of the day and most of the night, men ride around the streets bearing on their tricycles everything necessary to serve a complete meal. It is cooked over a portable charcoal fire while you wait and tiny stools are provided for seating. How they ever manage to transport themselves plus all this paraphernalia is ever a source of wonder to me.

There are similar travelling shops for every conceivable commodity from freshly-cut flowers to tables and chairs, and wicker baskets to vegetables and confectionery.

My small two-year-old adores the Chinese sweet. For five cents he is given a brightly-coloured cardboard box 3in. x 2in. Inside, wrapped in greaseproof paper, is a sticky black thing that looks like a stewed prune. It tastes salty and sweet, hot and cold, and to my conservative palate too revolting for description.

The things I like are the pineapples and the bananas, the papayas and mangoes. There is a glut of durians just now, and although the Chinese eat them in great quantities, I have never been able to desensitise my nose to the necessary degree to permit of the smallest sample being eaten. Their odour is peculiar and horrible!

Entertainments are up to date and include recent films shown in air-conditioned cinemas, an amateur theatre of excellent standard, art exhibitions, and a well-stocked public library. Soon we may expect concerts of classical music.

The Press and radio are similar to those of Britain, and sport of all kinds plays a large part in the daily round. The Singapore Turf Club has regular race meetings.

Badminton would appear to be the national game, especially after the triumph of the Malay Thomas Cup team. Every garden of any size has its net permanently erected.

The general aspect is one of cleanliness, bright sunshine, luxuriant greenery and the cool sea. But when the rain does come it does it wholeheartedly. The wind rises and we rush around closing windows and doors. Then the rain falls with a swift precision. The monsoon ditches fill up and the roads are steamy. Then suddenly it is over, and in thirty minutes there is scarcely a trace of the downpour left.

The day is twelve hours long. Dawn breaks shortly before 7 a.m. and the sun sets just after seven in the evening. The sun streams down every day and the Southern Cross gleams through the sky at night.

SIERRA LEONE SIGNAL SQUADRON

Freetown

Except for a spate of inspections there is little to report this month. The Squadron continues to maintain wireless and line communications for the Colony and the R/T C/W link to Headquarters, West Africa Command, Accra, Gold Coast. Out outstation, Daru, is shortly to reopen and some lucky O.W.L.s will have a very nice tour of duty up in the bush. Daru is the location of the Basic Training Depot and all African recruits do their basic military training in healthy and beautiful surroundings.

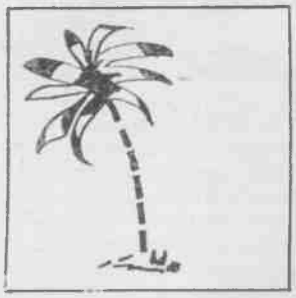
The Squadron recently provided communications for a District Scheme which proved to be very successful.

We extend a hearty welcome to three new Signal families to Sierra Leone. Mrs. Harding, McNaughton and Williams are soon arriving, and may your stay be a happy one.

Ham Radio. Since Captain Duke went on U.K. leave we have been QRT in the amateur bands, but we understand that he is returning with a 7—14 and 28 M/C .100 Watt Rig. So keep a look out for ZDIBD on 10 metres, Corps hams, and especially Joe Spafford in Catterick.

Gold Coast Signal Squadron

Accra



In recent weeks the Squadron Office has been invaded with applications for "second tours," a number of which have already been confirmed. There's something about the climate . . .

A most colourful and impressive parade was held on the Polo Ground, Accra, on the occasion of the birthday of His Majesty The King. The troops on parade were the 1st Battalion Gold Coast Regiment and the 2nd Light Battery, R.W.A.F.F. The bearing, arms drill and manœuvring were of the highest order and a credit to the Royal West African Frontier Force in general and the Gold Coast Regiment in particular. Although the Squadron was not represented on the parade, all the officers and a large party of other ranks were among the large gathering as spectators who saw the Officer Administering the Government take the salute. The health of His Majesty was duly toasted in the Squadron Messes later in the day.

Trades Training Troop, under the capable guidance of Captain L. Brunnen and "Professor" Gordon, is a most flourishing concern at present, as they tackle the training problems of the potential tradesmen who will eventually fill the gaps brought about by general release.

Sport. Hockey. Rather belatedly we recorded the passing of the hockey season, with the Squadron XI finishing in second place in the Military League. It is intended, during the close season, to introduce the game to African ranks, few of whom have ever seen it played.

Association Football. With league and cup competitions in the offing, both British and African ranks are organising themselves with a view to putting Signals "on the map." An energetic committee under the chairmanship of Captain Bob Edwards (late 3 Training Regiment) have got trials and friendly matches under way. The Chairman (who retired again last season, and then bought new boots a couple of weeks ago) says the league and knock-out trophies this time and *not* just the Knock-out Shield. Despite the loss of some of last season's stalwarts, six of the side which won the shield are available, and some of our new "Coasters" have added strength to the defence.

In the Inter-Unit games played to date we have recorded a 2—0 win over District Pay and R.E.M.E. Combined XI (our Shield final opponents of last season) and a 3—1 victory over H.Q., W.A.C., also bowing the knee to the latter 0—1, and to 1st Battalion Gold Coast Regiment 3—5.

One representative match has been played—R.A.S.C., West Africa *v.* Gold Coast District XI. The Squadron was represented in the District side by Captain R. O. Edwards—who skippered the side—at inside-left, Sergeant Stanley in goal, and Corporal Adams at right-back. The District XI carried the day by 3—0, all scored in the space of 10 minutes in the second half.

Forster, winners of the mile and 880 respectively. Unfortunately, training for the sports was carried out in rather an informal fashion and the Regiment was placed only third in the team events.

Obituary. We regret to record the death of the wife of R.Q.M.S. Hastings on 13th May. Mrs. Hastings was one of the most popular wives on the Island and her hospitality was enjoyed by many Mess members.

Marriage. Congratulations to Lieutenant (Q.M.) and Mrs. Jordan on the occasion of their marriage on 30th April, 1949.

2 WIRELESS REGIMENT

Cyprus

I am afraid it is a long time since this Unit has featured in THE WIRE. In the meantime much water might have flowed down the empty streams of Cyprus, if water were ever to be seen there; much wind has blown across the bleak plain on which our camp stands and occasionally heavy rains have converted our temporary home into a quagmire. Still, life goes on as usual. New buildings have arisen and new faces appeared.

Outside the perimeter new roads are appearing slowly and deliberately and there are signs of new buildings. These are the beginnings of the new permanent camp which few of us will last to see completed. Within we have a fine new Officers' Mess, probably the finest temporary mess in Cyprus.

The number of married families has increased and a regular convoy brings the husbands unwillingly to work. At present they occupy hirings or rented houses in Famagusta, but in the not too distant future they will be accommodated in the married quarters to be built nearby.

The cinema still remains a great attraction though it has not been possible so far this year to move it out of doors. The tennis court, relaid, continues in regular use, though the officers now play their tennis at the English Club in Famagusta. Swimming trucks take the troops down to the beach most afternoons, where they have the advantage of the best bathing in the Eastern Mediterranean.

By courtesy of the Royal Navy parties of us have had the opportunity of a day on a destroyer watching operations, and a few, of the more sought-after luck of a visit to Beirut for the week-end.

Sport has prospered, though we have not yet adequate sports grounds. A hockey-cum-cricket pitch next to the camp has been in existence for some time as has a football ground a bit further away. A concrete cricket pitch has just been laid.

The cricket season has only just started, but the team under the guidance of Major Rice and Lieutenant Jordan is showing promise. Our football teams did not do so well last winter in the Island companies' competition, but 1 Squadron hockey team won the Area knock-out competition and lost only after a hard fight in the inter-Area final with District Headquarters. The Unit also did well in the Area athletics meeting.

Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess. As this is the first time that Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess notes have been contributed to THE WIRE by this Regiment, they will consist, in the first instance, largely of an outline of the history of the Regiment and various outstanding events up to the present time concerning the Mess.

Briefly then, the Regiment has its origin in Palestine. In 1946 the Regiment was established in Cyprus and began its build-up from disbanding wartime sections.

The first batch of the old Unit arrived in Cyprus in March, 1947 and the move to Cyprus went on gradually until January, 1948, when the old Palestine Unit closed down completely.

This was shortly followed by the absorption of some personnel from 14 Wireless Squadron, Ceylon.

The Commanding Officer at the present moment is Lieutenant-Colonel H. Winterbotham, O.B.E., who assumed command early in the year on the retirement of the original Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel E. H. Du Cros, O.B.E., after 34 years in the Service.

The Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess is still in a state of transition from one to two Nissen huts, a considerable amount of decoration and replanning having taken place. The formal opening should occur at the end of this month in spite of the D.C.R.E.

The Mess was satisfactorily represented in the Island sports by our attached members, Sergeants Goldsmith and

(Continued in previous column)

MELF

EGYPT COMMAND SIGNAL REGIMENT

Moascar

General. The struggle to do our job under difficult circumstances continues. In particular, there is no let-up on cable thefts, and during the quarter just ended we had no less than 153 cuts and had to replace 7,210 yards of cable. Our opponents are getting more expert; as compared to the three months November-January, these were only about half the number of cuts but twice the amount of cable was taken!

Our Mauritians—we now have 227 of them—are still full of keenness and are definitely a great asset. They are inevitably learning the hard way, as we have insufficient N.C.O.s to pass on to them those little matters of procedure which make work so much easier.

In the world of sport, cricket has its usual quota of enthusiasts. To date it has been mostly on a Squadron basis; inevitable in a Regiment that is so widely dispersed and in which everyone is becoming so indispensable from his work. However, the Royal Signals Egypt team has been formed and played two matches, both successful. We provide four members of the team. Their exploits will no doubt be written up by the competent authority elsewhere and at a later date.

We are running a hot weather hockey team and are willing to oppose all comers.

We are very sorry to say goodbye to R.S.M. Irvin, who has had to leave us for compassionate reasons. Although ostensibly on compassionate leave, he is so near the end of his tour that we do not expect to see him back again; not this time anyway. He had been with the Regiment for two and a half years and all ranks wish him the very best of luck. His place has been taken by R.S.M. Webb, who joins us from a T.A. job at home.

REGIMENTAL H.Q. AND 1 SQUADRON (H.Q., MOASCAR). King Willow again holds court and the Moascar Royal Signals side are having a successful season both in the league and cup competitions. We are very fortunate in having a few of last year's stalwarts, namely, Captains Melmore and Hall, S.S.M. (" Pop ") Rider and Sergeant Fletcher, still with us. Their experience is much appreciated and their prowess with bat and ball is already much in evidence. S.S.M. (" Pop ") Rider still operates as our hard-working secretary, together with his more arduous duties as District and Army (Egypt) secretary. In his spare time he retains his proud title as our best all-rounder. Up to press, we have played 9, won 6, drawn 2 and lost 1, and are still functioning in the Army (Egypt) Knock-out Competition.

We have started an Inter-Troop Cricket Competition. Although it is early yet, " X " Branch and the Line Troop sides have already made their presence felt with convincing victories.

2 SQUADRON (H.Q., FAYID). The highlight of the past month was an inspection by C.S.O., B.T.E. and Mediterranean Command, Brigadier C. A. H. Chadwick. Our lads put on a good show and we hear that the C.S.O. was very pleased.

There is a great rush for the Great Bitter Lake these days (when we have time), to plunge in and so cool off our shattered nerves.

H.M.S. Vanguard visited Port Said during 17th-21st June. Two officers and five other ranks went and paid a visit. (I said two officers; they are the only two we have at the moment.) One of these was an ex-naval type; he was in his glory, pulling gadgets and knobs all over the place. We expected a 15-inch gun to go off at any minute. The visit was well worth it, and a good day was had by all.

There have been two inter-Squadron cricket matches during the month, the first being played early in the month *v.* 3 Squadron. The match was played at Moascar. 3 Squadron, batting first, were dismissed for about 56 runs. This total was soon passed by 2 Squadron for the loss of 8 wickets.

In the second match, 2 Squadron were entertained by a combined Regimental H.Q. and 1 Squadron team, but this time the honours were taken by the home team, who dismissed us for the meagre total of 27 runs, after having made well over 100 runs for the loss of 4 wickets.

As a result of these matches, however, Lance-Corporal Hird and Signalman Ernest were both selected to represent the Regiment later on.

In the league matches, we have had three fine sporting games, of which we lost two and won one. We also played a return friendly match with the Mauritian Signal Wing, but with several of our key players absent the victory we achieved in the last match was not repeated.

A few members of the Squadron are frequently seen heading for the Fayid Stadium tennis courts.

1 L. of C. Signal Regiment

El Ballah

1 SQUADRON. After having fulfilled their purpose in Benghasi, 10 Terminal Equipment Troop returned to camp and have begun to settle down to the rather dull routine of camp life, after serving in Palestine and Cyrenaica for over 18 months. It seems that every dog has his day, except in the case of 33 Medium Wireless Troop, who seem to be the fixtures of the camp, and have almost despaired of ever going out of the Ballah area.

Obituary. We regret to announce the death on 1st July, 1949, of Sergeant Harold Byron, from injuries in an accident.

37 HIGH SPEED WIRELESS TROOP. We started life in February, 1947, having been formed from the remnants of the old Vienna High Speed Wireless Troop (Mobile), which was disbanded at that time. All the original members have now departed. They did, however, manage to successfully negotiate the distance from Vienna to El Ballah (Egypt), our present H.Q., with only one casualty en route—part of the roof of the " Golden Arrow " transmitter trailer, this came off worst in an argument with a " low headroom " bridge of the Italian railway system!

After a month of refitting at El Ballah, we moved to our present location at Fayid, as guests of 3 G.H.Q. Signals, where we have remained ever since. During the last two years many rumours have been prevalent concerning a projected move, with Malta and Nairobi the most popular suggested destinations. However, apart from building up all our hopes, these have proved without foundation, much to the disappointment of our budding big game hunters.

Our job here has been to help G.H.Q. Signals to fulfil their large commitments, and in so doing, a miniature " Lease Lend " scheme has developed, as regards our technical equipment.

2 SQUADRON. All ranks of the Squadron add their regrets to those of the rest of the Unit on the unfortunate accident which led to the death of Signalman Challinor of Training Wing.

The annual administration inspection took place during the month. We are pleased to say that from a Squadron viewpoint everything went all right. At least there has been no repercussions from "up top" so it must have been.

It is reported that the Sergeant-Major changed his theme song from "Don't B.S— Me" (to the tune of "Don't Sweetheart Me" to "Don't Let it Worry You!" At any rate it seemed to be his tune the day before the inspection.

This month saw the formation of Administration Troop. Where all the men came from we don't know and the R.S.M. says he does not know where they have all gone to now.

We welcome our first batch of Mauritians and trust their stay will be a happy and beneficial one to all concerned.

2 INFANTRY BRIGADE SIGNAL TROOP

Salonika

Home for this Troop is a collection of spivved-up Nissen huts and an old house just a stone's throw from the sea in the eastern suburbs of Salonika. As accommodation goes it isn't up to Sandhurst block standard, but it isn't so bad at that. Anyway we see R.E. types floating round with contracts and tenders and hope that in due course they will produce really slap-up billets for us in the Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire Regiment's barracks. They are already working on a new transmitter site which should be everything the present one is not.

Don't be disheartened if you hear you are being posted to Salonika. There are many worse stations in the Middle East as anyone at Akaba or Tel-el-Kebir will tell you. The town is pretty run-down and could hardly be more expensive, but there's a bob a day local overseas allowance and we get by quite well. The town has more cinemas to the square mile than any other in Europe and the N.A.A.F.I. Harbour Club and the Y.M.C.A. (just down the road from the billets) are really first-class.

Now that we are on summer routine there are quite a few who devote their afternoons to horizontal soldiering, but there is plenty of swimming for all, and the Yacht Club, plentifully supplied with dories and snipes, is not far away. It's a bit warm for climbing but Greece is a peach of a station for any budding mountaineer.

The lads here don't make friends with stray dogs any more. Sixteen of them have been taking a course of anti-rabies jabs in the stomach and they tell me it's no fun.

H.M.S. *Vanguard* arrived here on 27th June to pay a brief visit. Lying out there in the bay she looks pretty formidable and judging by the amount of aerial gear she displays she must be a headache for naval radio mechanics.

Mercury House

Have YOU visited

The Corps Memorial Club

Mercury House, 14 Florence Road

Boscombe, Bournemouth?

The Signalman

The Quarterly Journal of the Corps of Indian Signals for April contains many interesting features. It is possible to make only brief references.

* * *

General K. M. Cariappa, O.B.E., has been appointed Colonel Commandant of the Corps of Indian Signals.

* * *

Brigadier A. C. Iyappa, M.B.E., is Chief Signal Officer, Eastern Command.

* * *

The School of Signals at Mhow is shortly to be provided with a new Officers' Mess.

* * *

The Signal Training Centre at Jubbulpore has had several changes of Commanders. The new appointments include: Lieutenant-Colonel T. Barreto, Deputy Commandant; Lieutenant-Colonel B. K. Khardenavis, O.C., No. 1 Technical Training Regiment; Lieutenant-Colonel A. K. Kapur, O.C., No. 2 Technical Training Regiment.

* * *

Western Command Signal Regiment is now commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Hazara Singh.

* * *

Madras Signal Regiment is commanded by Major L. F. Butler.

* * *

26 (2 A.B.) Divisional Signal Regiment, "the only Airborne Signal Regiment East of Suez," is commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel H. K. Bhagwat.

* * *

Lieutenant-Colonel Gairola commands 1 Armoured Divisional Signal Regiment, and Lieutenant-Colonel Jaswant Singh, Army Headquarters Signal Regiment.

* * *

Among other Regiments mentioned are 5 Divisional Signal Regiment and Eastern Command Signal Regiment.

* * *

There is also an interesting account of the work of Indian Signals in the "war" in Kashmir.

* * *

Last but not least is an article from Brigadier Gurdial Singh on the newly forming Territorial Army. We seem to have heard something of the T.A. in this country. But what would some of our friends in the T.A. think of the Training obligations which are printed below:

"*Training.* Military training for the Territorial Army will consist of recruit training, annual training and voluntary training. Training will be for Provincial and Urban Units. In the case of Provincial Units, recruit training will consist of a period or periods not exceeding in the aggregate 30 days in any one year and annual training will consist of a period not exceeding two calendar months in any one year. Ex-Service men may be exempted from undergoing recruit training at the discretion of the officer commanding the Unit. In the case of Urban Units recruit training will consist of 32 days on a weekly drill system and annual training will consist of a period of not less than 30 and not more than 60 days on a weekly drill system, including an annual camp of not less than four days or two periods of three consecutive days. A day will be deemed to consist of four hours of actual military drill and instruction."

2/20 Army Signal Regiment, T.A.

Wanstead

Lieutenant-Colonel J. L. Lilley, T.D., and 85 officers and men of the Regiment moved to annual camp on Sunday, 3rd July, at Roman Way Camp, Colchester.

On arrival we found we were housed in the huts of a militia camp and although the huts had not been used for some time, they were soon made comfortable and individual effort rapidly got everything in working order.

The first week of camp was devoted to individual training and short field exercises, mainly in preparation for our two day exercise at the beginning of the second week.

In addition to normal training we had several functions of a competitive and relaxing nature. On Wednesday, a day was spent on the ranges, and the inter-Squadron shooting cup was won by 2 Squadron. Incidentally the cup is being presented by Major L. R. James and he was probably more than pleased that his own Squadron won it.

On Thursday the afternoon was devoted to a cricket match, Officers v. The Rest—the Officers were beaten by 24 runs. Lance-Corporal Butcher bowled well to take 7 for 26. It was good fun and much enjoyed.

Friday was spent in normal training and Saturday morning saw pay parades and a general tidying up for the week.

The afternoon was given to our Unit sports. Our numbers are of course not large, but the enthusiasm made up for this shortage; the various events all had good entries. After a keen struggle 3 Squadron won the Sports Shield and outstanding in the events were Signalman Swinburne who won the 100 yards and was second in the 440 and was in the winning Squadron relay team. S.Q.M.S. Griffiths who won the hop, step and jump, and was second and third in several other events, and S.S.M. Evans who won the 440 yards and was third in the 100 yards. The prizes were presented by Mrs. Lilley.

On Sunday morning we paraded with other T.A. units in camp, 4th Battalion Norfolk Regiment, 4th Battalion Suffolks, 4th Battalion Essex, 161 Field Ambulance, and attached troops for a drumhead service.

In the afternoon a trip was arranged to Clacton;; it was a lovely afternoon and the excursion was a great success.

The early hours of Monday saw us moving out of camp for our exercise—which was planned to cover quite a bit of the local countryside. Although our numbers are not large enough to give a very wide range, we crammed in all we could and the result of good planning and enthusiasm by all the officers and men was most effective. Lieutenant-Colonel Lilley had prepared a realistic battle narrative and from it we were able to construct a Signal outlay that was most realistic and gave excellent opportunity for Signal training in its many branches. During Monday night we had a night march and moved to new locations for the second day's activities. We were visited by the G.O.C.-in-C. Eastern Command, General Sir Evelyn Barker, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., M.C., A.D.C., and by C.S.O. Eastern Command, Brigadier R. H. O. Coryton, C.B.E.

We completed our exercise in the late afternoon and were back in camp in time for tea. We all felt that it had been very successful and very good training. We were favoured with two gloriously sunny days and this, coupled with first class quartering by our Q.M., Major S. Perry, M.B.E., gave us a splendid background to the work we were able to get through.

We are all agreed it has been a very good camp and aided by good weather, we have been able to accomplish even more than we had planned. It has enabled us all to get better acquainted and develop a spirit that is so essential to our future well being and success as a T.A. unit.

1/20 (South Midland) Army Signal Regiment, T.A.

Birmingham

Chapter 2. For Chapter 1, see September notes which I shall probably write tomorrow. With a bit of luck and a lot of organising we shall get off on the right foot and most of our wheels at midday on 23rd July. Destination, Blacon Camp, Chester, where we shall find the Quartermaster and advance party waiting to welcome us with a good solid meal by 2030 hours. Or else. The weather, naturally, will be awful. Summer is due to end the day before we leave. Bad show on the part of the Met. Office. They say they must keep some blue skies in hand for the Adjutant's holiday which takes place after camp.

We managed to find our cooks after all. Someone hit on the highly original idea of advertising for some in the local paper. No less than 50 applicants turned up. The Orderly Room was full, the corridor jammed and stairs packed with duff wallopers of all ages up to 65. Captain F. Humbert, our A.C.C. Officer attached, had the job of sorting out this enthusiastic meeting but as he will be going to quite a different camp he may as well be prepared for bouquets or brickbats after 6th August. A pity we hadn't got my old friend "Hank" with us. He was a great one for sorting out cooks, although so long as they could produce never-ending mugs of tea, enemy action or no, they could get away with most things. There were several other matters I wanted to discuss with you this month but the days have caught up with me and now I find that it is tomorrow. Yesterday's work still waits.

Recruits to the Regiment continue to arrive, believe it or not. The L.A.D. Type "B" R.E.M.E., gets a new lease of life with the arrival of Craftsman A. B. Short, an ex-Sergeant, R.E.M.E., of the right type.

The "Circus" has made numerous visits to local functions so that an admiring populace may gaze on the intricacies of beam wireless, teleprinters and the like. This actually has resulted in the arrival of several new recruits. Presumably they regarded the A.10 set as a challenge to their intelligence. Curious that more despatch riders have not thrown in their lot with us. This branch should appeal to the modern youth.

A Unit coach outing is arranged for 18th September. Two coaches are already filled not, I trust, with screaming children. My "gent's natty" still bears the marks of jammy fingers from last year's trip.

Did you hear about the Theatrical Garden Party at the Impney Court Hotel near Droitwich in July? The 1/20 Army Signal Regiment, T.A., was there. A pity we could not enlist any of the lovely visitors in our theoretical W.R.A.C. I can assure Miss Patricia Roc that we should make her a Corporal right away.

Look out for our next appal—appealing contribution.

BARLEUX

50 Air Formation Signal Regiment, T.A.

Wolverhampton

Annual Camp. The big day arrived at last, and at 0630 the road convoy left Tettenhall, Wolverhampton, in high spirits for R.A.F. Station Chivenor, North Devon. In more leisurely fashion the rail party moved off at 1040 by through train to Wrafton, the railway station near the aerodrome, which was reached according to schedule despite the heat and a crowded train. After a journey made difficult by the traffic density on the roads the convoy completed its 200 mile journey and arrived at 1800 hours.

Unloading of stores was easily completed on Sunday morning and after lunch a "passion wagon" took the first assault party to Ilfracombe where the high spots were soon discovered. A bathing party also recced Saunton Sands and approved the site.

During the first week a well designed exercise was carried out embracing the tactical role of the Regiment in war with the laying of multi-airline, field and carrier quad routes from the notional Main Group H.Q. to G.C.C. and Main Army H.Q., while at Group H.Q. and G.C.C. terminal equipment was installed and lined up. The R.A.F. co-operated magnificently in all ways and the highest inter-service relationship was immediately achieved.

Accommodation and messing were excellent, daily flights of from two to four hours were provided together with instruction on and inspection of flying control and demonstration of A.S.S.U. communications. Evening bathing parties visited Saunton Sands and Woolacombe while the more frivolous visited Barnstaple and Ilfracombe.

43 Divisional Signal Regiment arrived at Fremington during the week-end for their annual camp and many reunions were made between members of the two regiments over pleasant "pints" in Barnstaple. Many were the lies told of what we didn't do in Burma, Italy, Africa and Germany. How pleasant it is to reminisce over the "good old days," and how easily forgotten the times when we "belly-ached."

The major portion of the second week was spent in finishing off the laying of lines and their termination and preparation for the anticipated advance of the battle front with its consequent move forward of T.A.F.

A very pleasant cricket match was played at Instow against 43 Divisional Signal Regiment who were beaten by 109 runs to 78. The features of the match were the batting of Corporal Luetchford and Sergeant Healey for the winners and the fast bowling of Lance-Corporal Martin for the losers.

Preparatory to the "advance" the dismantling of the terminal equipment, the recovery of lines and loading of vehicles was accomplished with remarkable speed, leaving a final afternoon and evening on Friday to be spent at leisure. The return journey was completed in good time with few vehicle troubles.

The camp was held in ideal surroundings and exceptional weather. Excellent liaison and co-operation between the Regiment and the R.A.F. was demonstrated. Most valuable instruction and experience was given to all members of the Regiment in its function during hostilities. Moreover, a first rate "holiday" was had by all, so much so, that no one desired to return to Tettenhall but wished to stay for a further month. Indeed, these feelings were reciprocated by the R.A.F. who hope that the Regiment will spend its 1950 camp with them at Chivenor, to which sentiment the whole Regiment subscribes.

1 Special Communications Regiment (City of London), T.A.

London, E.C.1

After an impatient wait for over a year, the Regiment moved into its first accommodation at 89 Turnmill Street, in the ancient City of London, on 1st September, 1948. In case the location is not familiar, may it be said we are encircled by such famous landmarks as the Smithfield Markets, Holborn, the historical Clerkenwell Road, and only a few minutes away from the Artillery Ground, Finsbury Barracks—the birthplace of our Auxiliary Forces. The building has no lavish furnishings or attractive decorations, but it has enabled us to make a start, as the only Royal Signals Regiment to recruit and train along with the traditional Artillery and Infantry Units within the civic boundaries of the City of London.

On an average, each volunteer travels 24 miles a week for a two-hour Drill Night, and with attendance about 90 per cent. this indicates clearly that the Regiment has excellent material for forming its instructional cadre for the advent of the National Service men. Much can be achieved with a band of efficient men, borne with the right spirit and sense of duty. But who do you think is the most popular man on a Drill Night? May we introduce our civilian caretaker, Albert Able, who is the mainstay of our Regimental Canteen. His "hot-dogs" and thickly-packed sandwiches are a speciality, and always given with a cheerful smile. Nothing is too much trouble, and the Regiment will always be indebted to him for the yeoman service he is giving us.

Miniature range shooting (.22) has the strongest appeal in

our sporting activities, and an open challenge is now made through these notes to a match with any Signal Regiment (straight or mixed!) in the London area. Ring us up if you have not the energy to write—CLErkenwell 4644. Ladders for billiards, table tennis and darts are organised. There is also a useful television receiver in the Canteen, which is popular on Drill Nights when any big sporting event is being televised. (No . . . we do our work first and *then* watch!)

Just to keep us interested and to prevent the Permanent Staff from getting too idle, C.S.O., London District, has briefed us to assist the following C.C.F./A.C.F. Units: Epsom College Contingent, C.C.F.; Rutlish School, C.C.F.; Whitgift School, C.C.F.; 1st (Royal West Kent) Battalion, A.C.F.; 1st (County of Kent) R.A. Regiment, A.C.F.; 2nd (County of Kent) R.A. Regiment, A.C.F.

Periodic visits have been made, and the astonishing enthusiasm displayed by the boys is an inspiration for the T.A. All Units are about 80 per cent. or better of their total strength, and the response made by the boys to the slightest assistance is more than gratifying, e.g., in May a team from the Regiment visited Rutlish School C.C.F. for a 30-minute demonstration of R.T. operating with 88 sets and a G.E.C. wire recorder. It was thought the response would be poor, for a procedure lecture, but it was only with difficulty that the team could slip away after 1½ hours. "Will you volunteer for Signals when you join for National Service?" This is a question sometimes put to the boys, who reply, "Yes, but Signals sound so technical, I don't think I can get in."

62 H.Q. L. OF C. SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.
Chester

Annual Camp. After months of preparation the Regiment with 16 Wireless Signal Squadron 88 A.G.R.A. Signal Squadron and the P.S.I.s of 87 A.G.R.A. Signal Squadron moved to our annual camp at Kinmel Park, Rhyl, on Sunday, 19th June, 1949. We arrived in glorious weather to find the advance party in command of Captain (Q.M.) Mills had everything laid on for us. Many of us expected rain and all the bad things one can expect at camp, how wrong we were will be written before these notes are concluded. We quickly settled down. The camp site was ideal and most of the "old sweats" were awed by the fact that hot water was laid on for 24 hours a day.

We worked and played in conjunction with 22 (Western) Corps Signals and we cannot let these notes go to Press without giving our heartiest thanks to Lieutenant-Colonel A. Ellison, M.B.E., T.D., the officers, warrant officers and men for the way in which we were received, the co-operation and comradeship which existed between both Units.

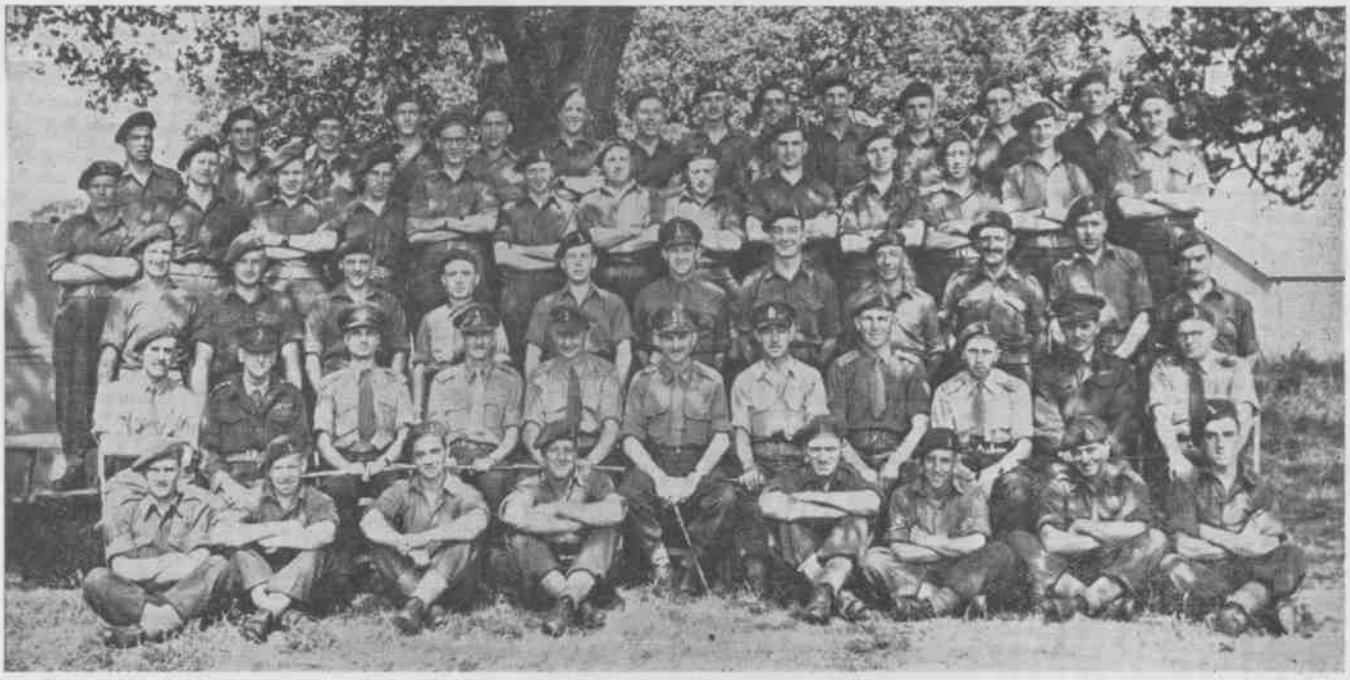
On Sunday, 26th June, a Drum Head Service was held on the Sports Ground, all Units in the camp taking part. Our Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel K. F. Woodham, T.D., officiating as O.C. Troops, took up his position at the saluting base for the March Past. During the afternoon visitors poured in to view the camp. The weather continued to be perfect, all ranks making frequent visits to the beaches and seaside towns of North Wales.

The next day saw a rehearsal for the visit of the C.I.G.S., Field Marshal Sir William Slim. Various detachments were seen, with wireless sets, Command vehicles, wire recorders and at line training. The W.R.A.C. had a teleprinter set up with Private Spencer from Chester and Sergeant D. Spinks from Wolverhampton in charge.

On Tuesday we set out for a two-day exercise, this was quite a success. The C.S.O. Western Command paid us a visit whilst we were on the exercise and he expressed his satisfaction with all he saw. All personnel paid a visit to Swallow Falls, a beauty spot which was duly admired by all, in point of fact the scenery we saw during the whole fortnight will long linger in our memories. Tuesday night was spent out in the open air and here mention must be made of the hard work put in by Captain Mills, our Q.M., and his staff, particularly Corporal Edwards, Private Brown and Signalman Williams for the excellent food produced for us on the exercise.

On the Friday the Chief of the Imperial General Staff visited us, some of the Officers, Warrant Officers, N.C.O.s and men being introduced to the Field Marshal.

All ranks of the Unit worked hard to maintain a good record of turn-out, cleanliness of lines and kit lay-out whilst in camp. Old Father Weather was indeed kind to us during the whole of our camp period. All meals were excellently prepared; no one could have been more disappointed than the swill man, which in itself is a clear cut testimony to our cooks.



60 H.Q. SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.

The Castle, Edinburgh

The past month has been a very busy one, due mostly to the appearance in Scotland of the Royal Signals Motor Cycle Display Team. Altogether the team gave five shows in Glasgow and Edinburgh; they started off with a Press Show at the Ashfield Speedway in Glasgow on the morning of Tuesday, 24th May, where they put on a really good show. In the evening of 24th May they had their first show in public when they appeared at the Ashfield Speedway and gave a 30 minutes' show during the interval of the local speedway team's league match. This show was a big success and certainly helped to swell the attendance at the White City Speedway the following evening when they next appeared. In spite of the treacherous condition of the turf, owing to rain, and a very uneven surface, another super show was seen by over 20,000 spectators.

The first appearance of the Display Team in Edinburgh was somewhat spoiled owing to adverse weather conditions, but even so, close on 2,000 spectators watched this show, and I am sure that had the weather been kind to them the Display Team would have "packed the ground." On Saturday, 28th May, they gave their finest performance of the week before 23,000 spectators at Meadowbank Speedway, Edinburgh, and the verdict of all was "an excellent perpormance but not enough." At last the Scottish "fans" know what the Royal Signals Display Team can do, and are now looking forward to their next visit.

Congratulations to Captain Halliday and his team on their excellent performances they have given recruiting quite a boost in this part of the country, and there has been a surprising increase in the number of inquiries about becoming Don Rs.

Our Squadrons in Glasgow, 30 Independent Armoured Brigade Signal Squadron and 85 A.G.R.A. (Field) Signal Squadron, attended a week-end camp at Dundonald, Ayrshire, during the week-end 4th-5th June and put in some hard work in preparation for Annual Camp at Comrie, Perthshire.

84 A.G.R.A. Signal Squadron and 155 Independent Infantry Brigade Signal Squadron attended a weekend camp at Craigiehall, South Queensferry, during the week-end 18th-19th June and again some hard work and training was carried out. The outstanding feature of this weekend camp was the valiant work carried out by the line party. At both camps everybody had an enjoyable time and for once the weather was kind to us.

155 INDEPENDENT INFANTRY BRIGADE SIGNAL SQUADRON (T.A.). The main activity during the past month has been preliminary preparations for Annual Camp, including the inevitable "decoration" of Squadron transport in regulation khaki green. In this respect it is rumoured that S.S.M. Grace, our cheery P.S.I., is so proud of his work that he is offering to eat his meals off the floor of the L.C.V. The S.S.M. has also worked wonders with our small but efficient recreation room, so much so that Mrs. Grace is thinking of setting up house in it! Obviously she has her eye on the new easy chairs.

Monday, 16th May, saw the Squadron put in some "shooting" practice on a local indoor range and, though S.Q.M.S. Leithead appeared to require optical treatment, good shots were discovered in Sergeant Bill Hayes and Signalman "Killer" Robertson. Incidentally, the name "Killer" does not refer to Signalman Robertson's inability with a rifle, but with his activities on the M.T. side of training; who knows? maybe he saw the Display Team too often and is trying to do with a 3-ton lorry what the Display Team did with a motor cycle.

So many of the personnel of this Squadron are employed by the British Railways, it is rumoured that half-a-dozen engines are to be named after the Squadron so that the chaps will feel at home whilst on duty.

51 L. OF C. (CITY OF LONDON) SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.

Our contributions to THE WIRE are so infrequent that it is hard to know where to begin after the very full programme of recent months. Perhaps the best place would be the Lord Mayor of London's St. George's Day parade on 23rd April. The object was to show the state of the Territorial Army in the City of London, and to do this every Regiment administered by the City T.A. and A.F. Association was represented.

It was a brilliant day of sunshine and colour with all three services taking part in a review and march past. Many years and much water have passed since most of us took part in such a business; and the feet afterwards!!! Everyone turned out very shiny and wearing medals for the first time (afterwards a very senior officer remarked on the great show of brass by our contingent led by the C.O.). In spite of all this extra weight of metal we managed to keep upright and in step to the last.

Our last dance of the season on 7th May took the form of a combined all-ranks dance with our neighbours 56 (London) Armoured Division Signal Regiment. A record number of officers turned up and we broke all Mess and canteen takings records. At this function we saw our new Adjutant for the first time. Captain T. G. H. Jackson joined us officially the next week, and after two months we are still pleased to have him with us. Perhaps we cannot teach him anything about rugger, but we are trying to take advantage of the summer to teach him a few other things.

There are numerous week-end schemes going on under Squadron arrangements. Each seems to be more successful than the last. Most of the regular attenders must have their families well under control.

We have recently received a collection of Cadets (or whatever the collective noun for cadets is) to advise and test on training. The Adjutant and P.S.I.s are working very hard at this new responsibility, which entails much travelling all over London.

The annual training fortnight at Crowborough is drawing near. Many recces have already taken place and the Q.M. insists that all the inn-keepers in the district are ex-members of the Corps, and extremely helpful. Whether this will turn out to be an advantage or a handicap cannot be seen at this early stage. A very full programme of training, entertainments, visits and functions has been arranged and everyone is beginning to wonder if they are in full training for all the different activities. This will be our first camp with the W.R.A.C. (or the W.R.A.C. with us?). Their programme of training seems to be even larger and more detailed than ours.

The dates are Sunday, 14th to Sunday, 28th August. Any of our friends will be welcome at any time during the fortnight. Very complicated arrangements are being made to transport families to the camp during the middle week-end. It is also rumoured that something rather more elaborate than usual is being fixed for that week-end in the Officers' Mess.

We have been pleased to welcome an ex-member of the Corps as our new caretaker—Captain (Q.M.) and Mrs. R. V. Pearce are already settling down to being the only fully fledged civilians among us.

Army Phantom Signal Regiment

(The Princess Louise's Kensington Regiment)

We congratulate the C.O., Lieutenant-Colonel R. Wasey, M.B.E., Royal Signals, and Major R. Hammond, Royal Signals, on being awarded the Territorial Decoration.

The Unit is just about to move off to Crowborough Warren Camp, Sussex, to carry out fifteen days' annual training.

21 CORPS SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.

Steady progress is now being made both with recruiting and training of this Unit, after some two years since formation. Headquarters are at the Phoenix Street Drill Hall, Derby, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel R. A. Waldron, with Major R. E. Pickford as Second-in-Command, Captain Ken Newall as Adjutant and Captain J. Moore as Quartermaster. H.Q. and Main Corps Squadrons are here.

The Ashgate Road Drill Hall in Chesterfield houses the Line and Rear Corps Squadrons, whilst the remaining portions of the Unit are in Nottingham.

All ranks are at the time of writing busily preparing and looking forward to Annual Camp, which this year will be at Zetland Camp, Marske-by-Sea. Every advantage has been taken this year to combine enjoyment of the beautiful Derbyshire countryside with training, by means of weekend camps, and we have been indeed fortunate with the weather, and also in the abundance of training stores and aids which are available.

In common with most other T.A. Units. more recruits are anxiously awaited; we are, however, fortunate in that we can now, particularly in the line and operating squadrons, put a complete detachment by trades on to an exercise, for example; and there are sufficient linemen and operators to make up classes for lecture purposes.

In the next report, the present scribe will attempt to comment on the Camp and other activities of this Unit.

JONAH

43 (Wessex) Infantry Divisional Signal Regiment, T.A.

Taunton

Constant reminders by Captain Carleton-Stiff of the democratic nature of the modern Army reached their climax in his appearing before a "court," on the Officers' Mess Regimental guest night on a charge of "pinching." The object of his proclivities was "one luscious damsel, duly prepared and coolly waiting" a summons to dance from the C.R. Signals, at a dance to which officers of the Regiment were kindly invited by the Station Command at the R.A.F. Station Chivenor, where 50 A.F. Signals, T.A., were in camp. An excellent party.

We have at this camp seen the justification for two years really hard work on the part of ALL ranks. The Regimental Exercise went better than we dared to expect. Morale is running high and we look forward to its being reflected in recruiting figures this Autumn.

The Regiment went to annual camp at Fremington on Saturday, 2nd July, 1949. No notes on our camp would be complete if we failed to record our great appreciation at the never-failing help and kindness received from the Commandant and ALL ranks of the Combined Operations Centre, Fremington. They were magnificent.

The first few days in camp were spent in vehicle maintenance and training generally, the lads soon settling back into the normal routine of army life. In fact the gap between demob and arriving back in khaki seemed no longer than a 48.

On Saturday, 9th July, the Regiment was challenged to a game of cricket by the 50th Air Formation Signal Regiment, T.A. The game was played on the N. Devon C.C. ground and H.Q. was well represented by the C.O. and the Squadron "office wallah."

On the following day, the Unit Sports and Vehicle Competitions were held.

We moved off to play our part in Exercise Exmoor on Monday, 11th July, and arrived at our first location at Simonsbath. H.Q. personnel immediately consolidated and a determined attack was made on the Exmoor Hotel. Our objective, the Four Ale Bar, was reached and the thirst for battle was rapidly quenched. Our first meal was prepared under the expert guidance of our Major Q.M. who had rapidly assumed the guise of a well-known branch of orderly. Imagine the glee felt by two signalmen on peering through a hedge overlooking the cooking area. A sight perhaps never seen before in the army met their eyes. One Major, the R.S.M., the R.Q., one sergeant and a corporal all busy spud bashing. On reporting this phenomenon however, one of the types observed that it showed an excellent spirit amongst our gaffers and did leave the lads plenty of time to establish office, shake some life out of the charging plants and do the necessary check over on the vehicles. We moved to our next location during the advance on Barnstaple during the next day and this time established ourselves in a farmyard where we were heavily attacked by horse flies who inflicted some casualties.

We left Fremington on Friday, 15th July, glad of course to be going home, but at the same time happy in the fact that we had achieved a good camp and had got to really know the blokes that we may one day have to serve with.

11 A.A. (M) Signal Regiment

London, S.W.3

Congratulations to Sergeant Jim Kirby, B.E.M., on the well deserved honour bestowed on him by His Majesty.

We enjoyed a most successful annual camp at Colchester from 12th—26th June. During the fortnight we were privileged by visits from the G.O.C. 1 A.A. Group, Major-General G. W. E. Heath, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., the C.S.O. A.A. Command, Brigadier W. H. G. Rogers, C.B.E., the C.S.O. 1 A.A. Group, Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Ellis, Royal Signals, the D.A.C.G., the Rev. N. Copeland, Lieutenant-Colonel A. Hemsley, M.B.E., T.D., and Junior Commander N. Staveley, W.R.A.C.

During the first week of camp our D.R.s left us for four days on a ride to Wales. Their trip was an eventful one; Signalman Parker hurt his shoulder, but insisted on riding his machine back to camp, Signalman Pryce clipped the hind regions of a Welsh mountain sheep, Signalman O'Keefe, delayed by a puncture, was guided through the mountain darkness by the rest of the party who bashed their headlamps skywards and played their horns resoundingly for his benefit.

Our annual sports also took place during the first week of camp. We were most fortunate in being granted the use of the athletic ground and many other facilities "aboard" H.M.S. *Ganges* at Shotley. The Inter-Squadron Sports Cup was won by 23 Squadron and the Inter-Squadron Tabloid Sports Cup (W.R.A.C.) by 22 Squadron.

On the middle Sunday of camp a drum head service was held. This was attended by most of the Regiment and conducted by the Rev. N. Copeland, who drove up from London specially for the purpose.

Of other competitive events, the W.R.A.C. Drill Competition was won by 22 Squadron, the Military Drill Competition by 21 Squadron and the message race by 22 Squadron.

14 A.A. (M) SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.

The Regiment was in camp at Towyn, North Wales, from 2nd July.

96 A.G.R.A. Signal Squadron, at Runcorn in Cheshire, become a part of the Regiment on being redesignated 33 A.A. (Mixed) Signal Squadron.

W.O.s and Sergeants, 15 A.A. (M) Signal Regiment, T.A., June-July, 1949

15 A.A. (M) Signal Regiment, T.A.

Leeds

Annual Camp. The Regiment is now back from a most successful 15 day camp at Rolston, near Hornsea. It would have been against the "law of averages" if we had had bad weather again. But everything was on our side and it was "shirt sleeve order" nearly every day.

Twenty-two officers and 170 other ranks attended camp for one or both weeks, which was a very high percentage of the Regiment. Included in this figure were 17 W.R.A.C. cooks (on paper). Apart from the weather the big unknown quantity was how efficient these cooks were going to prove. But like the weather they turned up trumps and proved to everyone that they were not just cooks on paper.

A great deal of solid individual training was carried out and with a range on our doorstep, rifle, sten and revolver firing were completed. Visits were paid to the A.A.O.R. at Wawne Hall, near Hull, and to Northern Command Signal Office at York.

Visit of Honorary Colonel. Lord Scarbrough was unable to visit the Regiment in camp last year but this year very nobly said he would like to spend a day and night in camp and for the first time saw the Regiment as a whole.

For the ceremonial parade the Regiment was under the Command of Major L. Hayes and paraded in two Squadrons, "A" (male) under Major Kilner, and "B" (W.R.A.C.) under Junior Commander Scott Morton.

We had managed to borrow the band of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment from Strensall for the day and on arrival on parade Lord Scarbrough was greeted with the "General Salute." After a thorough inspection of the Regiment he presented the Long Service and Good Conduct Medals to R.S.M. G. R. Thornton and S.Q.M.S. Crockett. He then returned to the dais to take the salute as the Regiment marched past. The band naturally gave that extra bit of encouragement but the turn-out, drill and general bearing was a credit to all those who took part in the parade.

Lord Scarbrough lunched in the Officers' Mess, visited training, and dined at a guest night in the Officers' Mess. After dinner the officers had been very kindly invited to the W.O.s' and Sergeants' Mess, where they were all stoked up before going on to the all ranks dance in the camp dining hall. The dance band of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment provided the music and a successful evening ensued.

One complete day was spent at Scarborough to which the Regiment went by bus. As this was the day after pay day a lot of money was spent and more sun-bathing blisters collected. Bathing, both sea and sun, appeared to be carried out frequently throughout the camp period.

In the second week a combined concert was held with performers from this Regiment and also the Durham University Training Corps who were in camp with us. A lot of the donkey (or should one say elephant) work was done before camp, particularly some of the chorus work. It says a lot for the sound construction of the stage—but we had better leave it at that!

Two nights before camp ended, each Squadron had its own party in and around Hornsea. It was quite unnecessary to give the C.O. a list of addresses so that he could visit them. He only needed a pair of ears—and a large capacity for alcohol! The various parties then invaded the Floral Hall and continued dancing to the bitter end.

ROYAL SIGNALS

Officers' Reunion and Buffet Supper

Hyde Park Hotel, Friday, 14th October

Tickets from Room 97, Horse Guards, Whitehall, S.W.1

Headquarters Notes

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING AND OLD COMRADES' REUNION, CATTERICK, 1949

WE of the Association are indeed grateful to the Commandants of the Signal Training Centre and School of Signals for the really excellent arrangements that they made for our entertainment and comfort during the Reunion Weekend of 16th/17th July.

The first event after the arrival of the Old Comrades was the playing of Retreat by the Corps Band on the Messines parade ground.

Throughout the evening, entertainments were in full swing in the Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Messes of the Royal Signals Wing, Officer Training Wing, 1 Training Regiment and 7 Selection Regiment. Your reporter made the round of all four and found that members of the Ancient Order of Grippers were in good voice, and every spot where there have ever been Signals was visited in reminiscence. Incidentally, he made the round on foot, and it says much for his staying power that he was still on his feet when he finally arrived at his allotted bed.

The heavy rain on Friday night and intermittent showers during the Saturday had not given much promise of a fine day for the principal events of the Sunday, but our fears were groundless, for despite a few light showers during the morning, and a somewhat cold wind during the afternoon, the weather was favourable.

Over 200 Old Comrades attended the Church Parade at St. Martin's Church, which was conducted by the Rev. G. P. Druitt, C.B.E., Assistant Chaplain General, Northern Command, who preached on the subject of "Comradeship."

After the service, the parade, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel W. M. Ponsonby, O.B.E., with the Old Comrades' Squadron under the command of Brigadier F. A. Heymann, O.B.E., marched past, the salute being taken by the Chairman, Major-General G. G. Rawson, C.B., O.B.E., M.C. With him at the saluting base were Major-General R. T. O. Cary, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., A.D.C., Commander Catterick District, and Brigadiers W. C. V. Galwey, O.B.E., M.C., and G. S. O'N. Power, C.B.E.

After the parade, the Old Comrades marched to "B" Sandhurst Block, Vimy Lines for the annual general meeting, which was preceded by the necessary preliminary of the issue of medallions which entitled them to free refreshment and tickets for lunch and tea.

Brigadier Galwey opened the proceedings by welcoming the visitors and gave a brief account of the present organisation of the Signal Training Centre and School of Signals.

General Rawson followed with a speech in which he thanked the two Commandants for their really excellent welcome, and gave a brief resume of the work of the Association during the past year.

General Fladgate was elected as Chairman vice General Rawson, General Vyvyan as Vice-Chairman vice Brigadier Murphy, General Walton as Non-Regular-Officer-Member vice Brigadier Wickens, and Sergeants Banham and Best of the Benevolent Fund Adjudicating Committee as the Representative Other Rank Members.

The accounts were passed, and an amendment clarifying Rule 8 was also passed.

The proceedings closed with votes of thanks to both Commandants, the Chairman, and on the proposition of Captain Ironmonger (Birmingham), to the General Secretary.

A full report of the meeting and the accounts will be published in the next issue.

After a very pleasant lunch in the marquee, the fun and games began with a performance of their full programme by the Royal Signals motor cycle display team, which was loudly applauded by all who saw it.

In the intermission before the next advertised item, we were entertained by the "Gulli-Gulli" man, Ali Beg, alias Colonel Ponsonby, who arrived on the field riding on a magnificent elephant, accompanied by a somewhat fractious baby elephant, whose antics caused much amusement. He gave a very good performance of sleight of hand.

The final item on the afternoon's' programme was a P.T. display by the W.R.A.C., which also gained much applause.

Tea followed in the marquee, during which the Corps Band played.

After tea we began to disperse to our various homes, conscious of a very happy reunion, and I am certain that the reports that visitors take back to their various branches will make them more than ever determined to have 100% attendance next year.

I cannot give full figures of those attending, as a large number of members who are not attached to local branches attended, and large numbers living in the district came over during the afternoon, but the largest numbers answering at the annual general meeting were Leeds Branch 64, and Birmingham 19.

During the afternoon, crowds of the older members were to be found nattering in the "Do you remember?" strain over the display of historic signalling equipment, some dating back to the Boer War.

A large selection of the Corps' sports trophies were on view, as was also "Quicksilver," the Corps demonstration recruiting vehicle—it does seem a pity that this should be confined to Northern Command.

L.N.L.

Branch Notes

Birmingham

Only a writer of inflexible determination could be expected to get down to the job of writing notes in this remarkable summer of 1949. Notes which one feels sure will not be read anyway. What little determination I have is by no means inflexible. It can, in fact, be bent and twisted to suit any given set of circumstances.

However, 90 in the shade or not, I must tell you that our old friend Mr. Bert Harding has had to go into hospital again. He has had serious trouble with his throat and vocal chords for a long time but seems to be able to present a cheerful face at all our meetings. We hope most sincerely that by the time these notes appear, Bert will be back with us again and the old funnel working steadily. In the chatty way that hospitals have, they tell me precisely nothing on the telephone.

Mr. Tom Liggins, Corporal Liggins to you, whose sight has now almost entirely deserted him, continues to hold his place as our No. 1 Consistent Member. He suggests that someone should write his life story! When the paper shortage has been eased Tom, we will have a bash. Tom, by the way weighs about eight stone, but most of this is shrapnel from the 1914-18 war.

Jumping from the cheerful people with loads of trouble to the miserable ones who are lucky and don't know it, here's a man who takes the trouble to work out that quite ordinary razor blades cost £9,856 per ton. I suppose they do. A staggering thought, but what can you do about it? It is even easier to confirm that if you smoke 20 cigarettes a day at 3/6 you puff £63/17/6 into the air. But wait. Almost certainly you will throw a quarter of each cigarette into the gutter or fireplace, or perhaps leave it burning on the polished dining table. That will be £15/19/3. It makes you think. It will not make you act. Me too, neither.

A pity I can't tell you about the Signals Reunion at

Catterick on 16th/17th July. I haven't been yet. Look out for gossip.

One small item of news which will depress many of our regular customers is that the Sunday concerts at the Drill Hall, Hall Green, have come to an end. If they are ever revived they will have to be run on entirely different lines. The poor old P.R.I. can't lose ALL the time.

Now you can all fall out for a smoke and don't forget that £63.

Do not forget to fill up the coupon on page 98.

Ed.: There isn't any coupon.

Me: So what? They won't notice.

BARLEUX

Bournemouth

In the winter we said "Oh, well, it's raining," now we have to say "Oh, well, there's a heat wave," but whatever the real reason may be, we still seem to miss those evenings when there are bags of new faces at the meetings. Mind you, the regulars are a happy crowd and I don't think we suffer from hardening of the arteries, but we could do with a spot of new blood now and again.

On the social front there is not a great deal to report at the moment but we are making a journey to Bovington to renew aquaintance with some of our old friends there, and we even have ideas about a cricket match one Sunday before long. Mind you, I don't think we shall cause the Test selectors to make any flying visits to this part of the country but we might give the Crazy Gang a few ideas! We are still hoping to see a visitor or two from Mercury House one of these Fridays, by the way. This suggestion has appeared in these notes before, maybe I was on the wrong track when I said then that we meet in a pub but I am told that lemonade may be obtained on request and I can't say fairer than that.

Who knows? Something may happen any day now and give me a chance to write longer notes next month.

"KELB"

Bristol

It is with great regret that I have to announce the departure of our Secretary, Mr. A. S. Wallen, who has received a promotion and transferred out of Bristol to Northampton. I am sure that he will be missed by his Bristol colleagues, and that every one of us wish him every success in his new position.

Mr. Wallen has worked tremendously hard for the Bristol Branch, being one of the original founders of the present Association; and everyone will bear me out that had it not been for Mr. Wallen's unceasing work the Association would not be what it is today.

At the meeting on 8th July it was officially announced and confirmed that Mr. C. F. Mitchell, one of our Auditors, should take over the Secretaryship, his position as Auditor was taken by Mr. A. T. Caines. Also, owing to the resignation from the Committee of Mr. Barr, who was responsible for the Branch notes in THE WIRE, I was myself elected a Committee member and presented with this delightful task. However, I shall do my best to keep readers supplied with as much of the Branch activities and news as possible.

On Wednesday, 13th July, we have organised a coach trip in the evening to visit the Bath Branch and challenge them to a skittles match. I sincerely hope that members taking part and also their friends who accompany them, will have a very pleasant evening and that they will return to Bristol triumphant!

Unfortunately, I only received notice at our last meeting on 8th July, that these notes had to be compiled in two days, which gave me very little time to gather together all the news I would have liked to give; but I assure readers that I will endeavour to supply them with more news of our activities, etc., next month

Do you know the address of your local Branch of the Signals Association? If not, write to the General Secretary, 88 Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1.

Sheffield and District

The June meeting—the last of the present series—was held at the Dega Club, Sheffield, on the usual fourth Wednesday, the 22nd.

With Major G. E. Stone in the chair (and Colonel Holland deputising) there were upwards of twenty members and friends present, who enjoyed a good social evening and "get together."

There were numerous congratulations to Mrs. Ernest Taylor (née Dot Marshall) and her husband, who were the latest addition to the marriage roll. (It is not known whether the committee realised in the earlier days of the Branch that they were, in effect, forming something like an ex-Signals Marriage Bureau, but that is how things seem to have turned out.)

The next formal meeting will now be in October, on the usual fourth Wednesday, and at the same place. Meanwhile, an attractive programme of summer social outings is being arranged. And, of course, the Hon. Secretary, A. E. Parnaby, will be delighted to hear from members and prospective members residing in Sheffield and district, who may still be unaware of the existence of a local Branch. All correspondence should be addressed to him at 4 Tapton House Road, Sheffield, 10.

JONAH

BEACH SIGNALS D-DAY REUNION

FOLLOWING their usual custom, Beach Signals met at the Captain's Cabin, Haymarket, to celebrate their landing on the Normandy Beaches on D-Day. As the 6th of June this year fell on Whit Monday, there were, due to various reasons, a number of absentees. However, it was very cheering to see several new faces, including Maurice Carter, who had travelled from Birmingham, and Johnny Stewart, who a few hours before had left the examination rooms at Cambridge in order to be present.

Normandy had been pretty much in the news at this time —"Monty" taking a parade at Bayeux, visiting Arromanches and unveiling the 3rd Division Memorial at Hermanville. There were several Unit reunions, including the 6th Airborne Division at Ranville, Sallenelles and Merville.

Several expressed a desire to celebrate D-Day next year in Normandy at one of the beach villages where Beach Signals had effected a landing, e.g. Lion-sur-Mer. Various members undertook to make certain lines of inquiry and Geoff Lugg has agreed to collate these findings and publish them to those interested. There is a great deal of spade work to be done in arranging such a reunion and it was agreed that inquiries should be instituted immediately, and anyone interested is invited to write to our corresponding member, Captain G. N. Lugg, Rowley Cottage, Iford, Bath (Phone Bradford-on-Avon 3334).

Whatever happens over the Normandy excursion, it was agreed that something a little more ambitious should be attempted for next year's reunion, possibly in the way of a simple dinner, but always allowing plenty of time and space for the mixing of the various "types" and the odd noggin.

Each year brings forth some Beach Signals type who wandered off for service in strange parts. There were a couple of chaps this year who knew the Burma Road and the sweating jungle, and odd bits of conversation came drifting by of frequency drift, untropicalised sets, the improvisation of the lines blokes, and so on.

So let's hear from you Beach Signals. Friendships that have stood the test of war should stand the test of peace.

J. MARTIN

CRICKET, B.A.O.R.

The first Corps cricket match of the season was played at Dusseldorf on 18th June, when Royal Signals beat 2 Infantry Division by 3 wickets.

The game was played on a low-scoring ground under dull weather conditions, and the Corps side, on winning the toss, decided to field. 2 Division started very slowly, and at the end of an hour's play had scored 20 runs for no wicket. By lunch time they had raised their total to 87 for 6 wickets, and during the period concerned, Major Warren, Royal Australian Corps of Signals, who is attached to 2 Divisional Signal Regiment, bowled extremely well. Good fielding on the Corps side kept the runs down, and by about three o'clock the Divisional side were out for a total of 134.

The Corps side started confidently, but after about 20 minutes' batting Major Fountain received a severe blow on the hand, which forced him to retire for medical attention. He was, however, able to continue his innings later, and batted in a very sound manner for his 44 runs.

Royal Signals ultimately won by 3 wickets, with approximately 20 minutes' playing time left.

Hamburg District v. Royal Signals. The game was played at Hamburg on 2nd July, 1949, under very cold conditions. It was definitely a "two sweater" day when the Corps side went out to field, having lost the toss. The wicket was a very natural grass one and it was never apparent that it would be a low scoring game. The Corps fielding was good, two particularly good slip catches being taken by Major Carpenter and S.Q.M.S. Whitbread. Hamburg District were all out soon after lunch for a total of 103.

The Corps innings started well and the second wicket did not fall until the total was 70, out of which Major Fountain made a very nice 48 runs. The Hamburg District total was passed with five wickets in hand.

Bad Oeyenhausen Garrison v. Royal Signals. Conditions were ideal for cricket at Bad Oeyenhausen on 4th July, 1949, when the Garrison side was beaten by nine wickets. The Corps side did well to get their opponents out for 143 on a good wicket with a good and fast outfield. Their runs were made in two hours and 55 minutes, which reflects considerable credit on the accuracy of the Corps bowling. Three things were outstanding during the Garrison innings; one was the fine fielding and throwing of Second-Lieutenant Crole at cover, who saved a considerable number of runs, and the others were the good bowling of Major Carpenter, who took 5 for 64, and S.Q.M.S. Harding, who took 3 for 33. The latter was unfortunate in injuring his foot while bowling, and this injury prevented his bowling any more after he had taken three good wickets. Royal Signals got the necessary 144 runs runs for the loss of one wicket in an hour and 45 minutes. The outstanding innings was that of Major Carpenter who made 81 not out.

Royal Signals coat of arms put up at All Masjid by Lieut.-Colonel R. V. Proudlock, M.I.E.E., Chief Signal Officer, Frontier Corps, Pakistan

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THE WIRE

The Corps Magazine
of the
Royal Signals

VOL. 3 (*New Series*) NO. 9 • SEPTEMBER 1949

THE WIRE

The Corps Magazine of the
ROYAL SIGNALS

The Official Organ of the
SIGNALS ASSOCIATION

All correspondence and matter for publication for "The Wire" should be addressed to The Editor, "The Wire," 88 Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1. Matter for publication must be received by the 15th of the month preceding publication.

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SEPTEMBER • 1949

Volume 3 *New Series* **No. 9**

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PRICE: ONE SHILLING

Editorial

In response to a letter from the Representative Colonel Commandant offering the congratulations of Royal Signals on the engagement of the Earl of Harewood, Her Royal Highness the Princess Royal, Colonel-in-Chief, has been pleased to reply as follows:

> "Dear General Fladgate. Very many thanks for your kind congratulations on my elder son's engagement on behalf of yourself and my Corps. I am deeply grateful for their good wishes which I much appreciate."

☆

MAJOR-GENERAL R. T. O. CARY, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., retires after a long career in Royal Signals. Elsewhere will be found a short appreciation of his services to us.

He will be famous in our history for many things; perhaps especially for his work in Catterick. One small portion of this work in Catterick is not mentioned in the article. Many of us who are older will remember the entertainment organised by him in 1930, 1931 and 1932 for the children of the Training Battalion, to introduce to them Father Christmas with his load of toys. The central feature was an original cinema film; the actors and camera man being officers of the Training Battalion. Needless to say the "Director" was R. T. O. Cary.

☆

Our thanks are due to the J. Arthur Rank Organisation, and to the charming lady herself, for the picture of Miss Mai Zetterling. She will be remembered for her performance in "Freida." She is now starring in "The Romantic Age," in which she plays the part of an over-sophisticated French girl at a finishing school who makes the only male master (Hugh Williams) fall in love with her.

☆

FIFTH INDIAN DIVISION DINNER CLUB

Fourth Annual Dinner at May Fair Hotel, Berkeley Street, London, W.1, on Friday, 30th September, at 6.30 for 7.30 p.m. Tickets 22s. 6d. (plus 5s. Club Subscription for non-members) from Honorary Secretary, c/o Glyn Mills and Co., Whitehall, S.W.1.

OBITUARY

It is with deepest regret we have to announce the death from injuries of S.Q.M.S. R. Otterson, after an accident whilst riding a motor cycle.

S.Q.M.S. Otterson entered the Service in 1935 and after service in China returned home and went out with B.E.F. and M.E.F. in which theatre he was taken P.o.W. in June, 1942, being released in May, 1945. After a short period in Catterick he was posted as P.S.I. to 14 A.A. (M) Signal Regiment, T.A., in September, 1947.

Whilst rather on the quiet side, Bob was a hard-working and conscientious soldier in his alloted duties which earned him the true respect of every member of the Unit.

We are sure that all who had the pleasure of serving with him will wish us to express their sympathy to his family.

National Association for the Employment of Regular Sailors, Soldiers and Airmen

A letter from the Adjutant General to the Director of Signals is republished:

At a recent meeting of the Management Committee of the National Association for the Employment of Regular Sailors, Soldiers and Airmen, I undertook to see in what ways the Army could help the Association in making its objects and successes better known among Units.

I feel that the aims and work of the National Association are not as well known among Regular soldiers in the Army of today as they should be. It is true that the general planning for the resettlement of the Regular rests with the Government which, having accepted the recommendations of the Wiles' Report on the subject, is engaged through Committees of the Ministry of Labour and National Service in implementing these proposals both for training and for negotiating vacancies in various fields of employment. The National Association has no desire, nor is it qualified, to compete with the Ministry of Labour's employment exchanges. The Association does however claim to be in close touch, through its job finders, with many vacancies in fields of employment which would not normally come to the notice of the Ministry of Labour's officials, and claims, quite justly, to provide the special help which past experience has proved to be needed by many ex-Service men and particularly by ex-Regulars.

As you know the declared object of the National Association is to recommend to employers selected men of good character and of all qualifications and trades, and in connection with this the Association seeks:—

(a) to discover in each man his existing and potential employment value in civil life by close enquiry into his character, past experience (both in and out of the Service), hobbies and family surroundings.

(b) to inspire employers with a true appreciation of the value of these men.

(c) to provide much needed guidance to men ignorant of the commercial and industrial world regarding the best chance of earning a living (particularly long service men who, by virtue of their service, often abroad, have lost personal contacts), and to help them to solve the often difficult problems created or intensified by domestic responsibilities and restricted choice of residence.

I have the greatest desire to do anything I can to make the valuable work of the Association known. Through official channels a number of past A.C.I.s have contained references to the Association in one form or another and have laid down instructions for registration. Various copies of the monthly Services Resettlement Bulletin have contained sections designed to foster an interest in the work and scope of the Association. An A.C.I. will shortly be published replacing A.C.I. 742 of 1948 which deals with the Resettlement Information and Advice Service and which will seek to give more prominence than hitherto to the functions of the Association in connection with resettlement procedure. Much will then depend on the Resettlement and Advice Officers in the field and on the conduct of the final resettlement interviews which each Regular soldier undergoes in the last six months of his service.

Finally, I have arranged for the last annual report of the National Association (for 1948), which is a very full guide of its work, to be distributed down to Units through the Army Publications Depot. A distribution to Directorates will be made by D.A.E.

There is still something which I think might be done on the unofficial side and in which I would ask for your co-operation and help. I think it would be a good thing if Directors ask Regiments and Corps with which they are concerned to publish once again a suitable and prominent notice in regimental magazines or journals drawing attention to the objects of the Association, the scope of its activities, and the measure of its success. In connection with this latter point I would only mention that of 49,845 Army personnel who registered or re-registered in 1948, 38,652 were placed. These figures include non-Regulars who were entitled to the help of the Association. The figures for Regulars only were 11,236 registered and 11,107 placed—a magnificent result as you will agree and worthy of being given more publicity.

I shall be most grateful if you will act on my suggestion above and for anything else you can do to make the aims and objects of the National Association better known and more fully utilised by Regulars leaving the Service.

The National Association "placed" 2,124 ex-Royal Signals in 1948.

NATIONAL SAVINGS WEEK

H.M. Forces to play their part

TO focus the attention of the country on the vital contribution which the National Savings Movement is making to the welfare of Britain and its citizens, and to increase the membership of Savings Groups, a National Savings Week is to be held from 22nd to 29th October, 1949.

This new campaign to stimulate National Savings will also have the support of all the three Services. Thousands of men and women in the Forces save regularly through their Unit Savings Group, and during National Savings Week it is hoped that those who have not already "signed on the dotted line" will do so, for everyone has something or someone to save for. Steady and sustained savings in the Forces helps both Regular and National Servicemen alike for their return to civil life. There is also the advantages that they have something to fall back on in any emergency which may arise while they are in the Forces. And, in addition, they always have a bit to spend when they go on leave.

A.G.II writes to the Editor

The Corps Flag

In the July, 1949 issue of THE WIRE there appeared a contribution under the above heading, over the initials L.N.L.

I append an extract from Minute 9 of the Minutes of the 35th meeting of the Royal Signals Corps Committee and Royal Signals Corps Memorandum No. 5. The former was given complete Corps distribution in March, 1946, the latter in October, 1947.

"The following design for Corps unit flags has been approved by the Corps Committee:—

(i) Length twice the breadth for sizes up to 10 feet in length.

(ii) The Corps Colours to be in correct proportions of 3/7th light blue uppermost, 1/7th dark (navy) blue, and 3/7th dark green lowermost.

(iii) In the centre without oval backing a gold (deep chrome yellow) Mercury with crown and motto scroll. Overall height of badge to be one-half the breadth of the flag and *the badge to face away from the hoist on both sides.*

(iv) A suitable size flag for general use is 6 feet x 3 feet."

If the badge does not face outwards on both sides of the flag, the transparency of the bunting would create a blurred, indistinct effect.

"Jimmy"

In the July, 1949 issue of THE WIRE, Lieutenant-Colonel T. Stibbs, M.B.E., puts forward a theory of the origin of the use of Jimmy as a nickname for our Corps emblem. I am sorry to have to destroy so charming a suggestion, but in fact Mercury was referred as Jimmy long before Jimmy Emblem became an outstanding figure in Corps boxing.

Mercury was adopted as the Corps emblem when the Corps was formed in June, 1920, and almost immediately someone dubbed him Jimmy, in the way service men have of giving nicknames to most people and things, and the pseudonym stuck. It rapidly spread throughout units of the S.T.C. (then at Maresfield and Crowborough) and gradually throughout the Corps. In 1920 Jimmy Emblem was a promising boxer but it was not until later that he became famous as a Corps and Army champion.

It may interest readers to know that when an official Corps March was being considered, an officer of the Corps submitted a composition of his own entitled "Jimmy of the Corps of Signals."

[*The officer was Lieutenant P. A. Chubb (now Lieutenant-Colonel, retired) and the words and music of his composition were published as a supplement to the December, 1922, issue* of THE WIRE.—ED.]

BRITISH LEGION

Four years after the cessation of hostilities there are still many thousands of ex-Servicemen and women who, like wreckage after a storm, are left drifting "on a sea of troubles" or lie washed up derelict on the beach of despair. This perhaps is an inevitable situation but one which must be acknowledged and dealt with in a realistic manner. The Government has instituted new social security schemes, but many of these men slip through the wide meshes of the official net. The Government schemes legislate for the general and not the individual, and in the name of humanity provision must be made for those who do not come under its influence. The problems are so widespread and varied that it needs a nation-wide organisation to deal properly with the situation.

Each Regiment has its own Association which continues the comradeship of Service and deals with problems which concern the needs of its own members, and much good work is done by them in alleviating temporary need and the finding of employment, etc.

On the wider issues which affect ex-Servicemen generally it is essential to have official representation. No single regimental association could fulfil this need and it is in this respect that the British Legion—which is representative of all three Services is of extreme importance.

The Legion is not a substitute for, nor a competitor with, the regimental associations. It co-operates with them in every way possible. During the past 28 years it has built up a welfare service which is quite unique, and its influence is applied corporately on behalf of all ex-Servicemen and women wherever their interests are affected. This authority to speak on their behalf is already recognised by its representation on all important advisory bodies concerned with welfare and rehabilitation.

Legion policy is decided at national conference by the members themselves, many of whom also belong to their respective regimental associations as well. It is only by the whole-hearted support of all ex-Servicemen and women of this national organisation that their interests can best be served. There is a Legion branch in almost every town and village in the country and where all ex-Servicemen and women will be welcome.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Renewals and New Subscribers

From next month we shall be including a Subscription Form in every copy of THE WIRE. We ask you, please, to complete the form and let us have it as soon as possible with your remittance.

When you have done this, you will find that you will still get the form for another three months. Now this isn't just a scheme to help you litter up the Lines by throwing it away—in any case, the C.O. objects to odd bits of paper blowing all over the place. No! The general idea is for you to help us by getting new subscribers. If all your pals are already subscribers, just hand the unwanted forms into your Squadron Office, so that anyone wanting a form can ask for it there, instead of having to write to us for one.

Of course, if you are already in Civvy Street, you may have friends who have served in the Corps and don't know about the magazine—it's marvellous the number of people who have "Never 'eard of it!" In your case, the Secretary of your local branch of the Association may like to have the spare forms.

Remember, the more copies we can sell, the better value we shall be able to give you in the matter of articles, stories and pictures.

Just think how convenient it is to have your copy delivered to you direct by post instead of having to wait for either the P.R.I. to get his bulk supply in by rail, or until you can get round to the local branch meeting. And don't forget that your Branch Secretary is a busy man, and cannot find time to chase round after odd members who might like to buy a copy.

Signals Association Badges (see cut at head of Association Notes) are available, price 3s., in either buttonhole or brooch pattern.

Corps Ties, price 7s. 6d. We regret that the "Uncrushable" quality are temporarily out of stock.

Official Royal Signals Car Badges, 30s.

All obtainable from the General Secretary, Royal Signals Association, 88 Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1.

Major-General
R. T. O. CARY
C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O.

IT is with deep regret that the Corps bids farewell to one of its most distinguished soldiers, Major-General R. T. O. Cary, G.O.C. Catterick District, who retired on 1st September, 1949. There is no doubt that many members of the Corps, and certainly all those serving in Catterick, will feel his loss as that of a great friend, for throughout his career he has interpreted the Army's rules and regulations to the greater benefit of every officer and man and has shown a wonderful example of devotion to duty during his 36 years' service.

General Cary was first appointed Second-Lieutenant with the 4th Somerset Light Infantry (T.F.) in September, 1913, and was mobilised with this Regiment on August 4th, 1914. He proceeded to India with the Regiment and served there until October, 1915, taking part in the operations against the Mohmands and Swatis on the North West frontier. On 17th August, 1915, the date of his 19th birthday, he was granted his regular commission as Second-Lieutenant in the Middlesex Regiment.

He later served with his Battalion in France until wounded at the battle of the Somme on 1st July, 1916. On returning to France in 1917, he was seconded to the Army Signal Service in May of that year and served with 8 Corps Signal Company and the 33rd Divisional Artillery Brigade Signal Section. After leaving 8 Corps Signal Company he was awarded the M.B.E. for his work in the 5th Army A.A. defence organisation. He returned to England after the war to serve with the 2nd Training Battalion Signals at the old Depot in Crowborough, Sussex. Many members of the old Corps will remember him for his organisation and running of the old Gaiety Theatre in that camp.

In June, 1921, he was posted to Cardiff as Adjutant of the 53rd Welsh Divisional Signals and remained there until he was posted to the Army Signal School, Poona, India, where he remained as Chief Instructor from August, 1925, to December, 1927.

From the Signal School at Poona he served with 2nd Indian Divisional Signals at Quetta until his reversion to the Home Establishment and posting to Catterick in 1930. It was during his tour with the 2nd Indian Divisional Signals that he organised "Signals Week" in Quetta; an event from which the fair at Catterick developed 20 years later. From Catterick he was posted once again to India where he held the appointments of G.S.O. II Army H.Q. India and Staff Officer to the Signal Officer in Chief from 1932 to 1936. In 1936 he proceeded to the Senior Officers' School at Belgaum, during which period he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel and subsequently posted to command the Training Battalion Royal Signals in Catterick Camp, which latter appointment he held from October, 1936, until August, 1939.

Prior to the termination of his tour of command of the Training Battalion he was selected for the appointment of Commandant of the School of Signals with effect from 5th November, 1939. He never actually filled this appointment as shortly after the outbreak of war in 1939 he was promoted Colonel and appointed Chief Signal Officer to the 4th Corps, which was at that time being formed at New Alresford under the command of General Auchinleck. He accompanied General Auchinleck and a skeleton staff of 4th Corps to Norway in early 1940 as Chief Signal Officer of the North West Expeditionary Force and remained with that Force until the capture of Narvik and the subsequent evacuation to England. He was awarded a Mention in Despatches for his work during this expedition. On his return to England he was appointed Chief Signal Officer 5th Corps under Field Marshal, then Lieutenant-General Montgomery, and served with that Corps in England until he was appointed Chief Signal Officer South Eastern Command with the rank of Brigadier, in 1941. General Paget was at that time G.O.C. in C. South Eastern Command but shortly afterwards was appointed Commander in Chief Home Forces to be succeeded by Field Marshal, then General Montgomery. It was thus that Brigadier Cary found himself once more serving under Field Marshal Montgomery.

In March, 1942, he was appointed Deputy to the Signal Officer in Chief, Middle East, General Penny. In September of that year he was appointed Signal Officer in Chief Persia and Iraq with Headquarters in Baghdad under General, now Field Marshal Maitland Wilson. In February, 1943, he became Chief Signal Officer of the 8th Army and served in that capacity until the end of the Tunisian campaign.

During the planning stages of the invasion of Sicily, he was unfortunately overtaken by illness and was invalided home. He was awarded both the C.B.E. and the D.S.O. in 1944. The C.B.E. for his work in Paiforce in 1943 and the D.S.O. for his distinguished service during the North African campaign.

Later he received the appointment of Chief Signal Officer, Eastern Command, and in November, 1943, that of Signal Officer in Chief 21 Army Group with the acting rank of Major-General. He was holding this appointment when once again Field Marshal Montgomery took over command of the Army Group from General Paget. Unfortunately, at the end of January, 1944, the illness, which necessitated his invaliding home in 1943, reasserted itself and he had to relinquish the appointment of Signal Officer in Chief, 21 Army Group on his admission to hospital.

In November, 1944, he became Chief Signal Officer Home Forces, and served in that capacity under General Franklin until his appointment as Commander Signal Training Centre at Catterick in February, 1945. In November, 1945, he took up the newly constituted appointment of Commandant School of Signals and, as such, the whole Signals organisation in Catterick came under his command. In March, 1946, he was appointed A.D.C. to the King and in September of the same year on the status of Catterick Sub District being raised to that of a District, he was appointed G.O.C. and promoted to the rank of Major-General.

It is to General Cary that the thanks of all members of the Corps are due for his untiring efforts to make Catterick, the home of the Corps, the best military station in the United Kingdom, and in this his aim has undoubtedly succeeded. He will be remembered for many years to come as the founder of the Theatre Club, the Catterick Fair, the Catterick Entertainments Branch, the *Catterick Express* and the Catterick Committee.

The Signals Theatre was his first creation and was founded in November, 1945, when he was Commandant School of Signals. The first production was a Christmas pantomime "Cinderella," presented in December, 1945. The part of Merlin he Magician was played by R. T. O. Cary, and each successive pantomime features the now traditional "Merlin" as its prologue.

Since the first pantomime, 53 productions have been presented and over 70,000 patrons entertained. The General himself has taken part in many of the productions and will long be remembered for his superb and inimitable portrayal of Sheridan Whiteside in the "Man who came to Dinner."

The theatre will be renamed "The Cary Theatre," as a token of appreciation to its founder.

The Catterick Fair, a most ambitious entertainment project, is solely the creation of General Cary who, with the assistance of Mrs. Cary, has made it a permanent institution in Catterick. The story of Catterick Fair begins 20 years ago, when the General, then a captain serving in Quetta, organised and took part in Quetta Week, which

was a week of entertainment run by his Unit. The culminating event of this week was an open air dance and fair at which cocoa-nut shies and ingeniously devised side-shows were made and staffed by members of the Unit, and which for a short space of time introduced a bit of "Old England" into sun-baked Quetta. The fair was a huge success and the idea was pigeon-holed in the mind of the General for future reference.

In May, 1945, Brigadier R. T. O. Cary, Commander S.T.C., planned a fair, run by the troops under his command, to take place on Baghdad sports ground. Side-shows, coloured lights and all the fun of the fair gave the S.T.C. a holiday, which will long be remembered.

In 1946 R. T. O. Cary was appointed Commander Catterick Sub-District, later to attain District status. Quetta Week was still on his mind, and so the first Catterick Fair took place in August, 1947. Fair roundabouts, swings and merry-go-rounds of civilian showmen were combined with a haunted house, flower show, dog show and baby show staged by the troops themselves. The fair was an enormous success and the Garrison Entertainment and Benevolent Funds benefited to the extent of £650.

Catterick Fair, 1948, was an even greater success and more than £670 was poured into the District welfare funds, but the greatest success of all was Catterick Fair, 1949, and was a most fitting farewell to the General.

In 1946 he established the Catterick Entertainments Branch, the functions of which has become very extensive and caters for all the Garrison. In addition to entertainment the Branch organises such projects as gardening, drama and dancing competitions. The Catterick Entertainments Branch with the Catterick Fair Committee undertakes the lion's share of the fair organisation and each year, with the financial support derived from the fair, the work of the Catterick Entertainments Branch continues to grow and expand in all directions, to cater for the necessary amusement requirements of the Garrison.

Another "child" of the General is the *Catterick Express*, the first number of which was published on 26th October, 1946. The paper, purely a soldiers' journal, is unconcerned with politics and deals only with local affairs in Catterick. The object of the paper is to provide the members of Catterick Garrison with an up-to-date summary week by week of what is being done to improve the amenities of the camp and to give information of local interest on amusements and sport.

The first edition of the *Catterick Express* shows a photograph of R. T. O. Cary starting a dream on the road to reality by turning the first sod for the foundations of the new N.A.A.F.I. club, and later, in the edition of 28th January, 1949, another picture may be seen of the General with H.R.H. The Princess Royal at the opening of Catterick's new N.A.A.F.I. club, one of the finest and most up-to-date Services' clubs in the country. The dream has been realised. This is typical of the General's work in Catterick, an ambitious project commenced, culminating in complete success and all to make Catterick a better place for the soldier to live in.

In 1946 the General instituted the Catterick Committee, to which each Unit in the Garrison sends a representative. The meetings of the Committee are held every month and all points concerning the improvement of amenities of the District are thrashed out and good ideas and suggestions adopted.

Little has been said about Mrs. Cary's activities in the District but it is unquestionable that an equal share of the credit for the success of all these experiments must go to her. Mrs. Cary has been actively associated with every production of the Theatre Club and will be particularly remembered for her work with the local branch of S.S.A.F.A. and her enthusiastic and unceasing work on various other welfare committees. The success of the Catterick Academy of Dancing, of which she is the founder, is largely due to her untiring efforts.

Few people are so busy as a District Commander, few ladies have so exacting a diary as a District Commander's wife, yet during the past 4½ years the General and his wife have set aside even their few remaining leisure hours to further the cause of making Catterick a better place. Today Catterick, the home of the Corps, is a soldiers' town; its unfortunate reputation lingering from the days when it really was a mud heap, is completely wiped out and it is in no small measure due to General and Mrs. Cary that it is today one of the finest Service stations in the country with many amenities to make the soldier's life both comfortable and happy. In 1948 the General was appointed C.B., which was a fitting and richly deserved honour.

The Corps, in saying good-bye to General Cary, is losing a truly great man, who has left behind something for which he will long be remembered. Farewell, General and Mrs. Cary, and on behalf of every member of the Corps we wish you much happiness in the days to come.

RADIOLYMPIA, 1949

Royal Signals Exhibition

Under the watchful eye of C.S.O. 1 A.A. Group, a Royal Signals stand is being prepared for the Radio-Olympia Exhibition which will be open from 28th September to 8th October, 1949.

The stand will contain the most up-to-date wireless equipment used, together with pictorial details of the work of the Corps. There will also be one or two novel exhibits such as a wireless set working under water and a demonstration of wireless transmission and reception and recording technique. A selection of the types of wireless aerials used with army wireless sets will be shown and a dummy paratrooper landing with his equipment will grace one corner. Parts of the optical path wireless set No. 10 will also be exhibited.

Details of Royal Signals trades will be illustrated in typescript and pictures and there will be pamphlets giving fuller details available on request.

The stand will be No. 32 and should be well worth a visit by all Corps members, old and new.

MR. HERBERT MORRISON M.P., Lord President of the Council and Deputy Prime Minister, is to open the 16th National Radio Exhibition ("Radiolympia") at Olympia, London, on the afternoon of Wednesday, 28th September.

A peal of electronic bells will greet Mr. Morrison when he enters Radiolympia and he will afterwards be invited to operate them from a keyboard in the control room.

The Royal Navy, the Army and the Royal Air Force are to exhibit their radio and radar equipment at Radiolympia for the first time since the war. The Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, for which Mr. Morrison is the responsible minister, the various research establishments of the Ministry of Supply, the G.P.O. and the Ministry of Civil Aviation are all to give popular demonstrations and the Board of Trade is to have offices adjoining the Radio Industry Council's rooms for the reception of overseas visitors.

Many new models of radio and television receivers—some of the latter for the new Midlands station—are promised by manufacturers and the public will see rehearsals and performances in the B.B.C. television studio, or on the screens of television sets of every make which will be working side by side in communal viewing halls.

Mobile and "business radio," transmission of newspaper photographs by radio, the use of radar and other navigational aids and electronic industrial equipment will also be demonstrated by leading manufacturers.

Patron of Radiolympia is H.M. Queen Mary who, it is hoped, may visit the Exhibition on the special invitation day, Tuesday, 27th September.

SIGNAL TRAINING CENTRE

CATTERICK CAMP

7 SELECTION REGIMENT

A welcome return to the Regiment, after a very successful tour of the main South Coast holiday resorts, has been the Corps Band. Recently, we have taken the band under our wing from No. 1 Training Regiment, Royal Signals, and our C.O. is now the Band President. During its brief visit to Catterick, the band was able to fulfil a number of engagements, among which was a very pleasant band concert given in the garden of H.Q. Mess on 13th July. The concert was a great success, and was attended by a large number of officers, their wives and friends. Once again, the band has gone on tour until the middle of October, when it is due to return to "hibernate" in Catterick. The programme for the next two months will be as follows:—

September 3rd—30th: Eastbourne

October 3rd—8th: Southern Command.

October 10th onward: Catterick for winter.

In spite of the appalling weather conditions on 15th July, the annual celebrations for the Old Comrades' Association were carried out with great success, and much to the satisfaction of many of the Old Comrades who had travelled great distances for their reunion. Credit for the outstanding arrangements must be given to No. 1 Training Regiment, Royal Signals, under the guidance of Lieutenant-Colonel R. J. Moberley, O.B.E., and Major Fraser, together with their team of enthusiastic helpers.

This Regiment did its bit by making arrangements for the church parade, and entertaining some of the Old Comrades in the Sergeants' Mess

Even the Catterick weather could not prevent a very impressive church parade which was headed by a contingent of 230 Old Comrades, followed by the Corps Band and 100 potential officer cadets from No. 4 Training Regiment, Royal Signals.

The parade was under the command of our C.O., and the salute for the march past after the service was taken by Major-General G. G. Rawson, C.B., O.B.E., M.C. (Colonel Commandant and Chairman of the Association) who was accompanied by Major-General R. T. O. Cary, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., Commanding Catterick District, and Brigadier W. C. V. Galwey, O.B.E., M.C., Commander Signal Training Centre.

The annual meeting of the Royal Signals Association was followed by a luncheon after which the guests were entertained on Messines sports grounds, and among the interesting events were the Signals display team and a "real" Egyptian trickster complete with "elephant." (How amazed were some of the audience to find that Abdul "the Gully Gully man" was none other than our C.O.).

As we approach the end of the cricket season, we note with pride that our XI have maintained their splendid form.

On 19th July, we played a fixture with Colburn C.C. at Colburn. We batted first and made 108 (Corporal Brown 53) Colburn batted later and were all out for 60. (Lieutenant Wilson-Wilcox 3 for 9, S.Q.M.S. Humble 2 for 6, and Corporal Bean 2 for 14).

The following Sunday we went to Scorton and due to the low scoring, played two innings each. In the first innings we scored 42 and Scorton 48 (Corporal Brown 3 for 5, S.Q.M.S. Humble 3 for 11, Lieutenant Wilson-Wilcox 3 for 16). In the second innings, our total was 59 against Scorton's 75 for six wickets, beating us by four wickets.

On 26th July, No. 2 Training Regiment, Royal Signals, were our opponents. 7 Selection scored 103 and 2 T.R. were all our for 43 (Second-Lieutenant Jordan 3 for 7, S.Q.M.S. Humble 2 for 7, Lieutenant Wilson 2 for 5).

A return game with Colburn C.C. on 30th July, resulted in a defeat for the Regiment by 39 runs. Scores were: Colburn 88 for 9, 7 Selection Regiment 49.

Results are as follows:—

	F	A	Result
v. Colburn C.C.	108	60	Won
v. Scorton C.C.	42 & 59	48 & 75 for 6	Lost
v. 2 T.R.	103	43	Won
v. Colburn C.C.	49	88 for 9	Lost

2 TRAINING REGIMENT

During the last month, the Unit has been scattered where the sun never sets. Large parties of men were employed at the London docks, and another hefty contingent was busy at the Junior Training Corps camp at Gandale. Another attraction has been the Catterick fair, for which we have provided a miniature rifle range and a wicked, but highly successful, gambling game involving the rolling of pennies.

Before this appears in print, we shall have celebrated the tenth anniversary of Sergeant "Paddy" Harper's entrance into this Regiment. She joined the A.T.S. on 2nd September, 1939 and has been employed with this Unit ever since 5th September. We feel that this is probably a record for the A.T.S. Congratulations, Paddy, and many happy returns!

When Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh visited Leeds on 27th July, 50 trainees, under Lieutenant P. D. Tidey and Sergeant Oxberry, were privileged to act as a Guard of Honour.

2 SQUADRON have survived a fortnight at the London docks without a blot on our escutcheon, although we must admit to having a "Smudge" on our ration strength. In fact, despite unkind conjectures about the colour of our nether limbs, we enjoyed ourselves immensely. Mr. Galbraith, crying "Down the hatch!" in his best night club manner, led us into the fray. He was ably supported by the S.S.M., who quite entered into the spirit of the thing, especially when loading a cargo of whiskey, and went about apparently enveloped in a kind of Scotch mist for some days.

Have you ordered

your copy of

The Wire?

SOUTHERN COMMAND (M) SIGNAL REGIMENT

Salisbury

Guard of Honour. A Guard of Honour was found from the Regiment on the occasion of the unveiling of the memorial plaque commemorating all Royal Signals who fell in World War II by H.R.H. The Princess Royal at Mercury House, Florence Road, Boscombe, Bournemouth on 18th July, 1949. The Guard consisted of one officer and 30 O.R.s. Captain S. C. Walton, Royal Signals, was "Captain of the Guard."

The following message of congratulation has been received in this Unit from Brigadier B. B. Kennett, C.B.E., C.S.O. Southern Command:

"I have had a letter of appreciation and thanks from the Colonel Commandant for the way in which last Monday's function was organised. The Princess Royal was very pleased with her visit and everything went smoothly.

Three very important factors which made for that success were:—

(1) The Guard of Honour provided by your unit. Their turnout and steadiness were very good.
(2) The assistance given by the W.R.A.C. girls in preparation and serving of teas. This not only saved expense but made the party what it should have been, a purely Signals affair.
(3) The good work done by Captain Harvey in co-ordinating the outside arrangements and generally acting as Master of Ceremonies."

Will you please pass General Fladgate's appreciation on to all concerned, together with my own thanks.

Yours sincerely,
B. B. KENNETT.

It is worth noting that of the 30 O.R.s in the Guard, 27 were National Servicemen.

After tea the Guard again lined the route—giving H.R.H. a rousing send-off with three hearty cheers.

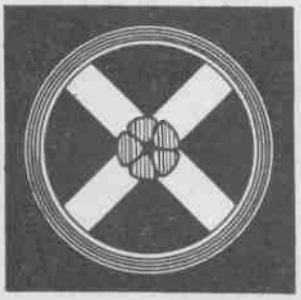
Ex-members of the Regiment who upheld us on the hockey field during the winter season will be pleased to know that we are still holding our own in the Summer Knock-out. In winning the Area Competition we defeated the 3rd Carabiniers 6—2, Army College (South) withdrew giving us a bye into the final, where we met and defeated S.A.E. Workshops R.E.M.E. at the Oval, Tidworth, 6—0. Our next match is versus the School of Infantry on 10th August at home.

The main item of news, as opposed to the daily round and common tasks which are always with us, seems to have been our first Regimental week-end (3rd-4th July). The accent was on sport. Saturday afternoon saw the Winterbourne village green overrun by waves of troops and vehicles, the former come to cheer on the Regimental cricket team, and sustained in this by liberal quantities of tea and cakes from the N.A.A.F.I. refreshment tent. Unfortunately, it must be recorded that our team was well beaten.

Under the enthusiastic leadership of Captain S. C. Walton the Regiment has enjoyed a very successful season, having won 11 of the 17 matches played. Of all the matches the one most keenly contested was that of Officers and Sergeants versus the Rest, which took place on the Sunday of the Regimental week-end. It was a glorious day and the refreshment tents were dotted all round the field. Not only did we see the willow swing with the guile of vast years of experience as betrayed by some members of the team who had not played for many a year, but we also saw the Rest knock up the formidable total of 150. Try as they might the Officers and Sergeants could only muster 136.

WESTERN COMMAND SIGNAL REGIMENT

Blacon Camp, Chester



The "Royal" Show. In Shrewsbury during the Royal Agricultural Society of England's show, the Regiment was well represented on the Army and R.A.F. stand.

Among the exhibits, our "best sellers" were Mr. Moto—a fortune telling teleprinter, and a radio controlled bee, which flapped its wings and buzzed on being told to do so over a 31 set. The wire recorder did some hard work on the "Have you a B.B.C. voice?" stand.

The weather was kind and thousands of visitors passed through the stand.

During the first day the stand was visited by H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester. Later, on the third day, we were pleased to welcome our Colonel-in-Chief The Princess Royal. Her Royal Highness was extremely interested in all the exhibits, especially the bumble bee, which was demonstrated with much vigour by Lance-Corporal Ingerfield, W.R.A.C. The Royal party talked to all the personnel engaged on the stand, and despite the hot sticky weather and hard work, to show the Corps off in such a manner had been well worth it.

A very enjoyable dance was held at "Quaintways" on 26th July, given by the C.S.O., Brigadier E. V. McCormack, C.B.E., and officers of this Regiment and all officers of all T.A. Signal Units in this Command.

We were very fortunate in being able to get the dance section of the Corps Band which was on its way to Cardiff.

WAR OFFICE SIGNAL REGIMENT

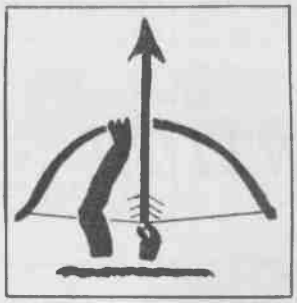
Kingston-on-Thames

The important event of July was the visit and inspection of Richmond Park Camp on the 12th by the G.O.C. London District, Major-General J. C. O. Marriott, C.B., C.V.O., D.S.O., M.C., accompanied by the C.S.O., London District, Lieutenant-Colonel H. R. Firth. For days everyone was busier than the wasps that swarm around the cookhouse. On the day of the inspection it was a real scorcher, even the G.O.C. remarked on the heat. The inspection went off very well and the report received by the Commanding Officer showed that all are to be congratulated on the fine turn-out and the efforts that were made to ensure that the result of the inspection would be a good report. The C.R.E. asked how we had managed to cut the extensive grass areas in the camp. We bought scythes and sickles and found the men to use them, that was the answer.

Entertainments are improving with a regular dance held fortnightly and these are greatly appreciated if the attendance is anything to judge by.

On 24th July the Invalid Tricycle Association of Great Britain held their annual rally in this camp. Their games and races were held on our very large square and enjoyed by some 3,000 of their members and guests.

We are now, due to deficiencies in personnel, employing civilians on barrack housekeeping and as clerks and typists. Our lady staff is greatly appreciated, both for their abilities and presence.



Anti Aircraft Command

2 A.A. GHOUP (M) SIGNAL REGIMENT

Aldershot

The Regiment held a training and social week-end on the 23rd/24th July. This consisted of potted sports on Saturday afternoon, followed by a dance in Barrosa Theatre and a knock-out football competition on Sunday morning. The sports were admirably organised by Captain J. A. Cakebread Four Troops competed, R.H.Q., 5 Line Maintenance, M.T. and G.D., and rivalry was keen. The G.D. Troop, to the linemen's surprise, won easily. Our W.R.A.C. element took part in all events and held their own against the stronger sex.

The dance was most successful and thanks are due to Major H. Dumville, Lieutenant (Q.M.) V. Potesta and R.Q.M.S. Page, for the hard work they put in to make it so. The decoration was superb.

Annual Camp. We go to annual camp with our sister regiment, 12 A.A. Group (M) Signal Regiment, T.A., from Bristol, on the 14th August, to Haxland, near Southampton.

3 A.A. GROUP INDEPENDENT (M) SIGNAL SQUADRON

Currie

On 14th June we had the honour of a visit from the Secretary of State for War. General Sir Gordon H. A. Macmillan, K.C.B., C.B.E., M.C., G.O.C.-in-Chief, Scottish Command, accompanied him to meet representatives from Group H.Q. and see Craigiehall and the extensive plans for its future.

Normal events during the past month have been overshadowed by preparations for and attendance at Cultybraggan Camp, Comrie, Perthshire.

The advance party at camp with a fair degree of hard work ensured that the remainder of the Unit were swiftly and safely quartered on arrival on 15th July. Being the only Regular Unit in camp a high standard of conduct and work was required and all ranks strained every nerve to put up a good show for the T.A. The turnout and bearing of the W.R.A.C. element of the Unit was a credit to all concerned. On 21st July we put on a combined ceremonial parade with 13 A.A. (M.) Signal Regiment T.A., for the C.S.O. A.A. Command, Brigadier W. H. G. Rogers, C.B.E.

A four-day exercise was held in which the Unit took part with 13 A.A. (M.) Signal Regiment T.A., with the object of practising co-operation between T.A. and Regular Signals.

The camp sports day was a "Signal" success as far as the Unit was concerned. The tug-of-war team gloriously defeated the 4/5th Battalion Gordons T.A., but the scales of fortune were heavily weighted against us in the semi-finals on meeting the Black Watch.

British Radio and Television for the World

Extracts from an Industry Booklet

A BELIEF that British television still leads the world is expressed by Sir Edward Appleton, former secretary of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, in a booklet which the Radio Industry Council (in England) has sent overseas this week to prospective visitors to the 16th National Radio Exhibition ("Radiolympia").

"Admittedly the gap between us and our competitors has now been reduced," Sir Edward writes, "but there would seem to be a fund of independent evidence to justify our believing that the post-war pictures sent out from Alexandra Palace are still the best to be seen in any public service in the world."

While the British television industry is able to manufacture any type of equipment irrespective of the technical type of service now enjoyed in Great Britain, Sir Edward points out that if television is to become a service for the many, receivers must be capable of being mass-produced at a low cost, and a balance must therefore be struck between three important factors: economy, the overall definition of the picture (which is dependent on more than just the number of lines) and the number of available radio channels.

Mr. Norman Collins, Controller of B.B.C. Television, writes: "If I were thinking of starting up a television service somewhere else in the world, it is to those pioneer British manufacturers that I would turn . . . it is their *experience* that I would want to buy."

In a foreward to the booklet, Mr. J. W. Ridgeway, chairman, Radio Industry Council, writes:

"Great Britain has been manufacturing radio equipment for over 50 years.

"From British factories came the equipment for the first wireless communications between ships and between ship and shore, the first trans-Atlantic wireless communication, the first world-wide sound broadcasting system, the first high-definition public television service, the first radar.

"Sound design, good workmanship, reliability in operation in any climate from the Arctic to the Tropics are the qualities we claim for our equipment.

"Our components, our valves, our complete radio equipment for domestic, commercial, industrial and military purposes are in use in every country in the world today and our exports are six times greater than before the war.

"The impetus of the war kept us ahead of our competitors in research and development and greatly increased our manufacturing capacity so that we are ready and eager to win new customers abroad."

Dr. R. L. Smith-Rose, Director of Radio Research in the British Government's Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, writes on radar and navigational aids and there are articles by five well-known radio journalists reviewing manufacturing progress in communications and broadcasting transmitters, radio and television receivers, sound equipment, electronics in industry and radio components and test gear.

The booklet ends with a description of Radiolympia which is to be held in London from 28th September to 8th October under the patronage of H.M. Queen Mary. Features of the exhibition include a B.B.C. television studio in action, with large public gallery, and a number of scientific and working exhibits by the Government's research establishments, the Ministry of Civil Aviation, the Royal Navy, the Army and the Royal Air Force. Leading manufacturers will show the next season's radio receivers, television receivers and aerials for the new Birmingham station as well as for London, communications equipment, electronic apparatus, valves, components and accessories of all kinds. The Radio Industry Council will have rooms for the reception of overseas visitors and the Board of Trade will have offices adjoining.

Film Studio Organisation

By **A. DOUET**

A FILM studio is a maligned organisation. On one side there is the gaudy picture presented in weekly movie papers and extravagant American publicity, and on the other it is shown as another industry, with perhaps more than its share of union troubles, strikes and all the other disputes we read so much about in the papers. We are apt to regard a " studio floor " as somewhere where a lot of overdressed, overpaid, cigarette-smoking eccentrics shout for silence, amidst the usual glare of arclights shining on some gargantuan dream set, dotted with luscious females. Pleasant as this may seem, it is not so.

Without proper organisation a studio, like any other business would be certain to collapse. The form it now takes has grown up since the days when one man had his own studio and camera, and employed one other man to turn his " set " round on a turntable so that it always faced the scene. It grew through the stage of one man doing a couple dozen of jobs, directing, producing, stagehand and probably leading mn in the bargain, until now each man has one job and that is clearly defined. But it has been a gradual evolution. In Germany during the " expressionist " periods, many intense young men floundered to get the jobs done between them, but by the middle " thirties " studios were beginning to take the shape they have today. In those days, though, labour was cheap and exacting hours were worked. " Quickies " were made in a week, units going sometimes for three or four days without leaving the studio and when the film was completed there was no guarantee an employee would be kept on, more usually the entire crew would be sacked, and spend the time until they were next needed as drivers or labourers.

From these beginnings modern studio organisation evolved. Unions were formed to safeguard members, and jobs on different crews were laid down in black and white. This is the organisation which holds in America as in England, in France as in Italy.

In charge of the studio is the producer, often chairman of the company and financier. He sees the studio runs smoothly and generally has little to do with making the film.

The person on whom the success of the film most largely depends is the director. It is he who not only directs the artistes as to how to say the lines, but has to retain a unanimity of light and shade, a balance of atmosphere throughout artistes' tantrums and the suffocating heat of a floor with arcs struck, and every other difficulty. He must know exactly what he wants so that no time is lost in executing his ideas, and must be able to tell others what he wants. He must be able to fit in each seemingly disjointed scene into the whole in his mind and must know how a shot's going to look on the screen.

In charge of the administration of the unit is the production manager. He arranges transport, passports for foreign locations, that the actors are called at the right time, that the chief " Spark " knows how much power is going to be needed, everything in fact which affects the running of the unit. Next on the production staff comes the first assistant director, who directs rehearsals and keeps discipline on the floor. It is he who originates shouts for silence, calls for actors and their train of make-up men and hairdressers, and finally gives the order to " turn over." Helping him are the second and third assistants and any runners there may be on the set. On the " first " largely depends the morale of a unit, and whether it works as a body or like a set of odd individuals all putting their own construction on things.

The camera crew consists of four people, five in some larger studios. First the camera lighting man, who gives the " stop " and sets the light with the aid of the chief floor spark. Then comes the camera operator, who picks the set up from the angle the director has given him and makes sure the artistes are " in frame " and that the camera dollies at the right moment. The focuspuller looks after the camera itself, threading it, setting it up and, as his name implies, putting focus on it. To help him is the loader or clapperboy who loads the film and operates the familiar board, the object of which is to synchronise the sound track and the picture image.

The next main department is the cutting rooms. The cutter, under the chief editor chops the film to give exactly the right change and at the right time.

Using a moviola, a sort of moving enlarger, they run the film through time and time again making marks to indicate to the laboratories where one scene is to be faded into another and so on. Good or bad cutting can make or mar a film. In the older Russian " masterpieces," Puderstein and his associates achieved much of their dramatic effect by sudden cutting in to close quarters.

The sound department is headed by the recordist who on a complicated console of neon lights and volume controls for each mike, balances the sound to a certain pitch throughout the picture. Directly under him is the boom swinger, who puts the mike in the right place at the right time, makes sure he's just the right distance away and at the same time not casting a shadow on anything. This is a job that needs years of practice and it is extraordinarily easy to clean a mantelpiece of its vases of flowers, china figures and photographs, with a " mic " on the end of a 14ft. pole which has to travel in all directions at once.

These are the main departments that work on the floor. But behind these there are all the office workers, sparks, stagehands, riggers, make-up men, accountants and a hundred and one other people, without whom no studio could last five minutes. They are the people more commonly glossed over in this " luxurious industry," but they are the people who make it work. Plasterers and carpenters who build the city, the painters who gild it, for romanticists to pluck.

Everyone in the studio, on an efficient unit has a job to do. If in the execution of that job they appear to be erratic, gaudy and flamboyant in ways and dress, it is a product of an unusual profession where factory rules do not run, but which works as hard and as long as any factory. Because the director may like yellow ties emblazoned with pink mangroves, and the cameraman has his coat off to disclose a vicious check shirt, it is not a sign of slovenliness and carelessness. A modern studio does not leave room for that in its organisation.

My Dog Rastus (IX)

By **A. J. AUDEN**

I THINK that I told you some months ago about the General's Inspection and my success with our poultry. Well, when the report came in it contained some quite complimentary remarks about me—"a very efficient officer, etc., etc.," so that I have become one of the acknowledged poultry experts in the Command. This sometimes is a bit awkward, as I don't really know much about them at all. So I have had to spend considerable time reading up the subject and trying out tentative theories on Signalman Donowt, who really does know what he's talking about—on this subject, if on no other.

But one good result of being an expert is that it has given me a free trip to London at Government expense to attend a conference at the War Office. I won't tell you what the conference was about as you'd understand the technicalities even less than I did. But I want to tell you about my journey to London.

☆

The first time that I went to Catterick I thought that Stevenson's original Stockton to Darlington Railway had been bodily moved to run between Richmond and Darlington, but since then in other parts of the world I have come across railways which make it look like a 1959 model. However, with the aid of a five year old thriller bought on Richmond Station I managed to pass the time without too much tedium. I had about half-an-hour to wait for the train at Darlington, so I went to the refreshment room and ordered two bitters, one for myself and one for Rastus, my terrier sort of dog.

"'Ere," said the barmaid. "Doncher know there's a peace on. You can't go wasting good stuff on a dorg."

"It's all right," I replied. "He's quite used to drinking water. I suppose you haven't got any cigarettes." I had a caseful in my pocket, but it doesn't do to miss an opportunity.

"Well, I could let you have ten loose ones if you don't give them to the dorg to smoke." That must have been due to the dentist who said the other day that he was polishing up my smile.

☆

When the train came in I could see that it was pretty full, but by a quick appreciation I managed to get a corner seat. I was only just in time, for immediately the rest of the compartment was filled except for the seat next to me, where I put the loose cigarettes so that they should not get squashed in my pocket.

The time passed quickly to York, as I was deep in my book and was all agog to find out "Who done it?" Nor was I distracted by the other passengers, who were an uninteresting lot. At York I looked up with a silent curse for the extra discomfort when the door opened to admit another passenger. But she was quite attractive and I thought to myself that we might have done a lot worse.

"There's only one seat here," she said to her companion. "I'll go down the corridor and find somewhere else." She passed over our feet and then the companion was disclosed. She was a nice little blonde with one of those figures. Her feet and legs were—well, you know—she wore a very smart costume and on her head had one of those nonsenses, which have no practical use whatsoever, cost the earth and just complete the picture.

I don't know why women can't travel with one reasonable sized suitcase. This girl had three small attache cases, a bunch of leaves and, of course, a brown paper parcel. Always the gentleman, I put them on the rack for her.

"Thank you so much," she said in a voice like a lark on a May morn. I smiled and returned to my book.

☆

After a bit I fished for a cigarette from the ones behind me. "What a nuisance for you," she said. "I think that I've got a tin that I could let you have," and from her bag produced one of those Benson and Hedges tins. You know how useful they are; personally, I wouldn't part with one just to anybody like that. I did think it kind of her, and could hardly accept it and then leave her flat, so we got into conversation which carried on in a desultory sort of way till we reached London. You know the sort of thing, quite an animated discussion for about five minutes till the topic was dry, and then we'd both of us relapse into our books.

In this disjointed way I found out quite a lot about her. She told me that she had been in the A.T.S. till about two years ago. She had been stuck in the country pretty well since then, and now was going up to London to enjoy herself. Last year she had done the same thing, but couldn't find anyone to do anything with, so after one or two theatres and cinemas she had got thoroughly bored and gone home after only two days instead of staying the week out.

For myself, I didn't have to tell her that I was in the Army, as being on duty I was in uniform. She commiserated with me as to my station, having heard of it from friends. I told her that I was going up to a conference at the War House, which sounded very grand and made her sit up not a little.

"Have you got your accommodation booked?" I asked her. "I believe it's still pretty difficult to get in somewhere."

"My friend's an actress," she replied, "and has a flat in town. I shall be staying with her."

"Do you know anywhere decent to lunch?" she asked as we were passing through those awful rows of housebacks a few minutes out from King's Cross. I thought that a damned silly question, as I'd already told her that I'd not long been back from abroad and had only passed through London a couple of times since. It did occur to me that I might ask her to lunch with me, but I was going to be very busy, and I didn't want her to think me one of those fast sort of chaps. So I told her of one or two places that I used to know in the old days, but didn't guarantee what they would be like now.

I helped her down with her bags and said "Good-bye." As we left the station, "What a mug," said Rastus.

With the Chain Gang

By **JOHN WHITNEY**

IN an age when food has ousted the weather as a chief topic of conversation, I suppose the most remarkable thing about service with the chain gang was the fact that for months I never saw a loaf of bread. The chupatti was our staple diet. While I was with 219 Indian Line Construction, too, I had to carefully secrete even from Allah Das the fact that I had several tins of bacon . . . if he had found them heaven knows what contortions of disgust his pleasant pliable face would have made. Even the short pigtail surmounting his carefully shaven head would have wagged disapprovingly.

But the chief thing I remember, notwithstanding these dietic disabilities, was the only occasion I selected a camp site. When I say the only time, I must make clear that the usual routine was for me to tell Jemadar Abdul Rehman the general locality, within a mile or so, of our next halting place, and he would presently return to explain in his beautiful English the superb site he had found for us. And it always was superb.

Only once did I select a camp site . . . but I knew, at least theoretically, all the finer points we required. The clear open space well away from bamboo thickets where petty thieves could lie-up in hiding and have us continually under observation; a sufficiency of hard ground for the dozen or so trucks; a stream or pond for the linemen to frolic in of an evening and wash away the broiling day's sweat and sorrow. All this in the direct line of the quickly rising telegraph route, and fairly close to a village for the certainty of drinking water, and the possibility of fresh eggs.

I should have been quite content with this theoretical knowledge if it had not been for a confounded misplaced zero pole. Somehow this pole had been sited a dozen or so yards out of position. Neither Abdul Rehman nor I thought it would make much difference to the balancing of the lines, but we did not wish to present the Repeater Station boys with any ready-made excuse and felt it had better be moved to its mathematically correct position. This was a matter of some delicacy, you must understand —a Havildar and his gang of linemen and coolies had spent a sweaty hour erecting and staying the pole, and another gang had followed up to make-off the new copper wiring, and now, through a caprice (as they must have thought) of a couple of precisionists, they were to have another sweaty day digging it up and re-erecting it a trifling distance away, with all the troubles consequent upon cutting the wires of the new alignment.

So, not wishing to have the happy section upset by an angry scowling Havildar, I thought it would be as well if the Jemadar went along with the party to smooth over all the petty troubles which would arise.

" But, sahib," the Jemadar said in his beautiful English, " today we must move camp further up in the hills. What is your wish in this matter, sahib? "

" Hamara kushi hai," I replied in far from beautiful Urdu, casually dismissing the whole matter with a wave of the hand, but I did not feel so easy or cushy about it as I had indicated, as it was quite obvious I should have to do the job myself.

" I hope you can let me have a Havildar or Naik who knows the bandobust,' I continued.

" Of course, sahib. Naik Abdullah will supervise the loading and unloading as usual. But he does not know how to find a good camp site,' he ended with a warning frown.

" It is all right, Jemadar sahib—we will manage beautifully. I will pick a site near the village of Muri. You will find us there tonight. Tik hai? "

" Yes, sahib. Salaam, sahib."

" Salaam, Jemadar sahib.'

As the convoy of overloaded lorries crawled up the last steep hill leading to the village of Muri, we all sniffed with relish the cool mountain air, which was so pleasant after the stuffy atmosphere of the Purulia lowlands. The vegetation at that higher altitude had a more English look; there was less evidence of banana and bamboo, those hateful tropical twins, and many more dignified forest trees, tall and widely branching, and promising cool shade. So it was with a faintly nostalgic but quite happy frame of mind that I looked out from the cab of the first truck for a likely place to camp for a few days.

We raised a great cloud of dust as we slowly chugged through the one street of the village, with its huddle of mud huts and idle crowd of pot-bellied urchins and ugly old crones watching our slow progress. About a mile on the far side of the village we came on a pleasant scene. On our right hand, as the convoy came to a standstill, was a row of three ancient huts, built of some hard grey stone, well thatched and neatly kept, and with (a most unusual sight) a little strip of garden running in front. A comely woman in a beautifully figured sari shyly watched our progress, and as we neared she quickly veiled her face and slipped into the dark porch of the first house. But we had no eyes for her as we looked at the delectable scene.

On the left of the strip of hot macadam road was a large stretch of firm turf, green still, with a semi-circle of chestnut trees. The splashing and tinkling of water sounded like a mountain burn. It was a remarkable park-like place.

It seemed ideal to me, but would it satisfy the Jemadar? A quick look round convinced us that it would. From the shade of the chestnut trees we looked back across the turf, past the masonry of a well, across the road to the neat cottages (which looked for all the world as if they had been transplanted there from some Scottish isle) and then across misty uplands to a far black smudge of some mountain range. I thought the place perfect.

Naik Abdullah, usually so grim and taciturn, looked unusually pleased. He grinned delightedly as we looked around. Allah Das had a broad smile on his plastic face.

Long before the working parties returned we had set up camp. The tents had been pitched, the ammunition and stores unloaded, the well heavily chlorinated (and all the dead frogs carefully fished out by Allah Das), a stick fire lit under the great aluminium cauldron for the curry, and two cooks hard at it tossing hundreds of chupatties on and guard were alerted, and the gramophone began to play a record of one of those thinly jangling Indian airs with such strange harmony. The music recalled some half-forgotten lines:

> Sometimes a thousand jangling instruments
> Would hum about mine ears,
> And then methought, the ground would open
> Ready to shower riches upon me,
> But then I awoke . . .

But I was not Caliban, and was not ready to be awakened yet. It was in peace that we relaxed after our chores.

I was dozing in a camp chair at the edge of my tent when I was awakened by a clatter in the guard tent. It seemed that rifles were being slid off the steel-linked chain that protected them, and bolts were being fitted from out of the oak-bound chest. An extra guard? What was up? Wearily I got up to investigate, to be met by Jemadar Abdul

Rehman still looking as spruce and trim as in the morning, but looking worried nevertheless.

"Is it your wish, sahib, that an extra guard be ordered out, and the houses put out of bounds at once?"

I bent down to adjust the hurricane lamp in the guard tent as I thought that one out. When I straightened up my face was red.

"Certainly, Jemadar sahib. I should have done it earlier than this."

Abdul Rehman recovered his serenity very quickly. "And—er—Jemadar sahib, we move camp at first light!"

Gardens in Barracks

Gather hops at the beginning of the month, their complexion being brown and the weather fine; no dew on the ground, kill bees, make virjuice and remove and set all slips of flowers between the two Lady days.

Remove trees from September to February especially in the new of the moon.

The weather being warm and the wind in the south or west, cut quicksets and gather ripe fruits.

Likewise sow wheat and rye, winter parsnips and carrots, also set roses, strawberries and barberries.

XVII Century Lore.

NOW let us see what we do in the 20th century. It is traditionally the season of muck spreading, Michaelmas and marriage. For the first time in the year time is not of supreme importance. We in barracks are not much concerned with setting "slips" (cuttings) of flowers. If we do want to remove trees they are best left until the new moon of October. Remember though to mark them carefully so that in replanting the same side faces north.

The days immediately after the full moon should have been the occasion for sowings of short horn carrot in a sheltered place, and spinach.

I always make a main sowing of sweet peas at this period and thereby get outdoor grown blooms a little earlier than my neighbour.

The full moon in October is the time to sow broad beans and eating peas (a round type, not wrinkled).

But except for the periods after the full of the moon the countryside loses its sense of urgency.

In the matter of muck spreading there are two schools of thought. The old fashioned say dig it in. The modernist, back to nature school, say spread it on top and let the worms do the work.

Knowing the quality, or lack of it, of the contents of the ordinary rubbish heap, I recommend that it be dug in. The "spread it on top" people are skilled in the making of compost. But above all things do increase the "body" of the soil by incorporating rotted rubbish.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

We acknowledge with thanks receipt of the following:

ST. GEORGE'S GAZETTE, July.
TANK, August.
CLARION, August.
QUEEN'S OWN GAZETTE, August.
JOURNAL OF THE ROYAL ARMY SERVICE CORPS, August.
CATTERICK EXPRESS, 12th and 26th August.
SINNALS (U.S. Armed Forces Communications Association), July-August.
BRITISH LEGION JOURNAL, September.

B A O R

H.Q. B.A.O.R. SIGNAL REGIMENT

Bad Oeynhausen

During July the Regiment was honoured by a visit by Representative Colonel Commandant, Major-General C. W. Fladgate, C.B.E.

Arriving on the morning of the 26th he inspected the quarter guard and, accompanied by the Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel J. E. S. Sanders, he toured the Barrack offices, stores, workshops, etc.

Swimming. For the second year in succession the 7th Armoured Brigade and the 7th Armoured Division swimming championship shields will hold a position of distinction in the Unit showcase in the O.R.s canteen.

The Brigade championship, in particular, provided plenty of thrills and until the last race, which was a medley relay, the issue was in doubt.

Drawing with 1st R.T.R., who had a formidable team, the Unit team was second by two yards, when Signalman Mayes, swimming last, took over. Mayes put up a marvellous show, and finishing strongly, won by a touch. Well done, Mayes.

It may be of interest to note that we won by 27 points over 1st R.T.R. in the Divisional championship last month.

The water polo team won the Brigade championship, but was knocked out by 3 Parachute Battalion in the semi-final of the Divisional championship after a hard struggle. Final score 2—0.

Cricket. So far it has been a very successful season for our men in white. In the Z.E.C.O. (C.C.G.) League we are placed at the top with 34 points from 36 possibles, and in the B.A.O.R. Inter-Unit tournament the team has reached the semi-final of the Brigade tournament.

In the Royal Signals (B.A.O.R.) Inter-Group tournament, the Regiment is grouped with S.X. Branch and 3 A.S.S.U. to play 7th Armoured Division Signals Group in August.

In a Rhine Army horticultural competition, open to all Units and C.C.G., held at Herford, 2 Squadron of this Regiment came second for the largest number of prizes to be won by any Unit or organisation.

An unique experience for some of the men of Construction Troop is operating a wireless vehicle with high power amplification converted by 31 T.M. Troop. This vehicle is in use at some of the tennis and athletic championships.

A pleasant change from barrack life is the several schemes which have gone out and at present the entire 152 Medium Wireless Troop has been transferred to 2 Division for two or three months.

Very noticeable in Barracks is the increasing number of jeeps running around (not on their own of course). These are replacing "15 cwts." on many duties, particularly in S.D.S. Troops.

7 ARMOURED DIVISIONAL SIGNAL REGIMENT

July in 7th Armoured Division saw the commencement of summer exercises, in preparation for the large scale exercises in autumn.

Starting with troop schemes, things were built up during the month with gusto, and there is no doubt that the new 7th Armoured Divisional Signals is well on the way to its former splendour.

On the 27th of the month we were honoured by a three-day visit from the Representative Colonel Commandant of the Corps, Major-General C. W. Fladgate, C.B.E. He arrived at Celle airfield from Berlin, where he was met by the C.O., Lieutenant-Colonel P. B. G. Gambier, O.B.E., and escorted to a married families' tea party held at the N.A.A.F.I. club. There he met some 20 married families who are with the Regiment under Operation Union.

After he was entertained at the Union Theatre, where he saw the current C.S.E.U. production touring B.A.O.R—"Is Your Honeymoon Really Necessary?"

The following day, the 28th, he was accompanied by the C.O. on a visit to 3 Squadron, attached to H.Q. 31 Lorried Infantry Brigade. He spent the whole morning inspecting the Squadron, and was most impressed with the accommodation, amenities and mens' messing.

After lunch in the Brigade Mess, the Representative Colonel Commandant returned to H.Q. 7 Armoured Division, paying a visit to 16 Parachute Brigade Signal Squadron en route. That evening he was entertained at a cocktail party given by the C.O. and officers of the Regiment. The intention was that he should meet all the officers which, in fact, he did—eventually. But not without being carefully extracted by the C.O. from the grip of old hands who began "Do you remember, sir, when we were in . . . ?"

On the morning of the 29th, Major-General Fladgate inspected 1 Squadron at Trenchard Barracks. The Guard of Honour, commanded by Lieutenant F. C. Goodley, greeted him at the main gate while on his way to meet Major-General R. H. B. Arkwright, C.B., D.S.O., G.O.C. 7 Armoured Division.

He returned to 1 Squadron lines by way of the Regimental garages, where he was most impressed with the fine array of wireless vehicles and our new jeeps.

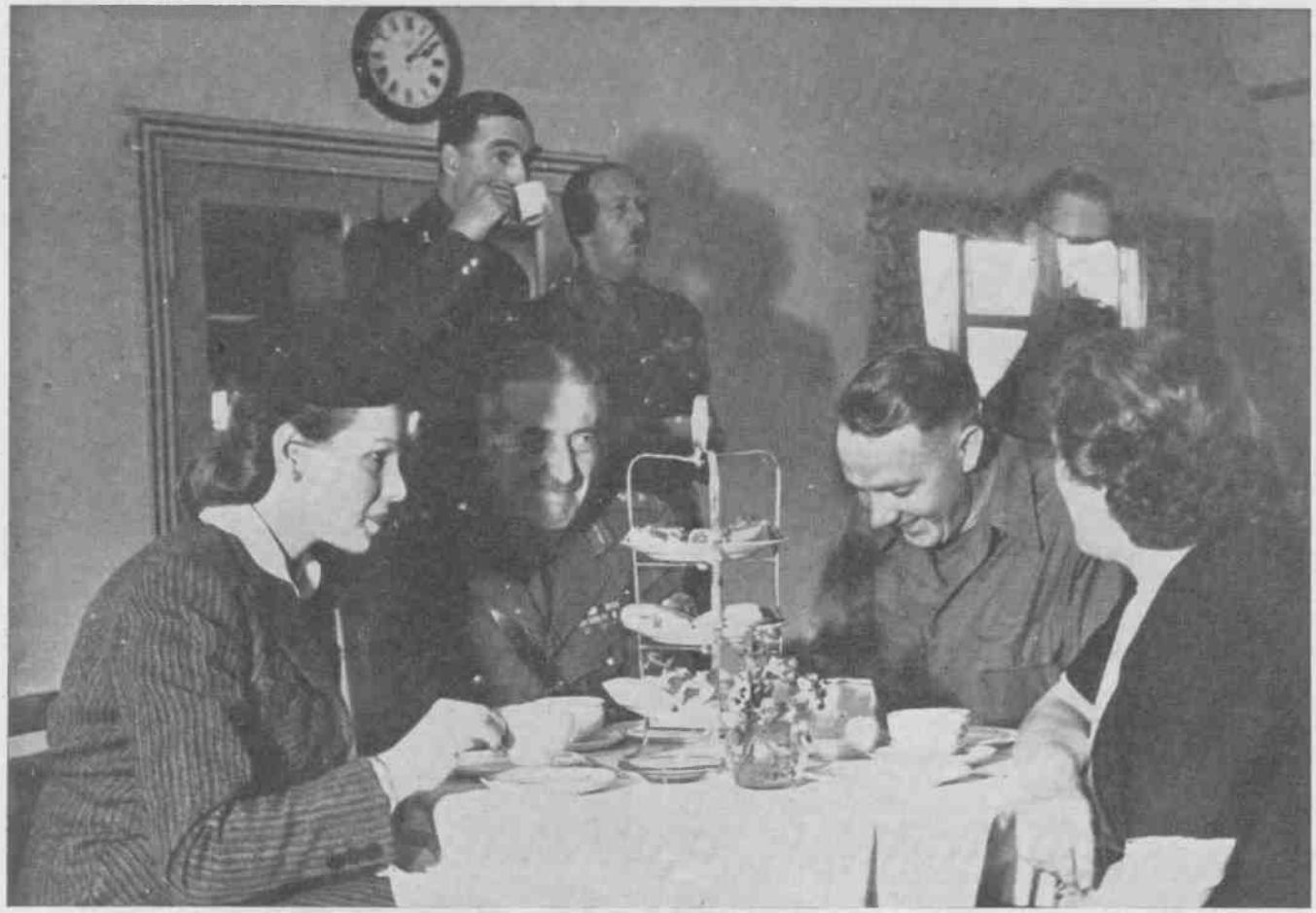
The three-day tour of inspection ended with a visit to 1 Squadron Signal office where he was shown the inner workings by the O.C., Major G. D. B. McKean. He was very pleased to see our rest room with its new radiogram and library.

As a tailpiece to his stay in Celle, the General visited the museum, with its many recollections of the Hanoverian ties between Celle and Great Britain, before and after the Napoleonic wars, and the Schloss, which was at one time the home of the Hanoverian princes, with its chapel and unique little theatre, before departing for Hamburg.

7 Armoured Divisional Signal Regiment was very proud to have been able to entertain Major-General Fladgate, and sincerely appreciate the great interest he showed in our work. We shall remember his visit with pleasure for many months to come.

Major-General C. W. Fladgate, C.B.E., Representative Colonel Commandant, Royal Signals, inspecting Guard of Honour mounted by 1 Squadron, 7 Armoured Division Signal Regiment at H.Q., 7 Armoured Division, Trenchard Barracks, Celle, B.A.O.R. 23, on Friday, 29th July, 1949

Left to right: Lieutenant-Colonel P. B. G. Gambier, O.B.E., C.R. Signals, 7 Armoured Division; Lieutenant F. C. Goodley, i/c Guard of Honour; Captain J. R. Hamer, Adjutant, Signals 7 Armoured Division; Brigadier A. E. Morrison, O.B.E., C.S.O., B.A.O.R.; Major-General C. W. Fladgate, C.B.E., Representative Colonel Commandant



Families' tea party at Riverside Club, Celle, on occasion of visit of Major-General C. W. Fladgate, C.B.E.

Left to right.—Standing: Lieutenant-Colonel P. B. G. Gambier, O.B.E., Brigadier A. E. Morrison, O.B.E. Seated: Mrs. Violett E. Ecklaers, Major-General C. W. Fladgate, C.B.E., S.S.M. (F. of S.) E. Ecklaers, Mrs. Marie Eccleshall

3 AIR SUPPORT SIGNAL UNIT

Minden

Bad Oeynhausen was the scene of our latest full-scale demonstration, with an awe-inspiring array of senior army officers (including the Army Commander, himself), descending upon us in force. On the whole, this proved to be a "signal" success.

During the past month, tentacle crews have been out and about; visiting R.A.F. stations, and the normal training areas that troops in B.A.O.R. get to know so well. Thus, have they maintained their role, in providing communications for air support exercises and demonstrations—all of which, to date, have gone off without a hitch. (Though didn't I hear something of a vehicle being towed into a Belgian L.A.D.).

In the meantime, normal training continues, despite the number of people going on, and coming from, various upgrading courses

Our Unit "hams" seem to be producing some noteworthy results, under the capable guidance of our ardent wireless enthusiast, Corporal Wicks. It appears that they have now contacted different parts of the globe.

Motor-cycle Racing. Our M.T. N.C.O.s, Lance-Corporals Clark and Hards, are still doing well in this field of sport. In the past month Lance-Corporal Hards has gained second place in the novices 350 event at Belsen. Lance-Corporal Clark, however, has had rather an unfortunate season. Once again, he was going well (in a German-sponsored road race), when he had to retire, because of engine trouble.

1 SIGNAL EQUIPMENT TROOP

(attached 15 H.O.R.), B.A.O.R. 3

In the realms of sport the Troop, in the recent Depot contests, gave an excellent account of itself, our performances being all the more creditable in view of the fact that our supply of talent is confined to 12 Signals personnel. However, in the field events, Signalman "Tiny" Haslam showed considerable strength, coupled with skill, by winning at throwing the cricket ball, and finished second in throwing the javelin.

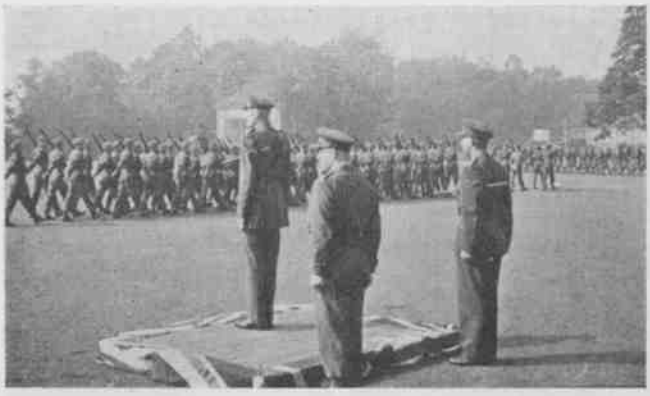
In the track events Lance-Corporal Dutton gained a third place in both the mile and also the three miles. Our success would almost certainly have been greater if four Troop members had not been away on leave at the time of the contest.

We are also contributing in no mean fashion to the cricket and hockey teams of the Depot. It is in this respect that we congratulate Sergeant "Taffy" Hopkins, whose fiery bowling and aggressive batting have more than once extricated the Depot from a tight corner. On the hockey field, too, he has been a terror to opposing defences.

2 INFANTRY DIVISIONAL SIGNAL REGIMENT

Hilden

From the beginning of August to the middle of October we are due for continuous formation training in which all or part of us are interested. This is our proper role and



the reason for our existence, but unfortunately it has cut short our summer sports season. We have not, however, done badly.

Cricket. We lost the first round of the Brigade competition by three runs (113—110), to the Gunners (19 Field Regiment Royal Artillery); we now find that our late opponents are the winners of the Divisional competition and that no-one else got anywhere near them.

Swimming. Having been second in the Brigade meeting we had a good crack at the Divisional competition where we finished third. Not too bad against teams that had had much more opportunity for training.

Athletics. Regimental Headquarters and Headquarter Squadron won the inter-Troop athletic shield this year, hotly pursued by "J" Troop, who rediscovered that old Army maxim that it takes a lot to catch the Regimental Sergeant Major, especially when his name is Barrett. The famous "Boy" Barrett is still running, and not so slowly either—ask "J" Troop who thought they had won the 200 metres relay with a 12 yards lead on the last leg.

In glorious weather on 3rd July we were honoured with a visit by our Representative Colonel Commandant, Major-General C. W. Fladgate, C.B.E., A.D.C., supported by Brigadier A. E. Morrison, O.B.E., our C.S.O. We greeted the General on his arrival with a cocktail party at the Officers' Mess, when he was heard to remark that there were points in favour of B.A.O.R. Next morning we proved to him that Royal Signals can be as good as anyone on a ceremonial parade; and he inspected some 150 of us. He continued with a whirlwind tour of introductions and a visit to Headquarters 6 Infantry Brigade where he inspected the Signal Troop. Photographers, amateur and professional abounded, we hope he enjoyed his all too brief period with us. We did.

Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess. During his visit to the Unit, Major-General C. W. Fladgate, C.B.E., A.D.C., paid a visit to the Mess, where members were introduced to him. Our usual dances were held during the month and at one of them the officers came as our guests. It goes without saying that we enjoyed ourselves.

Obituary. We much regret to record the death of Signalman F. Calinan in a traffic accident on 17th July, 1949. He was buried with full honours in Cologne Military Cemetery on Wednesday, 20th July, 1949. We provided the firing and bearer parties, Major A. G. Paris represented the Commanding Officer. So popular was Signalman Callinan that the Commander of the Formation he served, attended with most of his staff. Our sympathy goes out to his parents.

R.S.M. R. Barrett winning the 200 metre relay for H.Q. Squadron

BERLIN SIGNAL SQUADRON
B.A.O.R. 2

August

The Berlin scene changes slowly. Even the weather remains much the same as it was five months ago. But against this unchanging scene, slowly and imperceptibly the Airlift has been reduced. To a lesser and lesser extent the roar and drone of aircraft bound for Gatow, Tegel and Templehof airports forms its background to our daily life.

But if the overall scene has changed little, THAT close at hand is changing violently. The whole of S.H.Q. is in the process of being redecorated.

Offices are in a turmoil, step ladders block our way at every turn, sticky wet paint greets us everywhere, while its smell travels with us wherever we go. The added brightness and freshness however is unmistakable.

The most important event of the last month was the visit of the Representative Colonel Commandant, Major-General C. W. Fladgate, C.B.E., on Wednesday, 27th July. The General made a very thorough inspection of the Squadron and all its operational commitments, and showed great interest in its activities. After the inspection he was entertained to coffee in the Sergeants' Mess, and in the afternoon was conducted on a tour of Berlin.

It is perhaps surprising that at this season, much of these notes should be taken up with sport. Swimming, cricket and athletics hold the limelight at the moment, but there are vague nimblings in the football world, and practice matches are already beginning.

On paper our swimming sports appear disappointing. We came fifth—although not an outclassed fifth—of five competing teams in the B.T.B. swimming sports. What, however, is important when considering this result is that no other Unit of comparable size was engaged. Our opponents

all had many times over our number to call upon. What is heartening is the large percentage of the Squadron who were members of the team.

But if the swimming sports depressed us our efforts in other activities can only have had the opposite effect. The cricket team have maintained their early season promise, and cling gallantly to second position in the B.T.B. "B" league, with only one more match to play. Undoubtedly the strength of this team lies in its fielding. Keenness and alertness in the field, and accurate throwing in has caused the downfall of many potentially stronger opponents. The cricketing talent is well distributed amongst the various ranks, and that the sergeants have their fair share there can be no doubt after August Bank Holiday Monday. The Mess was challenged by H.Q. B.T.B. Sergeants' Mess, and in a hard and exceedingly even match, ran out winners by six runs. A very pleasant and enjoyable afternoon was the universal comment.

It might be imagined that athletics was a sport which was dead and buried for another 12 months, but a medley relay team entered by the Squadron in the invitation relay at the R.A.F. Station Gatow sports meeting showed that this was far from being the case. The team ran brilliantly to come second of seven competing teams, although once again we had to be content to see the yellow vests of the Gordons ahead of us.

This performance set the seal on a remarkably successful athletic season, and earned the C.O.'s praise—"Well done indeed."

In the horticultural competition we were placed third in the Unit garden class out of 10 teams entered. This was considered a great effort. There was only a margin of 10 points between the first three teams and the winners of the B.T.B. area was eventually adjudged the best Unit garden in B.A.O.R.

As this is only our second year of gardening—the soil being completely virgin until last year—we are looking forward to 1950 with hopes of bigger successes.

4 A.G.R.A. SIGNAL SQUADRON

Luneburg

The Squadron were honoured by a visit from the Representative Colonel Commandant, Major-General C. W. Fladgate, C.B.E., on 29th July, 1949, accompanied by Lieutenant-Colonel F. C. Seely, D.C.S.O. Hamburg District.

The General appeared to be well impressed with what he saw of the Squadron, particularly with our own very individual dining room. The Wireless Troop preparatory to a field exercise were having a final check on the lay-out and operation of the H.Q. Signal set-up, and felt somewhat disappointed when the weather intervened, more or less confining the General's tour to within doors. However, it was with a smile on his face despite the torrential rain, that the General eventually departed for "A" Mess.

The catering advisor was one more distinguished visitor during July, and if the reports on the cookhouse and dining rooms may be accepted as a guide, then yet another visitor was very favourably impressed. Our dining room really is something out of the normal and mayhap we might possibly include a couple of photographs of same for next month's issue. The Editor and the luck of the shutter permitting.

Yet another season of really entertaining cricket draws to a close, whilst Corporal Turner and company delve deep for the old and shapeless items of sporting gear that might be catalogued as "Boots football kicking maybe pairs." The maybe being adaptable to the kicking or the pairs, depending upon various variables.

Apropos, although we did have the misfortune of losing the final of the 4 A.G.R.A. knock-out to 94 Observation Regiment, R.A., I do believe that it can be truly stated that the combined H.Q. and Signal Squadron team was the strongest side in the area. One of the major victories of the season being the defeat of the very strong team from the R.A.F. Station, Luneburg.

Last year, I think most members of the Squadron were mildly surprised when 4 A.G.R.A. Signal Squadron were awarded second prize in the Hamburg District stage of the B.A.O.R. horticultural competition for Unit gardens instead of the coveted first.

This year, despite the fact that the examining judges declared a hundred per cent improvement in our general lay-out of vegetables, exactly the same placing has resulted. Congratulations to 301 E.A.D.C.U., your Unit gardens most certainly must be exceptional and well worth a visit.

WESTERN EUROPE SIGNAL TROOP

Fontainebleau

During the past few weeks the Troop, together with the rest of "Monty's H.Q." have taken their full quota of the glorious French sunshine by holding an entirely successful sports day in the grounds of Chateau des Fougeres, the H.Q. of the Western European Powers.

In the morning the cricket ball throwing event was held, and despite some very consistent throwing by Signalman Wright of Signals, Rifleman Feltham, the H.Q. Land Forces main hope, won with a throw of 84yds. 1ft. 10ins., Signalman Wright coming in a very close second only 2yds. short of the winner's throw. After this, putting the shot was held for which we had no competitors in the finals.

The first event of the afternoon was a rather convincing win for H.Q. Unilion, this being the 75yds. dash (individual) which Lance-Corporal Irish, Royal Signals, won, with Signalman Green and Lance-Corporal McMahon, also Royal Signals, second and third respectively. Lance-Corporal Irish also came in second in the long jump with 18ft. 3¼ins. The winner's jump being 18ft. 6½ins.

The first of the team events followed this, the 4 x 80yds. hurdles which H.Q. Unilion team won, and the Navy team a close second. Following this the spectators saw a very keen struggle in the high jump. One by one the competitors dwindled down until only Lance-Corporal Holmyard, R.M.P., Private Wills of H.Q. Unilion, and Lance-Corporal Irish, Royal Signals, were left. Eventually Lance-Corporal Holmyard dropped out and we were left with Lance-Corporal Irish and Private Wills both doing well with Wills looking the better of the two. On reaching 4ft. 7ins., however, they tied for first place, with Lance-Corporal Holmyard deservedly in third place.

Following this came the tug-o'-war semi-finals and as H.Q. Air Forces Western Europe could not supply a team, the Signal Troop raised one which beat the Navy in two straight pulls, the Unilion team gaining the same verdict over the Land Forces team.

Following this there was a short tea interval and then a ladies' race, which caused quite a bit of amusement. Still, the fair sex put up a good show.

In the sack race immediately after this, Private Beveridge of H.Q. Unilion, came a worthy winner, jumping like a kangaroo, with Lance-Corporal McMahon, Signals, second and Lance-Corporal Irish third.

To follow on came another of the team races in which the Navy team quite surprisingly beat H.Q. Unilion into first place with a great effort, with H.Q. Land Forces third and Air Forces fourth. On the same track a few minutes later was held the 80yds. hurdles event, Lance-Corporal McMahon, Royal Signals, winning with some fine hurdling.

To round off the great day we saw a very exciting final in the tug-o'-war between H.Q. Unilion and Unilion Signals. On the first pull, Unilion, the more balanced side, overcame the Signals and won. On changing ends though the Signals held gamely on to their end of the rope and tried their utmost to pull the H.Q. Unilion team over. But the H.Q. did not give in easily and with neither side giving quarter excitement rose to fever pitch and perspiration was

pouring both fast and furious from both sides. This continued for several minutes until H.Q. Unilion with a grand rally managed to overcome Signals and won the hard-fought contest. A really thrilling and exciting finish to a grand day.

Representatives of Unilion Signals did much towards gaining the honours which enabled H.Q. Unilion to become the winners of the challenge cup.

Afterwards Mrs. R. F. K. Belchem, wife of Major-General Belchem, Chief of Staff, presented the prizes to the various winners amid loud applause, Lance-Corporal Irish, Royal Signals, as "Victor Ludorum," receiving a crate of beer much to the delight of his many associates, all of whom seemed to develop a sudden thirst. He was also presented with a cup for being the champion athlete of Unilion, and Rifleman Feltham received a similar one for champion athlete of H.Q. Land Forces. R.Q.M.S. Shelley received the challenge cup on behalf of Unilion, his services making this meeting a success, being no small asset and to all the many behind the scenes we should like to say "Well done" and a grand effort.

Cricket. The Combined Services cricket team, in which Royal Signals are well represented, have so far this season played only five matches, and all of these against the English Standard Athletic Club of Paris. Owing to the C.S. not having a pitch of their own, the matches have all been played in Paris.

Of the five matches played, C.S. have won three and lost two.

BETFOR SIGNALS

As forecast in our last notes the Free Territory of Trieste is still without a civilian governor. Marshal Tito has recently changed the currency in the Jugoslav Zone of the Free Territory, so obviously does not intend to agree to his Zone being returned to Italy. Meanwhile the Allied Military Government continues in office. Elections were held recently to elect civilians for municipal appointments in the British and United States Zone of the Territory. No change of policy was involved in these elections as the posts to be filled by the elected candidates were already filled by civilians appointed by A.M.G. Great interest was however aroused by the elections as they were the first to be held since before the war. The Italians looked upon the result of the voting, an easy win for the Italian parties, as a sign that the majority of the inhabitants wished the Territory to be returned to Italy. The Communists and their fellow travellers, no doubt derived great interest in comparing Western and Eastern methods of carrying out free elections.

Since our last notes the Tito-Cominform rift has come out into the open. This has caused considerable confusion in the Communist ranks here. It appears that the majority of Communists in Trieste have come down on the side of the Pro-Cominform party.

The Free Territory has become entitled to E.R.P. benefits in its own right so the wheels of industry are beginning to turn again. The shipbuilding yards are busy, so are the steel works and oil refineries. No amount of E.R.P. assistance will balance the Territory's budget, or regain the city's former prosperity which depended on the trade pass-

[*Photo by U.S. Signal Corps*

Betfor Signals Detachment St. George's Day parade

[*Photo by U.S. Signal Corps*

Betfor Signal Motor Cycle Team

Left to right: Lance-Corporal B. Sims, Signalman C. Skinner, Signalman W. S. Wood

ing through the port to and from the countries of the Danube basin.

Life in Trieste is gradually returning to peacetime conditions. The wearing of civilian clothes off duty with certain restrictions has been introduced. British motor cars owned by Service personnel are appearing on the streets.

We, in common with the rest of Europe, have had abnormal weather. The spring was very dry; this suited the sunbathers but had serious repercussions on the local industry which derives its power from Italian and Jugoslav hydro-electric stations. Drastic power cuts were necessary. Now we are having very heavy thunderstorms which have caused damage to our fixed wireless stations and given the Wireless Troop a headache or two.

Life is never dull, there is too much work and too few men to do it for that. A quarter of this Unit has just returned from a week in camp which everyone, I think, enjoyed in spite of a tremendous thunderstorm in the middle of an all-night scheme. Some of the Battalion signallers were also in camp so the resulting liaison was both pleasant and useful.

Our liaison with the Royal Navy has consisted of the Unit looking after two ships during their stay in Trieste. The first was H.M.S. *Surprise*, the Commander in Chief Mediterranean Fleet's dispatch vessel. The second, a frigate, H.M.S. *Magpie*. The petty officers of the former worked all night to produce a beautiful miniature of the ship's bell as a present to the Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess. The following extract from a letter by one of the captains to the Commanding Officer speaks for itself.

"A short line to thank you for the magnificent way in which the Royal Corps of Signals have looked after us during our stay here. All our officers and ship's company have enjoyed themselves thoroughly largely on account of the trouble taken in organising things for them and extending so much hospitality to them."

A visit by the aircraft carrier H.M.S. *Ocean* was a great event. Unfortunately, a visit by H.M.S. *Vanguard* proved impracticable.

During the spring the C.I.G.S. paid Betfor a visit on the way to the Middle East. This gave us an opportunity to extend our wireless experience. We were very pleased to receive a visit from Colonel Harries (A.G.11) recently, and to show him first-hand our problems so that he will know why sometimes we ask for more men.

Our barracks and garage are slowly being done up. It is hard working keeping A.M.G. going on it, but in time our accommodation should look well. The canteen already is a great improvement.

A few of the lucky ones, especially those with families here, go to the famous Dolomite tourist centre of Cortina, where they have ten days in the mountains with superb views (weather permitting). It is a paradise in the summer for lovers of nature and climbers, and in winter for the skiers. Those not so lucky must be content with the relatively poor bathing conditions in the Free Territory. The Jugoslav Zone, which we cannot enter, contains all the good bathing. Our facilities are not improved by oilfuel, sunken

ships, some containing animals, leaking drains and other horrors brought to light by the zealous water testing of the hygiene section.

The Unit has at last entered a team in the local motor cycle trials. Signalman Skinner tied for first place and the team got second place (see photo). The Unit continues to hold its own in all games.

All regulars particularly N.C.O.s have gone back to school determined not to be held back for promotion.

On St. George's Day the Unit sent a detachment on the theatre parade. A great deal of attention is paid to these parades, which are held on the main city square on the water front. On 6th April the Americans celebrate Army Day also by a parade in the city. There is therefore considerable healthy competition between the two parades. From hearing the broadcast of the St. George's Day parade we gather our detachment was considered outstanding.

To our regret we are saying good-bye to S.S.M. Taylor who has been with us almost since we were formed and in C.M.F. before that. A great deal of the credit for the excellent name which our Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess has earned is due to him. Visitors to the theatre, particularly H.M. ships, as well as ourselves will miss him. We have also to say good-bye to Corporal Allen, who has had a long innings here. He came into Trieste with the first allied troops, the New Zealand Division, in 1945.

As for the National Service soldier, we cannot do better than quote the following from our departing S.S.M.:

"I would like to say a few words about the National Service soldier of whom we have a fair number. They are a fine bunch of fellows all eager to get down and do a man-size job of work. They are good soldiers, clean and smart and are a constant credit to all concerned. Great praise is due to themselves, and to all concerned in their early training. Someone has put the right ideas into their heads and they are sticking.

"As tradesmen they are doing far better than could ever have been expected of them. If this is kept up there appears to be no reason in the world for any worry about the future Army. Good luck, lads, carry on the good work."

VIENNA SIGNAL SQUADRON

June-July

In previous years one of the advantages of being stationed in Austria was the amount of gloating we could do about the wonderful summers out here, compared with the English variety. Well, the U.K. has the laugh on us this year. While they've been having a heat wave or two at home, we've been shivering in K.D. and darting for cover during the almost daily rain that has been teeming down in June and July. Things may have improved by the time these notes appear in print.

At least it was fine on the King's Birthday Parade. Major McAnsh, the O.C. Squadron, took the opportunity of announcing various promotions, and of presenting the trophy to the winners of the Inter-Troop Games Tournament. Line Troop deserved their success, and sorted everyone else out at snooker and billiards. Sergeant E. A. White, our Chief Clerk, was awarded the B.E.M. in the Birthday Honours, and to him we extend our hearty congratulations on a well-deserved honour. One Troop complained about having to stand in the hot sun during the parade. We were merely performing the ceremony of Colouring the Troop.

Soccer is a thing of the past for the moment. The Squadron team reached the final of the Vienna Cup, but lost to the R.A.S.C. after a gruelling game. Not much cricket has been played so far, because of the weather, and swimming, too, has been out of the question. In fact we've had to rely quite a lot on indoor activities. For several weeks the Principal of the Vienna Dancing Academy has been giving lessons in the Terpsichorean art to members of the Squadron, and the response was surprising. We didn't know some of our N.C.O.s could look so graceful! There is, however, no truth in the report that one Signalman made such good progress that he is now an Acting Dance/Corporal.

We have learned with deep regret of two tragic deaths which occurred recently. Captain R. Thomas, who was with us for a time as Cipher Officer before becoming Quartermaster of 7th Armoured Division Signals, died suddenly a few weeks back, and we extend our deepest sympathy to his wife and family. The Sergeant-Major of our sister Squadron at Klagenfurt, S.S.M. Williams, who has only been married a short time, was stabbed to death. We regret the passing of a fine soldier and a first-class sergeant-major.

There are very good bathing facilities in the barracks, on the days when the sun does manage to break through, situated conveniently near the M.T. Garage. So far there have been no cracks about the M.T. Pool.

PUBLICITY LABELS

It has been suggested that the "Jimmy" and Corps-coloured background at present used on the front cover of THE WIRE might be useful for sticking on to dance posters, notices, etc.

IF THERE IS A SUFFICIENT DEMAND, arrangements will be made to supply gummed labels of this design, approx. 3½ x 2½ inches, at six shillings per hundred.

Later, if the demand justifies it, the price may be reduced.

Regular or Territorial Units and Branches of the Association who are interested should notify their tentative requirements to the General Secretary, Royal Signals Association, 88 Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1.

NO MONEY SHOULD BE SENT IN THE FIRST INSTANCE.

KEEP THIS DATE FREE!

Friday, 14 October, 1949

ROYAL SIGNALS

OFFICERS' REUNION

and BUFFET SUPPER

Hyde Park Hotel, 7 p.m.

MELF

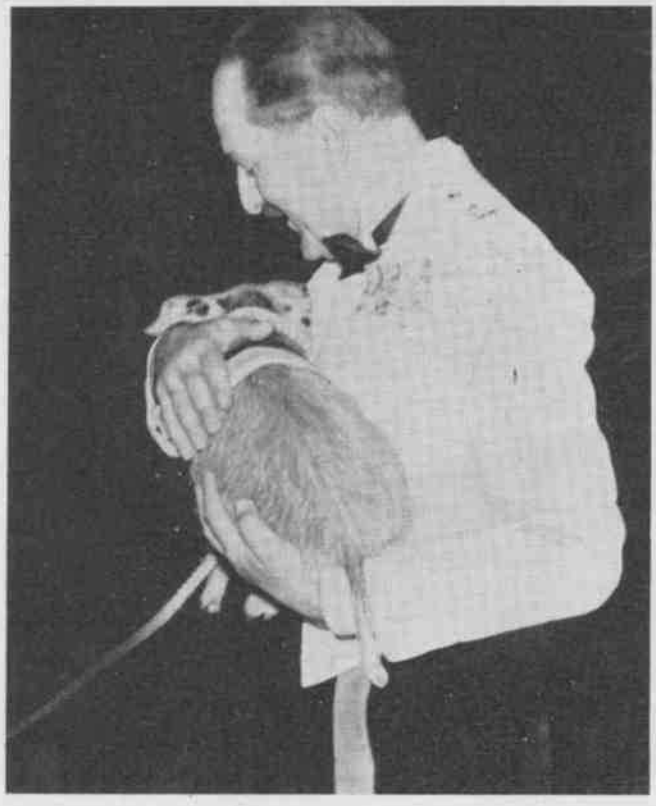
3 G.H.Q. SIGNAL REGIMENT

Fayid, M.E.L.F.

Our dirt track kings are at present gathering their forces for a renewed assault on all the local records. Last year we were the "Blue Aces" and 2 Squadron Egypt Command Signal Regiment, our neighbours, ran a team called "Hell's Ladies." Owing to losses sustained by demob., etc., we've amalgamated with them this year and run a joint team called "Hell's Aces." We have eight experienced and five inexperienced riders and any number of chaps anxious to have a "bash." The team manager is Captain C. Walton and the team captain is Corporal Beaumont, assisted by Lance-Corporal Goodhead. Our first league meeting of the season took place on the Fayid track when we beat "Fayid Lions" 35 to 32, but we lost to the "Argosys" at Suez the following week. In our third match we were well and truly trounced by the all conquering "TEK-Dons," whose superiority in machines have made them an unbeaten side.

At the moment we have made a 240 yard track in the Unit area and our younger riders are being trained steadily. We hope in the next issue to report more victories.

The highlights of last month's events was the farewell parade for our late C.S.O., Major-General C. M. F. White, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., on Friday, 24th June. He inspected the Regiment and afterwards gave us a short and interesting farewell talk, complimenting the Regiment on the work they had done in the last three years under some very adverse circumstances.



That evening the General was a guest of honour at a Regimental dinner in the Officers' Mess. It was an entirely Signals party and a very happy and enjoyable one. The other guests were Lieutenant-Colonel J. North, Lieutenant-Colonel W. G. Tucker, Lieutenant-Colonel Rhind, Major H. Middleton.

After dinner the General won a live pig in the bowling competition. Later he entertained the Mess with his musical saws, ably accompanied by Captain Goat on the piano.

At the end of the evening the General was magically transmuted into an Admiral without, however, a change of uniform, and piped aboard his private yacht which had sailed up to the Mess steps. Convoyed by a column of cars and accompanied by a profusion of verey lights and a lot of high spirits, the Admiral sailed safely back to his house.

Due to the efforts of some members the garden of the Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess has been extended in a pattern of green plants, white paving and red and yellow sand. With the coloured lights playing on the fountain, set about with tables topped with huge coloured umbrellas, things were set fair for the monthly dance. With girls from the local W.R.A.C., W.R.A.F. and W.R.N.S. adding colour to the scene in brightly coloured frocks, everyone sweated their way happily through quick waltzes and Hoki-Coki's. A good time was had by all judging by the work the Mess 'phone was doing the next day.

The Mess entertained six C.P.O.s from H.M.S. *Vanguard* during her stay in Port Said. Experiences were exchanged over much splicing of the mainbrace.

1 L. OF C. SIGNAL REGIMENT, M.E.L.F.

El Ballah

1 Squadron cricket team is at present doing especially well and promises to be the strongest team in the camp. For the Unit team four of our players, headed by the O.C., Captain N. C. Gordon, have played extremely well to help bring the Unit into the semi-final of the Garrison League.

33 Medium Wireless Troop are still in camp.

3 Construction Troop have almost rewired Malta from what they say and it would appear that the island would be in chaos if they were suddenly called away. They de-

parted from El Adem and picked up the remnants of the disbanded 15 Construction Troop at Benghazi, en route for Valetta last February, and since then have been working on various airfields, where in the distant past some Don 8 Kings had gone wild to satisfy the wants of the air marshals and erks of the island. They are at present working on the Mediterranean beaches at Ghain-Tuffieha, trying hard to resist the temptation of a quick dip during working hours.

Their athletic ability need hardly be mentioned, except to say that the top places of both Malta Squadron and R.A.F. League are reserved for 3 Construction Troop

630 Construction Plant Troop, may it be noted, has nothing to do with agriculture, although it boasts a plough weighing 18 tons. At the moment the Troop is in camp refitting for its next project.

Of the other Troops, 5 Wireless Carrier and 37 High Speed Wireless Troop, there is very little to say, except that they are enjoying the fruits of being out of camp, at Moascar and Fayid respectively.

74 Construction Troop or, to the uninitiated, the telephone development of Aqaba. This job has now been completed and many sun-tanned faces are to be seen around El Ballah. While in Aqaba we did have *one* day off, when we held a picnic tour across the T.J. frontier into Saudi Arabia, where the swimming was even better than at Aqaba.

Obituary. All ranks of the Unit wish to express their deepest sympathy on the death of Sergeant Harold Byron. His untimely death was a severe shock to all of us.

EGYPT COMMAND SIGNAL REGIMENT

Moascar

The issue of "Hats Slouch" to outdoor line parties has aroused great interest and comment during the month. Although they resemble old green trilby hats, no-one has yet appeared complete with feather. Their appearance cannot be said to be "smart" but the protection they offer the wearer from the sun is appreciated.

Cricket still holds pride of place in the sports field and the Regimental XI have progressed to the Zone final in the Army Egypt championship, where they play H.Q. B.T.E. and Med. Command XI, our old rivals.

More Mauritian Signalmen have joined us from the Mauritian Signal Training Wing and are settling down well. Their arrival is well timed in view of our continual losses, especially so, as the last draft were all "A" trades.

A revolutionary change took place at Fayid in July when horse transport made its debut with faults parties. It is reported that mules parade at their carts each morning, pawing the ground in anticipation of a few good earths on the local routes. Heigh-ho!! It's a grand life—"Giddup Dobbin!" There is no truth in the rumour that Driver H.T. is to be re-introduced as a Royal Signals trade-rating.

A highlight of the month was a visit of the C.S.O. G.H.Q. M.E.L.F., Major-General W. O. Bowen, C.B., C.B.E., accompanied by our C.S.O., Brigadier C. A. H. Chadwick, C.B.E., to our Suez Detachment. We hope they were quite pleased with all they saw.

2 WIRELESS REGIMENT

Cyprus

During the last month the heat has arrived with a vengeance. The old hands say it is hotter than last year, though the older hands add "but not as hot as the year before." Be that as it may it is hot enough for most people, though there are ample opportunities to get down into Famagusta to the beach for a bathe or a row and for those who can manage to time their leave for the hot period there is the leave camp at Troodos on Mount Olympus, as well as the various civilian mountain resorts with their camps and hostels.

The first buildings of the new camp are beginning to show above the ground and the married quarters, the first buildings destined to be completed, are slowly taking shape.

The tennis court is in almost continuous use and cricket is played nearly every afternoon. There is now a cricket net within the main camp and arrangements are in hand to restart basket-ball.

The cricket facilities for Cyprus are far below the standard required under M.C.C. laws, but after a certain amount of argument with the local C.R.E. and Sir Stafford Cripps a new wicket has been produced.

The Unit has entered one team in the Famagusta-Larnaca Area league and to date are holding a position at the top of the league together with the R.E. Establishment and 695 Coy. R.A.S.C. Recent release groups have hit us hard and at times great difficulty has been experienced in fielding a team. Results to date in the league are as follows:

versus	Loyals 'B' team	—	win
versus	181 Leave Camp	—	win
versus	R.E. Establishment	—	loss
versus	695 Coy R.A.S.C.	—	loss
versus	348 L. of C., R.E.M.E.	—	win
versus	Small Units	—	walk over.

Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess. Methinks that I should air it far and wide that our Aubrey (Sergeant Pooley) has been awarded the B.E.M. Heartiest congrats and all that from all the Mess.

Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess, 695 Coy. R.A.S.C., threw out a challenge for a soccer match, which they won. This was followed by a first-class social evening in their Mess. Couldn't let them get away with that so we threw out a challenge for a return match, but this time cricket. It was our turn to win and we made a day of it, the match being followed by a tea for everyone, families included, and did the kiddies enjoy themselves! In the evening we had a quiet drink in the Mess interspersed with a few songs from members of both Messes.

65 WING SIGNAL TROOP

Aden

The "powers that be" cannot make up their minds as to what to call us and so once again we change our designation, this is for the second time of asking. We ceased to be Aden Air Formation Signal Troop and become 65 Wing Signal Troop, part of No. 1 Squadron 4 Air Formation Signal Regiment, whose H.Q. is at Abyad in the Canal Zone, Egypt. Our sister Wing Troop is 64, stationed at Habbaniyah in Iraq and rumour has it that when we have completed 18 months in Aden we go to "Habb" for the rest of our post-war overseas tour and *vice versa*—this, of

course, only applies to the regular soldier. Of course "they" could have chosen two worse stations, but in our humble opinion—not much.

Although this land, "this dear, dear land" cannot be rightly called "The Land of the Rising Sun," it has a jolly good shot at it and thus can be called "The Land of the Never Setting Sun" Owing to this fact and the fact that our lads are keen on outdoor sport, hockey, yachting (in season) and cricket abound, no need to mention the swimming that goes on every spare minute of the day. In case one is left with the impression that the lads who do not partake of the more frivolous and energetic sports, do not do anything (which might be the case) the indoors sport of table tennis is very popular, and one can—almost any time of the day or night, hear the ball going back and forth as chaps keep their hand in.

On the work side of things, it may be of interest to prospective "Adenites" to know that we are also responsible for airfield communications on several outstations. Hargeisa in British Somaliland (across the water), also Riyan, Salalah and Masirah along the southern coastline. These are all about two hours flying time from each other and from Aden. This is the only means of transport.

Having reached Masirah—if one ever does—it is much quicker to go straight to Karachi then return to Aden. Relative distances: Aden-Masirah, 1,200 miles; Masirah-Karachi, 900 miles. Our other outstation is Asmara in Italian Eritrea which is approximately 500 miles away. This gives us a nice little "parish" with two ends 1,700 miles from each other. "Where's my push bike, let's start now, shall we?" So it's clear that a complete tour of all our outstations is something that cannot be undertaken as a morning away from the office.

Cricket. A league has been in existence throughout the summer but unfortunately we are not sufficiently strong to enter a Unit team. However! 51st Coast Regiment R.A. decided to enter an Army team with the assistance of any of our players considered good enough. There are now only three more matches to be played and the Army team has managed to win the league already.

Sergeant Kay of this Unit has been a regular performer for the Army, both in batting and bowling—best batting score 82 not out, and bowling average 11 to 12 per wicket. Sergeant Kay has also been selected to play for the Aden Europeans team, which is a combination of Service and civilian players.

2 INFANTRY BRIGADE SIGNAL TROOP

Salonika

The past month has been a sad one for "K" Troop. Our losses through release have taken away half of the old gang leaving some suffering stalwarts to see out the summer and brave the Salonika winter. Winter seems far off now as we laze on the beaches, but it's an everpresent memory for those of us who shivered our way through last winter here.

On 30th July we dipped into the P.R.I.'s pocket in no mean way and gave a beer party as a magnificent send-off to the 20 chaps who climbed on board the *Empire Test* on the following Monday. The show was in the Coliseum, where we had a stage to help things along and we found a surprising amount of talent in the Troop. Signalman Morris really has a voice worth listening to. Signalman Joyce obliged with a real tear-jerker in Greek (it sounded like Greek anyway!) and soon the party was into its stride with Crompton and "Taffy" Morgan performing and dragging out the shyer members of the Troop to give a turn. Even the O.C. was persuaded to give us a song.

Our Chief Signal Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel A. S. Milner, visited Salonika over the Bank Holiday week-end and inspected a sadly depleted "K" Troop on Tuesday, 2nd August.

FARELF

40 INFANTRY DIVISIONAL SIGNAL REGIMENT

Hong Kong

Somewhere about the middle of June the usually quiet and dreamy Cathedral City of Canterbury was disturbed by very great activity at its East Station. Trains arrived bringing with them drafts from all over the United Kingdom. The local inhabitants seemed quite startled as once again they saw columns of troops marching their streets on the way to the Chaucer Barracks. The troops stepped out, and carried their heads high—for the 40th Infantry Divisional Signal Regiment was formed.

How hectic are those first few days when everyone is new, and every single little thing has to be established for the first time. But we are very fortunate in having such an experienced Commander, to whom formation of Units, and particularly Divisional Signals, comes almost as second nature—Lieutenant-Colonel P. M. P. Hobson, D.S.O. Under his guidance, things very soon began to take shape.

At first we relied almost entirely upon Eastern Command Signal Regiment. They fed and housed us, and gave us our pay, in fact without them we should have had a very lean time indeed. For their tireless assistance and help we would like to say "Thank you."

Training stores arrived, and were distributed quite frantically; and then our tradesmen started getting down to the job. "C Cable" was even despatched on a line exercise of their own, and no time was lost in making the utmost use of our equipment. Then came the vehicles, driven through the night by our own drivers so that the long journey from the Midlands should be made in one hop.

It seemed that no sooner had they arrived than we started to prepare them for their journey overseas, for our stay at Canterbury was apparently only quite temporary while we "got ourselves organised." Our destination? It was supposed to be quite secret, but isn't it surprising the amount of information a chap can gain from a small session in the "local"? Hong Kong we were told it was going to be, and that still is where we are off to.

Have you ever worn jungle green? or the sloppy jungle hat? We have all drawn our tropical kit, and have had hours of laughter watching each other trying the stuff on for the first time! The tailor made it look a little more respectable, but the fun is going to be when the Unit holds its first parade with everyone in green That will be on the boat, I suppose.

Inoculations, vaccinations, and trips to the dentist have all had their place, and by this time we are almost ready to move off; but despite the hectic manner of our life, our early days have been quite enjoyable, and certainly very memorable. We have had very great interest taken in us. First of all we had a visit from Brigadier R. H. R. Steward, C.B.E., D.S.O.., M.C., who was then C.S.O. Eastern Command, then the Director of Signals, Major-General W. Scott, C.B.E., came to see how we were progressing, and then a few days later we were visited by Major-General C. W. Fladgate, C.B.E., Representative Colonel Commandant, and Brigadier R. H. O. Coryton, C.B.E., who is now C.S.O. Eastern Command.

Of course, there was the inevitable advance party to ex-

plore the ground for us at Hong Kong, and these very lucky chaps, there were just over half a dozen of them, accompanied by Major W. "Paddy" Burke, who commands 3 Squadron, flew out there by British Overseas Airways.

They were all very excited of course, whilst the remainder of us were extremely envious. We shall have to convince them quite definitely of the attractions of going by sea once we arrive, because otherwise I am sure we shall never be able to hold our own with them again!

In the edition of THE WIRE published in June, there was an account of the formation of 28 Independent Infantry Brigade Signal Section. These have been taken under our wing.

2 GUARDS BRIGADE SIGNAL SQUADRON

Kuala Lumpur

The front cover illustrates two Signalmen of this Squadron.

Perhaps the writer will earn the poor reputation enjoyed by our optimistic "Cairo Spokesman" in 1943, but it ought to be safe to say that the bandits in Malaya are losing the fight. Since last we wrote the majority of bandits have been forced north into the State of Kelantan, pursued by converging battalions and police. The bandit incidents you will have seen recently reported in the Press are mostly the work of isolated kilter squads left after the exodus.

This situation has provided the interesting work for our Squadron for the past month as Operation "Ramilles" was designed to corner these bandits. Four battalions were used, marching in company columns, to converge in Northern Pahang. The result cannot be measured in dead bandits, for few were actually killed. But the cordoning off of almost 500 bandits in remote jungle, thus preventing them from murdering and stealing money and supplies, will do much to ruin their morale. This particular operation is still going on, but less of our Brigade Group is committed.

For such operations as this, squadron detachments are provided to work new links, sometimes to base camps and thence to Brigade Headquarters, and on other occasions direct to Brigade.

One battalion tactical headquarters, with one of our detachments accompanying them, travelled along a swift flowing river, which had numerous rapids to be negotiated; another one had the less interesting role of relay station between a jungle column and its base.

The radio mechanic has always been a rare "bird" and few find their habitats in Malaya. Therefore when a brigade has eight battalions and part of a cavalry regiment under command, the normal complement of radio mechanics is inadequate, hence the need for a more flexible use of these valuable men has to be adopted. With the aeroplane to help, this flexibility is maintained for two of our squadron radio mechanics, Lance-Corporal Kemp and Signalman Gass, have been flown in by Air O.P. planes, to assist battalions operating in the jungle when required.

Air supply out here is highly developed and battalions often have a W.S. 62, a 300 watt charging engine and some sealed accumulators dropped for them from a Dakota within a few hours of their demand being initiated. This sounds very easy, but it must be remembered that unless it is to be an extremely wasteful operation, anything dropped in mid-jungle has to be man-handled back to base.

The main highlight of our stay in Malaya since last we wrote to THE WIRE was the Squadron anniversary dinner.

Our first anniversary of formation fell on 16th April and arrangements were made for the party. Our cooks moved out and a Chinese contractor moved in to provide a large feast, which should have satisfied even the most gargantuan appetites. It would be so very wrong if we were to describe the meal to U.K. readers especially where newspapers out here tell us how the meat ration is now only eight-pennyworths. However, we can say that ample beer was provided and it produced a receptive mood for an Indian conjuror-cum-snake charmer. The snakes were thankfully rather doped, but there was nothing half-hearted about the conjuring. One wonders if the S.Q.M.S. was not a little anxious when the G1098 W.W.W. was very realistically "smashed" before our eyes.

The record of our football team deserves especial mention, our league record is:

Played	*Won*	*Lost*	*Goals For*	*Goals Against*
8	7	1	31	5

In addition we are proud of a win over the 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards 1st XI. Signalman Senior deserves congratulations for his worthy performance for the Combined Services in the inter-State competition. Signalman Bailey had both the good and bad luck to be chosen as reserve for the Combined Services against Perak State.

The "flannelled fools" cannot boast such a fine record as the footballers, but we are particularly proud of a win against a Sikh XI. It was a small scoring match, in which we had a narrow lead in the first innings largely due to some accurate hitting by Signalman Harvey. A disastrous second innings meant we were all out for 23 and then nothing daunted our opponents were skittled out for 30 to give us a victory by a few runs.

It would only be fair to mention than an L.A.D. sergeant attached to the Squadron took 8 wickets for 11 runs.

With trepidation we enclose a picture taken at the Squadron dinner. No doubt if published some readers will murmur to themselves—

"I wish I liked the human race
I wish I liked its funny face."

MALAYA DISTHICT SIGNAL REGIMENT

Kuala Lumpur

Congratulations to Sergeant Marchant—one of our cipher experts, and the youngest (but by no means the least!) Mess member, on the presentation of the Certificate of Good Service from no less a person than General Sir Nigel Ritchie, Commander-in-Chief Far East Land Forces.

Our football team progresses from success to success. The last game against the Military Hospital, Kuala Lumpur, was won by 5—0, S.Q.M.S. Cloke "lowering his sights" sufficiently to score a hat-trick, on this occasion, after at least three games of ballooning the ball all over the place!

Our record now reads:—

Played	*Won*	*Drawn*	*Lost*	*Pts.*
9	6	1	2	13

and we are now in fifth place in the 2nd division of the local league in which civilian teams also compete.

Of our cricket team, who have played two games, winning one and losing the other, I must steal the words of a character in Eric Barker' radio show "Merry-go-Round," and say "We may not be brilliant—but we're mad KEEN!!"

The Selangor Swimming Club very accommodatingly throws open its doors to members of the Unit on Monday and Wednesday afternoons, and this privilege is avidly taken advantage of. A cool dip in this climate is a real luxury, and it is a singularly well-appointed pool.

Owing to the close proximity of Kuala Lumpur—no entertainments (apart from the camp cinema) are provided in camp. The cinema receives quite good class films, rather long in the tooth by the time they reach us, but that's unavoidable, of course.

Before I close these notes, the "Sports Rep" would like me to say that our soccer team plays its first game in the Farelf F.A. Challenge Cup against 52 Company R.A.S.C., during the first week in July.

19 AIR FORMATION SIGNAL REGIMENT

Changi, Singapore

There have been two outstanding events recently, which have made everyone happy and greatly pleased with life. Firstly, the powers that be increased our local overseas allowance (ration and family allowances), so the basic wage seems only a small fund from which the Income Tax is paid. From this you will understand that although everything is plentiful the wherewithal is or was out of proportion.

On the 28th May Long Service and Good Conduct Medals were presented to S.S.M. M. W. E. Charlton and S.Q.M.S. Phillips.

1 and 2 Squadrons have had a great deal of work pushed on to them recently. 1 Squadron had the modest little job of moving the flying control, this involved the laying of two 14-pr. cables a distance of some 700 yards, leading into a small frame, and from thence to an F. and F. of mature vintage. The cable trench was flooded twice due to heavy rains, but 120 Construction Troop persevered with blowlamp, our Swedish primus, portion of rabbit skin and a broken penknife. The T.E. Troop still manage to turn out some pretty examples of internal installation as it should be done.

2 Squadron have been kept extremely busy too, not only carrying out normal activities at airfields but installing a new 6 position "N" type switchboard at Seletar Airfield. The chaps concerned have carried out a splendid "job of work" in a short time.

SIGNAL TROOP, 23 FIELD REGIMENT, R.A.

Hong Kong

By way of a change and also to prove that we are still alive and kicking, here are a few coherent ramblings from on board H.M.T. *Empire Trooper*.

We left our pleasant surroundings in the heart of Salisbury Plain on 11th June and advanced to Southampton and so to the boat.

Quite naturally, spirits were rather dubious (according to the Troop Sergeant—non-existent) but the intricacies of troopship life soon enlivened a few into activity and set them wondering as to what lay in store for the coming five (or should it be six) weeks.

We left the good old shores to the strains of the pipe band of the 1st Battalion Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders (what a strain) and so the "Slow Boat . . ." began its long and tedious voyage.

After an amazingly smooth trip to Gib., the majority of the lads were openly scoffing at the O.C.'s remarks on sea sickness. The same amazing weather continued, the Troop gradually changing from a pure white to a beautiful shade of lobster, whilst some even assumed a deep chinstrap shade.

Shore leave was granted at Port Said where the wiles of the wog were very apparent. (Can Doug. Coombe yet explain just how he lost his watch!!!).

Again an uneventful trip blessed us to Aden. As some of you know only too well, that part of the trip is hot, and the number of wilted faces was rather tragic.

After a short stop at Aden we bowled out into the Gulf and discovered that the old tub wasn't so steady as we had anticipated (or was it our bad constitutions?) At any rate the next two days proved drastic for the majority of the Troop, and at one time we had about four-fifths of the boys incapacitated. But everything comes to an end and once again we are back to normal.

Colombo is our next port of call and we are eagerly awaiting the chance to spend our cherished "ackers," "chips," or what have you.

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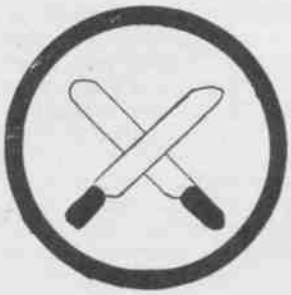


East Africa Command

SIGNALS WING, COMBINED SCHOOL OF INSTRUCTION
Nyeri

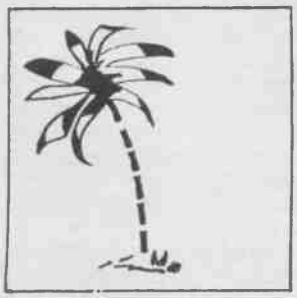
The Unit is responsible to East Africa Command for the training of East African Signals, from the raw recruit to the finished article, also for the training of Regimental Signallers of the King's African Rifles. The African instructors are very capable of lecturing both in Swahili and English, among them are veterans of the last war.

We are situated in the heart of big-game country and glimpses of baboons, giraffes, ostriches, wild pig and members of the deer family are quite common. To get near to the big stuff, rhino, elephant, leopards, panthers, etc., one has to join a pukka hunting safari.

Dominating the surrounding countryside is Mount Kenya, all 17,500 feet of it, with its perpetually snow-clad peaks. Nyeri is 5,800 feet above sea level, so despite the fact that the Equator is only a few miles away, the climate is quite moderate. Nyeri itself is seven twisting miles away and the journey reminds one of the hill stations of India, with the hills falling sheer from the road, natives tending their cattle on the slopes and the smell of wood fires in the air. (Short pause for nostalgic memories). Unhke India with its compact cantonments, the civilian white population is widely scattered on its lonely farms and houses. To refresh the memories of ex-Boy Scouts I will mention that Lord Baden-Powell is buried here at Nyeri.

The rivers offer good fishing and, as I write, our tame fishing fiends, Bob Adams, "Dinger" Bell and Loram-Martin have trooped in bearing 11, very dead, trout. Last week "Dinger" caught his biggest ever, a three and a half pounder, a beauty too. A tasty addition to our rations.

Half a mile away is the Kenya Police Training Depot, good neighbours and friends. The British Inspectors and ourselves are frequent visitors to each other and enjoy many convivial evenings.



West Africa Command

SIERRA LEONE SIGNAL SQUADRON
Freetown

Little of general interest has happened since our last notes except that Dame Nature has decided to increase our rain ration with a vengeance! She's certainly making up for her reticence last month. Anyway, with all the waterfalls and cloud-topped green hills, Freetown is a very pretty, if at the same time a very wet place. This weather is definitely on the side of the box office at our local Odeon cinema. Yes, we have one, AND it is called Odeon, AND it is air conditioned. Nigeria and Gold Coast please note, for information—if not action.

The outstation at Daru is not yet opened as 19 sets have not arrived. They are expected shortly, then away into the bush for some lucky people. Daru, almost on the border of Liberia, is just the place for lotus-eating, if you're that way inclined. Squadron life consists of work, sport, recreation, much the same as elsewhere though shortly life promises to be more hectic when we get out on mobile schemes in the Protectorate.

Sport. The District cross-country run has just been held and we are more than pleased to say that the Signals were well to the fore—both starting and ending. First away and one of the first in over a gruelling up and down hill course, the sight of which turned your scribe quite pale. Maybe it was the promised 72 hours pass that jet-propelled our worthy team? Maybe! Next event will probably be the District boxing tournament in which we have done so well in the past. "Get on them gloves, Sergeant Kofie."

Ham Radio. Z.D.I.B.D. is now active on 14 and 28 mcs., 1700 to 1930 hours daily—skeds available upon application! Rig is a pair of 813's in push-pull, two 805's modulating and about 200 watts output to a close-spaced three-element rotary beam on 10 and a coax-fed half-wave dipole for 20. So 73s D.X. you wolves.

THE PAKISTAN SIGNAL CORPS

Once again we appear in the pages of THE WIRE with greetings to our friends in the Royal Signals.

We have just received an addition to our officer strength in the person of Lieutenant-Colonel Zaman Khan, whom many will remember as an instructor at the Army Signal School, Poona, before the war. He has transferred from his old Regiment, the 14th Punjab, and is assuming command of a Divisional Signal Regiment. We wish him a long and happy career in the Corps.

A few weeks back Lieutenant-Colonel Tulloch and 12 Divisional Signal Regiment staged an amusing and unconventional sports meeting. Spectators were cajoled into entering for such events as "penning the chicken," and a relay race involving bicycles, stretchers, and bullock-carts. It is surprising what a turn of speed a bullock will exhibit if his tail is twisted hard enough. It is also surprising what a confoundedly uncontrollable animal a chicken is. Would they go into their pens? Well, one eventually did. During the afternoon a team of D.R.s from the Regiment and from the Signal Training Centre gave a display, and the meeting ended with the beating of retreat by the Corps Pipe Band.

Speaking of bands, the Boys' Regiment now has its own fife and drum band, presented by subscription among some of the Royal Signals officers here. They practice strictly in their spare time (most of the bandsmen are destined to be radio mechanics) and have their own full dress, in which they look very smart. They gave their first public performance a few days ago in front of His Excellency Sir Francis Mudie, Governor of the West Punjab, and acquitted themselves well. They are now working up for their next

big parade, the presentation of a drum-major's staff by the Commander-in-Chief.

The Boys' Regiment has distinguished itself by having 20 of its members selected for a course in U.K. They will do a three-years course at Cranwell and be transferred to the Royal Pakistan Air Force as technical hands. All boys' regiments in Pakistan were combed to find suitable candidates, and ours was the only one able to produce any. We are sorry to lose them, of course, but it is a grand opportunity for them, and they go with our good wishes.

Our first batch of Regular young officers is due to pass out this month, having completed their "Q" course at the School of Signals. They are our first officers "made in Pakistan" and mark a further stage in the growth of the Corps.

A recent promotion which will interest many Royal Signals officers is that of Captain Taj Mohammed to the rank of Major. "Taj" enlisted in the Boys' Company, Jubbulpore, in 1934, and was commissioned from the Indian Military Academy in 1942. Those who know him in the ranks will remember him as Taja Khan, the name under which he was enlisted, by a recruiting officer's error.

Major Yakub Khan is Officer i/c Records. He will be remembered as Jemadar Adjutant of the Army Signal School and more particularly as senior Indian officer of 4 Indian Divisional Signals in 1939-41.

56 (LONDON) ARMOURED DIVISIONAL SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.
(City of London Signals)
20 Atkins Road, S.W.12

Annual Camp. August brought the annual headaches for the Unit orderly room, and "Q," with the Unit moving off to annual camp.

This year it was decided to do a 15 day battle camp, and the Unit, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel T. E. Dobson, proceeded to East Wretham near Thetford by road on Saturday, 6th August. The convoy made a good run through the city and arrived at camp in time for tea without any incidents. The move was preceded by "Q" and his willing helpers so it was an easy job to settle down. Training got away to an early start the following morning with "Musketry Training." Two days have been spent on the ranges, whispers of Bisley scores have yet to be confirmed. Sweepstakes and the Musketry Cup being at stake the competition was keen.

The Unit was visited on Thursday, 11th August by Brigadier R. H. O. Coryton, C.B.E., Chief Signal Officer Eastern Command, the Honorary Colonel, Brigadier A. C. C. Willway, C.B.E., T.D., and the Chief Signal Officer London District, Lieutenant-Colonel H. R. Firth. After a day out with the Unit on Exercise "Bandit" they were present at Regimental dinner night in the Officers' Mess. It might be wise to draw a veil of secrecy over the happenings after dinner.

Rabbits (non Wimbledon variety). Several officers came equipped with shot guns and have had good sport. It's a sight to see R.Q.M.S. French emerging from a wood with both barrels of his 16 bore blazing. He seems to be top scorer at the moment and whispers have it that the "Q," Major E. M. P. Nash, is better running them over than shooting them; however, they all go into one bag and many families in the London area have had a surprise when the postman has delivered a brace of rabbits,

The second week brought a two-day exercise away from the battle camp area and the Unit was visited in the field by General Sir Evelyn H. Barker, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., M.C., A.D.C., Commanding-in-Chief Eastern Command.

The weather has remained perfect throughout the camp, coupled with good feeding arrangements, it will go down in records as a good camp.

D.R. Display Team. It is with great pride and sense of achievement that the Regiment follows in the footsteps of the pre-war Unit in producing a first-class motor cycle display team. In fact, it has been largely due to the efforts of Captain Darkin, the team captain, who was a member of this Regiment's display team at the Royal Tournament, Olympia, in 1937, that the present day team exists.

It was therefore with some trepidation that we went to Morden to watch the team give its first performance considered by us as a form of dress rehearsal, though in actuality carried out in battle-dress and not in white.

The occasion was a garden fete and I'm afraid the weather was not altogether suitable. However, the display was carried out despite a wet and extremely slippery surface. The result was quite first-class, and clearly demonstrated the high standard of riding reached by the team.

The first real show was carried out on 23rd July at Thatcham, this time under very much more favourable conditions. The surface of the show ring was indeed quite rough, but due to many weeks of practice on Epsom Downs that is considered a triviality by the team.

It was at Thatcham that Sergeant G. E. Clarke roared into the fire jump with such velocity that it surely must be recorded as one of the furthest jumps on record. Unfortunately, it also bent a spring. Not noticeable at the time but requiring repair later.

The following week the team appeared at Hurst horticultural show and here in an atmosphere of sheep dog trials and flower competitions, they again performed very creditably.

The fact that the high standard of these displays has been achieved by men practically entirely in their own time and giving up those other pleasures so many of us seek at week-ends, is a point that has not been lost on the public and they have shown in a most convincing manner their appreciation.

The coming month of September is a very full one for the team, there being shows nearly every week-end with two motor cycle trials thrown in for good measure.

44 (H.C.) INFANTRY DIVISIONAL SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.
Stamford Brook, W.6

This Regiment's second post-war camp was blessed with perfect weather, and was attended by 17 officers and 46 other ranks, or approximately double the number who were at camp in 1948.

During the first week the Regiment had the camp to itself, but on Sunday, 10th July, we were joined by 47 Infantry Brigade, T.A. (1st London Scottish, 1st London Irish Rifles and 7th Battalion Middlesex Regiment), the combined camp, giving opportunities of getting to know each other, was popular with all ranks.

The following is an extract from Commander, 47 Infantry Brigade's (Brigadier J. O. E. Vandeleur, D.S.O.) closing address at St. Martin's Plain Camp, 1949:—

"44 Divisional Signal Regiment appear to have reached a high standard of wireless operating, driving, drill and general performance."

[*Photo by Southern Newspapers, Ltd.*

H.R.H. the Princess Royal inspecting the Royal Signals T.A. Contingent at Exbury on Monday, 18th July, 1949

63 H.Q. (L. OF C.) SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.

Wilton

Annual camp, 9th—23rd July, 1949, and Inspection by H.R.H. The Princess Royal.

"If you can fill the unforgiving minute
with sixty seconds' worth of distance run . . ."

10 Air Support Signal Unit, 15 Special Wireless Squadron, 4th Armoured Replacement Signal Squadron and 56 Signal Squadron, W.R.A.C., with 90 and 91 A.G.R.A. Signal Squadrons met together at Haxland Camp near Beaulieu in Hampshire for a most memorable camp.

On dull foolscap it is impossible to recapture the vitality and atmosphere of this camp. Now that it is all regretfully (with no apologies to the Q.M., Captain Spearpoint) over, and we have gone back to ordinary humdrum routine, we are left with a feeling of: "Did this whirlwind really happen?"

Enthusiasm and decentralisation were the watchwords and by their aid we certainly filled the unforgiving minute. This is as it should be. At a T.A. camp we must get value for time. We worked extremely hard, we had plenty of sport and games, and we certainly enjoyed ourselves.

The Officers' Mess in two large marquees, arranged in a "T" was very much a social centre of considerable gaiety. The Royal Navy, from H.M.S. *Hawke*, to whom we owe our sincere thanks for their wonderful co-operation, were consistent and very welcome visitors, often in the small hours and often again at dawn, when they displayed a remarkable enthusiasm for playing our W.R.A.C. at netball.

We cracked off with P.T. at 6.45 hrs., no exemptions and this went for W.R.A.C. At 8.45 we practised for the ceremonial parade and march past for the Princess Royal. The first parade was a horrible sight; the day itself was, though we say it ourselves, a credit to most Units. The rest of the morning was devoted to individual training by trades, and a series of lectures for the officers and senior N.C.O.s on signal training and others for the whole camp by outside lecturers including the S.R.D.E. experts.

After the midday meal Squadron commanders had an opportunity to exercise their squadrons. 10 A.S.S.U. in particular did things in style, going as far afield as Cirencester, Exeter and Brighton on wireless exercises, returning next morning, and also liaising with the R.A.F. in ground to air communication on other days. At 5 o'clock we called a halt to such serious stuff, and devoted our attention to an excellent games programme, winding up the day with a dance in the theatre with our own dance band.

The foregoing attempts to give in very inadequate outline the routine of an ordinary day at Haxland. Of course, there was no ordinary day. Every single day was crammed with incident and the whole camp hummed with activity like a well-oiled machine.

Visit of H.R.H. The Princess Royal. At 1130 hrs. on Monday, 18th July, Her Royal Highness honoured the camp with a visit. We believe we are the first T.A. Unit in Signals to receive such an honour. H.R.H., accompanied by the Lady in Waiting and General Fladgate, was met at a rendezvous in Beaulieu village by four D.R.s from the Unit and escorted to camp. At 1145 hrs. Her Royal Highness arrived at the saluting base in Exbury village where the Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel D. J. Goldsmith, Royal Signals, was presented. After the breaking of the personal Standard and the Royal Salute, H.R.H., accompanied by the C.O., General Fladgate, Brigadier Kennett and Senior Commander Wellesley, Commanding 311 Battalion W.R.A.C., inspected the parade consisting of selected personnel in two squadrons, one squadron Royal Signals and one squadron W.R.A.C. On her return to the saluting base Territorial Efficiency Medals were presented by H.R.H. to Corporal Farley from Bristol and Lance-Corporal Lethbridge from Southampton. The parade then marched past Her Royal Highness after which the Commanding Officer presented officers of Royal Signals T.A. and W.R.A.C. (Signals) T.A.

At the conclusion of the parade H.R.H. was then escorted to Exbury Gardens where she was met by Mrs. Lionel de Rothschild, a personal friend of the Royal Family, who showed H.R.H. round the world-famous Exbury grounds, including a cupressus tree planted by H.R.H. herself in 1933 from a seedling grown from a tree which in turn came from a cone that fell from the Duke of Wellington's funeral cortege in Piccadilly in 1852. H.R.H. on this occasion planted a tree, called a living fossil, in a corner of the gardens, and after inspecting some of the wonderful propagation greenhouses, returned to Haxland Camp at 1245 and inspected the quarterguard.

At one o'clock guests were presented to H.R.H. in the Officers' Mess and were entertained to luncheon with H.R.H. At two o'clock, keeping strictly to timed schedule, H.R.H. was escorted to the theatre to see a rehearsal of the camp variety show. First she saw an ingenious thought-reading act by 15 Special Wireless Squadron. This consisted of two heavily bearded and turbanned individuals swathed in Eastern robes concealing 88 sets (larnyx microphones) lashed to the midriff. One remained among the audience. The latter asked H.R.H. in a whisper "At what time did you leave London this morning?" H.R.H. replied in a whisper "8.44." Immediately S.Q.M.S. MacDonald on the stage broke an impressive silence and—got it right! This was followed by our musical discovery, attractive Pearl Humphries, W.R.A.C., who sang "Lavender Blue" and was presented to the Princess. H.R.H. then inspected various training classes and finished up in the information marquee, where Captain Badcock from the School of Signals, had his astonishing array of instructional gadgets on view. H.R.H. got a lot of amusement out of an electro magnet like a billiard cue and used as a lecturer's pointer, with which she succeeded in lifting several model tanks and lorries.

Aboard "Certa" in the Solent

At 2.35 Her Royal Highness said farewell and drove down the centre road of the camp, lined by cheering members of Royal Signals and W.R.A.C. The whole visit had gone with a real swing and with clockwork precision. Within five minutes of the departure of H.R.H. we were immersed in a D.S. conference for Exercise Rufus.

Exercise Rufus. To run a really testing exercise it was necessary to reorganise our variegated squadrons into basic signal units. We therefore pooled all resources of personnel, vehicles and equipment and built a skeleton Corps and Division Signals, incorporating the W.R.A.C. into Corps Signals and leaving 10 A.S.S.U. to operate in its proper role.

The Post Office very kindly lent us a P.W. from camp to Lyndhurst enabling us to have an excellent and realistically long teleprinter link from Corps to Division, with, of course, W.T. and R.T. links. Forward of Division we staged a standard wireless and line layout. The exercise lasted three days and was an unqualified success, a very considerable amount of traffic being handled. The R.A.F. co-operated with sorties controlled by 10 A.S.S.U. and very successfully too. Due attention was paid to camouflage and concealment from the air. Captain J. C. Clinch, Adjutant of 43 Division Signals, who was on our D.S., spent most of the second day of the exercise in a helicopter. He was unable to detect even from a height of less than 100 feet the position of one of the forward brigades.

Captain J. C. Clinch, 43 Wessex Divisional Signals, with the Sikorski No. 7

Sport and Entertainment. 15 Special Wireless Squadron, after many hard-fought battles, won the soccer, five teams competing, the final being played on Exbury ground in blazing sunshine. Great enthusiasm was displayed in this competition and the standard of soccer was, considering the ground and the heat, extremely high.

We had some excellent cricket, defeating to their mild surprise the local side. We lost by one run to H.M.S. *Hawke* in a 25 overs game when their eleventh man ran around by himself, a local rule! The officers had a meritorious victory over the other ranks at the visitors' day match, played in the beautiful Exbury Gardens in glorious sunshine, and watched by a large gathering of visitors with music by the band of the Lancashire Fusiliers.

There was a boxing competition refereed by Brigadier Kennett, a very experienced boxer himself, during which Lieutenant David Barker startled the audience by putting a visiting professional, an ex-sparring partner of Freddie Mills, on the ground for a couple of seconds. Lieutenant Barker gave an excellent exhibition of boxing and was deservedly awarded the trophy.

We shall get into trouble if we do not at this stage mention the W.R.A.C. netball competition. This was won by the Bridgwater Troop. Though the writer indulged in dawn netball on several occasions he still does not understand it, so he can only comment that everyone played fiercely and well.

A .22 rifle shooting competition took place every evening, all ranks competing. 10 A.S.S.U. won the team event and Captain Hawke from 15 Special Wireless won the individual with one point short of a possible. The W.R.A.C. also took part and their competition was won by Private Lewis.

Once again Major Hedges from Reading skippered *Certa* and all had the opportunity to sail in the Solent in the afternoons. Almost the entire W.R.A.C. contingent were lucky enough to get an hour's flight in a Hastings para-bomber from R.A.F. Station Beaulieu. They flew round the island and up and down the coast, thoroughly enjoying the experience, it being the first flight for the majority.

On the entertainment side the thanks of all of us are due to Captain (Q.M.) Freddie Spearpoint and Lieutenant Walke for their untiring activity in addition to their normal work in putting on for us a most excellent variety show, and to Lieutenant Walke for being the mainstay of our really creditable dance band. In addition to an invitation dance in Exbury Hall we held four very popular dances in the camp theatre, all of which went extra time.

The sergeants' "At Home" to the officers and the return match were both very much up to pre-war standard in vigour and after effects. The Officers' Mess dinner night was a great success. Held immediately prior to the variety show, we sat down 60 odd to dinner, and a very good meal was produced by our solitary cook. We must also thank the S.T.C. H.Q. Mess, Catterick, for the loan of some of their Mess silver which "made" our table.

CORPS HISTORY

Copies of the Corps History are now available from the Headquarters of the Association, 88 Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1, as follows:—

A Short History of Signals in the Army (From earliest times until 1939)—2 volumes	1 6
The British Expeditionary Force, 1939/40	4 0
The 51st Highland Division The British Air Forces in France	1 0
	6 6

The complete set of four volumes may be obtained at the reduced price of 6s.

Prices for bulk orders (50 copies upwards) will be quoted on application.

ARMY PHANTOM SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.
(The Princess Louise's Kensington Regiment)

Hammersmith

Since writing last the Unit has attended annual training at Crowborough Warren Camp, Sussex.

Older members of the Corps will no doubt have memories of Crowborough from the early days of the S.T.C.'s formation in 1920.

During the early part of July, training was under Squadron arrangements and we also utilised the time in preparing for the first annual camp of a fortnight's duration since the war. In 1939 at Beaulieu we were flooded out; in 1949 at Crowborough Warren Camp, rebuilt during the war and, although slightly overgrown, containing nearly every modern convenience, we were to enjoy a fortnight of perfect weather in the delightful Sussex countryside.

The Regiment assembled at H.Q. on Sunday, 17th July at 1400 hours and squadrons left at regular intervals and arrived at camp after approximately three hours run. In his opening address Colonel Wasey stressed that the object of camp this year was to provide continuity of training so essential to specialised units and therefore the utmost attention would be paid to individual training The personnel of the Unit were divided into four classes: Operators, Radio Mechanics, Coders and M.T. and by the end of the fortnight it was evident that all ranks had benefited tremendously by the training.

In addition to the individual training three small exercises, set by the squadron commanders, were held and two 24 hour schemes.

On the two latter, based on the German plan for the invasion of England in 1940, Operation "Sealion," R.H.Q. erected and worked, most successfully, remote control units and great experience was gained. R.H.Q. was set up in the camp and "A" and "B" Squadrons providing three patrols each, went to Petworth and Rye respectively. The patrols harboured on farms with an eye on breakfast in the morning, quickly established good relations with the farmers' wives.

The opportunity was also taken at camp this year of firing at Eastbourne the annual weapon training course and we are pleased to report that the standard of marksmanship was definitely good.

We were very glad to welcome in the first week the Honorary Colonel, General Sir Colville Wemyss, K.C.B., K.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., and Major G. H. McKowen, M.B.E., Royal Signals, representing C.S.O. London District, and in the second week Brigadier R. H. O. Coryton, C.B.E., C.S.O. Eastern Command

Although we worked very hard recreation was not neglected. Two cricket matches were played, the first led to an exciting win for the officers over the other ranks by one run, and in the second H.Q. Squadron beat "A" and "B" Squadrons. A Regimental dinner was held at the White Hart Hotel, Crowborough, on Saturday, 23rd July, and Sergeant Evans, Corporals Dandridge and Middleton and Signalman North amongst others entertained the company. In addition each squadron held a supper at various "pubs" in Tunbridge Wells. During the middle weekend a coach brought wives and relations down from London and after a pleasant day at Brighton the party visited the camp and before departing for London were kindly entertained by the Sergeants' Mess.

The total number of personnel who attended camp was 17 officers and 72 other ranks.

Since our return we have most regretfully said good-bye to Driver Whiting, G.D., who is emigrating to Australia with his family. He joined the Regiment in 1934 and was taken prisoner-of-war at St. Valery en Caux, France with "A" Company, 1st Battalion Princess Louise's Kensington Regiment, and undeterred by five years as a prisoner-of-war was among the first of the ex-Kensingtons to rejoin on the reconstitution of the T.A. in 1947

1/20 (SM) ARMY SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.

Birmingham

The Regiment has now returned to Headquarters at Hall Green after a successful annual camp at Blacon near Chester, where we were attached to Western Command Signal Regiment. Before going on may we just say a very hearty "Thank you" to Lieutenant-Colonel T. W. Boileau, O.B.E., and indeed to all at Western Command Signals who did so much to make us welcome. The first week of camp which started on 23rd July, was very warm. Squadrons put in a period of intensive maintenance on vehicles and equipment. This provided the troops with much useful knowledge and acted as an insurance against trouble on the schemes and exercises. There is a keen rivalry between our two "53" set detachments. This keeps both of them on their toes with satisfactory results. The Tele. Op. Troop carried out supernumerary duties in Westco Signal office, teleprinter room, counter room and telephone exchange. They finally handled live traffic most efficiently.

R.S.M. H. Griffin had a couple of drill parades and also put the Regiment through the rifle and Sten gun classification on the Sealand Ranges. The despatch riders and others who fancied themselves (or not) on motor cycles had a very interesting and exciting time on a rough-riding course picked out with fiendish glee. There were eight observed sections. There were no serious mishaps so far as I am aware. The B.S.A. with its handlebars down by the front spindle is probably a new design.

The Chief Signal Officer, Western Command, visited the Regiment on 3rd August and inspected troops, vehicles and equipment on parade. He was accompanied by our Honorary Colonel, Colonel P. H. Keeling, M.C., who came up from Herefordshire and stayed a night under canvas with the officers. Lieutenant-General Sir Frank E. W. Simpson, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., G.O.C.-in-Chief Western Command, inspected the Regiment at work on 4th August and was very interested in the technical equipment used by an Army Signal Regiment.

No. 1 Squadron is a shade under strength. Did I say "shade"? Nevertheless, they constructed a short single P/L. route at Altcar Ranges as part of the permanent range control system. During the Regimental exercise they laid and recovered two quads over rough moorland country. Captain Berresford, and who better qualified, assisted in the working of a duplex teleprinter circuit over a two-way "53" set link using Apparatus V.F. Tele. S plus DX. He tested four complete terminals of Apparatus V.F. Tele. 3 channel DX and managed to get one system (two terminals) working on two channels. I'm sure you will understand all that. What we want is more men. Who doesn't.

Now we must go back a little way to Monday, 1st August. Late that evening we set out for Halkyn Castle on the Cheshire side of the rivers. This was Headquarters in the land of the Gauls. Away across the Dee and the Mersey we had a "10" set. The Regimental scheme had started. Of course, it rained. It rained hard. It rained all the time. Let us be quite certain about whether it rained or not. I will not bore you with technicalities (don't think that I couldn't) because the general idea was pretty straightforward. Two "53" sets and two "10" sets were working very well across the rivers, Generators P.E.95 were humming and teleprinters coughing out their messages with accuracy. The Line Construction Troop had quite a lot of work to do as well. How that reminds us of the old cable sections. First out, last in. And of course, it always rained. Food was brought out from Blacon Camp in insulated containers but to supplement this, the excellent Officers' Mess cook kept hot drinks at all sorts of odd hours on the No. 1 Blower.

The Regiment returned to camp on Wednesday morning, 3rd August, and although everyone realised that the scheme had been quite successful and that much had been learned on the *s'bagliando s'impara* level, no one was sorry to get back and change his socks.

The convoy set off for Birmingham at 1000 hours on 6th August and arrived safely at about—well, never mind. So ends part 1.

Part 2. New readers read from left to right.

The news from BEHIND the facade of official reporting is nearly always interesting. When we mention Sten gun instruction for instance we do not refer to the recruit who objected to being detailed for a Sten gun demonstration at 1800 hours. "Why," says he, "it's after hours. They might have asked me first."

Instruction in various methods of avoiding Belisha beacons that happen to be rushing up the road, was given by Sergeant Oakley. In one of these lessons he was unsuccessful and the beacon caught him a doughty wallop on the superstructure of his three-tonner. Gordon smarted under this insult and at the first opportunity pushed over a stone gate pillar before it could attack him. In this he was aided and abetted by—you'll never guess. He says it was well worth ten bob.

You may remember that this Regiment provided communications for the theatrical garden party in the Impney Hotel grounds at Droitwich in July. The only picture I could get for you is rather technical and shows Miss Hazel Court testing a valve Electronic Cham. 75 with one foot on a Barrows Drum W.D. Applications from film actresses to test valves will be dealt with in strict rotation.

Several people around Chester and Catterick whom I had not seen for some years, asked me if I still wrote for THE WIRE. I forget what answers I made but at least one seemed offended when I asked him if he ever *read* THE WIRE. Perhaps I should try a little harder to scatter sunshine and roses. Remind me about that sometime.

BARLEUX

21 CORPS SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.

Derby

By the time these notes appear in print, annual camp at Marske, near Redcar, will be but a memory to most of us, though at the time of writing, still fresh in our minds.

The training programme was much more ambitious than was possible in the week's camp last year; we began with a visit from the Catterick Method of Instruction team, under the indefatigable Captain Badcock, after which, squadrons carried on with their own training programmes for the rest of the week. In the second week, Regimental exercises were carried out, under conditions approximating to those of a Corps Signals in an operation. The C.S.O.

Northern Command, visited us during two of these exercises, and was able to assist us with many aspects, from his own wide experience; and we also had a visit from the Chief of Staff, Northern Command, and from a demonstration team, with some of the latest equipment. Above all, the weather was kind to us.

Wireless communications were also provided for a R.A.O.C. Unit using the same camp, for the period of a two-day exercise, in very difficult country. Our L.C.V. returned battered but triumphant, having maintained continuous communication with the R.A.O.C. base in camp, to the great satisfaction of the exercise commander. (We *think that "Q"* Jimmy Moore, has now recovered from the first shock of the sight of the L.C.V. on its return!).

In lighter vein, the training times were so arranged that all ranks had leisure to enjoy local amenities; the linemen seemed to find the inhabitants in Guisboro' very friendly; whilst the members of a local concert party quite enjoyed their visits to camp. The doctor came through, this time, without being deprived of any part of his moustache, and scratched away at Pulheems; the T.O.M. was obliged to set up as an (unpaid) Tilley Lamp Service Depot; whilst certain officers produced guitars and appeared to have some idea of playing them, at nocturnal serenades, not always in camp. Altogether, a most successful and enjoyable camp.

For Bakewell Show, on 4th August, the Unit had a display; but also helped to make the show a success. No. 1 Squadron laid local lines to the various gates and officials; and, on the day of the show, a manned exchange in a T.E.V. was provided. These communications were very useful to the organisers, who were extremely grateful for our help.

I am asked to mention that during the coming autumn, Radio G3BZK/A will be operating from the Drill Hall, Chesterfield, and will be glad to contact other Signals stations, especially T.A.

"JONAH"

13 A.A. (M) SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.

Glasgow Edinburgh

The camp of 1949 at Comrie (Perthshire) will probably be remembered for many years as an outstanding event in the life of practically every member of the Regiment.

Our first few days in camp were devoted to concentrated technical training to prepare us for Exercise "Triangle," a Signal exercise which we planned to take place for four days during camp. During "Triangle" we forgot that we were A.A. Signals and we became a field formation having a Corps H.Q., two Infantry Division H.Q.s, and five Infantry Brigade H.Q.s. Our regular colleagues of 3 A.A. Group Independent (M.) Signal Squadron joined in by manning one of the Division H.Q.s and two Brigade H.Q.s.

[Photo by "Evening Dispatch," Edinburgh

Manning Brigade Signal Office

[Photo by "Evening Dispatch," Edinburgh

"Chuck time"

The first day of the exercise dawned bright and sunny and the weather remained so for the four days, so our girls had the double benefit of training and sunshine.

The four days concluded and the battle won we all returned to camp to resume individual training and initiate sporting activities.

On the Wednesday of the second week, parents, relations and friends from Glasgow and Edinburgh came to visit the camp and watched a Highland games gathering which had been arranged by H.Q. 153 (Highland) Infantry Brigade, T.A. Music was provided by the massed pipes and drums of the Highland Brigade (4/5 Black Watch, 6/7 Black Watch and 4/7 Gordons) in full dress uniforms, a rare sight.

The day before we left we held our own sports meeting to determine the winners of the coveted "Jimmy," the inter-squadron sports trophy. It was a good day and some grand sportsmanship was shown, notably by Lance-Corporals Baxter and Ramsey, two of our oldest sweats (though very young in spirit) and Sergeant Marjorie Hogarth, who excelled herself in several events and by whose fine efforts the "Jimmy" was brought home by the combined R.H.Q. and 32 Squadron team.

Trophies were presented by the C.O., Lieutenant-Colonel H. Scarborough, T.D., for the best general progress throughout the year to Private B. Hall, of 3 A.A. Group (M) Signal Office Squadron (our new Squadron in Edinburgh) and to Signalman D. Smith of 29 A.A. (M.) Signal Squadron in Glasgow. Private S. Shippin of R.H.Q. received the trophy for maintaining her vehicle in the best condition.

It was a good camp, we learned a lot and we all enjoyed it. Everyone worked hard, all pulled their weight and an excellent spirit was shown by all ranks. Next year let us hope for an even better camp with more recruits, more ambitious training, and weather as good as it was this year.

11 A.A. (M) SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.

Brompton Road, S.W.2

As many will have seen from the 25th July, 1949 issue of the *Daily Graphic*, 23 Squadron held an "At Home" on Sunday, 24th July, 1949, when over 140 parents and friends were invited along in the afternoon to see something of what happens on Tuesday evenings. A number of interesting features was arranged and after an excellent tea, the visitors were permitted to test some of the equipment. A good time was had by all, and the Squadron gained several recruits.

Signals Association of the Royal Corps of Signals

BENEVOLENT FUND

Balance Sheet as at 31st December, 1948

1947 £	£	LIABILITIES	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
		ACCUMULATED FUND :		
		Balance as at 1st January, 1948	109,296 9 8	
		Add Profit on Redemption of Securities	10 0 0	
109,296		*Add* Excess of Income over Expenditure for year ..	762 10 3	
				110,068 19 11
		SUNDRY CREDITORS :		
	1,488	General Fund	1,196 6 2	
	20	Memorial Fund	20 1 9	
	84	Accountancy Charges ..	42 0 0	
	50	Deposit—Guards Divisional Signals	30 0 0	
1,642				1,288 7 11
£110,938				£111,357 7 10

1947 £	£	ASSETS	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
11,345		CASH AT BANK		4,634 13 1
		INVESTMENTS AT COST :		
	2,875	£2,500 3% Defence Bonds ..	2,500 0 0	
	1,795	£1,945 3% Savings Bonds 1960-70	1,945 0 0	
	9,200	£9,200 2½% National War Bonds 1949-51	9,200 0 0	
	12,650	£12,650 2½% National War Bonds 1951-53	12,650 0 0	
	31,600	£31,600 2½% National War Bonds, 1952-54	31,600 0 0	
	250	£250 2½% National War Bonds, 1952-54 Post Office Issue	250 0 0	
	31,364	£39,050 2½% Funding Loan 1956-61	39,544 12 7	
	840	£850 3% Funding Loan 1959-69	839 18 11	
	941	£941 15s. 1d. 3½% War Loan (Including £291 15s. 1d. Nominal Value relating to the Emigrant Loan Fund) ..	941 4 0	
	313	£300 3½% Australia Stock, 1954-59	313 1 0	
	6.098	£6,000 3¼% Australia Stock 1956-61	6,098 6 0	
	97	130 15s. Units National Savings Certificates	97 10 0	
98,023				105,979 12 6
		(Market Valuation of the above at 31st December, 1948, amounted to £107,952 0s. 11d.)		
1,570		INCOME TAX RECOVERABLE ..		743 2 3
£110,938				£111,357 7 10

I have examined the above Balance Sheet and accompanying Income and Expenditure Account with the books of the Fund and certify same to be in accordance therewith. I have ascertained that the Inscribed Stocks stood in the names of the Trustees, and Lloyds Bank, Ltd., have certified as to the correctness of the Bank Balance, and that they hold for safe custody the other Securities representing the Investments.

1-5 Broad Street Place,
London, E.C.2.
5th May, 1949.

H. S. BAKER, F.C.A.
Auditor.

Income and Expenditure Account for year ended 31st December, 1948

1947 £	£	EXPENDITURE	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
6,643		To Benevolent Grants		6,469 1 8
		„ Donations :		
	10	Regular Forces Employment Association	10 0 0	
	100	Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families' Association	100 0 0	
	140	National Association for the Employment of Regular Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen ..	140 0 0	
	2	Royal Cambridge Home ..	2 2 0	
	4	Netley Charitable Fund ..	2 0 0	
	5	Corps of Commissionaires ..	5 0 0	
	—	Royal Soldiers' Daughters' School	25 0 0	
	—	Royal Alexander and Albert School	20 0 0	
	—	The Gordon Boys' School ..	20 0 0	
	—	Union Jack Club	10 0 0	
261				334 2 0
		„ Administration Expenses :		
	398	Rent, Rates, Insurance, Light and Heat		502 4 1
	1,637	Salaries		2,173 0 8
	501	Telephone, Postages, Stationery and Printing		497 12 4
	465	General Expenses		514 9 6
3,001				
63		„ Accountancy Charges in respect of Audit, Accountancy and Income Tax Repayment Claim		42 0 0
15		„ Bank Charges		— — —
10,209		„ Balance being Excess of Income over Expenditure		762 10 3
£20,192				£11,295 0 6

1947 £	£	INCOME	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
		By Donations :		
		Corps Units	7,848 18 6	
17,797		Sundries	929 16 7	
				8,778 15 1
		„ Interest from Investments, Gross		
	64	3% Defence Bonds	79 14 3	
	26	3% Funding Loan	25 10 0	
	776	2½% Funding Loan	776 5 0	
	1,332	2½% National War Bonds ..	1,342 10 0	
	54	3% Savings Bonds	53 17 0	
	33	3½% War Stock	32 19 2	
	10	3½% Commonwealth of Australia, 1954-59	10 10 0	
	98	3½% Commonwealth of Australia, 1956-61	195 0 0	
2,393				2,516 5 5
2		„ Interest on Bank Deposit ..		— — —
£20,192				£11,295 0 6

GENERAL FUND

Balance Sheet as at 31st December, 1948

Liabilities

1947 £	£		£ s. d.	£ s. d.
		Sundry Creditors :		
232		Expenses accrued	151 7 1	
73		Subscriptions paid in advance :		
		The Wire and Quarterly Journal	120 0 0	
25		Income Tax—P.A.Y.E.	37 7 0	
720		Diaries and Christmas Cards ..	212 11 8	
1 050				521 5 9
		Old Comrades' Association :		
		Life Membership Account :		
6,644		Accumulated 1928-47	7,931 6 4	
1,287		*Add :* Amount received during year	691 19 5	
7,931				8,623 5 9
		(*Note*—The proportion received prior to 1st January, 1928, has been incorporated in the Capital Account.)		
		Capital Account :		
3,557		Balance, 1st January, 1948 ..	3,700 12 7	
144		*Add :* Excess of Income over Expenditure for the year	— — —	
—		*Less:* Excess of Expenditure Income for the year	739 19 1	
3,701				2,960 13 6
£12,682				£12,105 5 0

Note.—No reserve has been made in the above Balance Sheet in respect of the liability for unexpired subscriptions to the Old Comrades' Association, nor has any debit been included for subscriptions outstanding.

I have examined the above Balance Sheet and accompanying Income and Expenditure Account with the books and vouchers of the Association, and certify the same to be in accordance therewith. I have verified the correctness of the Bank Balance, and ascertained that the Inscribed Stocks stood in the names of the Trustees.

1-5 Broad Street Place,
London, E.C.2.

H. S. BAKER, F.C.A.,
Auditor.

6th May, 1949.

Assets

1947 £	£		£ s. d.	£ s. d.
		Cash :		
2,702		Lloyds Bank, Ltd.	2,628 8 3	
14		Cash in Hand	3 16 11	
2,716				2,632 5 2
		Sundry Debtors and Payments in Advance :		
180		Subscriptions to The Wire and Quarterly Journal	120 0 0	
154		Advertisements, The Wire and Quarterly Journal	146 0 0	
1,489		Benevolent Fund	1,196 6 2	
75		Officers' Central Fund	37 10 0	
20		Royal Pioneer Corps	— — —	
6		Sundry Loans	5 17 9	
77		Diaries and Christmas Cards ..	53 5 6	
—		Superannuation Contributions ..	70 8 2	
2,001				1,629 7 7
262		Loans to Branch Associations ..		150 0 0
		Investments at Cost :		
1,290		£1,287 3½% War Loan	1,289 14 10	
200		£194 7s. 7d. 5½% New South Wales Stock 1947-57	— — —	
200		£226 8s. 1d. 4% Consolidated Stock	200 0 0	
500		£682 9s. 3d. 3½% Conversion Stock	500 0 0	
400		5 National Savings Certificates of 100 Units	400 0 0	
391		£400 3% Funding Stock	391 1 0	
4,463		£4,500 2½% Funding Loan ..	4,463 4 0	
—		£194 7s. 7d. 3% Commonwealth of Australia 1963-65	197 1 8	
7,444				7,441 1 6
		(Market Valuation of the above at 31st December, 1948, amounted to £8,111 4s. 10d.)		
		Stocks on Hand at Cost :		
15		Sports Clothing, etc.	1 11 3	
12		Car Badges	20 9 5	
14		New Signals History	10 4 3	
143		Association Badges	121 0 0	
184				153 4 11
		Office Furniture at Cost, *less* Depreciation :		
52		Balance 1st January, 1948 ..	75 7 6	
31		Additions during year	34 19 0	
83			110 6 6	
8		*Less* Depreciation at 10%	11 0 8	
75				99 5 10
£12,682				£12,105 5 0

Income and Expenditure Account for year ended 31st December, 1948

Expenditure

1947 £	£		£ s. d.	£ s. d.
		To Administration Expenses :		
—		To Secretary's Salary	283 6 8	
1,888		„ Clerks' Salaries	2,283 14 10	
57		„ Pension—W. Butler	57 4 0	
461		„ Rent, Rates, Heating and Lighting	578 13 4	
9		„ Insurance	8 12 0	
54		„ Telephone	45 6 7	
243		„ Printing and Stationery	243 7 11	
399		„ Postages and Sundry Expenses ..	282 1 10	
214		„ Travelling Expenses	328 2 7	
53		„ Audit and Accountancy Charges	42 0 0	
2		„ Bank Charges	— — —	
24		„ Repairs	91 18 5	
56		„ Income Tax	96 4 10	
3,460				4,340 13 0
		„ Loss on Publications :		
		The Wire :		
2,575		Cost of Printing	2,858 19 6	
580		*Less* Advertising Charges ..	479 13 1	
1,995			2,379 6 5	
1,312		*Less* Subscriptions	1,246 10 6	
683				1,132 15 11
		Officers' Gazette :		
—		Cost of Printing	316 11 10	
—		*Less* Subscriptions	181 7 2	
				135 4 8
		Quarterly Journal :		
—		Cost of Printing	501 16 3	
—		*Less* Advertising Charges ..	64 0 0	
			437 16 3	
—		*Less* Subscriptions	410 0 2	
				27 16 1
		„ Depreciation :		
8		Office Furniture		11 0 8
—		„ Superannuation Contributions ..		23 9 4
143		„ Balance being Excess of Income over Expenditure for year ..		— — —
151				
£4,294				£5,670 19 8

Income

1947 £	£		£ s. d.	£ s. d.
678		By Subscriptions and Donations to Old Comrades' Association ..		732 3 7
		„ Income from Investments—Gross :		
45		3½% War Stock	45 1 4	
7		5½% New South Wales Stock	8 10 0	
9		4% Consolidated Stock ..	9 1 0	
24		3½% Conversion Stock ..	23 17 8	
12		3% Funding Loan	12 0 0	
25		2½% Funding Stock	112 10 0	
—		3% Commonwealth of Australia Stock	2 18 4	
122				213 18 4
		„ Income from Publications :		
154		Quarterly Journal		— — —
12		Officers' Gazette		— — —
166				
		Signals History :		
18		Sales	9 9 0	
11	7	*Less* Cost of Sales	3 14 9	
				5 14 3
		„ Sundry Income :		
20		Sale of Corps Clothing, etc. ..	77 10 6	
17		*Less* Cost of Clothing	62 10 0	
3				15 0 6
100		Sale of Car Badges	43 8 6	
88		*Less* Cost of Badges Sold ..	39 14 5	
12				3 14 1
416		Sale of Association Badges ..	216 6 8	
300		*Less* Cost of Badges Sold ..	147 1 3	
116				69 5 5
45		Profit on Sale of Diaries ..		56 1 4
1		Profit on Sale of Christmas Cards		5 8 10
—		Profit on Sale of Paint Transfers		9 2 4
		„ Proportionate amounts on account of Administration Expenses received from :		
—		Royal Pioneer Corps	13 1 7	
2,990		Benevolent Fund	3,657 10 4	
150		Officers' Central Fund ..	150 0 0	
3,140				3,820 11 11
—		„ Balance being Excess of Expenditure over Income for year ..		739 19 1
£4,294				£5,670 19 8

Headquarters Notes

THE SIGNALS ASSOCIATION OF THE ROYAL CORPS OF SIGNALS

Headquarters: 88 *Eccleston Square, London, S.W.*1.
(*Telephone*: *Victoria* 9194)

Report on the annual general meeting held at Catterick on 17th July, 1949.

1. *Present.* Major-General G. G. Rawson, C.B., O.B.E., M.C., Colonel Commandant, Chairman and Hon. Treasurer; Brigadier W. C. V. Galwey, O.B.E., M.C., Commandant, Signal Training Centre; Brigadier E. A. James, O.B.E., T.D., D.L., Trustee Benevolent Fund and President Birmingham Branch; Brigadier G. H. Walton, C.B.E., T.D., Representative Non-Regular Officer (elect), and President Newcastle Branch; Colonel A. W. Roberts, M.C., General Secretary.

2. The meeting was opened by Brigadier Galwey who extended a warm welcome to all who were present. He explained the procedure in the reception and training of the National Service recruit as it now existed. With regard to regulars he said that a new squadron had been formed at Richmond, where all regular soldiers undergo six weeks basic training, before being posted to a Training Regiment for trade training. He said that Regimental week-ends had been introduced once per month to try and foster a better Regimental spirit.

3. In an address to the meeting, the Chairman reported on the activities of the Association throughout the year 1948.

4. The Chairman, as Hon. Treasurer of the Association, presented the balance sheets of the undermentioned accounts for the year ending 31st December, 1948, which had been passed by the Central Committee. In drawing attention to monies invested on behalf of the Association he emphasised that funds were invested only after consideration had been given to what amount should be kept available to meet the demands on the funds for welfare and other purposes.

The balance sheets were approved by the meeting.

(a) Royal Signals Benevolent Fund.
(b) Royal Signals Association General Fund.

5. Brigadier Galwey then proposed the following for election to the Central Committee: Chairman and Hon. Treasurer, Major-General C. W. Fladgate, C.B.E. (Representative Colonel Commandant) vice Major-General G. G. Rawson, C.B., O.B.E., M.C.; Vice-Chairman, Major-General R. E Vyvyan, C.BE., M.C., vice Brigadier E. J. Murphy, C.B.E.; Non-Regular Officer, Brigadier G. H. Walton, C.B.E., T.D., vice Brigadier A. C. C. Willway, C.B.E., T.D.; Two Other Ranks, Sergeant F. E. Best, Sergeant R. Banham. Recommended that the two O.R.s serving or otherwise, who serve on the sub-committee which assembles weekly in London to adjudicate Benevolent Fund cases, should automatically be members of the Committee. The nominations were approved by the meeting. Brigadier Galwey proposed a special vote of thanks as a tribute to the excellent work put in by the retiring Chairman (Major-General Rawson) over the past years, which was seconded and unanimously carried.

6. The Chairman then asked for approval to the alteration of Rule 8 of the Rules of the Association, to read as follows:—

(a) Membership shall be open to all officers who have been commissioned for, or seconded to, and warrant officers, non-commissioned officers and men who have been attested for or transferred to any Branch or Unit of the Royal Corps of Signals or of the late Telegraph Battalions, Royal Engineers, personnel of the Indian Signal Corps, whether past or present, and all ranks of the Royal Corps of Signals in the Supplementary Reserve and Territorial Army. Membership shall also be open to all members of the A.T.S. and W.R.A.C. who have served or are serving with the Corps in a Signals trade.

Officers, serving or retired, except those for whom provision is made in Clause (a) Section (2) of Rule 3, are excluded from financial benefit under these rules.

(b) Membership shall be of two classes:—
(i) Ordinary. (ii) Honorary.
(c) Ordinary members shall include:—
(i) Life members who pay a life membership subscription on joining.
(ii) Annual members who pay annual subscriptions.
(d) Life membership may also be granted *free* by the Central Committee to annual subscribers who:—
(i) Have rendered valuable service to the Association.
(ii) Can prove the payment of 21 annual subscriptions or have reached the age of 60, whichever is the earlier.
(e) Honorary membership may be granted by the Central Committee to:—
(i) Signals In-Pensioners of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea.
(ii) Members totally incapacitated from work through Army Service.

The alteration was approved by the meeting.

7. There being no further business, the Chairman expressed his thanks to all present for attending and closed the meeting.

ADDRESS BY MAJOR-GENERAL G. G. RAWSON, C.B., O.B.E., M.C.

First of all I must thank Brigadier Galwey and his staff for again making it possible for us to hold our annual general meeting at Catterick, and for combining it with a reunion of old comrades. I am delighted to see such a good attendance and we extend a hearty welcome to you all.

For those of you who are attending for the first time and who may be a bit hazy as to what the Association does, I must tell you that there are four main brainches. The Old Comrades and Records Branch, Employment Branch, Welfare Branch, and Publications Branch. We have now 48 Old Comrades branches, including one in East Africa, seven of which have been formed since our meeting last year.

Life membership has now reached 6,500 and although that sounds a lot, it ought to be bigger, considering the strength of the Corps during the war. In addition to life members, there are annual members, who renew their subscriptions each year. We encourage members to join branches direct where possible, as H.Q. only deal with the business side of the Association and leave social activities, etc., to branches.

Many Old Comrades branches are in close co-operation with T.A. Units which is all to the good and affords mutual aid, especially with accommodation, which is a very difficult problem with a good many branches.

It has been suggested that our membership subscriptions should be raised. The Central Committee have considered it, but have come to the conclusion that it would be better to keep the subscription as at present, and to leave it to local branches to ask their members to subscribe as required, for any particular function or purpose.

Our Employment Branch is very successful in placing men in employment and have very close liaison with a number of employers and with the Regular Forces Employment Association. A good deal has been done to find jobs for members of the Corps leaving the Service. We also receive many letters asking for advice and help of one kind or another and we have been able to place quite a few in good employment.

As regards the Welfare Branch, we not only give financial assistance to families in temporary trouble, but we also

give advice on many questions which are received at our H.Q.

The Adjudicating Committee consists of the Chairman, an officer, a lady member and two other ranks, who attend 88 Eccleston Square weekly on Thursdays to assess appeals in detail and decide on the amount and method of assistance which should be given to each case. We deal with about 25 appeals weekly and since speed of assessment is essential, the more straightforward appeals are dealt with each Tuesday by the Chairman himself. Many appeals come direct from applicants. These are acknowledged and the applicant informed that a representative will call to investigate the best means by which assistance might be given. Some appeals come through S.S.A.F.A. with their report and recommendation, and those we get from our Old Comrades branches are normally accepted without further investigation.

I would like to tell you in a very few words about the different type of appeals received. These are the usual appeals for general assistance. In many cases, families have got themselves into a mess due to bad budgeting, carelessness or sheer bad luck. Rent arrears, hire purchase payments arrears, and inability to provide bedding and clothing especially for growing children, are quite frequent. The Committee do much to tide over distress of this kind.

The Committee most definitely do not substitute any allowance which is normally the responsibility of the State. This includes National Health Insurance, Unemployment Benefit, payment for medical and dental attention, artificial limbs, and wigs. These are provided for by the State and there is no reason why a charitable fund should be expected to meet such costs.

We get many appeals from families of the National Service soldier. These are, of course, given full consideration but in many cases it is found that such hardship often existed before the soldier entered the Service. The increase in marriage allowance and the introduction of the National Service grant had done much to meet the needs of the National Service man's dependants.

We are unable to give financial assistance for the purchase of houses, but such appeals are passed to the British Legion who run a special scheme for assisting the ex-Serviceman to purchase a house through a building society.

Our terms of reference allows assistance in certain cases, towards the cost of emigration. No assistance is given to those who have access to Government sponsored schemes. We always ask the applicant to produce a written guarantee of employment and be able to provide part of the cost of his passage money himself, before his application can be considered.

We have close co-operation with the British Red Cross Emergency Help Scheme, which provides generous assistance to disabled men.

The Association is always glad to do what they can to secure nominations for boys and girls to schools where there are vacancies. As an example we had a boy not long ago, whose father was killed on active service. We got him accepted into the Gordon Boys' School, where he would be equipped, maintained and educated free of charge.

During 1949 we gave financial assistance to some 1,112 cases.

With regard to publications, this department deals with THE WIRE, THE ROYAL SIGNALS JOURNAL and the OFFICERS' QUARTERLY GAZETTE. The last two pay for themselves, but unfortunately THE WIRE has suffered a loss of over £1,000. It is quite obvious that we cannot go on running the magazine at a loss like this, and the Central Committee have appointed a small representative sub-committee to consider the problem from all its aspects.

H.R.H. The Princess Royal, our Colonel-in-Chief, honoured us with a visit to our H.Q. on 8th June and took a great interest in all the activities of our Association.

In conclusion, you will be glad to hear that the War Memorial Holiday House (Mercury House) in Bournemouth has had a very successful year and proved very popular with everyone who had stayed there. The purchase of a second house to be run on similar lines at Colwyn Bay is under consideration by the Corps Committee.

Branch Notes

Birmingham

Nineteen of our members travelled by coach to Catterick on 16th July and attended the annual general meeting. Never was a couple of quid expended to better purpose. The officers were accommodated in the H.Q. Mess and all the remainder in the Sergeants' lines, No. 7 Selection Regiment. If I were in the habit of using superlatives I might let myself go over the ground arrangements made for our comfort by Lieutenant-Colonel R. J. Moberley, O.B.E., and his staff.

The journey up-country was made in pouring rain and we had grave doubts about the success of the church parade and other open-air functions. We need not have worried. Arrangements were made to have the rain stopped an hour before church parade and it remained dry but cool for the rest of the day. On Saturday evening we made a tour of the Sergeants' Messes. An excellent way to ensure a bright and early start the next morning. I think. No—I'm wrong. These Messes seem to have their own dance bands and very good they are too. The refreshments were really wonderful and the cooks responsible should be given medals or crossed doughnuts at once. Somewhere en route I met Captain and Mrs. Jim Adcock, Captain Charlie Childs, Major Frank Merchant, Lieutenant-Colonel V. C. Holland and Major George Flynn. In fact, the nominal roll would interest you a lot. There were also some R.S.M.s who declared that they were trumpeters when I was the Orderly Sergeant I well remember one of them who forgot the "Half hour for parade" and blew the "Quarter" twice instead.

The church parade, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel W. M. Ponsonby, O.B.E., was the highlight. The Royal Signals band was in splendid form. Some of us were inclined to wonder why the band didn't play the Royal Engineers Regimental March for the old R.E. Signals, who always attend these affairs in force. Others missed the traditional "Boys of the Old Brigade."

With my usual discretion I will leave out any mention of Mr. Billy Ralph of this Branch who was very absent from the parade owing to a marked reluctance to rise before 0900 hours on a Sunday.

On returning from church we attended the general meeting in Vimy B. Block where the spirits of departed boys stirred gently to see the medals and grey hairs of the company there assembled.

Major-General G. G. Rawson, C.B., O.B.E., M.C., took the chair and was introduced by Brigadier W. C. V. Galwey, O.B.E., M.C. Among many things, we learned that there are now 50 branches of the Association. We were depressed to hear that THE WIRE loses about £1,000 a year. This is sad news, but when the monthly parcel turns up almost on the last day when contacting members is either very expensive or impossible for another few weeks, can you wonder? It was unexpected news to many of us that the intake of National Service men produces many keen lads. We have been getting the impression that N.S. men come into the service grudgingly, determined to hate every minute of it and live only for the day when they can walk out of the life. This, it seems does not apply to the boys who come to the Royal Signals. Good show.

Our Hon. Secretary, Captain Ralph Ironmonger, asked for a vote of thanks for Colonel A. W. Roberts, M.C., the General Secretary, for his whole-hearted interest and untiring efforts in Association work. The response left no doubt about the feelings of the company.

The passing of the years is really rather alarming. It was hard to believe that prior to a cup of tea and a chat on

Sunday, 17th July, Major-General R. T. O. Cary, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., A.D.C., last spoke to your humble scribe about 29 years ago at Crowborough or Maresfield Park. He probably said on that occasion "Seven days—march him out." But who can be sure about that?

We decided to start the return journey at 1700 hours, but as the driver of the coach was fast asleep and could not even be roused with a bucket of water, we dispensed with him and his coach and hired another from Richmond. This put us back to 1900 hours.

A thoroughly grand week-end and one which all of us who attended can heartily recommend to members who are thinking about next year. I was sorry to learn that Mr. Frank Shakespeare was not at Catterick. He is away down in Eastbourne and is not at all well. I hope he will pull round and show up next year so that I can continue with his music lessons. Owing to absence at Annual camp with the T.A. I was not present at the July meeting of this Branch. Talking about camp, I met ex-Sergeant-Major Sammy Cockbill working in Blacon Camp, Chester, looking very fit and brown. He sends greetings to all Birmingham friends.

BARLEUX

Scarborough

Those members who were fortunate enough to visit Catterick for the reunion, are still telling the less fortunate ones "what they missed" and are still singing the praises of that wonderful week-end. Our grateful thanks to the Commandant S.T.C., Commandant, School of Signals, officers and other ranks, who so kindly looked after us and made us feel so much at home.

We hope to have a much stronger contingent from this Branch next year to share the pleasures that were so graciously made available for our enjoyment.

I wonder how many spotted Aubrey Harrison's photo in this month's copy of *The Soldier*, with his three brothers, a truly wonderful record, Aubrey, may you reach the 145 years service between you. Congratulations to you and your brothers.

A local lad and member of this Branch kept the flag flying with his prowess at motor cycle racing quite recently and the following notice appeared in the local Press:

"A Scarborough motor-cyclist, Don Cooper, of 28 West Park Avenue, won the senior clubmen's eight-lap race on the two-mile circuit at Bradford yesterday.

"Riding his 498 c.c. Triumph twin he was also fourth in the final of the unlimited class eight-lap final, having ridden third to Alan Jefferies (Bradford) and Dennis Parkinson (Wakefield) in their eight-lap heat for this class."

Jolly good show, Don, keep it up, lad.

I am told that Dennis Parkinson is also an ex-member of the finest Corps in the world.

"Nick" Carter (2323640) desires to establish contact with Mr. Cotton (5107144) of Birmingham; now it's up to you, Mr. Cotton.

Our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. MacDonald on the birth of a son, in July. Don't look so worried, Mac, he will grow up and look after you in your old age—you'll see.

We often wondered what happened to old "Shoey" Pummell, "here today and gone tomorrow"—no word or sign, until a local grocer's lad told us that "Shoey" was in Africa. We hope the Africans know about it. Keep in touch with us, "Shoey," if it's only by sending your subs., and the odd coker-nut.

The Scarborough season is creeping towards the end, so with a little luck we should see a few more faces at our next general meeting. Come along, lads, we need your support to keep the Branch running really well.

We are pleased to welcome any new members that care to join us, and this month we are very pleased to welcome two new ones, Corporal Monty Banks, at present stationed in Catterick, and has already made contact with us, and one other whose name escapes me just now, but he is a friend of Tim Kelly; nuff said!

East Africa

Herewith the notes for which you ex-Signals have been waiting. It seems now that the Kenya Branch has really started in a big way, and all the members are really trying hard to make it a success. We held the first sundowner social on Tuesday, 7th June in the Sergeants' Mess of East Africa Command Signal Squadron by kind permission of Major A. E. Hollingshead, and it was voted a huge success. Many old members turned up and many thanks are due to "Eddie" of the British Legion for the publicity he has given us in his Sunday morning broadcasts, also the Press for their part in advertising the event.

Many of the guests were strangers to each other at the start of the evening, but afer the first hour it seemed as if all present had known each other for years, and it was great fun to hear the gripping. Someone heard our noted Chairman (Bill Savage) break into Hindustani a couple of times.

The evening started with a game of tombola, followed by music for dancing which did not require the services of an M.C. owing to the members trying hard to keep the ladies amused. At 11 p.m. the bar closed and a speech by the Chairman met with great applause as he thanked the Entertainments Committee and asked all those present to try and get in touch with ex-members with a view to holding further social events. A meeting was held prior to the social, but only to discuss urgent affairs. As none had arisen the agenda was passed over to the next meeting. We are trying to find a permanent room to hold the monthly meetings so that all members will know where all the meetings are held without being circularised. As soon as this is possible we shall notify everyone through every available channel.

Now we pass on and hope to see more old faces in the near future.

Any enquiries should be addressed to the Secretary, c/o C.S.O. Branch, P.O. Box 4000, Nairobi.

Bournemouth

While the highlight of the month has, of course, been the visit of H.R.H. The Princess Royal for the official opening of Mercury House, that event will have been dealt with on other pages.

On the domestic side the Branch paid a very pleasant visit to the R.A.C. Depot Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess and beyond succumbing as usual to their dart experts, we acquitted ourselves reasonably well—at the bar. In fact, the homeward journey seemed so short that we had great difficulty in convincing some members that we had really arrived in Bournemouth and were not attempting to cast them adrift in Poole harbour. A return meeting in our very cramped headquarters went down very well and once again we failed to save the gallon. However, as we never know when we're beaten we are taking them on once again next month, when with the aid of our accordionist we expect to deafen them sufficiently to prevent their hearing what the scores are, and who knows, we may yet be boasting of our maiden win. We are thinking of running a talent spotting competition too, for the Warrant Officers and Sergeants put on a show for us which was first-rate and put our efforts in the shade. So far as I remember "Old King Cole" and a song extolling the virtues of Truro completed our programme.

The Secretary has just looked over my shoulder and said "What! No moan!" Well, there's plenty of time for that next month.

We are delighted to know that Southampton and Portsmouth Branches are in full swing and we wish them every success. What about a joint Hampshire branches "do" one of these days?

"KELB"

Sheffield and District

Although, as mentioned in our last issue, the formal activities of the Branch have closed down for the summer, the social committee has been very active with various events, including a coach trip to Harrogate on Sunday, 14th August.

It is, however, not too soon to remind you that the fourth Wednesday in October will see the opening of the winter season, at the D.E.G.A. Club, Collegiate Crescent, Sheffield, at 7.30 p.m., when we shall be delighted to see old and new friends.

"JONAH"

ROYAL SIGNALS BENEVOLENT FUND

Subscriptions received during June, 1949

	£	s.	d.
Kent Coast Troop	3	17	2

Donations received during June, 1949

51 (H) Division Signals	38	3	2
Headquarters Mess, Catterick	1	9	0
Mr. T. W. Forse		10	0
Mr. R. H. Wickham		3	0
Total receipts	£44	2	4

Expenditure during June, 1949, £412 6s. 1d. (includes assistance for: General assistance; rent, rates and insurance; cots and prams; beds and bedding; furniture; clothing; funerals; removals; rehabilitation; fares).

Analysis of cases: Families of soldiers serving in U.K., 5; widows of deceased soldiers, 5; released and discharged soldiers, 60; total cases assisted, 70.

Subscriptions received during July, 1949

	£	s.	d.
S.T.C. (Combined Units), Catterick ...	64	0	0
4 Training Regiment	10	0	0
Thames Estuary and East Anglian Coast Troop		10	0

Donations received during July, 1949

Royal Signals Corps Fund	9	4	8
105 Line Section	2	18	0
Captain W. F. H. Herdon	1	0	0
Mr. R. Hyland		10	0
Mr. P. G. Ashcroft		5	0
Total receipts	£88	7	8

Expenditure during July, 1949, £360 2s. 0d. (includes assistance for: General assistance; rent, rates and insurance; cots and prams; beds and bedding; furniture; clothing; hospital and doctors' fees; removals; fares; tools; emigration; legal expenses).

Analysis of cases: Families of soldiers serving in U.K., 10; widows and dependants, 5; released and discharged soldiers, 47; total cases assisted, 62.

Royal Signals Old Comrades' Association

New members registered at H.Q. during June, 1949:

Life members	6
Annual members	80

New members registered at H.Q. during July, 1949:

Life members	9
Annual members	28

SPORTS NOTES

CORPS RIFLE SHOOTING, BISLEY, 1949

As in 1948, it was decided that a Corps team should be sent to Bisley to compete for the Methuen Cup. A Corps elimination meeting was held at Catterick in May and this was attended by 30 all ranks from Units at home and B.A.O.R. The trial consisted of a series of practices exactly similar to those which would be fired in the various competitions at Bisley. As a result, a short list of 13 was selected to go to Bisley. Practice for those stationed at Catterick continued up to the Bisley meeting.

On 19th July the team moved to Bisley and put in a week of hard practice during the A.R.A. practice week, ably assisted by a lance-corporal and three men of 2 A.A. Group Signal Regiment who were kindly provided by C.S.O. A.A. Command as butt-markers. Good experience was gained during this practice week and the standard of shooting steadily improved.

The A.R.A. meeting opened on 27th July with two squadded sweepstakes. Several members of the team were placed in the prize lists. The Henry Whitehead competition was fired on 28th July. This competition, together with the Roberts Cup, comprises the first stage of the Army championship and the conditions of the match are exactly similar to those of the Methuen Cup. The following were placed in the prize lists:—

CLASS A (Officers, Warrant Officers and Sergeants).
Major Thompson (H.Q. School of Signals).
Major Jordan (C.S.O. Branch, Hamburg District).
CLASS B (Corporals and men with over two years service and over 25 years of age).
Corporal Gillam (S. Lanc Regt.) 7 Selection Regt. (3rd).
Signalman Pearson, 1 Training Regt.
CLASS C (Corporals and men with under two years service and under 25 years of age.
Lance-Corporal Francis, H.Q. School of Signals.

The Roberts Cup, a continuous fire with movement match involving rapid at 500 yards, snap at 300 yards and rapid at 300 yards at the Fig. 2 target was fired on 29th July. The following were placed in the prize lists:—

CLASS A
R.S.M. Howley.
CLASS B
Corporal Gillam—winner of his class.

The second stage of the Army Hundred was fired on 1st July. By virtue of their scores in the first stage, the following qualified to fire in the Hundred:—

Corporal Gillam.
Major Jordan.
R.S.M. Howley.
Second Lieutenant Jenkin.

Cpl. Gillam finished 31st, top of Class B and winner of

the Manchester Regiment Cup. Second-Lieutenant Jenkin won the Young Officers' Cup. Both are warmly congratulated on their fine performance.

The Methuen Cup was fired on the afternoon of 1st July. After a very good start in the 600 yard application and the 600-100 yard "run-down," the team got into difficulties in the rapid and snap practices. We finished with a score of 1,166, one point higher than last year, but several places lower in the list. Scores were as follows:—

Signalman Pearson, 1 Training Regt. ..	160
Major Thompson, H.Q. School of Signa..	150
Major Jordan, C.S.O. Branch, Hamburg Dist.	149
Second Lieutenant Stevenson, Officers' Training Wing, School of Signals	148
Lance-Corporal Peters, Western Command Sig. Regt.	146
R.S.M. Howley, H.Q. School of Signals ..	145
Second Lieutenant Jenkin, 7 Selection Regt.	136
Major Kendall-Baron, H.Q. School of Signals	132
	1166

The Roupell Cup competition was fired on 2nd July. Major Dutton (Signals Directorate) finished seventh in this competition, and we were very pleased to see Captain Hutley, who fired in the Corps team last year, finish fifth.

As a result of his shooting during the A.R.A. meeting, Corporal Gillam was selected to shoot for the Regular Army in the Regular and Territorial Armies Cup match and finished second. He was also selected to fire in the Army VIII in the United Services match—for this he must be especially congratulated as it is an almost unheard of event for a man to be selected for the Army VIII in his first year at Bisley.

Major Thompson and Lance-Corporal Peters entered for competitions in the N.R.A. meeting which immediately follows the A.R.A. meeting. Lance-Corporal Peters shot well but was just out of the prize lists. Major Thompson fired for the Regular Army in the Inter-Services XX match (won by the Regular Army) and for Yorkshire in the Inter-County match. He finished fourth in the St. George's competition with a score one point behind the winner and won the Howard Wilkinson Cup competition.

Corps Cricket

Royal Signals v. Royal Navy Cricket Club
Result: Draw, match rained off

Royal Signals batted first on a very soft wicket in their two-day match against the R.N.C.C. at H.M.S. *Kestrel*, Winchester, on 16th-17th July.

Signals started well, being 38 for 1 and 77 for 2. After lunch, however, Mason was unluckily run out, he had scored a very good 55; wickets then fell quickly and only Tidey with 17 and Pocock with 23 not out looked comfortable. The side were all out for 157.

Signals took the field and from the start were right on top, some very accurate bowling by Colonel Cole and Pocock soon had the Navy team on the defensive and in the first 16 overs only 17 runs were conceded and four wckets had fallen. At this stage Fenner came in at No. 7 and proceeded to hit out in all directions—he used his strength and eye to good effect and soon had put on 45 runs, mainly in boundaries. At tea the score was 77 for 5, and the game had taken a very interesting turn. After a fine tea the rain came down hard and unceasingly, which on the already soft pitch made play impossible.

The game was abandoned the next morning, but all agreed that the first inter-Service fixture since the war had been a great success, and we hope to be the hosts at Catterick next season to Captain Trentham, R.N., and his team.

Royal Signals v. R.E.M.E.
Result: R.E.M.E. won by 100 runs

Royal Signals played R.E.M.E. at Arborfield on 19th-20th July with a weak team, particularly in batting as we had three regular players playing for the Army v. Yorkshire.

R.E.M.E. batted first on a very soft pitch which was drying out. They started badly, being 3 for 5, and the ball coming through at varying speeds had the batsmen making false strokes. Pocock and Shotter bowled well, and in spite of a small stand by Glover, and then Gill and Baker for 5 runs, the whole side was out for 97, Shotter taking 5 for 52 and Pocock 3 for 26.

Signals started well and the early batsmen, mainly Mason, Brown and Law all made runs, the R.E.M.E. total being passed for the loss of only three wickets. However, after tea, with two quick l.b.w.s, the batting started to collapse, and instead of pressing home their advantage, Signals were all out for 139, only 42 runs ahead.

R.E.M.E. again batted and in the 45 minutes before the close of play, put on 45 for the loss of one wcket, Parker being bowled by Pocock for 15.

The next morning the ball, still with some shine, was swinging well, and the pitch had got faster. Pocock, bowling really well, took a hat-trick, Conroy being l.b.w., Nos. 4 and 5 bowled off consecutive balls. R.E.M.E. then dug their toes in and in spite of good Signals fielding, the batsmen kept their wickets intact. Stacey then survived two good overs before getting set and went on to turn the game in R.E.M.E.'s favour with a stand of 103 for the fifth wicket, making 73 before being l.b.w. to Pocock. Pullen and Stannard quickly finished the innings with some good spin bowling. The fifth wicket stand was the turning point, and in place of being one run on for four wickets in the first hour, R.E.M.E. finally made 207 all out, leaving Signals to get 166. Pocock finished with 7 for 65.

Signals started badly and were 3 for 16, which included their best batsmen, and after Mason and Pocock were run out, this batting weakness became obvious, and the need for the five regular batsmen missing from the side was displayed. The side were all out for 69, 100 runs short of the required total, which would have normally been attained with little trouble by the full Corps side.

The last five batsmen put on three runs in the first innings and 11 in the second, showing the weakness in the team and the true cause of our failure to press home the great advantage of the first innings lead.

Royal Signals (B.A.O.R.) Cricket

Hamburg District v. Royal Signals

The game was played at Hamburg on 2nd July, 1949, under very cold conditions. It was definitely a "two-sweater" day when the Corps side went out to field, having lost the toss. The wicket was a very natural grass one and it was never apparent that it would be a low scoring game. The Corps fielding was good, two particularly good slip catches being taken by Major Carpenter and S.Q.M.S. Whitbread. Hamburg District were all out soon after lunch for a total of 103.

The Corps innings started well and the second wicket did not fall until the total was 70, out of which Major Fountain made a very nice 48 runs. The Hamburg District total was passed with five wickets in hand.

Bad Oeynhausen Garrison v. Royal Signals

Conditions were ideal for cricket at Bad Oeynhausen on 4th July, 1949, when the Garrison side was beaten by nine wickets. The Corps side did well to get their opponents out for 143 on a good wicket with a good and fast outfield. Their runs were made in two hours and 55 minutes which reflects considerable credit in the accuracy of the Corps bowling. Three things were outstanding during the Garrison innings; one was the fine fielding and throwing of Second-Lieutenant Crole at cover, who saved a considerable number of runs, and the others were the good bowling of Major Carpenter who took 5 for 64, and S.Q.M.S. Harding who took 3 for 33 The latter was unfortunate in injuring his foot while bowling, and this injury prevented his bowling any more after he had taken three good wickets. Royal Signals got the necessary 144 runs for the loss of one wicket in an hour and 45 minutes. The outstanding innings was that of Major Carpenter who made 81 not out.

Royal Signals (B.A.O.R.) v. Royal Engineers (B.A.O.R.)

A very enjoyable game was played at Bad Oeynhausen on 23rd July, 1949, which resulted in a tie, both sides scoring 118 runs. R.E. batted first, and started badly, their first three wickets falling all at the same total, 19. In spite of some accurate bowling by Major Carpenter, who took 5 for 37, the total mounted slowly to 118. Major Nicholson, R.E., who had played in many Corps matches before the war batted very soundly for 51, and had it not been for his contribution, the total would have been considerably less than 118.

Royal Signals started equally badly and their third wicket fell at 20. When eight wickets were down for 76, it looked as if the Corps side was going to suffer its first defeat of the season. However, S.S.M. Nurse and Lance-Corporal Maloney made some very useful runs at the end and the last wicket fell with the scores level, with approximately half an hour left for play.

Royal Signals (B.A.O.R.) v. Royal Artillery (B.A.O.R.)

This game was also played at Bad Oeynhausen on 24th July, 1949. The Gunners, who had a good side, made a total of 207 after a bad start when three wickets had fallen for 36. In spite of some good bowling by Major Warren who took 6 wickets for 45, the Corps side were unable to maintain their initial advantage, and the Gunners eighth wicket put on a very useful 40 runs. The Corps batting broke down completely, and at one time it looked as if the side would be out for less than 100.

Major Wainwright played a very useful innings for 31, but got little support, and the game ended in a draw with the Corps total 115 for 9.

1 Training Regiment comes second in Army Athletic Championships

The above championships were held on Friday, 5th August, 1949, at the Aldershot Military Stadium for the first time since 1939.

It was a lovely day although perhaps a little too hot for some of the competitors.

The Stadium was packed with spectators and it was particularly gratifying to see so many high ranking retired officers present among whom were Major-General R. F. B. Naylor, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., Major-General R. Penney, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C.

The Director of Signals, Major-General W. A. Scott, C.B.E., Brigadier W. C. V. Galwey, O.B.E., M.C., Lieutenant-Colonel R. J. Moberley, O.B.E. (C.O. 1 Training Regiment) and Lieutenant-Colonel Hepper were also present.

No. 1 Training Regiment, who had already won the Northern Command championships, were strongly fancied to win, but after a terrific struggle they came a very worthy second.

The full results are as follows:

1st Battalion The Parachute Regimant	258
1 Training Regiment, Royal Signals	239
Electrical Wing, R.E.M.E., Training Centre	205
Light Infantry Brigade Training Battalion	172
1st Battalion The Cheshire Regiment	152
1st Battalion Irish Guards	139
8 Training Regiment, Royal Engineers	109
69 H.A.A. Regiment, Royal Artillery	94

It would not be fair to mention any one individual in team championships but the whole of No. 1 Training Regiment's team did extremely well and are to be congratulated on such a splendid result.

In the seven miles walk which was not included in the championship 1 Training Regiment came fifth.

In the individuals of this event, Major M. Shardlow (1 Training Regiment) came eighth. This is indeed a very worthy effort for one who is over 50 years of age, especially as it was the first time he had entered for a walking race.

At the conclusion of the meeting 1st Battalion Parachute Regiment amidst great enthusiasm were presented with the shield and medals by General Sir Brian Horrocks, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., M.C., who said in congratulating them, how good it was to see a new Regiment in the Army win this championship the first time it had been held since the war.

All members of Royal Signals add their congratulations to this fine team, but in doing so warn them to look out in 1950.

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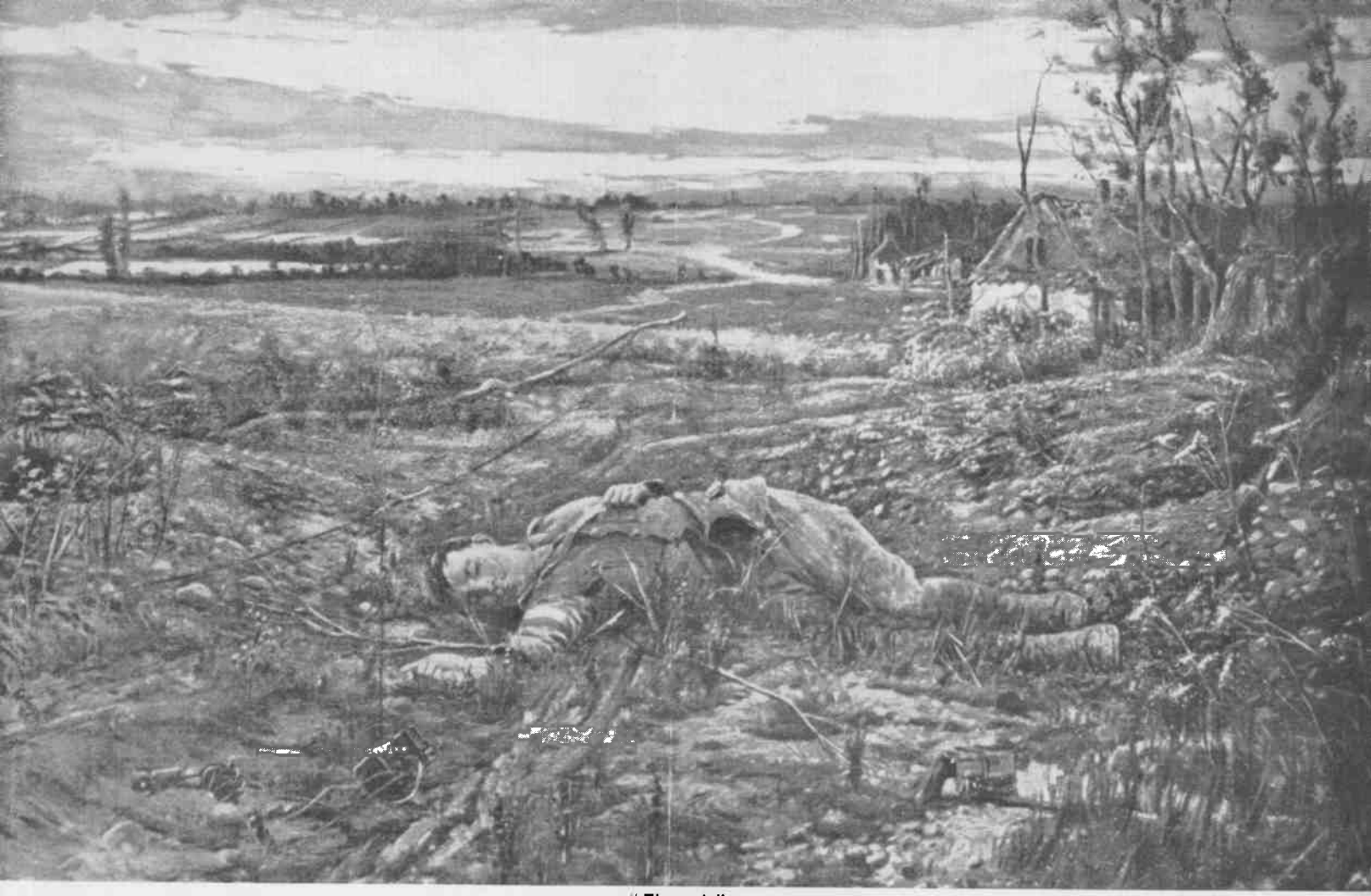

"Through"

THE WIRE

The Corps Magazine
of the
Royal Signals

VOL. 3 (*New Series*) NO. 10 • OCTOBER 1949

THE WIRE

The Corps Magazine of the
ROYAL SIGNALS

The Official Organ of the
SIGNALS ASSOCIATION

All correspondence and matter for publication for "The Wire" should be addressed to The Editor, "The Wire," 88 Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1. Matter for publication must be received by the 15th of the month preceding publication.

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OCTOBER • 1949

Vol. 3 *New Series* **No. 10**

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PRICE: ONE SHILLING

Editorial

EMPIRE FIELD OF REMEMBRANCE, 1949

The Royal Signals Association has been advised that, with the kind permission of the Rector of St. Margaret's, and with the support of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, the Empire Field of Remembrance will again be held at Westminster from 3rd to 11th November (both days inclusive). It will be opened at 12 noon on Thursday, 3rd November, by a short religious service, to be conducted by Canon Smyth, assisted by the Dean. The Field will be open daily from 9.30 a.m. until 6 p.m., although access to the Field is of course possible after that hour.

The Royal Signals Association is arranging for the Corps plot to be planted with a Corps Badge Cross and surrounded by Remembrance Crosses.

Units wishing to plant Wreath Crosses (size 12" x 6") on behalf of fallen members of the Corps should notify:

The British Legion Poppy Factory, Ltd.,
Petersham Road,
Richmond, Surrey,

as soon as possible. The cost is 5s. per Wreath Cross.

The Royal Signals Association is arranging for a representative party to be present at the opening ceremony to plant the Crosses.

ALL readers of THE WIRE will be pleased to know that the Central Committee of the Association at an Extraordinary Meeting on 6th September, 1949, decided to continue THE WIRE as a monthly publication.

BUT IT MUST BE MADE TO PAY

The Editor has very strict instructions on this point.

The Editor's problem is simply expressed. He has to give you, the readers, the best value he can from the monthly sum at his disposal. This monthly figure is exactly expressed in terms of sales. As sales go up so will the size of THE WIRE, the number of photographs and cartoons increase.

The following letter sent to members of his Regiment by an officer who does WIRE contributions of the Regiment is reprinted:—

"Those of you who take in THE WIRE regularly may have read the Editorial in the August number. In brief, the news space has had to be reduced from 64 pages to 48 and may be further reduced to 32 pages unless subscriptions increase. The target set by the Editor to enable THE WIRE to be restored to 64 pages is 100 copies per month for a unit of our size. At present we sell an average of only 40 copies a month.

It is wrong, I think, to hold the view that the magazine is of no interest to National Servicemen or that the cost is prohibitive—one shilling is only the equivalent of *six* cigarettes at present day prices. Some members of the Regiment subscribe privately. These sales are not included in the Unit figure.

Is it generally known that anyone can have THE WIRE for ten shillings (10/-) a year, post free, on payment to the Signals Association?

I ask recipients of this letter to make a real effort to boost sales amongst their men, not only this month, but *every month*. I hope to see the sales figures up to 70 at least for the next issue. It will be, if you all do some lively propaganda work."

V-J Day

It was arranged between the U.S. Army Signal Corps and the Royal Corps of Signals that on each anniversary of V.J. Day (15th August) each Corps would hold a simple ceremony of commemoration and drink the health of each other in the respective Messes at Fort Monmouth and Catterick.

On the fourth anniversary the following messages were exchanged:

From Major-General S. B. Akin, Chief Signal Officer, U.S. Army. To Major-General W. A. Scott, Director of Signals, War Office.

"On this the fourth anniversary of the surrender of the Imperial Forces of Japan the U.S. Signal Corps again pauses to pay tribute to the Royal Corps of Signals and the great commonwealth of nations it serves. Our common cause of winning the battle now has become the common cause of keeping the peace in which we work together in fellowship and understanding as we strove together for victory. It is my wish that during the years to come this fellowship and understanding will continue and grow. On this pleasant occasion therefore I extend to the distinguished Director and to all other ranks of the Royal Corps of Signals cordial greetings and renewed assurances of appreciation for the comradeship and close association that exists between us."

From Major-General W. A. Scott, Director of Signals, War Office. To Major-General S. B. Akin, Chief Signal Officer, U.S. Army.

"Today, the 15th August, 1949, I wish to extend to you and the U.S. Signal Corps the greetings and good wishes of the Royal Corps of Signals. I am very happy to see that although four years have passed since the end of the war the ties which bind our two Corps are not weakening but growing firmer. There are new points of contact between our two nations which indicate that our ideals and our interests are still based on the same foundations of freedom, goodwill and friendship. Today we remember especially our friends in the U.S. Signal Corps and look forward with confidence to continued comradeship and co-operation."

* * *

Colonel J. P. G. Worlledge, O.B.E., writes from Glenwilliam Castle, Ballingarry, Co. Limerick.

Dear Sir,

The origin of the name "Jimmy" for the Corps crest seems to be shrouded in mist, and I am afraid that Lieutenant-Colonel Stibbs' theory will not hold water. The *Short History of Signals in the Army*, published by the Signals Association states that "Mercury, it is known, came into the Corps because his statuette was carried on the staff of the Drum-Major of the Telegraph Battalion of the Royal Engineers . . . Why 'Jimmy,' however, is not known."

The Telegraph Battalion was formed in March, 1884, originally under the name of R.E. Telegraph Corps, and presumably the drum-major's staff was designed and made not long afterwards. Mercury was used as the notepaper crest by the Telegraph Companies, R.E., in Limerick in 1907-14, i.e. "B" Corps Signal Company and 5th and 6th Divisional Signal Companies as they became in 1910, and I enclose an envelope bearing the crest for the interest of comparing it with the present design. The nickname "Jimmy" was in common use, at any rate in the Limerick Companies, at the time.

The figure of "Jimmy" in the present design was drawn by Major T. B. Graveley, Royal Signals, about 1931-32 from a plaster case of an intaglio or "incavo" made by one Bartolomeo Paoletti of Rome, which is a little larger than the badge figure, and was copied from "un bronzo in Firenze" (Florence) attributed to "Pio: Bologna"—presumably a mistake for Giovanni di Bologna, for I do not suppose that Messer Paoletti could be accepted as overriding authority on historical matters.

At our long summer camps the Limerick Signal Companies always flew before the orderly room tent a white flag with a blue "Jimmy" which was reputed to have been captured outside the Boer P.O. in Bloemfontein by Captain Godfrey-Faussett on 13th March, 1900, when he took a cable-cart in ahead of the troops after Paardeburg. As this flag was kept in the Officers' Mess at Limerick when not flown in camp, and as the Mess belongings were transferred after the First World War to the H.Q. Mess at Catterick on its formation, presumably it is now there.

These small points should, I think, be on record for their minor historical interest, but "Why 'Jimmy'" remains unsolved.

* * *

ROYAL SIGNALS OFFICERS' GAZETTE
(Retired Officers' Supplement)

Published annually in January each year

It is realised that this is by no means complete, and officers, serving and retired, are asked to notify the General Secretary, Royal Signals Association, 88 Eccleston Square, S.W.1 (VICtoria 9194), of the names and addresses, if possible, of any Retired Regular Officer (including Q.M.s, T.M.O.s, etc.) whom they consider should be shown in the Retired Officers' Supplement.

This does *not* include Emergency Commissioned Officers.

* * *

THE SIGNALMAN

The INDIAN SIGNALS JOURNAL has now settled in its permanent home, the School of Signals, Mhow, C.I.

In view of the very old and well-established relationship of the Royal Corps with the infant Indian Signals, I would like to invite articles, poems, sketches and photographs from the officers of the Royal Corps who have served with the Indian Army and cherish happy memories.

Your help and co-operation would be very much appreciated.

* * *

WAR OFFICE CIVILIAN WIRELESS SERVICE

Vacancies exist in the War Office Civilian Wireless Service in the grade of Civilian Radio Operator. The Service is expanding and offers prospects of a steady career to ex-Royal Signals tradesmen, particularly operators. There are a few posts for which men are required who are trained to maintain wireless and line equipment.

Basic qualifications for entry are British birth, general fitness for service at home and overseas, and an ability to receive Morse at 20 words per minute. If you are an operator, the training you have received in the Army will help you to qualify for entry. If you are not an operator, do not let this qualification requirement put you off, as a scheme has now been introduced whereby, if after an interview you appear to be likely to be trainable as an operator, you can receive training to bring you up to the required standard whilst receiving a special trainee rate of pay.

Full details of the conditions of service, pay, accommodation, leave, etc., are given in a pamphlet entitled "War Office Civilian Wireless Service." A revised edition has recently been sent to Chief Signal Officers of Commands at home and overseas for further distribution to Royal Signals Units under their jurisdiction. Serving personnel who are interested should therefore apply to their Unit Orderly Room for a copy of the pamphlet.

Ex-members of the Corps may obtain a copy of the pamphlet on application to the Headquarters, or their own local branch of the Royal Signals Association.

The Royal Soldiers Daughters' School, Hampstead

In a secluded and old-world garden in Hampstead it is difficult to realise that the traffic of Rosslyn Hill is close at hand and that the heart of London is only some 20 minutes distant by tube. In such a setting lies the Royal Soldiers Daughters' School.

It has grown from the Soldiers' Home which was founded in 1855 as a memorial of the Crimean War. The object of the institution as laid down in the Trust Deed was to provide education and training, and religious instruction in the principles of the Church of England for the daughters of soldiers below commissioned rank who were unable to do so themselves.

While keeping the provisions of the Trust Deed there have been changes from time to time indicating that the method of conducting the school has kept abreast of developments in education so that at the present time the school is recognised as efficient by the Ministry of Education.

Girls are normally admitted between the ages of five and 11 years, and in the selection of candidates special consideration is given to total orphans, then children who are motherless or fatherless. Girls whose parents are living are also eligible provided the father is disabled or incapacitated from work or is a serving soldier. Each application is considered on its merits and is placed on the waiting list accordingly.

The school has now returned to its pre-war home and accommodation is being extended. In this the historical associations of the site have not been overlooked. During the excavations on the north side of the newly acquired Vane House a 300-year-old well was discovered which was probably contemporary with the building of the house by Sir Harry Vane. The well is being preserved. When these extensions have been completed there will be accommodation for about 150 pupils.

The school is run as a modern boarding school and the domestic architecture and general layout are in harmony with the family atmosphere fostered within; there is no trace of the traditional associations of institutional life. Outstanding features of the school include a specially built domestic science centre and, since its occupation by A.R.P. during the war, a fully equipped gymnasium.

The school has a splendid health record. This is not surprising amid the surroundings already described and with the careful attention and forethought which is exercised in all matters affecting the welfare of the school. There is a sick bay in the grounds together with qualified nursing supervision and special care is given to dental treatment.

With the comparatively small numbers and wide age range it has been possible to arrange classes under qualified teachers so that much greater individual tuition is given than is possible in most schools. The Oxford School Certificate, for which suitable candidates are prepared, will be replaced by the General Certificate of Education in due course. The school is fortunate in that benefactors and Governors' Scholarships enable outstanding pupils to receive suitable training. There is no difficulty in finding occupation for girls leaving school.

Visitors to the school will be convinced of its worthy association with the highest traditions of the Army and of its unique contribution to the cause of education. Candidates must be recommended by regiments, regimental associations or by one of the associations which look after the interests of the soldiers' dependants or by a Governor or Life Governor. For further particulars application should be made to: The Secretary, Royal Soldiers Daughters' School, Office, 65, Rosslyn Hill, Hampstead, London, N.W.3.

WAR PENSIONS

Special Review Tribunals Time Limit

The Minister of Pensions announces that applications for the review of cases by Special Review Tribunals cannot be accepted after 30th November, 1949.

The Special Review procedure applies ONLY to persons whose claims arose out of the 1939 war and whose appeals were disallowed by Pensions Appeal Tribunals before 1st August, 1945.

It will be recalled that Special Review Tribunals were set up in 1946 because certain judgments in the High Court in England and the Court of Session in Scotland had affected pension law. It was felt that persons whose appeals had been disallowed before those judgments had been given should have the right to have their cases reconsidered.

* * *

MALAYAN CAMPAIGN MEMORIAL

A project has been started to build a Memorial Gateway as an adjunct to the existing Cathedral at Singapore, dedicated to all who suffered and died at the hands of the Japanese during the occupation of Malaya and Singapore.

Contributions should be sent to: The Treasurer, Graham-White Memorial Committee, c/o Mercantile Bank of India, Raffles Place, Singapore.

* * *

MALAYAN CAMPAIGN OFFICERS' REUNION

The Malayan Campaign Officers' Reunion will be held on Friday, 9th December, 1949, at the Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.1. Tickets (price 15s. excluding wines) may be obtained on application to: W. S. Mitchell, Esq., 47 Linden Gardens, W.2; or B. K. Castor, Esq., Kennington Oval, S.E.11; or J. I. Macdonald, Esq., 14 Bedford Gardens, Luton, Beds.

Buffet supper 7.00–11.00 p.m. Dress, lounge suits.

* * *

CALLING 16 A.G.R.E. SIGNAL SECTION (C.M.F.)

Borgo-san-Lorenzo to Klagenfurt, 1944/45

Lieutenant A. M. Stewart (late Royal Signals) and Sergeant L. E. Jackman are hoping to arrange a reunion of the above Section during the forthcoming winter.

All members of the Section are invited to forward the present home address and the address of any other members of the Section to Sergeant (now Mr.) L. E. Jackman, at the Riverside Hotel, Waterside, Stratford-upon-Avon.

Contact with Captain Briggs and Sergeant ("Jock") Dawson especially desired.

* * *

CORPS HISTORY

Copies of the Corps History are now available from the Headquarters of the Association, 88 Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1, as follows:—

A Short History of Signals in the Army (From earliest times until 1939)—2 volumes	1 6
The British Expeditionary Force, 1939/40	4 0
The 51st Highland Division) The British Air Forces in France)	1 0
	6 6

The complete set of four volumes may be obtained at the reduced price of 6s.

Prices for bulk orders (50 copies upwards) will be quoted on application.

TOBRUK, 1941

The third "Tobruk, 1941" Officers' Dinner will be held at the Connaught Rooms, Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.1, on Friday, 18th November, 1949.

Particulars from Major-General C. E. N. Lomax, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., Four Winds, Craigwell, Bognor Regis, Sussex.

* * *

RESETTLEMENT OF EX-REGULARS

Eighty-three per cent. of the men who registered with the National Association for the Employment of Regular Sailors, Soldiers and Airmen during the first six months of this year were placed in jobs. Registrations over the whole of the British Isles amounted to 30,610, of which 25,464 were found suitable employment.

A deputation from the National Association was recently received by the First Lord of the Admiralty and the Secretaries of State for War and Air. Their attention was drawn to the importance of resettling men coming out of the Forces and it was suggested that if more were known about the Association's work, anxiety for the future at present felt by would-be recruits and their parents might be considerably allayed. The Ministers expressed their appreciation of the work done by this Association and promised the active support of the three Service Departments and their own personal interest.

The Association, which is the only one sponsored by the three Services and engaged solely on fitting a man to a job, is supported almost entirely by Service and Regimental funds and takes no fees from applicants or employers. In charge of each branch is a professional "job-finder" who interviews every applicant personally.

* * *

EXTRACT FROM LONDON GAZETTE
1st July, 1949

Balances due to Estates of Deceased Officers and Soldiers

In pursuance of the "Regimental Debts Act, 1893," notice is hereby given that there is available for distribution amongst the next of kin or others entitled the sum of money set opposite the name of each of the deceased officers and soldiers named in the lists which are published in this notice in the London Gazette. Applications from persons supposing themselves entitled as next-of-kin should be addressed by letter to "The Under Secretary of State, The War Office, Whitehall, London, S.W.1," and marked outside "Effects."

G. W. TURNER

War Office,
30th June, 1949

List 747, Effects 1946, Maley, H., Driver i/c, £32 17s. List 743, Effects 1943, Butler, J. H., Driver, £58 18s. 3d.; Effects, 1944, Beresford, J., W/Corporal, £103 4s. 6d. List 739, Effects 1944, Bushe, C. K., Signalman, £66 15s. 3d.; Collett, H. A., Lance-Corporal, £42 0s. 8d. List 735, Effects 1942, Lorant, L. L., Driver, £38 12s. 6d.; Effects 1943, McCarthy, H. J., Captain, £72 4s. 7d. List 731, Effects 1942, Belford, C. J., Signalman, £13 1s. 5d.

* * *

Signals Association Badges (see cut at head of Association Notes) are available, price 3s., in either buttonhole or brooch pattern.

Corps Ties, price 7s. 6d. We regret that the "Uncrushable" quality are temporarily out of stock.

Official Royal Signals Car Badges, 30s.

All obtainable from the General Secretary, Royal Signals Association, 88 Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1.

We are indebted to "The Daily Telegraph" for permission to republish the above picture of the new weather-vane at the Rugby Union Football ground at Twickenham. Is this a good augury for the Army Rugby Football Championship 1949-50 or only a pleasant compliment to I Training Regiment in 1948-49.

SPIT AND POLISH

Sixty years ago, almost to the day, the late Duke of Cambridge—a keen soldier and renowned martinet, especially where a smart military appearance was concerned, was responsible for the introduction into the Army of a discovery that helped to lighten one of the most irksome duties of a soldier.

Mr. William Wren, founder of the now famous polish firm, had just invented wax boot polish and had produced the first tin. He started out to tour the country to make his new product known. In those days shoes were cleaned with a messy mixture called "blacking." It was made from oil of vitriol, molasses and carbon black. It took a lot of patience, a lot of time, a lot of elbow grease and a lot of spit to get a good shine!

Soldiers, more than any other section of the community, spent many a weary hour at the job of "spit and polish," that is why William Wren directed his attention to the military services.

Passing through the stables at Woolwich one day he saw a soldier polishing a saddle by the old, laborious beeswax and heel-ball method. Producing a tin of his new polish Wren invited the soldier to try it. The trooper got to work and in a few minutes had the saddle brighter than any of the others on which he had spent hours.

Just at that moment the Duke of Cambridge, accompanied by General Keith-Fraser happened to pass. Both were struck by the appearance of the saddle. Naturally, Wren was not slow in coming forward to extol the merits of his invention—how it preserved the leather, kept it waterproof, gave a shine in a minute and, in fact, all the other advantages (which we now take for granted) of which Wren's advertisements are a constant reminder.

The result of this coincidence was that an official order was issued that Wren's new boot polish was to be used in all Regiments. Within a year the old blacking was almost a thing of the past.

Today still, some old regulars refer to wax shoe polish as "blacking." Today still, soldiers have a good natured grouse about "spit and polish." But the old hands can tell them they don't know what "spit and polish" is!

SIGNAL TRAINING CENTRE

CATTERICK CAMP

7 SELECTION REGIMENT

The Inter-Squadron sports were held on the Stadium ground on the 30th August, 1949. There lies behind this matter of fact statement the culmination of two weeks of organisation and training, two weeks of prediction and speculation and one afternoon of keen competition and confounded prophecy.

Considering that some of the trainees taking part in the sports had only a few days' service, the enthusiasm and sportsmanship of the competitors was outstanding. The final "home" for the Inter-Squadron challenge cup was undecided until the last event, when No. 1 Squadron just managed to outpoint No. 2 Squadron.

One of the outstanding events was the ladies' thread the needle race, which Mrs. Lynam won from the C.O.'s wife by the "thread of her needle"!!

There were a large number of entries for the children's races, the running of which created a great deal of amusement. In the under sevens, parental ingenuity was well to the fore in persuading the youthful athletes to run in the right direction at the right time.

At the other end of the scale, the old soldiers' race caused no less amusement, which was won by Corporal Gibbons, followed closely by S.Q.M.S. Black, and all the "young bloods" who hurtled like rockets from the rear!

After a very pleasant afternoon for officials, competitors and spectators, Mrs. Ponsonby, the C.O.'s wife, presented the prizes and cups to the winners.

The full results of the events are as follows:

100 YARDS—1st, Signalman Dodds (1); 2nd, Signalman Reddall (1).
HIGH JUMP—1st, Signalman Eaves (4); 2nd, Signalman Parsons (1) Newman (4).
88 YARDS—1st, Corporal Bottomley (2); 2nd, Corporal Critchley (H.Q.).
SHOT—1st, Second Lieutenant Lawrence (1); 2nd, Sergeant Martin (4).
220 YARDS— 1st, Signalman Dodds (1); 2nd, Signalman Hughes (2).
LONG JUMP—1st, Lance-Corporal Blakey (4); 2nd, Sergeant Instructor Gill (H.Q.).
120 YARDS HURDLES—1st, Sergeant Instructor Gill (H.Q.); 2nd, Corporal Fisher (4).
JAVALIN—1st, Signalman Hudson (4); 2nd, Sergeant Lockwood (2).
440 YARDS—1st, Corporal Bottomley (2); 2nd, Corporal Critchley (H Q.)
MILE—1st, Signalman Hearn (3); 2nd, Signalman Cook (3).
DISCUS—1st, Sergeant Martin (4); 2nd, Corporal Gibbons (H.Q.)
4 x 110 YARDS RELAY—1st, 1 Squadron; 2nd, 2 Squadron.
MEDLEY RELAY—1st, 2 Squadron; 2nd, 3 Squadron.

The annual married families outing took place during the month. A day trip to Redcar, organised by Mrs. Ponsonby, was very popular as the demand for seats in the coaches far exceeded expectations. Although the cold wind did not allow the children to have as long a day on the sands as they would have liked, it appears that prevailing conditions failed to dampen the spirits of the older generation.

The last game of cricket has been played and the results achieved this season have been most encouraging. An excellent team, formed under the captaincy of Lieutenant Wilson-Wilcox, has given the Regiment a very successful season. The results of the last two matches was:

v. Catterick Military Hospital—won, 99—32.
v. 2 Training Regiment Royal Signals—won, 76—57.

The season's results:

Played	*Won*	*Drawn*	*Lost*
16	9	1	6

An event of much importance for both permanent staff and trainees was the pass off parade held on 17th August, for Nos. 1 and 2 Squadrons. Major-General C. W. Fladgate (Representative Colonel Commandant) accompanied by Brigadier W. C. V. Galway, O.B.E., M.C., inspected the Squadrons prior to taking the salute for the march past. Later, in the gymnasium, he presented proficiency certificates to the Troop N.C.O. winning the Troop competition. From our "bush telegraph" we hear that the General was most impressed by the turn-out and bearing of our National Service men.

Early in the month, Brigadier Iyappa and Brigadier Kapur of the Indian Signals visited the Regiment and were particularly interested in the National Service training scheme. The entire procedure from "intake" to "output" was explained to them, and as their visit coincided with intake day, they were able to watch the documentation of new arrivals.

1 INDEPENDENT SELECTION SQUADRON

Richmond

Having been officially recognised at last, in July, we are now entering upon our fourth month of existence, having passed out five Troops of Regular recruits and six Troops of Regular re-enlistments. The blue and white Squadron flash is now a very familiar sign in the streets of Richmond.

Needless to say, we are still completely devoid of telephonic communication—a fact which seems to be the source of unending humour to the District Signal Officer who has referred to our position as "telephonically desperate." Outside Units trying to contact us usually give up after having asked three times for someone to walk over to the H.Q. of the Regimental Depot The Green Howards to receive their messages. Runners are at a premium.

We have been honoured by a visit on Monday, 15th August, of Major-General C. W. Fladgate, C.B.E., Representative Colonel Commandant, who watched the Squadron at work and inspected No. 3 Troop which was due to pass out on the following day. General de Brigade Babet of the French School of Signals has also visited the Squadron, and of course, Brigadier W. C. V. Galwey, O.B.E., M.C., Commander S.T.C., is a frequent visitor.

A new prospect looms largely upon the horizon. It is understood that on 1st October we shall be the parent body to a re-raised Boys' Squadron, and will receive a first contingent of some 80 boys from the Army Apprentices School, Harrogate, as a start.

Of the more normal side of Squadron life we can say that recreational activities are flourishing, and that we now have teams in hockey, soccer and basket ball (known to some "heathens" as netball!!). We also boast a table tennis team which has recently been putting in a fair amount of social activity in Catterick Camp. A series of fortnightly Saturday dances are being held to mark the passing-out of each recruit troop and, incidentally, to swell the P.R.I. coffers.

Finally—who was the officer who proudly came into the Adjutant's office and said "There, I've sold all my copies of THE WIRE, and put down five shillings, received for ten copies?

Farewell Parade

IN HONOUR OF MAJOR-GENERAL R. T. O. CARY,

C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., G.-O.-C. Catterick District

THE strains of "Auld Lang Syne" rang out across the wide open spaces of Catterick Camp's Gaza parade ground on the morning of the 31st August.

It was an unusual melody for regimental bands to be playing, especially in this martial setting of khaki clad troops, drawn up in parade order, with the morning sun flashing on the bared bayonets and the instruments of the band.

Yet it was in keeping with the general feelings of the occasion, for it was a special request performance by the crowds of civilian spectators, who, together with the parading troops had come together to bid farewell to one whose name will be remembered with gratitude in Catterick, for the benefit of a well organised community, which he and his family gave such help to create.

It was the last parade of Major-General R. T. O. Cary, Commander of Catterick District for four and a half years, whose tall, spare figure had become one of the most familiar sights throughout the garrison, for there was nothing pertaining to the welfare of his men, and local civilians, that General Cary did not take an interest in.

Photo by courtesy of "Catterick Express"

For 37 minutes he walked for the last time down the lines of his parading troops, in company with Brigadier W. C. V. Galwey, Commander Signal Training Centre. A general salute and march past in review order followed.

With three rousing cheers still echoing, Brigadier Galwey spoke words of farewell on behalf of the troops. He said: "General Cary has worked unstintingly for the benefit of the troops and their families in Catterick. On their behalf I say 'Thank you.'"

Replying, General Cary spoke of his 37 years in the service, asking that he might count the year when he was an unsuccessful bugler in the Territorial unit commanded by his father. He felt that the majority of young national servicemen on parade might well think—"Blimey, it's about time he left the Army."

But he commended the loyalty which he had found in the Army as a means of ensuring success in after life. He condemned "spivs" and Communists saying, "They are very unpleasant because they have no loyalties except to themselves."

With a catch in his voice the General concluded: "My family and myself want to say a lot of thanks for a lot of things, so "Goodbye."

The Parade Commander was Lieutenant-Colonel W. M. Ponsonby, Commanding Officer of 7 Selection Regiment, Royal Signals, and representatives of all units in Catterick District, numbering over 800, were on parade. Regimental bands in attendance were those of the 14/20 King's Hussars and the 17/21 Lancers. The 12 Royal Lancers provided a lancer escort at the saluting base.

And so Catterick said good-bye to the General; and always smiling, lively little Mrs. Cary, and quiet, reserved Jill, who have figured so prominently in its life for many years, carving for themselves a place which will be difficult to fill.

General Cary inspecting during the farewell parade

Photo by courtesy of "Catterick Express"

SIGNAL TRAINING WING, W.R.A.C.

The A.T.S. Signal Training Wing (as it was then called), was formed in Catterick nearly two years ago, taking the place of the A.T.S. Signal School, which spent many happy months in Devon before closing down. Very few Craigmillar—or Denburyites—would recognise the Wing today. It consists of two schools; the Teleprinter School, working in close—in some cases affectionate!—co-operation with 4 Training Regiment, Royal Signals, and the Switchboard School, which works similarly with 3 Training Regiment, Royal Signals. Wing Office, under the capable hands of Junior Commander E. Dunn, ably assisted by the Administrative Officer, Subaltern M. Gemmell, operates smoothly and cheerfully from Ypres Lines, 4 Training Regiment. Subaltern K. W. Byrne, officially the Training Officer, can always be called upon for the odd audit board court of inquiry, or drill parade.

The big event this month has, of course, been the Catterick Fair, the Wing being well represented in charge of the nursery. Babies of all ages, in prams and on not too steady feet, thoroughly enjoyed the swing, chute, rocking horse and sand pit specially provided in the nursery tent. After two duty shifts there, Corporal Muckle was observed sporting a handsome ring on the third finger, left hand. It is perhaps as well that the fair was only running for a week —we have not unlimited permanent staff! Scandinavian dancing by the W.R.A.C. was an attractive feature of the fair, many members of the Wing taking part. It is rumoured that Sergeant Kelly (Wing Office Sergeant) was still rehearsing on the boat deck going home on leave to Eire!

Sergeant Pilcher is soon to become Mrs. Bibby—the big day is Saturday, 27th August. She is one of the oldest inhabitants of Signal Training Wing, many trainees having passed through her capable hands, and she has seen the Wing through some difficult patches. Our sincere good wishes and congratulations go to Sergeant Pilcher and S.Q.M.S. Bibby of 3 Training Regiment, Royal Signals.

We are very sorry to hear of the impending departure of Junior Commander E. Dunn, O.C. Wing, who has been with us for many months and has seen many changes during her enthusiastic and encouraging command. A familiar sight on nearly all large parades, Junior Commander Dunn has set and maintained the highest standard. All the Wing, plus many friends in Catterick, especially those in 4 Training Regiment, Royal Signals, will be sorry to see her go. Our loss, however, is Major Evans' gain. Major Kenneth M. Evans, Royal Signals, formerly of 4 Training Regiment, and now stationed with the British Military Mission in Greece, is a well-known figure in the Corps sports world, and Junior Commander Dunn and he are to be married sometime in October. Our very best wishes to you, Miss Dunn, and congratulations to Major Evans—may you both have every happiness.

We would like to extend a cordial welcome to Junior Commander F. A. Stevenson, who spent several years with the A.T.S. Signal School, and originally established the Wing here in Catterick when it moved from Devon. We hope her stay in Catterick for the second time will be very happy.

4 TRAINING REGIMENT

As great and as large as this Regiment undoubtedly is, the weeks and the months seem to flow past without any great happenings. Each day passes without upheaval, without catastrophe and without major incident. But this is not always true for underlying the ordinary there lies the extraordinary, beneath the facade of seriousness lies the humorous.

The London dock strike, now far back in the Regiment's history, provided a supreme example of one of these contradictions. Like other Units in Catterick we provided 2 Companies to assist the civil power in this emergency, one Company being commanded by Major N. D. Wylde, the other by Lieutenant K. Mogridge. One of the precautionary rituals was the inspection of all men as they left the docks. At the end of one hazardous day a party, commanded by a young officer, was preparing to move off when the officer was approached by two military policemen, one of whom inquired,

" Have these men been searched, sir ? "

" No," replied the officer.

" Then I'm afraid they must be, sir," said the M.P., motioning to his companion to lower the tailboard of the lorry.

" I don't think that will be necessary today, Corporal," interjected the officer, " you see, they have been loading corrugated-iron." Which only goes to show . . .

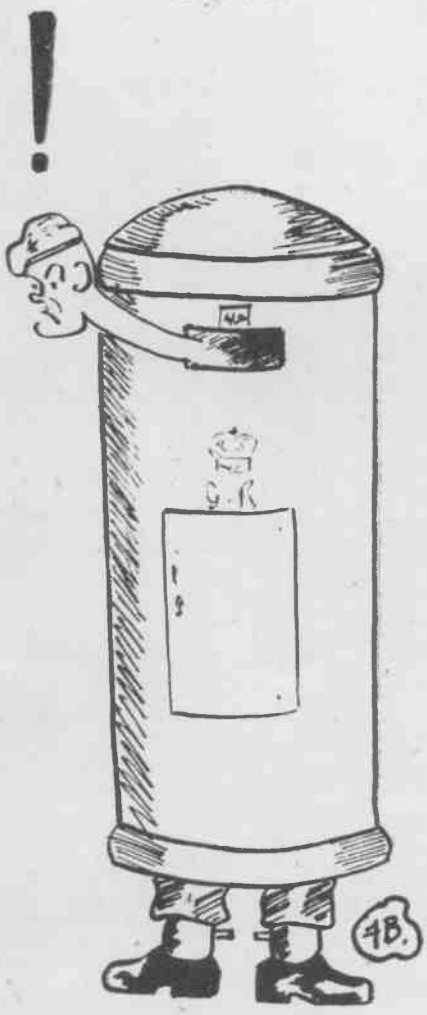
A slight upheaval in the Regiment has been caused recently by the removal of 1 Squadron, the " Intake " Squadron, to Gallowgate Camp in Richmond. Ever increasing numbers in National Service Intakes, coupled with a " backlog " of trainees who had been working at the Docks, prompted this inevitable step.

The Regimental weekends, which started well but now seem to have lost some of their initial popularity, are still being continued. The last one was held over the last week-end in August and consisted of a coach trip to the Lake district, and the monthly Regimental dance. The trip to the Lakes was a great success. In four coaches, containing all ranks—some with their wives and children—we left Catterick at 9 o'clock on Sunday morning. After about two and a half hours travelling, during which time we passed through what must surely be some of the most beautiful countryside in the North, we reached Windermere. From then onward it was everyone's very own day to spend as the mood dictated. We returned at about half past six, some satiated with the beauty of the tree laden hills and slopes, a few soaked by the water of Windermere, and several equally well satisfied with the healthgiving qualities of McEwan and Youngers' " pure waters."

Naturally at this time of the year when two or more are gathered together the chief subjects for discussion are the weather and sport. Cricket has reached the inquest stage; soccer rears its head, and the rugby enthusiasts are looking hopefully for rain to soften the sun-baked, concrete-hard pitches. Before reviewing the soccer and rugger position, it is only fair tribute to a noble game and its followers to join in the inquest on cricket. Last season did not fully justify our early optimism. With a team which we expected to conquer all opposition, we failed to secure the Army Cup. Our defeat in this field was the biggest blow of all. But despite the difficulty of fielding our strongest team in all matches (Captain Pocock, Corporal Tyson and others were often playing for the Corps) the overall results were quite creditable.

Soccer. Our hopes are high this season. Last year it fell to my unfortunate pen to record a list of abysmal failures. This season it appears that the reverse may be true. Already we have drawn with a strong team from the School of Signals —score 3-3—and with a little more practice it seems that the team will settle down to be a well balanced, strong, co-ordinated machine.

Rugby. The team itself is very much embryonic at the moment. There does seem to be some talent which must be given time to develop. Team selection will take place after the next trial match.



Posted . . .

Basket Ball. We expreienced a setback in this field just recently. Spurred and encouraged by the efforts of our predecessors who were finalists in the Army Cup last year, we set ourselves the task of following in their footsteps. 5 Training Regiment proved to be our stumbling block, after we had beaten the 14/20th Hussars, and had been given a walk-over against the Officer Training Wing, School of Signals. 5 Training Regiment won by 8 points.

We have played two friendly matches since then. The first against 1 Training Regiment was an excellent game with plenty of good, clean, scientific basket ball. Result : 1 Training Regiment 29 points. 4 Training Regiment 31 points. The second against the 12th Royal Lancers was of equal calibre. We had built up a substantial lead in the second half against this fast moving, clean playing team, but then chose to initiate our younger, more inexperienced players in match play against redoubtable opponents and as a consequence lost the match by one point. Result : 4 Training Regiment 38 points. 12th Royal Lancers 39 points.

The Regiment records its regrets and deepest sympathy to the relatives of Signalman T. F. Haycock who died in Catterick military hospital as the result of injuries received in a recent road accident.

3 TRAINING REGIMENT

The most recent holiday that we all banked on finally came off and after a hectic week-end for most of the Regiment, life returned to normal. However, this quiet, normal life was soon to be disturbed and with the readers' kind permission I would like to describe the subtle way this occurred.

To commence with, all the carpenters of the Regiment, who hadn't commenced training, disappeared—like that; nothing was seen of them until it was discovered that they had been hidden away in various odd corners of the Regiment, their only contact with the outside world, it would seem, was a constant stream of wood, tools, nails, wire, paint and heaven knows what, that were fed to them through windows and doors, mostly at night I fancy. This nevertheless was only the overture to the opera and as the curtain went up the hum of 15 cwt. G.S. was heard and the Regiment was sucked into the maelstrom of the Catterick Fair. Each Squadron made its contribution.

The carnival parade, held on the last Saturday of the fair, formed up on Bourlon Square and 3 Training Regiment had a grandstand view from the Sandhurst Block of all entries.

We must congratulate Lieutenant Fisher on his promotion to Captain and also for his stentorian voice as in front of his lucky dip we heard an unusual cry of "I say, I say," and another child would fish around in the bran for a ball or some collar studs.

Our tableau "The Richmond Castle Volunteers," with ten sturdy crusaders from H.Q. Squadron, came in to win first prize in the historical class of the carnival parade. Second-Lieutenant J. Donne, the founder of the castle, was perspiring freely in the tower of the driver's cabin, so we are told.

A concerted effort from the Squadron produced the inevitable stall, selling balloons and all the fancy paperwork connected with any fair. An incident occurred early on in the fair, after the official opening when our stall holders were blowing up a monster balloon with gas, unfortunately it got "out of hand," that is literally, and wistful eyes watched it float away over the horizon. The eyes were not quite so wistful when a passer-by asked "Why don't you fetch it back?"

"... so I sez to this Brigadier, I sez, 'Look, cock, if I was you,' I sez ..."

Our two spivs, Corporal Wallis and Lance-Corporal Pearce won a prize at the carnival parade with their "Barrow Boy" entry of a fruit barrow.

The stalls of 2 SQUADRON looked very professional indeed and as takings show, I fancy some of the professional

"You'll be for it if the sergeant sees you not wearing your head-cloth!"

stalls were put out of work. "Rolo," one of the stalls, took £200, and the flashing lights of the "Roulette" certainly added the final atmosphere to the 3 Training layout.

4 SQUADRON'S two stalls in the fair we trust rang the changes, and our "Pick Your Star" stall with our pin-up photos seemed to attract.

The V.I.P. stall with wooden balls to knock down some of the personalities known to all seemed to keep a brisk trade going.

We would like to say in conclusion that the Regiment has made £337 profit, but we don't propose to go on tour yet.

2 TRAINING REGIMENT

Taking up a considerable amount of time, and almost as much money, are the preparations for the Unit Drama Group's production of R. C. Sherriff's "Journeys' End." This is to be performed on the 19th, 20th and 1st of this month by a cast made up of members (and one ex-member) of this Unit.

1 Squadron. During the last month very little has occurred to alter the outlook of the Squadron in general. However, we have progressed in the sporting line, in so much that we have now a fairly good football team.

One of our proudest boasts at the moment is our Squadron boxing team, all very raw novices. They seem to be progressing extremely well and can be seen early every morning doing road training. Let's wish them every success in their task and hope that they will keep the 1 Squadron flag flying high. Lieutenant Tidey, the Boxing Officer, tried his hardest to enlist some of the cadre personnel, but they, having been in the Army some time, seem rather dubious about entering.

SIGNALS IN DOCKLAND

THE versatility of the men of the Royal Corps of Signals in tackling any job on hand is well known, but what could differ more from the normal Signals routine than the loading and unloading of ships in the London docks.

The men of the Corps rose to the occasion in a magnificent fashion when, on the 7th July, as a result of the dock strike, Royal Signals Units in Catterick District were warned to provide contingents to stand by for work in the Port of London. The contingents were to form part of a large mixed force from Northern Command. One, Two, Three and Four Training Regiments rapidly organised their Companies which together numbered about 12 officers and 1,300 men. The complete force, which was commanded by a Royal Signals officer, Lieutenant-Colonel R. N. Seddon, O.B.E., numbered 39 officers and 2,300 men.

There was much speculation about whether the force would be required or not. After so much preparation and frenzied piecing together of F.S.M.O. the disappointment would have been great if orders had not been received to move to London on the 14th July. The conditions for the move were very much akin to those for active service. This was appreciated by the men who were in high spirits; and these spirits were maintained during the whole of the operation which, as everyone knows, was carried out to a successful conclusion. Perhaps many were glad to escape from the training grind at Catterick, and perhaps some had homes near London. Nevertheless there were no doleful faces at Richmond station even after a three-mile walk from the camp.

The move from Catterick took place in good order under an efficient organisation by the Movement Staff and British Railways. On arrival in London, accommodation was provided in either Mill Hill (3 Training Regiment) or in Purfleet (1, 2 and 4 Training Regiments). This accommodation, although far from luxurious, was adequate for the emergency.

Work commenced the day after arrival, so there was no hanging around waiting for something to do. The troops were conveyed to the docks in R.A.S.C. transport which moved off in convoy escorted by mobile police on motor cycles. At full strength these convoys were an impressive sight and must have struck awe into the hearts of the dockers for there was no attempt to interfere in any way. In fact, there were very few dockers to be seen at all. Rumour had it that thy had all gone fruit-picking in Kent.

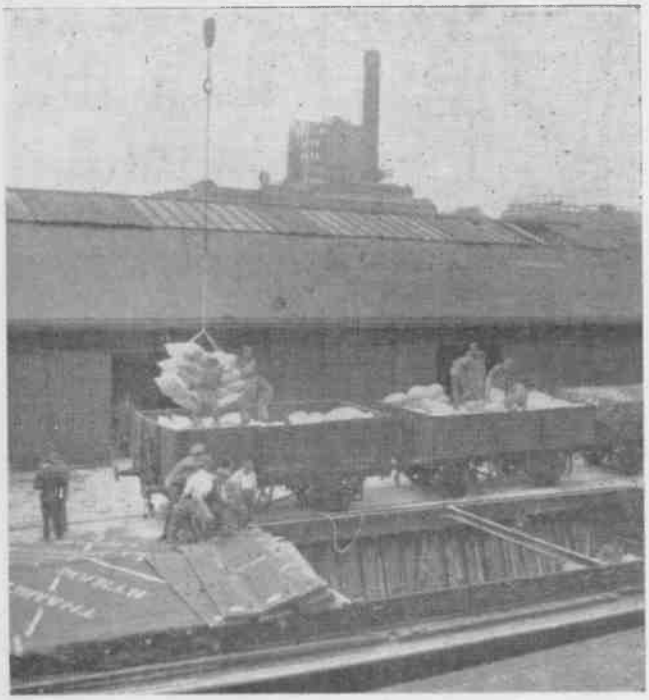
On arrival at the docks the convoy divided to deliver the troops to the particular dock and ship on which they were to work. Norco Force had a very large number of ships to cover, mainly in the Royal Victoria, Royal Albert, King George V and London Docks. At the end of the day's work the convoys reformed and returned to Barracks, again with police escort.

Work started at 0830 hrs. each morning and continued till 1730 hrs. There was an hour's break for lunch. The technical advice on unloading or loading the ships was given by officials of the Port of London Authority, by employees of the shipping companies or by ships' officers. The troops were divided into gangs, each with its N.C.O. to operate in the warehouses, on the quay, in the holds or in barges at the sides of the ship. Some lucky chaps were given less laborious tasks as checkers and clerks. Perhaps the most highly skilled work was the operation of the cranes, winches and derricks and in most cases the Navy provided personnel but sometimes the Sappers lent a hand and even Signals adapted themselves occasionally. Sometimes, on the same ship, one would find Army, Navy, Merchant Navy, R.A.F. and Marines, all working side by side, if not in perfect harmony at least all with the same idea of accomplishing as much work as possible in the shortest possible time.

The work was not without its danger and there were repeated admonitions to stand from under loads being hoisted by cranes or winches. Sometimes the load would swing perilously about, in spite of the driver's efforts to control it and sometimes there would be a crash and part of the load would go plunging down to the deck, the hold or, alas, into the water. But is was remarkable how very few accidents there were and how little damage was done. The shipping companies, the P.L.A. and the ships' officers were unstinted in their praise and sometimes a more substantial show of appreciation was given in the shape of cigarettes or extra rations at break time.

The men very rapidly mastered the technicalities of wielding stevedores hooks, pushing barrows, loading slings, swinging loads and a hundred and one little mysteries of the dockers' art, even down to the seemingly unimportant nack of how to be first in the tea queue. Perhaps the worst jobs were loading cement or working in refrigerating holds, but there was no grumbling and great pride was taken in emptying a barge or filling a hold to its utmost capacity. There was even a feeling of genuine regret in the end that the loading of some ships could not be completed owing to the decision of the dockers to return to work.

The Army Catering Corps, in spite of difficult conditions and a scattered force, did remarkably well in providing a midday meal at the dockside. The meal itself



often contained such unaccustomed luxuries as peaches, ice-cream, chocolate biscuits and cherries. After such heavy manual work, appetites were enormous and there were many Oliver Twists, asking for more. Sometimes they got it, too.

There was an infinite variety of goods to load or unload. In fact, everything under the sun, ranging from such things as tractors to kippers came out of or went into those ships. There were many tempting articles such as shining export cars and cases of brandy, the latter always with a watchful Customs official in close attendance.

There was little time and less energy left for recreation at the end of the day's work and, for the most part, the men were content on return to camp to visit the N.A.A.F.I. or the camp cinema. However, one Saturday afternoon a detachment of the Dagenham Girl Pipers came along voluntarily to entertain the troops at Purfleet (and entertain the officers too). Their efforts were much appreciated.

A tired but happy band of warriors returned to Catterick on the 27th July with a general feeling of satisfaction at having done a good job. Nearly all the troops were National Servicemen. In future, no one can accuse the N.S. man of being incapable or afraid of doing a hard day's work. At the docks he was confronted with one of the hardest of labouring tasks and he went to it with a will, handling large tonnages of stores under conditions of great heat and other discomforts. He rose very early and returned from his work at an hour which the ordinary docker would only consider in terms of highly lucrative overtime. The task was an obvious one. There were the ships laden with stores the country badly needed, or there were the stores laying on the dockside ready to be loaded into empty ships as part of the export drive. Such work needed no explanation and it was tackled energetically, without complaint and with little or no extra reward. This was in the best traditions of the British Army and leaves one with little doubt about the ability of the National Serviceman to cope should any other form of national emergency arise.

F.P.S.

School of Signals

Royal Signals Wing

The " silly season " is in full swing and there is little to report. Everyone is either on leave, has been on leave or is going on leave. The cricketers are taking a well-earned rest and the footballers have barely started.

Another Regimental week-end has come and gone. Highlight of the week-end was a Regimental dance in the canteen, which went with a real swing. The band was in good form, the " eats " were excellent and the supply of beer was sufficient even for the thirstiest. What more could be wanted?

Sergeants' Mess. The Mess has assumed a distinctly Commonwealth appearance with the arrival of a contingent of "Diggers" and Canadians. The members of the Royal Australian Signal Corps are W.O.I Laird, Staff-Sergeant Christensen, Staff-Sergeant Cooper, Sergeant Hansen and Sergeant Backett. In addition we have our old friend Sergeant Budge, who is quite a " Limey " these days. The Canadian counterparts are W.O. Potts and W.O.I Kerr.

We regret to say that Sergeant Hansen was seriously injured in his first game of rugger of the season and is at present on the D.I. list. We wish him the best of luck.

It is very refreshing to meet these members of our brother Corps and to get an up-to-date slant on their views and exchange confidences. The Australians will be leaving us at Christmas but the Canadians are sticking it out on a F. of S. course. They are all looking well on our spartan diet and are acclimatised to our peculiar Catterick weather, the Canadians in particular are attempting not to be impressed by the tales of past winters by ancient Cataractonians.

Officer Training Wing

In July we had two pass out parades. Course 229 passed off on 15th July, the salute being taken by Colonel C. T. Edwards, C.B.E., A.A.Q.M.G. Catterick District. The Commanding Officer's cane was awarded to Officer/Cadet McKinnon. This was one of the rare occasions on which we were caught half-way through the parade by a rain storm.

Brigadier G. S. O'N. Power, C.B.E., Commandant School of Signals, took the salute when Course 230 passed off on 29th July. The cane was awarded to Officer/Cadet Sylvester.

At the parade on 26th August the salute was taken by Major-General R. T. O. Cary, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., G.O.C. Catterick District, a few days before his retirement. It was a special occasion, because we shall all miss the words of advice which he gives to the course passing out whenever we have the honour of the G.O.C. taking the salute.

On 19th and 20th of July were held the Northern Command Inter-Unit Team Athletic Championships in which 12 teams were competing. Owing to our relatively small numbers the majority of our athletes had to double up in two and sometimes three events which was the maximum allowed; in fact, the full 38 entries were covered by a team of 25.

Despite the formidable array of athletes in 1 Training Regiment we decided that we were not without hope of victory and consequently for the month preceding the championships, " Athletics " was the order of the day.

On the two days of the championships the weather was not kind, although the rain helped to hold the track together, however, hurdles and high jumpers had to contend with soggy grass take-offs. The standard was as expected extremely high but nevertheless we were placed in nine out of the 14 events, winning the javelin and long jump and gaining second place in the shot, hammer and hurdles.

In the track relays, we graduated to the " A " final in every case which was especially creditable since nearly every runner had two distances to run during the meeting.

In the final scoring we were a comfortable second to 1 Training Regiment, the outcome never having been certain until the very last event.

WESTERN COMMAND SIGNAL REGIMENT

Rhacon Camp, Chester

Our main activities have been sending out demonstration teams to various agricultural shows and Cadet camps. The team had to deal with three major Cadet camps and also demonstrate at the Royal Show, Shrewsbury, and the Royal Welsh Show, Swansea.

The next big effort we have to make is to compete with the tattoo which is being held at the Chester racecourse. In order to do all this we have to accommodate and look after about 360 bandsmen and others. This large body consists of the bands of the Household Cavalry, Grenadier Guards, Coldstream Guards, and Royal Scots. We are also glad to be looking after the Royal Signals motor cycle display team and the boys of the R.H.A. We will let you know more about this next month.

Two outstanding performances have been made by members of this Regiment, Second-Lieutenant Biggart won three trophies in the Corps golf meeting, the open scratch, the open handicap and the bogey challenge singles.

Lance-Corporal Peters won his first prize in the Regular Army Competition for Corporals and Privates of Western Command, with a score of 78 out of 190, he has also been awarded a Corps " Jimmy."

In the Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess and in the Corporals' Mess things have been running normally with various functions aided and abetted by the Royal Pioneer Corps who share this camp with us. We were very pleased to welcome the 1/20th Army Signal Regiment T.A., which came to camp here for a fortnight. The officers of this Regiment set up their Mess alongside ours and many pleasant visits resulted. " Barleux," of WIRE fame was a leading spirit.

Swimming has greatly increased in popularity since the camp bath was put in good order, we are also able to use the Chester baths, which are excellent.

In soccer and hockey we are busy building up our teams and hoping to reach last year's winning standard but, as is always the way, hardly any of last year's stars remain.

On Monday, 22nd August, 1949, Midwest District Signals was inspected by the District Commander, Major-General G. N. Wood, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., and I am told that he was very pleased with all that he saw.

The F.S.S. Troop have been on their travels again, this time to Ty Croes, Anglesey, generally tidying up the underground cable system at the School of Anti-Aircraft Artillery.

Full details of the Cadet camp held at Rhyl have not been reported but I have been given to understand that many exercises which were held proved very successful.

" ABLE FOUR O.K." and many other weird noises are coming from outside the office. It appears to be Captain Oakes and a number of " Redcaps " having some practice on W/T. sets No. 88. Many units in the district are interested in modern R/T. procedure and quite often ask us to tell them all about it. We do, to the mutual benefit of each other.

EASTERN COMMAND SIGNAL REGIMENT

Canterbury

The Regiment is busily preparing to take part in Exercise "Viking" at Warminster, of which more will be heard next month. The Demonstration Column is enjoying a temporary lull after a year's continuous work. Their latest activities have included visits to Cadet camps and a demonstration to the staff of H.Q. Eastern Command. We were delighted to receive a visit from Brigadier Iyappa, C.S.O. Eastern Command, India, accompanied by Brigadier Kapur, C.S.O. Southern Command, India. They were particularly interested in the F.S.S. aspect of the Regiment.

40 Infantry Division Signal Regiment formed at Canterbury during June, July and August, and all ranks wish them the best bossible luck on their departure for Hong Kong. The profits of our Officers' and Sergeants' Messes certainly benefited handsomely from their stay. To Colonel "Pat" Hobson, the C.O., we extend our heartfelt wishes for success in a difficult job.

In the field of sport Lance-Corporal Hollands of Command H.Q. Troop won the 100 metres breast stroke during the Eastern Command swimming championships, thus qualifying for the Army swimming championships.

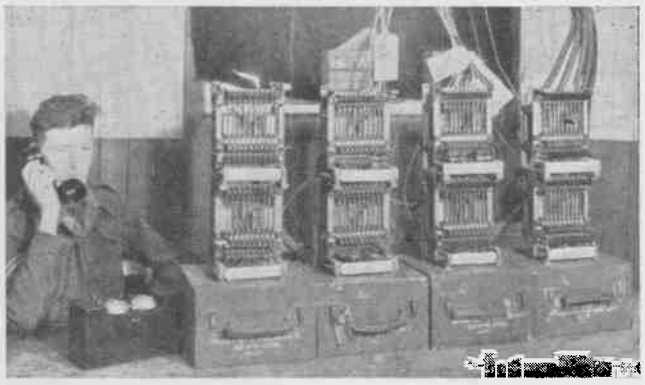
11 (M) A.A. Signal Regiment, T.A., spent the week-end 10th/11th September, 1949, with us at Wemyss Barracks, and we were pleased to meet the C.S.O. 1 A.A. Group, Colonel Ellis and the C.O. of the T.A. Regiment, Colonel Shrimpton, who came straight from his duties at Scotland Yard in time for a dance in the Buffs gymnasium. The W.R.A.C. element of the Regiment were present in force and a very good time was had by all. It will interest readers to learn that this Regiment has the second best recruiting figure for all T.A. mixed regiments in London.

The Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess organised a first-rate social evening, which was well attended.

The writer has made several efforts to obtain some particulars of the activities of No. 1 (F.S.S.) Squadron, but so far without success. Their work seems to be shrouded in mystery but there are signs that this "iron curtain" may be lifted.

An interesting feature of our normal work which receives very little prominence is the assistance given to Cadet units with Signal Platoons. There are 31 of these C.C.F. units scattered over the vast area of Eastern Command. For the benefit of the uninitiated, the initials C.C.F. stand for "Combined Cadet Force," because at some schools, Naval and R.A.F. contingents have been formed, as well as Army.

St. Martin's Plain C.C.F. Camp, 1949. F. and F. board with power ringer



St. Martin's Plain C.C.F. Camp, 1949. Test Room. Four double phantoms in use

Some of the more famous schools which are regularly visited by officers of No. 2 Squadron, are Haileybury, Lancing, Felstead, Dover College, Tonbridge, Leys School, Cambridge, and Cranleigh. Advice is given in preparing training programmes, Signal equipment inspected and repaired and classification tests carried out. The two photographs show cadets of Tonbridge School at work at St. Martin's Plain Camp, near Folkestone.

Reference must be made to the "Week-end in the Army" scheme. Our junior officers have successfully organised the three we have had so far, but we will welcome new and original proposals, and we will be glad to hear from Regular Units at home, and exchange our ideas with theirs.

The month's "agony" column (Marriage). In 6th July in Canterbury, Major H. R. V. Cooke, Royal Signals, to Junior Commander Goscomb, A.T.S. (No recent deaths or births to record).

The month's worst "howler." The officer who enthusiastically enlightened Colonel Shrimpton of Scotland Yard about the excellence of black market food at a hostelry not a hundred miles from Canterbury.

SOUTHERN COMMAND (M) SIGNAL REGIMENT

Salisbury

The second Regimental week-end was held on 6th/7th August, taking the form of a map reading scheme on the Saturday.

Parties were dropped by vehicles and in addition to finding their way to the rendezvous had to carry out "mess tin" cooking. The 88 sets were used quite a lot during the period and the procedure used will not be recorded. It was certainly Vol. V plus ham stuff. Eventually the detachments went from clue to clue and the "valuable piece of machinery" (3 woodbines in a player's packet) was eventually located in a truck near Figsbury Ring.

A very pleasant day terminated with a "Sing Song" in the N.A.A.F.I.

The cricket match was arranged on Sunday between National Servicemen and Regulars. We are afraid the N.S. men need a little more practice

The week-end was rounded off most enjoyably by a games tournament held in the N.A.A.F.I. in which teams represented the Officers, W.O.'s, Sergeants and Corporals of each Troop and the Cadets (who were on a course).

Anti-Aircraft Command

2 A.A. GROUP (M) SIGNAL REGIMENT

Aldershot

August (and the M.T. Troop) took us to the seaside at Haxland, south-west of Southampton, as guests (albeit useful ones, we hope) of our brother/sister T.A. regiment, 12 A.A. (M) Signal Regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel R. B. Ridley-Martin. As it was a case of Territorials "at home" to regulars it is hard to say whether our "own" T.A. Squadron from Reading, under Captain H. G. Shorter and Subaltern I.C.C. Vaughan-Morgan, were hosts, guests or just fellow-soldiers. At any rate, we were as glad to welcome them to a share of our parade ground as we were to be welcomed by 12 Regiment. For many it was a case of renewing old acquaintance from days further afield, but new or old it was good to get together.

Holiday-camp-like as the weather and surroundings may have been (ask the C.O.—he even had a shower bath in his tent on the first rainy day), we had a very full fortnight's training. The line maintenance troop reckon there's no point in revealing how many miles of multi-air line they put up (and took down again) for no one would believe them anyway. It is rumoured, however, that in more conciliatory moments they are prepared to yield pride of mileage to the M.T. and D.R. troop whose convoy runs took them on Cooks tours of Hampshire and Dorset—complete with picnics in the woods, described by them, of course, as harbouring and camouflage schemes on to which they enticed the Territorial Squadron vehicles and motor cycles. In spite of it all, however, the stay-at-homes of the Signal office still remain secretly convinced that it was their work back in camp in the lavishly equipped instructional tents that will really make A.A. function.

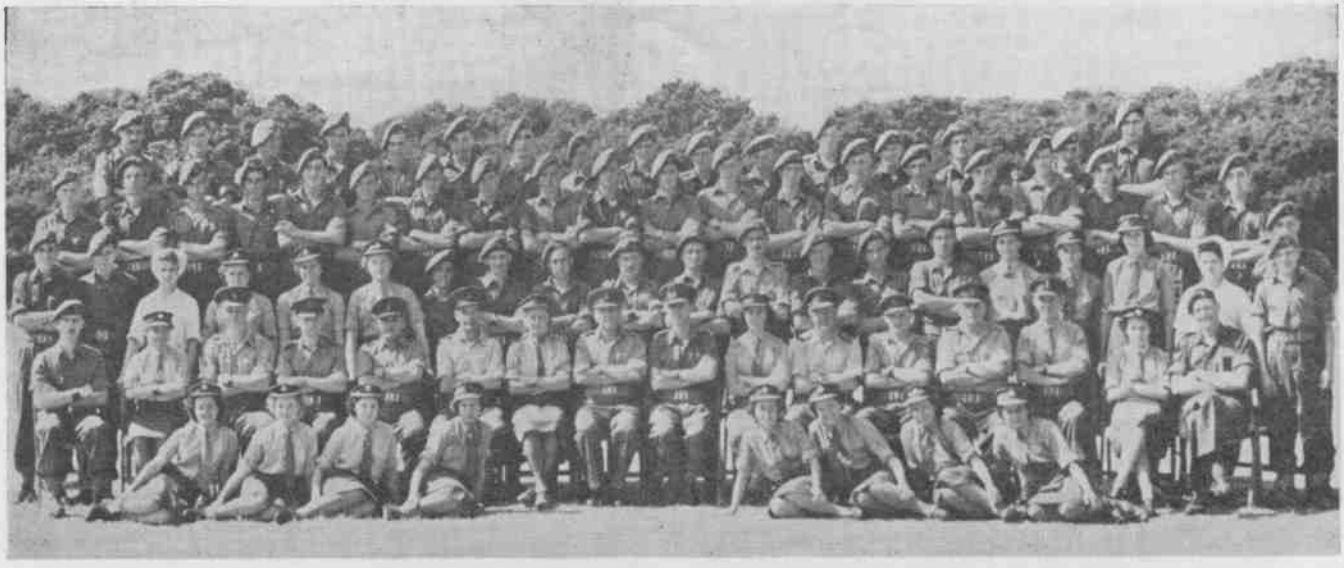
We *did* have time, too, for some sports—plus, of course, regular swimming and sailing. The morning of our Saturday Visitors' Day was given over to sports, organised by Lieutenant L. C. Paice of 12 Regiment. Prizes were presented by Lieutenant-Colonel J. R. Beeton, who managed to overcome the difficulty of shaking hands with himself when collecting 1st for the old soldiers' race, quite effectively.

Cricket. In a "time" match 12 Regiment ran out fairly easy winners, although not just so easy as it looked to be when Lieutenant-Colonel Ridley-Martin hit three boundaries in his first over. We breathed an unsportsmanlike sigh of relief when Signalman Andrews clean bowled him in the second. A combined XI was then rather severely trounced by a sage and seasoned Exbury village team, against who Lance-Corporal Ayres besides taking the only two wickets, knocked up top score.

Football. The football team which, prior to going to camp, had coped 3—2 with Frimley from the Woking District League, evened the balance by beating the Territorials 3—1 and 5—2. A combined XI, in which Lieutenant W. Loveless represented 12 Regiment, was defeated by the Esso Petrol Company by 4—1, but wounds were salved by liberal hospitality which certainly didn't smell like Esso.

The team is now all set for big things in the Small Units' League and Cup.

Since return from camp it has been "all hands on deck" in preparation for Exercise "Bulldog," but we still have a thought to spare for the T.A. Squadron's entry for the Southern Command motor cycle trials on 11th September, 1949.



1 A.A. GROUP (M) SIGNAL REGIMENT

Whetstone

Prominent among recent outstanding events have been our two Regimental week-ends, both of which were very successful. A "Go as you Please" competition brought latent talent well to the fore. Private Chapman, W.R.A.C., showed us what the best dressed women are wearing in darkest Africa and amused us greatly while doing so. Signalman Keane treated us to a few ballads from his repertoire and walked away with first prize.

Captain (Q.M.) Mulcahy tore himself away from his ledgers to entertain us with his mandoline-banjo, complete with eight strings. His rendering of Schubert's Serenade, Ave Maria and a selection of Italian marches almost brought the house down—but no N.A.A.F.I. cups were broken!

Q.M.S.I. Williams did some great work in organising some "Potted Sports" and the C.O., Lieutenant-Colonel Gray, introduced a new system of accounting in adding up the points scored by the contesting teams. Highest were those of the Q.M.'s staff—no-one needed to look at the results to see that—Sergeant Walker, the R.Q.M.S., was celebrating by buying drinks all round!

Mrs. Gray, wife of the C.O., very kindly presented the shield to the winning team. It will *not* be taken on ledger charge.

We say good-bye to Captain A. E. ("Dusty") Douch next month after 34 years with the Corps. Maresfieldites will remember him as a P.T. Instructor.

4 A.A. GROUP (M) SIGNAL REGIMENT

Peninsula Barracks, Warrington, Lancs

Finishing Exercise Foil we have now returned to the joys of barrack life. The past three weeks have been very busy for our already overworked M.T. staff, Corporal Tobin, Lance-Corporal Butchers and Signalman Riley (ex-5 Brigade Iserlohn B.A.O.R.), who have been getting machines sparkling for the A.A. Group motorcycle trials.

The morning of the 28th August saw all machines at Towyn lined up for initial inspection, and it was with pride that we Signals gazed at the handiwork of our M.T. comrades.

The course was a stiff one and very few riders took the hill climb cleanly. Alas, our team did not fare too well there, although as the day progressed the points started to pile up on the scoreboard under the Signals heading. It was an eagerly awaited finish, but when the final placings were announced I am sorry to say we had to take second place. Hard luck, Corporal Tobin—after being on top individually for so long and then to be pipped at the post!

The 3rd and 4th September saw our first Regimental week-end, when we entertained 40 and 41 A.A. (M.) Signal Squadrons, T.A., at Peninsula Barracks. Arrivals and greetings over we settled down to a dance in the Gymnasium on Saturday night, at which a good time was had by all. The C.O., Lieutenant-Colonel R. C. Yule, O.B.E., Royal Signals, showed us how in the Samba!

A parade was held on Sunday morning, the march past being taken by the Commanding Officer. There was great rivalry between the Regulars and the Territorial Army over the standard of turn-out, and it's hard to say which was the smartest.

An inspection of training rooms and M.T. park, and the showing of two training films occupied the remainder of the morning, and after lunch the recreational part of the week-end started with netball for the W.R.A.C., basketball for the military personnel and table tennis for both men and women. Some of the W.R.A.C./T.A. personnel turned out to be quite "dangerous" shots at the .22 shoot which was held in the miniature range.

5 A.A. GROUP (M) SIGNAL REGIMENT

Scarborough

On Thursday, 24th June, 1949, the Regiment was called out on heath fire duties, an outbreak having occurred on the Pickering-Whitby road.

The fire was brought to a standstill except for the burning of peat which could not be put out, and trenches were dug so as to isolate it and prevent it from spreading. Later on, however, owing to the high winds the fire broke out again on a much larger scale which necessitated the use of bull-dozers. Larger trenches were dug by these in an effort to stop the fire from spreading and which did so for a while, but once again the high winds caused the fire to gain momentum and nothing that man could do seemed to be able to cope with the fire. At present the fire is still burning but seems to have been brought under control, and it is hoped that it will not cause damage to forestry which is quite close now, the fire having spread to an area of about 8 square miles, but is being fought by troops, forestry workers and fire brigades.

Exercise Foil took the majority of the Regiment away for the period 25th June, 1949 to 4th July, 1949 and which proved to be very good training for all those who took part. A very good report was received by the Regiment for the manner in which all personnel did a very good job of work. Well done.

On Tuesday, 9th August, 1949 the Advance Party with the Quartermaster in charge moved off by road to prepare the camp for the Regiment which was held this year at the A.A. Practice Camp Langham, Norfolk, from 13th August, 1949 to 27th August, 1949. On Saturday, 13th August, 1949 the remainder of the Regiment (except for a small rear party) proceeded to camp.

The camp, situated a few miles from the coast and near the towns of Cromer and Wells, and within about 20 miles of the city of Norwich, proved to be an excellent camp all round as all personnel apparently enjoyed the change very much indeed. At the beginning, the troops couldn't seem to get enough to eat, due no doubt to the continual outdoor work. However the P.R.I. and the Messing Officer came to the rescue, and additional foodstuffs were bought and all was well.

At camp, mornings were devoted to technical training and afternoons to military training. Two night exercises provided excellent training as well as plenty of entertainment particularly when a party of black faced, wild eyed Dervishes stormed a prepared defensive position with shot and shell (rattles and thunderflashes to you). Surprisingly enough there were no casualties, though the terrain was very rough. Our W.R.A.C. also took part, opening the C.R.S. just in case! They were given the title 1st Platoon Langham Angels and made such a fine display that an injury would surely have been well worth while. They even found their own way, during darkness to a very difficult map reference. Full marks to the W.R.A.C.

Technical training included line construction with multairline equipment, training of radio and telemechs and training of despatch riders. The despatch riders led by Major A. H. Costen took part in the 5 A.A. group motor cycle trials. Our team had bad luck in having 3 punctures which put 2 machines out of the running, the third finishing the course on a flat tyre. With more reasonable luck we should have won comfortably.

The cricket season has now come to an end, and taking everything into consideration the Regiment acquitted itself very well, about half the games being won and the remainder lost. Two competitions were entered, one in which we were knocked out in the first round, the other one in which we reached the fourth round. Altogether it was a very enjoyable and entertaining season and all who took part are to be congratulated on a good show.

My Dog Rastus (X)

By **A. J. AUDEN**

ABOUT two months ago we had a new Captain, called White, posted to us. I've not told you about him before, as I didn't want to give any wrong impressions before I'd properly weighed him up—one can't be too careful when one is in a manner of speaking the historian of the Regiment. But it's quite all right now as he has turned out to be a very good fellow indeed. The poor chap was in the Indian Army, and from the time that we handed it over to the Indians he has been properly mucked about until he fetched up with us.

This chap White, "Jock" and I have rather palled up together—you remember Jock, it was he who suggested that I should take up riding again when I noticed that my waistline was beginning to spread. I don't mean that the three of us had become inseparables or were known as the "Three Musketeers" or anything like that. It's just so happened that about once a week we've found that the others have had nothing particular to do and have gone out together. Though it's really rather amazing that we should have come together at all, as we have hardly a single interest in common. But when one of us gets into full swing on his particular subject the other two tell him to pipe down, and it all works very friendly-like.

White makes us laugh with his stories of his Indians, and is generally a most interesting bloke. He went on one of those expeditions to climb Mount Everest or one of those other mountains—I can never remember their names—and is mad keen about climbing. He's so keen about it that he's even infected us with the urge to try it, and "Jock" and I agreed to go off on a ten days' leave with him to some place that he knew of in North Wales—it's no use asking me what it was called, as I can't even pronounce it, let alone spell it.

We were all of us feeling pretty broke, so we decided not to go to the expense of hotel bills but to camp out, which would be much more fun anyway. You should just have seen Jock's car, which we went in, when we started—with bedding tents and cases tied on all over the place, and Rastus, my terrier sort of dog, perched on top and barking to beat the band whenever anything got in the way. I had thought that Rastus would get in the way when we were climbing and that I would leave him behind, but you know what he's like and he wouldn't hear of being left. It was after lunch on Saturday that we set out, so it was getting late as we neared our destination.

"This is about the place," said White.

"I'm hungry as a hunter," said Jock.

"What about a drink before we stop and make camp?" I asked. So we stopped at a pub and had a couple. We were so thirsty that they didn't take us long, so we had another couple. It had by this time come on to rain, so we had another couple. Once our camp was pitched we shouldn't be able to get back to the pub, so . . . It was very pleasant. Later we began to make camp on a steep slope and a dark wet night.

"Where'sh the hammer?" said White.

"I can't get this hic—I beg your pardon—stove to light," said Jock.

"How much longer have I got to hold up this ruddy pole," said I from under yards of enveloping folds of canvas.

Rastus thought that it was all great fun.

At last we got something to eat, chiefly out of tins, and the camp composed itself to sleep. It may surprise you to hear that next morning we were out bright and early onto the mountain side.

I won't trouble you with a detailed account of our trials and tribulations in learning the first steps in mountaineering. White said that the places he started us on were too easy for words, and I must admit that looking at them again before we left they looked absolute child's play. But the feeling the first time that one finds oneself standing with one foot on a piece of rock the size of a meat ration and the other on oblivion is far from funny. The first day or two we just "scrambled," which is the technical term for climbing over anything, for which one would just not be quite crazy not to use a rope. But gradually we improved and began to tackle some really hard bits.

It was then that I like an idiot spoilt the whole holiday for myself. We were walking back to camp down the hillside—that's all—when I put my foot on a loose stone and "went for a Burton." On getting up, my shoulder didn't feel too good and by the time that we got back to camp I couldn't move it, so they took me along to a doctor. He said that it was nothing serious, but put it in a sling and forbade any more climbing—as if I could anyway. What an anti-climax!

The next day the other two as usual left early and I hung about camp till I was thoroughly bored. I knew where they were climbing and by going round several miles by car I could get to the top by an easy path, so calling Rastus I set off to meet them. As I neared the place where I expected them to appear I heard a voice.

"My God, I'm stuck," said Jock in a voice that I could hardly recognise.

"It's quite all right," replied White. "I've got hold of you on the rope. Take a rest and then you'll manage it."

"I can't," said Jock. "I've lost my nerve and I'm all in. You'd better untie the rope and let me drop. I don't want to pull you down too."

I looked over the edge of the cliff and saw White not far below me seated on a ledge. Jock was further down under an overhang and balanced in a very precarious position hanging on by his finger nails and almost nothing more. I shall remember to my dying day the look on his face which told me that he knew that he could neither go on further nor go back.

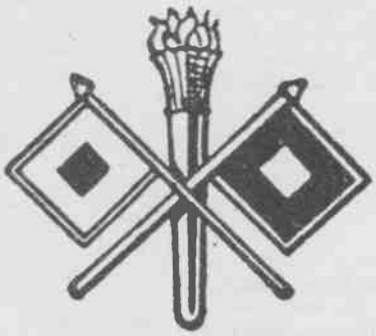
"Will Jock and Snowy escape? Read our next thrilling instalment," said Rastus.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

We much regret that on page 491 of the September issue thanks were not given to the *Catterick Gazette* for permission to use their block for the excellent photograph of General Cary.

To the War Office Signal Regiment
Sincere Wishes
Sally Ann Howes

The Signal Corps Board



By **Colonel T. J. TULLY**, *S.C. Board Excutive Officer*

"The Wire" is privileged to republish the following article from "Signals," the Journal of the Armed Forces Communications Association of the United States of America

ONE of the most important and unusual agencies of the Chief Signal Officer of the Department of the Army is the Signal Corps Board, set up to consider and advise on such subjects as he may refer to it from time to time. It constantly surveys Signal Corps activities with a view to keeping Army communications as modern and up-to-date as possible.

The Signal Board is located at Ft. Monmouth, New Jersey, where it has the advantage of proximity to the main Signal Corps training centre, as well as to the research and development laboratories. It is also reasonably close to the office of the Chief Signal Officer in Washington and several typical field operating agencies in the middle Atlantic and southern states.

The board was established in June, 1924, consisting of the commanding officer of Ft. Monmouth as president and certain heads of key activities at the post who assisted the board in addition to their normal duties. The first president of the board was Lieutenant-Colonel J. E. Hemphill. From the very beginning the board was intended to provide the Chief Signal Officer with a group of officers relieved of day-to-day operational duties so that they could devote their full time to objective examination and study of the problems relating to modern signal communications.

Between 1924 and 1938 about 250 studies were completed by the board on a wide range of subjects. Several studies were responsible for important changes in communication procedures, the development of signal equipment and for expanding the direction of Signal Corps interests. For example, Case No. 13, 2nd April, 1925, "Organisation of Radio Amateurs," proposed the first blueprint of co-operation between the Signal Corps and the American Radio Relay League, as well as the organisation of radio amateurs by the Signal Corps on a national basis for utilisation in time of emergency.

Case No. 163, 10th August, 1931, "Signal Corps Recruiting Standards," was the first major study by the Corps of the minimum qualifications necessary in a recruit to learn the installation, operation and maintenance of signal equipment.

Case No. 198, 3rd August, 1934, "Military Characteristics of Carrier Systems and Switchboards for Large Units," was one of many studies by the Signal Corps Board to keep the Army abreast of the latest commercial developments in wire and their applicability to military signals.

Case No. 292, 8th November, 1938, "Revision of Tables of Organisation of Pigeon Company, Radio Intelligence Company, and Construction Battalion, Signal Corps," carried recommendations to improve the organisation of these units. This illustrates the continuing concern of the Signal Corps Board to improve and expand Signal units of every type.

By 1938 the organisation of the Signal Corps Board was altered to include an executive officer and several full-time board members because of the workload that had been accumulating. The commanding officer of Fort Monmouth remained ex-officio president of the board. The first executive officer was Lieutenant-Colonel George L. Van Deusen, who was to become the commanding general of the Eastern Signal Corps Training Centre for most of World War II. Members of the Signal Corps Board who later became Chief Signal Officers are Major-General James B. Allison, Major-General Dawson Olmstead, Major-General Harry C. Ingles.

During World War II, field testing became the primary function of the Signal Corps Board. Tests were made on various Signal Corps equipments being manufactured by commercial firms to determine whether they conformed to the required military characteristics and specifications. The equipments were studied for possible improvement and any recommendations were included in the reports. The board also conducted tests on standard commercial articles to determine whether they could be adopted for use in the Signal Corps.

Tests were conducted by the Signal Corps Board on radio and radar equipments; telephone instruments; radio and telephone components; two-wheel cargo trailers for carrying Signal Corps equipment; earthborers for laying cables; flashlights; and even general-purpose pocket knives. In addition, the board set up many of the required military characteristics on equipment for Signal Corps field use, ranging from Signal Corps Board Case No. 472, "Military Characteristics for a Flashlight Suitable for Blackout Use," to Signal Corps Board Case No. 576, "Military Characteristics for a Combined Pole and Cable-Hauling Trailer."

Detailed studies on organisations, practices, and operational techniques continued to be a function of the Signal Corps Board during the war. The board made recommendations to the Chief Signal Officer concerning plans for camouflage of Signal Corps installations and equipment; revision of parts lists for linemen's equipment; the possible advantages of replacement of telephone central office equipment by improved equipment; and many other similar-type studies.

No resume of Signal Corps Board activities during World War II would be complete without mention of the complete co-operation that existed between the Signal Corps Board, the Signal Corps Engineering Laboratories, and commercial research laboratories. Only by such co-operation could the Signal Corps Board have completed so many detailed projects on different types of equipment. Only in this way was it possible for the new and improved Signal Corps items to be made immediately available to the front line troops.

After the war, the emphasis of the Signal Corps Board

shifted again to that of staff adviser for the Chief Signal Officer on matters of policy, trends, and organisation within the Corps. The board also continued to be responsible for the supervision of tests on equipment used in rear echelons of non-combat zones. Most of the actual service-testing of new fieldtype Signal Corps equipment is being carried on at the present time by Army field forces agencies. Co-operation and direct liaison exist between the other service boards and the Signal Corps Board on all matters of common interest.

As presently organised, the board is headed by Major-General F. H. Lanahan, Jr., who, as Commanding General, Fort Monmouth, is ex-officio president of the board and Colonel T. J. Tully, the senior full-time member and executive officer of the board.

In its advisory functions, the Signal Corps Board is now conducting detailed studies on the Signal R.O.T.C., the National Guard, and the Organised Reserve Corps.

In addition to conducting studies on all phases of Signal Corps activity referred to it by the Chief Signal Officer, the Signal Corps Board continuously is studying and reviewing all aspects of Signal Corps activities to ascertain whether they are in step with current military and commercial trends and with existing military requirements. To fulfill these functions efficiently, the board has been divided into five sections: (1) policy and trends; (2) communication systems and equipment; (3) photographic and miscellaneous; (4) personnel and training; and (5) procurement, supply and maintenance.

The policy and trends section is responsible for studies of new strategic and tactical concepts to assure anticipation of new demands likely to be placed on the Signal Corps. Studies on the desirability of the helicopter for Signal Corps use and television training implications are among the current studies and investigations of this section.

All communication systems and equipment currently employed by the Signal Corps are continuously being reviewed by the communication systems and equipment section in order to determine their adequacy and effectiveness in fulfilling the communication mission of the Signal Corps. This section also reviews current and proposed Signal Corps development programmes to determine the operational need for the completed item, and studies the latest developments in military and commercial communication systems to recommend possible applications to Signal Corps use.

The photographic and miscellaneous section is responsible for the same type of surveillance as the communication section, but on practices and equipment being developed to fulfill he photographic and non-communications functions of the Signal Corps.

At the present time the procurement, supply and maintenance section of the board is conducting a special study of the existing Signal Corps maintenance system in order to ascertain deficiencies revealed during World War II, and to recommend necessary revisions.

Among the officers presently conducting investigations and preparing reports for the Signal Corps Board are: Lieutenant-Colonel C. A. Stanley, Lieutenant-Colonel D. O. Sprankle, Lieutenant-Colonel J. B. Winsted, Major F. Chilton, Captain T. K. Hughes, Captain R. W. Krogel, Captain R. N. McNitt, Captain F. J. Frank, and Captain J. P. Coe, Jr.

By the nature of its activities, the Signal Corps Board welcomes ideas and suggestions from all personnel—military and civilian—interested in the improvement of Signal Corps equipment or in the service of the Signal Corps as a whole. For the role of the board is to observe every phase of Signal Corps activity in the light of new and improved technical developments, and in the light of ever-increasing importance of signal communications to modern warfare.

CORPS PERSONALITIES

W. M. (Joe) COTTERELL

It is the intention, if space and paper allow, to produce from time to time a history and record of some of the Corps' outstanding personalities past and present.

In starting off with "Joe" Cotterell, we are beginning the series with not only the Corps but the British Army's most outstanding runner of this century. He was also England's most outstanding cross-country runner for many years and by reason of his international triumphs, as well known and feared on the Continent as he was in this country.

All the old members of the Corps who knew him will, when they read this article, take their minds back to the days of Maresfield, Crowborough, Catterick and Bulford when the great Joe was running in a championship—when all one could hear being asked of one another was "how has Joe got on"—or rushing to buy the evening papers to see how their idol had fared in some big championship event—which invariably he won.

Perhaps their minds will run back to the various Army and Corps championships he ran in, when one just eagerly waited for the last two laps to arrive when those little lean legs would tear away from the opposition and bring the owner smihng home, an easy winner.

For the new members of the Corps this article should be read and his record perused so as to know what eminence in the field of sport this great runner brought to the Corps.

W. M. Cotterell was born at Crowhorne in Berkshire, 10th February, 1902. He is a twin, the other being a girl, and in defiance of the rule that twins are not so strong as single children, he is reckoned to be the strongest of the family of six.

He enlisted into Royal Signals at the age of 17 on 24th October, 1919 and stayed with the Corps until his discharge to pension in January, 1939.

W. M. Cotterell (1949)

He re-enlisted October, 1939, and because of his P.T. qualifications was drafted into the A.P.T.C., where he served as a Warrant Officer until he was released in October, 1946.

His first run ever, was in July, 1919, at the age of 17, in a mile event in his local sports which were held to celebrate the "Peace" after the 1914-18 war; he came second and was advised to join a running club.

He joined the best club in the Army, i.e. Royal Signals, in November, 1919, and after completing his recruit's training entered for the one and three miles in the "D" Company sports; he won both.

It is interesting to note that he ran in his socks, because he had no spikes and refused the loan of a pair because in his inexperience he thought it would be lighter for his feet.

It was during this period, early 1920, that he received the name of "Joe" (his real name being William), that has stuck to him ever since. Joe Becket at this period was a very popular heavy-weight boxing champion of Great Britain, and anybody who was outstanding in sport was dubbed "Joe" by the younger generation.

From this time he went from strength to strength and started winning many championships in many parts of Great Britain and Europe.

One event I know he likes to recall is the International Cross-Country Championship held in Paris in 1929.

He had already won the Army Cross-Country Championship on 24th March, went over to Paris on the 25th March, walked the whole of the course (10 miles) on Saturday morning, 26th March, and won the race in the afternoon, beating the French favourite on the tape amid 30,000 excited French.

He is at present a member of Surrey A.C. and assists them in running their cross-country team every winter.

He walks and slow runs four—five miles every week throughout the year and is still very fit indeed, and has joined 44 (H.C.) Divisional Signals (T.A.) at Ravenscourt Park, London.

Further proof of his fitness of body and mind is obtained by looking at his official record, it will be noticed that he won his first championship in 1920 and last in 1943.

When he was told that it was intended to publish his history and record in THE WIRE, he asked for the following to be included:—

> "Keeping fit costs nothing and sets a good example to all. Once a week do a few light exercises especially 'breathing' and do plenty of walking, some of it cross-country. I owe the greater part of my success to the encouragement and interest taken by many of the officers, and of the loyal support given me by N.C.O.s and men, sometimes hundreds turning up to give me a cheer.
>
> "All this I think I received, because everybody wanted the Corps to win, so all you youngsters when you change and put on your vest with its Corps badge on, remember; the Corps has a reputation second to none, you have something to live up to; so run hard, run fairly, and run to win."

Before this article closes tribute should be paid to the man. As a runner, his record speaks for itself.

Joe Cotterell will always be remembered as a quiet unassuming personality, well liked by all on and off the track. His ready smile, friendly manner and great sportsmanship made him a favourite with everybody he came into contact with, and suffice it to say that he is remembered with pride and affection by all officers and men alike who had the privilege of serving in the Corps during the period that "Joe Cotterell" put the Corps on the map.

May his memory and record never die from the annals of Royal Signals.

Below is his full athletic record and among his famous collection of prizes are 30 cups and over 200 medals—60 of these being gold.

ATHLETIC RECORD OF W. M. COTTERELL

Army 3 mile champion, 1921, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27 and 28.

Present holder of Army 3 mile record, 14 mins. 33 4/5 secs. (1920).

Army 1 mile champion, 1922, 23 and 26 (record holder, 1923-30).

English 4 mile champion, 1923.

4 mile A.A.A. champion, 1924.

Winner, England and France, 5,000 metres, 1925.

Southern Counties 4 mile champion, 1923, 24 and 25.

Sussex 3 mile champion, 1921, 22, 23 and 24.

Oxford, Berks and Bucks 3 mile champion, 1921, 22 and 23.

1,000 yards Berks champion, 1923.

Royal Signals 880 yards, 1921, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27 and 28.

Royal Signals 3 mile, 1921, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27 and 28.

Eastern Command, 3 mile, 1921, 22, 23, 24 and 25.

Southern Command, 3 mile, 1929, 30 and 32.

3 mile champion (Signals), 1921, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27 and 28.

CROSS-COUNTRY RECORD

International champion, 1924, 29 (10 miles) (2nd 1922, 3rd 1925).

National champion, 1924, 25 (10 miles), (2nd 1923, 3rd 1929).

Southern champion, 1923, 24 and 29 (10 miles).

South of Thames champion, 1921, 22, 23 and 24.

Army cross-country champion, 1921, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26 and 29.

Inter-Services champion, 1922, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32 and 33.

Inter-County champion, 1929.

Sussex cross-country champion, 1920, 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25.

Eastern Command 11, 1921, 22, 23, 24 and 25.

Southern Command 11, 1929, 31, 32 and 33.

Royal Signals cross-country champion, 1921, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27 and 28.

Inter-O.C.T.U. 3 miles, 1941 (winner).

North Aldershot cross-country, 1941 (winner).

206 B.U.E. cross-country, 1943 (winner).

Selected for England at Olympic Games (Paris), 1924.

Represented Army, 1922, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33.

Represented England, 1922, 23, 24, 25, 26 and 29.

The only service man to win National and International cross-country championships, prior to outbreak of war.

The only service man to win the Army 3 mile championship eight years in succession.

Represented the Army in athletics for a record number of years, 1921-1933.

W. M. Cotterell with some of his prizes (1923)

The Court in session. Ex-Field Marshal von Manstein adjusts his headgear

Operation Marco

HERE in Hamburg we dislike the use of the word " flap " yet there are moments when it is decidedly difficult to remain for long below 12,000 feet. The warning order which we received to prepare for the trial of the alleged war criminals, Messrs. von Rundstedt, von Manstein, von Brauchitsch and Strauss presented such an occasion since the Signals role was not unimportant. We breathed more freely when we heard of the death, from natural causes, of General von Brauchitsch and again more freely on reading the announcement that Field Marshal von Rundstedt and General Strauss were too ill to stand trial.

However, if British justice be slow it is painfully sure, and as ex-Field Marshal von Manstein persisted in remaining alive and well, we were not surprised to learn that it had been decided to " Let justice be done."

From a medley of orders and counter orders, decisions and indecisions, Tuesday, 23rd August finally emerged as " D " Day. The telecommunication requirements consisted of demands for translator equipment, film recorders and a telephone layout unsurpassed by even the slickest American film, and of course in true Hollywood fashion a Press centre with direct telephone and teleprinter lines to the outside world.

The fateful day has now arrived, the court is in session, all demands have been met, and yours truly is soaring on a datum line of 10,000 ft. clutching a prayer book in one hand and a brand new bowler in the other. If the gallant ex-Field Marshal knew the trouble he has caused the Royal Corps, we feel certain that he would for our sake, have pleaded " guilty."

The translator equipment consisting of microphones, amplifiers and headgear is on loan from the United States Army having previously been used at the Nuremburg trials. The headgear was designed originally so that the user could select by turning a switch, any of the five languages being spoken or translated. This was necessary because Nuremberg was an Allied court, as Hamburg is a British court facilities for three languages only are needed.

Now for a brief glimpse at the layout which is installed in Curio House, Rothenbaumchaussee, Hamburg. Microphones are placed in strategic positions for the President, counsel and interpreters while the court and public are

Headgear in use

provided with headphones. The microphones are so connected that the speaker's voice is routed to a translator's desk which is situated in the well of the court.

When a "foreign" language is spoken it is translated by the English-speaking interpreter and transmitted to all switched to the English channel, position 2, while all switched to position 1 can receive it, as spoken, in the original language. Conversely if the language spoken is English it is transmitted direct to all switched to the English channel and simultaneously is translated into German for the benefit of those switched to that channel.

All speech spoken into the microphone is recorded in original on the film recorders This ensures that a permanent record is maintained of every work spoken and is available for playing back to the court and public in the event of there being any dispute over what was actually said. Each roll of film lasts from 1½—2 hours and a device is fitted to the recorder which registers each minute of conversation, it is therefore possible by turning a control to the appropriate setting, to play-back what was said at any particular minute of the proceedings. As the object in recording is to have a record of the speaker's actual words, the translated version is not recorded

In the witness box. Lights signal that the speaker is talking too fast for the interpreter

At the moment all this equipment is working most satisfactorily and its fate is in the capable hands of two German technicians whose every move is supervised by Radio Mechanic Lush from H.Q. Hamburg District Signal Squadron. If everything goes well Lush may expect 21 days' privilege leave in the U.K. at the end of the trial, should anything go wrong however, he will probably qualify for 28 days' elsewhere.

The Press centre consists of a miniature sub post office manned by the Deutsche Post on a strictly cash basis. Six kiosks have been installed with direct lines to Hamburg trunks. Owing to the currency difficulties some of the London newspaper correspondents beat Sir Stafford by getting their London offices to call them. Over 90 correspondents attended the opening of the trial but now that it has been announced that it may last from three to four months the tempo has decreased.

The prosecution, court and galaxy of court officials are installed in different hotels and each has a telephone connected to a common switchboard. At the moment of going to Press there are no major snags though of course the usual minor incidents—for example the case of the senior "A" officer who dialled the wrong number and when he failed to get through not only blamed Signals but reported the whole set-up as being out of order. We also apologise again to the Brigadier who during his 20 minute call to the Foreign Office was asked in quick succession by the local switchboard "Have you finished, sir?", by H.Q. Hamburg District "Still working, sir?", by Rhine Army "Did you get through, sir?" and, the last straw, by War Office "Is this an official call, sir?"

The translators' desk

The film recorders

B A O R

2 INFANTRY DIVISIONAL SIGNAL REGIMENT

Hilden

We have been very busy indeed with formation training, where we have been providing control and neutral Signals as well as the communications for the Brigade being exercised.

All this is leading up to the Signal exercises on Army scale in October, at which we understand several V.I.P.s, both military and political, will be present and we are to exhibit us to (we hope) a not too horrified assembly.

Nowadays people seem to come and go with such bewildering rapidity that when one goes on leave one comes back a stranger! Everyone seems to be away on leave at once, but this is natural as we have to have them back by October.

Sports. Training and leave have made representative sports rather difficult but we managed to defeat Hamburg District Signal Squadron in the semi-final of the Inter-Signal Unit Cricket Competition and we are due to meet H.Q. B.A.O.R. Signal Regiment in the final on 10th and 11th September. A feature of the Hamburg game was the introduction of the Adjutant as a most successful wicket keeper. This must be habit—it is difficult to get anything past our Adjutant.

In the name of the Corps we congratulate Major T. R. Warren on being chosen to play for the British Zone (Army, Navy, R.A.F. and C.C.G.) against the New Zealand Test team for his bowling which is the envy of us all, including the writer, whose efforts are more on the soft ball and little sister lines.

We are busy getting ready for the winter season, and have already had several football and hockey try-outs.

Welfare. The Regimental dance band got together through the efforts of Captain L. J. Sharp, no mean musician himself, made its first bow in public at a dance at Hilden on 2nd September. It was pay day and a well stocked bar completed the facilities.

The ladies of the Catholic Women's League kindly arranged a 'bus trip to Holland on Sunday, 28th August, which was attended by about 70 of the lads; they visited Arnhem and Nijmegen where the Airborne Forces were in action; C.W.L. had provided guides full of information, and several people saw the graves of relatives and friends.

Next week-end the C.W.L. have organised a trip along the Rhine by steamer; the Unit dance band is attending and the total charge inclusive of morning refreshments is 4/-, which is pretty reasonable. The remainder of the cost is being made up from Welfare and P.R.I. funds.

The Ding-Dong Social Centre still meets every Monday night, giving people a chance to get together and meet the married famihes. The programme usually consists of sing-songs, whist drives or games tournaments, housey-housey, and once an impromptu concert at which Corporal Peach proved the hit of the evening; we have since learnt that in private life he is an actor which accounts for a lot! We shall be glad to hear from him again. A twenty questions competition proved that the P.R.I. is quite a good guesser, despite efforts to muzzle him, which accounts for quite a number of hitherto unexplained welfare problems. Mrs. Bell and her committee are to be congratulated on a valuable contribution to our "dull" evenings.

At long last N.A.A.F.I. have agreed to open an institute in our barracks, a most welcome innovation. With all the will in the world no P.R.I. can offer the facihties of a large organisation. The structural alteration consequent on this have made us close Jimmy's Club, our billiards and games centre. The Camp Commandant at Divisional Headquarters has kindly made his facilities available to the lads and we hope the temporary dislocation will be worth it in the end.

BERLIN SIGNAL SQUADRON

R.A.O.H. 2

Here in Berlin we are sweltering in a much belated but nevertheless very welcome summer. As a result the swimming pools have once again become the mecca for everybody off duty, and the swotting for Army Certificates of Education tends to be neglected. But why, oh why, must this brilliant sunshine coincide with the beginning of the football season?

This is very much a transitory period in the sporting calendar. No sport holds complete sway at the moment. The cricket season, however, now belongs to history. It was a successful season, for although our 1st XI failed to win their last match, they managed to hang on to the second position in the Berlin "B" League table. A very creditable performance.

The soccer players started their trials and practice matches early, and it was immediately obvious that the Squadron contained a considerable amount of talent. Two strong teams have been formed and results in friendly matches, played so far, suggest a successful season is in store. The only league match played by the 1st XI was won in a resounding manner by a 6—1 margin. There is very little to report of the hockey players. They hold a trial in the form of a Sergeants' Mess v. Other Ranks' match at the end of this week.

Berlin is remarkably calm. Even our claim to fame, the airlift, has deserted us, and we were also denied the excitement of the elections for the German Republic. Tedium, however, has been prevented by an impressive parade of the Queen's Regiment on the anniversary of their landing at Salerno. This parade at the Olympische Platz was watched by, and obviously met with the approval of, large numbers from other Units and equally large numbers of German civilians. We were also given the chance of enjoying first-class cricket, when the Free Forresters played a Combined Services XI in a two-day match on the Garrison ground. Unfortunately, like so many first-class matches this season, the result was a draw.

4 A.G.R.A. SIGNAL SQUADRON

Luneburg

The month of August saw the Wireless Troop engaged in further 7 Armoured Division exercises, which have now become almost a regular feature of daily routine.

Field exercises have played a major part in training throughout the whole of the year, and in consequence, the Servicemen have benefited to an abnormal degree, and must be regarded as having reached a very high standard of proficiency. The final army exercises are eagerly looked forward to.

After only two or three weeks of very intensive training under the expert tuition of Q.M.S.I. Hugo, P.T. instructor to H.Q. 4 Agra, a basket ball team, representing H.Q. 4 Agra, but comprising Signal Squadron players with the captain the only exception, has made a very rapid and glorious rise to fame. All opposition to date has been dealt with in a most convincing manner. The most important games yet played are: 4 Agra championship, a victory

for our team of 36 to 16, Hamburg District championship final, again resulting in a victory over 206 C.R.A.S.C., the score being 52 to 13. These lads are good to watch in action, and the whole Squadron turned out to give a very forceful and inspiring support.

Lance-Corporal Jimmy Weller has become the popular hero of the team, and was carried from the court after the Hamburg District final. Jolly good show, Jimmy, keep it up and you should certainly go places.

The teams are due to compete now in the B.A.O.R. championship at Bielefeld on 15th-16th-17th September, after which—with nominal luck—in the Army championship at Aldershot at a later date.

H.Q. B.A.O.R. SIGNAL REGIMENT

Bad Oeynhausen

The highlight of the month, up to the time of writing, has been the further success of the Unit swimming team in the Royal Signals (B.A.O.R.) Inter-Unit Swimming Championship. The team got off to a good start by winning the first three events. Following this, the swimmers won every event except the backstroke, relay and plunging, in which they gained two second places.

So, another trophy comes to Herford to accompany this year's 7th Armoured Brigade and 7th Armoured Division championship shields.

Stronger competition was met in the B.A.O.R. Inter-Unit

Swimming Championship and the team is congratulated on gaining fourth place with 176 points against 227, 179 and 177 (as can be seen, 2nd, 3rd and 4th places were very close).

The Regimental Inter-Squadron Swimming Championship took place on the 24th of the month with the Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel J. E. S. Sanders, acting as chief judge, assisted by Major Finney.

The final result was rather unique, 3 Squadron being first, 2 Squadron second, and 1 Squadron third in all events, with pointage as follows: 3 Squadron 33, 2 Squadron 22, and 1 Squadron 11.

The ladies' events were an attraction and showed great ability in the "weaker sex."

The Regimental Inter-Squadron Athletic Meeting was held on the 10th. This resulted in a win by 3 Squadron with 48 points against 1 Squadron's 44, and 2 Squadron's 34.

In the cricket world, the Regiment was represented in the Royal Signals (B.A.O.R.) team against R.E.M.E. and R.A.S.C. by Lieutenant-Colonel J. E. S. Sanders (capt.), Major Carpenter, S.Q.M.S. Harding and Corporal Usher.

The team is hard at it and seems to have a full calendar

"Three men for the rifle range, Sir!"

before it yet, even though the season is drawing to a close. It still leads the Zonal Executive Control Offices (Z.E.C.O.) League with three games still to play.

After defeating Group A (7th Armoured Division Signals) in the semi-final of the Inter-Signals Units Competition, the Unit team, under Group D, meets the victors of the Group C (Hamburg District Signals) v. Group B (2 Division Signals) semi-final, not yet played off.

Entered also in the 7th Armoured Knock-out Competition, H.Q. B.A.O.R. Signal Regiment is appearing in the final against H.Q. B.A.O.R. Garrison.

Another semi-final to be played is against Minden (C.C.G.) in the Zeco League "Bill Parkes Cup" Competition.

A great number of the Regiment took the opportunity of a day off and a visit to Gütersloh during the month, the attraction being the air display there, which proved very interesting to most of the men and a feather in the cap of R.A.F., U.S.A.A.F. and attached personnel responsible for the day's success.

Hails and faretheewells are still continuing in the Regiment. Best wishes to Sergeant and Mrs. Hancock who have left us for U.K. Incidentally, Sergeant Hancock was presented with the Long Service-Good Conduct Medal prior to his departure. To him our hearty congratulations.

"Now what's the matter? Is it something I've said to you?"

Mrs. Thuiller presenting the prizes

11 AIR FORMATION SIGNAL REGIMENT

Bückeburg

Visit of the Colonel Commandant. The Representative Colonel Commandant, Major-General C. W. Fladgate, C.B.E., visited the Regiment during the latter part of July.

On 25th July he arrived at Regimental H.Q. at Bückeburg and after inspecting a guard of honour provided by the Regiment, he made a tour of the barracks in the course of which he visited the Sergeants' Mess and the Malcolm Club where he met members from each Troop of the Regiment.

On 26th July Major-General Fladgate visited Berlin to inspect the units of the Corps in Berlin, one of which was 41 Wing Signal Troop of this Unit. The party arrived in an Anson aircraft at R.A.F. Station Gatow.

On the afternoon of the 27th, Major-General Fladgate inspected 41 Wing Signal Troop and expressed great satisfaction at the turn-out of the men and the cleanliness of the billets.

The party, accompanied by the Station Commander, then proceeded on tour of the airfield to see "Plainfare" in operation. The Colonel Commandant was particularly impressed by the workings of ground control approach, F.A.S.O. unloading, and in general with the quiet efficiency of the whole operation working so smoothly with no sign of a "flap."

Cricket. During the current season the Regiment has had a representative team in the following competitions:

Royal Signals Inter-Group Knock-out. On the 20th July a team representing C.A.F.S.O's Branch, 11 Air Formation Signal Regiment and Berlin Signal Squadron journeyed to Herford to play H.Q. B.A.O.R. Signal Regiment in the first round of this competition but found ourselves no match for this team.

Result: H.Q. B.A.O.R. Signal Regiment 109 for 7; 11 Air Formation Signal Regiment 62.

B.A.F.O. Inter-Squadron Knock-out. In the first round of this competition we were drawn again 652 A.O.P. Squadron, R.A.F., and travelled to Detmold on 4th June to play them. Our opponents won the toss and decided to let us bat first. When we were really settled and scoring fast with Sergeant Kealy knocking sixes everywhere the rain decided to intervene. We retired to a hangar for tea and it was decided to continue the match the following day. On Sunday, 5th June, we returned once again to Detmold only to find the weather was still far from co-operative. We continued to bat but our wickets fell fast and we were finally out for a score of 132, Sergeant Kealy scoring 47, of which there were five sixes, four of them in one over.

652 Squadron then went in to bat and to provide a really exciting finish to a game which only the rain spoiled. Their final score was 137, beating us by five runs. Our disappointment in losing a game that we thought at the end of the first day's play, was "in the bag" was made no easier by the fact that we missed a trip to Berlin to play R.A.F., Gatow, in the second round, by six runs.

16 *Indep. Para. Bde. Inter-Unit Knock-out.* On the 2nd June, 1949, a team from 33 Airborne Light Regiment, R.A., came to play us on our home ground at Bad Eilsen in the first round of this competition. We batted first in this 35 overs game and scored 59, with Signalman Cowly scoring a very useful 18. Our opponents then went in to provide once again a very thrilling finish, scoring their winning runs in the last over of the match. Their final score being 66.

H.Q. B.A.F.O. (Unit) Inter-Section League. This league is played during Monday, Tuesday and Friday evenings and consists of 20 over matches. Rather unorthodox tactics are required to win this type of game and although we have had good fun, this type of cricket does not help one improve their standard as overs cannot be wasted whilst a batsman settles down. In this league we are just about holding our own, having played eight matches, of which we have won four and lost four. We have a further four matches to play before the end of the season and hope to at least finish in the top half of the league.

Athletics. The Regimental Sports Day was held at Bückeburg on the 4th of August. Owing to the wide dispersion of the Unit throughout B.A.O.R., Troop competitions were held on an area basis and the four teams that won the area competition competed in the final at Bückeburg. Despite the threat of rain throughout the morning the sun shone

Signalman Jeffries winning the long jump

brilliantly throughout the afternoon and after some really keen competition 112 T.E. Troop emerged winners by a fairly clear margin. Lance-Corporal Overington and Signalman Jeffries were the chief points winners for 112 T.E. Troop. At the end of the meeting Mrs. Thuillier, wife of the Chief Air Formation Signals Officer, presented medals to the individual winners and runners-up and the athletic trophy to 112 T.E. Troop.

On the 18th, 19th and 20th of August a Unit team entered in the B.A.F.O. inter-Unit athletic meeting and although we were up against a very high standard, Signalman Greaves secured a very good second in the 440 metres.

Tennis. The Regiment were drawn against H.Q., B.A.O.R. Regiment in the B.A.O.R. Signals tournament. Despite the inclusion at the last minute of two or three "unknowns," we managed to prevent it being a "love" match. The final score being H.Q. Signal Regiment 4 matches, 11 Air Formation Signal Regiment 1.

12 WIRELESS SQUADRON

Graz, Austria

Situated as we are some miles from the garrison town of Graz with its two troops' amenities, it is only natural that we should provide our own entertainment within the camp. Apart from sport, this consists of thriving clubs such as the Photographic Club (which has just installed a de luxe portrait studio), the Model Engineering Club, and the Studio Club, which caters for the brush and pencil artists of the camp. Occasionally the Theatre Club puts on shows for its—and, we suppose, the camp's—benefit, which appear to the unbiassed eye of the producer to be enjoyed immensely by all. And, of course, we have our flourishing Ham Club, to be heard day and night on the 20 metre band under its call of MB9BJ.

On the sports side the Squadron is extremely keen and seems wellnigh unbeatable. To go back a little, we finished up last soccer season at the top of the local league with a record of only two losses in 10 matches played. While the snow lasted a strong interest was taken in skiing, and we are proud that Lieutenant J. D. Boyagis of this Unit won the B.T.A. Skiing Championship, excelling in the downhill and slalom, and represented the theatre several times.

We are fortunate in having roomy grounds facilities, and it was not uncommon to see games of football, rugby and hockey being played side by side. Hockey has carried on all the year without a break in continuity (if nothing else), and we still field a very successful team.

Out of 12 matches played until mid-season, our cricket XI had won every one, but two losses at the end of the fixture list spoilt our chances of winning the league. Highlights of the season were the defeat of a combined Klagenfurt and Vienna Signals team in which Sergeant Braik was top scorer with 120 runs, the defeat of an East Yorkshire Battalion team, and 156 runs scored in 70 minutes to beat H.Q. Coy., 1 East Yorkshire Regiment. S.S.M. Godfrey was selected to play for B.T.A., and four players, Captain Melsom, S.S.M. Godfrey, Lance-Corporal Miller and Signalman Gibbs played for the Royal Signals Austria team in the B.T.A. knock-out tournament. This team reached the final, only losing to R.A.S.C. Austria (who thus retained the trophy for the third year in succession) by 20 runs.

Our first athletics fixture this year was in the Styria sports of June. Competition was very keen, and the Squadron came a close second to F.S. Styria; but had better results than 1st Battalion East Yorkshire Regiment.

Early in July a Unit team competed in a garrison open mile relay at the 1st Battalion East Yorkshire Regiment sports, and in spite of stiff opposition won comfortably.

On Bank Holiday Monday we held our own Squadron sports, and in spite of the blazing heat the standard was high and an extensive and varied list of events was much enjoyed by all the spectators. The Victor Ludorum was Signalman Bone, who won the 100 yards, 220 yards and obstacle race, and was in the runners-up teams at five-a-side football and five-a-side hockey, the mile relay and the 4 x 220 shuttle.

The Squadron Motor-cycle Club consistently upholds our reputation in the frequent B.T.A. motor-cycle trials. Congratulations to Sergeant Marks, Corporal Bell, Corporal Martin and Signalman Gidley, who between them usually provide at least two out of the first three in their classes, and so far have emerged the winning team in every B.T.A. motor-cycle trial this season!

What else remains? Well, we have a well-patronised tennis court, badminton court, and our own swimming pool, and will shortly be trying our our acquatic talent in the Styria swimming sports. There is a gym. for those interested, and last Christmas Corporal Beams, Lance-Corporal Carter and Signalman Mitchell, from this Unit, boxed successfully for the Signals at Vienna. Do you know, if someone suggested that we set up a bowling green or a greyhound track the Q. and P.R.I. between them would probably fix it!

HAMBURG DISTRICT INDEPENDENT SIGNAL SQUADRON

Hamburg

As reported in last month's notes we had the honour of being visited by the Representative Colonel Commandant of the Corps, Major-General C. W. Fladgate, C.B.E., at the end of July, 1949. After the General had inspected the Squadron a launch trip on the river Elbe to see the submarine piers was arranged.

Our Wireless Troop have been very busy during the past few months taking part in various exercises throughout B.A.O.R. From all reports they have thoroughly enjoyed their trips which have proved to be of great training value.

The standard of communication provided during this season has been quite high, with the occasional eye-openers at either end of the scale; from the detachment commander who by his own unaided efforts bid fair to burn down a valuable German forest, to another detachment commander who was lately observed by your correspondent to be polishing the whole of the exterior of his C.V. with his own-provided tin of Karpol.

Football has already started and we have played our first league game when we beat 15 B.O.D. by four goals to one. This year we have started early and hope that getting off to a good start will enable us to win the league, instead of ending up third as we did last season.

M E L F

1 INFANTRY DIVISIONAL SIGNAL REGIMENT

Tripoli

The even tenor of life in Tripoli was stirred by the arrival in June of H.M.S. *Liverpool,* wearing the flag of Rear Admiral Earl Mountbatten. Also visiting us was the C.I.G.S., Field Marshal Sir William Slim, so needless to say there was a fair amount of reciprocal entertainment.

For one afternoon H.M.S. *Liverpool* was open to the public and the children thoroughly enjoyed themselves exploring the ship and trying their hand on high angle light A.A. guns.

Held also at this time was the Sailing Club regatta. Royal Signals entered for the team race, but unfortunately got away to a bad start. However, the C.R. Signals and S.S.M. Jones of 1 Squadron, who were competing in a race for the first time, were blessed with beginners' luck and finished second in their heat.

The regatta finished with a firework display in which H.M.S. *Liverpool* joined with searchlights and star shells.

On 27th June the annual administrative inspection of the Regiment in Tripoli was carried out by the C.R.A. 1 Infantry Division, Brigadier C. H. Colquhoun, O.B.E. Much work had been put into smartening up the barracks and very creditable results were achieved. In his report the C.R.A. remarked on the fitness and turn-out of the men on parade, especially "J" Troop.

The event of the month in July was a week-end in Homs, organised by 6 Field Regiment R.A. A large contingent of Signals went over and pitched their camp under the palm trees by the sea where excellent bathing was obtainable. There were numerous competitive sporting activities in which nearly every Unit in the Division took part. We were not very successful but did manage to win the darts and were runners-up with Major T. H. C. Grigg and Captain P. A. R. Ashworth in the tennis. Our motor cycle trial team were dogged by bad luck in the shape of punctures which put them out of the running.

Although the weather was very hot, which made conditions for sport very exacting, all enjoyed themselves and appreciated the change from Tripoli.

At the end of the month the Divisional motor cycle trials organised by the R.A.S.C. were held at the 11 kilo on the Tripoli-Castel Benito road. Old members of Eighth Army Signals will remember the type of country where Army H.Q. was in 1943, bushes growing apparently out of sand and sand dunes.

It was a very hot day, even hotter than Homs, and the obstacle course consisted chiefly of negotiating the sand. This meant that the first riders had an advantage as by the time half a dozen riders had been over it the going had become very loose and difficult.

Signals had two teams of three and in all there were over 100 riders. We were lucky in that Sergeant K. Allen and Signalman Bonner were drawn to go first and second, and Sergeant Allen started well by taking the first obstacle, a steep bank consisting mostly of sand, with maximum points, the only rider to do so. Unfortunately, we had trouble with our machines and so two complete teams did not finish the course. However, in the individual placings, Sergeant Allen was first and Lieutenant J. A. H. Findlater was third. This latter was a very fine performance as he was the 91st rider and the course was then just about at its worst.

Speedway racing still flourishes and Signals (Meteors) are still cock of the walk. There are now two more teams, the Coldstream Guards and Command Workshops R.E.M.E., who made their debut at the last meeting.

2 INFANTRY BRIGADE SIGNAL TROOP

Salonika

Since we sent our last batch of WIRE notes we have been very busy shaking down again with completely new Signal Office reliefs. Fortunately, Signal traffic has been restricted and the tempo of office work has been fairly slow. Now that the new chaps "Know the form" we can once again confidently take all the traffic that is slung at us.

A Battery from a Field Regiment R.A. is over here showing us just what 25 pdrs. can do. "K" Troop provided public address equipment for their demonstration and we had a highly successful and very interesting day.

During the first few days of September we had a welcome visit from our Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel E. D. Good, C.B.E. Transport difficulties between Tripoli and Salonika make his visits few and far between and all ranks appreciated his informative talk on "K" Troop's role within the Regiment. He now knows all about transport difficulties inside Salonika!

Our new accommodation in the old Greek barracks is nearly ready and is really something to write home to mother about. Every man will have his own built-in wardrobe, there is plenty of space, lighting is excellent—perhaps bedside rugs, lamps and counterpanes are not quite on, but when we get settled in our barrackrooms should look like Regular Army recruiting posters.

Our new transmitter site is a picture too, with its ideal location and new 53 sets. It's an improvement on the present site in the middle of shantytown where there's so much power wiring around that it's a wonder a signal ever gets out. Our R.M.s should work better too, once they are away from the smell of decaying fish in the market a few yards from the door.

We shall soon be hearing wedding bells chiming here in the neighbourhood, I suppose. The Greek girls here seem to have something on our lads; there are now three marriage applications awaiting approval by B.M.M.(G.), so it looks like Regpay will have to send out some more marriage allowances.

1 L. OF C. SIGNAL REGIMENT, M.E.L.F.

El Ballah

Life goes along very smoothly in Salt Lake City although recently we have had such unearthly things as Reveille at 0330 hrs. Ah, yes, it was the annual range firing and concluded three industrious weeks of learning all about a rifle again. Congrats to our Bisley shot, Lance-Corporal Humphries, who turned in a very nice 83 out of 90. Good show, and may you do as well in your final cipher tests. To those who trailed behind, we say more concentration next time.

Over at Training Wing, Captain Addison and his merry men keep turning out the goods on the various courses they run.

We hear good reports of 74 Construction Troop's work in Aqaba—good show, lads, and now we hope you can keep those Ballah lines through.

We are at present at the interim period between cricket and football, and it's just the "scrubs" who are out at the moment. However, it's their chance because the scouts are out looking for players for the Unit XI. We hope to join the Major Units League this year and try to emulate

the Training Regiments in Catterick, i.e. 3 and 5, and those glorious battles of 1946/47 season.

To R.S.M. Turner (can't keep him down) and Private Rowbottom (Green Howards) we say good show for your displays in the water at the District and Army swimming galas. Also to those of the Regiment who did so well in the Garrison sports.

EGYPT COMMAND SIGNAL REGIMENT

Moascar

With the continued run down in our strength, despite the arrival of a very welcome batch of reinforcements, an effort has been made by the Staff to reduce our commitments. An order has been issued for the reduction of telephones in the Canal Zone by 25 per cent, this is very much appreciated by the Unit.

At the same time we are setting out to bury our trunk cables deeper; at a depth which we hope will render the activities of the local cable thieves not worth while. There are many miles of cable route between Port Said and Suez to be buried deep and it will take a long time. We welcome 74 Construction Troop from I.L. of C. Signal Regiment, who have been put under our command to help in this arduous work. In the meanwhile we continue to patch up the old cables as they are cut almost nightly.

We were visited by the G.O.C., Lieutenant-General Erskine, during the month, and were very encouraged by his appreciation of our efforts to keep things going under difficult circumstances.

Sports. The cricket season is running out and the various league matches in which we have succeeded in getting ourselves involved by virture of our wide dispersion, are drawing to a close. Our various detachments have succeeded in keeping up the sporting reputation of the Regiment and have done well in matches. Captain A. G. Smith represented the Army in Egypt against the R.A.F. in Egypt and one or two others were on the border-line for selection. It is unfortunate that dispersion prohibits our putting a Regimental team into the field; there is little doubt that they would do very well.

Swimming is a very important pastime up and down the Canal under almost ideal conditions. There has also been some serious swimming and Captain W. W. Webb represented the district in the inter-district swimming gala, and Lance-Corporal Morrison did well to win a cup and four medals in the El Ballah Garrison Swimming Championships.

With the start of the football league games at home our soccer fans are getting impatient and games have been started despite the fact that the temperature is still in the 90's.

3 G.H.Q. SIGNAL REGIMENT

Fayid, M.E.L.F.

A Squadron cricket tournament is in progress and it is by no means certain that the winner will automatically be H.Q. Squadron, despite the exploits of the Adjutant in the art of underarm bowling. Such are the variations almost from day to day, that a constant team is almost out of the question.

In between cricket, swimming and water polo, with sailing for those who wish, all fill in the time pleasantly, and make the hot weather tolerable.

The complement of Signal Office trained Mauritians who have been training with 2 Squadron arrived for duty in the office and we trust that they will be able to maintain the high standard we expect of them, they number 20 at the moment and another 12 are expected in the near future.

Swimming parades have now taken the place of P.T. and are enjoyed by all concerned, it is hoped that by the end of the present season that the whole of No. 1 Squadron will be "water-borne."

Speedway. The Unit team reported on in the last issue still continues to make a name for itself, not so much by winning heats but by being able to give the opposing team a good race.

Next month will see the formation of a Corps team with new colours and under the name "Mercurians," this should make us one of the strongest teams in the Fayid Speedway Club, and I hope then to be able to report many successes.

The Canal South District swimming gala was held this month and once again Sergeant Beale excelled himself in all directions. He was first in the 220 yards, 440 yards and 880 yards. These three races, combined with a Unit relay race and playing centre-forward in the Unit polo team which won the District final, made a good afternoon's work in the water. He is now training for the Army swimming sports which are coming off in the near future.

Still more Mauritians have arrived to relieve the acute manpower situation and there are now 93 in all, comprising linemen, operators, Signal office clerks, radio mechanics, line mechanics and telephone mechanics.

Signalman Felton is due for release in August after covering many a mile of the Canal road on his racing cycle. He is Secretary of the Satire Cycling Club and has acquired his fair share of the prizes. When he is not out on the road he is swimming, and is a member of the Unit water polo team which has just won the District final.

MALTA COMMAND SIGNAL SQUADRON

On 1st April recruiting started to raise a Maltese Signal Troop consisting entirely of locally enlisted Maltese as an additional Troop of the Squadron, and for seven weeks the first Squad was busy on the square in preparation for their passing out parade by the Chief Signal Officer.

3 Construction Troop have been with the Unit now since 21st February, 1949, and have been helping the Unit by doing some very hard work on the line communications at the R.A.F. airfields and Air Headquarters.

On 15th June, 1949, the Unit was represented by a contingent of 30 men under the command of Captain C. J. Chapman, Royal Signals, in the march past of all services to say farewell to H.E. the Governor and Commander-in-Chief.

The Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess, with most of the members living out, is normally very quiet, but the fortnightly open-air dance attracts an appreciative crowd.

The main sporting activities at present are cricket, tennis and rifle shooting in all of which considerable enthusiasm is being shown.

Cricket. The Unit team finished about half-way in the Garrison Cricket League table and has reached the third round in the Governor's Cup Knock-out Competition, meeting the Air H.Q. Malta team on 5th September.

Sergeant G. Parfitt has been chosen for the Combined Services (Malta) team which is travelhng to Tripoli in September.

Tennis. After winning the Garrison Doubles League for two successive years the Squadron is well on the way to completing the hat-trick and is now leading the league with six matches won and only one more to play.

Captain J. Donaldson is also expected to win the Garrison Singles Knock-out Competition as he has already reached the final.

He and the C.O., Major Shoubridge, scored the Army's only success in the Inter-Services tennis matches by beating the R.A.F. first pair.

Rifle Shooting. The Unit team for the Collingwood Cup .303" Competition for all units in Malta, to be held in September, is under intensive training under Lieutenant (T.O.T.) Norbury.

The Unit .22 team has so far won its first three matches in the Garrison League and the annual Inter-Troop .22" Competition provided much good sport and was won by H.Q. Troop.

Swimming. Corporal A. E. Maskell is under training as a possible selection for the Army team in the Inter-Service acquatic sports.

Golf. Captain Donaldson had a remarkably good season and won the Army stroke play and bogey cups and completed his hat-trick by winning the Royal Malta Golf Club's bogey cup.

2 SIGNAL SQUADRON, W.R.A.C.
M.E.L.F.

We believe this to be our first contribution to THE WIRE and therefore should like to introduce ourselves—

The Squadron is commanded by Senior Commander Peggy Green, ably assisted by the Second-in-Command, Junior Commander Peggy Rhind. Our Subalterns are Kay Fozzard, late of Northern Command (M.) Signal Regiment, and Terry Day, a newcomer to Signals from B.A.O.R. W.O.II Greenall is our S.S.M.

We service the Canal Zone, working with 3 G.H.Q. Signal Regiment and Egypt Command Signal Regiment manning Signal offices and exchanges throughout the Zone.

Moascar, the largest exchange in the Middle East, is our show place and it does credit to its Chief Supervisor, Sergeant Ann Hoar. She is an old-stager having served in Cairo and Alexandria during the war, and this is her second tour, in Fayid, G.H.Q. and Port Said.

Port Said is our "change of air" station, women are employed there for a period of two months to give them relief from the hot winds of the Central Canal Zone.

Our latest arrivals include Sergeant D. Argo who has taken over the duties of Chief Teleprinter Superintendent at G.H.Q., and Corporals Jobling and Mallilieu, who are Teleprinter Superintendents at H.Q. B.T.E. and Mediterranean Command.

We congratulate Lance-Corporal Gallagher and Privates Jones and Robertson on their splendid efforts at the Inter-Services swimming sports. Between them, they gained four firsts, two seconds and were in the winning relay team, thus making a great contribution towards winning the women's challenge cup for the W.R.A.C., Egypt.

Every month we say farewell to many who are homeward bound on release and Python, and we hope that they will recall with pleasure, not only hours spent swimming, sailing, riding and dancing, leaves in Malta and Cyprus, etc., but also the good work they have done for the Squadron.

2 WIRELESS REGIMENT
Cyprus

After a lapse of many months the Unit has again blossomed forth in the world of entertainment. A second other ranks dance was held and enjoyed by all those who attended; though the P.R.I. was away, the resulting debit should be gratifying to him, as it was quite small. Thanks are due to all who gave their help before, during and after the dance.

Squadron activities have been flourishing in the form of tombolas, whist drives and various tournaments. After 2 Squadron's successful socials 1 Squadron is planning a stag party for the near future.

Cricket has been the main feature of our sporting activities during the past month.

In the final match of the Famagusta-Larnaca League we played the Loyal Regiment's "A" team and emerged victorious by the comfortable margin of eight wickets. This result was largely due to the excellent bowling of Lieutenant Jordan and Sergeant Trueman; the latter captured six wickets at a very low cost and the former took the remaining four.

Scores: 1st Loyal Regiment "A" team 64 all out, 2 Wireless Regiment 82 for 2.

The final results in the league have now been published and show us at the top, sharing the position with 695 Coy. R.A.S.C. and the R.E. Establishments. The Area Committee has decided that these three teams shall play each other in order to establish a definite league champion team, which will in its turn play the league champions of the Nicosia Area, who are the R.A.F. "B" team. We have built up a fairly well-balanced team and are looking forward to winning the title.

This month the inter-section knock-out competition for the 14 Wireless Squadron cricket trophy is being played off. The most fancied team for this handsome trophy is a certain section of clerks, but even giants have been known to fall.

Basket ball has become very popular within the Unit and great battles rage every evening between sections and watches; according to information received there is not a great deal of difference between the standard of the various teams.

We are now beginning to look forward to wintertime sports. We hope to be able to put in the field teams for all games. One big advantage for the coming season will be the possession of a first-class hockey pitch, as the R.E.s have very kindly agreed to allow the Unit to use the newly constructed parade ground of the new camp. I am certain that the parade ground will be more popular utilised for this purpose than for that which it was normally intended.

Gardens in Barracks

OCTOBER, 1949

Sow wheat and rye. Remove young plants and trees about the new moon, observing this seasonable secret that in setting you carefully place those sides to the south and west which were so before you took up the plant; otherwise the cold will kill it.

Gather your remaining winter fruit. Set all kinds of nuts and acorns.

Cut roses but once in two years if you intend to have a store of roses.

XVIITH CENTURY LORE

NOW for the twentieth century, after the driest summer for very many years. This has put much of nature's time-table slightly adrift. For instance, the seed of the runner bean will be ready for taking before the end of October, its normal time. Select only the longest and most shapely pods from which to take the seed.

Learn also from the dry weather and note that land rich in manure held its moisture better. Those who relied only on chemical fertilisers must have suffered much. In other words, do dig in all the muck you can.

Clear the ground of spent crops as soon as possible. There are two reasons for this. After you have finished with a crop do not let it go on taking its food from the land. At the same time the sooner it is in the compost heap the sooner it is ready to go back into the land.

You can sow early peas, broad beans and winter lettuces in the South, and might with advantage try a sowing of brussels sprouts at the end of the month.

In the flower garden we should be filling borders with wallflowers and sweet-william (grown in the spring from our own seed), and if we are to plant any bulbs the sooner they are in the better.

And above all things, let there be rain.

MALAYA DISTRICT SIGNAL REGIMENT
Kuala Lumpur

If WIRE notes vary as the root of all evil (the manpower situation) then there would not be any this month and we should all be able to go back to our gardening and other pastimes. The gardening bug has certainly bitten us and the lines are enveloped in the aroma of sweet manure making sleep during the day, even in offices, quite out of the question.

This month has seen a new record in Signal services. A local D.R. having to accept a slightly outsize package—to whit, "one piano"—and not even registered!

"Once more unto the beach, dear friends, once more" is the slogan of the new week-end leave scheme to Port Dickson. We all look forward to the success of the scheme.

Sport. The striking event of the month has been the two-day cricket match—Singapore Signals versus Malaya Signals. The first day was disastrous for us, we managed to collect 45 all out and Singapore scored 173 for 7 declared, and it began to look as though we were out-classed—but no. The second day saw a magnificent revival and we scored 213 all out, leaving Singapore 40 minutes to get 91 to win. They made a first-class effort and raked in 64 for 3 before stumps were drawn. A very good match and congratulations to Sergeant Rawson and Signalman Winn on both reaching the half-century.

2 *SQUADRON, TAIPING.* The major task of moving the Sub-District H.Q. to a new site some four miles away with all the various communications involved has been accomplished with very few major "flaps."

The whole of the staff are more than delighted with our new C.B. switchboard, the luxury of not having to "ring and ring off" has made for an even happier relationship than usual between Staff and Signals.

Sergeant Rowe has proved that wireless is most certainly a misnomer, his aerial system is certainly more elaborate than Rugby's and if anyone ordered him to hoist the main topgallants there is certainly cordage enough to do it.

Our new transmitter station is a "thing of joy and a wonder to behold." The R.E.s have done us really well. Exhaust fans, inspection lights 6v., 12v. and 220 volt power plugs for the new 53s and 209s, rectification for battery charging and a first-class workshop and technical stores.

Despite the volume of work an upgrading course has been held for Owl III to II. It is whispered three candidates have been successful.

Due to operations leave is held up for a few weeks, but the O.C. having recently inspected the Sandycroft Leave Centre at Penang is urging all to take leave there whenever possible.

SIGNAL TROOP, 23 FIELD REGIMENT, R.A.
Hong Kong

We are at present in a pre-war barrack block in Kowloon, and have disentangled ourselves and stores from the ravages of the voyage. But this respite is momentary and by the time these notes are in print, we shall have been moved up country, and then perhaps we shall find out what this lovely country really is like.

We have spent a fair amount of time on training schemes, and have noticed, not without a certain amount of trepidation, quite a number of Signals blokes hoofing all over the place. Some lugging sets on their backs, and some just hoofing, but I mean, Signals hoofing it—it certainly makes your worthy scribe think twice.

One rather amusing incident which I think is worthy of mention. The Troop is lucky enough (or at least we thought so) in having an ardent entomologist among our number—to whit—Richard V. Brook.

Imagine our disappointment when our worthy "buggist," first met a harmless praying mantis—and ran!!! What an Army. P.S.—We have since derated him.

And that's about it for the present, except that I would like to extend our thanks and appreciation to G.H.Q. Signal Regiment, Singapore, who very kindly "fathered" us during our too short stay at Singapore. Thanks a lot.

G.H.Q. SIGNAL REGIMENT, FARELF

The District sports this year saw Lieutenant John Ridge running the 440 in fine form. Although he was second in the final it was an excellent performance.

Entries were prolific from literally dozens of Units. In the Inter-Unit Competition, G.H.Q. "B" team were first, Singapore District Signal Regiment were second, and G.H.Q. Signal Regiment third. Our Unit team won the Inter-Unit relay race and consisted of Lieutenant Batty (220), S.Q.M.S. Ford (220), Lieutenant Ridge (440) and Corporal Goodings (880).

Lieutenant Ridge was also second in the Singapore A.A.A. 440 the following week.

CARIBBEAN AREA SIGNAL SQUADRON
Kingston, Jamaica

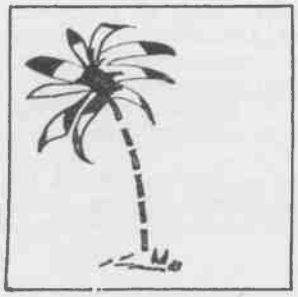
The F.S.S. Troop has many and varied commitments in such well-known places as Port Royal, Kingston and Newcastle. All the Troop have enjoyed a visit to Newcastle, the change-of-air station.

Our operating Troop mans H.Q. Signal Office and operates our wireless links with Bermuda and British Honduras. Sergeant Ferguson has just completed an inspection visit to our British Honduras detachment, and during his stay managed to see a little of Mexico. Since receiving the W.S. No. 53 in the area and the allotment of new accommodation, O. and M. Troops have worked very hard on our present transmitter station.

The Squadron is well represented in the sporting hfe of the area. Hockey—we reached the semi-final of the Area Cup, to be beaten 1—0 by the 1 Bn. Gloucestershire Regiment side in extra time. Our cricket XI has battled gamely against strong opposition and has not been without success.

Due to the relative strengths of our opponents in the soccer world, we have combined with the R.A.M.C. The association shows every sign of producing a side from which we can expect big things when the season opens in the near future.

Our Amateur Radio Club (Call sign V.P. 5 H.Q.) is still going strong. We experience no difficulty in making all the contacts we desire using 20 watts on 20 metres with a dipole aerial. Contacts with other Royal Signals "hams" would be welcome.



West Africa Command

NIGERIA SIGNAL SQUADRON

Lagos

The C.S.O. West Africa Command, Colonel C. H. Lydden, has visited us during the last month and appeared to be full of beans after his spot of leave in the U.K. On his departure he expressed his pleasure at everything he had seen, which is certainly satisfactory to all ranks.

Due to lack of reinforcements in the Command, training is very much at a standstill, all available "bods" are hard pressed in handling the normal communications commitments.

Sports. With the waning of the rainy season football is on its way out and in that sphere we have had our most successful season ever. The African team finished top of the league and in the combined African-European League the Squadron team finished as runners-up. Cricket is now the order of the day, and just as "muscle-looseners" we have played several friendly games with local European clubs and we hope to have just as much success this season as last.

We find it very difficult to condense our notes to conform with the Editor's demands and our only hope is that all Corps personnel to give the journal the support that is really due to such a fine publication.

Until that support is forthcoming it is regretted that information relating to the movements of B.N.C.O.s to and from West Africa will have to be suspended.

SIERRA LEONE SIGNAL SQUADRON

Freetown

There are few points worthy of note this time. Firstly, a pigeon loft has been erected near to the Signal office at Tower Hill and Corporal ("Q") Martin who savvies the pigeon palaver is in charge. We have approximately 24 birds and additions are expected shortly. We hope shortly to be operating a pigeon service to Daru. Not forgetting the one Corporal Martin is believed to have sent to U.K., which should return any day now with a "Red Cabbage."

Now the Daru link has just opened up and Sergeant "Slim" Harding can be heard at 5's on C.W., but as yet no sound of his noble voice on R/T. Maybe old "Slim" is lost for words!!!

The rains are still troublesome and our line parties are well occupied owing to this.

We have had some heavy reverses at football, but hockey and cricket are just starting and maybe we will shine more brightly at these.

ZDIBD still operates on 14 and 28 mc's.

Do you know the address of your local Branch of the Signals Association? If not, write to the General Secretary, 88 Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1.

OFFICIAL CAR BADGE

The badge illustrated above is the only official car badge for Royal Signals, and is obtained from the headquarters of the Association, 88 Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1. Price **£1 : 10 : 0**

We understand an unauthorised copy is on sale at some retail shops at £2 : 10 : 0

Verb Sap!

12 A.A. GROUP (M) SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.

Bristol

Our annual camp was held at Haxland, near Exbury, Hants, as it was last year. This compact little camp with its delightful surroundings set seal to what proved to be another extremely successful camp.

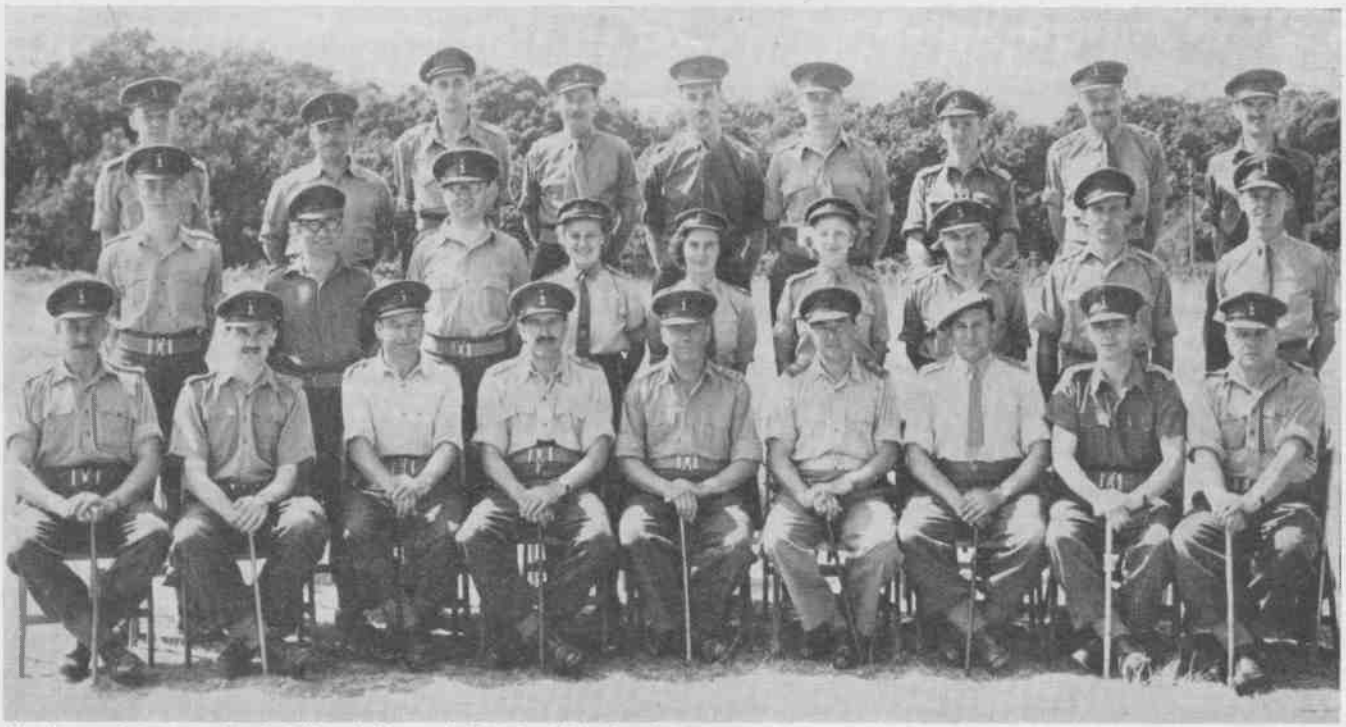
This year our Regular counterpart, 2 A.A. (M.) Signal Regiment, shared the camp with us. This arrangement was admirable, as it enabled the resources of both Units to be pooled to mutual advantage.

Technical and general training was carried out with great enthusiasm. A high percentage of the Unit gained a trade rating for the first time, while a number were upgraded in their various trades.

Training visits were also well to the fore. A party of 50 went to the School of Infantry at Warminster to see the "Attack" demonstration, and parties went to Southampton to see the working of a telephone exchange, and to Fareham to observe the functions of the A.A.O.R.

The weather was wonderful, and practically everyone bathed in the afternoons. We give full marks to the person who had Haxland Camp built near the best part of the beach. We were able to do relays of sailing on the Solent, thanks to the presence of mind of our Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel R. B. Ridley Martin, in borrowing a whaler from the R.A.F. at Calshot. We had some very happy times sailing—but the mud at low tide!

Junior Commander J. M. S. Lewis and R.S.M. K. B. Ulrich, W.R.A.C. Adviser and R.S.M. of 12 A.A. Signal Regiment, T.A., at Haxland Camp



Members of the combined Officers' Mess of 12 A.A. (M) Signal Regiment, T.A., and 2 A.A. Group (M) Signal Regiment, with their respective Commanding Officers, Lieutenant-Colonel R. B. Ridley Martin and Lieutenant-Colonel J. R. Beeton, at Haxland Camp

Camp sports were held on Saturday, 20th August, when visitors were invited. It was awfully hot, and the competitors in the obstacle race looked as if they enjoyed putting their heads into buckets of water when ducking for apples—at least they felt cooler afterwards.

A church parade service was held on Sunday 21st, conducted by the Reverend J. B. V. White, D.A.C.G. 2 A.A. Group. The sun was so very hot that the service had to be held in the Officers' Mess marquee. We were very glad the Padre was able to spend the whole week-end with us.

There was quite a tropical flavour about our film shows. These were held in the open air as soon as dusk fell, and were most popular with the men and girls.

Our entertainments committee worked overtime and produced, at very short notice, an excellent concert, which was held in Exbury Village Hall, followed by a camp dance.

Cricket and football matches were played against local teams, and between the two resident Regiments. The honours, we are glad to say, were more or less even, as they were in the netball match between the W.R.A.C. of 2 and 12 Regiments. The highlight of such organised games was the netball match between the military officers and the W.R.A.C. of 2 Regiment. The W.R.A.C. were very rough, trying to combat the zeal with which the officers played!

Another great occasion was the payment of the T.A. bounties. The troops felt very rich and spent lots of money in the tented N.A.A.F.I., which was found to be a great asset. The payment of the bounties may have been the reason behind organised trips to the Isle of Wight! Each Squadron of 12 Regiment organised its own little party, too.

51 L. OF C. (CITY OF LONDON) SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.

The most important event since our last report and before our annual training was a R.E.M.E. inspection of Unit vehicles. The R.S.M. and some of the P.S.I.s and T.A. personnel had worked very hard on the vehicles with the result that the inspectors could not fault any of them on even the smallest detail. Never had vehicles been in better mechanical order internally or in appearance externally; even the inspectors were impressed and went out of their way later to say so. Congratulations to all concerned !

A snooker handicap held by our P.S.I.s was won by our Political Commissar W.O.II. Lundie. It may have been the handicapping, or it may have been the knowledge he has of the table that brought him out on top.

After a very full fortnight of concentrated effort the Adjutant and the orderly room staff produced all the orders and instructions needed for camp. Not a single duty had been forgotten.

Crowborough Warren Camp from the first day seemed successful and after the first full week and week-end everyone agreed that 1949 annual training was outstanding. The weather justified all the tropical shirts which were brought in almost everyone's kit.

We were visited on different days by the C.S.O. London District, the C.S.O. Eastern Command and the Director of Signals. The director stayed to the Officers' Mess guest night and we felt deeply grateful for this honour. This visit put the seal on a most enjoyable evening when many old friends including Majors Gammage, Fisher (8th Army Signals), Brandle and Barley were with us.

On the middle Sunday a specially chartered bus brought many families and friends to the camp. After drinks in the W.O.'s and Sergeants' Mess everyone sat down to lunch while the officers of the Regiment acted as baby watchers. A quiet unorganised (not Mr. Editor *dis*organised) afternoon followed, and then after tea the families returned to London convinced that the T.A. is an excellent institution.

The following day training started again in earnest with a day on the open ranges at Langney Point. Lance-Corporal Ashford achieved the highest score with Signalman Allen a good second. Later in the week we had our second 48 hour exercise and, in spite of a great shortage in all trades that gave every man and woman at least two jobs to do, the scheme went according to plan and moves were carried out on time. The Quartermaster, Major Freemantle, and his staff achieved a great deal with very little equipment and everyone had enormous hot suppers, a very welcome breakfast and almost unlimited tea in the field. Well done the Q !

Just to prove that we were not tired in spite of the scheme, we held a dance on the Thursday evening for all ranks in the W.O.'s and Sergeants' Mess. Here we proved to the limit that the W.R.A.C. are the making of our post-war army, and now everyone is wondering how we ever got on without them.

True to tradition the inter-squadron guard mounting competition was held on the last day; this year No. 2 Squadron won.

This had been our first experience of a post-war T.A. permanent camp. The administration of the camp by the Life Guards was first class, the food and cooking of the Army Catering Corps headed by Sergeant Stokes broke all records, and if we have to continue with this sort of annual training in the future we can only hope that the others will come up to Crowborough Warren standards.

We start our winter training and a full programme of social activities at the end of September. All old friends, acquaintances and prospective recruits will always be welcome on Tuesday nights at Atkins Road. Any help that they can give to assist us in achieving our immediate object of doubling our numbers will make them even more welcome.

11 A.A. (M) SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A. Brompton Road, S.W.2

21 Squadron (Brentford) acted as hosts to 20 Squadron (Chatham) during the week-end 13th/14th August. The trip from Chatham by 20 Squadron was used for driving instruction and after arrival at Brentford a combined Signal office scheme was held. At the social in the evening there was not a dull face to be seen. At 2300 hours the party broke up and the lady hosts escorted their lady guests to their homes whilst the men were accommodated at the Drill Hall. They were all reunited at the Drill Hall the following morning for an excellent breakfast prepared and organised by two of 21 Squadron who happen to be caterers in civvy street. At 1100 hours a combined convoy left for Godstone which proved of great value to the drivers and D.R.s. Haversack rations were consumed on arrival and after lunch a very friendly cricket match was held on the village green much to the merriment of the villagers. At 1600 hours the game ended and the Squadrons returned to their respective H.Q.s having proved to all concerned that work and pleasure, on occasions, do mix.

On the 27th August a minor recruiting show was held in Hammersmith where we used the Town Hall P.A. equipment to some advantage. Greatest interest was shown in the wire recorder and it was obvious from the results that some members of the general public were under the impression that we were B.B.C. talent spotters in disguise.

STOP PRESS! It is with great pride that we report that this Unit is supplying the marshals for the international six-day motor cycle trial to be held in Wales 10th/18th September, 1949. It is a great honour and a fitting climax to 12 months of hard work put in by our D.R.s and will prove to be of inestimable value for the future. Full *resume* and photographs in the next issue of THE WIRE.

"FLAK"

21 CORPS SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.

Derby

At the time of writing these notes, the Unit is busily engaged in overhauling stores and equipment in readiness for the forthcoming training season, whilst training programmes are being prepared. Some of the moments in lighter vein are being recalled from camp days, and it is hoped, not without profit. One such is worthy of mention here—on an exercise, a certain Captain was detailed to act as Corps Commander, and duly installed himself in the staff compartment of his L.C.V. So seriously did he take his part, that an unsuspecting colleague, calling to pass the time of day, was greeted with flashing eyes and a stentorian "GET OUT!" whilst a lines officer was severely reprimanded for some sin of omission, ending with a stern demand for his name. He was, however, able to retrieve his position at a later stage of the exercise, when he was informed that his name would be forwarded to his C.O. with a commendation. It is, of course, just the kind of thing that might happen under operational conditions, and a touch of realism of this kind helped the scheme along in fine style.

The Unit was represented at the motor-cycle trials held recently, by No. 5 Training Regiment at Barnard Castle. Captain "Ronnie" O'Dell won the competition on the greatest number of points. Lieutenant Peter Shepherdson also competed; and had it been possible to put a third competitor in the field, assuming he completed the course, even with loss of points, the Unit would have won the team prize.

Major J. R. S. Grimwood-Taylor abandoned his bachelor state at Stratford-on-Avon on 3rd September, and so, when the business part of the Unit officers' quarterly meeting was concluded, on 31st August, opportunity was taken to present him with a suitably inscribed silver salver, as a token of esteem from the officers of the Unit. This gift also bore facsimile signatures of those who had joined in the presentation. All friends of Major Grimwood-Taylor will join the present writer in wishing all the very best to bride and groom.

"JONAH"

51 (H) INFANTRY DIVISIONAL SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.

Aberdeen

We now lay claim to the distinction of being one of the first T.A. Regiments to have gone to annual camp, since its reconstitution in 1947, entirely under its own auspices. The R.A.F. station, Montrose, very kindly allowed us to camp on their sports field, and the Regiment went under canvas on the 16th July. The advance party had done magnificent work, and we found everything ready for us.

Training this year was carried out collectively under Major D. Love. The first Monday and Tuesday were set aside for brushing up our individual qualifications. On Wednesday we had our first try-out at an exercise, followed by a full-scale Regimental exercise on Thursday. At the beginning of the second week there was another "warming up" exercise, which was followed by a two-day exercise run by R.H.Q.

Social events included guest night in the Officers' Mess, smokers in the Sergeants' Mess and the men's canteen; a concert run by the Y.M.C.A., and the Regimental Sports Day.

On Saturday afternoon we followed this up with the officers' golf competition, in which Captain Gordon Mackinnon won the coveted "Jimmy" the Niblick. The sports day was a great success. Over 400 wives and friends attended from Aberdeen, Stirling and Dundee. Sports were conducted on the tabloid system and Mrs. Birnie Reid kindly presented the prizes to the winning team from No. 2 Squadron, who also won the cups for the lines competition and the intercommunication race. No. 1 Squadron came home with the cup for the drill competition. After the sports, tea was provided for all by the Y.M.C.A. In the sphere of football we pride ourselves in defeating the station team of the R.A.F. on two occasions, no mean performance, as they had an almost unbeaten record at that time.

It was with pride that we watched the pipe band beating "Retreat" every evening. It was a grand sight to see them. Camp is never the same without the "Hey Johnny Cope" and even "For he's a man for a' that."

Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess. It was grand to see all Warrant Officers and Sergeants from Aberdeen, Stirling and Dundee together for the first time since the reforming of the 51 (H.) Division Signals. We regret having to pull down the Mess after the pleasant fortnight that we spent, but at least we have some very happy memories to look back on.

Our first big evening was on Thursday, 21st July, when the concert party artistes, who had given a performance to the other ranks in the Y.M.C.A., adjourned to the Mess, where they were entertained and entertaining. Quite a few Mess members realised they had vocal chords that evening!

The camp smoker was held on Sunday, 24th July, and I have not the slightest doubt, was thoroughly enjoyed by all who attended. We were honoured by the presence of the Honorary Colonel (Colonel E. Birnie Reid, O.B.E., T.D.), who took the opportunity of congratulating Sergeant Charlie Mathieson on his most plucky conduct in assisting the civil police in quelling a disturbance in Montrose. The Regimental Officers' Mess was fully represented and we were agreeably surprised by the excellent vocal entertainment rendered. It was a pity that we were unable to continue listening to Major Love's "short stories" as they were greatly appreciated by everybody.

50 AIR FORMATION SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.

Wolverhampton

Western Command Weapon Training Meeting, 1949. Knowing that we should be firing against the best shots in the Command, it was with no little alarm that we entered teams in several matches for Regular and T.A. personnel at Western Command Weapon Training Meeting, at Altcar Ranges, near Liverpool on 3rd/4th eSptember.

Although we did not win any of the excellent trophies and tankards on view, the Regiment did very well at its first showing.

Lieutenant-Colonel C. E. Calveley (Commanding Officer) and Major R. D. Thirsk (Second-in-Command), whilst not winning the T.A. Officers' match, now know how small a small snapshooting target really looks at 300 yards. R.S.M. E. Launders did quite well in the Regular Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' match. Our best results were obtained by Driver Gibbs and Craftsman Hunt, who came equal 19th in the Corporals and Privates match out of 129 competitors.

In the T.A. Unit team match we came 13th out of 23, those in front of us being largely infantry units. The falling plate match proved the most exciting event to watch, and we were knocked out in the quarter final.

Taking part in this competition has been most valuable experience for most practices involved timed fire and movement. We were the only T.A. Signal Regiment taking part, but we shall be there again next year, when we hope to see some other T.A. Signal Units present.

Congratulations to Lance-Corporal Peters of Western Command Signal Regiment, who won the match for Corporals and Privates from Regular Army Units.

43 (Wx.) Infantry Divisional Signal Regiment at Fremington Camp, 1949

60 H.Q. SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.
Edinburgh

Since our last contribution the Regimental H.Q. has moved from picturesque Edinburgh Castle to more convenient offices at 10 Stafford Street, Edinburgh.

Annual camp this year was held at Cultybraggan Camp, Comrie, Perthshire, from 16th to 30th July, and all Squadrons attended. The weather was excellent and many exercises were held around such famous places as Gleneagles, St. Fillans, Lochearnhead, Glen Ogle and Crianlariach. Excellent results were obtained from training carried out and it says a lot for everybody concerned that all personnel are making earnest enquiries as to the possibilities of having another camp as soon as possible.

Our despatch riders put in some hard training and quite a few of them must have aspirations to become speedway stars and certainly started the hard way—by having spills. Luckily only the machines were damaged.

Visitors to the camp were numerous and on Monday, 25th July, Lord Provost Warren of Glasgow honoured us. The Lord Provost has been associated with the Corps for many years and knew "all the answers." However, he must have been impressed by the work he saw being carried out during his visit.

Families Day, on 27th July, was a "roaring" success. During the afternoon 153 Highland Brigade sports were held in the camp and some very fine performances were put up. The members of the combined 60 H.Q. Army Signal Regiment and 50 L. of C. Signal Regiment Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Messes entertained the families to lunch and tea and in general did hosts to all other ranks families.

A cricket match was played against a local club at Aberfeldy and although beaten, our team put up a very good show and gave the locals a very good game. The game was played in continuous rain and the star of the match was our Q.M., Captain A. Dale.

The Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess activities during the fortnight were full of "good nights" and the culminating point was reached when they held a dance in the public hall, Comrie, on 28th July. Everybody of importance was there and the caterer was kept busy the whole evening. However, this part of the proceedings was in the capable hands of S.Q.M.S. C. Lowe, ably assisted by S.S.M.s Brooks and Denholm. The dance was a fitting end to a grand camp and it was with regret that we came to the end of the dance and camp and left Comrie.

This month has brought a very sad occasion—the retirement of our Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel H. N. Crawford, M.B.E., A.M.I.E.E. He will be remembered by "old-timers" of the Corps for his work with the Signals display team which I am sure will bring back memories to ex-members of the Mounted Wing. The C.O.'s "pet love" has always been the display team and he had much to do with its successful tour of Scotland during recent months. We wish all the very best of everything, sir, in your new life, and at the same time welcome your successor, Lieutenant-Colonel A. B. McVittie, O.B.E., and hope his tour of duty will be as happy as yours has been.

22 CORPS SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.
Liverpool

On 19th June our Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel A. Ellison, M.B.E., T.D., took the Unit to camp at Kinmel Park, where we joined 62 H.Q. L of C Signals for everything except training. The weather was ideal and if at times it combined with our surroundings to remind us of Burmese Transit Camps, it certainly made for a delightful annual camp.

The first week was devoted to enthusiastic training by Squadrons, while in the second week our three day scheme gave us a splendid start with its highlight a visit from our C.S.O., and reached its climax on 1st July when we were honoured by a visit from the C.I.G.S., Field Marshal Sir William Slim who watched the linemen building a rather smart spaced cable route, the operators working a mobile signal office, and three wireless detachments.

Our recreational life was not neglected and inter Unit cricket and sport was enjoyed. The most exciting match was the Officers v W.O.s and Sergeants, which was won by the latter by one run in the last over allowed.

On Friday, 24th June, the officers held a guest night at which the principal guests were the C.S.O., Brigadier E. V. McCormack, C.B.E., and Colonel E. de Winton Bradley, C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., D.L., retiring secretary of the West Lancs

T.A. Association, and a very pleasant evening gave us an opportunity to say a rather sad farewell to Colonel Bradley who has been such a good friend to us all.

On June 25th we held a motor-cycle trial which was made easier by the absence of any real mud, but some very good performances made it extremely exciting. The winner was Corporal Lloyd and second place was taken by Signalman Dale, Signalman Blackwood was third.

We must not end these notes without expressing our sincere thanks to Lieutenant-Colonel K. F. Woodham T.D., and all ranks of 62 H.Q. L of C Signals for their wonderful co-operation in making this camp such a remarkable one.

When camp was becoming just a happy memory, No. 1 Squadron was again busy building lines for the Altcar motor cycle races, which were held under the auspices of the West Lancashire T.A. Association on 23rd July. The races were opened by a ride-past by our D.R.s, were a great success, and we tried to blush modestly as far as linemen can, at the congratulations which were offered us for completing a good job. We have been asked to oblige again next year as we feel rather happy about the whole thing.

On 1st September we met again to commence our winter training and everyone seemed to be delighted to be back at Score Lane.

Sergeant Hiscott took some of his intrepid satellites to 4th A.A. group motor cycle trials where, after an exciting day they had the satisfaction of taking second place among the N.W. District entrants. They returned to Liverpool tired, happy and determined to do even better in the forthcoming Western Command trials.

ARMY PHANTOM SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.
(The Princess Louise's Kensington Regiment)
Hammersmith

After our return from camp at the end of July, H.Q. was closed for training until 17th August and thereafter Squadron training was resumed.

During the week-end 10th/11th September, the Regimental rifle meeting was held at Bisley under ideal conditions and the C.O., Lieutenant-Colonel R. Wasey, M.B.E., T.D., won the Class "A" individual championship with Sergeant Isley runner-up, and Captain A. E. B. Foxwell won the Class "B" with Signalman Keene runner-up. For the second year running "H.Q." Squadron "A" team won the Inter-Squadron cup and shield and their "B" team was second. In the grades match the Sergeants were first, the Corporals and Signalmen second and the Officers third. The O.C.A. sent a team down to fire against the Regiment and although the Regiment won, tribute must be paid to the excellent shooting of the "old and bold."

1/20 (SM) ARMY SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.
Birmingham

September

Ukann Larfe, the celebrated detective, stepped into his bath with a heavy heart. Things were not going at all well. He let the warm scented water run round and watched his plastic duck with lack lustre eyes. He felt extremely uncomfortable. After thinking about this for a few minutes he got out of the bath and took off his clothes. The amazing detective's usually keen brain had been missing on one cylinder for over a week. He was quite unable to find a solution to the case on which he had been engaged since July, and now we find our hero wondering what case he is supposed to be working on. Sir Vim Wright, N.B.G. (with crossed swords) called immediately after dinner and managed to stop his car in a corner of the dining room. His brakes were not very good. "Look what you've done to my french windows," said Ukann Larfe angrily.

"Oh, there you are," laughed the baronet. "May I come in?"

(To be continued)

I heard a jolly good story while I was in Bournemouth last month. It seems that there were two Signalmen wearing berets—

Uncle Alf: What! In the street?

Me: Of course.

Uncle Alf: What nonsense. Get on and tell us about 1/20 Army Signal Regiment T.A.

Oh yes. Well, beyond assuring you that this healthy Regiment is still going strong and that recruits continue to join, there isn't much to say.

A general sort-out of stores and equipment is going on now that annual camp is just a memory, and the winter training programme is about to get into top gear. No one will be idle. The Sergeants' Mess has been redesigned as to its interior and is, for the moment, a joy to behold. Members and visitors are invited to present bits and pieces for the high ledge running round the entire wall. I would try this idea at my house if I had enough cheek. Curiously enough, it is working very well. Congratulations to "Pedlar" Palmer on reaching R.Q.M.S. It is time this job was filled, but we choose carefully in this Regiment, if you see what I mean. Also to Sergeants L. Abbotts and A. D. O'Grady on arriving at the Regimental museum—beg yer pardon, the Sergeants' Mess.

Lieutenant S. K. Hodgkinson leaves us for Newcastle on change of residence and our very good wishes for the future go with him. Also my indelible pencil.

I suppose you have heard about the economy blonde at the Fiddlers Arms?

What? The one with no waist?

Oh blow! You know it then. BARLEUX

96 A.G.R.A. (A.A.) SIGNAL SQUADRON, T.A.
Atherton, Lancs

Camp having come and gone, August has been a comparatively quiet month. Administrative work has been proceeding steadily, getting things "ship shape and Bristol fashion" for the recommencement of training, which started on the 2nd September. Judging by the number of men we have lost to the Regular Forces and the number who have made unsuccessful attempts to get freed from coal mining to join up, camp must have been very much to the lads' liking. Even many of those who have not attempted to get into the Forces have complained of being "browned off" since returning to work. Still, I expect we shall all settle down again when winter training gets into its swing.

Shortly after return from camp the title of the Squadron was changed officially from 94 A.G.R.A. to 95 A.G.R.A. (A.A.) Signal Squadron, T.A., although we are still in the same location. We hope to be able to start splitting the Squadron up into troops during the winter and getting some actual A.G.R.A. training in instead of the more or less general Signal basic training that we had last winter.

STOP PRESS

All ranks of Royal Signals will wish to congratulate Major-General Sir Hubert Rance, G.C.M.G., G.B.E., C.B. (who, incidentally, is Honorary Colonel of 51 L. of C. Signal Regiment, T.A.), on his latest appointment as Governor and C.-in-C. of Trinidad and Tobago.

Signals Activities
IN A PRISON CAMP

By **Captain R. F. BROWN,** *Royal Signals*

This is the story of a sidelight on Signals activities inside a prison camp on the island of Crete.

In the early days of 1941, a troop of the Middlesex Yeomanry was suddenly detached from the unit and sent to Crete as a mobile wireless section. Arriving on the island without transport, the section soon spread 9-set detachments round the various New Zealand and Australian battalions, and settled down to the job of providing internal communications for Creforce. When the island had fallen, a few members of the troop found themselves together again, but this time behind barbed wire. After delighted greetings and long " grips " they settled down to the boredom of prison life. It was soon found that one had to work to keep sane; the difficulty was to find a job that didn't involve too much hard work, and at the same time provide some extra food. Amongst the various jobs collected by Yeomen was one of camp electrician. This consisted of operating a Petter lighting set to provide power for the Germans guarding the camp, it also afforded quite good opportunities for scrounging.

The Huns had, in the normal manner of troops, obtained several radio sets. As they were of all vintages from Marconi's first model, they began to require attention, but being a guard battalion they had no tradesmen qualified to do radio repairs. They called in the P.W. electrician who, scenting the possibilities of odd cigarettes coming his way, repaired one set and was astonished to receive ten cigarettes. There was much smoke in the Signals tent that night and it was decided that it was a good thing, fully approved by the Geneva Convention. Following the repair of this set, along came others. In the process of repairing a set the electrician had picked up the B.B.C. and heard the news in spite of the fact that he was being watched by a guard, fortunately a dull one. Having listened to the news on two occasions, it eventually penetrated his prison-dulled skull that it would be a good thing if the rest of the chaps could also hear it. One of the worst things in a P.W. camp was the absence of reliable information. The German news was obstinately disbelieved, and the few Greeks who had contact with working parties were the arch-priests of wishful thinking.

The owner of the next set to be produced for repair was told that it could only be repaired in the P.W. compound where certain, entirely ficticious, equipment was held. Stupidly, he believed the story and got permission for the set to be taken inside. The only electricity in the compound had been put in a tent workshop run by P.W.s operating the camp M.T. and the set was rigged up there. Surrounded by tensely expectant P.W.s, the set was switched on just in time to hear the chimes of Big Ben followed by the once familiar sound of the announcer's voice. The news wasn't good but at least it was true, and settled an argument as to the whereabouts of the Russo-German front line. The news was safely heard, and even a spot of music was listened to, until one of the chaps, on watch outside, put his head inside the tent and said he could hear the noise 15 yards away. That was the end of the biggest thrill of years. The set was duly returned and the odd cigarettes collected. The supply of cigarettes had now become so plentiful that a certain P.W., who shall be nameless, acquired an enormous pipe, later to become known as " the pride of the lager," in which he could smoke a week's supply of butt ends or " doofers " as the Aussies called them.

The M.T. P.W.s, having heard the first radio news for many moons, became wireless minded and studied the possibilities of doing a little looting for the benefit of the camp. One day the miracle happened, a driver came into the camp carrying a battery operated set. This was ideal as it meant that if required, the set could be moved around the camp independently of any mains supply. Concealment was not a major problem, as in the compound was a large brick building occupied by an R.A.S.C. field bakery section who were captured " lock, stock and barrel." Amongst their stock was a large supply of dried yeast kept in tins similar to 4-gallon flimsies. The bottom of one of these was removed, a false top with a layer of yeast inserted, and the set divested of its cabinet and speaker, was installed. It had been decided for security reasons not to use the speaker, so that was dropped down a latrine along with the cabinet. Who would go and dig there? Two problems arose; the need for a 6-volt accumulator and some headphones. Both were solved quite simply. Having found an old accumulator, the first truck to come to the bakery had its battery smartly removed and the old one put in its place. Strangely enough the truck had to be pushed to restart it, but the escorting Hun did not notice anything wrong. All recharging was done by this method. A handset from a Tele " F " was used instead of headphones. This came from the German office inside the compound. The Germans used to go for their evening meal at 5.30 p.m. and rarely returned, so just before 6 o'clock the electrician used to nip into the tent and borrow the handset, returning it after the news.

Having got the set going the snag was, that only one man could listen at a time; luckily, one of the partners in crime with the electrician, Freddie, a secretary in civilian life, was a shorthand expert, so he took down the news with the aid of the handset and later translated it for the benefit of the community. The daily theft of the handset became a bit difficult after a time, so word was put round the working parties that headphones or handsets were needed. The results were embarassing, so many were brought in that some met with the fate of the loudspeaker. One individual, " Kate " Carney of Riding Troop and Commando fame, came into the camp one evening with the grin of a Cheshire cat on his face. He opened the front of his slacks and hauled out by its cord a Tele " F " handset. This had dangled inside his trousers all day! Unfortunately, someone had previously sabotaged it by removing the diaphragm.

The risk of getting caught spreading the news was minimised by a New Zealand padre who held a service every evening. After prayers he would announce the news in the best B.B.C. manner. The Germans must have been impressed by the large number of regular churchgoers in the camp. The morale of the camp improved considerably, it may have been the services, probably was, but Signals thought they had something to do with it.

After the set had been in use for some months a scare was caused through the Huns using half the bakery as a guard room, but they left the bakehouse and the store, where the set was hidden, to the P.W.s, so the news came

in nightly next door to the guard. An alarm drill had already been laid on and was quite efficient. The aerial became a line of washing, the set disappeared into its tin and the battery turned into a footstool. Before listening, a hand of cards was always dealt out and it was only a matter of seconds before a group of conspiratorial listeners became a school of card sharps. There were only two alarms and the drill worked perfectly, the visiting Huns were not invited to play cards however.

Shortly after Christmas, 1941, as a result of some indiscreet rejoicing over the capture of Benghazi, the Germans made a snap search of the camp. Many interesting finds were made, including two pairs of very large wire cutters and a camera, but no radio was brought to light. The only losses to Signals were some painfully acquired spare valves, these had been hurriedly dumped into the latrine, a well-designed 10ft. six-seater model, the usual receptacle for dangerous contraband. A few days later rumours spread round the camp that all the remaining P.W.s were to be sent to the mainland. The electrician, who had for some weeks past been making plans to escape, bequeathed the set to the bakers—he and Freddie were the last of Signals to remain in the camp—and packed up his one shirt and some long accumulated hard rations. Freddie did likewise, and one very wet night they got out of the camp and made a beeline for the mountains where they wandered around for seven months before getting back to North Africa, but that's another story!

Doubtless many other camps had their secret sets, the P.W.s in Japanese hands made some remarkable ones from next to nothing, but it was nearly always Signals who took the chances and provided a most welcome news service which, without question was an antidote to all the propaganda served up by one's captors. Finally, a suggestion for future "Q" sheets; ability to make and maintain from old iron, bamboo shoots or fig leaves, and old bottles, one radio set of any type capable of receiving the B.B.C.

"ELECTRICIAN"

The Chain

By **GORDON TRASLER**

AS a consulting psychiatrist, one meets from day to day many unusual people, and one hears some strange stories. Nevertheless, I confess I was profoundly startled by the story that Smithson had to tell . . .

I was sitting at my desk in my London consulting room when nurse came in to say that a man had arrived in a great state of agitation, and seemed desperately anxious to see me at once. This was most inconvenient, for I had finished my consultations for the day, but nurse was obviously impressed by his anxiety, and I consented to see him.

As he entered my room I saw at once that he was a very sick man. He was tall, and had been handsome, but his face was clouded by the cold, grey pallor of fear, and his hair was quite white. I asked him to sit down, which he did abruptly, at the same time turning upon me a look of most harrowing dread. My interest aroused, I asked him to tell his story in his own way.

He did not speak immediately, but fumbled with twitching fingers in the pockets of his waistcoat. He pulled out two little gold monkeys of the kind frequently seen among the native treasures of Central Africa, but small and exquisitely wrought, and evidently of some value. Attached to the neck of each was a thin chain of steel. He placed these upon the table with trembling fingers, and seemed unable to take his eyes from them. Then slowly and hesitantly, he began his story.

"I am interested in science, and I studied geology at Oxford. When I had got my degree I found myself without money, and I had to look around quickly for a job. By chance I met with a man named Rakers, whom I had known well at school, and who was also studying geology. He seemed very glad to see me, and presently declared his intention of journeying to the Congo to search for oil deposits, which he firmly believed to exist in that area. After some demur, I was finally persuaded to accompany him, and together we collected the necessary funds and instruments from friends, and set out for Africa.

"When we disembarked, we found that we had greatly underestimated the difficulty of our task. Rakers had planned to start operations about 200 miles from the sea, and progress along the fevered banks of the Congo was desperately slow. Week after week we battled along, with but two native porters to assist us, while the scalding sun beat relentlessly upon our heads, and the humid stench of the undergrowth filled our nostrils.

"You will appreciate the effect that such conditions have on the mind of a man. We, who had been such close friends, became suspicious and morose, toiling along in silence, without acknowledging the presence of the other. We began to suspect one another of petty theft, and we guarded our belongings furtively. Then one day Rakers found these two images in a heap of rubble in a cave—all that remained of some unfortunate explorer. He tried to conceal them from me, but I had seen them, so we took one apiece.

"Now we had something of real value, and our suspicions were redoubled. Finally, we wrought a chain of steel for each, and watched sullenly while a native porter welded each man's property closely around his neck. The chains grew hot and tight in the sun, but we knew that no-one could seize our property—while we lived.

"By now we were within 50 miles of our goal, and the jungle had become so thick that we were obliged to hack a path with our great broad jungle knives. God knows for how many days we toiled along, yard by yard, and each day our hatred grew. I could feel the life slowly ebbing from me as the heat took its toll; and all the time one thought re-echoed in my aching brain—the monkey! *He must not get my monkey.* Then one day my brain failed, and I remembered nothing more until I found myself struggling back alone along the path that we had made.

"Rakers was not with me, and at first I thought that he had struck me down for my treasure. I felt feverishly at my throat; the monkey was still there. I realised that I was holding the other in my hand—Rakers' one. Then I knew the vile thing that I had done—my God, doctor—*the chain was not broken!*

Association Notes

Headquarters

Brig. E. J. Murphy, C.B.E.—Miss Ann Clementi-Smith

All members of the Association will be pleased to learn of the marriage between Brigadier E. J. Murphy, C.B.E., our late General Secretary, and Miss Ann Clementi-Smith, who so ably ran the welfare side of the Association for so many years.

We wish them both the best of luck and happiness, and we shall always be delighted to welcome them either at H.Q. or branches, and so keep in touch with the Association for which they both gave such valuable services.

Sheffield and District

On Sunday, 14th August, the Social Committee arranged a very enjoyable trip by coach to Harrogate and Knaresborough. The weather was kind, and the party had a splendid time.

Just a further reminder that the first formal meeting of the coming season will be held at our old and very popular haunt, the D.E.G.A. Club, Collegiate Crescent, Sheffield, and all members and prospective members will be welcome; the day is the usual fourth Wednesday, 26th October.

Advance information is to hand that a grand dance has been arranged at the Glossop Road Baths, Sheffield, on Friday, 18th November. The Corps dance band, we are assured, will be in attendance. All Royal Signals personnel, serving or retired, will be heartily welcomed.

"JONAH"

Bournemouth

We've had quite a sociable month, including, at long last, a visit from some of the holidaymakers at Mercury House. Among those present was the legendary figure of "Barleux," who looked remarkably fit in spite of his Birmingham worries. We also managed to put on a combined op. with some of the members of the local Wren Association to a very happy evening at the R.A.C. Depot Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess; as a matter of fact, some of us are still a little bleary-eyed—let me hasten to add that that state is due to the lateness of the hour of our return and to no other reason, I think. It is a good sign that our social activities are being better attended now and makes the job of arranging them more worth while, at least it does away with the worry of whether we can get a coach to hold ten people.

"KELB"

Bristol

The Annual Dinner has been arranged at the Grand Hotel for Saturday, 19th November.

The Annual Dance, details of which will be announced later, will be held at the Whiteladies Ballroom.

Birmingham

I am not sure that I should be writing Birmingham notes this time, having spent the greater part of the past month in Bournemouth. What is more, I stayed at Mercury House, and if I don't tell you something about it I shall probably be shot at dawn, or at such time as may be convenient to all parties. I wonder what sort of things you look for in a family hotel. Mercury House seems to have all of them anyway. Personally, I look for something to complain about wherever I go. At Mercury House for instance, there was no big York ham on the sideboard for guests to pick at.

Apart from this regrettable deficiency, the food and service left nothing to be desired. Even the waitress was a heart-throb. The whole place is beautifully clean and the kitchen is looked after by someone who obviously knows all about that sort of thing. The company present during my stay was first class. I will not tell you their names, but as we hadn't met for many years you may take it for granted that many reputations were dug up, torn to pieces and reburied. I had no idea that *tempus* could *fugit* so fast. What else do you want to know? Take your own soap and towels and carry a few two-penny stamps so that you can send a post-card somewhere without waiting for Monday. The machines often run dry at week-ends.

Book early for next summer and don't wonder whether you will like it at Mercury House. You will. Major and Mrs. Stan. Dunningham are to be heartily congratulated on a very fine show. I look forward to seeing a nice fat postcard album with lots of photographs of the guests. There is a cameraman just around the corner from Florence Road who will supply you with a "walkie." You don't think this would catch on? Why then, brother, you are no psychologist. It was a pleasure to look in at the Richmond Hotel and spend an hour with the Bournemouth Branch before leaving the seaside. There were two dartboards and a shove-ha'penny board and a lot of members with their wives. Note that last bit. I wonder if there would have been such a good attendance if the wives had stayed at home. You tell me.

Perhaps I had better tell you about the Birmingham Branch after all. Make a note of the Armistice dance in the Drill Hall at Cateswell House, Hall Green, on 11th November. Tickets 5/-. If you have been before you will not need persuading to come again. This dance is where patrons buy next year's ticket before they leave. Make sure that you get some of the 400 tickets. Next comes the annual dinner in the same hall on 17th December. This time you may bring your wife and the numbers will definitely be limited. Get on to the Hon. Secretary, 303 Highfield Road, Hall Green, Birmingham 28, this very minute. All right. You had better put your socks on first.

For those who like to plan a long way ahead there will be an all Signals dance and ramsammy at the Botanical Gardens, Birmingham on 30th June, 1950. Further details later, so make sure that you buy a copy of THE WIRE while it is still in circuation.

Now readers, cut round this line. Mind your finger, silly.

BARLEUX

Publications Received

We gratefully acknowledge receipt of the following:

THE SIGNALMAN (India), July.
JOURNAL OF THE ROYAL ARMY SERVICE CORPS, September.
THE TANK, September.
THE QUEEN'S OWN GAZETTE, September.
THE CATTERICK EXPRESS, 9th and 23rd September.

PUBLICITY LABELS

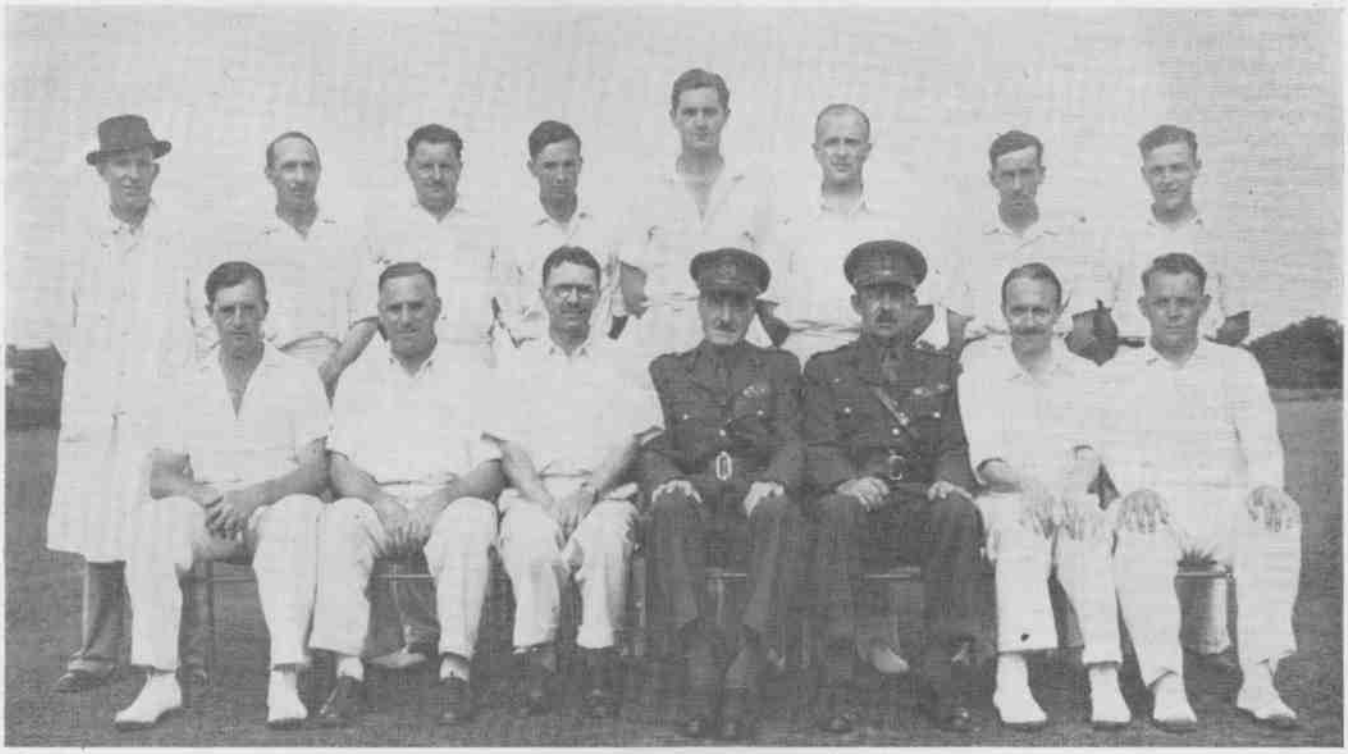
It has been suggested that the "Jimmy" and Corps-coloured background at present used on the front cover of THE WIRE might be useful for sticking on to dance posters, notices, etc.

IF THERE IS A SUFFICIENT DEMAND, arrangements will be made to supply gummed labels of this design, approx. 3½ x 2½ inches, at six shillings per hundred.

Later, if the demand justifies it, the price may be reduced.

Regular or Territorial Units and Branches of the Association who are interested should notify their tentative requirements to the General Secretary, Royal Signals Association, 88 Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1.

NO MONEY SHOULD BE SENT IN THE FIRST INSTANCE.



ROYAL SIGNALS (R.A.O.R.) CHICKET

The last two Corps cricket games for the 1949 season were played at Bad Oeynhausen on 26th/27th August, when the game against R.E.M.E. was drawn and that against R.A.S.C. won by 13 runs. The Corps side thus retained their season's unbeaten record, having won eight games, drawn three and tied one. The Corps batted first against R.E.M.E. and after three and a quarter hours' batting declared at 222 for 7. Corporal Usher played a good innings of 106 and Major Carpenter was very sound as usual in making 61. R.E.M.E. in two hours and 40 minutes lost 9 wickets for 114 runs, and the Corps side was just not able to forte a win. Major Carpenter bowled very well to take 6 wickets for 55 runs.

In the game against the R.A.S.C., Royal Signals batted first and were in a good position at lunch-time when the score was 104 for 4 wickets. After lunch the last 5 wickets fell for 16 runs and the total reached only 147 runs. The R.A.S.C. batsmen, however, never got on top of some steady bowling by Major Carpenter and S.Q.M.S. Harding until their last pair were together. When the ninth wicket fell they wanted 33 runs to win, and the last pair added 20 by aggressive batting in an exciting finish.

AVERAGES 1949.

BATTING	Innings	Not Out	Runs	Highest Score	Average
Corporal Usher ..	4	0	146	106	36.5
Major A. J. Carpenter	8	1	209	81 +	29.8
Major C. W. Fountain	6	0	153	48	25.5
S.Q.M.S. Harding	5	2	71	24 +	23.6
Major F. Wainwright	5	0	104	32	20.8
Lieutenant Colonel J. E. S. Sanders	8	2	84	19	14.
Signalman Jenkins	3	0	41	24	13.7
Major R. Warren	4	0	45	16	11.2
S.S.M. Nurse	7	1	53	19	8.8

BOWLING	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets	Average
Second Lieutenant C. A Crole	2	0	5	1	5.
S.S.M. Nurse	30	8	73	7	10.4
Major A. J. Carpenter	163	27	440	35	12.5
Major R. Warren	87	15	231	16	14.4
S.Q.M.S. Harding	74	19	177	11	16.1
Major C. W. Fountain	2	0	18	1	18.
S.Q.M.S. Whitbread	14	5	28	1	28.
Sergeant Scoffin	15	5	30	1	30.
Lance Corporal Maloney	19	4	62	2	31

Athletic Season in Review

1 TRAINING REGIMENT

The athletic season which has just closed has been a most successful one, and the lessons learned from the various Inter-Unit team competitions should be of inestimable value to our Athletics Officer.

Looking back to the Army Inter-Unit team championships in which 1 Training Regiment Royal Signals, although beaten into second place by the 1st Battalion The Parachute Regiment, did exceptionally well, one cannot help thinking that it was only lack of experience in certain of our very young athletes that robbed us of victory.

Our individuals did extremely well throughout the season, in fact we had 14 nominations for the finals of the Army, and although Signalman Birrell was the only entrant to win an Army championship, we provided four representatives for the Army in the Inter-Services Championships, and the individual winner in Sergeant Colbert in the two miles steeplechase. The other three being: Signalman Bird, 4 x 110 yards relay; Signalman Birrell, 4 x 120 yards hurdles; Signalman Jones, high jump.

Sergeant Colbert and Signalman Birrell have since been chosen to represent the Combined Services against the A.A.A.

Of the 20 championship trophies, won by 1 T.R. Royal Signals, at different sports during 1948-49, no fewer than 10 were won by the athletic, cross-country and road walking section, all won during 1949.

Army Inter-Unit Cross Country Championship.
Northern Command Inter-Unit Cross Country Championship.
Catterick District Inter-Unit Cross Country Championship.
Catterick District League Inter-Unit Cross Country Championship.
Army Inter-Unit Athletics Team Championship Bissett Cup for Runners-up
Northern Command Inter-Unit Athletic Team Championship.
Catterick District Inter-Unit Athletic Team Championship.
Northern Command Inter-Unit Road Walking Team Championship.
Catterick District Inter-Unit Road Walking Team Championship.
Northern Command Medley Relay Championship.

Athletics

At the final meeting of the North Yorkshire and South Durham Athletic League held at the Catterick Stadium on 20th August, 1949, Royal Signals (Catterick) A.C. won the League challenge cup with a record number of points for any year since the commencement of the league in 1898.

Final results were as follows:

1st Royal Signals (Catterick) A.C. ..... 194 points
2nd Billingham Synthonia ..... 122 points

Most outstanding performances during the season were given by Sergeant Colbert, Lance-Corporal Bryant, Signalmen Bird, Martin and Reed.

SIGNALS

I hope that these lines written in verse
Will encourage you to study your purse
And all the chances you may take
By signing on now without a break.

I ask you all to read with care
These few lines and more to spare.
Most of you will be leaving soon,
So just sit tight before you swoon.
I've been a civvy for quite a while—
It's now too late for me to smile.

The Royal Signals is quite a good Corps.
It wasn't formed in the days of yore.
It's made its name throughout the world
Where'er its flag had to be unfurled;
Whether it's work or whether it's sport
You'll never find Signals left with naught.
They worked hard to get where they are,
They played for the team—that's what they are.

The teams for cable, wireless and line
Always turned out as a pride of the Line,
Giving "comms" to all who dare demand,
From individuals right up to Command.
They never moaned in the true sense,
Their only object was THROUGH, not FENCE.
So when you recruits are told the tale,
Remember the old 'uns who stood the gaff.

So to all you fellows learning a trade,
Don't listen to what the other fellow said.
Carry on and soldier while you have the chance
And at the age of forty you're a free-lance.
YOU'll have a pension, the others won't,
So make it YES, not won't or don't,
And always remember that time flies
While you're soldiering under different skies.

If you're lucky as I certainly was,
And get attached to Tanks and Cars,
You'll meet them all in years to come.
They all know Signals as well as rum—
For out in the Desert or on the Sea,
Signals are wanted—especially their tea!
We old 'uns know we had good times
With Cavalry, Artillery and all that rhymes.

To those still serving beyond twenty-one,
Also like me that have been, now gone.
I know you'll read these lines with pride
Because you've sailed on many a tide,
Taking with you the stores the others need.
To give them comms. so that they can feed
The guns, the 'planes, the tanks, the men;
So this last last line, let's say "Amen."

Golf

Golf. A match between a Royal Engineers side and a Royal Signals side was played on Liphook golf course on Saturday, 3rd September, the result being all square on the day's play.

The detailed results of the morning foursomes and the afternoon singles were as follows:

FOURSOMES.

R.E.		*R. Signals.*	
Captain Semple Lieutenant-Colonel Oborne	½	Lieutenant Biggart Colonel Cole	½ —
Major Gartside Major Barker	3 and 2	Lieutenant-Colonel Denholm Young Brigadier Thursby Pelham	5 & 4
Colonel Keane Major Sleigh	3 and 2	General Vulliamy Major Padwick	0

SINGLES.

Captain Semple	Lieutenant Biggart 5 and 3 1
Lieutenant-Colonel Oborne 1 up	Colonel Cole 0
Major Gartside	General Vulliamy 5 and 3 1
Major Barker	Major Padwick 5 and 4 1
Colonel Keane 6 and 5	Lieutenant-Colonel Denholm Young 0
Major Sleigh 2 up	Brigadier Thursby Pelham 0

Autumn meeting of the Royal Signals Golf Society

The autumn meeting of the Royal Signals Golf Society was held at the Sandy Lodge Golf Club near Moor Park on the 1st and 2nd September.

The course is a long one, well over 6,000 yards, and although not a championship course most of the competitors will agree it is not an easy bogey 74.

The weather was fine on both days but a breeze on the second day made the long holes even longer. As a result of the dry spell the fairways were very burnt up and the greens though in good condition were extremely fast.

The first day's play was over 36 holes on handicap and the three events were won by the following:

ROYAL SIGNALS CHAMPIONSHIP CHALLENGE CUP
Colonel E. S. Cole, C.B.E., with a gross score of 163.

ROYAL SIGNALS HANDICAP CHALLENGE CUP
Second Lieutenant Biggart with a net score of 148.

ROYAL SIGNALS OPEN CHALLENGE CUP
Second Leiutenant I. A. S. Biggart with a gross score of 158.

This is the first time the Royal Signals Open Championship Cup has been played for. Any officer may compete for the cup which is awarded for the best scratch score over 36 holes.

On the results of the second day's play the following competitors were successful:

INDIVIDUAL HANDICAP BOGEY CHALLENGE CUP
Second Leiutenant I. A. S. Biggart 3 up on bogey.

ROYAL SIGNALS TURNER FOURSOMES CHALLENGE CUP
Lieutenant-Colonel C. P. S. Denholm-Young, O.B.E., and Major C H. Caulfield 2 down on bogey.

It was suggested at the meeting that in order to encourage golf amongst the younger members of the Corps a cup should be allotted to be competed for by junior officers with less than six years' commissioned service. This cup to be played for at the annual spring meeting.

The spring meeting next year will be held at the Catterick Garrison Golf Club on the two days preceding the Army Golf Championship which takes place about the first week in May. This will enable members competing in the Army meeting to practice under competition conditions and should encourage a larger entry from amongst the younger officers of the Corps stationed at Catterick.

Next year's autumn meeting of the Society will be held at the West Hill Golf Club, Woking, during the first half of September. The date to be announced later.

All enquiries in connection with the Society and its forthcoming events should be addressed to: Hon. Secretary, Royal Signals Golf Society, H.Q. School of Signals, Catterick Camp, Yorks.

MERCURY HOUSE, BOURNEMOUTH

Have YOU made your holiday arrangements for this year?

MERCURY HOUSE is the property of the Corps and is run as a private holiday home for past and present members of the Corps and their families. The house will hold about twenty guests, has hot and cold water in each room, and is run by a resident manager on the lines of a good private hotel. It is within a few minutes of the sea and of the main bus routes into the centre of BOURNEMOUTH—buses every minute.

BOURNEMOUTH is famous for its mild climate and every form of amusement which includes excellent sea bathing, fishing, tennis, bowls, golf, ice skating and dancing. It has a theatre and is well supplied with cinemas. The surrounding country and coastline are well known for trips by bus or steamer.

The House is open all the year round to receive guests at comparatively low charges. These are possible as the House is run purely on a cost basis as part of the Royal Signals War Memorial.

April to September	**£4 10 0** a week for adults with reduced charges for children by arrangement with the Manager according to age
October to March	**£3 10 0** a week for adults, and again reduced charges for children.

All members and ex-members of Royal Signals and R.E. Signals are eligible as guests in the House, also their wives and children. Widows and children of members of the Corps killed in the 1939-45 war are also eligible.

Reservations can be made at any time with The Manager:

MERCURY HOUSE, 14 Florence Road, Boscombe, BOURNEMOUTH

Telephone: Boscombe 86

Rooms may be reserved for one or two weeks from JUNE to SEPTEMBER, and for one month at other times of the year.

The Corps
Magazine
of the
Royal Signals

THE WIRE

VOL. 3 (*New Series*) NO. 11 • NOVEMBER 1949

THE WIRE

The Corps Magazine of the
ROYAL SIGNALS

The Official Organ of the
SIGNALS ASSOCIATION

All correspondence and matter for publication for "The Wire" should be addressed to The Editor, "The Wire" 88 Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1. Matter for publication must be received by the 15th of the month preceding publication.

Remittances should be made payable to: Royal Signals Association. Subscription rates (post free, except air mail): Twelve months, 10s.; single month, 1s.

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NOVEMBER • 1949

Volume 3 *New Series* **No. 11**

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PRICE: ONE SHILLING

Editorial

Students of THE WIRE will notice a difference between this number of the magazine and those of preceding months. There are more articles of general interest and short stories. The space devoted to Unit notes is smaller.

This, whilst in the general line of policy for the future, is in fact quite fortuitous. The Director of Signals, initiating a general drive to improve quality as well as sales of THE WIRE, has desired that all notes be submitted through Chief Signal Officers and this has caused an initial failure of contributions to arrive in time.

It is not a bad thing because it enables us to ask YOU which you prefer. More articles and stories and shorter notes from Regiments or back to the old proportion

Will you write to the Editor and let him know your wishes.

In the matter of notes from Regiments we are trying to persuade contributors to make them more factual, more of GENERAL interest and to record the exploits of the Regiment and the team rather than of the individual.

In this connection although the Editor's desk contains sufficient articles and short stories to meet any sudden emergency such as this there is still and always will be a need for good stories or factual articles.

About 2,000 words and over or two photographs are ideal. A little less or even a little more makes no matter.

To help Regiments in assessing their own response to the appeal by the Director of Signals for increased sales we publish this month a list of some of the Regiments with the highest figures:—

7 Selection Regiment	200	5 Training Regiment	120
4 Training Regiment	180	1 Independent Selection Squadron	120
Officer Training Wing	175	2 Training Regiment	100
3 Training Regiment	150		
1 Training Regiment	140		

It is a very great tribute to all concerned in these Regiments and shows what can be done.

If every Regiment sold at least 100 copies of THE WIRE a month, financial anxiety would be eliminated and we could give you even better value for your 1/- than now.

☆

RADIOLYMPIA. Major R. C. Dixon and his team are to be congratulated. Visited on the afternoon of the 28th September, the first day of the exhibition, the Royal Signals stand and its contents, material as well as human, showed no sign that the material had been finally installed at 6 a.m. that morning and that the human element had been up all night.

It is too late to tell Royal Signals to go to Radiolympia this year. Those of the elect who went there, we met the C.S.O. A.A. Command and a nice chap who had served in 46 and 78 Divisions and finished in 8th Army Signals at Klagenfurt and several more, were, it is regretted, much more interested in admiring the Royal Signals stand than in the speeches by the notables inaugurating the exhibition.

Good business was being done and enquiries of the right sort were being answered. In fact the chap from Klagenfurt was only restrained from re-enlisting at once by the fact that he was pensionable in the G.P.O.

An account of the work of the Radiolympia team appears elsewhere in this issue.

The Representative Colonel Commandant

WHO is he and what does he do? That, it is wagered, is the reaction of two-thirds of Royal Signals to the heading of this article.

Who is he? He is appointed annually from amongst the Colonels Commandant whose names are shown on the first page of the White List. These Colonels Commandant are selected and appointed from amongst our more famous retired officers.

The Representative Colonel Commandant for 1949 is Major-General C. W. Fladgate, C.B.E. A picture of him in characteristic attitude is on the front cover of this number. The photograph was taken in Germany and thereby hangs a small part of the tale.

In 1948 it was General Sir Colville B. Wemyss, K.C.B., K.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., and in January, 1950, General Fladgate hands over to Major-General W. R. C. Penney, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O. M.C.

What does he do? A catalogue of his duties imposed and assumed would fill a page of this paper.

Perhaps most importantly he is the hnk between the Colonel-in-Chief, Her Royal Highness the Princess Royal and her Corps.

The great interest taken by Her Royal Highness in all our doings is perhaps not generally appreciated and the Representative Colonel Commandant is the channel through which information reaches Her Royal Highness and through which she makes her wishes known.

He is the Chairman, and indeed the Executive Officer, of the Corps Committee, attending its not infrequent meetings and in close co-operation with the Director of Signals promulgating its decisions.

He is the Chairman of the Committee of the Association which entails more meetings and more grave decisions.

He also sits as Chairman on the Weekly Welfare Committee of the Association.

He attends Her Royal Highness in her not infrequent visits to her Corps.

These duties surely may be considered sufficient for one of the "over fifties," deemed by our present masters to be "past work."

In addition to this, however, we read constantly in the pages of THE WIRE of visits by the Representative Colonel Commandant to this or that Signal Regiment, of his annual tour in the Rhine Army and only he himself can tell what an arduous business that is.

His public appearances include the annual dinner and tea party and this year he added the reunion and a tea party for the Territorial Army to all the rest.

Consider the volume of his correspondence conducted from his own home without benefit of secretary or clerk.

He has voluminous correspondence with the other members of his two main committees, with the Lady-in-Waiting to Her Royal Highness, with the Director of Signals, the Secretary of the Association, the Secretary of the Corps Committee, and with the Secretary of the Dinner Club.

Daily his postman brings him letters from C.S.O.s and C.O.s scattered over half the world. All this has to be considered and answered, and remember that nearly all require consultation before decision can be made.

For all this he receives absolutely nothing of reward except sometimes the grateful thanks of Royal Signals whom after 30 odd years of service to them he continues for yet another year to serve so well.

To General Fladgate and to his illustrious predecessors our grateful thanks not only for their help and wise guidance but even more for the example they give to the present generation. *O si sic omnes.*

MERCURY HOUSE, COLWYN BAY

A vacancy exists at Colwyn Bay, North Wales, for an energetic married couple with some knowledge of catering and hotel management.

Salary £300 plus accommodation and food.

Former officers and other ranks of Royal Signals should apply at once, giving particulars of qualifications and experience, to the Chief Signal Officer, Headquarters, Western Command, Chester.

BERTRAND STEWART PRIZE ESSAY COMPETITION

The subject for the Bertrand Stewart Essay Competition for 1950 is:

"Surprise is among the most potent factors in war."

What is the real meaning of this cliche, and to what extent is it true? What is surprise, and how is it brought about? Compare the deliberate efforts to achieve surprise employed by Napoleon, Von Moltke and Montgomery. In what essential did their methods differ and what will be the future trends in the technique in achieving military surprise.

ROYAL MILITARY MEMORIAL CHAPEL, SANDHURST

Second World War Memorial, Indian Signal Corps

It has been agreed that the new Organ and Screen in the above Chapel should be the particular Memorial to Indian Army Officers.

The Corps and Regimental Crests of the Indian Army will be carved for the Screen.

It is thought that there are probably many British and Indian Officers and Other Ranks, who have served with the Indian Signal Corps, who would wish to subscribe to the cost of the above proposal.

Full details may be obtained from : Lieutenant-Colonel C. L. Day, Long Close, North Chideock, Bridport, Dorset.

CIVIL EMPLOYMENT

We would draw the attention of all former members of the Corps who are in a position to offer employment to the fact that Association Headquarters, and also a number of local Branches, maintain a register of applicants for employment in a variety of capacities and in all parts of the country.

We have among our applicants officers and men of all categories, Regulars, war-time soldiers, and National Service men, mostly tradesmen, but a number non-technical, and we would appeal to all ex-Signals potential employers to give the Association the first chance to fill any vacancy that they may have.

After all, no one is in a better position to appreciate the high standard of technical training and proficiency maintained by the Corps than the man who has been in Signals himself.

* * *

Messrs. Pye Ltd., Radio Works, Cambridge, have vacancies for wiremen for radio and electronic apparatus, to wire from circuit diagrams and models, various units of television transmission apparatus. Ability to carry out modifications or to build new types from verbal instructions or diagrams only and to carry out stage by stage test and inspection would be an advantage.

Vacancies also exist for persons for testing alignment and adjustment of television and radio receivers.

Those interested should write direct to Messrs. Pye Ltd.

Major-General C. M. F. White

C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., G.-O.-C. Catterick District

THE WIRE has, quite suitably, in its last two numbers been busy with the *vale* to Major-General R. T. O. Cary and it is now a little late for the *ave* to Major-General White. No matter; he himself would have it so.

A good deal of water has flown down the Nile since the day, early in 1946, when General White after his very long and arduous war service asked permission to leave H.Q. 21 Army Group in Germany and take a less exacting post as C.S.O. Northern Command. His reason, well, he was in India before the war. The war for him started much earlier than September, 1939, for he took 4 Indian Divisional Signals to Middle East somewhere about May of that year.

Since then with a brief and blessed respite of a three month "holiday" in England in 1943 he has been with the 8th Army or 21st Army Group continuously. Although his friends denied it, he himself said at that time that he was tired. He looked forward to some pleasant peacetime soldiering at York where he could be reunited with his family.

It was not to be. 1946—1949 as S.O. in C. Middle East must have been years to test even his stamina.

Now he is at last in England, NOT at York but in the more exalted, and for us of Royal Signals, more important position, of G.O.C. at Catterick.

It is supposed that this is the last "hand over" between these two famous men. Previous remembered occasions are:

C.S.O. 8th Army, 1943—White to Cary.
C.S.O. 8th Army, 1943—Cary to White.
S.O. in C. 21 Army Group, 1944—Cary to White.
And now G.O.C. Catterick District, 1949—Cary to White.
And there may have been more in the distant past.

[Photo by courtesy of "Catterick Express" and "Evening Gazette"

It is an honour for us and a just tribute to him that he is the second Royal Signals officer in succession to hold that important appointment.

We of Royal Signals are very proud that he remains amongst us and continues to work for us.

To Major-General and Mrs. White a very warm welcome on their return to England.

OFFICERS' REUNION

Some 270 officers of Royal Signals met at the Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbridge, on 14th October. In age and service we ranged from General Officers on both the Retired and Active Lists through all ranks to a recently released National Service Subaltern.

It was a very great joy to meet so many of those who served during the war and who it appeared had been out of touch with the Corps since. We were also pleased to welcome officers of the United States Army Signal Corps, The Royal Canadian Corps of Signals, the Royal Australian Corps of Signals and the Indian Signal Corps.

It is vain to attempt any rational description of what went on. Most people, including your reporter, seemed to spend about four hours greeting old friends, often be it said, without any clear idea of who they were and when the friendship started (or why).

By which token there was freely expressed opinion that next year we should invite the A.T.S.; after all, they served as well, and it does not matter where you wear "Jimmy" so long as you wear him and serve him faithfully.

During the party Major-General C. W. Fladgate, C.B.E., the Representative Colonel Commandant, led us in toasting our King and our Colonel-in-Chief. He read the gracious replies to our telegrams of loyal greetings.

Lawson and Co., 107 Crawford Street, Baker Street, W.1., took the photographs. This is mentioned in case any officer failed to order a picture of himself or his friends.

BALANCES DUE TO THE ESTATES OF DECEASED OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS

(Reprinted from the *London Gazette* dated 30th Sept., 1949)

In pursuance of the Regimental Debts Act, 1893, notice is hereby given that there is available for distribution amongst the next of kin, or others entitled, the sum of money set opposite to the name of each of the deceased officers and soldiers named in the lists which are published with this notice in the *London Gazette.*

Applications from persons supposing themselves entitled as next of kin should be addressed by letter to "The Under-Secretary of State, War Office, Whitehall, London, S.W.1," and marked outside "Effects."

G. W. TURNER

War Office,
29th September, 1949.

Second republication of List 748, Effects 1946: Atkins, E. T., Signalman, £56 5s. 5d.

Third republication of List 744, Effects 1941: Holmes, R. S., Signalman, £14 2s. 6d.; Natborny, H., Signalman, £13 16s. 10d.

FOUND

In Manchester Road, Cheadle, Cheshire, a Royal Signals Car Badge, No. 1054. The owner should apply to Cheadle Police Station.

ROYAL SIGNALS

ROYAL SIGNALS

Radiolympia

1949

THE accompanying photographs tell (partly) the story of the Corps' representation at the first really full-scale post-war Radiolympia.

Other parts of our story, which include the many headaches and ups and downs, for some reason always attendant on these shows, we will not "re-cap." The "go slow" and final strike of the stand-constructors (carpenters, painters and electricians) nearly proved fatal. The day was won, however, and the doors reopened. Electronic bells pealed later in the day as the announcement of the official opening was made by Mr. Herbert Morrison.

Our big day was Tuesday, 4th September, when at 11 a.m. the playing of the Corps March resounding from every loudspeaker in the building heralded the arrival of our Colonel-in-Chief, H.R.H. The Princess Royal, C.I., G.C.V.O., G.B.E.

H.R.H., who was accompanied by her son, the Hon. Gerald Lascelles and her Lady-in-Waiting, was escorted round the exhibition by the Director of the Radio Industries Council, Vice-Admiral Dorling, C.B., M.I.E.E.

The honour of greeting H.R.H. fell to Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Ellis (C.S.O. 1 A.A. Group). Major R. C. Dixon (O.C. the Royal Signals stand) and Major J. J. Williams, Royal Canadian Corps of Signals (attached to help and O.C. C. Relief) were presented to the Princess.

H.R.H. showed a very keen interest in the exhibits, particularly the No. 10 set and the 10 set demonstration model, loaned by 1 Training Regiment. The Paratrooper scene, with 'chutes, 62 set, containers, etc., was explained to H.R.H. by Lance-Corporal Jones, one of our team members attached from 16 Independent Parachute Brigade Signal Squadron. H.R.H. spoke to other members of the team, particularly Signalman Rooker, who belongs to Western Command Signal Regiment.

As a side-show—which proved a very full show(!)—"Quicksilver," very kindly loaned by Northern Command, was given a place in the exhibition.

"Quicksilver," as readers of the July WIRE *know, is a mobile exhibition of the work and works of Royal Signals,*

[Photo by London News Agency Photos, Ltd.

ROYAL SIGNALS
SIGNA

Y A L I G N

housed in a silver trailer, 35 feet long by 13 feet high and 9½ feet wide, drawn by a mechanical horse of the same colour.

H.R.H. and the members of her party particularly the Hon. Gerald Lascelles, were very interested. Major A. E. Woods (O.C. B. Relief) was presented and accompanied H.R.H. when she looked at the models and equipment laid out inside the trailer.

Before moving on H.R.H. in thanking Lieutenant-Colonel Ellis on behalf of the Royal Signals teams, expressed her pleasure and satisfaction with all that was shown and very graciously and kindly wished us a successful show.

In addition to our Colonel-in-Chief many other distinguished visitors honoured us. Amongst these were the First Sea Lord, Admiral of the Fleet Lord Fraser, Sir George Turner, the Permanent Under Secretary of State for War, Brigadier J. B. Adams, D.D. Signals (representing D. Signals, unavoidably away on tour), Brigadier W. H. G. Rogers, C.S.O. A.A. Command; many high ranking Naval, Army and Air Force officers, and, we suspect, many others incognito! Freddie Mills and Vera Lynn couldn't get away with the latter category though! We were both pleased and surprised to see so many ex-members of our Corps. Old soldiers never die? Nor apparently do they fade away!!

All praise and credit is due to all those who took part in the preparation, the presentation, and now the clearing up of the show.

The design of our stand, open on two sides, prevented an accurate record of the number of visitors but a conservative estimate is in the region of 100,000. If one could judge by the questions of parents and youths ours was a popular exhibition and the name and activities of our Corps is more widely known and more popular than ever.

The members of the team acquitted themselves nobly and well, behaviour, deportment and dress a credit to the Corps was commented on most favourably from all sides.

Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Ellis would like to take this opportunity of thanking everybody, particularly Unit Commanders for their part in loaning equipment; and here, a special word is due to the O.C. 1 A.A. Signal Regiment for unstinted help with transport, the War Office Signal Regiment for accommodation, and the thousand and one items so willingly given.

Major R. C. Dixon was, except for an interim leave, the O.C. of the team and did a tough job very well. Major K. Hinton, who officiated in Major Dixon's leave of absence, did an extremely good job as did Captain Porter, another grand officer who left us for a University course. Mavors "Lakri" Woods and J. Williams (the latter Royal Canadian Signals) and all those faces you can see in our photograph, completed the party.

[Photos by courtesy of War Office Reproduction Service]

SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR "THE WIRE"

Annual subscriptions at 10/- are calculated from January to December. Back numbers can be supplied. Subscriptions for a portion of the year are calculated at the monthly rate of 1/- per copy.

School of Signals

Royal Signals Wing

Sunday, 25th September will be a day well remembered by many members of the Wing. The weather was superb. There had been torrential rain the night before. Hardraw Force was indeed a sight to see.

This visit to Hardraw Force, one of the famous beauty spots in Wensleydale, was part of a most enjoyable coach trip arranged as one of the Regimental week-end activities, which took in Wensleydale, the Buttertubs Pass and Swaledale.

The trip started soon after lunch and, in order to prevent coach cramp, a halt was arranged near Askrigg and close to the Force where, much to everybody's surprise, tea was waiting. And an excellent tea it was too! (Well done, cooks, you excelled yourselves). After tea the grind up the Buttertubs. How these coaches negotiated this climb I do not know; but they made it somehow. Then back home along Swaledale in the dwindling sunlight—a most enjoyable trip and many thanks to Major Sutherland for arranging it.

In the realm of sport the Wing is shaping well. The hockey team possesses most excellent talent and as we have won, drawn and lost against the three reputedly strongest teams in Catterick we have very high hopes for the future.

At soccer we are starting rather slowly, but we are confident that when the team has got more used to playing together we shall find ourselves climbing up the league table.

As for rugger, it is the same old story; hard grounds and lack of practice have taken their toll of casualties. We only lost to the Officer Training Wing by 16 points to 20 because we were fielding 13 men for the majority of the second half; this was a very creditable performance under the circumstances. We hope for a successful season and as a real start we are looking forward to a local blood match versus 4 Training Regiment in the first round of the Army Cup.

Rifle Shooting. The Wing finished 10th out of 101 entries with a score of 1,873 (h.p.s. 2,000) in the N.S.R.A. Army Small Bore Match, 1949. The team is to be warmly congratulated on this result.

Our prospects in the forthcoming Catterick District League are good. We have several members of last year's winning team still with us and practice for the league has started.

Officer Training Wing

Pass Out Parades. We have had two Pass Out Parades this month. Course No. 233 passed off on 9th September, the salute being taken by Colonel R. J. Moberley, O.B.E., Chief Instructor, School of Signals, and the Commanding Officer's cane being presented to Officer/Cadet K. R. Wilks.

Colonel C. M. McLachlan, O.B.E., President No. 2 W.O.S.B., took the salute when Course No. 234 passed off on 23rd September. On this occasion the Commanding Officer's cane was awarded to Officer/Cadet R. D. L. Bushell.

On the occasion of our third Regimental week-end, which was held on 24th/25th September, more than 250 all ranks of the cadre departed to Bellerby Camp for the week-end for a change of scenery and fresh air. We marched out in column of route on Saturday, partly across country, and arrived at 1530 hrs. A small advance party had left in transport earlier in the day and on our arrival they had opened up the camp and prepared a really good hot meal. After the usual "bedding down" procedure, supper was served at 1900 hrs. and a mobile A.K.C. Unit gave us a very good two hour cinema show. This was followed by a hot drink and a sound sleep on the floors of the various barrack room huts which had been taken over for the occasion.

On Sunday morning our Padre held a very pleasant service, complete with portable organ, at which there was a very full attendance. Very appropriately the sermon was based on St. Paul's advice to "Walk circumspectly, not as fools but as wise men."

We departed from Bellerby Camp on Sunday morning after the service and arrived back in time for lunch at 1330 hrs., a little footsore but in good heart and mentally refreshed by the change of surroundings and break from normal routine.

Our main sporting effort during the month was in the British Modern Pentathlon Championships held at Aldershot. We had provided two teams of three to represent the Corps and we also entered an extra individual competitor.

The Modern Pentathlon Championship consists of five separate events, riding, fencing, shooting, swimming and running, each competitor having to take part in each event.

Out of 20 teams competing this year, our teams gained 10th and 8th place respectively. This was a really stout performance considering that it was the first time two Royal Signals teams had been entered.

On 14th September our hockey XI played 7 Selection Regiment—a formidable opponent at so early a stage in the season. The game lacked cohesion and a number of the finer points of hockey, but energy abounded. We had a number of lucky escapes before a vigorous thrust sent play to the other end of the field and resulted in a goal.

Encouraged by this success and further training we journeyed to Barnard Castle on the 21st September, where we were entertained by 5 Training Regiment. An extremely early goal in our favour pointed to our youthful side obtaining a galaxy of goals. Success was short lived, however, for soon the score was even. A quick movement in the closing minutes of the game gave us the lead, and once more we became the victors by two goals to one.

It is early to comment on the prowess of individual players, but to date, five team members have taken part in Catterick District or Signals (Catterick) trial matches. Next month perhaps, their achievements may be worthy of further mention.

All Arms Wing

The sands of the time of All Arms Wing in Catterick Camp are fast running out, and other arms of the service are getting as many signalling officers and N.C.O.s trained here as they can manage before the Unit disperses. So No. 56 R.S.I. Course is more than fully subscribed and has had to be squeezed in with a shoe horn.

Our third Regimental week-end was held at the end of September. One of the events was a novices boxing competition. After weeding out by preliminary contests, there were 32 performers left to fight it out on the night, which, from a total strength of 88 Royal Signals rank and file, is not bad. No likely world champion came to light but the standard of "guts" displayed would have impressed even the bitterest critic of the National Service soldier. Next month we are going to have a crack at one of the Training Regiments. David challenging Goliath.

We have also run a seven-a-side soccer knock-out competition between the various departments of the Unit. And believe it or not, the finalists are Officers v. Clerks. Look in next month's WIRE for the result.

The Depot Regiment

Pocklington

Far be it from us to attempt to add to the description in the September issue of Major-General R. T. O. Cary, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., and his work, but we would like to place on record his farewell visit to us on 25th August. We wish we had some photographs of the event but unfortunately there are none. General Cary visited most departments at Pocklington but had no time to visit Ripon; such were the demands on his time for farewell parties! He was entertained to luncheon in the Officers' Mess and left, we hope, with pleasant recollections of the Royal Signals Melting Pot Regiment! We were very sorry to see him go.

Suffering, we suppose, from swollen heads as a result of a visit by the high and mighty, our cricket XI visited Northern Command Signals on the following Sunday and beat them on their own ground to the tune of 140—80. This due mainly to a grand innings by Corporal Brownson of 80, ably supported by Lieutenant Luker, who is sojourning with us from Egypt, having been granted a Regular Commission. We finished the cricket season, therefore, with a small laurel, on which to rest, and can now leave the sports and games to those of more energetic taste; notably R.Q.M.S. Etherington, who has already made his mark in Catterick District Association football trials.

We cannot go further without mentioning our Regimental week-end held in August. Profiting from earlier experience, this event was a great success, marred only by the rain, which washed out further proceedings from teatime on Sunday, 7th August. Athletic sports, an all ranks dance and church parade all went well and the only sufferer was the P.R.I. balance sheet which, we understand, however, is still in black ink!

Much concern was felt in the Regiment recently when it was learned that the 14-month-old son of Driver Travers had nearly drowned in one of our static water tanks. Prompt action by Mr. T. Barnett, a brother of our A.P.T.C. Instructor, averted disaster, and he is to be congratulated on a courageous and brave effort. The baby is now perfectly fit again, but, we understand, is postponing further aquatic exploits until later years.

Tailpiece:

They always try to find us other Quarters,
To interfere in some way with our Org,
To change our War Establishment,
To cut our L. S. D., and
To cover up our future in a fog.
But hark! The dogs of War have found a new game;
They want to see if we are really tough.
Sir Stafford's heard of us now,
And so the cry goes round:
"Devaluate the Depot," that's the stuff!

1 INDEPENDENT SELECTION SQUADRON

Richmond

At the time of going to Press we are in the throes of preparing for the starting up of the Boys' Squadron, Royal Signals, which is going to form part of our Unit. Already a large part of the administrative cadre required for the new Squadron has arrived and is settling in.

In order to accommodate the boys who are, as things stand at present, to take over Gallowgate Camp in conjunction with 4 Squadron, 4 Training Regiment and to move in the existing "Men's Squadron."

The M.T. Section now presents a flourishing picture of three 3-ton trucks and it is necessary to walk around Barracks very carefully in order to avoid being run down. A further addition to the M.T. strength is a 500 c.c. Norton which can be seen careering about the lines (usually with the Adjutant in hot pursuit).

In the sporting world, our soccer, basket ball and hockey teams continue to go great guns and every evening enthusiasts crowd the gymnasium for instruction in boxing, basket ball, etc. Cross-country running is also in vogue on games afternoons.

C.S.M. Whiteoak, Royal Scots—our leading exponent of the intricacies of drill movement—can be seen on most days striding purposefully across the square in his reinforced heel plates grasping a highly polished telegraph pole firmly under one arm, and uttering raucous cries of "That horrible little man in the centre of the rear rank!"

SIGNAL TRAINING WING, W.R.A.C.

Catterick Camp

The answer to our prayers of last month for General R. T. O. Cary's farewell parade on 31st August, was apparent in the blue skies and hot sunshine which announced the day. Most members of the Wing were on parade, and no unusual catastrophes are reported. We beg to state that the W.R.A.C. looked "pretty smart."

September has been a fairly quiet month on the whole, apart from the ever changing population.

We welcome Sergeant Bibby (nee Pilcher) back to the S.B.O. School after her marriage leave, and trust that it won't be long before S.Q.M.S. Bibby of 3 Training Regiment, Royal Signals, and herself can move into their quarter.

Corporal Comer has left our midst to assume the arduous (?) duties of a busy housewife, and Lance-Corporal Britton has left to attend a Training College; our very best wishes go with them.

We are very pleased to have Corporals Bayliss and Mott —(better known as "Amy" and "Chick"!)—back with the Wing after their month's attachment to Northern Command (M) Signal Regiment. Corporal Bayliss will be seen, once more a familiar figure on Wednesday afternoons, armed with hockey sticks, rounders bats, or a netball!

Lance-Corporal Allhouse is cordially welcomed to the S.B.O. School, and we hope her stay as an Instructor in the Wing will be a very happy one.

24th September heralded Regimental week-ends for both 3 and 4 Training Regiments, Royal Signals, in which all members of the Wing took part. The fortune teller's tent at 3 Training Regiment was most popular, with Corporal Comer and Private Gleeson, two most realistic gypsies, reading the most incredible stories from clean and not so clean palms! Corporal Muckle, wearing size 13½ ammunition boots (it's amazing what "Q" stores can produce!) and pushing a rather overgrown but nevertheless very true to life "Baby Popeye" (complete with spinach) competed in the Baby Show. Colonel Wise, O.C. 3 Training Regiment, as judge of this rather astounding collection of large, nobbly babies, awarded Corporal Muckle and her charge the second prize. The nursery came into its own once more (shades of Catterick Fair!) and the girls were again to be seen nobly battling with boisterous babies. 4 Training Regiment's dance in the evening was well attended in Hipswell Gym.

We hear, by the usual "bush telegraph" means, that our late O.C., Junior Commander E. Dunn, now Adjutant of the T.A. Battalion, W.R.A.C., at Colchester, has definitely fixed the wedding date for 18th October. We trust that the weather will not interfere with Major K. Evans' flying date; and once more offer our very good wishes.

Accepting a challenge to a netball match from "A" Coy., W.R.A.C. (a neighbouring Unit in Catterick), the Wing displayed some excellent passing from centre, and won the game. The score was 22 goals to 12, and a return match is to be played in the near future. Junior Commander F. Stevenson played a very good game as centre attack.

Corporals Robson and Bayliss are hard at work coaching the Wing at hockey, and it is hoped to arrange some fixtures as soon as possible. We leave you this month searching for an original design with which to adorn your sports kit.

Exercise Viking

EASTERN COMMAND SIGNAL REGIMENT

Canterbury

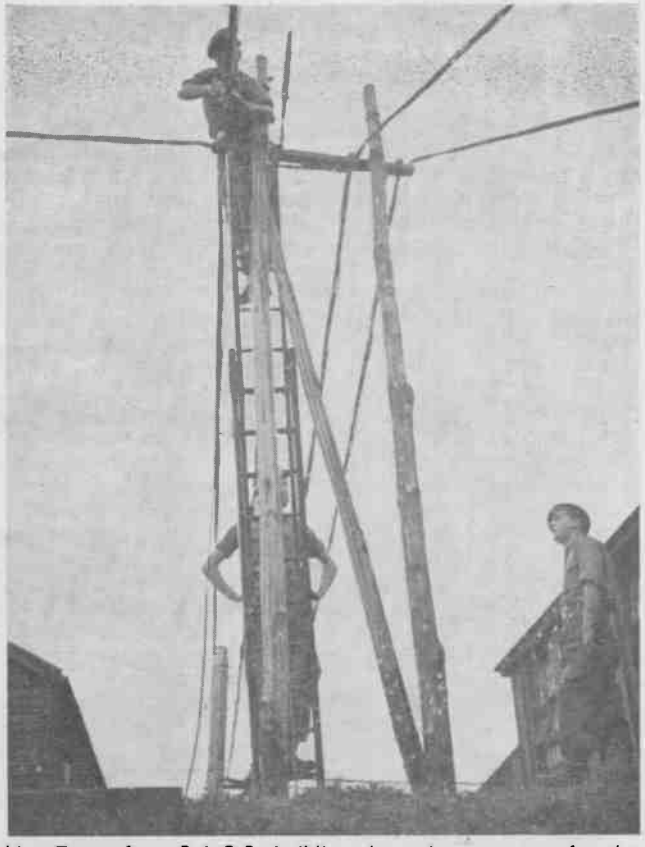
Some months ago, a new word—VIKING—was suddenly added to the Regimental vocabulary. No-one really knew what it meant, and all the C.O. would say was that we should learn in due course and that in the meantime the C.S.O.'s staff were dealing with the matter. Then, suddenly out of the blue, the Q.M. received four railway wagons of Signal equipment and wanted to know what he was to do about it. The stores were unpacked and sorted, and then we sat back again awaiting further developments.

The mystery began to clear itself about the middle of August, when demands for manpower started rolling in and everyone became suddenly very VIKING-minded. The C.O. and Captain Cook went off on a recce to Warminster, the Adjutant and R.S.M. started playing with lists of personnel, and the Q.M. began disgorging stores. We now realised that we were in for a large scale Signal commitment, one which involved the building of a line and wireless layout for a Divisional telephone battle to be held at the end of the War Office 1949 exercise at the beginning of October. Meanwhile, the T.O.M. and his staff set themselves the task of modifying a large number of telephones F to represent "mock" wireless links in the Divisional layout—a job which they tackled with enthusiasm and, as it turned out, efficiently.

Whilst all this activity was going on at Canterbury, a line troop from 11 Air Formation Signal Regiment, B.A.O.R., was busy building the line and wireless layout at the School of Infantry, Warminster. This consisted of a main post route, carrying a number of 7-pr. V.I.R. cables, from the site chosen for the D.S. exchange, past Rear Divisional H.Q. and on to the main D.P. outside the Main Divisional exchange room. These cables were to carry the necessary D.S. and operational circuits from the Directing Staff and Corps H.Q. to Main and Rear Divisional H.Q.s and to the Umpire Staff with the forward troops. From Main Divisional H.Q. forward, five smaller routes were built to carry line and wireless circuits to the Brigades under command and for the Umpire Staff. In addition to these trunk routes, internal circuits had to be provided for the D.S. and Corps Staff, the Divisional Staff in Command vehicles, and within the five Brigades of the Division. The line troop also had the job of wiring up eight exchanges, a central test frame for the Divisional wireless circuits in the Main Divisional exchange room, and a monitor room for the supervision and monitoring of all Divisional wireless nets.

As all visitors, including C.S.O.s, Southern and Scottish Commands, and D.D. Signals (W) from the War Office, remarked, the building job was well done and reflected the very greatest credit on the linemen from B.A.O.R.

The line construction work was completed by the middle of September and, after a few alterations had been made as a result of a visit by C.S.O., Eastern Command and some changes in the staff requirements, everything was ready for training, rehearsals and the actual exercise. It had been obvious from the start that Eastern Command Signal Regiment would be unable to meet the manpower requirements from its own resources, and a call was therefore made on other Command Signal Regiments, on War Office Signal Regiment, on T.A. Signal Regiments in Eastern and Southern Commands, and on the output of operators from the S.T.C., Catterick. By the 25th of September, all Royal Signals personnel, totalling 13 officers and 127 other ranks, were assembled at Warminster, and training began in earnest. The detailed organisation and Staff duties connected with the exercise had already been worked out by Major C. E. Page, M.B.E., who had joined the C.S.O.'s staff straight from the Military College of Science; and, with guidance from the C.O., Major Page with the other officers and the R.S.M. of the Regiment, settled down to organising a period of ten days' concentrated training. The exchange operators already knew their job, and it was only necessary to accustom them to magneto as opposed to the C.B. boards in use on the various exchanges in Eastern Command. For the operators and Signal Office personnel, however, there was much to learn. Except for the more senior officers and other ranks, there were few who had seen war service and fewer still who had served in a Divisional Signal Regiment in battle. The operators had to get used to the "mock" wireless sets and brush up their R/T procedure, whilst the Signal Office personnel had to organise themselves into a team for the Exercise Signal Office, designed to serve D.S., Corps, Division and all five Brigades. Thanks largely to the enthusiastic help of the Adjutants and P.S.I.s of T.A. Signal Regiments, and of officers and N.C.O.s loaned by Southern Command Signal Regiment, training progressed very satisfactorily and all was ready or the next stage—the arrival of 86 Regimental Signallers on 3rd October.



Line Troop from B.A.O.R. building the main post route for the exercise

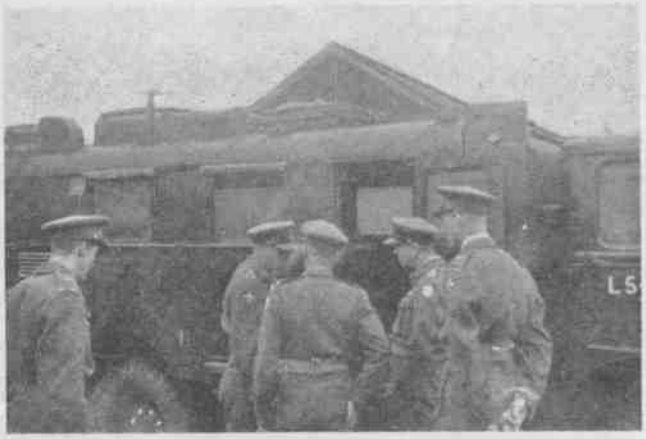
It was with some fears that we had awaited the arrival of these Regimental Signallers, who were required to reinforce the limited number of Royal Signals wireless operators available. As it turned out, our fears were groundless. Experienced Signallers from the Life Guards, R.A.C., R.A., The Brigade of Guards, Royal Tank Regiment, and Infantry Battalions provided a nucleus from which it was possible to expand sufficiently the team that had already been built up. Wireless Groups at full strength were rehearsed on 4th and 5th October, culminating in a full-dress

rehearsal on the evening of 5th October—and, with the arrival of 72 infantry orderlies, provided largely by the 1st Battalion the Lancashire Fusiliers, in the evening, all was now set as far as Signals were concerned for the exercise telephone battle on 6th/7th October.

The battle itself was due to last from 1900 hrs. 6th October to 1500 hrs. 7th October, but in order to accustom officers to the layout, communications were manned at full strength from 1500 hrs. 6th October. Sufficient personnel were available to provide two reliefs for wireless sets and for the Signal Office and three reliefs for exchanges, and although the battle was fought at a high tempo throughout, the manpower available proved sufficient. With a semi-permanent layout, it was natural for communications to be better than the staff might have expected in war, but reality was introduced by periodical disconnection of line circuits from Division to Brigades, when the latter were on the move, and a consequent switch to R/T communications. Faults on circuits were made on orders from H.Q. Control Signals, but in one case an enterprising Lance-Corporal exchange supervisor defeated the object of making a Brigade change to wireless by promptly routing calls from his Brigade H.Q. to Division via a neighbouring Brigade exchange!! This result was unexpected, but so is everything in war.

As the battle drew to its close and the success of the British Forces seemed assured, we of the Corps began to heave a sigh of relief. All had gone well—in fact better than we had ever hoped—and this spirit of relief was reflected from top to bottom. On the afternoon of 7th October, after the telephone battle was over, the C.S.O. took the opportunity of congratulating the men—operators, linemen and all those behind the scenes—on parade, and with the dispersal of the large majority that evening, the team known as VIKING Signals began to disintegrate. Although there were few present at the final exercise conference the next morning, it was a fitting climax to be thanked publicly

Line truck from B.A.O.R. building the main post route for the exercise



C.S.O., Eastern Command, C.S.O., Southern Command, and others

by the Army Commander for our part in the exercise. We of Eastern Command Signal Regiment are pleased that the job of providing communications for the exercise was carried out successfully, but the task could never have been done without the help we received from 11 Air Formation Signal Regiment, from Regular and T.A. Signal Regiments in the U.K., and from the cheerful band of Regimental Signallers —to all of whom we offer our thanks. We have shown what we can do, in peace as well as in war, and we are all the wiser ourselves as a result of having played our part in Exercise VIKING. The experience gained has been invaluable, and we now look forward to our next opportunity of showing what the Corps can do.

COOKLO

NOHTHERN IRELAND DISTRICT (M) SIGNAL SQUADRON

Lisburn

On the sporting side, we have enjoyed with the rest of H.Q. a cricket match against the Northumbrian District Cricket Club. Unfortunately, we were beaten by an innings, making 74 and 65 runs in the first and second against the 170 scored by the visitors.

The Squadron is also entering a team in the Northern Ireland District motor-cycle trials to be held on the 24th September. These trials consist of a number of tests, a hill climb on which the rider must show his ability to handle gears, followed by a stretch of rough country riding filled with hazards, then comes the measured mile to be completed in a definite time, followed by a map reading exercise and finally wheel change.

Besides providing competitors for these trials, the Squadron is also laying on all the communications. The Line Troop has laid lines to various points and from these wireless operators will pass back results on 19 sets to control at the start.

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS NUMRER

Please let the Editor have any increased orders for THE WIRE by 1st December, 1949.

Anti Aircraft Command

1 A.A. GROUP (M) SIGNAL REGIMENT
Whetstone

A number of WIRE readers will, no doubt, be interested to hear that Captain A. E. "Dusty" Douch left the Army last month after 17 years with the Corps (plus 16 years as a civilian T.S.B.O. in the War Department).

Captain Douch, now 50 years old, enlisted in 1915 with R.E. Signals and after serving in France with the B.E.F. was discharged in 1922 in the rank of Corporal. From that time until he was re-embodied in 1939 he worked as a civilian with Eastern Command Signals.

He was granted an Emergency Commission from the rank of Sergeant in 1941 and later commanded a Company in Base Depot, Royal Signals in Egypt.

After service in Iraq and as Welfare Officer in Cairo, Captain Douch returned home and joined this Regiment in 1946, where he has had the responsible job of keeping the Officers' Mess and the P.R.I. accounts in order.

We gave him a rousing send-off and we know that all Corps members will join with us in wishing him the best of luck and a prosperous and happy future.

Exercise Bulldog has come and gone since we were last in print and we take the opportunity of extending to our comrades in 11 A.A. (M) Signal Regiment (T.A.) our congratulations for putting up such an excellent show during the period in which they held the fort. From our point of view the exercise went off very smoothly and a number of lessons were learned.

In the weeks immediately ahead of us we expect to be kept fairly busy "moving house." The Regiment leaves Whetstone for Laindon, in the heart of the Essex countryside, in November, so don't be surprised if future notes from us take on a more rural flavour than hitherto—the nearest house (public) is nearly two miles away!

2 A.A. GROUP (M) SIGNAL REGIMENT
Aldershot

The main event of the month has been Exercise "Bulldog." Things ran very smoothly and we were pleased to welcome and glad of the assistance of extra personnel from 1, 3, 5 and 12 A.A. (M) Signal Regiments. Everybody worked very hard and some very useful lessons were learnt.

We had the honour of supplying the markers for the saluting base during a march past of the Old Contemptibles at Aldershot before Major-General W. A. Dimoline, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., himself Royal Signals.

In the photograph from L. to R. are Corporal Dooley, Sergeant White, W.O.II Keay, who acted as markers.

Football. We have played two games this season in the Aldershot District Small Unit's League, the first of which we lost 5—3. At half-time we led the R.A.P.C. by 3—1, however, after the interval our visitors found the net four times without further reply from us. In our second fixture, away against the Army School of Hygiene at Mytchett, the interval found us losing by the odd goal in three. In the second half with only ten minutes left for play, Signalman Andrews, our professional half-back from Portsmouth,

pushed the ball through for the left-winger, Foreman of Signals Thomson, to score with a fine shot. Then in the last minute after continuous pressing, centre-forward Cushing scored from a pass from Driver Wignall to give us a well deserved victory, and our first points in the league. Credit is due to the whole team who played magnificently throughout.

5 A.A. GROUP (M) SIGNAL REGIMENT
Scarborough

A Trade Board or the upgrading of Linemen was held on 15th September. This was the completion of the course that commenced at annual camp during August, and certainly has proved to be of great value to both the men and the Regiment.

The Regiment was asked and helped to a very great extent in the organisation of the motor-cycle road racing meeting held at Olivers Mount, Scarborough from the 22nd to the 24th September. A letter from the Mayor of Scarborough and the sponsors of this meeting was received by the Regiment thanking all those who helped to make this event run so smoothly. And talking about motor-cycle meetings, a Motor Cycle Trials League has commenced in 5 A.A. Group in which all Regiments are taking part. We are due to ride against 35 L.A.A. Regiment Royal Artillery in the first round at home. The result will be published next month.

The G.O.C.-in-C. Northern Command, Lieutenant-General P. M. Balfour, C.B., C.B.E., M.C., inspected the Northern Command School of Physical Training on the 8th September, 1949, and the Regiment provided a Guard of Honour for the occasion. After inspecting the Guard of Honour the G.O.C.-in-C. remarked on the good turn out of the guard, and was apparently very pleased with the manner in which the guard carried out their drill.

The football season has now really commenced. Numerous practice matches have been played against a number of civilian teams in the Scarborough district, all of which

we have won except that when we met our old rivals "The Butchers," which was drawn 3—3. These games were played for practice and in preparation for the opening league match which was played on the 28th September, against "The Butchers A," the result being a win for the Regiment by 3—0. The Regimental team played very well and the first result is a good start for the season. Results of second game in the league: Regiment 5, Scarborough Wednesday 0.

4 A.A. GROUP (M) SIGNAL REGIMENT

Peninsula Barracks, Warrington, Lancs

We entered two teams for the Western Command Motor Cycle Trials at Rhyl on 28th September. Out of some 20 teams we secured first and ninth places and won a large and handsome cup.

The cup was suitably christened at the Regimental week-end which was held in Birmingham on 1st/2nd October. 40 A.A. (M) Signal Squadron were hosts for the week-end which proved to be very pleasant. Before our Sunday exercise the C.O. presented the T.A. Efficiency Medal to S.Q.M.S. Pigg. After the exercise the Regular Squadron beat the combined T.A. Squadrons at football.

41 A.A. (M) Signal Squadron will be hosts for the next Regimental week-end which will be held in Cardiff on 5th/6th November.

NORTHERN COMMAND (M) SIGNAL REGIMENT

York

Since the issue of our last notes we have had our third Regimental week-end, which has been voted the best so far. Regimental sports took up the whole of Saturday with heats in the morning and finals in the afternoon. In the evening a dance was held in the Unit dance hall —this is really a garage, but is most suitable for dancing—and a very enjoyable evening was spent. On Sunday a drumhead service was held on the lawn in front of the Officers' Mess, the band of the 3rd Battalion West Yorkshire Regiment (T.A.) playing before, during and after the service. The weather on this occasion was perfect and a large attendance resulted. Sunday afternoon was taken up with two cricket matches. The Royal Signals side of the Unit playing the Depot Royal Signals from Pocklington, and the W.R.A.C. played "D" Company W.R.A.C.—our local neighbours. It is with much regret we had to admit defeat in both games. The only disgruntled person over the whole week-end was the P.R.I., who was tearing his hair out in an endeavour to find enough money to foot the bills.

The Unit demonstration team, consisting of an A.C.V., L.C.V.s and wireless vehicles, have completed another successful season at various cadet camps. As usual it proved a great attraction and Captain McLean and his satellites were kept extremely busy answering questions of budding signallers.

The team have also just completed a very successful R/T. exercise for North Midland District in preparation for Exercise "Viking." The only contretemps being provided by a certain B.M. who decided his lawn was a suitable place for the A.C.V. It took R.E.M.E. breakdown gang six hours to recover it from the bog!!

However, the Unit has just received a letter from the G.O.C. thanking us for the excellent communications provided.

The G.D. Lineman class is proving so successful that we feel that O.C. 1 Squadron will be very loath to part with them when the course ends and they depart to their duties overseas.

The football and hockey season has commenced with a bright outlook and both teams have so far won all their matches. Long may it continue!

LONDON DISTRICT MOTOR CYCLE TRIAL

Held on 25th September, 1949, at Tunnel Hill near Pirbright, the trial was notable for the large number (52) of entries from Royal Signals Regiments; Regular and Territorial Army. The total entry was 180 and it was only by good telecommunications that the affair was concluded in 5½ hours from start to finish.

The hopes of Royal Signals ran high in the team competition. For the first hour 1st Battalion Scots Guards were in the lead closely followed by the Middlesex Yeomanry (16 Airborne Divisional Signal Regiment T.A.). Then 23 Southern Corps Signal Regiment T.A. jumped into first place which they held until the very last hour. This last hour produced three first-class teams scoring very high marks and resulted in: 23 Southern Corps Signal Regiment T.A. a second class award; Middlesex Yeomanry a third class award.

The trial, which included a flexibility test and nine observed sections, was made very difficult by heavy rain the evening before. Much depended on the luck of the draw in starting times.

During the first hour or so competitors encountered greasy mud, as this wore off conditions became a trifle easier but when the five teams from 23 Southern Corps Signal Regiment, T.A., went in the track still wet had cut up very badly and riding conditions were at their worst. Towards the end a strong sun and a drying wind had definitely made conditions a little easier.

This is the second year of the trial and the second time 23 Southern Corps Signal Regiment T.A. have secured an award. Third last year, second this year. What about 1950?

[Photo by British Army News Unit.

Corporal Pattington, 23 Southern Corps Signal Regiment, T.A.

A Letter to the Editor

Dear Sir,

I expect you remember the story, told by Plutarch, about the man who threw a stone at a bitch, but hit his stepmother, whereupon he exclaimed "Not so bad."

With your permission I am going to throw a stone.

My target is the group of members of our Corps, past and present, who have got some little anecdote tucked away in their memory which might bring a smile, or perhaps a pleasant remembrance, to many of us who can recall a similar instance, or who have undergone a like experience. Whilst I agree to the full with Alan Holman on the question of Signals material in a Signals magazine, I also think that some of us, at one time or another, must have had an experience which, though not strictly Signals in being, has probably been woven into the general Signals pattern in some way or another. If, therefore, my stone hits somebody who can send you such a story, about himself or some other member of our Corps, I shall count my aim "Not so bad."

To show you what I mean, I want to tell you about a certain former illustrious member of the Signals hierarchy, who for most clear reasons must remain anonymous, when he decided to take an interest in our local village fire brigade. I had known this particular chap of old, and when he came to live in the district, I thought that it would not be very long before things began, as it were, to be organised a bit. Now, ours is a tiny village, served by a single line railway which I am sure was the original inspiration for those delightful drawings which Emmett does now and then for *Punch;* naturally our fire fighting apparatus, as you can well imagine, was of the most primitive character, as well it might be in a country district where most people rely for their water supplies on what they can collect into tanks off the roofs. My fellow member in the Corps, however, had been used to the most modern types of fire combat weapons, and I think he felt that in this exceptionally dry summer we have had he would be doing no less than his duty to see that something more reliable than our two-wheeled, hand-propelled cart and 30 feet of cracked hose, which resides under a pile of chicken feed in the outhouse of the "Crown and Anchor," was got ready just in case anything got a bit too hot.

So one evening, over a pint of wallop with the landlord, who also serves as our village fire chief, he hatched a plan. Where the money came from I never found out, but shortly afterwards there arrived in the fodder store something called a chemical extinguisher. It was a large, red canister, just a bit too big to fit comfortably in the back of the landlord's Ford Eight unless you screwed yourself up into a ball and stuck both your feet out of the window. Signals was immensely proud of this canister, and promptly designated himself as Chief Instructor to us poor yokels who merely manned the handles on our old village pumping engine. It was plain that nothing short of a practice would satisfy him, so on the Saturday night we all gathered in the tap room in the local to get our briefing.

We gathered that these chemical things are filled with two types of liquid, and so long as you leave them alone, the apparatus is as good as gold and keeps minding its own business; but if you turn on the brass tap in the top end of the canister, the two chemicals mix inside the thing and it begins to work. We all listened very carefully to the technical details, until someone said "Colonel, don't you think we should try it out, just to get the feel of it?"

That was just about the silliest suggestion, now I come to think back on it, that I have ever heard in my life. The Colonel had been itching for someone to make such a tom-fool remark, and before I could stop him—because I could see only too well what was coming—he was outside cuddling the canister and uncurling the little bit of hosepipe which fitted onto the wretched thing to direct the flow.

Up till then the light of our local fire squad had been a husky farm lad called Zeke; he had served the old hand pump, boy and man, for more years than I care to think about. Zeke was not at all happy about what he called "these yer noo-fangled kertrapshuns," but, determined to keep pace with the march of time, was willing to do his best. The Colonel, scarcely able to wait to show us what his new machine could really do in the hands of an expert, called out to Zeke as he emerged from the bar with a can of wallop in his hand "Just see that screw end is tight, Zeke, before we let her go."

Zeke had only a nodding acquaintance with screws, anyway, and it is hardly fair to blame him for what happened; to him tightening a screw meant only one thing, and, ignoring the cap which held the hose onto the canister, he reached for the valve on the top and turned it round.

Before you could say "Cripps" a jet of white froth was tearing up the village street, sweeping stray cats, mongrels scrounging round the garbage cans outside the school, and debris of all kinds before it as it hissed its way through. The Colonel let out a roar which brought all the remaining inmates of the tap room rushing from the bar, just in time to receive the full force of the jet as the hose whipped out of the Colonel's hand and started snaking around all over the place. The amount that hose chucked out in the first few seconds was unbelievable; hats, pipes, mugs of beer and even the worthy stalwarts of the "Crown and Anchor" themselves were turned in a flash into huge mounds of ice cream, whilst Zeke, still stunned from the effects of his simple action, flung himself headlong on the jet and pinned it to the floor.

"Quick, you blithering idiot" yelled the Colonel. "Get that blasted thing into the drain!" Zeke, grasping the quivering hose to his breast, somehow staggered to his feet, writing his name in letters of foam all along the pub wall as he rose. But alas, the piled-up hillocks of slimy ice cream were too much for his balance, and down he went again, splattering a sea of foam into the tap room through the open window.

With one mighty leap the Colonel reached the jet, snatched at it and slithered toward the drain hole along the street; at that moment the village constable came round the corner of the street.

The jet caught him full amidships as he turned into the straight and dropped him dead in his tracks, a quivering monument of slime. "Get out of my way, you blistering nincompoop" roared the Colonel, all respect for the law gone in his moment of supreme crisis. "Lemme get at that drain!"

But, alas once more, too late; slithering on all fours, he came to a full stop as he cannoned into a pile of ice cream that had been our constable, and collapsed into what looked like a second helping.

As the Colonel struggled up, that terrible jet slipped from his greasy hands, and with one maniacal twist dived inside his shirt front; instantly he swelled like a R.A.F. dinghy inflating in a hurry and ice cream poured from every seam in his pants and what remained of his shirt. Yelling as if all the devils that had ever lived in hell were on his heels, the gallant man made one despairing heave and reached the drain . . .

After somebody had managed to turn off the tap, a breathless little knot of men stood silently scraping foam off their faces and clothes. Zeke was the first to recover; he squinted at the mess and slowly his eyes came to rest on the canister, now leaning peacefully up against the wall of the pub.

"Gawd," he said, and I could not have agreed more; but I think, perhaps, that however efficient some of us might be at our jobs, we Signals ought to stick to things we really understand.

ALEX MONTEITH

WESTERN COMMAND SIGNAL REGIMENT

Blacon Camp, Chester

The highlight of the past month was the Western Command motor cycle trials organised by the C.S.O., Brigadier E. V. McCormack, C.B.E. These were held in the Kimnel Park area of North Wales on Saturday, 24th September; 19 teams of three entered and some good riding was seen. The course was a very sporting one and the meeting, which went like "clockwork" was very much enjoyed by the spectators and competitors alike.

The team of the 4th A.A. Group (M) Signal Regiment came first with a total of 485 points out of a total of 550 points. Our Regiment's team came sixth with a total of 397 points. Signalman Howard came tenth in the individual placings with a total of 152 out of a possible 190 points.

The communications for the meeting were also arranged by the Regiment and consisted of two wireless nets of three out stations and controls. Trainee lineman laid D 8 in the Moel-Y-Parc area over very bad country. P.A. equipment was used at Kimnel Park for marshalling competitors and announcing results, and further P.A. equipment was at Moel-Y-Parc for commentary to spectators. An all Signals affair.

Results of games played during September, 1949

Hockey. Away v. Brookhurst Switchgear—Lost 0—7.
Home v. County Officers—Won 9—2.
Home v. Foden III—Won 5—1.
Away v. H.Q. Western Command—Won 4—2.

Football. During September we have played nine matches, two being cup matches.

In the first round of the Army Cup we met 1951 Company R.A.S.C., Gresford, away, and after a hard game we lost 2—5.

In the Chester Junior Cup we played Evan Medical at Runcorn. Here again we lost 0—1, but it was a good game.

Results of league games are as follows:
v. Dunham Hill—Won 3—2.
v. Malpas—Lost 2—8.
v. Saltney—Won 5—1.
v. Malpas—Lost 2—6.

Friendly matches were played against:
Royal Pioneer Corps—Draw 7—7.
Movements Western Command—Lost 3—6.
Chester Hornets—Lost 2—3.

Our sports grounds which have been ploughed and reseeded are coming on well and should be fit for use next season. At present the local farmers help us out.

W.R.A.C. There are strong rumours that a W.R.A.C. Company is coming to Blacon. We hope so, as we can then get our dances going again.

(continued from next column)

Woodcock landed a smashing right hook to Jackie Patterson's jaw. Getting off to a good start from trap 3 he made his bid two furlongs from home and although challenged by Denis Compton succeeded in driving a straight ball down the fairway for a birdie three. In this tournament Len Hutton got round in 69 at the odds of 5-4 on, clocking 21 seconds dead for the 500 metres."

I'm sorry to say, fellers, he got no further, as several directors rushed in and turfed him out—stopping only to apologise into the "mike" for a "slight technical hitch."

"RON"

The Hitch

AFTER tramping around for days without success, waiting for a story to break, I was fortunate enough to get hold of this one. I may not have been so lucky only the chap in the story is a particular friend of mine. It all started when he went down to Hamburg to take part in a quizz to be broadcast over the B.F.N.

The B.F.N. of course tried hard to keep this gen from the hands of the Press; but after being thrown out on my neck twice I slipped the big knob there a packet of "duty free" Woodbines and secured the whole inside dope (the things we roving reporters do for you).

Anyway, my pal rolled up at the B.F.N. studio all ready to make a big hit on this "Double or Quits" business. But as soon as he entered the door he was mistaken for a news reader chap they were expecting at that time. Before the poor chap knew what was happening he was given a few sheets of paper, shoved in a room and told he had about ten minutes before he was to start reading the weekly news summary from "Blighty." Of course, my mucker was very frightened at this and on trying to get out he found to his horror that the door was locked from the outside. But after thinking things out a little he decided to go through with it as there might be bags of cash in it at the end. Of course he was pretty hot and bothered at the thought of this venture so he switched on the electric fan in order to cool off a bit. Now that, lads, is where he made his big mistake for owing to some slight technical trouble the fan started revolving the wrong way and sucked all his sheets of paper into the blades where they were cut to ribbons. Well, as soon as my pal saw what was happening he switched off the motor and began to piece all the scraps of paper together. This he did in rather a hurry and, as you can guess, most of them were mixed up. He had only just finished when the red light came on so, taking his heart in his hands he began to read.

Well, mates, if you had been listening to the B.F.N. on the night of the 33rd November this is what you would have heard:

"This is the British Forces Network bringing you the highlights of last week's sporting events in England.

"At the all-in wrestling match at the Albert Hall on Monday night Battler Bluenose beat Cecil the Slinger by hitting him for six the last over before tea. Hammond went on to complete his century after losing a wheel in the last lap but one. The speed record for this race was split into four separate parts and given as prizes to the beauty contest at Brittlesea Bay.

"In the mid-week international England v. Scotland on Tuesday, Willey Dooit, playing at inside out for Wales, was most definitely the most outstanding runner on the course. He put in a fine piece of footwork, slipping the ball outside the ground to Lawton who, after swerving round Tatterham Corner succeeded in touching down on the centre court.

"Ireland's scrum half, Pushim Over, was ordered off the field in a game of 301 up on Thursday owing to an incident at the tapes. The Board of Speedway Racing wish to make it clear that if things of this nature continue Gordon Richards will never win the Wimbledon men's singles for which he has entered with Vera Lynn.

"At the Leicester Square Hall on Friday evening Joe Davis beat Wilf Mannion by 25 frames to 10. Davies made a brilliant shot at the fourth when bunkered, chipping the ball to the leg boundary well out of reach of goalkeeper Swift.

"Joe Baksi delighted the 42,000 spectators at Villa Park on Saturday by winning by a short head from Sidney Wooderson with Jim Pike a length away third.

"Angling. Fishing in the Trent last week-end Bruce

(continued at foot of previous column)

☆ *All at Sea* ☆

By **JOHN WHITNEY**

FREETOWN shimmered and sparkled under the glare of the hot sun. High up on the bridge of His Majesty's Transport *Britannic* we gazed down at the crowd of big ships and little boats in the wide harbour, and then let our eyes lazily travel over the rugged contours of the mainland of Sierre Leone.

Fred Powell and I were on duty still, but we felt it was only a nominal one. We were on the same watch as the First and Fourth Mates, but they seemed to have disappeared in the direction of the chart room, while the Quartermaster who was undoubtedly on duty in the wheelhouse was right out of our line of sight. Up above our heads two improvised gun turrets bristled with the barrels of machine guns, but no one manned them. The gunners had all been relieved from duty. It was pleasant to be safe in harbour.

After staring at the wild waves with such sickening frequency for three winter weeks in the Atlantic, we now relaxed, and amused ourselves that sunny afternoon looking at the animated and colourful scene—the bartering and acrobatics, the banter and the jokes—it was all as amusing to dulled senses as the fun-fair at Blackpool. Fred had, as usual, purloined the Captain's glasses, while I had the immense telescope of a friendly sailor, and when we tired of close-ups of gesticulating natives and baskets of gaudy fruits, we turned to watching the sharks that circled round and round the ship. But they seemed to remind us of the anxious watches we had shared. The signalling lamp, powered by carbon arcs, and mounted on a tripod at the far starboard end of the bridge, was now covered by a canvas hood. Only once had that hood been stripped off and we had engaged in an unequal battle with the Royal Navy Signals on the battleship *Resolution*. They had been too fast for us with that searchlight of a lamp, and we were happier with the Aldis hand lamp which was now on its appointed hook. With this we felt equal to anyone.

After dark the lens of the Aldis was covered with a blue filter which emitted only a faint gleam. So you can see why no one could read that faint blue flicker at more than seven or eight words per minute with ships pitching in the deep Atlantic swell.

But presently we became more interested in our stomachs than in anything else, and Fred went off in search of tea. I just sat on the flag locker and did absolutely nothing, until I heard a scuffle on the deserted boat deck below. Thinking Fred had returned with the welcome brew I leaned over the bridge coaming. A figure in khaki drill immediately caught sight of me.

"Young fellow" it bellowed, "are you a signaller?"

"Yes?" I answered and queried at the same time.

"The *Louis Pasteur* has been signalling to you for the past half hour!"

"Oh! Thank you very much" was my inadequate shouted reply as I dived back out of sight. I slid along the decking and grabbed the Aldis.

The *Louis Pasteur* was a good mile away, and somewhat aft of us, but she towered out of the water, and was made quite unmistakeable by her one huge and ungainly funnel. Aiming just for'ard of that gasometer like structure I put the telescopic sight of the Aldis to my eye and pressed the trigger several times.

No reply from the *Pasteur*, but the flashing light woke up the Quartermaster in the wheelhouse.

I abandoned all pretence at procedure.

BRITANNIC HERE STOP DO YOU WANT ME I unashamedly spelt out in morse. Not a flicker in reply.

The First Mate sauntered on to the bridge and gave a swift searching glance round the convoy and the harbour. I kept looking at the *Pasteur*. Oh! why had I panicked into signalling to the ship at all? And what had happened to Fred? It was the very deuce of a business to read and remember a long morse message without someone to write down. The First Mate was a mind-reader.

"Where is your companion?" he said.

"Gone to get some tea, sir . . . he won't be a moment." (I hoped).

"Who are you signalling to?"

"The *Pasteur*—er—I thought she called up, sir."

"I'll send out the Fourth Mate to take down" he abruptly said, and stalked away.

Fred did not get back with the tea until it was all over. I was coiling up the electric cable when he reappeared with two steaming mugs.

"What's all the flap?" he said before he was halfway up the last ladder. "The mates have just stalked by looking the very devil and there is a lot of running about going on below. I thought everyone was resting. Are we off now?"

We have just had a very interesting message from the *Pasteur*.

"Important?"

"Very!"

I made sure of my mug of tea before handing to him the scrap of paper which read:

FROM *PASTEUR* TO *BRITANNIC* URGENT CAN YOU IMMEDIATELY . . .

"Turn over," I said.

SUPPLY TEN GROSS BOTTLES BEER STOP WILL SEND BOAT TO COLLECT.

To 1 Training Regiment Royal Signals
Sincere good wishes from
Petula Clark

The start of the first day

[Photo by courtesy of "Motor Cycling."

THE XXIV *International Six Days' Trial* 1949

By **Captain H. LL. DANIEL,** *Royal Signals*

THE International Six Days' Motor Cycle Trials—what indescribable joys does this event conjure up for D.R.s and all lovers of motor-cycling sport. A combination of cross-country sections, scrambling, fast road work and high speed tests nicely mixed up together, calling for the competitors to cover something like 1,500 miles on a strictly timed schedule.

This year the event was held in Britain, with Llandrindod Wells, Radnorshire, as the nerve centre, and members of 11 A.A. (M) Signal Regiment were privileged to be present. It will be appreciated that restrictions imposed by the War Office regarding the participation of military personnel in civilian motor-cycle trials—a very sore point generally—precluded any competitors from the Regiment; but we did the next best thing: we officiated as marshals.

Arrangements with the Auto-Cycle Union having been made six months previously and authority having been received we paraded at our H.Q., 206 Brompton Road, S.W.3, at 12.30 hours, Sunday, 11th September, and after a little delay due to London P.O.L. Depots being dry, we set off for R.A. Practice Camp, Sennybridge at 14.30 hours. We were nine in number, seven being mounted on motor-cycles whilst the bedding and stores followed on a 15 cwt. truck.

Our route took us through High Wycombe, Oxford, Cheltenham, Gloucester, Ross-on-Wye, Crickhowell and Brecon. We were comfortably accommodated at Sennybridge on our arrival at 21.00 hours and suffered no delay on our journey.

The following morning, after a good breakfast, we made our way to Llandrindod Wells, some 40 miles distant, and received our instructions to assist with the reception of foreign visitors into the control.

All machines were allocated their numbers, which were painted on their racing plates in the colours of their respective countries. They were then carefully scrutinised to ensure they conformed with the regulations, and sealed—that is to say, painted seals bearing the machine's number were affixed to all parts, magneto, carburetter, etc., to ensure none were interchanged during the course of the event. A wire seal was placed on the cylinder barrel/head joint, the fins having been previously drilled. After a final check-up the machines were taken from the competitors and placed behind locked doors until the following morning.

The foreign competitors hailed from a number of countries, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Holland, Hungary, Italy, Luxembourg, Norway and Switzerland were all represented

and a lone rider from Canada held the torch for the Dominions. The remainder hailed from Ireland and Great Britain, making in all a total of 237 riders.

As dusk approached and all machines were safely under lock and key, we hurried back to Sennybridge for our evening meal, thoroughly happy with our first day's work, but somewhat fatigued.

It became clear that in order to report at Control, 40 miles away, at 06.00 hours on Monday morning along winding roads, we should have to start at 04.30 hours. Accordingly reveille was called at 03.30 hours; we had breakfast at 04.00 hours and after a night drive arrived on time with the dawn.

Today was the start of six days' hard riding for the 237 competitors and it was to call forth their powers of endurance, their skill and adaptability to cope with emergencies and their prowess in machine handling.

At 06.15 riders Nos. 1 and 2 were given charge of their machines, and from then onwards at one-minute intervals pairs of competitors collected their machines from the hands of our D.R.s, who were supervising the control sheds. The riders were each allowed 15 minutes for maintenance to their machines and were then marshalled to the starting grid at 06.30. Having been correctly positioned by D.R.s and under the watchful eyes of the considerable crowd of spectators who had congregated at this early hour, the first pair of riders were started on their journeying by Mr. A. L. Ebblewhite, the chief time-keeper. First man away was No. 1, F. H. Carey and passenger in a 346 c.c. Royal Enfield "chair" outfit, closely followed by No. 2, M. Hajdu, a Hungarian rider astride a 98 c.c. Csepel. No. 1 was the only 350 sidecar to gain a gold medal after the week's riding and his speedy getaway proved to be a good omen for the success of the British Trophy team in gaining that much coveted award again in 1949.

For the next two hours the riders were flagged on their way in pairs at one-minute intervals, whilst those awaiting their turn to move to the start made final adjustments in the paddock. The scene here was not without comedy as the more temperamental Continental competitors were exhorted to give of their best by their excitable team managers and staffs.

It was good to be working in an atmosphere with the scent of new riding leathers, lubricating oil and fumes from a spirit of suspiciously higher octane than the "Pool" on its label rising to one's nostrils. Colour was provided by the familiar banners advertising various lubricants, makes of machines, British and foreign, and the journals *Motor Cycle* and *Motor Cycling* surrounding the paddock and start, whilst the colouring of the machines left nothing to be added from the spectrum.

Makes of machines included the following: A.J.S., Ambassador, Ariel, B.S.A., E.M.C., James, Matchless, Norton, Panther, Royal Enfield, Rudge, Sunbeam, S.O.S., Triumph, Velocette, Vincent H.R.D., Harley Davison, and the less familiar Continental breeds: C.Z., Jawa from Czechoslovakia, Hungarian Csepels; Morini, M.V., Sertum and Gilera from Italy; a French Moto-becane, Condors from Switzerland; a Puch from Austria, and a Russian-built B.M.W.

With the last riders away we repaired, with no uncertain haste to obtain a welcome "cuppa char!"

The prospect of the recurring early morning rise, coupled with a late return to camp for the evening meal at about 21.30 hours, with a full day's work rushing about for 16 or 17 hours, preyed heavily on our minds. Arrangements were quickly made and soon, by courtesy of the A.C.U., we were accommodated in the ballroom of the Hotel Metropole, the largest hotel in Wales. We drew our rations from Sennybridge and the wife of the caretaker of the local T.A. Unit undertook the task of cooking for us.

Having spent the middle part of the day settling in to our new quarters, it seemed no time at all before we were back again at the Control awaiting the first arrivals.

The first man to arrive back did so with some 10 minutes in hand. This was used in rapid maintenance and after passing the time check and handing in his card, his machine was wheeled to the control shed and left his charge until the following morning.

It was three hours before all those riders who were to arrive on schedule did so, and there was plenty of work for us to do, ensuring that no adjustments were made after passing the time check; issuing new control cards and route cards, helping the fatigued and sometimes injured com-

A ford on the Tregaron Section [*Photo by courtesy of "Motor Cycling."*]

[Photo by courtesy of "Motor Cycling."
Manhandling machines on Dinas Rocks

petitors push their machines to the sheds. Some of us also had the opportunity of showing how little was our knowledge of foreign languages, and frequently bluffed our way out with a hefty laugh and an amicable slap on the enquirer's shoulder, after which we would get down to the matter in point by scratching diagrams on the dust of the paddock ground with our fingers. Some idea of the difficulty confronting the Hungarian visitors may be gathered from the act that two or more of them knew not one single word of English, French, Italian or German!

The mileage for the first day's run had been 243½, mostly over loosely surfaced metalled roads. The riders complained that the time schedules were tight, necessitating taking risks in order to make time for maintenance, and the retirements numbered 16.

On Tuesday reveille was at the more leisurely hour of 05.30 hours and we proceeded to the paddock to send the riders off on this second day's journeying.

The previous evening a notice appeared in the H.Q. building asking if anyone would volunteer to travel as chair passenger with F. C. Moldenhauer, a Norwegian, riding a 998 c.c. Vincent H.R.D. combination. Signalman Over of our party, himself a seasoned chair basher, expressed a desire to go. Having signed a statement absolving the War Department from any possible ill-consequences and being officially declared "off duty," he was away before 07.00 hours being propelled at high speed towards the misty mountains.

Breakfast was served after they were all away, and after a spot of clearing up round the paddock, Lieutenant Adams took the party out for an airing on some of the sections.

We were ready to receive the first riders at 15.30 hours and they arrived back over a period of some 3½ hours. Sometimes they arrived singly and the time checking, etc., was very simple; but occasionally they burst upon us in knots of up to ten, when things became somewhat hectic.

There were 28 retirements on Tuesday, including Signalman Over's side-car outfit which suffered broken fork linkage and a burnt out clutch.

Wednesday, Thursday and Friday saw us working in the same manner in the mornings and evenings, popping out for the intervening period to try our luck on the sections up to 30 or 40 miles distant from the start. Retirements: Wednesday 10, Thursday 9, Friday 13.

Saturday, 17th September, was the day set aside for the final speed test. This was held on the closed road circuit on the artillery ranges at Eppynt.

The riders were started off from Llandrindod commencing at 0.830 hours and had to complete a 40-mile road country section before checking in at Eppynt.

They were then marshalled into their respective groups according to cubic capacity. A conducted run round the course having been completed the 98 c.c. and 125 c.c. formed up on the grid and were flagged away to cover four and five laps respectively of the 5.2 mile course in approximately one hour. On completion the 250 c.c. and 350 c.c. succeeded them on the course, followed by the side-cars, the 500 c.c.s and the Czech Vase "B" team versus the British Vase "A" team. The last event was the most spectacular to watch. The Czechs, mounted upon 125 c.c.s and the British team of two Trophy Triumph 500 c.c. and one Royal Enfield 350 c.c. went all out to chop the seconds off the allotted lap times for their respective classes. All rode manificently, but the decision as was feared, went to Czechoslovakia.

On Saturday evening we were invited to the prize distribution in Llandrindod Wells, where the Lord Lieutenant of Radnorshire made the presentations. It was thrilling to witness the award of the International Trophy to the British team, Charlie Rogers (Royal Enfield), Fred Rist (B.S.A.), Jim Alves (Triumph), Hugh Viney (A.J.S.) and Bob Ray (Ariel), who together had lost only one mark throughout the trial. Runners up for the Trophy were Czechoslovakia (29 marks lost) and Italy with 44 marks lost.

So we came to the end of a perfect week. It was hard work; we had long hours; we got quite dirty, and we enjoyed every minute of it. There were many things we learned collectively and individually with regard to the maintenance and making do *pro tempore* side of motor-cycling, but space precludes their inclusion here unfortunately. We also had a do at what must be some quite unique rock hazards which, combined with the journey down from London and back again, together with night convoy riding, provided us with valuable riding practice.

The results of our cameras have yet to be seen at time of going to Press, and I wish to take this opportunity of thanking *Motor Cycling* and Cyril Quantrill in particular for allowing us to publish these photographs. Many will, no doubt, remember Cyril when he was with 70 Division and 5 Indian Division in the Western Desert. I recall his little dug-out signal office in the sandy scrub on Ruweisat Ridge and his constant lamentation for the little Puch two-stroke he left behind in Tobruk.

[Photo by courtesy of "Motor Cycling"
S. B. Manns, British Vase team rider, at speed on the Eppynt Circuit

B A O R

H.Q. B.A.O.R. SIGNAL REGIMENT

Bad Oeynhausen

Activities during the month were mostly confined to preparations for Exercise "Agility" with practice schemes and detachments coming and going, loading and unloading, all to be in readiness for the day, which, when it came, proved a wholesale removal of the Regiment, leaving the barracks sparsely populated.

The Unit has just got over one of its nightmares, the C.I.V. (Central Inspectorate of Vehicles) inspection, and Captain ("Snub") Pollard is now to be seen with a more cheerful countenance.

Leaving us shortly on Python is Corporal ("Skid") Copping, one time WIRE notes composer. His absence is going to be felt in management of Model Club, Motor Cycling Club and 22 D.R. Troop football.

Incidentally, the Model Club, which has been working away in the background for months, has now come out into the light with its glider flying which, overlooking a few mishaps, proved rather successful.

The Regimental cricket team has just completed a very busy and successful season and have brought fame to the Regiment in at least one sphere.

Out of 32 games played, 26 were won, four drawn and two lost. One of the defeats was the 7 Armoured Brigade Section of the Army Cup in which the team reached the final. Trophies obtained included the local C.C.G. League and its Bill Parkes Cup and Royal Signals (B.A.O.R.) Inter-Unit Knock-out Shield. Congratulations go to Signalman Swann for his fine showing of over 100 wickets taken during the season.

The football season having started has got the men "on their toes" again, and it is football kit which is keeping the sports store staff busy now. The game, however, is still in its infancy and is confined to Troop practice and inter-Troop matches, but soon contests and leagues will be at stake on the pitches.

Last but not least, I hope, there is one more point. These will be my last notes (thank goodness, did someone say?) as I am also on the release programme, so I take this opportunity of saying cheerio and best wishes to all friends and readers.

H.F.D.

C.A.F.S.O. BRANCH, H.Q., B.A.F.O.

In sport we have gained very high marks chiefly through our C.A.F.S.O. Colonel L. de M. Thuillier, O.B.E., now happily joined by his family, who broke the B.A.F.O. plunge record at the B.A.F.O. (H.Q. Unit) swimming sports, with a distance of 58′ 5″.

The Colonel and Captain Hennessy further put our Branch on the map with a win in one of the races at the Royal Signals (B.A.O.R.) Inter Unit Sailing Regatta.

Captain Hennessy is a keen yatchsman and a very staunch supporter of B.A.F.O. Sailing Club.

Game shooting is now to the fore with the Branch and many happy Sundays have been spent at Steinhude Meer duckshooting—Operation "Webfoot" was ably conducted by W.O. II Vaughan. It is hoped to arrange some more Branch shoots in the near future.

7 ARMOURED DIVISIONAL SIGNAL REGIMENT

During August the Unit lines presented a scene of great activity. New TAC signs to be painted, sets and vehicles to be overhauled, and all the thousand and one jobs which are always remembered at the last moment.

The B.A.O.R. scheme "Agility I" has figured as the main event for September. After a reasonably quiet start the pace warmed up. Everyone pulled their weight and the scheme went quite smoothly for us. S.Q.M.S. Follett was not kept as busy as in the last scheme, pulling bogged vehicles out of the mud. There were, however, several cases of vehicles becoming unaccountably perched on tree stumps. The most sensational occurrence was when Corporal Fothergill drove over the edge of a quarry in his jeep. S.Q.M.S. Follett gave a grossly exaggerated account involving a quarry the size of a Sandhurst block and the jeep bouncing 20 feet after a four-point landing. Neither Corporal Fothergill or the jeep appeared any the worse for the event.

At the present moment everyone is either compiling a list of deficiencies or washing enormous quantities of white dust off his vehicle.

On 16th October we are due to play Rhine Army in the finals of the inter-Unit B.A.O.R. Signals tennis competition. We are hoping for victory in this much delayed match, which was cancelled a month ago due to rain. Sergeant Scoffin, our principle tennis hope, has reached the finals of the singles Garrison open tennis competition. Partnered by Captain Hamer he has reached the final of the doubles.

Our hockey team drew with 7th Armoured Division team 3—3 due to staunch play by Sergeant Spearman at right-back. We lost at soccer to them 5—0.

At swimming we can boast of quite a creditable effort in coming third in the Royal Signals swimming gala. Most of our team had to swim in at least three events.

BERLIN SIGNAL SQUADRON

B.A.O.R. 2

We are still enjoying what must be the last vestiges of a glorious autumn here in Berlin. The fine bright sunny days seem to have no connection with the long dark evenings which follow then. Inevitably the winter must come, and those with longest service in these parts nod their heads sagely, and one can't help feeling with a certain amount of gusto, when they warn us that we are in for a very cold winter. Be that as it may, we will enjoy our Indian summer while it lasts.

It seems that we shall be facing this winter of which we have been warned in new premises. After much deliberation during which rumours were rife, it appears that we are at last to move from our present quarters to others in the Berlin Olympic Sports Centre. In fact, some of the equipment is at the moment being transferred. It is too early to say whether this move will be for the better or not, but certainly there will be many regrets at having to evacuate our present very comfortable lines. Anyhow, we shall be amongst sporting facilities, which are unequalled perhaps anywhere in the world.

This inevitably brings us to the subject of sport in the Unit. Here our records to date are distinctly good. The Squadron 1st XI soccer team head the Berlin Junior League. They are unbeaten in six matches and have a "goals for" column which reads like a cricket score already. The 2nd XI have a less impressive record, but it is well known that they are in a league, the average standard of which is very little, if any, below that of the league in which the first team play.

The hockey players of the Squadron provide over half the talent in a combined Berlin Signal Squadron and H.Q. British Troops Berlin hockey team. The one league match which has been played, against a combined C.C.G. and Military Government team—usually considered the stiffest

game of a season—was won by 2—1, which augurs well for the season. Previously the Squadron has fielded a hockey team which played—and very successfully—a number of friendly games in the evenings. Central European time, however, has effectively disposed of the opportunities for such matches.

The annual range classification with the Sten gun introduced a spot of variety, not to mention excitement, into the training programme this month. The tests revealed a lot of hidden talent, and provided plenty of practice in the art of cleaning. All voted that the bod who when his gun stopped turned round to ask what was wrong with it, was acting antisocially.

4 A.G.R.A. SIGNAL SQUADRON

Luneburg

The past month has been so overflowing with activities of general interest to the Squadron, that it is somewhat difficult to select those items more likely to be of interest to the wide field of WIRE readers.

At the beginning of the month the H.Q. 4 A.G.R.A. basket ball team—comprising all Signals personnel, plus one P.T. instructor from H.Q.—met 50 R.H.U. in the quarter-finals of the B.A.O.R. knock-out competition. At half-time 50 R.H.U. held the very slight advantage of a one point lead, the score being 14—13. On the resumption of play 4 A.G.R.A. forced the pace and maintained a lead of 17—14 until ten minutes from time, but during the final period 50 R.H.U. rallied magnificently and rattled in basket after basket, to win by the grand score of 32—19. To lose to 50 R.H.U. was no disgrace when it is remembered that they won the championship the previous year. It was a very fast and hard fought game and of a very high standard, between two well-balanced teams. Bad luck, chaps, but you were beaten by a better team.

Quite a large proportion of the Squadron were engaged on the Army Exercise "Agility I," bringing to a close a season that has been full of field exercises for this Squadron.

The exercise from this Squadron's communications point of view, was highly successful. The weather was exceptional for the time of the year, and everybody had a reasonably good time. Quite a number of the lads adopted the jungle fashion camp bed and by far the majority learned quite a bit about finding for themselves when the food is inclined to be harder than usual. The highlight of the self-feeding was all the off duty personnel crouched around a wash bowl filled to the brim with rabbit stew, slowly coaxing the said stew to the desired perfection, over a one man cooker. Fires were, of course, taboo, but a very satisfactory stew resulted after about three hours' patient pumping.

Soccer has been on a slightly lesser scale recently due to exercises, but we have had a few friendly matches to enable the selection of a Unit team preparatory to the commencement of the minor Units league, within 4 A.G.R.A., on 2nd November. Although not as strong as of yore we have quite a promising XI and should be capable of holding our own, if not winning the league.

ARMY SPORTS FIXTURES

Date			*Place*
		FOOTBALL	
Dec. 14	..	Army *v.* United Hospitals	Fulham
		RUGBY	
„ 6	..	Oxford *v.* Cambridge	Twickenham
„ 7	..	R.M.A. *v.* R.A.F.C.	Cranwell
„ 10	..	Army *v.* Ulster	Belfast
„ 21	..	Army *v.* T.A.	Northampton
„ 21	..	Norco *v.* Scotco	Harrogate
		HOCKEY	
„ 5-6	..	W.R.A.C. Inter-Command Championships : Norco *v.* Southco	Hounslow
		Eastco *v.* A.A. Command ..	Hounslow
„ 8	..	Westco *v.* Norco	Lichfield
„ 14	..	Army *v.* Teddington	Teddington

Gardens in Barracks

Set Crab Apple stocks to graft on
In the old of the moon set peas and beans
And sow parsnips and carrots
Trench Gardens with dung
Uncover the roots of your apple trees and let them remain until March
Kill swine in or near the full moon and they will be the better for boiling.

XVII Century Lore.

TALKING of ancient wisdom, and the above quotation contains plenty, there is the old saying that for every day of fog in October there will be a day of frost to follow before March is out. We are having plenty of October early mist or fog. Whether or not the seasons are changing and we are to have another unexpectedly mild winter, it does behove us to get our digging done early. This mild weather is growing a fine crop of weeds and another old saying is "one year's seeding—seven year's weeding." Let us therefore set ourselves to get our digging done on every day the soil is workable. Don't dig too deep on tilled land; it disturbs the top six inches of fertile soil. Composted or even half composted rubbish will go well enough under four inches of good soil without going down and bringing up the unfertile subsoil.

Much of this should have been done already so as to empty the rubbish heaps to receive the valuable harvest.

The leaf harvest is as valuable as any in the year because leaves gathered and stored in November give you the best possible, cost free, organic manure to dig in in 1950 or if well rotted to spread on top for mulch and for weed control.

"Barracks" are often "camps" wind blown and airy with few trees and fewer leaves. But the leaf is so valuable that, if we can do a little training of drivers at this time, it pays to go and get it. County Council road men will thank you for taking leaves away. Barracks and camps are places where in winter many hundreds of booted feet create mud. Mud on floors creates work. Barracks, however, also breed cinders to make your paths dry and clean.

This is the work you do when the soil is too hard or too wet to dig. For the rest, in barracks, most flower borders are made of herbaceous stuff; this is the time to take up, divide (and thereby multiply) and replant old roots. Clean out the weeds and make all firm and tidy. Remember that frost, especially after rain, tends to loosen plants in the ground. An occasional inspection and a firm treading in of a loosened plant will save many from dying.

The wise gardener does his main order on the salesman in November. The earlier you order the less chance of delay and anxiety and at risk of a legal action it may perhaps be guessed that the early order gets the best quahty goods.

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ST. GEORGE'S GAZETTE, August and September.
WISH STREAM, August.
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CATTERICK EXPRESS, 7th and 21st October.
TANK, October.
QUEEN'S OWN GAZETTE, October.
JOURNAL OF THE ROYAL ARMY SERVICE CORPS, October.
ROYAL ARMY ORDNANCE CORPS GAZETTE, October.
CLARION, October.
SAMBAND (Royal Norwegian S.T.C.), No. 3, 1949.

My Dog Rastus (XI)

By **A. J. AUDEN**

A FEW days ago we had our annual ball. Joan came up for it and stayed with the Carters, who very kindly put her up. You can imagine that for weeks beforehand I had been looking forward to having her here and showing her round, though being a member of the committee and wondering whether everything would go off all right rather spoilt it for me. To use rather a literary phrase, against the tide of anxiety little wavelets of happiness kept breaking through onto the stones of my mind.

For some time now Joan and I have just about been fixed up together, at least I've thought so, though we've not been formally engaged. So I decided that the night of the dance with soft lights and sweet music was just the time to put the matter on a proper footing. You shall hear how wrong I was.

But Rastus, my terrier sort of dog, and I had no care in the world as we stood on Darlington platform waiting for her train. Nor had we a few minutes later when she got out of the train looking stunning in one of those neat and simple grey flannel suits and with her faintly red hair hardly covered by one of those nonsenses.

"Hullo, Joan," was all I said.

"You're looking fit," she replied. But our eyes said much more than our shyness allowed us to express, and invisible strings only held us from falling from our perilous angles of mutual inclination.

I wanted to have her alone to myself for a little while, so instead of going straight to the Carters I took her into a cake shop for tea. Joan had just given me a second cup and we had begun to talk of ourselves instead of trivialities when, "Darling, I haven't seen you for days. Where on earth have you been?" came the purring voice of Doreen from over my shoulder. Quite apart from the shock of it, this made me sit up, as it was months not days since I had last seen her. It sounded to me remarkably like a declaration of war.

I got up mumbling something and hoping that she'd have the sense to see that she wasn't wanted and pass on quickly, but from what almost looked like design she stayed on talking until from politeness I had to ask her to join us.

Joan's voice was like ice as she said "How d'you do."

"I suppose that you are the girl from his home town that John has talked so much about," replied Doreen. "I almost feel that I know you already."

Not a promising beginning. Now don't start thinking that I was regarding myself as a regular Don Juan, fatal to all women. I knew very well that to Doreen I was merely a method of passing the time and that the only reason for the present act was that she knew that I was more interested in Joan than herself, which she would not stand from any man.

I must say that Doreen looked marvellous as she sat down with her long raven hair framing a face already beautiful and enriched by art; her lovely figure sheathed in the latest fashion—unsuitably so for the time and place, but who could quarrel with the result. What two contrasting girls; Joan sitting there just as I could imagine her sitting opposite me 20 years hence; and Doreen—my baser instincts said "What a mistress!"

"Do you hunt much," said Joan, and we all knew that she was not referring to foxes.

"You must let me give you an introduction to my London coiffeur," said Doreen. "He'd do wonders to your hair."

I was completely left out of the conversation and devoutly thankful for it, for the verbal stalactites which were going to and fro left me feeling rather sick, as if I had a large piece of ice at the bottom of my stomach.

All disasters must come to an end and at last we left. But Doreen still had remaining a parting shot worse than any before. "See you at the dance, darling, and don't forget that the last waltz is mine." I hadn't asked her; I wondered who had.

As we drove away, "I don't suppose you have much *spare* time up here," said Joan.

I was really very pleased with our efforts at decorating the Mess as Joan and I stood talking to the Carters and waiting for the other guests to arrive. And I had seen too many admiring glances at Joan as we came in not to feel proud to be with her. Then Doreen came in and after saying good evening to the Colonel swept down on us with a brilliant smile of false friendship on her face and a glint in her eye.

"My dear, what a sweet litle frock. How clever you must be with your fingers," she said in a penetrating voice.

Joan didn't turn a hair, though I knew that her dress had been specially bought on London for the occasion at a cost which made me wonder whether I could afford a wife.

"I'm so glad you like it," she replied. "I have to be careful of style, as I'm rather particular as to how much flesh I show in public." I could hardly conceal a smile, serious though the situation was for me, for Doreen's dress was—well, need I say more?

Margaret Carter saved the situation by a remark to Joan, and while her attention was occupied Doreen in an aside to me said "If the little girl bothers you and takes up too much of your time, I'll come and rescue you." With this threat hanging over my head I dared not but dance a number of times with her during the evening.

What an evening! Each time that I danced with Joan the temperature dropped lower and lower until Siberia would have been like a Turkish bath; and each time I danced with Doreen it got—too hot for me anyway.

As I saw Joan off with the Carters about 2 a.m. she said to me "I shall be catching the 12 o'clock train tomorrow, so if you'll pick me up about 10.30 we can have a little talk over a cup of coffee somewhere." I could imagine that "little talk," and that it wasn't going to be very pleasant for me, so that my night's sleep was disturbed by nightmares that—but they were too embarrassing to tell you about.

When next morning I arrived five minutes early I did everything I could to please, but even my old friend Jack Carter greeted me coldly. The silence as we drove was pure granite except for an occasional daring whimper from Rastus.

Christmas crackers! As we walked into the cakeshop there was Doreen evidently waiting for us.

"I arranged this meeting," said Joan, "because there seems to be some doubt as to whether you prefer this—lady, or me. And it would be as well if we settled the matter now."

"Darling. How dramatic," purred Doreen. "The judgment of Paris."

"You pays your money and you takes your choice," said Rastus.

M E L F

3 G.H.Q. SIGNAL REGIMENT
Fayid, M.E.L.F.

Desert Scheme

After the usual last minute doubts whether we had or had not included this or that piece of equipment amongst the piles in the back of our transport, on Friday, 5th August a detachment of 3 G.H.Q. Signal Regiment set off from Fayid on a desert scheme. It was the first scheme for about four months as restrictions had been placed on desert exercises.

Our object was to move south from Fayid to Koubri Ferry, and then to cross the Suez Canal to the east bank. From there we were to move south again about eighty miles to a village called Abu Zenima, one of the two only villages along the length of the Sinai coast. Beyond marking an airfield, the map in no way enlightened us as to what Abu Zenima was like.

In charge of the party was Captain D. W. Webb, and with him one other officer and eight men. The two N.C.O.s in the party had had previous experience of desert conditions during the war in Africa, but for the rest of us this was a new experience, learning to cook our own food, consisting of "compo" rations, living out of a truck and sleeping in a hole in the sand for a bed. Our transport comprised one Jeep and two 15 cwts., a Dodge and a Bedford, loaded with all our needs, petrol, oil, water, food and bedding.

We struck a spot of bother with the Jeep soon after we left camp, which was soon rectified and we arrived without further mishap at Koubri Ferry at mid-day. The Ferry is 5 miles north of Suez, and is itself a chain driven affair with room for 3 cars and seats down the centre, similar to, although smaller, than the ferry at Port Fouad. We reported to the customs and aided by an officer in the bottle-green head-dress of the Arab Legion, obtained our tickets and boarded the ferry.

The other side we set off southwards down what at that point was a reasonable tarred road. After a few miles we stopped for our first brew of "shai," boiled over petrol soaked sand. It was noticeably hotter over this side than on the west bank of the canal, and soon after we started again the tarred road seemed to be near melting point, and driving along we could feel the drag on the wheels.

During the afternoon the road deteriorated from sticky tar to hard bumpy sand. Most of the time the track followed within a mile of the coast. On our left the sand stretched away to purplish-brown hills in the distance, and on our right, across the Gulf of Suez, there were the blue-grey hills which fall away to the west. Here and there spindly oil derricks rose straight up, almost in keeping with the bare country, and at one point we passed the silver towers of an oil refinery, standing out as a landmark.

The further south we moved the closer the foothills approached the coast, until the road began to cut across them instead of skirting round them. At about 1800 hours when the road had climbed halfway up the side of a hill, we saw down near the coast a dozen or so chalets and a water tower. We took the Jeep down to the buildings. Outside one of the huts stood a large American, employed, we found later, with an oil mining company and within a couple of minutes we had permission to park near the site down on the shore, access to fresh water and a Camel cigarette apiece.

The trucks were soon brought down, aiming to park on the fore-shore which was lava-formed rock, ideal to park the trucks upon. However the approaches were not as firm as the shore, nor as they seemed, and within twenty yards the foremost truck was digging itself a hole with its back wheels. The Bedford behind tried to find hard ground, but within a few yards was bogged down as well. We learnt to dig trucks out of sand the hard way; dig a hole in front of the back wheel in which to lay the sand-track so that the wheel does not have to climb uphill as well as pull forward. Then once the truck has travelled the length of the track, slip into neutral to stop digging too far in again, dig another hole and start again.

This was slow and tiring work, but with the Jeep in front and our concerted efforts behind, after an hour we were within ten yards of firm ground. We cooked a hot meal and with a guard over the trucks we settled down to sleep.

The following morning our difficulties seemed to solve themselves. We found some timber and corrugated iron and within half an hour both trucks were clear and we were soon on our way again; Abu Zenima was about thirty miles distant.

A couple of miles outside our camp of the previous night we passed the oil derrick on which the Americans were working. It was about 150′ high and from the top was suspended the shaft on the end of which was attached the drilling "bit," which actually digs into the ground, and a pipe which draws the mud from the bottom of the shaft. Three great engines are working the whole time turning the shaft and operating the pumping machinery. The work is continued for twenty-four hours a day, working without any stop. The great derrick and all the accessories had taken only a fortnight to assemble and start working. So far they were down to 4,000′ and still had not struck oil, but thev had a long way to go before they reached the maximum depth ever drilled—over 19,000′.

After the derrick the track left the coast and began to double and twist in and out of the hills, at times so that we were heading due north. The corrugation on the track which had been noticeable the day before now became extreme, and that, combined with the tortuous route made going very difficult. At times spectacular hills in shades of ochre and red strata bordered the road or rose sheer in front of us until the track again doubled back beneath them.

We passed an oasis, and three miles further on came to Abu Zenima. It was not an attractive village, sand coloured buildings built on the flat sand near the coast, with the machinery of a mine in the background. Signs directed us to the police station where we were met by a police sergeant and a crowd of small children. After satisfying him about the validity of our passes, a matter presenting some difficulty since he spoke no English and we no Arabic, we were escorted to the local guest house. This was down on the shore and seemed an ideal place, and here we pitched our camp.

Abu Zenima is a village which has grown around the manganese deposits which are being mined by an English mining company. There were more mines up in the hills at Um Bonga, only accessible by a road which at times falls away sheer on either side. Of the airfield marked on the map we saw nothing. We stayed until the following day, bathing on a perfect beach in water pleasantly cool after the tepid Bitter Lake at Fayid. Here during one of our hitherto unsuccessful attempts to establish communication with base we were picked up, although conditions were very bad.

We set out upon our return journey at midday, following the track of the previous day, but as dusk came we found ourselves on a different route. Sand had blown over the track and three times we had to repeat our previous experience and dig one or other of the trucks out, although now more adept at it. From the top of a hill we could see the lights of the derrick and were able to plot our position. We

retraced our steps for about five miles before we struck our original route; once there we were soon at the derrick and near it we camped, cooked our meal and were soon abed, very tired.

Of the last lap there is little to tell. We reached Koubri at lunch time crossed over and were back in camp by 1500 hours. We had learned a great deal about cooking over petrol soaked sand, handling trucks along rough and bumpy tracks and how to deal with vehicles bogged down in soft sand. It had been a hard but very enjoyable scheme.

2 WIRELESS REGIMENT

Cyprus

The chief event of this month has been our first Regimental week-end on Saturday 17th and Sunday 18th September; it was a great success.

The week-end started with a knock-out 10 minute hockey tournament between scratch teams, which included also a team sent from Nicosia by Cyprus Signal Squadron. This was followed in the evening by an all ranks dance in the N.A.A.F.I. canteen at which the dance band of the 1st Battalion The Loyal Regiment played for dancing. There was a very large attendance and in spite of the heat it was enjoyed by all.

On the Sunday we opened up with a service in the canteen, conducted by Captain the Rev. Ball, the Unit padre, the lesson being read by the Commanding Officer. The service was broadcast by the Forces Broadcasting Service from Nicosia.

The high-spot of the week-end was the sports in the afternoon in which all the children from 2 to 54 took part. It is not certain whose hat attracted most attention, the American headgear of Major Rice or that of Corporal Rothwell paraded in one of the side-shows as an Aunt Sally. Captain Sutton's strident voice was constantly to be heard enticing people to enter for this or that race. Sergeant Pooley ran a much-patronised tote on the heats of the donkey race, which was confidently won by Corporal "Jockey" Ribchester. Probably the best race of the day was the obstacle race, in which the Sergeants' Mess was always prominent. The side-shows were well patronised, probably the most popular being the lucky dip.

The festivities ended with a concert in the canteen, given by the Unit concert party and the military band of the 1st Battalion The Loyal Regiment. The best things in the concert party's performance were S.S.M. McClenaghan's male voice choir, which has arisen like a phoenix again after the ravages of releases, and the amusing War Office lecture of Corporal Mackenzie-Kerr. The military band pleased everyone with its renderings of popular tunes and the concert ended with community singing.

After a long and rather exasperating hold-up due to delay in the issue of their licence and to the lack of a "non-parasitic" transmitter our Amateur Radio Club has at last got under way—and with a vengeance. It operates 18 hours a day and has brought them contracts with about 2,000 stations and given them a lot of QSL headaches.

Contacting Blighty with 20 watts and a length of wet string as an aerial convinced the active members that they were not so rockbound as they anticipated; so they started to work and commenced building an aerial array that would put Alexandra Palace to shame.

After much-soul destroying work on the sunbaked concrete-like ground the mast was erected and in the first week of the month they sent their first CQ call—to be answered by a man in New Zealand who, doubtless, considered their call to have come from the moon.

Their only disappointment has been that up to writing nothing has been heard of DL2LM, MBGBJ, G3CHR and G3BMR, but they are living in hopes that when this number of THE WIRE is distributed, contact will be established with these stations. They are using 14080 and 14040 with call MD7DC. Do listen in and add another rare specimen to your bag.

The cricket season is drawing to a close, but nevertheless some very interesting matches have been and are being played; the season is in no way being allowed to fade out as is often the case when signs of the commencement of football and hockey appear.

The final results of the Famagusta Area League have now been received and we find that the Unit finished in the second place.

The Cyprus District Knock-out Tournament is now under way; having drawn a bye in the first round we met D.C.R.E. (East) in the second and semi-final round and were able to avenge our previous defeat in no uncertain manner thanks to the fine bowling of Sergeant Trueman, who was almost unplayable and finished the match with the final analysis of 7 wickets for 14 runs.

The area final was played on Tuesday, 27th September against 348 L. of C. R.E.M.E. Workshops on the Famagusta Stadium ground before a large and enthusiastic crowd of spectators and resulted in a victory by the Unit by 9 wickets. We now play the R.A.F., Nicosia, in the Island final and hope to be able to report a win in the next issue.

On the 12th September we played H.M.S. *Cadiz* and were much too strong for them; during the course of two and a half hours three innings were played.

An interesting whole-day match was played at Nicosia on Saturday, 24th September against the Nicosia Cricket Club. It was a very close game, the Nicosia club winning by three runs with their last man in and three minutes to go.

In a very exciting match on 4th September the Warrant Officers and Sergeants defeated the Officers' Mess.

The 14 Wireless Squadron trophy for cricket was won by the Clerks Section, who have a very strong all-round team, which contains the Unit's two opening bowlers.

Life in Cyprus

CYPRUS is regarded by many as the best of the Middle East stations. The Island nestles in the Eastern Mediterranean about 40 miles from the Turkish coast. It is formed by a spiky finger of mountains as a backbone with more level land on the south and east.

The climate is hot and dry in summer with the thermometer around 100° in July and August. The rainfall occurs chiefly in the period November/March when it becomes quite cold.

I arrived here in May of this year, so perhaps my impressions are not quite so stale as those of the older members of the Unit. The heat has not been too enervating. The countryside is very dry and dusty and I imagine that a good shower would work wonders.

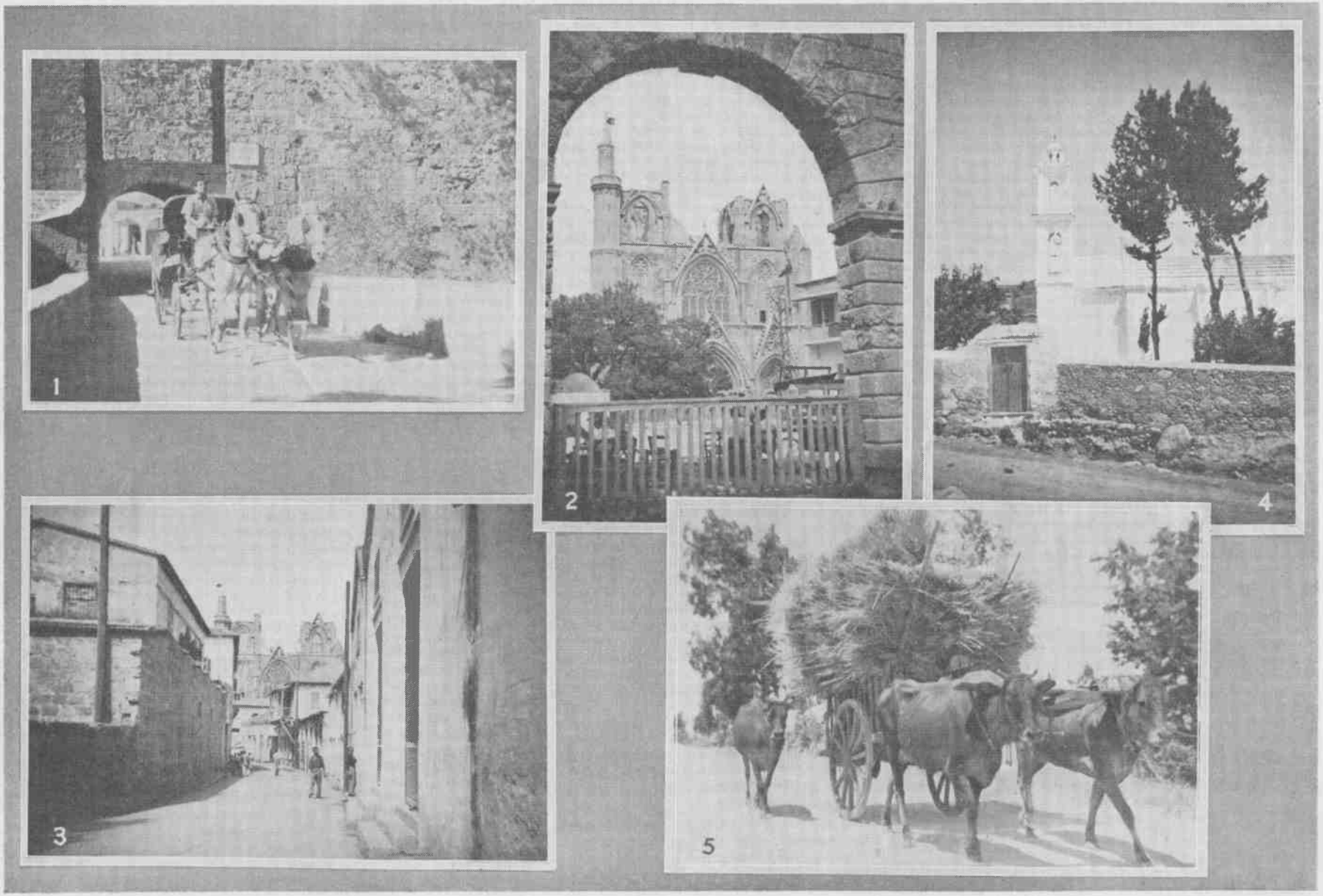
A good point about our location is that it is not too distant from a very pleasant beach. Typically Mediterranean, this is a narrow strand of sand backed by houses in the local style: large shuttered windows and spacious, airy balconies, with the stone washed in a clean cream colour. The sea, practically tideless, is literally cobalt blue and of a clearness and sparkle almost unbelievable. Even in 20 feet of water, the bottom is clearly visible, with the fronds of sea plants mysteriously darkening the sandy bed.

An outcrop rock reef forms a natural lagoon which harbours sponges and other marine growths. At Kyrenia there is quite a thriving sponge industry—strangely enough operated mostly by Greek fishermen from the Dodecanese.

During the summer the normal hours of work for British Units are from 7.30 a.m. to 1 p.m., so that there are plenty of opportunities for sunning on the local beach (about four miles away), where N.A.A.F.I. operates a pleasant club and one may purchase such welcome items as ice-cold drinks and other seasonal refreshments. (I often wonder why iced drinks are not more common in England).

The Regiment is accommodated in Nissen huts and tents

Life in Cyprus



1. Gate in the Old City Walls, Famagusta. **2.** Cathedral of St. Nicholas, Famagusta. **3.** Street in the Old City, Famagusta. **4.** A Greek Church in the country. **5.** Bullock cart taking corn to the threshing ground

—all quite comfortable. We mess well, with plenty of locally purchased supplies, such as fruit and vegetables. On first arriving, one is overwhelmed by the quantity of eggs on the ration scale and I fear that they will be missed when "Python" comes around!

Fruit is plentiful—water-melons, grapes and plums being especially cheap. The local unit of weight is the "oke" (2 4/5th lb.) and a good strain of grapes sells at about 1/- an oke.

The orange season starts about November, when we hope to see the large juicy fruit so scarce in Britain in recent years.

Wine is an important produce of the island's vineyards—one variety, "Commanderia," is reputed to have been first produced in the time of the Crusades. It is very cheap—about eightpence or a shilling per glass in the less pretentious establishments.

At this time of the year the cinemas are all in the open air. Surprisingly one is not at all distracted by the outside noises such as car horns and the cries of street vendors, which intrude on the sound-track. There are frequent intervals in each programme (due to the fact that only one projector is used) and one can purchase various kinds of refreshments—lemonade, coffee, chocolate, fruit and nuts are the favourites.

The Cypriot population is composed of people of Greek ancestry, with a considerable Turkish minority. Communism is a powerful force, while those that are not Communist are usually of the Nationalist Party, who ardently desire union with Greece. In politics, we are not very popular with either party and keeping the peace presents knotty problems, with no kudos for the much maligned British.

The contrast between the old and the new is constantly presenting itself from fresh angles. Sleek "Dollar-Grin" American taxis hoot impatiently at some ancient Greek peasant, plodding morosely along on a motheaten and overladen donkey. Bren carriers kick up the dust as they swerve to avoid the camel string of an itinerant Turkish trader, while shepherds watch unperturbed from the roadside as their flocks seek some edible vegetation amongst the bare, brown, rocky earth.

Water is a valuable commodity and many of the farmers use irrigation systems supplied from bore-holes. The pump to draw up the water is operated by a small wind wheel and the countryside is dotted with scores of these gaunt steel structures.

Greek Orthodoxy is the chief religion; the black-robed and bearded patriarchs of the Church can often be seen riding in the peculiar squat and windowless buses that ply between the towns.

The peasants live in ways that have been unchanged for centuries. Oxen and mules are the common form of power on the land and lately threshing has been in full swing. The grain is piled on a hard square of ground and two oxen drawing a heavy flat wooden sled are driven endlessly round and round over the grain until it is ready for winnowing. This is done by using curious wooden shovels to throw the grain across the wind; the chaff, being light, blows down wind while the grain falls to the ground ready for sweeping up and putting into bags—a task usually done by the women of the family.

The towns of Nicosia and Famagusta consist of two parts—the "Old City" with its ancient walls, and the new town built around the outskirts. The history of the island is rich in colourful happenings and even in 400 B.C. it was an important trading centre. At Salamis, near Famagusta, the remains of an old city, started by the Phoenician traders, can still be seen in the midst of a eucalyptus forest.

In the winter the mountains are snow-covered and winter sports are possible. Many troops from other Middle East areas cross to Cyprus to take advantage of the leave facilities offered. The island is also popular in summer—I doubt if those of us stationed here realise how welcome is the sight of a little greenery to those who come from the arid sands of Egypt!

It is hoped to include some more photos in a future contribution, when we shall show you some of the more interesting aspects of this pleasant Middle East station.

G.K.R.

X BRANCH, H.Q., BRITISH TROOPS IN EGYPT

Moascar

We begin our report on this occasion with news of yet another change in our designation. The "Med. Comd." has now been dropped from our title and the old hands will share our satisfaction in the return to the use of B.T.E. as our address.

As it is some months since we last contributed to these pages, it might be expected that we have some changes in personalities to report. In fact, we have had none, although two members of the Branch are due to return to England, home and beauty very shortly; Captain G. F. Lowe, our tennis playing Communications Security expert has been selected for next year's Staff College Course at Camberley. We offer him many congratulations and echo the words of the C.S.O.—"George may not do Camberley any good, but Camberley is sure to do George a lot of good!" Our other traveller is W.O.I (S/C.) Kraft, who completes his present tour next month. (How cold is it in Catterick?) A tower of strength in all activities of the H.Q. Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess and a regular member of the Corps and H.Q. cricket and hockey XIs, he will not only be missed by us; we welcome W.O.I ("Smoky") Newton in his stead.

Most of the Branch have enjoyed a spell of summer leave and on the part of the officers, there has been continuous movement to and from Cyprus—one after the other. In fact, it is believed that at least one hand-over took place in the Customs House at Port Said. We were hard put to it to raise a Branch cricket XI to enter the local Signals league instituted by Egypt Command Signal Regiment and were nearly compelled to play Maureen, our shorthand-typist. We managed, however, and eventually won the league which was ample compensation for the damage done to the C.S.O.'s fingers. The result was largely due to the performances of our star cricketer and Corporal Draughtsman, Corporal Jarvis, who has represented the Corps, Army and Combined Services this season. Our next endeavour is in a similar tennis league and we have won our first match.

With the approach of cooler weather and the end of the leave season, work is recommencing. Major Beattie has temporarily forsaken telecomns to be an instructor on the M.E. Preparatory Staff College Course and is no doubt already leading the backward boys forward. In the Branch we are concerned with a large project to overhaul the Moascar-Port Said cables which involves the re-laying by Egypt Command Signal Regiment of 75 per cent of the cable; communications for the annual Searchlight Tattoo (which will include a Royal Signals D.R. display team) and a Signals stall for an exhibition entitled "Know Your Army," with which the new Command Education Centre is to be inaugurated. In this last connection we would like to say how useful we have found THE WIRE in giving us the form taken by similar displays and shows.

Lastly, we have recently heard that 1 L. of C. Signal Regiment is coming under our control. There are one or two problems associated with accounting and stores to be settled but we think—and believe the Regiment do too—that the association will be of mutual benefit. Certa Cito—notes completo.

CORPS SOCCER FIXTURES

v. Manchester University, at Manchester, Wednesday, 14th December.
v. R.A.O.C., at Chilwell, Wednesday, 11th January.
v. Royal Engineers (venue not yet decided), Wednesday, 1st February.

East Africa Command

MAURITIUS SIGNAL TROOP

Vacoas

The Navy has been in. I think these words just about sum up what has been happening during the last few weeks. And they have been in — with a vengeance. H.M.S. *Birmingham* arrived in Mauritius on 10th September for a week's courtesy visit and the whole week was taken up with dances, parties, sports and social events.

The biggest shock the Garrison managed to produce out of the bag was to defeat the Navy in the soccer match by 6—0. It was a well fought, keen game, with the Army, led by our O.C., Captain Bell (now returned from U.K. after a successful bash at No. 4 R.C.B.), taking all the chances they got.

After the game the Marines showed us how smart the beating of retreat looks, with H.E. the Governor taking the salute.

The Messes all had their share of the fun. On the same evening as the soccer match the officers had their do. The O.C. didn't look so energetic next morning after a late night on top of a very fast soccer game.

"Chalky" White, our "Q.," had his hands full putting matelots to bed and carting them out of the Sergeants' Mess nightly and out to the grass in the "still chill of the night."

The Navy were too strong for the Garrison at hockey, cricket and rugby and they also carried off the King George V Jubilee Cup on the range. This cup is competed for between Garrison, Police and Navy whenever the latter happen to be in port.

Although everyone had a grand time during the week we were all glad to say cheerio to the "*Brum.*"

As mentioned previously the O.C. arrived back in Mauritius via Air France in the middle of August after a somewhat strenuous appearance before No. 4 R.C.B. Lucky man to get a spot of leave and then fly back losing only three days on the way. According to what he tells me the overnight stay in Tananarive (Madagascar) is something to be remembered—in fact, something that will never be forgotten. It was something that was previously considered to be strictly confined to the imagination of a script writer.

At present he has now got a very worried look on his face for Saturday the 24th is the big day. After numerous false alarms and rumours the O.C. finally gets spliced in St. Paul's, Vacoas. He'll need his leave to recuperate from the shock. He goes to the altar with his bride with our very best wishes to both for the future.

JIMMY THE ONE

NORTHERN AREA SIGNAL TROOP

Moshi

The long rains are now finishing and we are experiencing cold nights with the usual extra snow on Mount Kenya. With the rain, of course, grass and bush are growing so rapidly that one can almost see their movement. Which brings us to the fire season soon to be with us. Old members will well remember what this means especially if they knew our old B.O.R.s Mess which was completely gutted, with all its contents a complete loss. We have yet to recover from that loss. We are still on our toes in Signals work and can get mobile detachments rolling as quickly as ever. Recent activities in Uganda gave us a good test. We are now busy with local schemes and camps.

In sports we are very well represented and are doing very well in the area hockey and football leagues. Sergeant Davison and Lance-Corporal Baxter have been chosen to represent this area at football. That seems to be all the news this time. So cheerio from the Equator.

FARELF

SINGAPORE DISTRICT SIGNAL REGIMENT

"D" Squadron are still actively helping in clearing the bandit menace out of South East Asia, whilst the rest of the Regiment continues with its never-ceasing job of training L.E.P. (now called Malayan Other Ranks), running most of the line communications of the island, various exchanges and the District Signal Office.

In spite of these commitments we have managed to achieve a modicum of success in athletics. We come under Nee Soon Garrison for all sport and at their athletic meeting we achieved second place.

In the Singapore District Championship we were also second, although we were in the lead for about three-quarters of the time. G.H.Q. "B" team won the competition, whilst G.H.Q. Signal Regiment were just behind us.

In the pole vault, Signalman Phipps and Signalman Galistan both failed finally at 9ft. 6in., after a terrific duel. They now jointly hold the new record with Phipps gaining first place with less faults.

Ramadan fast took its toll of some of our athletes, but even so second place out of a total of 22 teams was a creditable performance which we are hoping to improve upon next year.

The Unit Tennis Tournament has at last been concluded. The singles final was played on 19th July when Captain H. Clarke, our Adjutant, defeated Sergeant Brackenberry, 6—1, 6—1.

Rain tried to interfere with the doubles, which were played on 22nd July. The afternoon started off with a match between the officers represented by Captain Millichip and Captain Bosher, and the Sergeants represented by Brackenberry and Allison. The officers won, 6—2, 6—1.

Major Snell and Captain H. Clarke defeated Corporal Kirby and Signalman Bryson, 6—2, 6—1.

Next month we are starting with the inter-Squadron sports or the Morris Cup given by our last C.O. The competition covers all sports and the Squadron with the highest points will be awarded the cup.

Owing to the lack of water and space at Yio Chu-Kang it has been decided that we should at last leave our rubber plantation and move to Calcutta and Ayer Rajah camps. "C" Squadron has already taken up its bed and moved. They will be "tented" in Ayer Rajah. The rest of the Regiment will be in Calcutta Camp. Our new "permanent barracks to be" are within a mile of these camps, so we shall be able to watch the progress of the building.

MALAYA DISTRICT SIGNAL REGIMENT

Kuala Lampur

R.H.Q. and 1 Squadron. Will the devaluation of the pound affect our pay? Our barrack room lawyers turned finance experts for the day and got together amongst wild rumours to sort out the problem. However, there is no change and we are all resigned to the original "broke five days out of seven."

The hockey and rugger season has started again with a flourish, and our star players are beginning to hobble round the lines in various degrees of decrepitude. The Unit soccer team lost its place in the Malaya F.A. Cup after a close battle with the Selangor State Malays, in which we twice held the lead, score 4—3. We are fortunate in having W.O.1 Keating, a first-class referee in both football and hockey.

A model flying club has been launched in the Unit. There are about a dozen enthusiasts whose thoughts turn to all kinds of propulsion including jet and petrol-driven models. One interesting point is that the right type of rubber cannot be obtained in this country, the home of the natural rubber industries, but has to be imported from England.

Sergeants' Mess. This month has seen the opening of a ladies' room, specially decorated and furnished—wonderful what some curtain material, ribbon, nails, sergeants, and other bits and pieces can do when mixed in the right proportions. We feel that we are the pioneers of such a departure from Sergeants' Mess routine in this theatre. We are launching out on another dance in October.

3 Squadron, Seremban. The Squadron football team, although far from brilliant, continues to do battle in the local football league, at the moment holding an estimated position of fourth.

Rugby football is claiming the interest of some who like bruises and broken legs.

A hockey XI played a Seremban ladies' team—needless to say hockey players were not difficult to find for this match.

The badminton players can now boast a new court made from anthill deposits and one patient member has actually made a new net.

CARIBBEAN AREA SIGNAL SQUADRON

Kingston, Jamaica

The Squadron hockey team defeated the 1st Battalion team of the Gloucestershire Regiment by 4—1 in the first league match of the season. This is something of an achievement as the relative unit strengths are out of all proportion.

Our soccer XI is battling gamely against heavy odds. They have yet to win a game but their enthusiasm continues. Royal Signals are well represented in the Staff and Command team for the Livingstone cricket cup knock-out competition, no less than five members of the Squadron being selected to play.

Have you notified your latest address for Corps Publications to the General Secretary, Royal Signals Association, 88 Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1 ?

Per Ardua . . .

IT was only a very small Signal section; it numbered no more than 30 bodies and lived in a mud-walled compound some ten miles from the Royal Air Force headquarters, under whose command the country was. Life was pretty tranquil then, although we did our turns of eight hours on and eight off, and a visit from the V.I.P.s had not occurred for many months. Then one day in the middle of the lazy summer a staff car glided into our small compound.

An event; definitely an event!; who could this be?

Even the car almost turned up its nose at our muttie-roofed shanties as from it stepped a Wing Commander, a Squadron Leader and a most intelligent looking Flight Lieutenant. One solitary soul was crossing the compound at the time, Sergeant Shiner, the gallant quarter-bloke, but he rose nobly to the occasion in the best traditions of the Corps and of his calling and asked "Sir?"

"We," said the Wing Commander, "are the Command Fire Committee and we are here to inspect your fire appliances and your measures in general. Pray fetch your officer."

Lieutenant Tinwhistle invariably nicked himself at least three times whenever he shaved. He was half-way through the task that morning, breathing heavily, when Shiner knocked at his door and said "Sir. The Command Fire Committee have arrived to inspect us. Will you please join them at once."

At least seven pieces of paper hid the face of Mr. Tinwhistle when he appeared on the scene five minutes later, and he had scarcely realised the import of the visit when the Wing Commander said "Firstly, Mr. Tinwhistle, we shall inspect your fire board."

Now we all know that the show piece of most units is that beautiful red painted board on which are hung the hose-nozzles, the axe or axes, the shovels and the picks, the hydrant keys and the tommy bar, all of which are burnished and brightly polished, so with a nod to Sergeant Shiner, Mr. Tinwhistle indicated he should lead the way and the august body arrived at ours. Doubtless many moons before it had contained and supported a wonderful array of shining appliances, but now, in solitary splendour, there remained only an inverted, green-tinted nozzle from the top of which an indignant sparrow tweeped as it was about to lay its egg in its comfy nest.

The stunned silence was at last broken by Mr. Tinwhistle who asked Shiner, in a strange strangled sort of voice, "Sergeant, WHERE are our appliances?"

Now Sergeant Shiner was essentially a man of resource. Without a moment of hesitation he replied "You will remember, sir, that when Captain Blamey was here he agreed that because of the stinginess—if I may repeat him, sir—of the Air Force barrack people, the various fire appliances should be loaned out, if I remember rightly, sir, the hose to the men's canteen garden, the axe to the cook, and the pick and shovel to the sweepers. The tommy bar and the hydrant key are temporarily supporting your bed, sir, until they will supply a new one. But it was quite definitely understood, sir, that on the sound of any alarm these would all be immediately forthcoming without any formalities such as a Form 108."

The "Hmm-er-hmmm's" of the Wing Commander, faithfully echoed by the Squadron Leader were, to say the least of it, a little embarassing, but the expansive grin on the face of the intelligent looking Flight Lieutenant brought hope to Mr. Tinwhistle's worried soul. For one terrifying moment he and Shiner thought that a practice alarm would be called for, but with an even more expansive grin the Flight Lieutenant suggested that a look-see at the appliances in their various hide-outs might be undertaken. Hopefully, Mr. Tinwhistle led the way.

I shall never forget that Sergeants' Mess cook. An Assyrian-Armenian-cum- "me-good-Christian" Baghdadi,

with a resonant voice deeper than Flotsam—or is it Jetsam—he very nearly beheaded the Wing Commander in his excitement, thinking that at long last someone was going to give him a new axe. That axe!; for too long it had chopped wood, coal and the necks off Mosul turkeys. Many a Mess waiter and wash-up boy had been chased round the compound by that cook with axe held aloft . . .

The august body moved on.

I leave it to you to picture the state of the hose. Yet the men were proud of their little garden, and the myriads of pin-pricks made a most useful spray.

The picks, and the shovels? The august body moved on.

I think it was fortunate that the ice from the heat-stroke room of the day before had really cooled our gin. I take my hat off to Tinwhsitle; normally a teetotaller, he entertained the august body for a solid hour. Talk about the Russians and their vodka—they are amateurs beside what Tinwhistle did that day. God knows the total number of pink gins that were consumed, but all I do know is that Tinwhistle was not seen again until the following morning. And the official report . . . ?

"The excellent Unit Fire Orders cover any emergency. It is agreed further appliances are necessary."

Mr. Tinwhistle is now a Colonel in the Corps. Sergeant Shiner has become a well-merited Captain. All I hope is that the intelligent looking Flight Lieutenant is an Air Vice Marshal.

The above story is attributed to Captain Bob Bremner.

ARMY PHANTOM SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.
(The Princess Louise's Kensington Regiment)
Hammersmith

The Regiment participated in the Inter-Battalion Rifle Championships at the London and Middlesex Rifle Association meeting at Bisley and put up a very creditable performance in coming second.

At the following week-end a night exercise was held and it was unfortunate that this coincided with one of the worst storms the country has had for months, together with the R.A.F. exercise "Bulldog." R.H.Q. went near Petersfield and Patrols went to Ipswich and Exeter. Owing to an electrical storm coupled with continuous heavy rain, thunder, etc., communication was at first difficult if not impossible to establish and it was not until the early hours of Sunday morning that the efforts of the operators were rewarded.

At the same time the London District motor-cycle trials were held at Bagshot Heath. The Regiment provided a team of three and an individual entrant. The course was very stiff and a heavy downfall of rain prior to the start made the going even harder. Signalmen Kelly and Griffiths completed the course but Corporal Middleton had to retire due to mechanical trouble with his machine. Sergeant Dandridge, who was an individual entrant, in order to enable one of the team continue when a machine developed a clutch defect, very sportingly handed his machine over.

Trade Test Boards are being held at the end of November and the necessary training is now taking place; classes are being held every Monday and Wednesday for the operators, drivers and radio mechanics and the attendance is most encouraging.

Our Regimental dance on Saturday, 15th October, was a great success, more about this in next month's WIRE.

21 CORPS SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.
Derby

Although the Chesterfield and Nottingham Drill Halls have been open during September, for such recruits desirous of attending, and for enquiries, the formal training season has been arranged to begin on 3rd October.

The time during September has been very usefully devoted to such tasks as running through the cable stocks, and overhauling equipment in readiness for the coming training season; to finishing off trade tests, especially the theoretical portions, and to discussion of training programmes.

At Chesterfield, much valiant effort has been devoted to the clearing of a space behind the Drill Hall for the construction of a P.L. "Breast Route," stores for which have arrived; and poles are promised, by courtesy of the local Post Office engineers.

The annual Officers' Ball, which was voted a great success last year, is to be held this year in Derby, on Thursday, 15th December. It is hoped to include more detailed plans for this welcome event in our next issue.

49 (W.R. & M.) ARMOURED DIVISIONAL SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.
Leeds

We commenced this year with a well chosen training programme that was strictly adhered to, and well attended throughout the winter months. Thus, with the return of the long summer evenings and fine weather we were able to put theory into practice and drill nights became a matter of loading vehicles, and away into the country laying cable, maintaining W/T communications, with D.R.s and Drivers gaining more practical experience than is possible when using the blackboard to represent countryside.

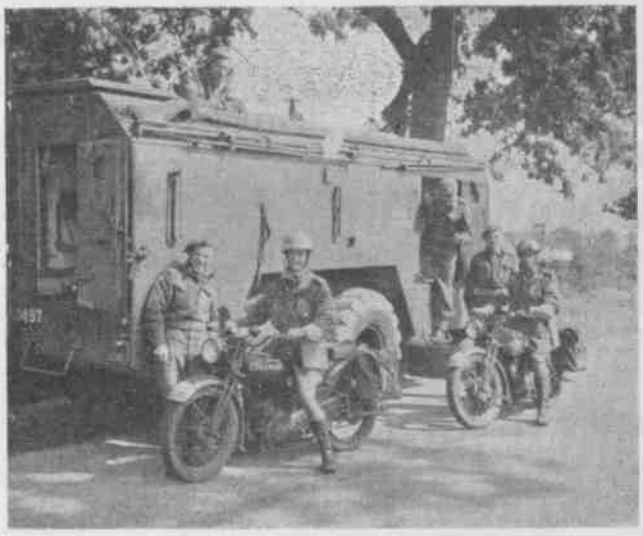
Two very good week-ends spent at Farnley Park Camp, Otley, proved very useful as a final "tune up" for our annual camp.

On Saturday, 23rd July, we set off from Gibraltar Barracks in vehicles that had been carefully overhauled by the Unit with the ready co-operation of 4 Comd. W/Shops. We completed the 175 odd miles in great style, and despite a small petrol stoppage on one vehicle arrived within the time reckoned, thus upholding the beliefs of our super optimists.

Our first week in camp was spent under Squadron arrangements in the "Practical Training Area" at Bodney (Norfolk) acquainting ourselves with the semi-active service conditions, trying out our new equipment and troops and running small schemes.

The troops—many having completed their service with the colours and eager to carry on from where they left off—spent Bank Holiday Sunday at Great Yarmouth and, despite the weather, enjoyed themselves after completing the training run there.

The second week proved the results of our training and was almost completely taken up with exercises, such as "Hopeful," "Alpha," "Eva" and "Adam." Wednesday was our big day when we were visited by the G.O.C. in Chief Northern Command, the G.O.C. 49 (W.R. and M.) Armoured Division and the C.S.O. Northern Command.



A.C.V.H.P. and D.R.s on "Exercise Adam"

Fortunately, everything worked and continued to do so for the rest of the day which the C.S.O.—Brigadier C. Childs, C.B.E., spent with us.

The exercises—"Eva" and "Adam"—were split over the Wednesday and Thursday and each phase proved a success as every man pulled his weight and all worked together as a team, thus it became an enjoyable one instead of a dull routine accompanied by failure.

Our new cable layer performed marvellously, and those of us that remember the debacle at the critical moment last year were highly pleased and very relieved. To all "C" cable personnel we can assure you that this layer built to our own design is "just the job," at laying and picking up cable. We may publish details later, but at the moment it's on the "Secret List."

Despite plenty of hard work that was done we still enjoyed sport of every variety, even baseball, at which S.S.M. J. Done excelled himself.

After our many varied experiences at camp we returned to Leeds on 6th August. Our D.R.s put up a fine show at the motor-cycle reliability trials held by 5 Training Regiment Royal Signals, and missed first place by half a point.

We now return to our winter programme once more armed with chalk and blackboard, with the Unit eager to learn all we can in readiness for the National Service intake. Arrangements for the Unit to visit places of interest are in hand and the Police Mobile Section has already proved a success. We hope that the visits planned to a power station, telephone exchange, etc., will be of equal interest and value.

42 (LANCASHIRE) INFANTRY DIVISIONAL SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.

Old Trafford, Manchester 16

This year's annual camp was held from 5th to 19th June at Kinmel Park, near Rhyl, North Wales, a well-known pre-war camping area for this Unit. Again we were incredibly lucky with the weather, and only had two days that were not fit for shirt sleeve order. The Officers' Mess functioned in its usual efficient way under the very capable supervision of ex-R.Q.M.S. Harry Jones, who has been the Mess steward, apart from the war years, since 1930, and who is also the caretaker of the T.A. Centre (Regular Army parlance for Drill Hall). The main guest night was held on Friday, 10th June. It was a really excellent evening, and well up to pre-war standards. Pre-war T.A. officers of this Unit will be interested to hear that that mysterious affair, the napkin parade, was held this year, and stocks of Mess liqueurs decreased all too rapidly under the strain. The Sergeants' Mess also functioned very successfully and we hope to give a fuller account next month, supported by a few photographs.

We also did some training at camp—I almost forgot to mention the fact. A confirmatory and upgrading Trade Test Board was held and operators, linemen and D.R.s roamed far and wide on schemes held in perfect weather all over North Wales. A memorable 48-hours scheme was held in the Lake Bala area, and was attended by the G.O.C. and the C.S.O., who both seemed highly satisfied with the state of training and the excellent morale of all ranks.

The Royal Signals (Manchester) Amateur Radio Club was formed in March this year, with S.Q.M.S. (F. of S.) J. U. Wolfenden as licence holder and call sign G3FGS. Membership to date is 15, and is confined to qualified operators of the Unit. The station was on the air for the first time on 6th April, the first contact being G3VZ on 3.5 megs. The transmitter is built from ex-U.S. Army Signal Corps T.U.8 units. Operation is on 3.5, 7.0 and 14.0 megacycle bands, CW only, with an input of 25 watts to the 807 final. Crystal or V.F.O. control can be used, the V.F.O. being a Clapp oscillator followed by cathode follower and frequency doubler. Aerials: On 14.0 megs., two half waves in phase running east-west or an 8 P.O. running north-south. Long wire end feed is used on other bands. The receiver is an R.107, but we hope to get an A.R.88 or similar set in the near future. The station is mostly active on 14.0 megs., and QSL's via R.S.G.B. So far a total of 30 countries has been worked. Under construction is a 60 watt P.A. and Modulator.

43 (WESSEX) INFANTRY DIVISIONAL SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.

The highlight of the month was the Southern Command Motor Cycle Trial which was held at Tidworth on Sunday, 11th September, 1949. The Unit was represented by Major G. S. Dalton, Royal Signals, Lance-Corporal W. H. Midson, and Lance-Corporal E. C. Welch, with Lance-Corporal D. E. Rose as reserve.

The course consisted of twelve terrifying hazards including water splashes, river crossing, and cliff face descents.

All machines were subjected to an examination before and after the trial, and points were lost for any damage to machines.

The Unit did very well indeed with Major G. S. Dalton, Royal Signals winning the individual prize for the best performance of the day, and the Unit team came third missing the first place by a few points.

No. 2 Squadron, Bridgwater, Somerset. During the last

The Unit team

few weeks we have had a record number of new recruits. Our C.O., Major F. J. Bastin, Royal Signals, has gone to Germany for 14 days to take part in the big autumn manoeuvres which are being held there. We hope he has an enjoyable time during the "Cook's tour."

Trade training has started in earnest again, and we trust that by the time the Trade Board is due, there will be quite a few new tradesmen in the Squadron.

So far we have not been very successful in the Taunton and District League football, but by persevering we hope to improve our position in the near future.

No. 1 Squadron, Exeter, Devon. For a week both civilian and T.A. personnel have been very busy here at the Priory T.A. Centre, Exeter, the Squadron preparing the hall for our Regimental ball, and civvies have been putting the finishing touches to our new Royal Signals Club.

On Friday, 7th October, the Royal Signals Band arrived at Exeter, and in the evening played to us for dancing. At 9.30 approx., Mrs. Ralph Rayner, the wife of our Honorary Colonel, performed the ceremony of opening the Club.

In my earlier notes we have extended to Royal Signals personnel, past and present, an invitation to visit this Club. If you are in Exeter at any time we shall be pleased to see you. The Club up to the present has been very successful. Three T.A. members and four Old Comrades have come along since the Club opened.

50 AIR FORMATION SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.

Wolverhampton

The first "At Home" of the autumn season was held at R.H.Q. Wolverhampton, on 1st October, and some 70 guests were entertained together with members of the Regiment. We were glad to welcome the members of 469 Tele. Switchboard Operating Troop (W.R.A.C.) who form part of 53 Signal Squadron under Junior Commander Muriel Foster and are housed at "Danescourt." The evening had its romantic side in the engagement of Driver William Bull of this Regiment and Private June Pitt of 469 T.S.B.O. Troop.

On 4th October Brigadier E. V. McCormack, C.B.E., C.S.O. Western Command, visited the Unit and his most interesting talk to all ranks on Corps matters was greatly appreciated.

Members of 23 Engineer Group Signal Troop (housed at "Danescourt") under Sergeant Breakwell, assisted 53 (W) Infantry Divisional Signal Regiment with wireless communications in Exercise "Swan Song" on 24th September for Units of 158 Infantry Brigade.

This Troop is gaining valuable experience in assisting various local T.A. Units and formations with wireless communications.

Our next effort is to help with wireless and line communications in an airfield defence scheme of 74 A.A. Brigade on 23rd October.

60 H.Q. SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.

Edinburgh

During October another week-end camp was held at Craigiehall, South Queensferry, and all Squadrons of the Regiment attended. Many old acquaintances were renewed in the time-honoured manner. Training during the camp was of a high standard, especially for the D.R.s, who carried out a miniature motor-cycle trial over a route specially mapped out by our Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel A. B. McVittie, O.B.E. The winner was Lance-Corporal Muldoon of 84 A.G.R.A. Signal Squadron, Kirkaldy. Owing to civihan employment commitments D.R.s of 155 Infantry Brigade Signal Squadron, Edinburgh, were unable to attend. Maybe we can arrange another course at a later date when the Edinburgh Squadron can have the chance to dethrone the reigning champion.

Another exciting episode during the week-end camp was the chase and capture by members of the Regiment of several boys who escaped from a local approved school. The question on everyone's lips now is how did a certain P.S.I.'s name get into the papers! I'm sure he could not have given the police his own name because for a change he was short of wind. Those boys certainly could run, Sergeant-Major!!

It is with regret and very good wishes that we say goodble to Major R. B. D. Steele, O.C. 84 A.G.R.A. Signal Squadron at Kirkaldy, who transfers to the T.A.R.O. at the end of October. Both as an officer and technician he was held in very high esteem by all ranks and it is hoped that he will be able to join us at next year's annual camp. Your guiding hand will be missed during wireless exercises, sir, and we wish you the very best of luck.

Our Edinburgh Squadron (155 Infantry Brigade Signal Squadron) is still to the fore in initiative having just taken part in a District rifle meeting. Although not in the prize money they were high in the list of scoring.

Congratulations are due to S.S.M. A. H. Grace on his efforts in the Scottish Command golf competition held at Muirfield. Amongst a field of 50 entrants S.S.M. Grace did very well to come in 12th.

50 (N) INFANTRY DIVISIONAL SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.

Darlington

The Unit (19 Officers and 111 O.R.s) under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel R. M. Percival T.D., Royal Signals, has just returned from a very enjoyable fortnight's camp at Farnley Park, Otley, Yorks.

The weather, however, was a little unkind to us, for after an initial spell of hot sunshine, the rain came, and forced us to cancel our Sports Day, and to hold our ceremonial parade and inspection under cover.

The families who came down for the sports, however, were entertained, at very short notice, in the local village hall, and had a very enjoyable time.

50 Division H.Q. staff were at camp with us for four days, and besides getting to know them well, we also put in some valuable training with them. 150 Brigade were also at the same camp, and we welcomed the opportunity to meet and to work with them.

This year we concentrated on squadron training, culminating in two outdoor exercises. The C.S.O. Northern Command visited us on our second exercise, and in a talk afterwards pointed out our faults, but added that he noticed considerable improvement since last year.

Our training recommences on 4th October, and we shall be glad to see the old faces back once again.

1 ARMOURED REPLACEMENT GROUP SIGNAL SQUADRON, T.A.

Old Market Street, Bristol 2

It doesn't look as if it will be long before we move to our new camp at Filton, where we shall be able to gawk at Brabazons and Amazons.

If any other Unit would care to contact Corporal Flook at this address no doubt he can arrange a .22 shooting match at some future date. Please bring your own bullet-proof waistcoats. Talking of shooting, did the W.R.A.C. (T.A.) in Bridgwater shoot us a line, because seven sturdy men and true left the Yoxter camp for a Saturday evening reunion in Bridgwater with them. But girls, where were you?—for we all returned empty handed, empty hearted and, alas, empty pocketed. 43rd Wessex Division did better when the Cheltenham troop visited them on 7th October for a dance. The following day saw a successful wireless net between Okehampton, Barnstaple and Bristol which was carried over into Sunday.

23 (SOUTHERN) CORPS SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.

Fulham House, S.W.6

Ever since our last correspondent overnight joined the increasing ranks of unofficial strikers, we have scoured Fleet Street from the "Cock" to the "Cheshire Cheese" and back to the "Falstaff" for a columnist. In the face of total failure we are reduced to an enthusiastic amateur.

After a month's recuperation from annual camp we are now down to training again, and all Squadrons seem to have developed a penchant for week-end exercises. 1 Squadron, in the words of their O.C. intend indulging in "battle training"—whatever that means to Linemen! The writer has a particular qualm as in a moment of weakness he promised a motor-cycle. 2 and 3 Squadrons combined for one of their now customary visits to the coast on a wireless exercise. We have often presumed to wonder on the apparent hidden attractions of Brattlesham Bay and Beachy Head, but close questioning has never been encouraged. 4 Squadron, after surprising us with some excellent motor-cycle displays, have now collected a bronze plaque in the London District motor-cycle trial. The team, consisting of S.S.M. Medlycott, Sergeant Hussey and Lance-Corporal Nicholls, were placed third and in addition Corporal Pattington won a bronze medal for finishing in the first 12 individuals. The writer was there to cheer them on, and was seen chewing his fingernails as the nervous frenzy of an exciting finish caught him. All our competitors completed a tough course and earned our admiration.

We are now in the midst of working on our winter social programme. Captain Collins has again volunteered to run the dances, which start in October. We understand the Conga is being included "by special request."

We think a special paragraph is due to our motor-cycle display team. It started only this year as just a seed in Captain Collins' fertile imagination and has now blossomed into a team of 16 riders with reserves. The majority of them can scarcely have credited their own capabilities, which by practice, keenness and a willingness to try the impossible produced a first showing in July at anuual camp. Their cheerful efficiency and unconcerned jumping produced 40 minutes of electrifying action, and we understand that a certain officer, who shall be nameless, now watches all their shows with his eyes shut—and he isn't the Quartermaster! May they have bigger and better shows next year.

14 A.A. (M) SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.

Woolton Camp, Liverpool

To bring our readers up to date, the Regiment now consists of R.H.Q. and four Squadrons. Here at Liverpool we have R.H.Q. and 4 A.A. Group Signal Office Squadron. 33 A.A. (M) Signal Squadron are at Runcorn, 34 A.A. (M) Signal Squadron at Salford, and 96 A.G.R.A. (A.A.) Signal Squadron (our only all *male* Squadron—and very proud of it too!) at Atherton.

After the annual camp rest period, winter training is now in full swing. All Squadrons are holding two drill nights a week—and Os.C. report good attendances. Our recruiting figures are showing a healthy increase with our W.R.A.C. (T.A.) element rapidly overhauling the men. Look to your laurels, 96!!

Our social programme too is well under way and a very successful Regimental dance for all ranks was held at Atherton on 8th October. All Squadrons were well represented and in the words of the prophet, a good time was had by one and all. A varied programme has been mapped out for the coming winter—including a visit to "Blackpool Lights," by the Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess on the 15th October.

11 A.A. (M) SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.

Brompton Road, S.W.2

Whilst our D.R.s were busy in the Welsh mountains (see article on page 590) the remainder of the Unit was sunning itself on the Kentish coast. On the 10th/11th September two Signal Offices were set up on the "front" at Herne Bay and worked one to another by means of teleprinter, phonogram and wireless. An Aldis lamp was also experimented with and communication was established with an M.T.B. anchored in the bay. The Adjutant, determined to test the efficiency of communication, ordered the M.T.B. to "turn round in small circles." Imagine everyone's surprise when the boat promptly obliged. The scheme was a great success and a number of recruits were enrolled for Chatham and London Squadrons.

The troops were accommodated in the barracks at Canterbury, and a dance was held on the evening of Saturday at The Buffs Depot. According to the "locals" it was "highly successful."

An anti-aircraft defence exercise known to us all as Exercise "Bulldog," took place from dusk on 23rd September to dawn on the 26th. This Unit was very proud to be allowed the opportunity of taking over *in toto* certain commitments of a Regular Regiment. These duties consisted of completely manning for 24 hours all Signal posts in the A.A.O.R.s at Brompton Road, London and at Gillingham. In addition, we provided, installed, maintained and operated certain wireless transmitters and receivers. Although domestic and business difficulties had to be overcome there was no lack of volunteers to cover the various duties, in fact, there was keen competition to get on the Signal Office reliefs.

The tactical results of "Bulldog" are not yet to hand, but at least we do know that the "Gunners" were full of appreciation for the way in which we worked. We realise, however, that there is still a lot to be learned and we do not intend to rest on our laurels. With the latter point in mind we start the winter training period with eager zest.

FLAK

ROYAL SIGNALS, CATTERICK, HOCKEY FIXTURES

Date	*Opponents*	*Place*
1949		
Dec. 7*	R.M.A., Sandhurst	Sandhurst
„ 8*	R.A.S.C.	Aldershot
„ 10*	Military College of Science	Shrivenham
„ 14*	Royal Artillery	Woolwich
1950		
Jan. 14	Old Watsonians	Edinburgh
„ 16	Edinburgh University	Edinburgh
„ 20	St. Andrews	St. Andrews
Feb. 4	Thirsk	Thirsk
„ 15	Leeds University (two teams)	Catterick
„ 25*	Royal Engineers	Catterick
Mar. 1	Manchester University	Catterick
„ 18	Saltburn	Catterick
„ 25	Norton	Norton

* Corps Representative Matches

ROYAL SIGNALS, CATTERICK, RUGBY FOOTBALL CLUB FIXTURE LIST

Date	*Opponents*	*Ground*
1949		
Dec. 3*	R.A.S.C.	Aldershot
„ 10	Leeds University	Catterick
„ 14	Stoneyhurst College	Stoneyhurst
1950		
Jan. 7	Durham City	Catterick
„ 11*	Royal Artillery	Oswestry
„ 25*	R.E.M.E.	Catterick
Feb. 4	Northern	Catterick
„ 8*	R.A.O.C.	Chilwell
„ 15	Leeds University	Leeds
„ 18	Percy Park	North Shields
„ 25	Sedbergh School	Sedbergh
Mar. 11	Billingham	Billingham
„ 17	Aberdeen G.S.F.P.	Aberdeen
„ 25	Darlington G.S.O.B.	Darlington
Apr. 8	Northern	Newcastle
„ 10	Pontypridd } Easter	Pontypridd
„ 12	Ebbw Vale } Tour	Ebbw Vale
„ 15	Stockton	Stockton
	Seven-a-side Tournaments	

* Corps Representative Matches

The Old Girl

By **Major NEVILLE FAULKES**

IT was Christmas Eve, 1941, and the Royals were to come under command at Sannu; but when we got there our orders were to harass the enemy in Agedabbia with some guns we hadn't got, and anyhow we hadn't any petrol and couldn't have moved another yard. So that when the Royals didn't turn up that just about put the lid on it.

The L.O. came back and saluted. "No sign of them, sir, I'm afraid."

The Brigadier turned to the Signal Officer. "Ring 'em up and ask them where the devil they are." The Signal Officer, who had been hoping to scrounge another cup of tea, for it was four o'clock in the afternoon, but the organisation was not so hot in those days, sighed and clambered back into the Old Girl.

"Hullo, Pip Harry Nuts, Pip Harry Nuts calling," he observed with the quaint old-world courtesy customary at the time, "where the hell are you. Pip Harry Nuts, over."

But Pip Harry Nuts was wide awake having his cup of tea and answered coldly "Pip Harry Nuts. At Bacon, off." Or I think it was Bacon; Bull was Haseit—and so was Dakota for that matter, and I believe there were one or two more aliases for that horrible spot according to which of the many codes you preferred. For those were the days of the single-bluff; if you meant Sannu you said Bacon, which was supposed to fox the foe completely, but 12 months later we had progressed to the double-bluff and called Antelat Antelope, which absolutely floored him once again. Presumably he thought to himself that we simply couldn't be so childish as to choose such an obvious alias, and so he then dismissed Antelat from his mind and went and bombed the Gunners at Ghemeines instead. But we could, and we did.

"But my dear fellow," rejoined Signals, "we are at Bacon. Not only does the Navigator, who has taken us to the right place more than once, swear that he's done it again, but a thoughtful Government has provided us with an astronomical expert who can tell us our longitude before twelve o'clock, so that if it is a nice sunny day and we aren't in too much of a hurry, and don't mind halting for a couple of hours about noon, he can pin-point us exactly. That is always assuming he has the correct B.B.C. time and hasn't lost the calendar. It is his considered opinion, altho' all the data which he would have liked is not available and the maps of this area are notoriously inaccurate, that he has done it again with the help of the Navigator, so who are you to say that you are at Bacon?"

At least, that's what Signals felt like saying, but as he had just attended a lecture on "Brevity on the Air," all he really did was to make a swallowing noise as he thought about that cup of tea and say "Why; over."

Pip Harry Nuts, even more coldly, replied "Those were my orders. Over."

Signals, nettled, said "Are you sure you're at Bacon?"

Pip Harry Nuts had the last word: "It's written up over the fort. Over."

So the Signals Officer told the Brigadier and everyone got very cross, except Signals, who was a bad type and thought it was frightfully funny. The Navigator, who had stopped a tremendous rocket, went a very long way out in front of the leaguer and made himself a cup of tea, so that the Brigadier and the Brigade Major got crosser than ever, and the Staff Captain started wandering about muttering "Petrol" and Signals walked round and round in circles mumbling "Tea."

Much later Pip Harry Nuts appeared and mentioned, quite casually, that he had motored 12 miles to find us; everybody stared at his Palestine fleece coat and realised how cold they were and they hadn't any tea at all, and so they all got crosser than ever. The astronomer took one look at the Brigadier and left early next morning; he was never seen again.

Suddenly the Signal Officer remembered a parcel had arrived for him that morning from Fortnum and Mason, accompanied by 16 letters, which had caused a lot of bother, because no letters or parcels had arrived for anyone except Signals. "I should like to know" the G3 had observed, "exactly why the confounded Middlesex Yeomanry get their mail and I get none. It's a ramp."

Signals discovered the parcel held a Christmas pudding and a number of other pleasant comestibles, so the Navigator came out of his huff and brewed up some tea; friendly relations were resumed.

But the Navigator emerged from his huff much too completely, because it was subsequently found that, whilst Signals and the G3 had retired into the Old Girl to discuss the last bottle of whisky, he had entertained two strangers from one of the armoured regiments with characteristic hospitality by sharing Signals' cake and a box of biscuits with them that it had been intended to save till tomorrow.

The Signal Officer and the Brigade Staff were very fond of the Old Girl. In those days she played a much greater part in the armoured brigade battle than she does now. No-one had thought about putting a rear and forward link in the same tank, nor was it appreciated that she was a bit of a target unless careful camouflaged and dug in.

We were very proud of the Old Girl. We had got her just before we left England; she was an A.E.C., and for months we had been cursed with a different brand of A.C.V. That monster had never been known by an affectionate name, but was usually referred to as "It." In "It's" place we received the Old Girl just before we embarked, and she had been specially dolled up for Command, 1st Armoured Division. She was terrific; lots of the switches and knobs are now common form and this is not the place to describe them, but what the Staff liked best was the way the microphone whizzed back into place of its own accord when the speaker had finished. What the Staff liked least and the crew relished most was the way the maps fell out on the Brigadier's head going over rough ground.

Amongst the gadgets she carried were a number of incendiary bombs intended for the destruction of secret documents if we got put in the bag. We took these very seriously, and had them all ready for use on the day of the battle of the South African leaguer, when the Old Girl looked as if she was going to get stuck in a bog when we were running as fast as we possibly could. But the Hun had a habit of stopping to fill up just when one thought the last moment had come, and this was no exception. A few days later 4th Brigade's A.C.V. actually was captured and for ten days we had to lend the Old Girl, crew and all, to them, and she was such a desirable old dame that we wore the longest faces, and vowed we would never see her again. Then we

heard that Jock Campbell's old lady had had her tyres shot up and our fears became intensified. But our distrust of human nature was too great, and the Old Girl came back to us unchanged and as good as gold, with a smiling crew, their pockets full of sweets given them by the borrowers, together with a note extolling her virtues.

The petrol duly arrived, and the Brigade engaged in the battles of Belandak and Chor es Sugan, in which the losses of our elderly Crusaders were substantial. But the Old Girl navigated the steep Wadi Fareg under fire like a two year old, and on the morning of 31st December was proceeding with her usual quiet dignity along the Antelat-Agedabbia track in the direction of the latter place.

It is astonishing how tracks attract. In those days the Hun had not scattered mines indiscriminately all over the place as he did later, and the head of the column, as so often happened, was going too fast; all the efforts of the B.M. and Signals, both over the blower and in their scout cars, rushing wildly about could do little to improve the spacing.

The column came to a halt. The Brigadier alighted from the Old Girl, and announced he was going to Corps to see General Lumsden, whose Division was on the point of relieving us, and said he was going to borrow the Signal Officer's car.

It will surprise no-one to record that in five minutes General Lumsden arrived from Corps to see the Brigadier. He clambered up into the Brigadier's seat in the Old Girl, and the column moved on.

Signals took a message over the rear link, and decoded it.

"It's from our friend Radish, sir. Usual sources reports six Stukas landed Agedabbia aerodrome."

No-one seemed very interested. The Old Girl plodded staidly along to her death.

There was an explosion quite near, and the force of it threw the Signal Officer out of his seat onto the floor by the forward link operator. The Old Girl stopped; there was silence. Then the B.M. shouted "Drive on, Chappell," but the Old Girl did not move.

There was another report, not so loud this time, and the Old Girl filled with smoke. "It's the incendiaries" shouted someone, but nobody listened to him in the ugly rush for the door.

The General and the B.M., looking rather pale, were outside. Signals and the operator scrambled out, and the driver, holding his arm, got out of his cabin somehow. But there was no sign of the rear link operator; it was hot in the Old Girl now, but it wasn't any use, for when he was pulled to the door there was a hole in his head and he was dead. The nearest bomb had landed a yard away and a piece of fragment from one of the Stukas near-misses had come through the back of the Old Girl.

Communications were not affected because the spare links saw what had happened and carried on at once, but it was death for the Old Girl. She burned all that day, and quite apart from sentiment it was a bad day all round, because General Lumsden was in hospital for a bit as a result, and the driver and the B.M. were not fit again for months. The rest were lucky, and Signals' hair grew again quite soon—he never had much, anyway—and the forward link operator got away with a slight singeing.

Twelve months later the 22nd Armoured Brigade had pushed through from Alamein, coming up from fighting in the south after others had borne the brunt of the northern and vital battle to make the bridgehead, and was racing ahead of the rest of the 8th Army trying to cut off the enemy at Agedabbia, and once more the Royals were put under command. But this time nobody ran out of petrol, and when the Palestine fleece overcoat came up to report, he found that everyone knew where they were, and had in fact arrived before schedule.

The morning the Royals reported, the column moved down the Antelat-Agedabbia track, and the Signal Officer began to feel a silly sentimental lump in his throat. There weren't many still in the Brigade who had known the Old Girl; the surviving operator was in a vehicle known by the prosaic name of "A.C.V.2," and the driver, whose paralysed arm would not let him tackle a heavy vehicle was plodding along in the "B" echelon in a 15 cwt. truck. The General was in England, the B.M. in India or somewhere, the Staff Captain had lost a leg at Knightsbridge and was in South Africa, and the Navigator had last been heard of on the borders of Irak. Of the astronomer, nothing was known.

With two of the operators, Signals went on ahead. Yes, there she was, beside the track, stripped of everything useful, but still with a 40 plate on her back, proudly bearing a rhinoceros. He tidied up the graves; they needed it.

Along came the column, the Old Girl's successor conspicuous with a hole in her front from Knightsbridge and a dent or two from the battle in September at Point 102; Signals felt that, if she had had an ensign, she would have dipped as she passed.

It was a dignified ending for what, after all, was just a piece of machinery with no soul.

Three weeks later, after a five-day refit, the Brigade H.Q. was passing that way again on the road to Tripoli and Tunis.

The Signals Officer was cruising down the track in a jeep—his companion hoping to get a bustard for their Christmas dinner. They breasted the rise, and Signals put on the brakes, then accelerated sharply.

"What's the trouble," said his companion; but there was no reply.

They drove in silence up to the Old Girl.

But she was no longer a memorial, no longer a landmark. They had turned her on her side, had thrown her down, and someone—no doubt with the best of intentions—had painted H.D. upon her as she lay.

The Signal Officer looked at her. Surely the occasion called for some suitable remark. *Eheu fugaces;* good heavens no—there was rather a good bit about Ozymandias, King of Kings, but he couldn't remember it, and he had to make do with muttering, self-consciously, ashamed, *Sic transit gloria mundi . . .*

But the clod beside him was not listening and only caught one word. "What?; come on man! I shouldn't think there's a transit camp this side of Matruh."

"All right" said Signals, and started the engine. "Well, that's finished; at least I ought to get my claim for loss of kit in action settled in a month or two now."

But the other was not interested; who shall say he was wrong?

(*continued from next page*)

"This is Ali's work!" exclaimed the enraged proprietor, when he arrived to open up for the evening's business. He seized a heavy wooden club, and set off up the street, swearing mighty oaths of vengeance.

When he came in sight of his rival's establishment, Shukri pulled up short. Ali's tent was a smouldering ruin, and the uniforms of several British police were visible amongst the crowd surrounding it. He managed to push his way to the centre of the ring just as an inert form was being borne away on an improvised stretcher. "What has happened?" he asked of one of the police.

"Blew himself up with one of those petrol lamps," the constable answered shortly. "Pumped it up till it burst."

"Perchance he is dead?" Shukri suggested hopefully.

"No. Only badly burnt. He'll be all right."

Shukri turned away, swinging his club. "Vengeance is in the hands of Allah," he reflected philosophically. "It is better thus."

RIVAL ATTRACTIONS

By **BRIAN THOMAS**

IN England, and other temperate climes, a lettuce is such a common object of the countryside that nobody bothers very much about it. You may go out into the garden and pull a nice, crisp growth, or you may go to a shop and buy a limp bundle of leaves—its ultimate fate is the same. After a cold bath and a perfunctory search for slugs, the lettuce is put into a dish, either whole or chopped up, and eaten as part of a meal.

In Palestine, the lettuce is regarded in quite a different light. Unless it is grown under his personal supervision, the Englishman suspects it of being the harbourage of half the plagues of Egypt; while to the Arab it is a delicacy, to be savoured at leisure in the cool of the evening, and not by any means an ordinary vegetable.

The enterprising grower of lettuces runs his business on the lines of one of London's mushroom night clubs. He has to make the best of it while the going is good, therefore he tries to provide attractions for his customers, who like to munch their lettuce "straight from the earth," while they discuss the gossip of the day. When his coarse, tough-looking crop is ready, he puts up a tent, or a rough reed shelter, in one corner of the plot; hangs up a lamp of some sort, and sets out an inviting array of small rush-seated stools. The premises are now considered "open," and the young bloods of the village can invite each other to "come and have one."

Competition between rival growers is keen, and in the case of Ali and Shukri, it very nearly led to a blood-feud. Ali's lettuce patch had been established for two seasons at the northern end of the village street, and he had enjoyed a complete monopoly until Shukri decided that it would be a good thing to start a rival concern at the southern end.

For some time, Ali made a great show of ignoring the intrusion, but when his customers began to fall off, he sent his small son down to the rival establishment to try to find out the cause. The urchin came back in great excitement. "My father!" he exclaimed. "Shukri has a noise-box in his tent, and folk gather to listen to it, and eat his lettuce while they do so."

Ali left the boy in charge, and hurried down the street to see for himself. Sure enough, an ancient gramophone was grinding out shrill native music, and all Shukri's stools were occupied. The disgruntled Ali returned to his own plot, and a few nights later his own establishment was full of enraptured citizens, who admired his new wireless set, and ate his lettuce while they listened to the broadcast from Egypt.

Shukri was not slow in making his counter-move. He acquired a powerful petrol-vapour lamp, which flooded his patch of ground with brilliant light and proved a great attraction to the lads of the village.

Ali smiled when the new development was reported to him, and spent a busy day hanging up strings of coloured fairy-lights. These certainly improved the squalid appearance of his encampment, but failed to compete with the brighter illumination provided by his rival.

By this time, both sides were running short of funds, and the situation was approaching a deadlock, when matters suddenly came to a head. There had been a drought in Southern Palestine, and many thousand head of cattle and sheep were being driven north in search of pasture. One hot afternoon, when Shukri was dozing in a coffee shop, whither he had gone in the hope of engaging a professional story-teller on the cheap, a large flock of goats straggled their thirsty way through the dust, until they came to his lettuce patch. When they reached it, there was a wild stampede, and before the boy in charge of them could prevent it, Shukri's lettuces were a bitten, trampled mess.

(*continued at foot of previous page*)

ROYAL SIGNALS BENEVOLENT FUND

Subscriptions received during August, 1949

	£	s.	d.
Thames Estuary & East Anglian Coast Troop	1	0	0
Shoeburyness Troop		10	0

Donations received during August, 1949

Army Headquarters, India	655	6	9
Royal Signals, M.E. Benevolent Fund ...	150	0	0
Royal Signals Corps Fund	63	9	10
Chester Branch	5	5	0
Total receipts	£875	11	7

Expenditure during August, 1949, £428 10s. 4d. (includes: General assistance; rent, rates and insurance; cots and prams; beds and bedding; furniture; clothing; hospital and doctors fees; funerals; removals, rehabilitation; fares; tools; convalescence; education).

Analysis of cases: Families of soldiers serving in U.K., 5; families of soldiers serving in B.A.O.R., 2; widows and dependants, 6; released and discharged soldiers, 53; total cases assisted, 66.

Subscriptions received during September, 1949

	£	s.	d.
1 Infantry Divisional Signal Regiment ...	20	0	0
Tripolitania Signal Squadron	1	5	10

Donations received during September, 1949

R.S.M. A. E. Kenyon		6	0
Total receipts	£21	11	10

Expenditure during September, 1949, £522 8s. 3d. (includes: General assistance; rent, rates and insurance; cots and prams; beds and bedding; furniture; clothing; hospital and doctors fees; funerals; removals; rehabilitation; fares; tools; convalescence; education).

Analysis of cases: Families of soldiers serving in U.K., 8; families of soldiers serving in M.E.L.F., 1; families of soldiers serving in FARELF, 2; widows and dependants, 3; released and discharged soldiers, 60; total cases assisted, 74.

Royal Signals Old Comrades' Association

New members registered at Headquarters during August, 1949:

Annual	11
Life	40

New members registered at Headquarters during September, 1949:

Annual	58
Life	15

Signals Association Badges (see cut at head of Association Notes) are available, price 3s., in either buttonhole or brooch pattern.

Corps Ties, price 7s. 6d. We regret that the "Uncrushable" quality are temporarily out of stock.

Official Royal Signals Car Badges, 30s.

All obtainable from the General Secretary, Royal Signals Association, 88 Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1.

Association Notes

Bristol

Plans are now in motion for the Branch annual dinner which has been arranged for Saturday, 19th November, at the Grand Hotel, and it is hoped that we shall get as good support as last year, which was a great success all round. Itt is a new venture by the Branch this year to visit the Grand Hotel, which we trust will gain everybody's approval. We are pleased to state that Brigadier B. B. Kennett, C.B.E., C.S.O. of Southern Command, has accepted our invitation to be principal guest.

Another social event will be the annual dance, which will take place in the Whiteladies Ballroom on 22nd October. It was a great pity that last year's effort was badly hampered by the descent of the worst fog Bristol has ever seen; nevertheless, quite a number turned up and enjoyed a good time. Let us hope that the weather will not fail us this time!

At our previous month's meeting, it was decided unanimously that something should be done to "liven up" the monthly meetings. Apart from chatting, drinking and the usual business to be discussed, we decided therefore to bring a few games into the programme. Our landlord has very kindly supplied us with a new dartboard, which I am certain will not be lying idle on the wall. He regretted that he could not put it up for our last meeting on 9th September, as no backing board was available. Most probably he doubts the skill of some members, as the room has just been redecorated, and judging from my Service experience, I don't blame him! !

Members were also enjoying crib games, and the new shove-halfpenny board was in great demand. The meeting was certainly livened up, and I am sure the lads will enjoy their evenings much more when we get fully equipped.

Despite a few resignations, it is pleasing to note that we are still at a good strength, and we have recently enrolled a few new members.

The "Spirit of Christmas" is once more in the air, which has been pronounced by the Hon. Treasurer and Secretary, enforcing their talents of salesmanship, by endeavouring to sell Corps diaries and Christmas cards, from what I can gather, quite a few have been sold up to now.

I enquired from our skittles captain the result of the match we played against the Bath Branch. His reply to that was —that he had no idea whatsoever! What a night that must have been, I think you could have knocked him down with a feather, let alone a skittles-ball.

A sweepstake has now been started to get funds together to help finance the annual dinner, and we trust that all our Branch members will do their best in disposing of them.

As a final footnote, we are pleased to say that our late Secretary, Mr. Stan. Wallen, is happily settled in Northampton and already joined the local branch.

London (City)

It is with satisfaction that our Branch is added to the memorable names that are doing such great work for *esprit de corps*. The enthusiasm which is shared wholeheartedly among our members has made it possible to say "Hello," for the first time in THE WIRE.

To all who have made this Branch possible, let me say "Thank you," and keep up the good work and friendly spirit that has been shown throughout its foundation. To other branches and members, a welcome invitation is open to you all for the future.

Well, Chester, I personally thank you for teaching me the value of friendship with Old Comrades, when I was one of your ever devoted members, and to my old friends of your Branch, we wish you the continued success which I know prevails.

The evergreen Barleux of Brum., will remember me as the thorn in his side in Jub., when I was with him in the concert party with Ned Chandler, and how hard he tried to keep me in time with his music, all to no avail.

We boast an ex-A.T.S. member, "Lily," who is a hard worker and known affectionately as "Lily of the Branch Life," and also a red-coated Mr. Cousins, from the Royal Hospital, Chelsea. This grand old-timer accompanied us to the annual dinner of the 4th, 18th and 54th Division Signals, O.C.A., where Colonel J. L. Lilley, one of my past C.O.s, moved a vote of welcome, and wished us success in the future. Everyone had a wonderful time, including "Harvey," whom we have adopted as our mascot, and whose food and drink was thoroughly enjoyed. If you don't know Harvey, come along to our meetings and be introduced.

Our Branch has some old stalwarts mixed with the new ones, and the blend is "cordiality" to everyone. To those of you who know "Dolly" Grey and Joe Cotterell, come along to our next meeting on Friday the 18th November, at 8 p.m. We meet at the King's Arms Hotel, Tabernacle Street, E.C.2.

This is our first note for THE WIRE, but is by no means the last, and I can promise you that you will be hearing from us again in the very near future, in CAPITAL LETTERS.

F. STEEL, 18g Roscoe Street, E.C.1

Norfolk

After three years of hibernation, the Norfolk Branch of the Association now makes its belated debut in this journal. It must be confessed that the main reason for our silence has been the very limited scope of our activities. However, the tempo of our social programme quickened considerably in February last, when we were successful in securing the club room of the Bishop Bridge Tavern, our present headquarters in the face of competition from a host of other would-be occupiers. During the remaining winter months a series of dart matches were held, the opposition being provided by the R.A.F. Association, the Royal Marines, and a local firm of builders. Plans are now being made for the winter season by our enthusiastic Social Secretary, Mr. Bert Armes, and we have secured admission to the Norwich and District Table Tennis League.

Happy relations have been established with the T.A. Signal Units stationed in Norwich, who have assisted in the equipping of our club room.

On the 27th July members were invited by 161 Indep. Infantry Brigade Signal Squadron (T.A.) to the social evening organised on the opening of their clubroom at Nelson Barracks. A very enjoyable evening was spent during the course of which a talk on the progress of the Unit was given by Lieutenant-Colonel F. M. Greaves, T.D., C.O. 61 H.Q. Army Signal Regiment (T.A.). Colonel A. W. Roberts, M.C., General Secretary of the Royal Signals Association, was warmly welcomed and gave an interesting account of the Association's work in London.

Do you know the address of your local branch of the Signals Association? If not, write to the General Secretary, 88 Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1.

Birmingham

The monthly meeting at the Crown Hotel, Broad Street, on Thursday, 29th September, was very well attended. I don't know when I have seen such a happy crowd. Perhaps the end of the holiday season helps a little. Brigadier H. Bartlett, C.B.E., paid us a visit and stayed to the end. We are always glad to see our old members. Mr. Harry Pickering looked in after an absence due to pressure of business. Always a good reason.

Sorry to say that Mr. Bert Harding is still in hospital but remains cheerful. Mrs. Harding comes regularly to keep Bert's place warm and to give us the latest news. We are already looking forward to the summer of 1950. With luck we may arrange a trip to the Royal Tournament on 10th June. Later in that month we shall (we hope) be enjoying a visit from the Corps Band. There will be a church parade in conjunction with 1/20 (S.M.) Army Signal Regiment, T.A. This may, or may not attract as many people as we expect to have for the dance in the Botanical Gardens on the Saturday. You will be able to read about these attractions in greater detail now that the Hon. Secretary has sent out his annual bulletin. Coming nearer to the present, we have the annual dinner due on 17th December at Cateswell House. Tickets 6/- each, ladies invited. Restricted to TWO per member. Tickets, I mean. Total 300 diners, so pull your socks up if you mean to attend. If you can't manage the dinner, roll up at about 8.30 p.m. and hear a concert with fun and games.

The annual general meeting will be held at the Crown, Broad Street on the last Thursday in February. There is always a big crowd for this so turn up and meet the boys.

The new idea of sendng Unit notes via Command Headquarters has much to commend it. This was sprung on me rather suddenly. I regret that notes from 1/20 Army Signal Regiment T.A. cannot be forwarded to Western Command by the 8th of October, firstly because I haven't written any and secondly because today is 11th October. There is also a thirdly, but I forget what it is. May I apologise?

Ukann Larfe shook hands with the Quartermaster 1/20 Army Signal Regiment T.A., picked up his bag and caught a bus to the Crown Hotel.

"Somebody has to tell the customers about me," he muttered as he clung to a strap on the No. 37.

"Fares, please," said the conductor.

Ukann Larfe decided not to raise his bag and was afraid to abandon the strap on this particular stretch of road.

"Feel in my left hand pocket," he said.

"We are not allowed to do that, sir."

"Curse it," barked the detective. "Hold this strap a minute and I'll get it for you."

Have you drained your radiator ?

By the way, before I forget. If we manage to form a club for Signals Association members and T.A. Signals at Cateswell House, would you be interested in joining? The idea is to revive the Sunday evening concerts which were such an outstanding success and whose passing caused so much unhappiness.

I understand that letters to the Editor are to be encouraged. A good thing. One learns a lot from intelligent arguments. I wonder if we shall have one of the modern soldiers telling us why he wears his beret under his shoulder strap.

Next month: Should our seaports be moved back into the country? competition.

There was a young fellow from Chatham
Who tried to go halves in an atom
This nuclear fission
Was said to be his'n

Make sure of our Christmas number all in black and white. Burst pipes and cracked cylinder blocks given away. Order now.

BARLEUX

SPORTS NOTES

Hockey

Royal Signals Catterick Hockey opened their season with a win over Norton Hockey Club.

Norton, true to their standard of play, produced first-class hockey throughout and perhaps a draw would have been a fair reflex of the game.

Norton carried the ball into our twenty-five from the bully-off and maintained pressure for several minutes—perhaps this was due to the fact that Royal Signals were playing together for the first time and therefore required time to settle down as a team. Norton continued to press and were eventually rewarded with a goal, a shot from the inside-right just beating the Royal Signals goalkeeper. Royal Signals then appeared to steady up and play evened out, but Norton were giving nothing away. Towards the closing stages of the first half our side really took command and exerted all their weight on the opponents' goal, near misses coming from the sticks of Captain Brabham and R.S.M. Marshall. Our centre-forward, Signalman Perry, was gradually finding his way to goal and just before half-time ran through to even the score.

Second half saw the game take on a ding-dong appearance, both defences holding away. The forwards on our side always appeared to be struggling. Eventually Signalman Perry brought another one out of the bag and went between the Norton backs and scored another delightful goal. Norton came back with pressure and obtained several short corners, all coming to nought. A passing bout between our forwards resulted in Signalman Perry again scoring. This completed the score and Royal Signals ran out winners by three goals to one.

It was good to see old hands such as Bruce Brabham and "Q" Deegan maintaining the high standard of play and we all hope they can both make it for the rest of the season.

Signalman Perry is a find and appears as if he's come to stay.

F.A. Amateur Cup

On Saturday, 24th September, the Royal Signals (Catterick) amateur XI travelled to Bearpark, Co. Durham, to meet the local colliery team in the preliminary round of the F.A. Amateur Cup.

S.Q.M.S. Martin won the toss and elected to kick up the slight slope which seems to be a feature of all Durham colliery football grounds. Both teams took some little time to settle down and defences predominated for the first quarter of an hour, Lance-Corporal Knock, our left-back, standing out with some really good clearances. After 20 minutes Bagshaw cut in from the left wing and put Royal Signals in the lead with a good goal. Five minutes later he missed a similar chance by shooting wide. Bearpark fought back and their outside-right Beaumont, beat three men to put the Colliery on level terms.

In the second half, Bearpark half-backs took possession and played the Royal Signals forwards right out of the game. This threw a heavy strain on the defence who, however, stood up to it quite well. The Bearpark left wing pair played some excellent football and our right flank defence was overrun. It was quite late in the game though, before the Colliery team were able to score. Their second goal came from a terrific drive from their right-back Rochford, and shortly after this Shaw, the Royal Signals centre-forward, almost levelled matters with a shot that struck the cross-bar with their goalkeeper well beaten. Bearpark scored again in the closing minutes through their inside-right Johnson to run out worthy winners. Result: Bearpark Colliery 3, Royal Signals Catterick 1.

THE WIRE
EXPORT
EXPORT
L. W. DRAKE

THE WIRE

The Corps Magazine of the
ROYAL SIGNALS

The Official Organ of the
SIGNALS ASSOCIATION

All correspondence and matter for publication for "The Wire" should be addressed to The Editor, "The Wire," 88 Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1. Matter for publication must be received by the 15th of the month preceding publication.

Remittances should be made payable to: Royal Signals Association. Subscription rates (post free, except air mail): Twelve months, 10s.; single month, 1s.

☆

DECEMBER • 1949

Volume 3 *New Series* **No. 12**

☆

PRICE: ONE SHILLING

Editorial

"The Wire" brings to Royal Signals all over the world Every Good Wish for Christmas and for 1950

IN the new year THE WIRE will try and print for your edification a number of articles of a technical and military nature. This is in accordance with the policy laid down.

A number of features that we think have been popular will go to make way. RASTUS has run a year and we hope it has pleased you; so has Gardens in Barracks and we shall, it is feared, have no more Sognal Singsters.

With your assistance we will keep up the number of general interest articles and short stories. In January we commence a long article on Radio Propagation which on account of its length must be serialised over three months.

☆

IMPORTANT NOTICE

ROYAL SIGNALS QUARTERLY JOURNAL

In view of the shortage of suitable articles, which has caused the publication of the Journal to be irregular, the Central Committee are reluctantly compelled to suspend publication.

As a temporary measure, the Journal will be incorporated in THE WIRE until it is decided what form the Journal is to take in future.

Will all who are interested in the revival of the Journal, and feel that they can write suitable matter for publication therein, please do so, and forward their articles to the Editorial Offices at 88 Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1, in order that a sufficient reserve of suitable matter may be built up.

In the meantime, may we ask all officers and others who subscribe to the Journal by Banker's Order, to instruct their banks to reduce their Banker's Order by 15/- (the Journal subscription) as from the 1st January, 1950.

Empire Field of Remembrance

Our photograph shows the ceremony of planting the Crosses in the Empire Field of Remembrance on the north side of Westminster Abbey.

At noon on Thursday, 3rd November, the various contingents assembled for the opening of the observance, which was preceded by a short Service of Dedication outside the North Door of the Abbey, conducted by the Dean.

The Royal Signals representatives who attended were Colonel T. W. Vigers, O.B.E., M.C., T.D., D.L. (President), Lieutenant-Colonel T. Victor Barber (Chairman), Lieutenant-Colonel A. Hemsley, M.B.E., T.D., Lieutenant-Colonel G. J. Morley Peel, M.B.E., T.D., Major J. D. Winchester, Major J. W. Hyde, T.D., all of London Branch, and Captain L. N. Lloyd of Association Headquarters.

After the Invocation, crosses were planted on behalf of the Royal Signals Association, and the following Branches, Bristol, Catterick, Central Scotland, Chester, Glasgow, Leeds, Liverpool, London, London (City), Manchester, Plymouth, Portsmouth and Warrington.

During the ensuing week, large numbers of individual crosses were planted, and when visited by the London (City) Branch on the afternoon of Remembrance Sunday, the Royal Signals plot appeared quite full.

INDIAN SIGNAL UNITS (1911-1929) O.C.A.

Officers and Other Ranks who served with the old Indian Signal Companies of the Sappers and Miners (Indian Unattached List) between 1911 and 1919 are eligible for membership of the above Association. Personnel wishing to join or to attend the annual Reunion Dinner are asked to write to the Secretary, Captain W. A. Dowley, Sonny Home, Bedford Crescent, Frimley Green, Nr. Aldershot, Hants.

* * *

Our Cover is by Captain L. H. Drake, and in this number also Jean Simmons and Anouk typify in their own way the spirit of Christmas.

Both are Stars of the J. Arthur Rank Organisation.

TEA PARTY FOR TERRITORIAL ARMY OFFICERS

H.R.H. the Princess Royal, C.I., G.C.V.O., G.B.E., Colonel in Chief Royal Signals, took tea with some 80 officers representing the Territorial Army Signal Regiments at the Hyde Park Hotel on 31st October, 1949.

This was the first attempt "to enable H.R.H. to meet officers of the Territorial Army and their wives." It was a pity, although the difficulties are easily appreciated, that representatives of Scotland and Wales were unable to be present. The North of England was but sparsely represented.

Her Royal Highness, accompanied by the Hon. Mary Lampson, Lady in Waiting, arrived at 4.20 and was met by Major-General C. W. Fladgate, C.B.E., and Mrs. Fladgate, who thereupon introduced the officers and their ladies as they went to tea.

Correspondence

Captain D. H. Freeland writes to the Editor:

There has of late been considerable criticism of Unit Notes in THE WIRE, and in many cases rightly so. Particular reference has been made to the lengthy inclusion of births, deaths and marriages. As one who writes these notes may I say that I am always being pressed by members of my Regiment to include these events. Chaps like seeing their name in print and showing that they have done their stuff, and a couple of dozen of his friends scattered round the globe might be interested. They are potential purchasers of THE WIRE. Surely then it is worth including them.

While I heartily agree that the Unit Notes is not the place for these personal events, may I suggest that they should be reported in the normal way in a births, deaths and marriages column. The space required would not amount to more than 2½ lines and they could be read in the same way as one read one's daily paper. It might even be possible to make a nominal charge for the entry.

Going still further, why not have a "Personal" column, where Sergeant Slotty "A" could hail Corporal Billy "S" in Palestine without mucking up the Unit Notes. An advertising column might be useful for those looking for employment when leaving the Army, particularly the N.S. soldier or Brigadier "B" (retd.) disposing of his kit to some hard up subaltern.

This is a good idea, and we shall be delighted to include births, marriages, deaths, agony ads., etc., in THE WIRE, *provided that they are sent in SEPARATELY, i.e. on a different piece of paper from the actual Regimental notes. The Editorial staff is too small to permit of these details being extracted, re-drafted and re-typed to go to the printer. —Editor.*

LADIES' CLUB, ROYAL CANADIAN SIGNALS

The Catterick Camp Branch of the Royal Signals Association would like to acknowledge with many grateful thanks the kindness shown to them by the Ladies' Club of the Royal Canadian Signals stationed at Kingston, Ontario, by the the gift of food and clothing parcels provided by the wives of officers and other ranks of the Corps in Canada.

The Central Committee of the Royal Signals Association would also like to add their own expressions of pleasure and thanks for these very generous gifts.

* * *

May two old members of the Corps extend Christmas greetings and best wishes to all ex boys of Crowborough and Maresfield (1920-1924); ex South Irish Signal Section (Spike Island) No. 2 Wireless Company Sarafand and Baghdad, from

W. G. LAWSON,
S. LEDGER.

A.T.S./W.R.A.C. OLD COMRADES' ASSOCIATION

An attempt is being made to form a Branch of the Q.M.A.A.C. and A.T.S. Comrades Association in South West London. All serving and ex-Service members of the A.T.S. and W.R.A.C. are eligible for membership, including T.A. Anyone interested should contact Miss E. Crichton, c/o The Royal Signals Association, 88, Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1.

Let us have your support and help to make the new Branch a good one.

ALLIANCE

Army Order 122 of October, 1949, announces that His Majesty the King has been graciously pleased to approve the alliance of the Southern Rhodesia Signal Corps with the Royal Corps of Signals.

FORTHCOMING MARRIAGE—A CALAMITY

The engagement is announced between Captain William Roy Polhill Adams, Royal Artillery, and Miss Jean Katharine Wallace.

Starting her service career in the W.R.N.S., Jean Wallace became a member of the H.Q. staff of the Royal Signals Association in February, 1949. Since then she has adorned the welfare branch of the Association's activities. Perhaps even those who have benefited, and they are very many, do not know of the hours of hard work which are involved in each case. Her work and sympathy have lightened the burden of very many Signalmen who are in difficulty. Her charming and cheerful personality has made easier the task of others at Association headquarters.

All of us of the Association will desire to thank her and convey our very best wishes for her new career. What has the Royal Artillery got that we haven't?

Christmas Fare

By **BRIAN THOMAS**

BEFORE they came to Palestine, the Simpsons had read about the teachings of the Koran, and they were imbued with the usual sensitiveness of Britishers with regard to other people's religious beliefs. They did their best to lighten the burden of their domestic staff during the Fast of Ramazan, and cheerfully overlooked the hours which the old jobbing gardeners occupied in prayer, in cool and distant corners of the compound, when urgent but unattractive work was waiting to be done. As a result of all this, they led a tranquil, if expensive existence until Christmas arrived.

Christmas demands a turkey, and a very special bird was forthcoming; one which had been nourished on cookhouse scraps by the enterprise of some of the local soldiery, and had been earmarked for the Simpson household some weeks earlier.

When the time came to take delivery, Simpson was rather surprised to find that, instead of a pale and clammy corpse, such as he had been accustomed to see hanging in shops, he was expected to take home some 14lbs. of extremely lively bird, which fiercely resented the indignity of being tied by the legs.

"Where'll you 'ave it, sir?" asked the Turkey-Fancier-in-Chief, looking into the back of Simpson's car, which was already pretty full of family.

"But," protested Simpson, as the turkey let out a squawk and struggled frantically. "Don't you get 'em ready for cooking? Pluck 'em, and that sort of thing?"

The man looked surprised. "No, sir," he answered, in a tone of mild reproof. "Some o' them native cooks are that pertickler they won't 'andle things what's been killed by anyone else. Best to be on the safe side with 'em."

Simpson remembered that the more orthodox Moslems have definite ideas on the subject, and felt he'd made rather a fool of himself. The turkey travelled in state, if not in comfort, on Mrs. Simpson's lap.

Achmet, the cook, greeted the arrival of the Christmas dinner "on the hoof" with a remarkable lack of enthusiasm. He did not seem to appreciate the trouble what had been taken to avoid hurting his feelings. What seemed to be worrying him, so far as the language difficulty made it possible for him to convey his state of mind, was the fact that he, and not someone else, was to have the trouble of plucking and preparing the bird.

He grumbled a good deal about the laziness of the *Askari*, and it was evident that he was quite willing to waive any orthodox objections, when it came to a nasty job of work.

"Perhaps it's because he's better educated than most," Mrs. Simpson suggested. "His English is quite good, and I believe he can even read Arabic. Also, of course, he's really an Egyptian, not an Arab. I don't expect they knew that at the camp."

Simpson had his suspicions that Achmet's charges against the turkey syndicate were not entirely without foundation; but he held his peace, and covertly watched Achmet preparing for the slaughter by sharpening a large carving knife on a brick.

"He looks frightfully fierce," Mrs. Simpson remarked, with a delicate shudder. "I believe he really enjoys it. Yes, Ali, what is it?"

"Achmet wanting small, small glass whisky before killing chick-chick," answered the *Sufragi* with an apologetic smirk. He went on with some unintelligible mumble, which conveyed nothing to the shocked ears of his hearers. Achmet had already shown himself to be something of a backslider, but he had never been suspected of a weakness for strong waters.

"Don't let him have it," implored Mrs. Simpson, in considerable alarm. "It'll make him all excited, and when he sees blood he may run amok, or something. They do, you know."

"Nonsense!" snapped Simpson, in that soothing way husbands have. "There's nothing like that about Achmet. I believe the poor devil really hates the job, and wants to get up a little Dutch courage."

About half a wineglass of spirit was measured out, Ali insisting that no more was required, and presently some doleful squawkings announced that the deed was about to be done.

In due course, Achmet reappeared, wreathed in his usual smiles and showing no signs of unnatural excitement. Cautious and tactful enquiry eventually disclosed the true facts; and it was clear that sympathy and suspicion were equally unjustified. For some occult reason of their own, the servants had administered the whisky *to the turkey*.

We are privileged to republish the following article from "Signals," the Journal of The Armed Forces Communications Association of the United States of America

Third Air Division Communications

By **Captain L. S. KOBEL**

Being based in a friendly power's country in peacetime placed the Third Air Division in an unusual position with the resultant problems. But they overcame the problems, says the Third, because they have "the best communication system of the best division in the best air force."

THE forming of the Third Air Division in the United Kingdom was a unique operation because of its unusual status. The provisioning of communication facilities for the Division followed the same pattern. An appropriate slogan in the embryonic stages of communications for the Division was "never a dull moment."

The mission of the 3rd Air Division was twofold: (1) Administration of the 59th Air Depot at Burtonwood; (2) Operational jurisdiction over B-29 aircraft based in the U.K.

The primary concern of the 59th Air Depot is one of overhaul for "Vittles" aircraft on the Berlin Airlift. B-29 Bomb Groups based at Sculthorpe, Marham, and Lakenheath are normally rotated from the States on a 90-day T.D.Y. basis.

In addition to the bomb groups, the 347th Weather Reconnaissance Squadron operated initially from R.A.F. Waddington but was later moved to R.A.F. Marham. The mission of this weather squadron was to provide weather information principally from the North Sea area. Broadcast reports on each 100 miles of flight enabled a more accurate and dependable weather forecast to be made for "Vittles" aircraft. Weather broadcasts from aircraft were picked up by the 3AD radio station and Frankfurt. The 347th Weather Squadron recently ceased operations and has now returned to the States.

In Business

The first location of the 3rd Air Division was in the former headquarters of General Eisenhower at Bushy Park, Teddington, Middlesex, now occupied by R.A.F. Transport Command. A temporary set-up was made in space allotted to us by Transport Command. Unused office space and huts were quickly swept out and made into various offices, orderly rooms, and what not. One wing of the allocated huts was turned into a communications section. A radio station was set up to handle air to ground and point to point traffic, as was also a separate U.S.A.F. teletypewriter central together with a crypto-centre. The 11th Communications Squadron (less personnel and equipment) was reorganised and formed at 3AD and presto! we were in business. From this point onward, as personnel were assigned, the communications section has been one of almost daily expansion and progress.

The many problems that arose were mainly due to the undefined status of the Division in the United Kingdom. It was the first time that a major world power had allowed another major power to base tactical aircraft within its borders plus, of course, the use of the ground and buildings at Burtonwood for the 59th Air Depot. It is a compliment to both the British and American services that no insurmountable difficulties arose. In fact, all our dealings with the various British agencies have been agreeable and on a sound common sense basis.

G.P.O. Operates Tele. and Tele.

Considerable liaison and co-operation with the Royal Air Force and general post office was necessary. The general post office in the U.K. operates and controls all the telephone and telegraph services in the British Isles. All our wire facilities had to be obtained from the G.P.O. and it is to their credit that the many lines and circuits required were made available to us in record time.

The R.A.F. maintains control of frequency allocations. In the first few weeks of operation we had a feeling of frustration over frequency allocations allowed us; however, time is a great healer and we now realise how crowded the spectrum is in the U.K. This tight control of frequencies is appreciated when one realises not only the normal British commitments but also the close proximity of other nations such as France, Belgium and the Netherlands.

Coincident with provisioning of temporary facilities at Bushy Park, plans and projects were in progress for our move to a set of new buildings at South Ruislip, Middlesex, our present location. We are all entitled to our own opinions but we here at Ruislip believe we have not only the best laid out headquarters, but also the best of communications as well. As some might say, we are "right proud" of our "Little America" here in the U.K.

Present Facilities

Our communication facilities to date are as follows: A 12-position switchboard with provision for 400 extensions; private telephone tie-lines to each bomb group base, 59th Air Depot Wing, H.Q., U.S.A.F.E. in Germany, U.S. Embassy in London, and R.A.F. H.Q.; teletypewriter circuits to each bomb group base, 59th Air Depot Wing, H.Q. U.S.A.F.E., R.A.F. Central, and H.Q. U.S.A.F. in Washington; a radio point-to-point net to each bomb base, 59th Air Depot Wing, and H.Q. U.S.A.F.E.; a radio air-to-ground channel.

A.A.C.S. 1965th Squadron

A.A.C.S. participation consists of the 1965th A.A.C.S. Squadron of the 1807th A.A.C.S. Wing. The 1965th Squadron operates from the 59th Air Depot at Burtonwood. Their responsibilities are the facilities used at Burtonwood; control tower operations at the bomb group bases; G.C.A. operation at Burtonwood, Sculthorpe, Marham and Lakenheath; radar beacons at Burtonwood, Sculthorpe and Marham; and high power radio beacons at Shawbury and Lakenheath. Close liaison is maintained with A.A.C.S.

activities through a liaison officer attached to the 3rd Air Division Headquarters.

Moving to our new headquarters meant also the acquisition of a transmittter site; this was obtained through the R.A.F. and is at Bovingdon Airfield about 20 miles from Ruislip. All transmitters are remotely controlled over G.P.O. lines from Ruislip. Recently installed at Bovingdon and Ruislip is a set of AN/TRC-1 equipment.

Currently in process are various plans and projects to either round out our facilities or improve them. Included in these plans are the setting up of facilities at Ruislip for telephone tie-lines, teletype weather lines and facsimile equipment for the 28th Weather Squadron. AN/TRC equipment is planned for a circuit to each Bomb Group base from Ruislip.

" Best Division "

Our original slogan of " never a dull moment " still holds in our efforts to provide better and faster and more accurate communications for the 3rd Air Division. We have tried to foster an " on-the-ball " spirit amongst all our communication personnel. This we believe to be accomplished since all our personnel think that ours is the best communication system of the best division in the best air force.

Gardens in Barracks

In this month and in January, cut down timber.

In the last quarter of the month let fowlers mind their game and hare and fox hunters to their diversion. But with all let them be careful not to break their necks or their neighbours fences.

Cover your best flowers and herbs from frost with rotten horse dung. Look well to your cattle; water and moist your meadows and let your horses blood.

Let a warm fire and a cup of generous wine or good October ale be thy reward; thy kitchen thy apothercaries shop; hot meals and broth thy physic and a well spread table the proof of charity to thy poor neighbours.

XVII CENTURY LORE.

THE last precept, of the use of " a well spread table " is unfortunately impossible of accomplishment in our present circumstances. We can, or rather sometimes we can, contrive hot meals and broth and perhaps a little rather doubtful beer.

In those good days, as you see, the work of the land was done and with the exception of clearing unwanted timber the countryside gave itself to diversion.

What about the present generation The first thing to remember is that digging in cold wet soil does more harm than good. If there is still digging to be done choose a period when the brief winter sun is shining and the ground is dry and not frosted.

If it is new ground you wish to break this period is not a bad time to do it. New ground seldom crops really satisfactorily the first year. But if you dig deep and bury your rough weed ridden turf thoroughly, put in also a mass of rotten rubbish, this land will grow a fair crop of potatoes the first year and if thereafter it is thoroughly cultivated it will be in good order the second year.

This year the leaves are late in falling and so the valuable leaf harvest will be taken in December.

For the rest remember that mud is a great enemy and so use the cinders and ashes to make mud free paths to your barracks.

There is as has been said little to do outdoors, so spend some time planning for 1950 and then get your seed order away EARLY.

In the matter of timber one spends a lot of money on pea and bean sticks. It is seldom necessary, a little care and work usually provide them locally and free.

SOGNAL SINGSTERS
No. 9

(with apologies to *The Tatler*)

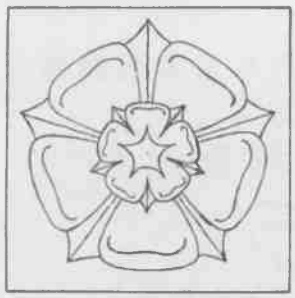
The Mottled Microgannet or Rhombic Rooster
(Singasongovseidtoan—apoketfulovalvz)

Adult male: The Microgannet is a unidirectional biped with adjustable legs and a remote-controlled beam. Its call has a pleasant, modulated note. In the British Isles this is 50 cps., but in the case of the North American species is somewhat higher and sounds like " Haak-arr-ayteyate." A member of the Rhumbation family, the microgannet is a non-tropicalised thermistor.

Habits: Has been known to sit for hours on a passive element, drawing off arcs with its beak. An open wire feeder, its staple diet consists of parasitics, paralytics and eeny-weeny creepy things. There is a no more amusing spectacle than the sight of a group of these peculiar creatures guzzling apparatus, three-tone, two timing, at supersonic speed; seldom mates, but when it does produces an indeterminate number of odd harmonics.

Habitats: Found in most parts of the ionosphere, stratosphere, bathysphere and similar improbable places. Builds its nest in any convenient portion of the fourth dimension and lines it with layers of ionization at the maximum useable frequency.

Note: The team of ornithologists responsible for this extremely interesting and unique series of bird studies have long since passed into their second childhood. They hope, however, to be able to produce just one more.



SIGNAL TRAINING CENTRE

CATTERICK CAMP

1 TRAINING REGIMENT

There have been quite a number of changes lately—many arrivals and departures. Colonel R. J. Moberly, O.B.E., has left us for the School of Signals after a very successful term in office. We wish him luck in his new sphere of activity. In his place we give a hearty welcome to Lieutenant-Colonel M. G. A. Hepper.

The Regiment has started well on the winter sports programme and we hope to repeat some, if not all, of our past successes. The rugby team has managed to win the first round of the Army Cup with a score of 36 points to 6. Notable successes have also been achieved against Huddersfield, Halifax and Glasgow. You will hear a great deal about this team in the future.

Under the guidance of W.O.II Pash, the new editor, *The Gripper*, 3 Squadron's own newspaper is rapidly increasing its sales and popularity. We are planning to produce a grand Christmas edition complete with photographs on the art paper, cartoons and Christmas jokes. A P.O. value 1/3 with a note to W.O.II Pash, 1 Training Regiment, Royal Signals, Catterick Camp, will bring you this edition postage free to any part of the world. (Why isn't THE WIRE on the distribution list?—Ed.).

Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess. One of our big events lately has been the good-bye party and dance for Colonel R. J. Moberly, O.B.E., till recently our Commanding Officer. It was a night long to be remembered in the annals of the Mess. Amongst other things we would like to record that Suicide Wood was completely denuded of ferns for decoration. During the evening a presentation was made to Mrs. Moberly, as a token of thanks for her great work in connection with welfare.

Indoor sports have started in the Mess, and we started off with a thoroughly enjoyed evening at 3 Training Regiment. We managed to win by one point.

Preparations are going ahead for a grand Christmas party for the children of the Regiment. On Thursday, 3rd November we had a grand dance in Loos gymnasium—suitably disguised with coloured lights and bunting of course—which added a good sum to the funds.

Story of the Month. A certain R.Q.M.S., who shall be nameless, was issuing kit to a large and expectant body of National Servicemen. Having dished out the blouses B.D. and drawers cellular, he passed across an 1157 to the N.S.M. at the head of the queue with the usual admonition "Sign there." Unfortunately, the N.S.M. had no pen. The R.Q.M.S. in question handed over his own writing instrument with a reverent air, and because it was not particularly efficient, added the precautionary phrase "You'd better put your weight on it."

"O.K." said the N.S.M., and with a practised air wrote his name, followed by 10st. 6oz. (in brackets).

P.S. This actually happened.

2 TRAINING REGIMENT

First of all, we must apologise for the lack of comments from this Regiment in last month's WIRE. To those people who might have missed it, we must explain that it due to the great rush of events, when everything from a G.O.C.s inspection to an initial issue of pyjamas for N.C.O.s was pushed upon us. It is rumoured that hair shirts are the next free issue.

Great movements have taken place in the Regiment, not, as may be thought, the result of the arrival of a bundle of A.C.C., but because of the change of accommodation of the Squadrons. Suffice it to say that 3 and H.Q. Squadrons have completely changed places, and we are left with a Regiment that lives up to its nick-name of "The Lost Legion" more than ever. The resulting mix-up of the telephone system, has at least let us know where we stand, for we NEVER get the right number now! The Regimental Police (not to forget the dog) have moved in too, and are making us see red with their decorations. "Hope springs eternal" but R.S.M. Irvine is the only R.S.M. we know who insists that grass grows under his feet.

As the end of the month draws ever nearer, so the faces of many N.C.O.s grow longer, for it is than that the dreaded Forces Preliminary Examination is to be held. That nerves are being keyed up for the struggle, is evident from the volume of quoted verse and such things as "The sum of the Squares of a Triangle . . . " that drifts from the bunk windows. The Trainees too are trembling under the threat of Army Third, which everyone of them is expected to pass, and are delving into the history of the Army to find out, as one of them put it, "Why the S.S.M. calls us a shower."

The most important sporting event of the month, was the boxing match, in the Army Boxing Championship, against 4 Training Regiment. This Regiment was indeed trounced, but our fighters put up an excellent struggle in face of great opposition.

HEADQUARTERS SQUADRON. We have been moved, re-shuffled, re-allocated, and have, at one time or another, gone up so high in the air that it just isn't true. H.Q. Squadron office has been successfully camouflaged behind a pile of N.A.A.F.I. cake crumbs in the old ration store, but the pass-word is still "Knock twice and ask for Taffy." Kit lay-outs are now the order of the day (and night), and indeed the standard of kit has become so high that H.Q. Squadron on parade have often been mistaken for Trainees.

Geologists in the Squadron were interested to learn that in a non-coal bearing area, there was an outcrop seam that came to light under some loose floor-boards in Hut 9. Work on this seam, however, was rather suddenly curtailed.

2 SQUADRON. This has been a month of activity in the realm of entertainment. After a few remarks from various N.C.O.s like "You'd be better off on the Stage . . . Scrubbing it!" it was was decided to form a Squadron concert party. A diligent search for talent was made and the most surprising discoveries were made. Even a hynotist was found who at the subsequent concert, persuaded several A.T.S. that they were the queerest things. The show was a great success, and another is already on the way.

Turning from relaxation to education, we have been deficient of one Sergeant-Major, Squadron, for the drill of, and several N.C.O.s who are all striving for the acquisition of some really useful knowledge at Kemmel Education Centre.

3 SQUADRON. The Squadron put up a very good show in the recent inter-Squadron boxing match, although they did not win. Better luck next time! Talking of sport, the Squadron has representatives in all the Regimental teams so its sporting tradition still continues.

Otherwise, life goes on its steady (sometimes) routine. Trainees still come and go, leaving a few more grey hairs each time. Meanwhile the scene has changed to leather jerkins and red noses.

1 SQUADRON. The training belt is still ticking steadily, and everything is being done, by improvements to the Barrack Rooms, to make each new intake feel at home, when he arrives here from the luxury life of the Vimy Block at 7 S.R.

The Armistice parade found the Squadron producing a good turn out, although all those who took part had only six or seven weeks service.

4 TRAINING REGIMENT

" Oft I have travelled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly States and Kingdoms seen . . . "

Keats might well have been musing on this Regiment after the G.O.C.'s inspection when he wrote those immortal lines, for much labour and sweated brow preceded the first visit to the Regiment of Major-General C. M. F. White, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., G.O.C. Catterick District. The General was apparently well pleased with what he saw so our labours were not in vain.

4 Squadron and 1 Squadron have changed places. It will be remembered that 1 Squadron moved to Gallowgate Camp in Richmond during August. 1 Squadron are now back at Gaza, and 4 Squadron takes up residence in its place.

Boxing. Fisticuffs steal the limelight this month.

On the 14th of October a friendly match, which took place in Hipswell Gymnasium, was arranged between the Regiment and Darlington National Coal Board and Youth Club.

A considerable audience were entertained to a display of good, spirited boxing. Of added interest to the evening's agenda was the inclusion of two " interest " bouts which featured mosquito weights from St. Teresa's Boxing Club. In the match of 12 bouts, four were won by knock-outs, Signalman Mapplebeck executing his *coup de grace* in seven seconds.

Result: 4 Training Regiment won five bouts; N.C.B. and Y.C., Darlington won two bouts.

The other matches were miscellaneous, included to augment the programme.

On 22nd October we met 2 Training Regiment in the first round of the Army Inter-Unit Boxing Championships.

The match was replete with thrills and excitement even though we were a stronger team, and the pluckiness of the 2 Training Regiment boxers could not fail to evoke our strong admiration.

RESULTS

	No. 4 Training Regt.	No. 2 Training Regt.
Bantamweight	Signalman French beat	Signalman McKenzie.
Featherweight	Signalman Stevens beat	Corporal Dilkes.
Lightweight (1st)	Corporal Birch lost to	Signalman Goodson.
Welterweight (2nd)	Signalman Lenningwood lost to	Signalman Brown.
Welterweight (3rd)	Sergeant Wellingdale k.o.d	Signalman Knox.
Middleweight (1st)	Signalman Thatcher beat (Referee stopped fight in 1st round.)	Signalman Newnes.
Lightweight (2nd)	Lance-Corporal Perry k.o.d	Signalman Watson.
Middleweight (2nd)	Signalman Mapplebeck k.o.d	Driver Groves.
Light-Heavyweight	Signalman Powell beat	Signalman McEagan.
Heavyweight	Sergeant Leigh k.o.d	Lance-Corporal McQuire
Welterweight (1st)	Signalman Elliott beat	Lance-Corporal Talbot.

Signalman Elliott's win was particularly praiseworthy for he won his bout by punching almost entirely with his left hand as his right was not fully recovered from an injury received during training.

Brigadier W. C. V. Galwey, O.B.E., M.C., Commander S.T.C., who was present, congratulated the winners on " a good and well deserved win."

On the 4th November we again assembled in Hipswell Gymnasium where our champions were prepared for battle against 12th Royal Lancers.

The match started off quite well in an atmosphere charged with tension. Lance-Corporal Germon (12th R.L. bantamweight) knocked out Corporal Reagan; then Signalman Stevens (4 T.R. featherweight) evened the score by beating Trooper Pearce. Lance-Corporal Boddy (12th R.L. lightweight 1st) put the Lancers ahead once more, Corporal Birch being his victim; Signalman Lenningwood, 4 T.R. welterweight then beat Corporal Savoury and the balance of points was restored. After this fight the Lancers pulled steadily away, winning the next four bouts in succession. The bout in which Lance-Corporal Burrows, 12th R.L. middleweight beat Signalman Thatcher deserves special mention for this was a fight which stood out from all the rest for sheer determination and grit. Both boxers are counted " killers " in their own spheres and during the fight I was reminded of the irresistable force meeting the immovable object. Thatcher lost the decision but the fight was extremely close.

Signalman Powell, 4 T.R. heavyweight, stopped the rot by beating Trooper Bell, and Sergeant Leigh, 4 T.R. heavyweight, and Signalman Elliott, 4 T.R. welterweight, restored our fortunes somewhat by easily winning their bouts against Corporal Cudbertson, heavyweight, and Lance-Corporal Boulby, light-heavyweight.

12th Royal Lancers won the match by one point.

Result: 4 Training Regiment 16 points; 12th Royal Lancers 17 points.

(Readers may recall that the 12th Royal Lancers brought off a similar " coup " against us last year in the final of the District Unit championships).

Soccer. In both the 1st and 2nd divisions of the District League we have been suffering reverses. The 1st team was upset by a 10—1 defeat against 14/20th Hussars, and having failed to recover its equilibrim has subsequently lost by 4—1 against 605 Company, R.A.S.C., and 3—2 against 7 Selection Regiment. The second team has not fared any better. Following a 2—1 win against 323 Pioneer Company, it has since lost 6—2 against C.S.D. Catterick, 4—1 against 7 Company R.A.M.C., and 3—2 against 4 C.I.C. However, assuming that success is achieved by determination as well as skill we hope to be able to record a better series of results next month. Outstanding players so far this season have been Lance-Corporal Shurban, who played for the Corps against R.E.M.E., Corporal Langham and Lance-Corporal Morgan (just released) both of whom played for Royal Signals team which lost 3—2 to Bear Park Colliery in the A.F.A. Cup at the end of September.

Rugger. Having missed last month's edition of THE WIRE, our successes in rugger have not been as well advertised as they could have been. The first game of the season against 12th Royal Lancers was won 12—0. The second, being the first round of the Army Cup, against the School of Signals, we won 16—0, Captain R. Hardy and Second-Lieutenant M. Stannard each contributing a try. In the second round of the Army Cup we were drawn against 8 Royal Tank Regiment. This was an exciting game with result in doubt until the final whistle. During the first half 4 Training Regiment were superior, especially in the three-quarter line. In the second half, 8 Royal Tank Regiment had the better of the game but failed to consolidate good opportunities with points.

Results: 4 Training Regiment 6; 8 Royal Tank Regiment 3.

Basket Ball. We have, unfortunately, just received our first defeat of the season against 5 Training Regiment, who have succeeded in blotting our escutcheon for the second time (the first being in the Army Cup). But even so we can still show a very fair record.

Results:—

Played	Won	Lost
5	4	1

		Points
v. 17/21st Lancers	Won	46—24
v. 14/20th Hussars	Won	51—28
v. 8th Royal Tank Regiment	Won	58—36
v. 7th Selection Regiment	Won	48—23
v. 5th Training Regiment	Lost	25—36

We do not fear the future in this field.

We offer congratulations to Captain and Mrs. A. S. MacFadyen on the birth, in August, of their first child, a son, and to Sergeant Cotton, 3 Squadron, who was recently married.

5 TRAINING REGIMENT

So far as THE WIRE is concerned, 5 Training Regiment have remained unobtrusively in the background for some time. Perhaps this is synonymous with our position, divorced as we are from the centre of activities in Catterick Camp. Nevertheless, we are active enough, and though we do not boast of our prowess in the field of sport, it is simply because we have a great deal to live up to! At the same time we have been putting up quite a creditable performance in the world of soccer, and in the Catterick District Basket Ball League have yet to lose a game. We have also come safely through the second round of the Catterick District inter-unit boxing competition, defeating the 8th Royal Tank Regiment by the narrow margin of 17 points to 15.

Saturday, the 22nd of October saw the time-honoured Northern Command motor-cycle trials. In the North this event, organised and run by our Regiment, is almost as much an institution as the Lord Mayor's Show, and certainly as popular! We think it was a success, and like to feel that this conviction was shared by all the riders who took part. And those who came to watch as well!! The days preceding the event had been wet, and the course was muddy. This, however, not only added to the difficulties, but incidentally to the general enjoyment.

We want to take this opportunity of thanking AND congratulating all the riders from other Units in the Command, both Regular and T.A., from near and far, for the excellent performance they put up on a very difficult course, sufficient to try the skill and ingenuity of the most experienced of riders.

Their keen sense of sportsmanship and pluck certainly ensured the success of the trials from the word "Go." Sergeant Thrower of this Regiment won the day with a loss of 19 points. 905 Company, R.A.S.C., T.A., covered themselves with glory, and not a little mud, in the shape of Second-Lieutenant Tye, who gained sixth place with 31 points against. The Team Challenge Cup for the Regular Army was won, we are glad to say, by this Regiment, the T.A. Challenge Cup being secured by 49 Armoured Division R.A.S.C., T.A.

The total number of starters was 149, and of these no less than 70 completed the particularly gruelling course within the time limit laid down. Bear in mind, please, that this consisted of 60 miles of the most difficult country around Swaledale and Arkengarthdale, including 16 observed sections, two time checks and a flexibility test, with such old favourites as Washford, Jinglepot and Crackpot, and you'll see exactly what we mean when we say "Well done all!"

We were delighted to welcome Major-General C. M. F. White, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., Commanding Catterick District, Brigadier W. C. V. Galway, O.B.E., M.C., of the S.T.C., and Brigadier R. H. R. Steward, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., A.D.C., of Northumbrian District And none were more welcome than Mrs. and Miss White, who at the conclusion of the trials presented the awards.

NORTHERN COMMAND MOTORCYCLE TRIAL

TEAM CHALLENGE CUP—REGULAR ARMY

Winners : No. 5 Training Regiment .. .. .. 60 Points Against.
Runners-up : No. 5 Training Regiment .. .. .. 80 „ „

TEAM CHALLENGE CUP—TERRITORIAL ARMY

Winners : No. 49 Armoured Division, R.A.S.C. (T.A.) .. 136 Points Against.

Place	Name	Unit	Points Against
1	Sergeant Thrower	No. 5 Training Regiment ..	19
2	Lance-Corporal Jakeman	No. 5 Training Regiment ..	20
3	Sergeant Jones	No. 5 Training Regiment ..	21
4	Lance-Corporal Manfield	No. 5 Training Regiment ..	22
5	Corporal Freeman	No. 5 Training Regiment ..	23
6	Second-Lieutenant Tye	905 Company, R.A.S.C. (T.A.)	31
7	Sergeant White	No. 5 Training Regiment ..	35
8	Lance-Corporal Rouse	No. 5 Training Regiment ..	35
9	Captain Ive	17/21st Lancers ..	36
10	Corporal McCormick	No. 5 Training Regiment ..	36

7 SELECTION REGIMENT

In spite of rumour and speculation that there would be drastic changes in the system of call up for National Service, we still find ourselves submerged in the dizzy whirl of intakes and outputs, which are likely to continue indefinitely.

In the near future, we understand, we are destined to have a complete change of Personnel Selection Officers. Major Petrie, and his band of "trade allocators" including Captains John Walmsley-Cotham, John Richards and Dickie Armstrong, who have been with us since the formation of the Regiment, are shortly due to leave their "little black shack" by the football ground, and find a change of scene in other parts. We hope that the motto inscribed on Major Petrie's office door "Abandon hope all ye who enter here" will remain long after they have departed.

Among our new arrivals this month was Brian Close, the England and Yorkshire cricketer. Close, who played for England against the New Zealanders in the fourth test match this year, is the youngest cricketer who has ever played in England's test team. During the football season Close is not left without interest as he is a keen footballer and plays for Leeds United Reserves. On completion of his training, we hope to have him back in the Regiment as an Assistant Instructor for Physical Training.

During the month, our training Squadrons have all had welcome break periods. Numbers 3 and 4 Squadrons were the first to go on their seven days' leave, and were fortunate to get away before our first cold spell. Numbers 1 and 2 Squadrons were less fortunate with the weather, but nevertheless, the break from training was a very appreciable one.

This season we have launched two soccer teams, but so far we have had very poor luck. In every game played, we have had casualties, which have weakened both our teams.

In the preliminary round of the Army Cup, we beat the 17/21 Lancers by 5 goals to 3 in one of the best games seen on Baghdad ground for many years. Corporal Blakey was in brilliant form scoring all five goals.

In the second game of the Army Cup, No. 2 Training Regiment, Royal Signals, beat us at home by the only goal scored. A snap goal by Sergeant Riley after 30 seconds play somewhat unsettled our team and although they played with rare determination, they could not outwit the strong defence of the visitors. We wish 2 Training Regiment every success in this year's competition.

On the eve of being picked to play at centre half for the Army, our star player, Corporal Blakey, was seriously injured against 2 Training Regiment and has been in hospital ever since.

Our results to date are :

	P	W	L	D	For	Against
1st XI	4	–	4	–	10	13
2nd XI	7	3	4	–	32	12

The start of the winter hockey league showed weakness within our team. We lacked cohesion and forwards with the ability to shoot. The first few matches were scrappy, but

in the later games, we have been playing in better form, and scoring goals. We are looking forward to the forthcoming cup matches with confidence, although by then we shall have lost Captain Smith, our right wing. He has been the Captain of the team for many months, and has been responsible for producing an excellent team within the Regiment. His presence will be missed.

Among new players who we are fortunate in having and who have helped to bring us success, are W.O.sII Lowden, Asher, Wilson, Staff-Sergeant Room, and Sergeant Gelfs, while the " old hands " including 2/Lieutenant Chapman, R.Q.M.S. Vigurs, W.O. II Robinson, " Q " Black, Sergeants Gibbons, Matthews and Maddison, continue to give their support. Our new Hockey Officer will be Second-Lieutenant Chapman.

SIGNAL TRAINING WING, W.R.A.C.

The month of October heralds the very welcome fuel issue, and it is reported that the interior of the training huts is at least two degrees higher than the outside temperature! It is not yet cold enough for the annual issue of balaclavas, but permission has been granted for any frozen bodies to wear fingerless mittens and the odd half-dozen scarves! The difficulties resulting from the wearing of headsets in addition to the " annual issue " will no doubt be surmounted at a later date.

Corporal Muckle, following swiftly in Junior Commander Dunn's (now Mrs. K. H. Evans) footsteps, is preparing to leave the Wing in the near future. Her wedding date is 19th November, and she is to be married at St. Oswald's Garrison Church, Catterick Camp. We would like to wish her every happiness. Corporal Muckle is one of the oldest members of the S.B.O. School and many ex-trainees will remember her and join with us in our good wishes.

Sergeant Bibby (nee Pilcher) is installed in a very comfortable married quarter and appears to be thoroughly enjoying married life as a civilian.

We would also like to offer our best wishes and congratulations to Sergeant Martin (nee Cargill) and S.Q.M.S. A. D. Martin of 2 Training Regiment, Royal Signals, who were married quietly at St. Martin's Garrison Church, Catterick Camp on 21st October. Sergeant Martin and Junior Commander J. Bell, working as an efficient team at the School of Signals, prepare and carry out all Signal courses for W.R.A.C. officers and N.C.O.s. We oniy see them periodically in the Wing by virtue of the distance between the School of Signals and Ypres Lines. As Junior Commander Bell became engaged a few months ago—for which we would like to offer belated, yet sincere good wishes—and Sergeant Cargill has now become Mrs. Martin, we fervently trust they won't both follow the popular trend at the moment by leaving the Service. This fashion seems to be highly infectious—it must be something to do with the air in Cattterick.

A cordial welcome is extended to Lance-Corporal Rowlands, who has recently joined the Wing from London District as an S.B.O.. Instructor, and we hope her stay in Catterick will be a very pleasant one. We are soon to welcome Lance-Corporal Hoyles from Western Command and Lance-Corporal Braithwaite from Southern Command, both N.C.O.s will be joining the S.B.O. School on posting.

Corporals Mott and Bayliss are lending a helping hand to 3 Squadron, 4 Training Regiment, Royal Signals, in the trade testing world. S.S.M. Bates of 3 Squadron is reported to have hurriedly erected a large " Out of Bounds " notice on their office door.

Major-General C. M. F. White, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., visited 3 Training Regiment, Royal Signals, during the month, inspecting equipment and training huts. The S.B.O. trainees were having their weekly drill parade with Corporal Muckle instructing.

Corporal Mott and Corporal Robson, with Corporal Bayliss as reserve, were selected to play for Northern Command in the Inter-Command W.R.A.C. netball trials. Northern Command, playing well, came in second.

School of Signals

Royal Signals Wing

Officers' Mess. During these last three weeks there has been a certain amount of domestic upheaval in the Mess due to the R.E. carrying out much needed structural alterations to various parts of the building. Naturally, we are all looking forward to seeing the finished article.

All past members of the Scottish Country Dancing Club will be sorry to hear that Miss Topsy Wright, a very active member of the club since its inception, died suddenly on 29th October. Messages of sympathy have been sent to Major and Mrs. Wright.

Sergeants' Mess. We congratulate Sergeant and Mrs. McEvoy on the recent addition to their family, a son, Clive.

Sport. The result of our rugby football match versus 4 Training Regiment, which we lost by 16 points to nil, was disappointing. We had high hopes of winning but it was only too clear, as the game progressed, that the pack was not the same without Captain Ball and Sergeant Knight (both absent through injury) and also that the disparity between the average age of each team was bound to have its effect. We were by no means disgraced and the team is to be congratulated on playing as well as they did.

Motor Cycling. On the 22nd October, the Northern Command motor cycle trials were held in the area of Barnard Castle. The course of 60 miles was an interesting one. though the recent rains had made the moorland tracks more interesting than the organisers perhaps had envisaged. Jingle pots, crack pots, boulder sections and water-splashes were freely mixed together and all took their toll of victims. The route was well marked but for all that there was the occasion when there was a bunch of 14 riders playing follow-my-leader over some desolate part of the Swaledale Moors and the leader, an officer (of course it had to be) stopped and said " Where are we? "

Of our team only two, Sergeant Jones and Corporal Mitchell, completed the course. A broken chain, a damaged clutch and complete engine failure respectively forced our other three riders to retire. Very disappointing. However, we will do better next time.

Beagling. The Catterick Camp Beagles, under the stern direction of their Master, Major Sutherland, have started the season well. Meeting twice a week since the beginning of October they have had several good and interesting hunts in spite of adverse scenting conditions and have killed their quarry on more than one occasion.

Officer Training Wing

We have had two pass off parades during the month. Course 235 passed off on 14th October, 1949, the salute being taken by Colonel W. H. H. Aitken, C.E. Catterick District. The Commanding Officer's cane was awarded to Officer/Cadet Henderson.

Colonel R. J. Moberly, O.B.E., Chief Instructor, School of

Signals, took the salute when Course 236 passed off on 27th October, 1949, and the Commanding Officer's cane was awarded to Officer/Cadet Beattie.

The present course of regular Y.O.s were dined in at H.Q. Mess on Thursday, 6th October. An excellent meal was followed by an original and hilarious entertainment. Much of the fun, it should be added, was provided unintentionally by the Y.O.s themselves, but they took everything in good part and fought back valiantly. The guests, and we hope their gallant hosts, had a most enjoyable evening.

A double christening was held at St. Martin's Church on Sunday, 16th October, when the baby daughter of the Adjutant, Captain P. W. Rogerson, and the baby son of Captain A. Holifield, M.C., O.T. Squadron were baptised. The infants were christened Olivia Ann and David Alan respectively. Padres Morton and McKinley officiated in the joint ceremony.

On 7th and 8th October, Patrick Hamilton's "Rope" was produced in the Unit Cinema with a mixed cast of Y.O.s and Cadets. Although the size of the audience, especially on the first night, was disappointing, the cast put up an excellent performance, bringing out to the full the humour and suspense of the script. Many of us had seen the play before, or heard it on the radio but we all enjoyed the show and wish to congratulate the players on their high standard of achievement, having regard to the short time they had been able to devote to rehearsals. In particular we congratulate Second-Lieutenant Mongomery for his fine portrayal of Brandon, the motiveless murderer, and Second-Lieutenant Pearson for his convincing Rupert Cadell. His torrent of indignation and denunciation did much to wipe out the general sordidness of the plot and left us frightened and cowering in our seats as the curtains closed and the light came on.

A most successful sports week-end was held on 22nd October. In the afternoon the Unit assembled *en masse* to cheer the association football team in their Army Cup first round match against 1 Training Regiment Royal Signals. From the results of league matches it appeared that our chances of victory were small but our team went all out from the start, spurred on by the enthusiastic supporters on the touchline. By hard play and brilliant goalkeeping by Driver Taylor, we were only one goal down by half-time. In the second half the superiority of our opponents began to tell and they scored five more goals. However, the biggest cheer of the afternoon came just before the end of the game when our forward line, fighting back to the end, scored our only goal to make the score 6—1 to 1 Training Regiment.

After tea, an excellent evening's entertainment was provided in the cinema. Volunteers from the Unit provided the first half of the show, and a guest artist, Signalman Kershaw of 2 Training Regiment, provided the second half. After a rousing opening chorus the concert got under way in fine style, with comperes Sergeant Lockie and Sergeant Hannam keeping up a steady stream of jokes as they introduced the acts.

Songs by Driver Edwards and Driver Connor, harmonica solos from Driver Cooke, and a snappy dance routine by the "Three Haggises"—Drivers Lawrie, McShane and McKee—followed in quick succession, and then came a much-blackened Driver McFadyen to sing "Swanee River" and "Mammy." By this time the audience were well in the mood to receive a series of humorous sketches presented by Second-Lieutenants King and Gibson, assisted by the comperes. An excellent display of conjuring by Second-Lieutenant King brought the first part of the concert to a close. After the interval Signalman Kershaw gave a most astounding and convincing demonstration of his hypnotic powers. The sight of a driver shivering in imaginary Anarctica or of two sober soldiers becoming intoxicated by suggestion and a glass of water, left the audience amused and astounded. This was certainly a most amazing and absorbing performance and we are greatly indebted to Signalman Kershaw for the demonstration.

During the week-end 29th/30th October, a large party of Y.O.s and Cadets paid a visit to Mons Officer Cadet School to compete in an inter-O.C.T.U. sports meeting. Mons made us very welcome and we all enjoyed our week-end immensely. The final result of the meeting was in the balance until the boxing, when our opponents, with a convincing win in this last event, won the contest by five events to four. Results in the individual sports were as follows:

	O.T.W.	Mons.	
Rugby	11	10	Won
Association Football	0	2	Lost
Cross-Country	52	50	Lost
Shooting	715	695	Won
Golf	2	7	Lost
Hockey	4	1	Won
Basket Ball	29	32	Lost
Boxing	0	7	Lost
Squash	5	0	Won

We are looking forward to a return fixture with Mons Officer Cadet School later in the year, when we shall have the pleasure of entertaining them at Catterick.

NORTHERN COMMAND (M) SIGNAL REGIMENT

York

SH—SH, the secret is out, the ORBAT is broken at last. Away with Security. Yes, Dear Readers, Dame Rumour and Signalman Key Chat have once again proved their infallibility. There *IS* a Northern Command (M) Signal Regiment. LOCATION? H.Q. of this Regiment is housed in Infantry Barracks, YORK, while Troops and Detachments are scattered from Nottingham to Carlisle and from Carlisle to Kendal.

Unlike most Signal Units at Home, our time is largely spent devising ways and means as how best to employ the hundreds of highly skilled surplus tradesmen and tradeswomen that are constantly pouring in. Our real problem is, of course, ensuring that new arrivals from Training Regiments lose none of their skill, particularly operators and drivers. Suggestions from other Regiments are invited. All in all we manage to compete. Eventually the N.F.Q. are "Q" at something. That wonderful combination, peculiar to the British Army, a sense of humour, harmless moans, a large pair of scissors, lots of paper, a waste paper basket and a sense of proportion see us through.

Remembrance Day in York was observed jointly by the Civilians and the Services at the City War Memorial. A combined parade, consisting of Detachments of the Royal Navy, W.R.N.S., The Army, W.R.A.C., R.A.F., and W.A.A.F., the whole commanded by Major J. H. Dirs, M.B.E., represented the Services.

The Army and W.R.A.C. contingents were drawn entirely from this Regiment, and honour that put the Unit on its toes. As only the Army contingent carried arms, to them fell the duty of the usual ceremonies connected with memorial services.

How well they did it, I cannot do better than quote from a letter received by the C.S.O. Northern Command from Lieutenant-General P. M. Balfour, C.B., C.B.E., M.C., G.O.C. in C. Northern Command:

"This is a line to ask you to pass my congratulations to the O.C. Northern Command (M) Signal Regiment on the good turnout and drill on Armistice Day. They did the Army credit and their steadiness on parade was first-class. I would also like to congratulate the soldier who nearly fainted but had the guts to 'stick it out.'"

Praise indeed. To all Ranks the remainder of the Regiment says "Well done." The standard was particularly commendable in that the Parade was composed mainly of very young Signalmen and Privates, W.R.A.C., who had had very little opportunity for practice. The toughest critic in the Regiment was proud of them. Signalman Monks and Pte. Rumble, W.R.A.C., laid wreaths on behalf of all ranks of the Regiment. Congratulations to you both on the manner in which you discharged your duty.

EASTERN COMMAND SIGNAL REGIMENT

Canterbury

This month's notes will be kept short to compensate for the Editor's generosity in giving the Unit so much additional space last month for our story of Exercise "Viking." They deal mainly with the activities of No. 1 (F.S.S.) Squadron. In September it was remarked that these gentlemen shrouded themselves with a cloak of mystery, but at least the curtain has been lifted.

Within the past month or two 1 Squadron has been rather busier than usual, if that were possible.

The usual run of work in administrative areas, on coast defence, A.A. gun sites and rifle ranges has been increased by work on the new A.A. practice camp at Weybourne, Norfolk, and in the Command practical battle training area near Thetford, Norfolk. All these new commitments appear to be in the most inaccessible places.

In September and October two parties of 9 from the Foreman of Signals Course at Catterick arrived. They each stayed a fortnight, and saw all the sights (F.S.S.) at Dover (now known to some as "Much Meggering"), Lydd, Chatham, Sheerness and Shoeburyness and worked out estimates and projects for one of the 5.25" A.A. sites in one of the more uninteresting parts of Essex. A visit was also made to Johnson and Phillips Cable Works at Charlton by kind permission of the Managing Director. (The visit, which included a free lunch, was organised extremely well by the workstaff). We hope at least two of the candidates are posted to us on the completion of the course. (I wonder if O i/c Records reads these notes!).

From the end of August until the middle of October we have also, just as a sideline, tried to train 50 potential drivers as linemen. The co-efficient of inertia had to be seen to be believed, but having given them an initial insight into the mysteries of a lineman's duties, they were put on to practical work with the Thames Troop, who employed them on various rifle ranges, and at Weybourne laying U.G. cable. They are now gathered together at Canterbury and committed to the tender care of R.S.M. Berwick for the military side of their training, in concentrated form.

The Remembrance Sunday parade was at full strength and the turn-out excellent. We were favoured with bright sunny weather. It was a real pleasure for the older generation to see a church parade carried out with all the ceremony of pre-war days. Poppies certainly enliven the blue berets. The recent all ranks dance actually made money for the P.R.I. and was followed a few nights later by a well run quiz and entertainment by local artistes, which proved to be popular. W.O. Parkinson (R.A.E.C.) really is a past-master at organising any social event. Lieutenant Beverley of dancing competition fame is equally successful at outdoor sports, and is getting our cross-country and football teams into serious training.

There are to be no more Regimental week-ends until April, 1950, but our last effort was voted a great success, and the best to date.

The R.A. Signal Troop have recently had a job of work to do at Tilshead with 66 Airborne Light Regiment, R.A. Lieutenant John Clapp, whose father must be well-known to many readers, commands this Troop, which was formed in May this year and is attached to various Eastern Command Artillery Regiments at their practice camps.

The annual inspection of the Unit took place on 9th November, 1949. The inspecting officer was Brigadier D. W. Bannister, O.B.E., Deputy Commander Home Counties District. We have every reason to think that we put up a good show.

Guy Fawkes night was marred by rain but not by phosphorous bombs, which some Units seem to regard as a legitimate form of firework!

SCOTTISH COMMAND (M) SIGNAL REGIMENT

Edinburgh

Having wandered around Edinburgh rather like the "Lost Tribes" the Regiment has found temporary home in Redford Barracks at Colinton. How temporary we are not quite sure.

During October we had visits from both the representative Colonel Commandant, Major-General C. W. Fladgate, C.B.E., and the Director of the Women's Royal Army Corps, Senior Controller Dame Mary Tyrwhitt, D.B.E., A.D.C.

The Colonel Commandant's visit was the occasion of a reunion between two old acquaintances, as Mr. (ex-C.S.M.) C. E. Young, whom many pre-war members of the Corps will remember as a "Rough," had a long and horsey chat with the General.

An innovation in the Regiment which has met with considerable success, has been the Scottish Country Dancing Club. This has grown from a seed planted by that one-time member of the Regiment, Captain D. O. Fairlie, and has been carefully tended by Major L. H. Gregory. Every Tuesday evening the barracks now rock to thousands of appropriate Scottish expletives.

In the world of sport our successes have been very few. Undaunted, we continue to produce teams for soccer, rugger, hockey (both sexes), basket ball, net ball, table tennis and any other game we are challenged at.

Under the guidance of the excellent training laid on by the Unit Sports Officer it is hoped that we will have better news in future and that our reputation of being the "Best Dressed Losers" in Edinburgh, will be changed by the alteration of one word.

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SOUTHERN COMMAND (M) SIGNAL REGIMENT

We take this opportunity of wishing all members of the Corps, at home and overseas, a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

After the Remembrance Sunday Church parade R.S.M. L. L. Wyers received his L.S. and G.C. Medal from the Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel H. Worrall. Well done, and now for the second "18."

During September as many members of the Regiment as could be spared from their normal duties went to camp at Haxland, Nr. Exbury, Hants. Space forbids a detailed account, but let it suffice to say that whatever misgivings people may have had before they went, they were sorry when it came to an end. The weather was glorious practically throughout the entire 10 days. A lot of military and signal training done in the pleasant and varied area of the New Forest and although we had no intention of emulating our Brothers in the T.A. in the way of comfort and entertainment, we nevertheless enjoyed ourselves. We propose to make an annual camp a regular feature of the Regiment's life, and thoroughly recommend it to any one who has not yet tried it.

On the 8th/9th October we made use of the visit of the Corps Band under Captain J. L. Judd, M.B.E., Director of Music, to hold a "gala" Regimental Week-end.

The "highlights" were an All Ranks Dance on the Saturday night and a Church Parade and Band Concert on Sunday.

At the dance, which attracted some 350 people, we were very pleased to see so many "Old Comrades"—14 came from Aldershot alone and stayed for the week-end as guests of the Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess. The list of Corps Personalities who were there is too long to print, and we feel sure that those whose names do not appear here won't feel slighted if we single out for mention those two grand sportsmen "Joe" Cotterell and "Jimmy" Emblem.

In spite of the Clerk of the Weather making his only attempt to ruin the weather during the dance, an extremely enjoyable evening was spent.

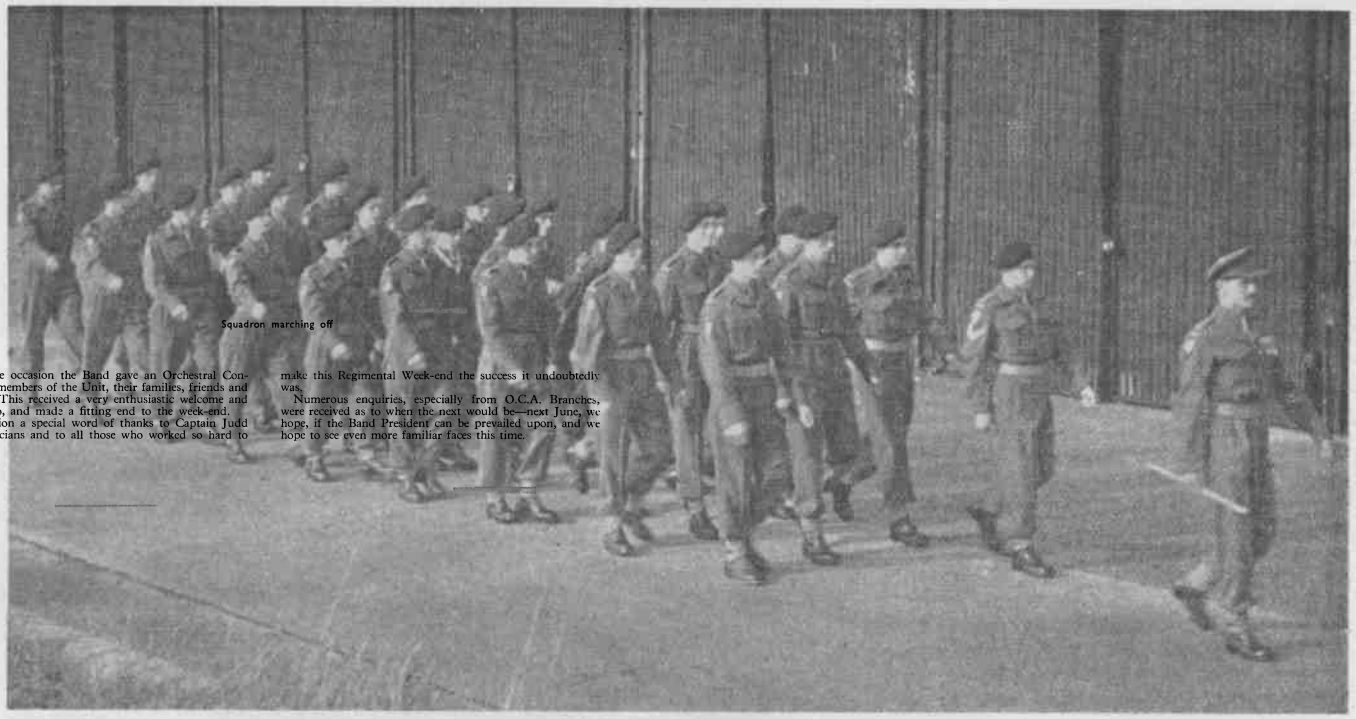
On Sunday morning we held a Church Parade Service in Winterbourne Earls Church, to commemorate the 7th Anniversary of El Alamein. The march from Barracks by a detachment of Old Comrades, Royal Signals and W.R.A.C. led by the Corps Band gave the villagers of the three Winterbournes: Gunner, Dauntsey and Earls quite a thrill and greatly enhanced the reputation of the Corps. A portion of the band played most excellently during the service in church. After the service the salute was taken by Brigadier B. B. Kennett, C.B.E., C.S.O., Southern Command.

After the Church Parade the Officers' and Sergeants' Messes entertained in marquees outside their respective Messes. A large number of guests came and many friendships were renewed. The Band played for a short while from a central position between the two Messes.

Old Comrades marching off to church

Old Comrades, Southern Command, Aldershot, Bournemouth, Portsmouth and Salisbury Branches

Standing: E. Worsfold, J. Mallory, R. Chalmers, F. Woods, F. J. Gray, —. Flimmington, J. Emblem, H. Bryan, Major R. Greed, Lieutenant-Colonel G. Gould, I. Cadwell, D.C.M., W. Compton, J. Gannington, E. Norman, R. Bundy, C. Cayley, W. Bent, R. Sewell, S. Gandy. Sitting: A. Barnicott, Lieutenant-Colonel A. H. Beattie, A. H. Green, Brigadier B. B. Kennett, C.B.E., C.S.O., Southern Command. E. Hand, Major G. Wray, M.M., E. Greatorex, Major F. J. Dowie. In front: F. C. Toogood, E. Hay, W. M. Cotterell, R. Greenwood. Kneeling: A. G. Matthews



Squadron marching off

To end the occasion the Band gave an Orchestral Concert open to members of the Unit, their families, friends and the village. This received a very enthusiastic welcome and justifiably too, and made a fitting end to the week-end.

In conclusion a special word of thanks to Captain Judd and his musicians and to all those who worked so hard to make this Regimental Week-end the success it undoubtedly was.

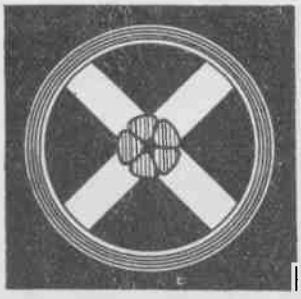
Numerous enquiries, especially from O.C.A. Branches, were received as to when the next would be—next June, we hope, if the Band President can be prevailed upon, and we hope to see even more familiar faces this time.

W.R.A.C. marching off

D CE

WESTERN COMMAND SIGNAL REGIMENT

Blacon Camp, Chester



The photograph is of a parade at Frodsham held recently for the dedication of a plaque on the Frodsham war memorial in honour of the local servicement who lost their lives in the recent war. All three services were represented and also the local British Legion, A.C.F., Red Cross and Youth organisations. We supplied the Army contingent. It was a solemn occasion and, as was fitting, all the arrangements went off smoothly. The Frodsham Council very kindly entertained all the Services to an excellent tea afterwards.

We are glad to report that on the return journey to Chester our transport contained two extra passengers and the Naval contingent did not seem unduly disturbed by the loss of a similar number of W.R.N.S.

Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess. A social and dance was held on Friday, 28th October, and the good old game of Racing was played (those who have been on "Troopers" will know the game) with much lusty shouting when the horses were auctioned, and everyone seemed to enjoy themselves.

Shrewsbury Detachment. The finale of the Rhyl Camp, at which the Cadets took part, is that a very worried O.C. Detachment returned less one W.T. set. Whether the boys wanted it as a souvenir, or whether it was lost in transit, will never be known. Suffice it to say that "The Boy" before being demobbed was so hard up that "Baba" had to pay her own taxi fare.

On Saturday, October 9th, the Termite visited Radiolympia especially to see the "Owner," Major Bob Dixon. The Royal Signals stand was very well produced. I have never seen so many recorders working at one time. They were extremely popular. I asked to try the W.T. set, which worked completely submerged, but unfortunately the batteries had "Just gone flat, sir." It was very pleasing to find such a wide awake and knowledgeable party of young Royal Signals N.C.O.s and men. They certainly know their answers.

I found time to visit "Quicksilver." It was extremely interesting, and again, the staff knew what they were describing. I think W.R.A.C. teleprinter operators would be an added attraction.

NORTHERN IRELAND DISTRICT (M) SIGNAL SQUADRON

Lisburn

Northern Ireland District Signal Squadron is stationed in Thiepval Barracks, which is built on the Magheralave Estate, and is attractively laid out with grass, trees and gardens. The troops are accommodated in a comfortable Sandhurst block which overlooks the sports field where there are hockey and football pitches as well as three tennis courts.

The N.A.A.F.I., providing the usual amenities, stands well apart, and is the place where dances and whist drives are held regularly. Sandes Home also is quite close at hand. Further away through tree covered avenues are the married quarters, each of which is a well set out modern house.

Much interest was caused by an assault landing on the County Down coast at Ballykinlar on the 12th October. Owing to very bad weather only a few of the amphibious vehicles were able to swim ashore from the landing craft before the exercise had to be cancelled. In this, Exercise "Tangible," Northern Ireland District Signals again played their part in providing the Signal Officer for the landing force as well as all the public address equipment for the spectators.

The week 22nd-29th October was as in the rest of the U.K. National Savings Week in Northern Ireland. It was

started by a march through Belfast. The Squadron provided a mechanised composite troop, consisting of D.R., Wireless and Line detachments. The latter included fitted trucks carrying drum-barrows, poles, ladders and cable, with linemen sitting to attention beside their equipment.

The W.R.A.C. of the Squadron formed part of the marching column, which came behind the vehicles and they, with the men, share the congratulations of the G.O.C. The following is an extract of a letter he sent to the C.S.O.:—

"Will you please let the personnel of the Royal Signals on the parade in Belfast know of my satisfaction of their fine turn out and bearing. The personnel and vehicles were good and well up to the standard of your Corps."

WAR OFFICE SIGNAL REGIMENT

Kingston-on-Thames

Much has happened during October with the change from Summer to Winter Sports, our first boxing match and above all our first regimental week-end.

Sport. Rugby and Hockey friendly matches have been played and disclose that we are about average at both.

We are in Division "B" of the London District Football League and our record to date is: Played 5; won 5; goals for 25, against 3.

We lost to the Household Cavalry Training Regiment in the Army Cup, our first and only defeat.

Our first boxing match took place against No. 40 R.A.P.C. in the Camp Gymnasium. A very keen match which we narrowly lost 4-3. Our team was:

S.Q.M.S. Quartermain, Lance-Corporal Robinson, Signalmen Queen, Dumas, Seers, White, McKiddie.

Our regimental week-end took place on 22nd and 23rd October, 1949, and our thanks are due to Major T. R. Warburg and his committee for an excellent programme thoroughly carried through.

On Saturday afternoon we had inter Squadron and individual athletics on Kingston Barracks sports ground by kind permission of Major Cope, East Surrey Regiment. We were pleased and proud to welcome that great athlete "Joe" Cotterell, who came along to act as referee. Captain B. Beattie organised a well run meeting and then went on to win more events than anyone else. Mrs. Warburg kindly presented the prizes at the close of an interesting afternoon's sport.

Saturday evening we had a gala dance with music from the Corps Band and The Melody Masters Dance Band.

Sunday morning, raining, our open air service had to be held in the Gymnasium which was packed. Our Chaplain was the Rev. G. A. B. Lee, whose sermon was much appreciated. The Lesson was read by Lieutenant-Colonel E. P. Blake, our commanding officer, and the Corps Band with our Director of Music, Captain J. L. Judd, M.B.E., conducting, played during the service and followed up with an excellent concert before lunch.

The W.O.s and Sergeants were guests of the Officers' Mess after the concert, an opportunity gladly taken by the officers who had previously enjoyed their hospitality.

Sunday afternoon was spent in Comic Sports including a Rugger match between Officers and Sergeants.

By tea time we were all pleasurably anticipating the evening concert being held in the Gymnasium for the programme looked unbelievable. Despite a drenching rain all the Stars turned up, and what a concert. We had:—

Frankie Howerd—The incomparable resident comedian from Variety Band Box.

Richard Attenborough—Star of British Pictures.

Marjorie Holmes—B.B.C. and Variety.

Roy Walker—B.B.C., Variety, Television (and Lance-Corporal War Office Signal Regiment).

Sergeant "Jock" Sneddon—Royal Signals. A fine tenor. (Professional accompanist—Olga Katrovitch).

Royal Signals Orchestral Band.

All these national stars gave their services free and we felt that night we had seen and heard the best in Britain in variety and music. Frankie Howerd gave us 40 minutes of continual laughter. They were afterwards entertained to supper in the Officers' Mess. Frankie Howerd arrived just as the show started and no one heard him knocking on the doors in the pouring rain. He eventually got in through a narrow window of Marjorie Holmes' "dressing room." He reminded us that he had been a gunner in the R.A. for nearly six years and so knew a bit about the Army.

A raffle for a television set run by Captain (T.O.M.) Chas. Weech was won by Lieutenant John Francis.

Families of Officers, Warrant Officers and Sergeants, and other ranks were accommodated over the week-end. At the end of Sunday we all agreed that we had very much enjoyed the week-end in camp. Our sincere thanks to the artistes, the Royal Signals Band and the organisers and those behind the scenes, including the N.A.A.F.I. staff.

16 INDEPENDENT PARACHUTE RRIGADE GROUP SIGNAL SQUADRON

Aldershot

There's an atmosphere of a deserted Airfield in 125 Transit Camp, Hanover, this month. The leaves blow across the car park—the garage doors flap and bang and the empty corridors and rooms of Kessel Block echo the footsteps of the visitor. It would be appropriate to carry it further and say that an old red-beret hung on the back of a door, a discarded parachute lay in the corner or a glider lay disconsolately on the attic floor. But as these stories would both be untrue and reflect on the discipline of the Unit we'll confess and say that all that is left of 16 Indep Parachute Brigade Signal Squadron is emptiness, as far as its old accommodations is concerned anyway.

We hope our clean barracks impressed the Q.M. of 125 Transit Camp and kept down the barrack-damage charges and we hope that we're fondly thought of by all our friends in B.A.O.R. now that we have moved off and settled in Aldershot.

Little has been seen in print concerning us, mainly because of a reluctance on the part of all concerned to settle down and write about ourselves. Several have tried but various delays in transmission have prevented the passage of their efforts to the WIRE so now that we've left Germany a review of events, achievements and incidents during our stay in Germany might repair that omission.

The Squadron as such could be said to have started in Hanover in September, 1948. 2 Parachute Brigade Signal Squadron had been in Schleswig-Holstein for some time but the bulk of the new Squadron came from 6 Airborne Divisional Signal Regiment in September, 1948, and the new organisation was implemented at Hanover during that month.

For the benefit of the unenlightened we are all parachutists except for a few drivers, mainly regular soldiers and divided into three troops, an Airborne Gunner Regiment Signal Troop, Brigade Troop, and Base Troop. Brigade Troop would drop with the Parachute Brigade in any operation and Base Troop would provide communications for the Airborne Base and provide a source of replacements for deceased parachutists. Under peace time conditions the Brigade Troop does exercises, the Gunner Signal Troop is as normal and Base Troop flogs along on S.D.S. and Signal Office duties. The employment of individuals however is varied and all members of the Squadron have a fairly good whack at all the normal training of a present day Signals soldier in B.A.O.R. with the accent on outdoor work during the summer.

It is our proud boast that we took part in all Signal exercises held in B.A.O.R. during 1949. We had our own in the Squadron—called TONGLES for some reason—and our

own with the Brigade on Signal exercises or full scale manoeuvres with all the hairy parachutists out as well—called RUNFLAT. On these we did well enough to avoid any mention of the Signals at O Group and post-mortems which is always an indication of unquestioned satisfactory service. In addition we sent the Brigade Troop complete to the American Zone and to the French Zone and supplied neutral signals and odd detachments to many Units on their exercises. The line crews waxed fat during their summer training periods and feathers were as deep in the bottoms of the jeeps as the spun yarn.

In sport we did very well indeed, winning the Hanover Area League at Soccer and (I hope we embarass nobody) supplying ten of the eleven players who won the B.A.O.R. Signals Soccer Shield for 7 Armoured Divisional Signal Regiment from 2 Divisional Signal Regiment. We have had erratic success at cricket and rugby. The first was spoilt principally by the summer training commitments and the second by the difficulty in raising fifteen constant players from so small a Unit, but we reached the quarter finals in the B.A.O.R. 7 a-side and when the XV was available earned ourselves a good name within the Brigade in games with the Parachute battalions.

In swimming we were second in the Brigade competition and went forward to the Rhine Army competition but couldn't compete with B.A.O.R. Signal Regiment at that level. In athletics we were forced to rely upon individuals who achieved a very high standard notably Lance-Corporal Foord who ran for the Army. We combined with Brigade Head Quarters in the Brigade Athletics and were 4th in the Brigade competitions.

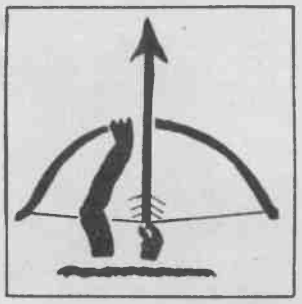
At hockey we were practically unbeaten, winning the Parachute Brigade Hockey Championship and at all other sports such as boxing, badminton, cross-country running, riding, basket ball we were very active not producing competition teams due to shortage of numbers.

On looking back it has been a very eventful and progressive year. We have many memories of incidents which will be long remembered by members of this Unit such as the King's Birthday parade at Hanover when we led the marching contingent giving much credit to the Corps. The balloon jumping at Hildesheim when the intrepid birdmen were required to justify their line-shooting and 2/6 a day by a cold-blooded leap into space, assisted by a R.A.F. instructor who refused to bellow "GO" but just murmered "Go when you're ready." He said it was better training! The colossal enthusiasm for our budding B.A.O.R. Speedway Champion, Corporal Boothroyd who, with the mountainous cup in his pocket and laurel wreaths being shortened for his size, fell off on the last lap to a groan that echoed from Hanover to Dusseldorf. The B.B.C. error in describing our representatives in the second vehicle to Berlin, our command C.V., on the occasion of the opening of the road as "Engineers in camouflage jackets." The concert party at Christmas with its attendant worries and relief when it was over. The permanent supply of incidents from the D.R.s, a tale of whose doings in this year would read like a Metropolitan Police report of Boat Race night. The miseries of the Bremen run always seemed to be offset by the pleasures of the Merchant Seamen's Club at the far end with consequent delays to packages and expenditure of jeeps. And we never solved the problem of the missing geese on the Gandersheim road. Perhaps the biggest interest of all was in the Inter-Troop sports competitions in which all Troops played each other at all sports irrespective of the experience of the players. These went on for weeks and some novel matches were seen. Especially in the Goon-matches, the rules prescribing that the team representing any Troop was selected by its opponents. This system really digs out the office and store-bound bodies and is highly recommended to any Unit wishing to overturn the flat stone every now and again.

And so we settle in Aldershot. Mostly the same people who left Perham Down last year.

We're at Lille Barracks which will be open house to all Airborne Signals.

What the future holds we don't know. Aircraft and plenty of them we hope. But whatever is to come we're confident of our ability to cope. To all our friends in B.A.O.R. who knew us we say farewell and thanks a lot for everything.



Anti Aircraft Command

3 A.A. GROUP INDEPENDENT (M) SIGNAL SQUADRON

Currie

October has been notable for a deluge of inspections. Through these we have surged with a large degree of triumph, leaving in our wake some pleasant memories. Of these, two come very readily to mind. On the 18th October, Brigadier W. H. G. Rogers, C.B.E., C.S.O. A.A. Command, inspected the Unit on parade and then took the salute at the march past. The W.R.A.C. generally earned admiration on this occasion for their will power in retaining their hats despite a gusty wind.

We also enjoyed a visit from Major-General C. W. Fladgate, C.B.E., Representative Colonel Commandant, on Wednesday, 19th October. Sport was very much in evidence that sunny afternoon, as fencing, hockey and football were on the go. The N.C.O.s of the Unit were introduced to Major-General Fladgate, after which he had tea in the Officers' Mess.

Our hard working entertainments committee have organised a full programme for the winter season. Of this programme the highlights are the combined Halloween and Guy Fawkes celebrations on 5th November, and our camp concert. The fortnightly dances are proving a great success although to the inexperienced eye the local interpretation of some of the Scottish dances tends to give the illusion that one is in a rather crowded and carefree gymnasium.

For two and a half days the merciless inclusion of everyone in the gathering of our own potato harvest provided a definite break in routine—and in one's back. Craigiehall has never experienced such sedate nights as those after the potato picking.

There is one regret however, that is felt very genuinely throughout the entire Unit. Major D. L. Hyde, our Officer Commanding, has been posted to Aldershot, and will be leaving us on 9th November. We, the officers, N.C.O.s, Signalmen and W.R.A.C. of Craigiehall, wish him the very best of luck in his new Unit.

Last but not least, we note that Captain Cole, our "Q," has now acquired a dog of alarming proportions, no doubt with the idea in mind of keeping at bay the very friendly advances of those in the Unit desirous of drawing extra clothing to protect themselves from the rigours of a Scottish winter.

Do you know the address of your local Branch of the Signals Association? If not, write to the General Secretary, 88 Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1.

5 A.A. GROUP (M) SIGNAL REGIMENT

Scarborough

This month we said good-bye to the Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel R. M. Adams, who has left us to take over command of 11 Air Formation Signal Regiment, B.A.O.R.

On the 12th October, 1949, Controller F. Coulshead, C.B.E., in her capacity as Controller of the W.R.A.C., A.A. Command, visited and inspected the W.R.A.C. of the Regiment. The Controller inspected the W.R.A.C. quarters, cookhouse, dining room, clothing stores and general layout of the Barracks. The W.R.A.C. were then inspected on parade, and afterwards marched past the Controller, who took the salute. The visit and inspection was very successful, Controller Coulshead being very impressed with the smart turn out and marching of the W.R.A.C., and the high standard of cleanliness of their quarters.

National Savings Week, Saturday, 22nd October to Saturday, 29th October, brought the Regiment to the forefront in the Scarborough District Savings Week campaign. A guard of honour under the command of the Adjutant, Captain T. G. Simpson, was provided for the opening ceremony when the National Savings flag was unfurled. The remainder of the Regiment, under the command of Captain C. E. Kilminster, and the W.R.A.C., under the command of Junior Commander N. G. Dallas, also attended the parade. On completion of the opening ceremony—which the Mayor of Scarborough and other officials of the Corporation attended, the Regiment marched past the Mayor, who took the salute. On the afternoon of Sunday, the 23rd October, the entire Regiment attended the drumhead church service which was held on the foreshore, on the conclusion of which the Regiment marched past, the Mayor of Scarborough taking the salute.

The following Saturday, 29th October, a replica of the previous Saturday's parade was held, this time for the conclusion of Savings Week. The Mayor of Scarborough in the short speech he made, informed all those present that as far as the town of Scarborough was concerned the Savings Week had been a great success and that savings had been increased by ten per cent. On Sunday, 2nd October, we entertained 35 L.A.A. Regiment, Royal Artillery, at home in the first and opening round of 5 A.A. Group Motor Cycle League trials meetings. The course, which as stated in THE WIRE notes for last month was located within a few miles of the barracks on the Yorkshire moors, and was in very good condition for a trials competition, the slight rain which commenced just as the meeting began added the little extra that was needed to make the course more difficult. A very good afternoon's sport was had, however, and all who took part, whether rider or official, thoroughly enjoyed the meeting. Congratulations to 35 L.A.A. Regiment who were worthy winners—the result it is hoped will be reversed at the next meeting. A vote of thanks was given to the members of the Scarborough Motor Cycle Club for their valuable assistance in the marking out of the course, for judging the various observed and timed sections, and for their co-operation throughout. The Regimental motor cycle trials team proceeded to Pontefract on Saturday, the 29th October, to ride against 59 H.A.A. Regiment, Royal Artillery, for the second meeting in the Group Motor Cycle League trials. The team put up an excellent show and ran out worthy winners.

Sport. In the Scarborough Wednesday Football League the Regimental team has so far been unbeaten. The team are playing exceptionally well and all members must be congratulated on their very fine efforts. A great deal of the success of the team is due to the untiring efforts of our P.T. Instructor, Q.M.S.I. Jackson, A.P.T.C.

Results of league games to date are:—

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Goals For	Goals Against
4	4	0	0	20	1

On Wednesday, 19th October the Regiment met and defeated the United Bus Company in the first round of the Wednesday League Cup by 12—0. This was a very one-sided game as the score suggests, but the team played very well and were in top form, and it would have taken a very good team to beat them on that day's form.

It is whispered that we are due to meet our old rivals the "Butchers" in the next round, which will be a needle match, the winners of this game in all probability will be the ultimate winners of the cup.

G A and Q

An Introduction to the Staff

By **Major R. G. JESSEL**

IT is a cliche that Signalmasters (now called Duty Signal Officers) are born, not made. Certainly this particular work demands qualities which are not in all of us, and the young officer who after fair trial is found lacking in these qualities had best, for his own sake, confine himself to the command of a Signal Troop not concerned with the minute-to-minute work of a Signal Office.

It is one of the defects of our training in peace that sufficient attention cannot be given to the training of Signalmasters. There are few Headquarters in peace which provide the necessary facilities.

This leads to another defect imposed on us by the necessity for giving our officers and other ranks an increasingly arduous technical education.

Few officers, except the more senior, have really competent knowledge of the work of other arms of the Service. This militates against their own advancement and the remedy is largely in their own hands. What is more serious, however, is the utter ignorance of so many of our officers of the work of the staff. After all, we are the servants of the staff and they the servants of the troops.

One cannot be a competent Signalmaster, and it is difficult to be even a good average Signal Officer without a really intimate knowledge of the functions of the various branches of the staff. It is taught at the O.C.T.U. and at The School, thus academic knowledge may be acquired. Full understanding and real knowledge cannot be imparted by brief lectures. In peace Royal Signals are remote from the staff, they work in general as a separate entity, unknown and therefore often unloved.

In war, as Major Jessel says, the situation is quite different. Staff and Signals live together and work together. They are mutually interdependent and in good formations they work as a team.

"G A and Q" is not the final answer to our problem of acquiring the knowledge we must have. The author deals almost entirely with G A and Q staffs and hardly at all with "The Advisers and the Services." No matter, let us start with first things first and give our officers an opportunity of reading this admirable little book. Those of us with ambitions to become a staff officer, whether G A or Q or Signals, should certainly read it. Embryo Signalmasters will be advised to read it. Incidentally the purist will wish that Major Jessel had asked a Royal Signals Officer to read the book in proof form.

He refers to us as "The Signals"!!!

Despite this and for the aforesaid reasons, the book should be in every Officers' Mess library. Gale and Polden, 6s.

SERVUS SERVORUM MILITUM

My Dog Rastus (XII)

By **A. J. AUDEN**

THE other evening I was sitting in my room hammering out "My Dog Rastus XI," as I hadn't many days left before the Editor had to have it, when Rastus, my terrier sort of dog became annoying. He wouldn't settle to anything. First he wanted to go out, then he scratched to come in, then he ran circles round the room scattering all my papers.

At last I could stand it no longer. "What the devil's the matter with you," I said. "Don't you realise that I'm writing a series of stories about you, which is making you world-famous. Why, you're so famous now that people can't think of a shaggy dog story without connecting it with your name. But I can't write them without some peace."

"What a cheek," said Rastus. "Not only do you insult me regularly every month, but now you tell me that I ought to be proud of being known as a 'shaggy dog.' You make me sick. I'll tell you what I'll do, for the last of the series I'll write you a 'shaggy man' story."

"Done," I replied quickly, before he could repent it.

This then is Rastus' own "shaggy man" story. I may say that I take no responsibility for any views he may express therein. I've merely typed it out for him, as he complains that the typewriter keys are too close for his paws.

I was born at an early age in a little country town. My dam was a respectable working bitch of a terrier stock and was well liked by the family she employed. Unfortunately for her, one day a person came to stay with the family bringing with him one of those suave dogs of the world, who make use of their charm of manner to the undoing of the unsophisticated. My dam could see that his breeding was not all that might be expected, but she was young and romantic, and believing his promises that he would never desert her, she was crossed in love. She was soon disillusioned for within two days the low hound had gone, giving no address and leaving her to hold the puppies. And so I never knew my sire.

I was naturally a clever pup, and as soon as I began to think, I realised that if I were to make my way in the world a knowledge of English was necessary, so set myself to acquire it. My brothers and sisters were annoyed when I wouldn't play and bite them when they tumbled over me, but I persevered.

You must understand that dogs have far greater facility at learning than their faithful two-legged friend, man, so it was not many days before I could understand the gist of what was being said around me. Imagine then my horror when one day I overheard the family talking.

"What a proper set of mongrels," said the father. This was an unnecessary taunt at my mother, as mongrel to us is not a polite word, and my hackles rose. "I think we'd better drown the lot."

"I think they're sweet," said the little girl, and began to cry.

After some argument, "Very well," said the father. "You can keep one of them if you look after it yourself."

I thought that the little girl showed proper feeling, so as well as my still weak legs could manage I walked over to her and muzzled against her leg. She picked me up.

"He likes me already," she said. "I'll keep this one."

I hear you humans talking about the Nazis and the Russians with horror, but a few days later my brothers and sisters disappeared and were never heard of again. My poor dam was heart-broken, but knowing little English she did not realise what had happened, and I did not enlighten her.

I can't say that my puppyhood was very happy, in fact there were times when I had to submit to my tail being twisted and my eyes nearly gouged out, that I thought that I should have been better off with my brothers and sisters. However, I concentrated on my studies and on gaining my full strength, preparing for the day when I ran away from home.

Starting as I did from the bottom of the ladder you can imagine that my career has been varied in the extreme. During my time I've kept many humans, rich and poor, good and bad. Some of them have been so intelligent you could almost imagine them canine, whilst others have been just sloppy fools. I've had thoroughbreds and I've had mixed breeds—I remember one whose ancestry was so mixed that I used to call him "Spratts," from their 39 varieties. I've had men and I've had ladies, and I should like to say here how damned silly it is that some dogs refer to ladies as bitch-men, simply because in another sense the word "lady" has come to have a rude meaning.

One lady I had used to take me about in a Rolls Royce, and had so much money she didn't know what to do with it. But believe me, the life of a rich dog isn't all bones and rabbits. I was all dolled up in bows and fripperies, and you've no idea the fuss if I got a bit dirty going after a rat; as for indoors, if I said a single bark in the wrong place, I was a "naughty little doggy." Eventually I got so bored that like a rolling stone I had to move on. Now at last I'm glad to say that I've come to the bottom of the hill and am quite satisfied with my present employment.

At another time in my life I played dog Toby in a Punch and Judy show, but such was my shame at the antics I was made to perform, that I resolved never again to make a public exhibition of myself. This is the reason why I have kept my knowledge of English a secret. I certainly never meant to let my present man know, though, mark you, he's as nice a man as I've ever had and I'm very fond of him. But on the occasion of that first story he told you, after a long walk to see him swilling beer and not offering me one, was too much for me. After that, of course, he got himself into a mess through not being able to keep his mouth shut about it, and I had to work out that little scheme for the General's inspection to get him out of it.

I should like to finish by putting right the impression that I'm afraid my man may have given you as to my attitude towards the ladies. Take the incident of the girl in the train for instance. Now I'm not the sort of dog that goes sniffing round every bitch that he happens to meet at a lamp post, but when opportunity knocks I do think that one should see who's there, whereas he, poor boob, didn't even find out whether she was leading him up the garden path or into the woodshed.

As for Joan and Doreen. I've told him that he's got to make his own choice and that it is up to him. Joan's a very nice girl and I could settle down very well with her, but—Oh, what fun we could have with Doreen . . . !!!

"This is just the end," says my man.

As it was in the beginning . . .

AN IMPROBABLE TALE OF THE PYRAMIDS

By **Lieutenant-Colonel ALEX MONTEITH,** *M.B.E.*

A LONG time ago I had to go up to Palestine from the Middle East Command; as luck would have it all my pals in the R.A.F. were either putting in a week-end at Luxor or smuggling brandy back to England, so I had to go in my staff car.

On the way I burst a tyre near the Canal.

Well, you all know how the Ordnance workshops turn out trucks after they have been in for a repair, so that we were not in the least surprised when we got the spare on to find it was as flat as nobody's business. I don't profess to know much about these things, but I'd been brought up, man and boy, to go on the principle that if you want anything in the Army, all you have to do is to go along to the nearest Ordnance Depot and ask for it; so off I went to get a new one. I was there two days.

It was very hot the day it happened, and I only vaguely remember my driver's voice against a background of gentle zephyrs sighing through the open windscreen—" . . . and they got some tyres, sir; 'unnerds of 'em—but the bloke says we gotter getter release order or summat from H.Q. afore he can cough one up. But I fahnd these, sir, on the Staff Sergeant's desk among a lotter papers—cor, 'unnerds, they was—and it looks a bit fishy ter me, sir, if you don't mind my sayin' so." And with that he shoved a mildewed document through the window.

I took a quick look at it, just to show I wasn't quite asleep. but at first glance could make neither head nor tail of the thing. It was the queerest document I had ever seen, and it took me some time to realise it was written in French, and a pretty archaic French at that, as even my scanty knowledge of the language could tell me. Well, I thought, there's only one thing for it, so I got out a pencil, scratched the few remaining hairs on my head, and started to translate. I couldn't get it out verbatim, but this pretty much how it went:

"Despatche of Ye Holye Knight Richard, Coeur de Lion, Commander of Ye Crusade in Ye Holye Land, to Hys Majesties Ministers of War, Greetings!

"A murrain on ye scurvy knaves!—(a passage came next that I could not adequately decipher) Know ye not that here stand I, Richard the Lionhearted, the attacker of Accre, impotent to continue combat because mine armies are feign of arrows. Yon varlet, Sir Ados of Bicester, hath gotten me thousands of shafts, but without feathers, and millions of feathers but without shafts of proper calibre, and yet of arrows, Mark III, he lacked entirely. Of arrows, bows, cross, he hath indeed a healthy surfeit, but as your Lordships well know by reason of my last return in five similar pages to Hys Firste Minister to Hys Majesty, my Armies are equipped with bows, long, six feet. Ecod, I well-nigh loseth ye combat, and ytte was as narrow a squeak as I have e'en hath since a month of Sabbaths, and to this very minute do I sweat at every pore. Wotteth ye not, Milords, that at this instant ye hordes of Islam thunder at mine very door; knoweth ye not ther is a war on?

"Odds fish, Milords, as tho e'en this be not enough, thrice hath the shadow passed round my sundial since what time I did demand oil, burning, to pour upon the heads of mine enemy, Saladin, and his ungodly horde. Yonder varlets of Ordnance ordain that they cannot make issue thereof until they be so empowered to do so by the Head Varlet in Ye Holye Citie; many signals, Milords, have I flashed upon this urgent matter by burnished shield from mountain top to mountain top, yet without result, for it does so seem that the Head Varlet is gone to some far place, there bespending much time berating ye minor caitiffs. He is not, this day, in hys seat of office, wot time his churlish lackeys are impotent to make issue, lest they incur the wrath of Milord of Bicester, accompanied by the ingniting of many rockets.

"Albeit, ye churl who looketh after the storehouse of the rascal Richard, my namesake, telleth me to make my way to ye dunnage dump, where peradventure, I shall find oil, part worn, semi-burning, which requireth not ye licence to make issue. Thereat I did discover not oil, but a caitiff who maketh loud protestations and a great noise amongst ye women, what time he maketh great play with aged pieces of trappings of which he expected great things, such as ye soling of the boot and covers for mine Red Cross, at which mine enemies shoot with vigour. But dunnage for my use in battle he hath in poor show, for he hath not even a spare wheel for my chariot.

"By my haildom, Milords, it getteth my goat! I promise thee, were it not for my Spurs of Knighthood I would crack their ugly skulls together with a great stripping of strips from their unworthy hides!

"Now lest your Lordships peradventure bethink yourselves my wrath be ill-founded, I do direct and invite your attention to the activities of my Quartering Monger, Sir Barclay Allsop, who hath joined me here in this Holye Land after devious wanderings in the land of Egypt. There he did come across ye mighty Pyramids and, as is the wont of Quartering Mongers, did bring away with him a souvenir in form of a stone from the apex of the biggest pile, the Pyramid of Cheops.

"Albeit, then, as ye well know, all writings in ancient time were writ upon stone, and to while away ye time and weariness of this campaign, Sir Hugo ffrench-Frippet, a Scholar of some repute, mine aide-de-camp, did seek to decipher the carvings upon this stone, and therein upon did make most wonderful discoveries. From his transcriptions it does appear that ye learnings of ye ancient sages and historians upon these matters be fulsome wrong, for the writings thereon do read:

> "To DOS-Amen, God of Plenty and Keeper of Ye Kings Store chamber, this be the sixth demand by me, Amen-Bukra, for a sword, golden, two-edged, one.

"Now there be writ across this stone, from ye right to ye left, the word 'Mafeesh,' a term of ye Egyptian usage which signifieth that ye King's Storekeeper was feign of all swords. These hieroglyphics indicate, Milords, that this stone was, in faith, some indent instrument upon ye Ordnance varlets in ye Land of Egypt, and proveth that ye Pyramids are not indeed memorials to ye Pharaoh Kings, but a dump of file copies of ye unsatisfied Ordnance demands.

"Verily and in truth the evile whych men do liveth after them, and e'en now I am still plagued by yon unbarbed scullions ye Earl of Didcot and his minions of Ordnance. I do pray, Milords, that mine enemy Saladin be also reduced to such straits by the varlets as do serve him in similar fashion that ye fighting men be allowed to return to their hearths, wot time ye quill-pushers continue in struggle with ye bumphe and parchment, indenting one upon ye other until all is used up.

"I therefore demand of your Lordships that ye so shall

(*continued on page* 633)

Retrospect and Prospect

By **BENJAMIN RIGBY**

28 Avonmore Road, London, W.14

IN 1947 I was acting as cashier in the Custom House at Harwich and it was my job to count the " takings " of the Waterguard Officers—the uniformed gentry who collect duty from Continental travellers. Thumbing through my cheques one day, I stopped suddenly, took a second look at a cheque signature—Lieutenant-Colonel . . ., Royal Signals —and felt my memory jolted back a dozen years . . . .

I was sitting in a small open car somewhere in Hampshire and in my hand I had then, as now, a piece of paper with the same signature at the bottom. I can still hear its writer's voice raised in pained (but well justified) indignation— " What did you say?—wait FIVE minutes ! ! ! "

Just an incident from my early operating (No. 1 set—1st Guards Brigade) days; but that cheque seemed to be the first of such reminiscent incidents. A trifling thing to remember, perhaps, but in my case, one of those trifling things that the subsconscious persists in throwing back at us in spite of ourselves. Certainly many WIRE readers, especially those of the more athletic type will connect my mysterious signature (I don't think I should reveal it) with incidents of much greater moment in Corps history in the early thirties—the 440 yards championship, for instance . . .

On Speaker's Corner in Hyde Park, I listened, with a few hundred others, to a most amusing account of " How I Joined the Army " in which the speaker, whose gesture and intonation were a combination of Lloyd George, Winston Churchill and Adolf Hitler, aided by an extra large pince-nez used to great effect, described the efforts of the British Army to make a soldier out of him at Catterick Camp in 1940. Subsequently I discovered that this old comrade puts the world to rights every Sunday—although what exactly he is " for " or " agin " is hard to discover.

Then there was a paragraph in a recent issue of the WIRE from a Mr. K. Brookes. It was an appeal for WIRE contributors of the old pre-war calibre, and a request for news of people he had served with. It did not read like the Brookes I had known—and yet he mentioned such Cherat-Abbotabad stalwarts as Polly Purse and Gunner Loosemore. So I rang him up—and found myself doing what I had always thought such a bore—talking about old times . . .

Some time ago there was a talk on Simla printed in the *Listener*. Another mental flashback. This time to 1939/40. Simla was still (outwardly) pre-war then . . . Wengers, the Mall, Jakko Hill, and the rickshaw wallahs shouting what sounded like " buy a hat, buy a hat " (bayan hath, bayan hath—keep to the right). How strange it seemed to listen to the news of the Battle of Britain in an atmosphere redolent of Kipling—within earshot of the famous monkeys of Jakko Hill! This incongurity was more pointed when we heard that one Pelitti, who ran " Pelitti's " restaurant (mentioned by Kipling) had been interned.

There were not many Signals in Simla in the summer of 1940 (and only two the previous winter). A few names come to mind—McCormick of the " VV " group, Brian Roderick —and a Signals officer under whom it was a great experience to work. Security prevents me from " shooting a line " on his behalf, but I will say that his ability was made good use of at a very high level, and was eventually " recognised "—in my own private opinion, insufficiently. Although I think this was due to his not quite having attained his majority and to his rather youthful appearance. Again, I don't think I should mention names, but his " set " was well known in Indian Signal circles in the latter thirties.

And the point of all this nostalgic reminiscing? I shall come to that in a moment, but the moral seems to be that whatever our post-service experience or careers, that piece of our lives spent in the Service is still part of us. Whatever one's experience in the Service, good or bad, it helped to mould our present character, however much we may wish to deny it.

And the point? It is THE WIRE. To show what a large potential demand there is for it among the many hundreds of ex-Signals—but it must have something for them, and, by the same token, something should be contributed by them. Personally, I would like to see contributions from past and present Corps members, either fact or fiction, containing recognisable characters and incidents concerning pre-war, war time or post-war experiences. As Mr. Brookes pointed out, there were, in pre-war days, individuals in various Units who could make interesting contributions; during the war there was a great deal of literary talent (such as our cookhouse Lance-Corporal in Abbottabad who had several short stories accepted in *Victory*). I would also enjoy a stimulating correspondence page, and even technical articles (provided they are watered down and made interesting).

I would like to reassure serving readers that I am not trying to make a case for an " Old Comrades only " WIRE, but it must be admitted that the interests of the serving man and those of the ex-Serviceman are not the same. Therefore, it would seem that the ideal arrangement would be for each group to have its own magazine, but since this is impracticable, we must try to combine both interests in the one journal. To do this, I think we should get away from the particular of local jottings to the general of subjects of wider interest. Postings, sports results, etc., can still be given, but should be condensed and classified to leave room for the new type of contribution.

Given these changes, there is still the problem of bringing the WIRE to the notice of potential readers. The suggestion I should like to make here is that we should enlist the aid of the many Territorial and Old Comrades' columnists in the local Press wherever we live. A copy of THE WIRE and a request for " mention " is all that would be needed. I am sure that my local paper—the *Liverpool Express* would oblige, for one.

However, any copies sold or subscriptions received as a result of such publicity would in the first place be due to polite interest or curiosity. Whether these people buy a second copy, or renew their subscriptions after the first year, depends upon whether THE WIRE can hold their interest. I think it can.

(*continued from page* 632)

order that from henceforth ye Ordnance shall wear upon their pennants three bows with three arrows whych fitteth not.

" To be sent by hande of a Seigneur not below the rank of Royal Paramour: Signed, Richard, Hys Marke."

I awoke with a start to see a subaltern peering in through the window of the car. " I've got your issue order, sir," he said. I peered at him.

Queer, I thought; upon his cap badge were three cannons, and underneath three hefty cannon balls—all too large to fit the guns.

B A O R

H.Q. B.A.O.R. SIGNAL REGIMENT
Bad Oeynhansen

During the month of October the Regiment has been immersed in the big autumn exercise which took place between the 1st and 14th of October.

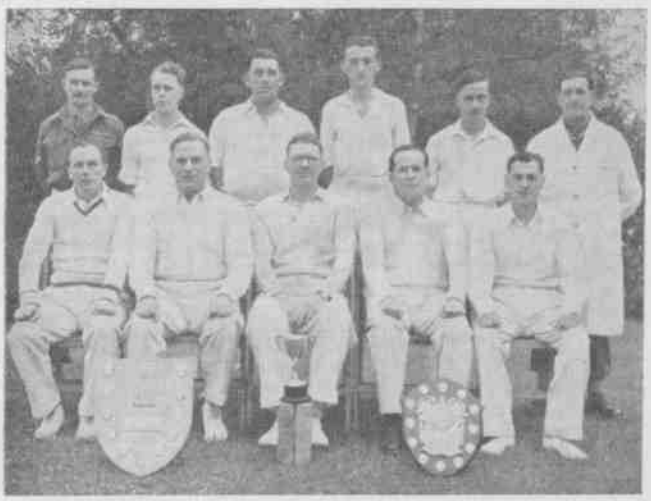
The exercise provided wonderful training and experience for all concerned. The value of a long exercise was proved by the fact that after initial teething troubles the Regiment found its feet, and things went with a swing.

The main arteries were provided by the German Post Office under the supervision of P. and T. officials. All entered into the spirit of the scheme and helped to provide excellent communications. May we say "Thank you" to P. and T. Branch.

2 and 3 Squadrons took the more active part in the scheme providing line and wireless communications, S.D.S., cipher detachments and last but NOT least the Signal Office itself. 1 Squadron took a back seat ONLY providing GOOD food (ten tonners should be a standard equipment of all units having D.R.s and linemen on establishment, anything smaller can NOT cope with the amount of food devoured by these "hairy-chested' individuals), entertainment and a first-class T.M. Troop. Still the food paid dividends and all concerned did a fine job of work. It is rumoured that each lineman was issued with a pair of calipers to ensure that all lines were built with correct spacing—anyhow they were certainly well built, congratulations, linemen.

Another highlight on the scheme was the Sergeants' Mess catching fire on the first night it was in operation; practically everything was burned out. I am told the Court of Inquiry assembled before the fire was out—"and we did so much want to write off that old settee."

In addition to the usual Signal commitments the Regiment also provided public address equipment for the march past, which Mr. Shinwell attended. I am sorry to say that we did NOT take part in the actual march past, but 2 Division Signal Regiment certainly upheld the prestige of Signals with their contingent.



ROYAL SIGNALS TENNIS COMPETITION

This competition was organised by S.X. Branch, H.Q., B.A.O.R., and Signal Units were zoned geographically. The finalists were "A" Group (7 Armoured Divisional Signal Regiment Area) and "D" Group (H.Q. B.A.O.R. Signal Regiment Area).

"D" Group having beaten all-comers met 7 Armoured Divisional Signal Regiment in the finals at Bad Oeynhausen on Sunday, 16th October. "D" Group won 10 sets out of a total 11 played.

The shield and medals were presented by Mrs. Morrison.

The results were as follows, the first named in each case representing 7 Armoured Divisional Signal Regiment:

1ST STRING SINGLES
Sergeant Scoffin, 2—4, v. Captain Summer, 6—6.

2ND STRING SINGLES
Captain N. W. Pearce, 3—1, v. Captain T. L. Richards (S.X. Branch), 6—6.

3RD STRING SINGLES
Second-Lieutenant Sutton-Pratt, 6—1—4, v. Major D. C. Clevely (3 A.S.S.U.), 3—6—6.

1ST STRING DOUBLES
Major T. Saunders and Captain Teal, 2—2, v. Lieutenant-Colonel J. E. S. Sanders and Second-Lieutenant Wears, 6—6.
(Unfortunately, just as the last point of this game was being played, Second-Lieutenant Weare sustained a serious ankle injury. We hope he will soon be fit and well again.)

2ND STRING DOUBLES
SQ.M.S. Bruce and R.Q.M.S. Davies, 3—0, v. Major R. Newman and Lieutenant Helford, 6—6.

2 INFANTRY DIVISIONAL SIGNAL REGIMENT
Hilden

Having come back from the wilds of Sennelager on Exercise Agility Two, we are now getting settled into the winter training programme.

The exercise was a great success. Communications worked well, and we even defeated a force of Paratroopers, capturing several. Signals acquitted themselves very well (the Commanding Officer has since been asked to become an active member of the Unit rugger scrum) and as a reward we had four days' holiday.

1 SQUADRON. At the moment the Squadron seems fairly empty as a lot of people are having some well earned leave. In the games world we are in the midst of an inter-troop league competition, both in hockey and football. Who will emerge, victor is still very doubtful at the moment.

2 and 3 SQUADRONS. Having returned "home" after "battle" we find that the winter games season is on us. Both Squadrons have entered into the spirit of the thing and we fully intend to keep on playing hard at soccer and hockey in the hopes of beating the large numbers of versatile players in 1 Squadron.

"H" Troop have been trying to do the impossible in that they were expected to provide a hockey and a football team on the same day—out of 17 men!

"F" Troop are just beginning to recover from their long and arduous summer training and we expect to see far more of them on the field of sport later.

We offer our heartiest congratulations and best wishes to Signalman Cruickshank of "E" Troop and Miss Annemarie Schlicker; we heard that there was quite a celebration on their wedding day, 1st October, 1949.

Rugby. Rugby is beinning to take its rightful place in the Regiment. Aided by Major Rowntree, Second-Lieutenant C. B. Ward, Second-Lieutenant J. L. Botterill, and Corporal P. Jeal, the difficult job of moulding a team out of those who have the spirit but not the skill is being tackled with some success. Although beaten by 26 points to nil on 6th November by 19th Field Regiment, R.A., it has only made the team keener to play and learn. Captain R. J. Harvey,

Commanding Officer near Command Group during Exercise Agility II

the new Adjutant, brought in as referee at the last moment, was quite exhausted. With this spirit we think we shall make some impression on rugby in B.A.O.R. before the end of the season.

Soccer. Soccer once again has proved to be far and away the most popular sport in the Unit. The inter-troop league competition is well under way and all of the nine troops competing have played off one or more of their matches.

Regimental soccer has been late in starting this year owing to Exercise Agility Two. It is now, however, in full swing, and in spite of an unfortunate start by being knocked out of the B.A.O.R. Cup in the preliminary round, we look forward to a successful season in the Divisional League.

Hockey. This season the Regiment has become very hockey minded, and has formed ten teams; a Unit 1st XI and nine Troop teams.

The Unit team has certainly given a good account of itself to date by winning its first five inter-unit matches, and is now looking forward to the beginning of the B.A.O.R. Inter-Unit League.

The inter-troop league is well under way, and many battles are being fought on Wednesdays and Saturdays on the Unit's ground. If any of our readers can produce a spare Indian stick for our Hockey Officer, Captain J. T. Rogers—please don't!

Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess. During the past month one more of our single members has joined the ranks of the married families. This time our heartiest congratulations are extended to Sergeant R. Yates upon his marriage to Miss Helga Glumm.

The outstanding social activities of the Mess were the visit to H.Q. 4 Brigade Mess and the celebration of 5th November.

The visit to 4 Brigade Mess was arranged for the purpose of an indoor games competition. After sustaining a decided defeat at darts, the Signals went on to build up a strong points lead on the snooker and table tennis tables. However, the bar proved to be a stronger attraction than the games towards the end of the evening, but it was the unanimous opinion that a "grand night" was had by all.

During the interval of the dance held on 5th November, the German guests were introduced to the annual celebration, complete with the burning of the "guy" and "squibs." Original novelty steps were seen in the following dances when a few crackers found their way into the dance hall.

Monday and Friday evenings are now our "serious evenings," as the majority of our members are attending "school" in preparation for the First Class Certificate of Education.

1 WIRELESS REGIMENT

Gluckstadt

While the grounds remain playable the Unit plunges enthusiastically into all the seasonable sports and hopes the bad weather will keep away as long as possible.

This season's hockey has already begun to live up to the achievements of last year. All three matches so far played being won by a handsome margin. In their two home matches the Unit team has beaten 5 M.T.B.D. (R.A.F.) 7—1, and 15 B.O.D. Glinde 6—0, while away 431 Eqpt. Depot (R.A.F.) have lost to them 1—6.

Soccer has unfortunately not settled down so well and of the matches so far played the Unit has lost four and drawn two. But as the season progresses we hope the team will show a score card more like that for hockey.

This year the Unit has not been content with the old standbys of hockey and soccer, for in late August we started our own basket ball league on the lines of an American tournament, and soon had everybody practising in odd moments on the court which has been marked out in the drill shed. After six weeks of closely contested matches, Research emerged victorious, and were presented with the imposing League Cup on the 24th October. This popular league has apparently been a valuable training ground, for the Unit recently beat C.R.A.S.C. Neumunster, winners of the Hamburg District Cup, 19—17 in a thrilling friendly game on 14th September. Since then we drew 32 all against 29 Field Regiment R.A. at Kiel. It is hoped to restart the league at the beginning of November and maybe we shall see some fresh champions after the axe of demob. has fallen on their predecessors.

Several members of the Unit have been following the less spectacular though equally strenuous cult of gameshooting.

The tamer pastime of .22 shooting recently had a spasm of popularity when the Officers' Mess and Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess challenged each other and took one match each. The prize on both occasions was a crate of beer provided by the loser—not as harsh a penalty as it might seem, for though having to pay for it the losers could nevertheless sample the contents.

Unaccountably a certain trend towards fitness has appeared in the Unit. The old lags and "skivers" received a big shock a few weeks ago when it was revealed that certain Wednesday afternoons would be devoted to battle efficiency tests. But stranger still a few of our more adventurous spirits have taken steps to become fit quite voluntarily. They have formed a Rover Crew and under the tuition of their big chief, Second-Lieutenant Flett, have been learning the mystic rites of their kind. They hope to have their first camp soon in the forests of Itzehoe.

Rugby enthusiasts in the Unit were pleased to hear the news late in the month that the new sports field that had been settling in far so long was now available for use. So though we cannot join the local league owing to the drain on funds of other sports, we hope to arrange a few friendly matches and so slake the thirst of the pundits.

"Q.R.X."

SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR "THE WIRE"

Annual subscriptions at 10/- are calculated from January to December. Back numbers can be supplied. Subscriptions for a portion of the year are calculated at the monthly rate of 1/- per copy.

HAMBURG DISTRICT INDEPENDENT SIGNAL SQUADRON

Hamburg

On the 20th October, the General Officer Commanding Hamburg District, Major-General R. H. Bower, C.B.E., carried out his annual inspection of the Squadron. The turn out of the Squadron was of a very high standard, and the inspection went off smoothly. The G.O.C. forwarded a message from the Army Commander praising the work of Signals who took part in the Exercise Agility and ordered THREE days leave to be granted to all participants; it was a good reward for their labours in the field.

The Squadron football team seem to be keeping their end up again this season. Up to Press they have lost one match out of the five played, lying in the fourth position in the Hamburg Sub-Area Football League. We hear from reliable sources that they will soon be suffering from "demobitis," a plague from which, even the football team is not immune. Captain F. Worthington (Manager), Lieutenant G. Woodley (Sports Officer), Lance-Corporal Gowers (Captain) are having a few headaches in trying to find some talent in the Squadron for grooming as prospective members of the 1st XI. We hope they will keep up the good work.

BERLIN SIGNAL SQUADRON

B.A.O.R. 2

These are the first notes to be written from the new Squadron quarters in the Berlin Olympic Stadium. We are now completely and comfortably installed in these after two hectic weeks of furniture removing, wherein we had ample opportunity to discover that cupboards can be very heavy and awkward and desks very awkward and fragile. We were also able to assess the value of a rather ancient "Golden Arrow" trailer which did us very good service.

The quarters we now occupy are spacious, well designed and, an important consideration as the year progresses, well heated. But as if these are not advantages enough, they have within a few yards a heated swimming pool, a roller skating rink, and badminton courts—not to mention all the other facilities of the Berlin Sports Centre. It is pleasant to be able to record that the members of the Unit are making very good use of these facilities.

Of the disadvantages, the only thing worth mentioning is the increased distance from "what's going on in Berlin." A half-hour bus service, it is true, is available, but what is this compared with the better bus service, and the U-Bahn (Underground) service, which used to be available to us?

It would be pleasant to record that there has been an improvement in the standard of our play in every sport since we became part and parcel of the sports centre. However, it is necessary to mention that both the 1st XI football team and the hockey team—a combination of H.Q. B.T.B. and Signals personnel, the latter of whom outnumber the former—have sustained their first defeats. The soccer XI at the hands of the R.E.s, and the hockey XI at the hands of the Queen's Royal Regiment. However, the soccer team still head their league table with a record of:—

P.	W.	L.	D.	G.	A.	Pts.
8	7	1	0	49	10	14

and the hockey team do likewise with a record of:—

P.	W.	L.	D.	G.	A.	Pts.
4	3	1	0	19	5	6

Of the other sports, cross-country running holds an interest for some, and three of their number will shortly be going down to the Zone to meet an 11th Air Formation Signals team.

By far the most important part of our training programme in recent weeks has been the annual range classification with the rifle. It is perhaps unfortunate that this should have coincided with the onset of the really cold and foggy weather. In spite of this, the activity made a pleasant change from the normal routine.

From the horticultural enthusiasts I gather that the last

of the beetroot is about to be dug up. Their activities will, it seems, have to be suspended for a few months.

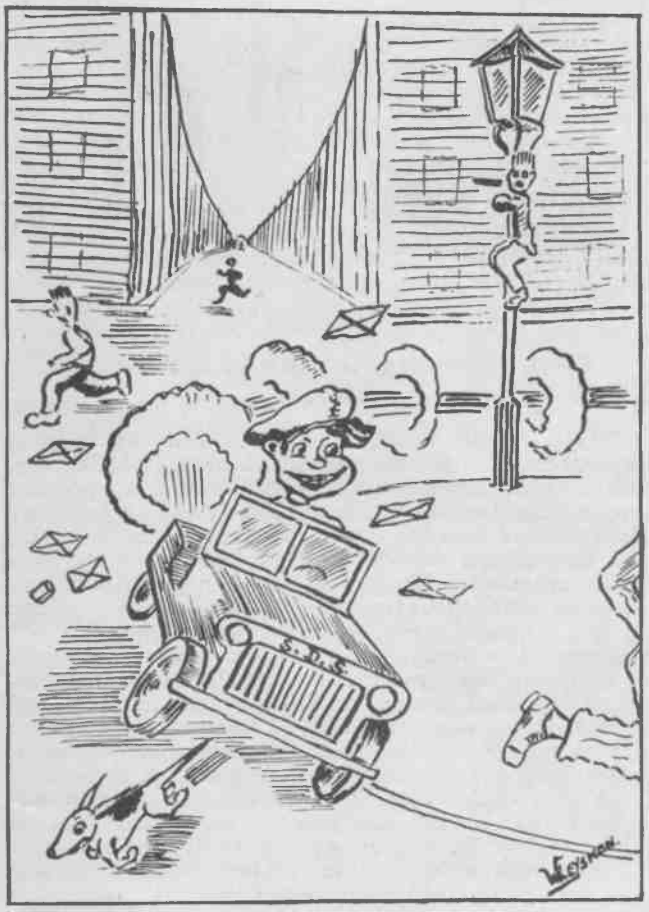
As if to emphasise that we shall not be lacking in excitement in our new environment, we returned yesterday dinner time to find that a wing of the Olympic Buildings, not occupied by us, in fact so badly bombed that it was not occupied by anybody, was on fire. A conglomeration of firemen, newsreelmen and reporters seemed to indicate that we would be front page news today. It is a relief to be able to say that the fire was got under control long before it could threaten our comfort.

3 AIR SUPPORT SIGNAL UNIT

Minden

Much publicity has been given to autumn exercises held in B.A.O.R. and needless to say our Unit played no small part. The end of the exercises found us in reminiscent mood and many amusing incidents came to light. There was the individual who insisted that a work ticket was a very necessary document when dealing with the Chorehorse—for shame his position on the Shadow Roster shall remain a secret. No war is properly organised these days without its mobile canteen, and true to form we were visited by a refreshment van which has adopted a slogan "we always follow the men"—the slogan may have been applicable to the occupants of the canteen wagon, but as far as the troops were concerned it appeared the slogan might have been rather "off net."

An amateur radio station, DLZPA, has been reaching out into all parts of the globe to find new contacts. Even the Iron Curtain has been pierced and the familiar QSL card has been received to confirm our efforts. Listen out sometimes, you may hear us.



SDS—GRAZ
"Certa" but not so "Cito"

British Troops in Austria

GRAZ SIGNAL TROOP, B.T.A.

As one of those lesser Units who have never before appeared in print, we feel that it's time we made our number in THE WIRE and let others know of our existence.

Our big brothers, Vienna and Klagenfurt Signal Squadrons, have already told their stories. Here's ours. We are the offspring and heirs to Styria Sub-Area Signal Squadron, who disbanded in April, 1948, and left the Troop to carry on their duties. Our jobs—many and varied—are principally, looking after S.D.S. in Styria and particularly in Graz, but that does not prevent us from being thoroughly all-purpose—printers, wireless, line and cipher on top of D.R.s and Signal Office work, to say nothing of the old flag-showing patrols with the local infantry to remind the Austrians (and their neighbours) that we're still here, in spite of Peace Treaty rumours.

Life in Graz—the second city of Austria—is very pleasant; our barracks are by courtesy of the S.S.—four men to a barrack room, alleged parquet flooring, central heating and a N.A.A.F.I. on the ground floor. There are facilities for cricket, hockey, rugger and soccer, to say nothing of, in summer, swimming, camping (for pleasure) and fishing, and the most excellent and barbarous hills for motor-cycle enthusiasts. Signals did rather well in the trials in this country this season, by the way, and honours were shared mostly by Klagenfurt Signals, the local W/T. Squadron and the Troop, with a fair amount of competition from R.E.M.E. Signalman Farrant, who has just gone on release, was our star turn, and represented B.T.A. in a trial against BETFOR, at Trieste, in which he came fourth, the best result for B.T.A. riders in this particular trial. His efforts have been well seconded by Corporal Chippendale and Signalman Harvey, who have done very well indeed in the more parochial trials.

As far as team sports go we combine with our neighbours, an R.A.S.C. Transport Company, to make up teams to play in the various Styria major unit leagues. We did quite well in the cricket season, just ended, finishing fourth out of 14 teams. The soccer season is now in full swing, with at present rather average results—not too good, and not too bad. Signalmen Leyshon and Graham played rugger for Signals, Austria, and with Corporal Chippendale and the O.C. get as many games as we can whenever there is a scratch game in Graz. Soon of course, we'll be frozen up, and we'll be able to break our ankles in comfort, ski-ing, the Army's week-end pastime in Austria.

M E L F

EGYPT COMMAND SIGNAL REGIMENT

Moascar

"THE NAGS HEAD" FAYID. One day early in September O.C. 2 Squadron Fayid, Major G. D. Meiklejohn, M.B.E., had an inspiration, and decided to make it a practical one by rebuilding the tumble down old canteen. In a very short space of time Force "C" was formed, and under the able slave driving ability of Corporal Oliver, soon became a highly organised working team. The shortage of necessary materials was a serious handicap, but over many pints of beer in the Sergeants' Mess an old-boy-net supply line was arranged. In a week or two it was possible to see the results of hard work and ingenuity. A dozen 30ft. telegraph poles, which had been dumped as Salvage, were recovered and miraculously changed into fine old oak beams. The issue firewood usually includes several reasonable pieces of timber, which were selected, and turned to good use as polished "oak" Bar stools. An odd length of common Hessian and a bag of cotton waste was made up into padded tops for the stools, and the result is "extraordinarily comfortable."

The normal rectangular doors which didn't fit in with this new setting, were cut to shape, pointed, grained and varnished, and put back as a fair imitation of Gothic originals. It was comparatively easy work to make Elizabethan windows, and an old brown table given by the Sergeants' Mess started its life again as a pseudo-Jacobean piece of furniture.

By the last week in October the old English pub was taking its final shape. As you walked into the court-yard you could see in the centre a stone fountain throwing an artistic spray of water (driven by a small electric motor nearby). A rustic collonade surrounds three sides of the court-yard. On the fourth side the welcoming doors of the Inn, beneath an old-fashioned lantern, beckon you to enter.

Inside you see a long room, with a bar on the left, and a number of comfortable chairs and settees beside small tables. At the other end there is a small hatchway, from which chocolates and cigarettes can be bought, and where later suppers will be served. At this end there is a fine mural by Signalman Helliwell, of a Knight in armour riding a charger with a castle in the background. The lighting is genuinely Elizabethan and sheds a soft light from many squared yellow shades.

The choice of a name for the new canteen was difficult because of the many excellent suggestions put forward, but a decision was eventually made, and Signalman Lloyd, the draughtsman, set to work on his masterpiece. The opening date was fixed for Friday, 28th October, 1815 hours, and everyone was delighted when they heard that the wife of our C.S.O., Mrs. Chadwick, would honour us by performing the opening ceremony.

On the great day there was a steady supply of winter dress going to and from the ironing tent, and by zero hour the same evening, a smartly dressed crowd of all ranks, with wives and friends, waited in the floodlit courtyard of the "Nags Head." When the Brigadier and Mrs. Chadwick, and Colonel and Mrs. Finney arrived they were met by Major and Mrs. Meiklejohn, and as Mrs. Chadwick came forward, Private Janet Braidwood, W.R.A.C., presented a bouquet of roses. Without more ado the bouquet was exchanged for a pair of scissors and Mrs. Chadwick stepped up to the entrance to cut the ribbon barrier. There was a loud spontaneous cheer, and the "Nags Head" was officially opened.

As many as possible moved inside, to be served with cocktails or punch, and after an half hour of lively conversation interrupted by many flashlight photographs, Major Meiklejohn made a speech. He thanked Mrs. Chadwick and all who had helped in rebuilding the canteen, and as this was to be his farewell to the Squadron and the M.E. he asked all ranks to carry on the good work. Corporal Raymond replied for the Squadron, and spoke for all when he said "Good luck to you both." The C.S.O. then gave a very stirring speech which touched the hearts of all present as he said, "You have made a piece of England or Scotland, Ireland or Wales, or Mauritius, here in Fayid, and it is my wish that this PUB—I say Pub because that is a place where good fellowship is found—shall always and only be called a PUB." It is well known that a C.SO.s wish is as good as an order, and so we have destroyed a canteen, but built a fine old public house.

Here is place where Signals men and women and their friends may meet and are welcome to enjoy the homely atmosphere of The Nags Head.

M.E.L.F. Doggerell

Me name is Thomas Atkins, and I'm one of B.T.E.,
Where local lads wear Galabias, and "Wahed Shie" means "Tea."
My Regiment is Signals, and they ain't too bad a mob,
I've been made a Lineman Jointer, which is just the flippin' job.
The Native Spivs, or Clifty Boys, 'ave got a ruddy knack,
Of cutting cables after dark, and lifting quite a whack,
The reason is because the price of lead and copper's high,
But the Brass Hats talk about it, so they'll stop it, by and by?
It don't seem right to be without alarm bells in the night,
The "Ops Immediate" Signals, and the drives in false dawn light.
But old Mohammed Kemal's son, will count his goats with pride,
And thank his Allah for the trunks, twixt Suez and Port Said.

3 G.H.Q. SIGNAL REGIMENT

Fayid, M.E.L.F.

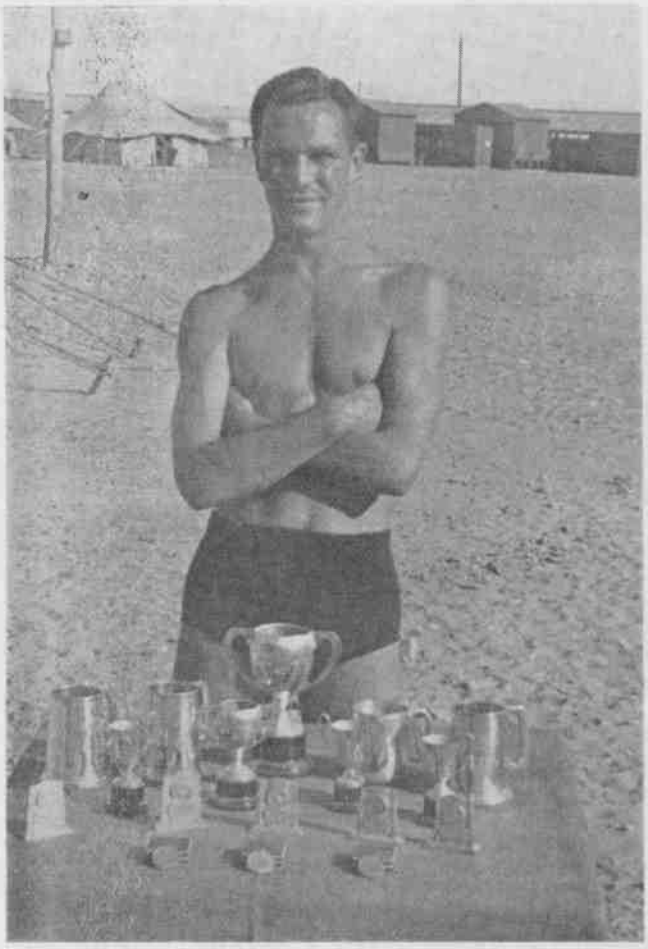
The arrival of H.M.S. *Amethyst* in the Great Bitter Lake was the cause of much excitement, and lucky indeed were the few who were privileged to sail round the ship in the launch that the Regiment had hired for the occasion. Transport was provided to take members of the Regiment to the lakeside, and many took the opportunity of seeing the ship and its crew, whose deeds have been the cause of much headlining in the newspapers.

Our latest desert scheme, "Nomad," took place without any serious hitches.

H.Q. TROOP, now a Squadron again, keeps the ball rolling not only at work, but also at football, where the Administration team, in the Inter-Troop football league are making a good show somewhat offset by the M.T. team who have struck a lean patch so far this season. The Regimental football team got off to a good start with two wins, and providing casualties do not upset them too much during the season, will give a good account of themselves.

1 SQUADRON. In the Signal Office the past month has been a testing time for the newly appointed Lance-Corporals who have proved themselves well. The volume of traffic is still maintained at a level only slightly lower than last reported.

The S.D.O., like all other branches, has had its many changes, quite a number deciding that a change of air would



do them good; new faces are too numerous to mention. In the recent cricket finals against the all star H.Q. Troop, the S.D.O. helped the Squadron considerably, Signalman Holdsworth was outstanding with the ball and caused quite a panic amongst the star batsmen.

We can now announce the birth, on 11st October, of the Army Wireless Chain Troop, Fayid.

Our heartiest congratulations go to Sergeant Beale on his swimming feats, for in all the major swimming championships he has proved himself considerably better than his nearest opponents, after winning by margins of lengths. At Suez in July in the Canal South District Swimming Championships, he won the 220 yds., 440 yds. and 880 yds. freestyle, the latter by two lengths, and immediately after, playing a game of water polo. At the Brigade District Championships in August he won the 220 and 440 yds., but following an attack of stomach trouble finished third in the 880 yds. His best day came in the Inter-Services R.A.F. v. Army Championships at Moascar, for repeating his Suez success, he won the 220 yds., 440 yds. and 880 yds.; in the latter he beat the previous Army record of 12 mins. 35 secs. by 5 secs.

In the Inter-Troop Football League the Operating Troop "A" team stands at the head of the table, and Sergeant Young is well on his way to winning his place in the District team.

Cross-country running is now in full swing. We have held, and won, the first two races of our Inter-Squadron League. Our prominent runners have been Signalman Hobson, Lance-Corporal Twatt, Lance-Corporal Vaillant, Signalman Howe and Sergeant Beale. We are looking forward to a successful season in the Inter-Unit League and races.

Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess. There have been many changes since our last report, and we wish all our departed members the best of luck in their new stations. We are pleased to have Sergeant (Dai) Rees in our ranks, who did extremely well with the Army rugby team last season, and feel sure that with him in the Unit rugby team naught can stand against us. The story of our hockey matches is one of continuous victories, so with all due modesty, there we leave it.

In the Mess Indoor Sports Championships, R.S.M. Grattage is proving himself worthy of his position as President.

The monthly dances are a great success, and on the latest Mess boat outing, for which we joined forces with the Mauritian Signal Wing, a good time was had by all, even though several of our members and their wives were green about the gills on the return journey.

It can be seen that the fish pond which decorates our garden is quite low these days, and one wonders whether or not certain precautionary measures are being taken.

1 INFANTRY DIVISIONAL SIGNAL REGIMENT

Tripoli

Our small band of athletes did themselves much credit in the Divisional individual championships, notably Sergeant Searle, who reached the final of the 100, 220 and 440 yards, which involved running six races in one afternoon, when the temperature was over 100°. In the team championships, being a small unit, we were grouped under Divisional H.Q., but in fact the team consisted almost entirely of Signals. We reached the final of the 4 x 110, 4 x 220, 4 x 440 and mile, and in the 4 x 440 were only just beaten on the post by the Camerons after a most exciting race in which the lead changed three times. Sergeant Young came fourth in the mile, which was a very creditable performance.

The Grenadier Guards ("Hellcats") challenged us for the Divisional Speedway Cup and won after a very exciting contest. But an encouraging feature of the meeting was the excellent form shown by Sergeant Burgess, who has recently returned from U.K. We are all confident that when the new track is completed we will get the cup back. Now that we are getting a pukka track, stand, etc., we are looking forward to a great deal of entertainment and hope to show our supremacy over all others in this sphere.

We put a team in for the Italian Motor Cycle Club hill climb competition, and Corporal Thomas came first, winning a very handsome gold medal. In addition, Sergeant Ball was fourth, Lance-Corporal Bonner sixth, Sergeant Burgess ninth and Signalman Eggett tenth. Now that winter is nearly upon us we have resorted to soccer and hockey. There are a large number of soccer enthusiasts and an inter-troop competition is in full swing. The Unit first

The really important corner of the Club

team have lost their first three games but are beginning to settle down now and will improve under the energetic and enthusiastic guidance of Corporal Langford. We have high hopes for hockey and we can see some of last year's team having to fight for their places so keen is the competition from newcomers.

Heartiest congratulations to S.S.M. and Mrs. Jones on the birth of a daughter on 5th July (the first baby born in the Regiment during this overseas tour) and Captain and Mrs. Dundee also on the birth of a daughter on 30th October.

Our WIRE notes for the December issue have already gone off, but we hasten to add a postcript to record the event of 5th November, when we held an all ranks dance to celebrate the opening of our new N.A.A.F.I., the Pigeon Club.

Why the name "Pigeon Club"? Well, before the war the Italians had a pigeon shooting club, with a club house on the sea front where, during shooting competitions, live birds used to be released from traps. Later the building got in the line of fire of the Royal Navy and was considerably knocked about. The "locals" then took a hand and the building was well and truly looted.

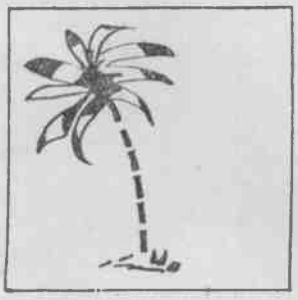
When this Unit arrived from Palestine the empty shell of the old club house stood between the Unit lines and the sea. The idea was mooted of restoring the building for use as a N.A.A.F.I. The cost was beyond the limit which our G.O.C. could authorise. So the scheme had to be "sold" to higher authority. Every high ranking officer who visited Tripoli was taken to the site to see the possibilities of the idea for himself. Eventually the day was won, financial "cover" was obtained and work began.

Now these efforts have borne fruit, and the building has been restored for use as a N.A.A.F.I. and christened, aptly we think, the Pigeon Club.

The result must be one of the best N.A.A.F.I.s in the Middle East. There is a large men's bar, a games room, a Corporals' room and a quiet room; and the N.A.A.F.I. have spared no effort to furnish these rooms to a standard in keeping with the magnificence of the building. In addition, there are changing rooms for both sexes and by next summer we hope to have made a bathing beach approached by a flight of steps from the club garden. In the centre of this garden is a large open air dance floor and there, between dances, we hope to organise roller skating.

Altogether the long awaited opening of this new N.A.A.F.I. was an event to celebrate; and celebrate it we did on 5th November. We were slightly unlucky in the weather, it turned too cold to use the outdoor dance floor, and so the "christening" of that floor will have to be postponed until the spring. But room for all was found inside, half the "men's bar" sufficed for a dance floor which was never unduly crowded, and the party went with a swing from the word go.

Let it suffice to say here that there was considerable reluctance to leave when the party finally came to a close at midnight.



The G.O.C. "recces" the open-air dance floor before the dance

West Africa Command

VILLAGE LIFE

By **Sergeant FRANCIS FAJUYI**

I WAS again in village life for 60 days during my last annual and regular leave. The period was indeed one of the happiest in my life so far spent.

This interesting leave started when we were packing our luggage into a lorry bound for the railway station. An angry woman trader came along with an I.O.U. paper firmly in her hands. She was after Signalman ———, who had bought some articles from her and will not pay. Every effort to keep this woman cool proved abortive. She got hold of her prey by the shirt and will not let him go on leave until the debt is paid. When we were about getting late for the train, we decided to get away from her by all means. The driver was told to be on the alert. With some tricks in guise of peace-making, we forced the woman to leave the shirt which she had held firmly. A few other soldiers helped to hold this woman by force and . . . ready . . . go, we all jumped into the lorry and drove off at 60 m.p.h.!! The woman sweared and cursed the naughty boys. But will that help?

We arrived at the railway station and the train was quickly in motion. A day and a half were spent in the train and third and fourth days were spent by road along the countryside.

I arrived at my village home at about 9 p.m. Everything was calm and quiet. No electric light, no cars, and everybody were already in bed. As a member of the royal family, I must call on the Paramount Ruler to pay him my obeisance.

The following day I was well dressed and rode on my push cycle to the palace. Nobody is allowed in the palace with shoes or slippers on. It appeared funny to me why I should have to take off my shoes in the spivish suit I was wearing. But there you are, custom must not be broken. I decided to appear pompous and try to get away with this un-up-to-date custom. I left my cycle 10 yards away and entered with shoes on. The gate messenger, who was some 20 yards away was waiting on me like a cat watching a mouse. He thought somebody had broken the law. I had both hands in my pocket, and also had a stick of cigarette on. I took a well aimed opportunity, for, before the gate messenger opened his mouth to challenge me, I introduced myself to him as "a Magistrate Grade I on leave from Lagos, and . . . em . . . I have come to see your king." Yes, sir, massa," he lingered and quickly took me to the chief's reception room. I didn't wait long before a majestically robed sixfooter handsome young man alighted through a back door. It was His Highness! My one time school teacher is now the king. Although I had not met him since

his installation five years ago, he quickly recognised me and shouted "Old Cacao . . . what have you been eating?" "So fresh and robust?" I am now in the Army, your Highness." "You must have been very happy over there" he retorted. "Decidedly sure, our conditions of service are now very encouraging and promising and moreover, I get the same pay as your highest paid Divisional head-clerk."

The conversations switched to the present day life in the Army, etc., and how I was a Grade I Magistrate before his gate messenger, which invoked much laughter. He said the day would be a busy one for him as he was to attend a tribal ceremony and asked if I could go out with him in his car. The ceremony took place in an isolated bush 1¼ miles away from the village. There he was to offer blood to a shrine and say prayers to God for the peace of the town. Before the British came to my village, the shrine takes five human heads but now it takes five goats instead. The ceremony over, we took some palm wine and broke cola nuts.

The following day, I went out to the farm with my father to see his cocoa plantation which I had laboured and helped too much to plant during holiday period of my school days. The plantation is about 1,000 trees in a square mile. Swollen shoot had attacked the trees, affecting not less than 200 of the fruit yielding trees. When my father told me of his attempt to cure the disease by some juju means which he said had since failed, I told him that I had read in the newspapers that the best remedy was to cut down the affected trees. He stoutly objected and told me he had also objected to the Agricultural Assistants doing the same with his well-valued property. That I succeeded in persuading him makes me really proud of my education. He knew that I could not advise him to destroy his property. We did the cutting down of the affected trees for about three days. After work, we used to relax to fresh and undiluted palm wine drinking. A bottle of undiluted palm wine takes exactly the same effect of the nerves as a cup of whisky. You want to try it and see.

And to the village life. It starts at about 0500 hrs. when the cocks begin to crow and women can be seen with their water pots on their heads going to the streams to draw water. Men also hold hoes and cutlasses going to the farm. Women help on the farms to plant yams, maize, beans, etc.

In village government, the head chief is responsible to the British Administrative Officer. The village is divided into various clans with a chief responsible to the men in his own clan. Taxes are collected by these chiefs who in turn hand the taxes collected to the Paramount Chief. Orders are issued by the Paramount Chief through bell ringing round the whole village.

The village life is now quite interesting and cool, and everybody appeared always contented. Gone are the days when women and boys must not walk alone for fear of being stolen and offered to the gods. Life has changed considerably since the advent of the British. With more education and ready co-operation, the African can achieve self determination within a record time under British guide and partnership.

JOS LEAVE STATION. NIGERIA

By **S.Q.M.S. L. METCALFE**

My friend and I left barracks in time to catch the midday up-limited departing from Iddo railway station which is situated near the island of Lagos.

We were off on a fortnight's leave to Jos, which is in the Northern Territories of Nigeria. Our first class sleeping compartment had previously been booked by the R.T.O. and we therefore had no difficulty in securing our accommodation for the forty-eight hour railway journey which lay ahead.

This, my first journey upcountry passed quite pleasantly as I found much to interest me.

The scenes on the railway stations were reminiscent of India, with the usual throng of natives crowding into the carriages with all their earthly belongings.

The country through which we passed was fairly open bush with occasional stretches of light jungle. I was rather disappointed in not seeing any game, but presumably the railway has forced the game further afield.

On our arrival at Jos we were met by the leave camp quarter-master, who escorted us to the camp which is about two miles ouside Jos.

We were soon allotted our quarters and after a wash and brush up, we sat down to a substantial breakfast.

Jos is situated on a plateau 5,000ft. above sea level and is the centre of the tin mining industry of Northern Nigeria.

The town has one main street on which the usual stores to be encountered in British West Africa are situated. These are namely "The United Africa Company," "The French Company," "The Swiss Company," and Jonothan Holt of Liverpool.

The range of goods displayed in these stores is very wide and one can buy anything from a pin to a motor car. In addition to the main stores there are the usual Syrian shops which sell clothing.

Hausa street traders are very much in evidence plying their wares which consist chiefly of crocodile and lizard skin hand-bags.

During our two weeks leave we visited several places of interest including visits to an American Mission, an experimental farm and a tin-mine.

We were kindly shown round the experimental farm by the European in charge, who give us a brief summary of the work that was being done.

The staff included several African students whose work is devoted to research into cattle diseases and the manufacture of vaccines.

A large percentage of the natives of the plateau are pagans. Their main occupation is farming which they carry out with the most primitive tools. They are very backward and are the only natives of West Africa who conform to my preconceived ideas of the African. The Experimental Establishment and the Missions are doing excellent work among these people in many ways, chiefly through education and teaching them more efficient methods of farming.

The pagans to my inexperienced eyes seemed to be living very much the same as their forefathers did. It is not an uncommon sight to see the head of a family going to shoot game with his bow and arrows.

A fortnight is not very long in which to learn about a class of people so remote as the Pagans of the plateau, but one similarity they had with other country people I have met, was their ready greeting when one met them going their various ways.

A party of us went on a very interesting visit to a tin mine.

The system employed throughout the plateau for the mining of tin is by means of a mechanical "Drag line" which is usually operated by a European. The ore bearing earth is piled up in huge mounds, after which it is carried to sluices near the site and roughly washed.

From the workings the crude ore is taken to the cleansing plant. Before we entered the plant we were advised to leave our watches with our car driver as a large part of the machinery consists of huge electro-magnets.

The crude ore goes through several washings in sluices which are so constructed that the ore is automatically graded into various sized nuggets. The electro-magnets are used for extracting the very minute particles of tin from the sand and earth.

Crude tin has the appearance of ordinary coal or coal dust, but bulk for bulk it is much heavier.

Recreational facilities in Jos are quite good. There is a

local cinema, which opens twice weekly and also the European Club.

A few miles outside Jos is Bakuru where the tin-miners' club is situated.

British personnel are made welcome at both clubs, where golf, tennis and billiards are available. An added attraction at Bukuru is a very nice swimming pool which is open all day. Both clubs usually organise dances at week-ends.

For those people who like to take things easy during the evenings there are the Officers' Mess and the Other Ranks' Mess in the camp, where one can play billiards and table tennis or just relax with a book and a cold drink.

After a very pleasant stay in a climate similar to England's in the summer, we finally took our departure feeling much fitter after the change and with a knowledge of how the people up country live their lives.

MALAYA DISTRICT SIGNAL REGIMENT
Kuala Lumpur

2 SQUADRON, TAIPING. Once again this Squadron has been active on operations.

Operation OVERAL consisted of squatter clearing and attacks on bandit camps. The operation went well and our command vehicle gave yeoman service. Sergeant Rowe was i/c and Coroporal Roberts as usual gave first class service in his role of Cypher operator, Signal Office Superintendent and jack of all trades. His dulcet tones were even heard on the set whilst he relieved some one for char. The operation resulted in the killing of a bandit just a 1,000 yards from the T.A.C. H.Q. set (no grip).

This operation was closely followed by Op Smoke and Smoke I. The Squadron produced quite a large Signals element for these Ops. Operation Smoke which is still in progress has resulted in the destruction of many bandit camps and the death and capture of several bandits.

3 SQUADRON, SEREMBAN. We continue to hold a place in the football league, and hockey has started with renewed zest since the return of Sergeant Williams. Our badminton players can congratulate themselves on improvement, as last time the Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess only beat our team by one game against a previous three. Perhaps next time they will " pull it off! "

GURKHA SIGNAL TRAINING AND HOLDING WING
Kuala Lumpur

Since our last appearance, we have changed our name (previously " X " Independent Brigade Signal Squadron) and have seriously started training Gurkhas in Signal trades.

We have also moved our home from under the wing of Malaya District Signal Regiment to our own camp. We are very fortunate in having a completely hutted camp, together with large training and education rooms, sports grounds and two rivers. The latter cause trouble when they flood, but we have been lucky so far.

On the 3rd August our first batch of trainees arrived from Gurkha Signal Training and Holding Wing, Kuala Lumpur the Gurkha School of Education, where they had completed a three months' Education Course. The cadre moved into the new camp the week before, so the first two weeks of August were hectic. Training rooms had to be wired and prepared, the camp tidied and innumerable major and minor administrative points cleared up. We were visited by the G.O.C. Malaya District, C.S.O. F.A.R.E.L.F., C.S.O. Malaya District, and the Director of Training F.A.R.E.L.F., in our first month. We received great assistance from all branches at Malaya District Headquarters and the Garrison staff. By the 15th we were ready to start.

G.O.R.s were allotted trades according to education and previous experience and aptitude shown during the education course. The allotment was 60% O.W.L.s, 25% Linemen and 15% D.R.s. These were arranged in four O.W.L. sections, one linemen and one D.R., each with a British N.C.O. Instructor and a Gurkha N.C.O. assistant.

The Gurkha assistants are all qualified tradesmen who were given courses here before the arrival of the main batch; and very good tradesmen they are too.

Although we are extremely short of training equipment, we have improvised and find that we can make do. The men are extremely keen, and, in the main, are showing a ready aptitude for the work.

Major A. C. Cox, M.B.E., the O.C., is now in India with a recruiting party consisting of Jemadar Dhanbahadur Gurung, Corporal Narainparsad Limbu and Signalman Tokbahadur Gurung. They hope to recruit more Gurkhas who will come to us in May, 1950. With this in mind, we are training a percentage of the present batch to be trade and/or education instructors for next year.

Education plays a very big part in our training as the greater number of G.O.R.s do not understand English, and it has been laid down that they will learn to speak it. It is naturally essential that all our tradesmen must be able to read, write and converse, in English. W.O.I Hood, R.A.E.C. (ex-Royal Signals) runs the education side, where subjects tend to bear on trade; for instance, writing practice is done on a message pad for O.W.L., on works tickets for D.R.s, etc.

September brought " Dasahra." This is a festival which is really celebrated by Gurkhas and I do mean celebrated. " Dasahra " is the celebration of Rama's victory over and killing of the Demon King of Ceylon, who had previously stolen Sita, Rama's wife. This year leave was from 26th September to 2nd October. Weeks of preparation go into producing the two main events. The first " Kalrati," which took place on 29th September, comprises an evening's entertainment by G.O.R.s of dancing, music, drama and comedy. The party started at 9.30 p.m. where all guests were welcomed with plates of curry and tumblers half full of rum.

The dancing is performed by the men, dressed in their ceremonial dress and with half of them dressed as women. The musical accompaniment is by means of a harmonium, " madals " (drums) and choir. A distinctive note is the accurate timing accentuated by a ring of bells worn on one ankle by each dancer. There was no need to understand Gurkhali to appreciate the comedy. The joker, Sergeant Birbahadur Rawat, mimed his way through long hours. " Long Hours " is right, the party was still going strong at first light.

On the 30th September came the headcutting ceremony. Here sacrifices are made. The ceremony consists of beheading, with one blow of the kukri, pigeons, ducks, chickens, goats and, the highlight, a young buffalo. For the latter, a man is specially selected and he uses a special kukri about three times the size of the normal. It is a good omen for the Unit if it is done in one stroke. Signalman Manbahadur Gurung made certain. He was presented by the O.C. with a length of pure white cloth and a purse of money. *Ramrai Manbahadur.*

During the whole of these two ceremonies, drinking rum

is the order; and from the appearance of the British ranks on Saturday, large quantities of rum flowed.

Visiting officers, including those from the 2/7th Gurkha Rifles and District Headquarters remarked that it was a splendid show. All the British ranks, including a high percentage of officers of Malaya District Signal Regiment, thoroughly enjoyed their first "Dasahra," and I know that the G.O.R.s did. All thanks due to Jemadar Birendrasing Gurung (Training Jemadar) and his Dasahra committee for working wonders in so short a time. Although he would probably prefer to stay in the background, all ranks would like to thank Captain G. H. Moore, 2 Gurkha Rifles (attached) for the way he assisted and worked with the Dasahra committee.

40 INFANTRY DIVISIONAL SIGNAL REGIMENT

Hong Kong

From Canterbury to China, and here we are, at Hong Kong. Our journey out was quite pleasant, and being the major unit aboard the *Empire Ken*, besides providing most of the fatigues, we provided most of the entertainment staff as well including the Executive Officer and Ship's Adjutant. (Entertainment staff? but my dear!!) Indeed, we discovered that we have in our midst several capable entertainers; which bodes well for our Christmas activities!

The Warrant Officers' and Sergeants Mess opened at Canterbury with the kind help of Eastern Command Signal Regiment Sergeants' Mess. Thanks, gents. On the trip over we had the very good fortune to spend a few hours with the Warrant Officers and Sergeants at G.H.Q., Singapore. Thanks are due to you boys; the day will be long remembered.

The Ceylon Signal Squadron entertained us with a most enjoyable game of football and hockey on our journey out.

In the world of sport we are still trying to get ourselves established, but we have several keen and capable sportsmen, and by the time our next edition goes to print there will be some news for you.

So far as our operational commitments go, after running many exercises, our machine has settled down to running quite well, with only a small amount of oil to the cogs now and again. We are still waiting to go to town, but the border is very quiet and peaceful, and somehow it isn't felt that we'll have any fighting to do—but there again, we ain't politicians!!

PUBLICITY LABELS

It has been suggested that the "Jimmy" and Corps-coloured background at present used on the front cover of THE WIRE might be useful for sticking on to dance posters, notices, etc.

IF THERE IS A SUFFICIENT DEMAND, arrangements will be made to supply gummed labels of this design, approx. 3½ x 2½ inches, at six shillings per hundred.

Later, if the demand justifies it, the price may be reduced.

Regular or Territorial Units and Branches of the Association who are interested should notify their tentative requirements to the General Secretary, Royal Signals Association, 88 Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1.

Cash to be sent with order.

2/20 ARMY SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.

Wanstead

We have not contributed notes for three months, in view of the wishes expressed by the Editor, that only copy of real interest should be submitted in view of space restrictions.

Our activities have been the quiet aftermath of camp, and the general resumption of training, in which we are stressing the methods of instruction, as we regard this as being of the utmost future importance.

Almost every week-end a camp is held by one or other of the Squadrons, thus providing the opportunity for training and the lay-out of our Centre, for which an evening drill is insufficient. These week-ends are very well supported.

We entered a team in the London District Motor-Cycle Trials on 25th September. They thoroughly enjoyed themselves and although they did not win any prizes they were well up in points scored. Lieutenant Chells tells me he was most pleased with them. Our team consisted of S.Q.M.S. Griffiths, Sergeants Newton and Ginn, Corporal Conlan, Lance-Corporal Oates and Signalman Tranmer.

All ranks of this Unit, and no doubt old friends as well, extend their congratulations to Sergeant R. J. Nicholas and his wife who were married in Burnley on 5th November.

The Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess held a dance on 15th October, which was voted the most successful they had held. R.S.M. "Ginger" Payne is to be congratulated on an excellent "parade." We are holding a Unit dance on the 19th November, and on the 14th January we hope to give the children of members of the Unit their best party of the season.

On Remembrance Day, Sunday, 6th November, the Unit held a Church Parade and marched, together with members of the O.C.A., under the Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel J. L. Lilley, T.D., from the T.A. Centre, Wanstead, to St. Mary's Church where the service was conducted by the Rev. A. C. Gates, an ex-R.A.F. Chaplain. After the service the Unit marched to the local War Memorial where wreaths were laid.

It was most gratifying to meet Sergeant Jack Kirby who called to see old friends on his return from East Africa, he is now on demob leave, and to know that our notes had helped him to keep in touch whilst overseas.

The corporal who wanted a new bike!

1/20 (SM) ARMY SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.

Birmingham

A happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year to past and present members and to all our friends. And don't say we haven't got any. We number our friends by the hundred and they include people who have helped us a lot during the past three years. One of these days I will tell you about some of them. Or not. You can never guess with me.

The Regiment grows rapidly and many very good types have joined since annual camp.

My apologies for missing the November number. This was due to three things which we will call a, b and c. Not that it matters. You could call them x, y and z, or even Freeman, Hardy and Willis.

We have nearly completed 100% check of stores and I must say that in my own mind I have devised a completely new system of accounting which I will commend to the Ordnance one of these days. This idea does away with ledgers, binders, vouchers and rulers.

Training progresses on well defined lines. Several distinguished officers have visited us to give lectures. We have come a long way since that snowy day in early March, 1947, when Captain T. W. Baynes and I persuaded an officer at Cateswell House to get out of bed and show us the premises.

Some of our news items were crowded out of the September number. In particular, the note about the departure to civilian life of S.S.M. Jones, who left us immediately after annual camp. He has our very good wishes for the future.

R.S.M. H. Griffin is now in charge of the Saturday evening dances with Les Williams and his band still doing good work on the stage. Lance-Corporal Hook looks after the men's Sunday evening socials and the newly decorated Sergeants' Mess provides an excellent rendezvous for members and friends.

I was going to tell you about the Unit bonfire and pyrotechnic display on 5th November, but the shock of seeing a couple of quid's worth of fireworks expending themselves in a cascade of flame and smoke before they were even unpacked, has unnerved me. We will know better another time.

Now, to avoid the risk of being cut to pieces, I will leave you. So many of your pals don't buy THE WIRE anyway. I know that YOU do.

BARLEUX

62 H.Q. L. OF C. SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.

Chester

Having thoroughly enjoyed our annual camp we have settled down to our routine training nights; our equipment rooms are beginning to look businesslike.

Prior to the 15th, 16th and 17th of September, we were invited to install and maintain communications for the Chester Military Tattoo. This show was a huge success and it is hoped that more entertainment of this kind will be seen in Chester.

For those who know all about the "T" Scheme, let me add that in this Regiment it has proved a huge success. A hearty welcome to Sergeants Rowson, Tindle and Latham.

I can now divulge the news of the year, so lend me your ears for the biggest scoop ever printed (we hope). Have you ever heard of johnnies called contractors—may be. At last the Mess is completed, sorry if that sounds ambiguous, I mean the Sergeants' Mess. Several social evenings have been held and very popular they are too. The only snag is the bar—wait for it—we are not T.T., but can anyone supply us with a ladder; our caterer, Sergeant "Tich" Cornthwaite, who by the way must be complimented on the very hard work he had done, needs a little height in order to see his customers; so come along good people, a ladder or stilts, or even a good strong soap box will do. Thanks, chum.

In conclusion we offer our heartiest congratulations to Captain L. S. Bamber, our Adjutant, who was chosen to play for the Corps tennis team, and to R.S.M. Dawson on being awarded his Corps hockey colours for the 1948/49 season.

50 AIR FORMATION SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.

Wolverhampton

The Regiment has been very active in October with recruiting work and training. For four days we held an exhibition of working equipment in one of Wolverhampton's principal cinemas. Considerable public interest was shown, but as a recruiting aid this type of publicity is hardly worth the trouble taken. However, it keeps a Unit in the public eye.

We enjoyed two days' assisting 74 A.A. Brigade with wireless and line communications on 22nd/23rd October for an exercise in this locality. Although it was rather outside our line of country, our linemen under C.S.M. Hewitt and Sergeant F. Harper were fully occupied and operators of 23 Engineer Group Signal Troop, under Sergeant B. Breakwell, gained useful experience.

The officers of the Regiment held their first informal evening of the winter season on 28th October. Officers and their friends, numbering over 60, had an enjoyable evening with dancing and a film show of Unit activities taken by Lieutenant-Colonel C. E. Calveley and Captain R. W. Seabrook.

43 (WESSEX) INFANTRY DIVISIONAL SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.

Taunton

No. 2 Squadron, Bridgwater, Somerset.—All trades are hard at it, all of them bearing in mind the Trade Board coming along early in the New Year. O.W.L.s training is made more interesting because of the weekly exercise with Phantom Signals in Kensington. Communication, though not always 100 per cent., is good and the interest of all O.W.L.s is high.

Our linemen have completed the wiring of several locals to 2 F and F 40 line boards which are used by the local W.R.A.C. detachment. The 7 pair route is a work of ingenuity and economy.

Drivers and D.R.s training is, owing to the weather and some mechanical trouble, held up for the time being. However, with the very able work of Corporal Hall and the interest and keenness of all Drivers we will soon be roadworthy and, weather permitting, hope to have some night driving.

Our position in the Taunton and District Football League remains unchanged despite a victory since our last report. In our last match versus Staplegrove we lost 13-0 but despite being outplayed in every respect by the league champions our team never once gave up trying. A notable performance in goal by Lance-Corporal C. Lewis stopped the champions from creating a world record. The Staplegrove team congratulated us for our undying sportsmanship and will to win spirit.

No. 3 Squadron, Torquay, Devon. On Remembrance Sunday, 6th November, this Squadron mounted a Guard of Honour at the Torquay Cenotaph. The Service was well attended and the Guard congratulated on its smart turnout, many people being surprised that the men were "Terriers."

People in the area have been heard to remark that they would like to see a Territorial Army Band formed in the district—a good idea which may materialise one day.

Training is now in full swing in preparation for the arrival

of the National Servicemen who will be with this Squadron next year.

The Squadron is at present making plans to form a motor cycle trial team in preparation for next year, and the members are hoping for fine weather on Sundays to tackle the disused tank traps in the district to gain some useful experience.

22 CORPS SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.

Liverpool

Remembrance Day Church Parade. This occasion calls for a special note in THE WIRE, so that all who are interested may read of it.

The Unit was well represented by all members of the permanent staff, together with a large number of the T.A., W.R.A.C., and finally the Old Comrades.

The parade was not a large one, but the Spirit of Remembrance was felt by all who attended.

The parade was led to and from church by the Liverpool Scottish Cadet Force Pipe Band. And how those boys could play!

As an Old Comrade, I cannot miss the opportunity of saying how disappointing was the response to the call for this special occasion.

To all the Merseyside ex-Signals who are not members the Association, I offer this invitation. Don't let the home side down; come round and join any Friday evening—club night, at Signal House, Score Lane, Queen's Drive, Liverpool, 16. If you cannot call, then write to the Hon. Secretary.

51 (H) INFANTRY DIVISIONAL SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.

Aberdeen

Visit of Representative Colonel Commandant. Major-General C. W. Fladgate, C.B.E., visited R.H.Q. and No. 1 Squadron on Tuesday, 18th October. He was accompanied by Brigadier R. W. Morgan, O.B.E., Chief Signal Officer, Scottish Command, and Colonel E. Birnie Reid, O.B.E., T.D., Honorary Colonel of the Regiment. The Colonel Commandant inspected the Squadron and talked with many of the men; he also inspected the pipe band, a unique feature of the Regiment. The General found that some of the men he talked with were members of the Unit before the war and fought at St. Valery. After the inspection the Colonel Commandant presented T.A. Efficiency Medals to Lieutenants A. M. Mitchell, J. H. Moonie, M.M., and Signalman W. Cheyne. Later, accompanied by Lieutenant-Colonel T. P. E. Murray, O.B.E., T.D., the Commanding Officer, he inspected the Unit stores and training rooms. Although the General had been C.S.O. at Aldershot in 1938 when the Unit carried out an intensive summer camp under his direction, it was his first visit to Aberdeen. We hope he was as pleased to come as we were to see him and that he will return again soon. When the representative of the local Press asked the General to say something to help recruiting in Aberdeen he said the regular army considered the T.A. as part of themselves and do all they can to help, this was especially the case with Royal Signals. The Commanding Officer was able to say how true he had found this in his dealings with Scottish Command Signal staff and Signal Regiment.

After camp there was a period of little or no training to catch up with the administrative details. However, on 1st November the winter's training began with the first lectures of a six weeks' instructors' course. Dances are held regularly on the last Friday of each month and are always very successful.

No. 2 Squadron, Goosecroft Drill Hall, Stirling. This month has seen the Squadron get down to the winter training programme with pious hopes and intentions of obtaining higher ratings—*per ardua ad astra*!!!

The highlight of the social sphere was the reopening of the Officers' Mess with the first function since pre-war. We were delighted to welcome the Honorary Colonel of the Regiment—Colonel E. Birnie Reid, O.B.E., T.D., the Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel T. P. E. Murray, O.B.E., T.D., and many serving and former officers of the Regiment. The evening was a great success, except for the untimely death of a bottle of whisky. We have heard of various things being dropped by unfortunate people, but never a bottle of whisky!!!

A detachment of the Squadron attended the Remembrance Day service in the Church of the Holy Rood and thereafter marched to the ceremony of the unveiling of the new plaques on the Stirling war memorial.

10 AIR SUPPORT SIGNAL UNIT, T.A.

Southampton

Steady progress, without any undue excitement, has been the order of the day since the last notes from this Unit were published. Several new items of equipment have been received and brought into use.

In the field of sport, the Unit hockey team is now well into a very full fixture list and is improving every week, although it cannot as yet look back on many wins. Good support from spectators, particularly 436 Tele. Op. Troop, W.R.A.C.. (T.A.), has been of great encouragement.

The joint entertainment committee of this Unit, "Q" Battery, 295 H.A.A. Regiment (T.A.), and 436 Tele. Op. Troop, W.R.A.C. (T.A.), under the chairmanship of Captain J. F. English, staged a most successful dance on 28th October. It was for members of the Units concerned and their friends, and a large number of people came along.

The following night the Unit entertained members of the Southampton Branch of the Radio Society of Great Britain. After a short talk by Major N. T. Warren, M.B.E., they repaired to inspect and play with the impressive array of wireless equipment assembled in the W/T. demonstration room, and many were the strange signals heard emanating therefrom, until they migrated to the canteen for refreshments.

SIGNAL TROOP, QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY TRAINING CORPS, T.A.

Belfast

Our main activity during the summer was, of course, our annual training, carried out this year around St. Patrick's Barracks, Ballymena, with the rest of the U.T.C. contingent. The sort of weather usually expected at Ballymena is indicated by the saying, traditional in St. Patrick's Barracks and referring to a mountain some miles away: "When you see Slemish, it is going to rain; when you can't see Slemish, it is raining." This summer, however, the weather was most unusual, and we had the best of conditions from 21st June to 8th July, except for one 24-hour period of rain.

Work began with the more elementary and individual items of training. The first week ended with a day devoted to training members of the U.T.C. Infantry Unit in the use of wireless. All our vehicles, loaded up with infantrymen, were moved by radio-telephone by different routes to the foot of the above-mentioned Slemish. A scramble up the 1,437ft. mountain followed, then a few minutes' rest and a scramble down the east side to rejoin the vehicles, which had gone round by road to a new rendezvous, lunch and a further wireless-controlled move to Carnlough for a sea bathe. 1830 hours found us back in Ballymena with our duties as instructors to the infantry

finished. We had covered about 40 miles on wheels and three very rough miles on foot. The best time from the foot to the top of the mountain was 29 minutes.

The next week included three days spent in practising the work of an Infantry Brigade Troop in different situations, one exercise taking us as far as Portrush. At the end of the week we joined with the infantry Unit in a 24-hour exercise, during which we had to furnish Infantry Battalion communications. Two strange jobs fell to Signals. Not only were we asked to lay a line from our H.Q. to the enemy H.Q., but we were called upon to find a reconnoitring patrol to go out during the night from the infantry front. This party, under Lance-Corporal Liddle, carried out their task so well as to earn the praise of the Contingent Commander and the O.C. Infantry. Twenty-four hours' life completely in the open on "compo" rations left the troops feeling well-fed and rather sleepy, but more confident of their ability to keep communications going continuously. This exercise took place on the hills on the north side of Glenwherry over "mountainy" ground which gave our drivers a few trials, and the subsequent drive back to Ballymena and thence, after a meal and the reloading of vehicles, back to Belfast served as a good endurance test.

At Ballymena, in off-duty hours, we took part in cricket matches against Ballymena C.C. and the Queen's University staff side, going under in both matches. Sports, in which Signals carried off most of the prizes, and a dance filled two of the evenings.

In the second half of the training period we were without the services of Sergeant Redmond, Corporal Madden and Signalman Hegan and Flanagan, who left to take part in the Territorial Army Rifle Association's meeting at Bisley. They formed part of the Queen's U.T.C. team in several matches and also competed in many of the individual events. The team took first place in the Universities snapshooting match and second place in the Hamilton-Leigh (falling plate) competition, open to the whole T.A. Corporal Madden was selected as reserve to the T.A. VIII in the "United Services," while he, Sergeant Redmond and Signalman Hegan were in the T.A. "50" for the Regular and Territorial Armies Cup. This cup was won by the Regulars, the best score being made by Major Parsons, commanding the Depot, Royal Ulster Rifles, our hosts at Ballymena. Corporal Madden and Signalman Hegan also fired for the T.A. in the United Services small bore match, in which Corporal Madden, with 199 out of a possible 200, was best scorer for the T.A.

In August we turned out to provide communications for the Royal Ulster Constabulary at the Ulster Grand Prix motor-cycle race, run this time on a perfect day. Wireless and line also kept perfect all day. The station at the grandstand had the unusual job of handhng G.P.O. telegrams addressed to competitors and others at the grandstand, carried by messenger from the nearest telegraph office to our set at Nutt's Corner and then sent on by wireless to the grandstand.

A recent week-end scheme, with a wireless station at Ballykelly, Londonderry, provided for the inexperienced an example of how things can go wrong. Half-way to Ballykelly, the truck carrying the detachment parted with a core-plug, later part of the vitals burnt out of a set, somebody lost a fan-belt and we had no tow-chain. After some of the permanent staff had dashed round Northern Ireland at dead of night we finally got through and lived up to the "Certa" part of the motto, though hardly the "Cito." Thereafter, everything worked smoothly on till the end of the exercise.

At present we are finding the control station for the Universities' wireless net, working a 53 set on a twice-weekly schedule. To date, working to Edinburgh and Manchester has been uniformly good, Liverpool and Glasgow have been having set-trouble, and Aberdeen, using a 22 set, sometimes get through. Oxford have been doing gallantly with a 19 set and come through strength 4 at times although at others they fade down to strength 1. We are hoping for really good results when those of the U.T.C.s which have not already done so get their big sets into proper working trim.

Lastly, we should like to record our annual dance, held on 11th November in our newly-decorated Drill Hall and thoroughly enjoyed by our visitors and ourselves, and also to mention that we are now only five men short of establishment and hoping to fill the last vacancies soon.

12 A.A. GROUP (M) SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.

Bristol

The Regiment had not been back from annual camp very long before the Bristol and Southampton Squadrons found themselves engaged on Exercise "Bulldog." For the first time these Squadrons were able to try their hand at what would be one of their wartime tasks. At Bristol the exercise was somewhat quiet because none of the expected mass raids materialised, but the Southampton Squadron found that their area was a very busy one indeed. Valuable lessons were learned by all concerned under conditions approaching the real thing. The Southampton Squadron joined forces with 2 A.A. Group (M) Signal Regiment and the exercise brought about even greater integration of the Regular and Territorial Regiments in 1 A.A. Group.

Regimental Headquarters is shortly to change its address by moving to new accommodation in Bristol. This change although not exactly popular will relieve to a certain extent the present congestion caused by being temporarily housed in an overcrowded drill hall.

Our newest Squadron, which is being launched at Edenbridge, Kent, is to be commanded by Captain J. T. King, who was in command of 106 Brigade Signal Troops at Kingston-on-Thames until they were disbanded earlier in the year. This Squadron is very fortunate in having found a drill hall with vacant possession and with all mod. con. Things are looking most encouraging for them and our very best wishes go to them in the hope that they will be a thriving Unit by the time we go to camp next year.

Talking of camp next year, rumours are going about that the camp site has been chosen. There appears to be a bit of a security black-out about the location but it seems certain that it will be once again beside the sea. If the camp turns out to be like Haxland, where we spent our last two camps, we shall be exceedingly lucky.

Our Plymouth Squadron have been steadily consolidating themselves in recent months after their move out to Crownhill. The training and recreation rooms look extremely good and high praise is due to all those who put in the hard work caused by being uprooted and virtually starting again from scratch.

ARMY PHANTOM SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.

(The Princess Louise's Kensington Regiment)

Hammersmith

The most important event to record since the last notes is the first Regimental dance to be held at H.Q., 190 Hammersmith Road, W.6, since before the war. This took place on 15th October and some 300 people including many members of the O.C.A. enjoyed the dancing from 7.30 p.m. until 11.30 p.m. Great credit is due to the members of the Regiment and particularly the permanent staff who, under the guidance of Lieutenant F. F. Kendall and R.S.M. L. Bray, transformed the Drill Hall into a ballroom gaily bedecked with flags, flowers and complete with spotlights.

We were honoured with the presence of the Honorary Colonel, General Sir H. Colville Wemyss, K.C.B., K.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., Lady Wemyss and Miss Wemyss, the C.S.O. Eastern Command, Brigadier R. H. O. Coryton, C.B.E., Mrs.

[*Photo by Photoflash*

Left to right: Major B. R. Wood, O.C. H.Q. Squadron, which won the Phantom Shield and James Cup; Lieutenant-Colonel R. Wasey, M.B.E., T.D., Commanding Officer, winner of Regimental Individual Championship; General Sir H. Colville Wemyss, K.C.B., K.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., Honorary Colonel; S.S.M. F. B. Wright, Sergeants' Mess team, who won Inter-Ranks Rifle Competition; Sergeant C. E. Isely, who won Sergeants' Mess Cup and Colonel Godfrey Tankard for highest individual score in Regiment v. O.C.A. shoot

Coryton and Miss Coryton, and Colonel W. H. Godfrey, M.B.E., M.M., D.L., President of the O.C.A., and Mrs. Godfrey.

The opportunity was taken for the prizes won at the Regimental Rifle Meeting in September to be presented by General Wemyss and to the accompaniment of the flashlights from the photographers the winners (mentioned in the October issue of THE WIRE) received their trophies.

Meanwhile, training has not been neglected, classes are held every Monday and Wednesday in preparation for the trade tests at the end of the month, and the officers are being lectured on various subjects. Nearly 100% attendance was attained on "Bounty Pay Night" and a Regimental photo was also taken. We are pleased to report that the M.O. has been busy recently examining new recruits.

On Sunday, 13th November, the annual Service of Remembrance was held in the Drill Hall and was well attended by members of the Regiment, the O.C.A. and wives and families. The service was conducted by the Regimental padre, the Rev. S. Parry-Chivers, C.F., and the lesson was read by Mr. Harold Hollier, Editor of *The Kensington*. We were fortunate in securing the Band of the Welsh Guards, dressed in the traditional scarlet. Wreaths were laid on the Regimental war memorial by General Sir H. Colville Wemyss on behalf of the Regiment and Cadets and by Brigadier-General F. G. Lewis, C.M.G., on behalf of the O.C.A.

11 A.A. (M) SIGNAL REGIMENT, T.A.
Brompton Road, S.W.2

Wedding bells sounded, on the 8th October, for two very popular members of this Unit. Lance-Corporal Helen M. A. Wittekind, who joined us on 6th June, 1947, and Sergeant Colin N. Geddie, well known for his "entertainments" activities.

We have had several social functions during the past month, the most outstanding being the Halloween party at Brentford on 29th October. After dancing had been in progress for a short while a really "wizard" witch appeared from nowhere and proceeded to bewitch the dancers and drinkers. Scarcely had we managed to cast off her spell when we were startled out of our wits by the sight of a ghastly ghost gliding around the hall, halting now and again to leer at the ladies. This unnerved most of us, but it was not long before R.S.M. "Chippy" Woods had the situation in hand; he detailed two volunteers to assist him in "laying the ghost." Evidently the drill laid down in Vol. 5 specifies that "the tail of the thing must be dipped three times in a pint of wallop, thus causing disintegration." (Thank goodness for us that "Chippy" Woods knows his Vol. 5). During the mopping up operations which ensued, the ghost gave up, and the party returned to comparatively normal.

Sergeant and Mrs. Colin Geddie

Our next big "do" is at Brompton Road on 26th November, when we hope to have a record attendance for dancing as well as a glass tipping.

Tailpiece. Will Southern Command Signals please note that their comments in a recent issue of THE WIRE were appreciated, but for their information the HAREM is now in suspended animation.

"F.L.A.K."

A Short History of 21 Army Group

By **HUGH DARBY and MARCUS CUNLIFFE**

To say that the earnest student for the Staff College Examination can obtain all he wants from this excellent little book by paying Messrs. Gale and Polden, Ltd., the sum of 5/-, is an overstatement.

Nevertheless any officer commencing to study this campaign will find that an outlay of two half-crowns provides him with a bargain.

Here in 150 pages of easy reading is the guide to all knowledge. It is the beginning and the end of one's reading. I counsel strongly all who wish to learn of the operations from Arromanches to Lubeck on the Continent of Europe to buy the book and to read and reread it during their period of study. Here set out very clearly is the story that from one angle or another has been told in many weightier and more expensive books. It provides the background to more intensive study of especial periods in the 11 months of the shortest, most ruthless and most successful campaign in history.

It is valuable too for the general reader. Many of us were otherwise engaged during 1944 and 1945; to those less wise I recommend this little book. It tells the whole story in the most concise prose, the maps are well done and the photographs are graphic and in nearly all cases appear genuine and unposed.

Wisely the book stops dead at the moment of surrender, the heights and summit of the achievement of 21 Army Group. The story from June, 1945, will probably never be written.

Gale and Polden, Ltd., published October, 1949, 5/-.

Association Notes

Headquarters

The General Secretary, on behalf of the Chairman and the Central Committee, sends the Season's Greetings to all Branch Committees, thanking them for their co-operation during a very successful year, and wishing them all happiness and success in the future.

Birmingham

The members of the Birmingham Branch wish their friends in all parts of the world, a very happy Christmas and all good fortune in the New Year.

Now that summer time has ended and we get an extra hour in bed . . .

Uncle Alf: You don't get the extra hour every night, silly.

Me: Oh! That accounts for the queer looks I get at the office. Anyway, it seems more like a normal existence to get up and go to bed according to Greenwich time instead of fiddling with the hours. What I was going to say before I was interrupted, was that I feel better.

Uncle Alf: Have you been ill?

Me: No. Remind me to hate you sometime.

A point of special interest to members of the Birmingham Branch is that the Hon. Secretary has at last found time to prune his list of members. About 150 people who have not communicated with this Branch for upwards of two years have been ruled out. If any of you have a guilty conscience in the matter of subscriptions don't be afraid to let us know. You can be shovelled back just as easily and with far greater pleasure. After all, there is no point in showing a huge membership figure if several score are non-payers. Honesty, they say, is the best policy, but alas, many of us these days cannot afford the best.

The monthly meeting at the Crown Hotel, Broad Street, on Thursday, 27th October, was very well attended. One newcomer asked, "Do they always have a crowd like this?" May I be forgiven. I said "Yes. Always."

Mr. Carl Brown told us about his recent work in connection with welfare and assistance. Most of the applicants are genuine types but on fortunately rare occasions, there pops up a scrounger. This guy will try to borrow anything from the deposit on a house to a trip to Switzerland for a non-existent sick wife. Carl however, wasn't born yesterday. All appeals are investigated and you may be sure that every effort is made to help deserving cases.

The Hon. Secretary and I attended the Coventry Branch dance held in conjunction with Royal Artillery Association at Westfield House in October. An excellent show, with Vernon Adcock supplying the music. During one short break (about three hours) spent in the Officers' Mess, we came across Major Rodaway, one time Second in Command No. 1 L. of C. Signals, but later, I think, a Lieutenant-Colonel. We persuaded him to attend the Birmingham Branch and this he did on the last Thursday in October with his subscription all ready. Our spies in Africa report that Major W. C. ("Bill") Savage is Chairman of the East Africa Branch. He is quite happy and not at all anxious to return to England just yet.

Have you made a note of the date of our dance in the Botanical Gardens, Birmingham? Well, write this down. Friday, 30th June, 1950.

Remembrance Sunday was 6th November. It was notable in Birmingham, second largest city in England, for the vast number of people who forgot. A service conducted by the Lord Bishop of Birmingham was held at the Hall of Memory. Twelve members of the Birmingham Branch joined the 1914 and Overseas Club to attend the parade and service and were afterwards entertained to coffee and biscuits at the Imperial Hotel. A very neighbourly gesture which we appreciated. Mr. Tom Liggins placed a wreath on the steps of the Hall of Memory for this Branch. Tom is now quite blind but never absent. What was your excuse?

Our annual Armistice dance was held at Cateswell House, Hall Green on Friday, 11th November. Although not so crowded as on previous occasions this was a most enjoyable evening with all the right people present. Les Williams and his band adapted themselves skilfully to the somewhat different company from the usual Saturday night "hops." This first-class band has one small fault. It believes in volume. A mistake. The instruments do not need amplification in the Drill Hall.

Have you made arrangements to order your WIRE for 1950?

BARLEUX

Scarborough

The Monthly General Meeting of the Branch was held at Burniston Barracks on Tuesday, 1st November, 1949.

Lieutenant-Colonel Goddard presided, we were very pleased to have Major Costen and Captain Simpson present at the meeting, and we are very grateful to them both for all the assistance they have given to us, we are extremely lucky in having such stalwarts at the Barracks, and we are always certain of any help that they can give us, which is a very welcome thought in these difficult times.

One very disconcerting item on the Agenda, was the resignation our Secretary, Mr. Tim Kelly, who for private reasons, has had to resign, because he can no longer devote his time to branch matters. We are all very sorry indeed to lose the services of such a staunch supporter, and it was with regret that we accepted his resignation, but we are confident that before he leaves the job, he will hand over in true "Signal Style" to his relief, Mr. I. J. Carter, and that Mr. Carter will be in the picture and will be able to carry on, without any undue upheaval, which usually follows the change of Secretaryship.

Tim Kelly organised and started the Scarborough Branch of the Association, and I am sure that Headquarters will join with us in thanking him for all the hard work he has put in to make such a success of it, and hope that he will continue to serve the Association just as well, even though he will not be so actively engaged.

I have heard rumours that he intends to emigrate to Australia, so will not be surprised, if at some future date, we hear a wail from "Down Under," that a Branch has been formed in the Kangaroo Country and that Tim Kelly is the Headman.

Anyway, good luck to you Tim, and thanks for all you have done for this Branch.

The Whist Drives at the Rhul Cafe each week are still very popular, and we manage to put a few "Akkers" in the Funds.

We are very pleased to see by Advertisements for the Spa opening at Easter, that the Corps Band is again to honour Scarborough for this occasion. The Corps Band has certainly made a name for itself at the Spa, and one hears some very favourable comments about them, which is very gratifying, especially in a seaside town, which has such critical audiences, and so many different bands to criticise, but then John Judd knows how to cater for them, and when he is around, they are sure of their money's worth.

We have only just heard that Mr. Teal is in Ward I, General Hospjital, Middlesbrough, he has been there since 4th October, 1949, and I am sure that all members will join with me in wishing him a very speedy recovery, and hope that he will soon be back with us.

By the time these notes appear in print Christmas will be almost with us, so we take this opportunity of wishing all serving and ex-members of the Corps, wherever they may be, a very happy Christmas and prosperous New Year. (Who said Abe?)

F. M.

12/49—

London (City)

We have been very busy since our last notes, having got down to business with a keen eye and an open mind.

On October 21st our inaugural meeting went off well and the committee was elected for the ensuing year. For interest, in you recognise anybody that you owe money to, I will give you the names of the elected members. Chairman, Major Daniels; Vice-Chairman, John J. Murnane, Esq., ex-R.S.M.; Treasurer, Ron Fennimore, ex-Corporal. Committee Members, G. R. Stubberfield, Esq., ex-Corporal; E. W. "Smudger" Smith, ex-Lance-Sergeant, and of course Yours Truly, who is an ex-Soldier (no comments) who is Secretary.

Despite its being Alamein Night, we had a good attendance of old and new members, to Joe Cotterell, who, I have just heard, is in hospital with cartilage trouble, we wish him a speedy return to the branch. That's what you get for running around the country, as my mother used to say to me.

It was arranged to to attend the "Field of Remembrance" and plant a wreath from this branch. In addition, we had four worthy representatives at the Cenotaph Service. At the invitation of the Sutton Branch, we also had members at a memorial service in the morning at Tower Hill.

In a day which seemed to have been set aside for the occasion, the autumn sun earned full marks for behaviour on Sunday, 6th November. The Cenotaph representatives reported a wonderful service. At 3 p.m. we gathered together to perform the ceremony of planting our own wreath of poppies and the again behaved like all good "Sons" should, very kind. The attendance was excellent and it included the Morning Service representatives, which shows the spirit which prevails among the Old Comrades. Capt. Lloyd from H.Q. accompanied us, and we thank him for his unfailing fortitude. Many hundreds of people were visiting the Field of Remembrance and stood watching the small but solemn ceremony as our friend C.Q.M.S. Cousens, of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, planted our wreath, while we paid homage to our fallen comrades. Let me say here and now that the Corps Plot, with its tributes from all parts of the British Isles, is an inspiration to all and a comfort to the ones left behind.

Big things are astir for the winter months, Boys and Girls, so come along and make them merry ones. On the 18th November we have our first "Get Together Night" when the ladies accompany their men-folk and see just what they do get up to. However, more in the next issue.

The nights get very dark, the leaves are on the ground,
There's no one in the park, walking round and round.
You may say that's all wrong, and doesn't sound so witty,
But you'll find this merry throng, are with the LONDON CITY.

I'll slay you before I'm done, Steel in Britain's hour of need, and you've got it. I used to be a struggling comedian, now I'm just struggling.

From London City Members, myself, and Harvey, here's wishing you all a merry Christmas and a bright New Year.

F. STEEL.

Glasgow

WINTER PROGRAMME

Wednesday, 23rd November: Annual Dinner, Sloan's Restaurant, Argyll Arcade.

Friday, 16th December: Dance, Drill Hall, Jardine Street.

Friday, 27th January: Burns' Night, Sloan's Restaurant, Argyll Arcade.

Friday, 24th February: Smoker, Drill Hall, Jardine Street.

Friday, 31st March: Annual General Meeting and Supper, Drill Hall, Jardine Street.

Bath

It is some time since this Branch contributed—we missed the boat earlier in the year when our main item of interest was our home Skittles Match against our good friends and neighbours the Bristol Branch. We did not follow up the next month as the event was so ably covered by them in their own notes.

Since then our membership has slowly but steadily increased to the 50's and we are pleased to record the beginnings of a feminine membership (both of them).

Our Headquarters have been moved to the Midland Hotel, Janes Street West, Bath, where the excellent accommodation and Skittle Alley add to the success of our Monthly Meetings. The November meeting was held as Ladies Night. This proved so successful that a repeat performance is booked for Friday, 30th December.

Mr. L. F. Moorse (ex-R.E. Signals and late of London) has taken over the Vice-Presidency from Mr. A. T. Roberts who had to relinquish the appointment due to other commitments.

We are looking forward to our first annual dinner which we are hold on 26th November at Fortt's Restaurant, Molsom Street, Bath. Colonel A. W. Roberts, the General Secretary, is attending.

CITY OF LONDON SIGNALS O.C.A.

The Annual General Meeting was held at Signal House on 29th October.

The following officers of the Association were elected: President, Brigadier, A. C. C. Willway, C.B.E., T.D.; Chairman, Lieutenant-Colonel G. M. Welsford, T.D.; Vice-Chairman, Lieutenant-Colonel H. R. Firth; Secretary, D. E. Strike; Treasurer, Captain G. Crawshaw; Committee, Messrs. G. H. Coombes, H. Liddicoat, B. Collins and G. Clarke.

IMPORTANT SPORT FIXTURES
ARMY—NATIONAL—INTERNATIONAL

Date	*Event*	*Place*
FOOTBALL		
Jan. 14	Army Cup (4th Round)	—
„ 14	Boys' Army Cup (3rd Round)	—
„ 16	Inter-Command Cup Final	—
„ 21	Wales v. England (Amateur)	In Wales.
RUGBY		
Dec. 29	Combined Services v. French Regional XV	Dax.
Jan. 1	Combined Services v. French Regional XV	Lourdes.
„ 4	Army Rugby Cup (4th Round)	—
„ 12	Army v. Gloucester	Gloucester.
„ 14	Scotland v. France	Murrayfield.
„ 19	Army v. Oxford University	Oxford.
„ 21	England v. Wales	Twickenham.
BOXING		
Jan. 12	Northern Command Inter-Unit Team Finals	—
„ 25	England v. Scotland	Wembley.
FENCING		
Jan. 7-14-15	Junior Foil Championships	—
„ 28	Army v. Sabre Club	London.
HOCKEY		
Jan. 6	(W.R.A.C.) Northern Ireland District v. Scottish Command (Pvl.)	—
„ 14	South v. West	Reading.
„ 21	Combined Services v. East	Aldershot.
„ 25	Army v. Oxford University	Oxford.
„ 27	(W.R.A.C.) Scottish Command v. Northern Ireland District	Edinburgh.
„ 28	Midlands v. South	—
SQUASH RACKETS		
Dec. 28-30	Inter-Services Championships	United Services Club.
Jan. 7-16	Army Championships	Lansdowne Club.
„ 14	Army v. Escorts	Ealing.
CROSS-COUNTRY		
Jan. 7	County Championships	—
„ 21	Milocarians v. London University	Sandhurst.
„ 26	Northern Command Individual Championships	—

SPORTS NOTES

Hockey

Hockey. Royal Signals, Catterick, versus Manchester University at Manchester.

Fine weather throughout the game enabled Royal Signals, Catterick, to have a thoroughly enjoyable game with the University on Wednesday, 19th October, 1949.

The game was even throughout the early stages of the first half then gradually Royal Signals took command—exerting pressure on their opponents' goal for minutes on end but with no goals forthcoming. Shots from our forwards who at this stage were very lively only just went the wrong side of the uprights. Signalman Perry, centre forward, was our most thrustful forward and was eventually rewarded with a very well earned goal. Royal Signals had most of the game until half-time but no further goals resulted.

Second half commenced with the University now coming into their own and having more of the game, in fact they were soon rewarded a goal from a well placed hit by the centre forward. At this stage our outside left, R.S.M. Marshall was injured and unable to take any further part in the game.

Play was even with both sides trying very hard and Signalman Perry again walked through the defence for a delightful goal, but our success was short lived because the University forwards flashed " one " into the top of the net which our goalkeeper never saw.

Final result : Manchester University 2; Royal Signals 2.

Association Football

S.Q.M.S. Andrews and Signalman Neilson, Royal Signals, both " played to standard " in a representative game between the Football Association and the Army on 2nd November, 1949.

In the opinion of several good judges of form who were in the Directors' Box, " Signalman Neilson was the best player on the Army side with the possible exception of Corporal Simpson, the goalkeeper, who it is believed is an amateur international. S.Q.M.S. Andrews also played an excellent game."

Association Football. The Corps XI travelled to Blackdown to fulfil their annual fixture with R.E.M.E. on Wednesday, 9th November. A wet morning made the outlook rather bleak, but before the kick-off it cleared up, and at the start there was a slight breeze blowing from end to end of the ground. S.Q.M.S. Andrews who captained the Royal Signals team won the toss and elected to take advantage of the slight breeze. Both teams took a little time to settle down, although it was apparent that Royal Signals left flank defence were in for a busy time in opposition to R.E.M.E. right wing consisting of Smith (Chelsea) and Frame (Rangers), the former being especially conspicuous with his ball control and accurate passes.

Royal Signals inside forwards soon came into the picture and both Neilson (Queen of the South) and Wragg (Rotherham U.) went close with good attempts After twenty minutes Royal Signals went ahead when Wragg beat Ford, R.E.M.E. custodian, with a pile driver from the edge of the box. Royal Signals continued to press and Neilson was again prominent with good approach work which was nullified by the excellent covering of the R.E.M.E. defence in which Wilkins (Brighton) and Hallett (Basingstoke) were towers of strength. Smith, the R.E.M.E. inside right, carried the play to the other end after some good work by his wing half Pumphrey, but R.E.M.E. forwards seemed unable to finish. Frame got away on the right and sent over a high ball which spelled danger for Royal Signals, but Moss, the 'keeper, pulled it down confidently and cleared well. Both the wingers Weedon and Close were well held by R.E.M.E. backs, and it fell to Neilson to put Royal Signals further ahead with a grand drive which Ford partially stopped but was unable to hold. Just before half-time R.E.M.E. were awarded a penalty from which Wilkins made no mistake. Royal Signals once more attacked and Wragg hit the foot of the upright, the ball rebounded to Anderson, and he too had the misfortune to see his shot blocked. Half-time came with Royal Signals leading 2-1.

The second half saw some good approach work by both sets of forwards but defences hereabouts were covering well and both sets of wing halves were holding the inside forwards tightly. R.E.M.E. drew level when Smith scored a fine goal, the ball curling inside the post well out of the reach of Moss. Royal Signals piled on the pressure and R.E.M.E. defence did well not to concede another goal. Ford saved well from Wragg, Neilson and Weedon in turn. Andrews the captain, put in some fine constructive work and rallied his team, who pressed hard. A good cross from Wragg beat R.E.M.E. defence and Close who had moved inside headed against the cross-bar. Just before the final whistle R.E.M.E. broke away, and Cracknell, their centre forward, managed to elude the attentions of Jones and flick the ball into the corner of the net. So ended a game which local spectators voted one of the best seen in Blackdown for many years. Result: R.E.M.E. 3; Royal Signals 2.

ROYAL SIGNALS SAILING ASSOCIATION

Mention is seldom made in THE WIRE of the Officers' sailing activities in the Royal Signals Sailing Association.

Besides the two big boats " Certa " and " Cito " which are sailed in the Solent, two 12ft. Firefly dinghies were acquired in April, 1949, and have been sailed on Lake Windermere under the patronage of the Royal Windermere Yacht Club.

Not only did the sailors at Catterick enjoy some excellent racing but in their first season, in strange waters, succeeded in bringing the boats to second and fourth places, in the final analysis of some 20 races.

This is an excellent beginning and augurs well for the sailing careers of the helmsmen when they get an opportunity to race " Cito " in the Solent Regattas or take part in the many sailing activities that are found in foreign stations. Wherever sailing is found in military stations abroad there is always a satisfactory proportion of all ranks of Royal Signals in the forefront, headed recently on the Canal, by Major-General C. M. F. White, who is the R.S.S.A. Committee Chairman elect. He takes over at the Annual General Meeting in January from Brigadier R. Chenevix Trench, who has so ably nursed the R.S.S.A. through its initiation and the War and revived it subsequently.

Dinghy sailing is a grand sport—wet, very wet at times, strenuous and exhilarating. It demands quick wits, anticipation and delicate touch, in fact, a lively intelligence applied to yet another sphere of activities in which Royal Signals, as usual, are in the van.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

We gratefully acknowledge receipt of the following:

ROYAL PIONEER, September.

THISTLE, October.

R.E.M.E., November.

JOURNAL OF THE ROYAL ARMY SERVICE CORPS, November.

R.A.O.C. GAZETTE, November.

TANK, November.

QUEEN'S OWN GAZETTE, November.

BRITISH LEGION JOURNAL, November.

CATTERICK EXPRESS, 4th and 18th November.

Electrical Terminology and Units

By **Major E. H. W. BANNEH**, R.E.M.E., (T.A.), M.Sc., M.I.E.E., F.Inst.P., *formerly Royal Signals, T.A.*

[*This article has already appeared in "R.E.M.E."*]

A STANDARDIZED terminology is required to avoid the confusion which can result from the wrong use of ambiguous terms and symbols. Similarly the correct use of one term is always preferable to the indiscriminate use of a number of wrong terms. The correct terms should especially be used in printed or written matter that is likely to persist, or any written matter going beyond the writer.

The British Standards Institution is the authority for standardization in this country. It is still sometimes wrongly referred to by its former name, the British Engineering Standards Association (B.E.S.A.), which it ceased to hold some years ago on its scope becoming widened to cover other than only engineering interests. In addition to issuing Specifications it also issues other publications such as Codes of Practice; the general name for these publications is therefore "British Standards." The War Department supports the B.S.I. and in some cases issues supplementary or duplicate standards as E.M.E.R.s. The general Standard covering the relevant terminology is British Standard 205 (1943), Glossary of Terms used in Electrical Engineering.

An advantage of current terminology is in the rationalization introduced. A given word termination has a given meaning when used with different prefixes; this is especially useful in showing the difference between an abstract quantity and the corresponding physical apparatus having that property. Some examples are given in Table 1.

TABLE 1

Abstract Property	*Symbol*	*Physical Apparatus*
Resistance	R	Resistor
Conductance	G	Conductor
Self-inductance	L	Self-inductor
Mutual-inductance	M	Mutual-inductor
Capacitance	C	Capacitor
Reactance	X	Reactor
Impedance	Z	
Admittance	Y	
Susceptance	B	

It will be seen that the termination "-ance" applies to the abstract quantity, and "-or" to the physical apparatus. Two other comparisons of rationalized endings are "-ivity" and "-ance" where the latter applies to the quantity associated with given dimensions, "-ivity" applying to the specific material, independently of the dimensions of the sample. Some examples are given in Table 2.

TABLE 2

Property of the Material	*Applying to Given Dimensions*
Volume resistivity	Resistance
Conductivity	Conductance
Reluctivity	Reluctance

Although few electrical engineers now persist in using long obsolete symbols such as "C" for Current, "ω" for Ohms, "Ω" for Megohms, etc., they are frequently still used by others who use electrical terms rarely. As their use may completely alter the meaning or the numerical value of an expression, their continued use cannot be too strongly deprecated. Some of the commoner, correct terms are listed with their symbols in Table 3. The incorrect use of "MA" may be intended for Microamperes or for Milliamperes, but it is only correct in the unusual case of Megamperes. It should therefore always be avoided and the correct letter used. As typewriters do not normally carry the Greek "μ" the "u" should be typed and made into "μ" by hand —or even left as "u."

Rationalization includes the term "Permittivity," which agrees with "Permeability," a comparable term. Permittivity was formerly Dielectric Constant, and earlier still it was Specific Inductive Capacity, but it has been superseded for about 30 years, although still sometimes used.

TABLE 3

Quantity	*Symbol*	*Unit*	*Symbol*
Electro-motive force	E	Volt	V
Voltage or potential difference	V	Volt	V
Current	I	Ampere	A
Quantity	Q	Coulomb	C
Resistance	R	Ohm	Ω
Capacitance	C	Farad	F
Self-inductance	L	Henry (plural Henrys)	H
Mutual-inductance	M	Henry	H
Power	P	Watt	W
Energy	W	Joule (watt/sec.)	J
Permeability, relative	μ	(a number)	
Permittivity, relative	k	(a number)	
Impedance	Z	Ohm	Ω
Reactance	X	Ohm	Ω
Conductance	G	Mho	
Admittance	Y	Mho	
Susceptance	B	Mho	
Frequency	f	Cycle per second	c/s
Magnetic flux	Φ	Maxwell	
Flux density	B	Gauss	
Magnetising force	H	Oersted	

The symbols for quantities now have rationalized prefixes as multiples and sub-multiples. These have the great advantage of universal application in electrical engineering and and they are unambiguous, having one numerical value only. They have the added advantage of being able to be built up as required, and some examples are given in Table 4. An important point is that a symbol is both singular and plural, no "s" should be added, "s" and "sec" being abbreviations for "second." mAs is correct for milliampere-seconds, or millicoulombs, but is not correct as the plural of milliamperes. The sign ∽ was formerly the sign for cycles per second, but is now the general symbol for a.c.

TABLE 4

Multiples and Sub-Multiples			*Examples*	
Mega-	$\times 10^6$	M	MΩ	Megohm
Kilo-	$\times 10^3$	k	kW	Kilowatt
			kWh	Kilowatt-hour
			kc/s	Kilocycles per sec.
Milli-	$\times 10^{-3}$	m	mA	Milliampere
Micro-	$\times 10^{-6}$	μ	μF	Microfarad
			μA	Microampere
Pico-	$\times 10^{-12}$	p	pF	Picofarad (or micro-microfarad)

Units

C.G.S. or Centimetre-gram-second units are still in use, although before the war it was agreed that in 1940 they would be replaced by M.K.S. or Metre-kilogram-second units. When this does take place, only dimensional terms will be altered, and the present plan includes a fourth factor, the space property of permeability, μ, leading to M.K.S. μ units. The main advantage over C.G.S. units is in the simplification of powers of 10 in most of the dimensions. Table 5 shows the comparison of the two systems.

TABLE 5

	Ohm	*Volt*	*Amp*	*Hry*	*Farad*	*Coulomb*	*Permeability*
C.G.S.	10^9	10^8	10^{-1}	10^9	10^{-9}	10^{-1}	1
M.K.S.μ	1	1	1	1	1	1	10^{-7}

Formerly both electro-magnetic units (e.m.u.) and electrostatic units (e.s.u.) were used in C.G.S. practical units. In the new M.K.S. μ system only electro-magnetic units will be retained, a further simplification.

On 1st January, 1949, the new Absolute units replaced the International units. The maximum difference is of the order of 0.05 per cent, and so less than usual working limits although comparable with sub-standard instrument accuracy. Table 6 lists these.

TABLE 6

International	*Absolute*
Ohm	1.00049
Volt	1.00034
Ampere	0.99985
Watt	1.00019
Henry	1.00049
Farad	0.99951

Brothers of Judas

THINKING of my first months in Germany, it occurred to me to tell you of something which happened to me while in Berlin. A ghost story, if you like, a fantastic story, perhaps a story with a moral. I leave it to you to judge. You all know, of course, of the stories in the newspapers about Hitler's body. Is he still alive? Did he and Eva Braun really die in the air raid shelter in Berlin? A special Government Commission decided he was dead, and so on. I was pretty interested in all those enquiries about the time this was going on—looking for evidence here, interviewing people here, piecing scraps, gathering by various enquiries, trying to make a connected story.

The beginning of the story I am about to tell you was somewhat about the middle of these investigations. I was in bed asleep one night, when around one o'clock in the morning I was awakened by someone shaking me gently. It was my particular pal, Freddie we will call him for the purposes of this story.

"Don't make a noise," he said. "Get up quickly, and get dressed."

"What the devil for, at this time of night? " I grumbled.

"Some new evidence about our pal H," was the reply. "Come on, make it snappy."

I asked no more but in two or three minutes was fully dressed and quietly tip-toeing downstairs with Fred. Safely outside, in his ear I asked what it was all about.

"You know I went to that party tonight. Well, I met a girl who can give us definite evidence that Adolf's dead. I am taking you to see her now," Freddie replied.

I leaned over and smelt his breath.

"You seem sober enough," I said.

"Of course, I'm sober you ass," Fred snapped, "this is genuine and most restricted. Top Secret, priority No. 1."

"O.K.," I laughed, for I'd learnt by now to trust Fred's judgment in most things. I could see we were going down Kurfürstendamm towards the bombed church, at the bottom we turned and seemed to disappear in a maze of side streets, stopping finally at a large type of apartment house.

"Are we still in the British Sector," I asked Freddie.

"Yes," he said, "just don't make a noise going in here, it's the second floor." Freddie tapped gently at the door of one of the flats, which opened quietly almost at once; just slightly at first then wider. Fred gently pushed me inside, then followed, shutting the door behind him. The girl who had opened the door preceded us into a well-lit room which was very comfortably furnished and warm. Freddie introduced me. The girl, whom we will call Lisbeth, asked us, in fairly good English, to sit down. "This," she said, "is not what you call a Goose's chase, I can show you something which will surprise you. We must travel a journey a good way out of Berlin, it may be dangerous, but you will find what you want to know. Do you want to come with me? "

We both agreed, and in a few moments were in the car, Lisbeth sitting beside Fred in the front as a guide, whilst I stretched out in the back. We drove for about 30 minutes, as far as I could judge in a southerly direction. Outside Berlin on the Ringbahn, Fred and Lisbeth changed places as it was easier for the girl to drive than to try and direct Fred in the lonely wooded country through which we were passing. We hardly spoke throughout the trip; I once asked Lisbeth what we were going to see and received the advice to "wait and see," and in reply to a question as to where we were going she said she didn't know where it was, but only knew the way to get there. We had driven now for about an hour without any incident and had been climbing steadily for the last ten minutes, the country being densely wooded and the road narrow and little more than a mud track.

We turned off into the wood on our right, and Lisbeth stopped the car and switched off the lights. "We'll have to walk from here," she remarked, "have you your pocket lamp, Freddie."

Lisbeth suggested she should walk in between the two of us as a guide so we each held one of her arms. Freddie on her left with the torch, I was on her right. I was glad of this because it gave me my right hand free to hold my revolver ready in my raincoat pocket. Things were too dark and eerie for my entire comfort.

We walked thus through the wood for about a quarter of a mile when, quite suddenly, we came upon a clearing, and there, looming up darkly, in the centre was the outline of a large house. Lisbeth walked straight up to the front door.

"It's unlocked," she said, turning the handle and walking in. The place smelt damp and neglected, but from the feel of the thick carpet under our feet and the little we could see in the torchlight was obviously well appointed and must have belonged to a very rich man. We followed Lisbeth down the hall to a door at the end leading into a large room which must have run the whole length of the house, and which must have been 30ft. high. It was somewhat like one of the old baronial halls, panelled in dark oak, and complete with musicians' gallery at the end. Lisbeth led us to the far end of the hall opposite this gallery and sat down in a large armchair. Fred and I stood one on each side of her; sitting did not appeal to us just then.

No-one had said a word since we entered the house.

I broke the silence. "What now? " I asked.

"Just wait and watch," smiled Lisbeth, "switch off the torch, Freddie, it will save the battery."

So we waited! I felt for Lisbeth's hand and held it just for the comfort of being another human being—things were a little too unnerving for any thought of the usual reasons why one holds a girl's hand in the dark.

Suddenly, somewhere in the house a door slammed. Why? There was no wind, everything was still; my spine prickled a little. Silence again—that unearthly silence. More moments passed and then, somewhere, a loud report like a shot, or the crack of a whip, followed by laughter, loud uncanny, hysterical laughter. In the middle of the laughter, the door at the hall opposite us flew open, and just stayed open.

Then more silence, just nothing. "It can't be dawn yet," I thought, "it's the middle of the night," for a faint flickering light had appeared at the open door in front of us, as though someone were coming down the corridor with a candle. But the light was getting brighter now, it was not yellow nor yet green, just a general sort of luminosity, flickering through the door, like smoke and filling the room. We just froze there, together, the three of us absolutely shaken to the core.

And then it came. Through the door down towards the centre of the room, not transparent like a popular idea of a ghost, just unreal-looking as though it were made of nylon. The colours were right, black boots, brown uniform, brown shirt, black hair, little black moustache, face pale and "dead looking." With right hand upraised goose-stepping slightly, it walked towards us. It was undoubtedly Hitler.

"You see, he must be dead," whispered Lisbeth, "this is his ghost."

The apparition turned and walked to the gallery, climbed the stairs, walked to the centre of the gallery, faced us, Nazi saluted and began a speech, shouting, thumping and carrying on just as you have seen the original on the news-reels. But it was like a silent film for not a sound came from his mouth, everywhere was silence.

Another figure appeared in the door, strutting briskly. It marched up the stairs to the gallery, stood beside Hitler, gave the Fascist salute and began a speech, each of them ignoring the oher. It was Mussolini. Two more figures came in, it was easy to recognise Goebbels and Himmler. The "Herr Doktor" walked to a table in the centre of the room and sat down in front of what appeared to be a microphone, whilst Himmler walked round and round the room, cracking a dog whip he held in his hand. Laval walked in followed by Ley whom Himmler greeted with out-stretched hand.

"Welcoming the new boy," said Freddie; interest was overcoming our fear now.

"Yes," I replied, "even as ghosts they still must shake hands."

We thought we had seen enough. Carefully we edged round the wall and so out through the door, through which we had come. We ran across the hall out of the door and into the wood. Outside we halted a moment to gather our wits together.

"Do you believe now?" asked Lisbeth.

"Yes," we answered, "how did you find out?"

She told us she was a Czech and heard stories of queer happenings from some refugees who had made their way north from Czechoslovakia into Berlin. She had mentioned it to Freddie who had asked her to take him and me there. As we stood talking an old man slowly came up to us from the direction of the wood. He came up to my side and laid a creepy hand on my arm. In somewhat halting English he said "Have you been inside, my son? Have you seen."

"Yes," I answered, "we have. What do you know about it?"

"It is evil," the old man replied, "they are all evil.

"They arrived at the gates of Hades, these evil ones, they stood outside the gates and knocked. Satan himself came to see who was knocking, and when he saw who stood outside he recoiled in horror and slammed the gates shut. And so, my son, they are damned to wander the face of the earth, evil, unwanted spirits."

"For how long, father?" Fred asked.

"My son," the old man said, "till all the evil has gone out of the world, till men's hearts are pure again, till there is peace on earth, goodwill toward men."

The old man sighed and shook his head.

"How do you know all this?" I asked, trying to humour him, "how do you know the gates of Hades were closed to them?"

"I was there," he said simply, and turned to go.

As he raised his hand in salute I saw a small washleather bag tied to his wrist.

As he lowered his hand again, I heard a clink like the trickle of pieces of silver.

"JON"

ROYAL SIGNALS DINNER CLUB

Annual Dinner, Wednesday, 31st May, 1950.

Tea Party, Thursday, 1st June, 1950.

Both at the Hyde Park Hotel.

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